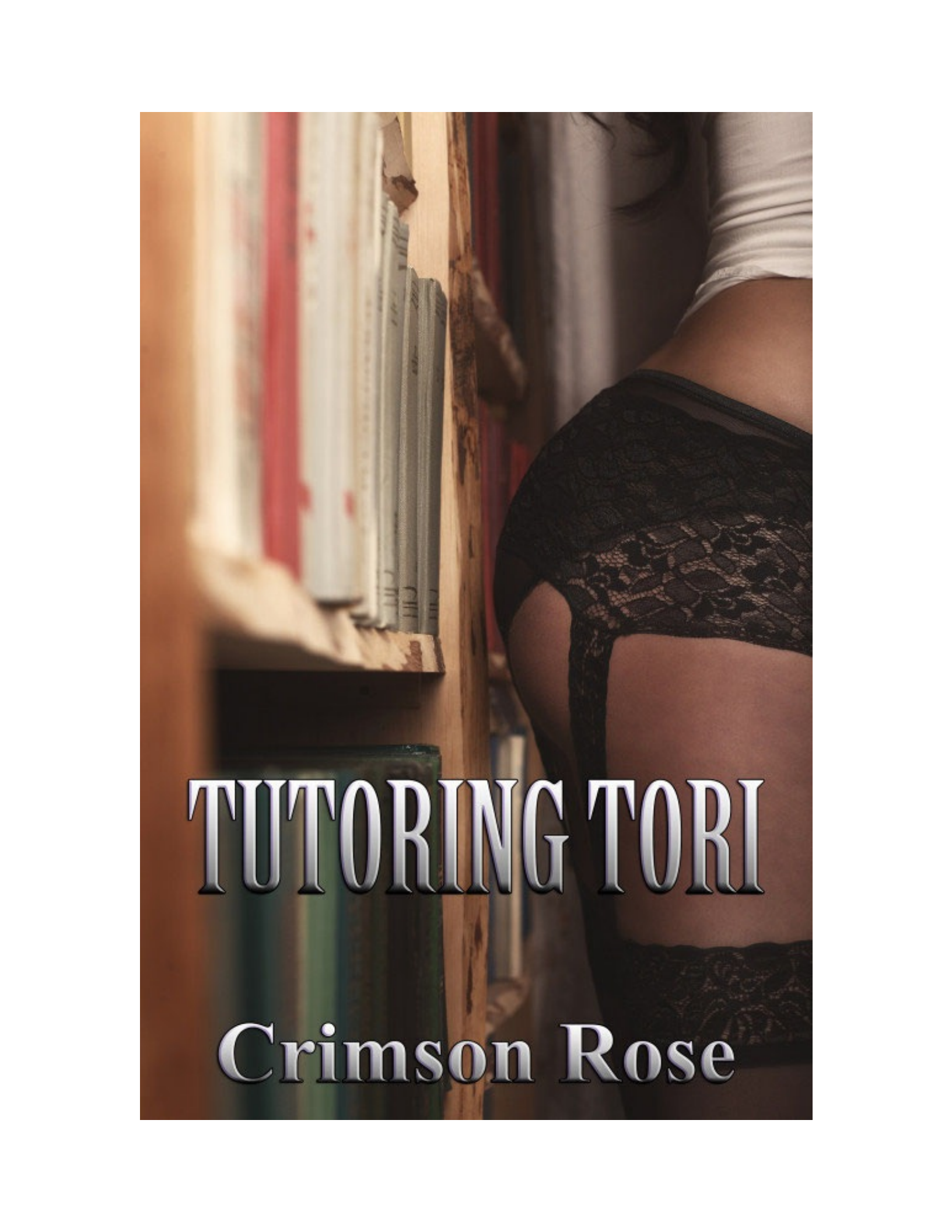
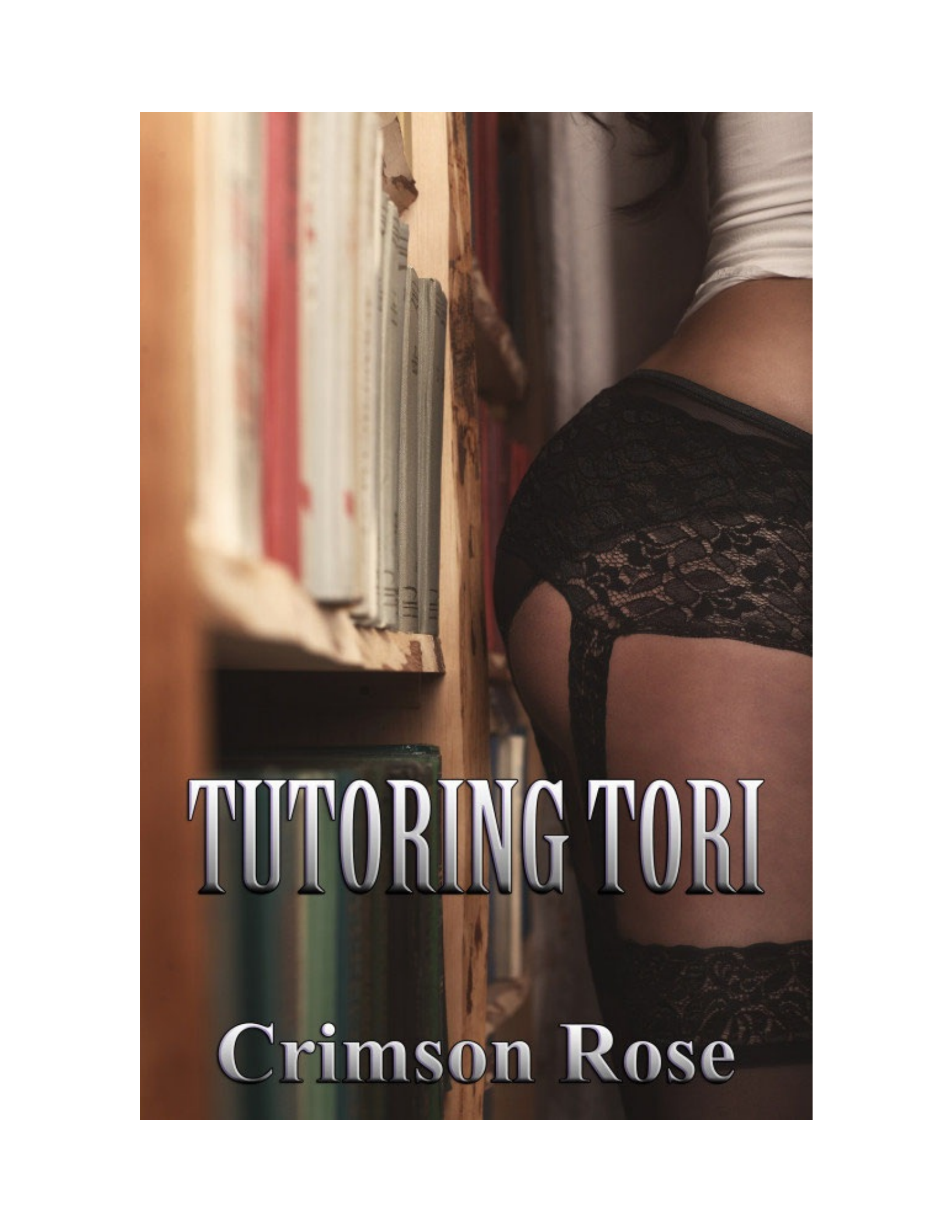


A woman with dark hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and a black lace top, is standing next to a wooden bookshelf. The bookshelf is filled with books, and the woman's hand is visible near the books. The background is slightly blurred, focusing on the woman and the bookshelf.

TUTORING TORI

Crimson Rose

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black lace top and a white long-sleeved shirt underneath, is standing next to a wooden bookshelf. The bookshelf is filled with books, and the woman's hand is visible near the books. The background is slightly blurred, focusing attention on the woman and the bookshelf.

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Tutoring Tori

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I knew from the tone of her voice that I was in deep shit but the only way I was going to be able to skip out on the meeting with my student advisor would be to dig myself deeper than I already was. And so, as much as I have grown to hate seeing her, I made my way to Miss Jennings' office. Giving the security guard – a gorgeous hunk of a man named Dwayne that I had met a few weeks back at one of my first frat parties, a playful wink I lightly tapped my knuckles on Miss Jennings' door in the hopes she would not hear.

"Enter," her sultry voice called out from the other side.

Damn my luck. Opening the door I stepped in and knew from the look on her face that she was in no mood to put up with my crap. "You wanted to see me Miss Jennings?"

"Please take a seat, Tori." She waited until I was in the chair opposite her large cherry desk before continuing. "Tell me, Tori, are you actually serious about attending college?"

"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't. I know, my grades are slipping but..."

"Slipping? They're bottom of the barrel, Tori. There's nowhere for them to go but up. Unfortunately, you're putting in exactly zero effort to get them going in the right direction so I ask again: are you serious about college or is this just a place to party and get laid?"

"Excuse me?" While it was true I had attended a fair amount of parties it was none of her damn business what I did at them and for her to just assume I was having sex pissed me off even if it was true.

"You heard me, Tori. According to my sources you've attended no fewer than seventeen parties this semester and you wonder why you're failing."

"Seventeen? Come on, Miss Jennings, we both know that's a load of..." before I could finish my sentence she dropped a rather thick folder in front of me.

“What’s that?”

“Proof you’ve not only been to seventeen parties but what you did at said parties. Look, I don’t care if you want to screw every man and woman on campus but don’t be surprised when you flunk out for not putting in even the tiniest bit of effort.”

“I’m trying,” I sighed. “I just...I can’t...I have a hard time concentrating on the work and a lot of it just goes right over my head and the professors won’t slow down and explain it in more detail.”

“Have you tried tutors?”

“They just get as frustrated and stop trying to teach me after a few lessons together.”

“Why is that?”

“I don’t know.”

“Don’t you? Is it maybe because all you want to do is fuck?”

“What the hell, Miss Jennings? I don’t know what sort of woman you think I am but...”

“Do you recall a cute curly-haired brunette tutor by the name of Sarah? Do you remember hitting on her to the point she gave in and had sex not one but five times the first day you met?”

“What about her? I didn’t do anything to her she didn’t want done.”

“She said the same thing. Sarah is my daughter, Tori, and she’s just one of the tutors you screwed in the hopes of getting better grades. Unfortunately for you that’s not how tutors work. But that’s beside the point.”

“Well, then I guess you know what a perverted slut your daughter is,” I bit back defensively. “Did she tell you how she drank my piss? How about the dozens of times she begged me to ram my fist up her ass? No? Surely she told you all about the nine gang bangs we did together. I mean, she did end up pregnant as a result so it would have been pretty hard to miss.” I could see by the shocked look

on her face that this was news to her. Feeling as if I was being attacked, I continued to press forward. “Did you know tutoring isn’t her only side job?”

“I think that’s enough,” Miss Jennings said, her voice teetering on the verge of breaking.

“Enough? You accuse me of fucking my way through every man and woman on campus so I think you deserve to hear what a total whore your daughter is.”

“I said that’s enough, Tori.”

“And I said it isn’t. Did you know she’s an escort? Did you know she’s actually the one screwing every man and woman on campus? Hell, she’s even shown me videos of her fucking her professors to get passing grades and you have the balls to sit there and berate me for getting laid by a few students?”

“I’m not berating you for having sex, Tori, I’m berating you for being one of the laziest students I have ever seen. Look, the fact of the matter is you’re failing and unless you want to repeat the entire semester over you’re going to have to pull off a miracle. Lucky for you I have just the miracle you need. If you’re serious about doing better, then I know a tutor that’s right up your alley. It’s not cheap and her methods are...extreme, but she has never failed to get results. If you take her course I can guarantee you’ll be on track not only to pass this semester but graduate with honors. The question is, are you willing to do whatever it takes to amount to something or would you rather flunk out and work fast food for the rest of your life?”

“I’ll do whatever it takes to pass, Miss Jennings, but I’m not rich and I’m not an escort like some people I know so I have very limited funds.”

“That’s okay. This particular tutor is willing to negotiate terms but before I send you her way I need to make sure you’re serious so I want you to come to my place tonight at seven. If you don’t show up you can kiss your college career goodbye. Am I making myself clear?”

“Crystal. But why do I need to come to your place? Just give me her name and number and I’ll see if I can set something up with her.”

“That’s not how this works, Tori.” After writing something on a slip of paper, Miss Jennings slid it across her desk in my direction. “Don’t be late.”

“I’ll be there.”

“See that you are. I might be hard on you, Tori, but that only means I care. I sincerely want to see you succeed so please don’t let me down again.”

Getting up, I gave her a half-smile and then left her office. I had no idea why she wanted me at her place before sending me off to see this supposed miracle tutor but my mind immediately went to sex. I’d be lying if I had not thought about fucking her, but I was fairly certain she was straight. Her daughter, on the other hand. Learning that Sarah was Miss Jennings’ daughter and that she had been spying on me for her mother pissed me off more than anything and I planned on giving her a piece of my mind just as soon as I got back to my room. I guess, in hindsight, it made perfect sense why she would never meet or invite me back to her place.

Seeing no point in going to the rest of my classes, I stopped off at the food court for a bite to eat and then went back to my dorm room. Unfortunately, my stuffy roommate Gina was there studying and the second I walked in she went straight into boss mode as if she had some control over me.

“I’m studying for my exam so please keep it down. And if you’re thinking of inviting a bunch of people over you can forget it.”

“Two things,” I said as I pulled my tee shirt off. “First, you’re not the boss of me. If I want to play my music or invite a few people over I’ll do it and there isn’t a fucking thing you can do about it. And two, maybe if you took the stick out of your ass and got laid you wouldn’t be such a fucking bitch. I hadn’t planned on inviting anyone over but since you opened your fucking mouth I think a change of plans is in order. One more thing, if you’re here when they arrive they’re going to assume you’re up for whatever so unless you want a dozen guys fucking you sill I’d find somewhere else to study.”

“If you call a dozen men to my room I’ll call security.”

“Our room. When are you going to get it, Gina? You have no control over me. You may boss around the people at home but here you’re nobody.” Taking my bra off, I tossed it in her direction. It hit her in the face and the way she scrambled to get it as far away as possible made her look completely ridiculous. “There’s going to be an orgy in this room in a couple hours so take your clothes off and let me get you ready,” I smirked, knowing full well she would rather

jump out the seventh story window than let me or anyone else lay a finger on her. She supposedly had a boyfriend back in Wisconsin but I had never heard her talking to him and he certainly never visited so I am not entirely sure she did not make him up to seem a fraction cooler than she is.

“God, I hope I get a different roommate next semester,” she huffed. Slamming her book shut she rolled her chair back, spun around and got up so fast she lost balance. Seizing the opportunity, I made myself available. Falling forward, I caught her in such a way that her lips were pressed hard against mine. One hand on the small of her back and the other on her cheek, I kissed her. She froze, eyes wide open unable to move. I pulled her tighter to my topless body and momentarily broke the embrace. “It’s okay if you like it. There’s nothing to be ashamed of.” Pressing my lips to hers, I initiated our second kiss. Fingers grabbing the hem of her shirt, I pulled it off over her head. She inhaled sharply and continued staring at me in disbelief but did nothing to stop me. Her bra soon followed and as I pulled her close I latched onto her left nipple and began sucking.

“Ooohhhhh god!”

“That’s it. Relax and let me make you feel good,” I purred. “We don’t always have to fight, you know? If you spend the next hour playing with me I’ll give you my word I won’t invite anyone over for the rest of the week. In fact, I’ll even...” My words were cut off by her lips pressing to mine.

“One hour,” she said, her voice trembling with fear, excitement and more than a little apprehension.”

“Have you ever been with another woman before?”

“Nope. But if it means a week of peace and quiet I’m more than willing to give it a try even with you.”

“Then let’s get you out of those clothes and into bed, babe.” Not waiting for a reply I kissed my way down her lithe body and when I was on my knees unbuttoned her shorts. Hooking my fingers in the waistband I was about to pull them down when she stopped me.

“W-Wait. I...that is...um...oh god, Tori, I was curious about anal and I have one of your plugs up my ass.”

“Which one?”

“I...I spent half the morning working my way up from smallest to largest,” she said as her cheeks went from pink to bright red. “I don’t know the exact size but it’s the fourth smallest you have.”

“Hmmm...that puts it at about two inches. Nice. After this you are free to use all of my toys you want but I think a little punishment for using them without permission is in order,” I said as I looked up into her wide green eyes. Yanking her shorts and panties down I leaned in and sucked her hooded clit into my mouth. She moaned and I knew no matter our previous relationship she was now mine to do with as I pleased. Giving her a solid minute of pleasure, I then got up and went to my closet. When I returned it was with one of my favorite leather belts. “I’m going to give you ten swats for using my toys without permission. You will count each swat and give thanks. After odd swats including the first you will say: thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson. And after even ones you’ll say: I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress. With me so far?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Great. You will stand with your hands on the edge of your desk, legs together. If you move from the position or say anything other than the count and thanks I’ll add another ten swats until you get them all right. Is that understood?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl. Now finish taking your clothes off and get into position.” To my utter surprise she actually did it. Her shorts and panties hit the floor and a moment later she was in position. My eyes immediately went to the clear base of the plug stuffing her ass and my lips formed into a wide grin. “How long have you been wearing that plug, Gina?”

“Um, an hour. Actually, it’s closer to two at this point.”

“Then as soon as I’m done disciplining you we’ll work the next biggest one in.” Standing to her right, I gave her a few light taps to make sure I was lined up correctly and then THWACK! The belt sliced across her perfect ass with all the strength I had causing her to yelp and then suddenly go silent as she looked around in panic.

“One. Thank you Mistress for teaching me this lesson.”

“Unless you want everyone in the building knowing what a naughty little slut you are I’d keep the yelps and screams to a minimum.”

THWACK!

“T-Two. I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress.”

THWACK!

“UHN. Three. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK!

“Four. I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress.”

THWACK! I could see her body trembling as every muscle tensed.

“Five. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! Her left elbow bent and she slipped a few inches forward but quickly righted herself.

“S-Six. I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress.”

THWACK! Going a little lower, I struck the backs of her legs just below her now bright red ass.

“SEVEN! Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

THWACK! Another to the legs for good measure.

“EIGHT! I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress.”

“Stand up, turn around and lock your fingers behind your head.”

“Y-Yes, Mistress,” she said, the quiver in her voice telling me she was on the verge of tears.

“The last two swats are going on your breasts. Same rules apply.” The look on

her face one of pure horror, she nevertheless did as I commanded and after a few tentative swats to make sure I was lined up, I drew back.

THWAP! She bit hard into her lower lip as tears began flowing down her cheeks. It took her a moment but she actually maintained position, counted and gave proper thanks.

“Nine. I promise never to disobey you again, Mistress.”

THWAP!

“Ten. Thank you, Mistress, for teaching me this lesson.”

“You’re very welcome, Gina. I’m not just surprised at how well you learned, I’m also proud you made it through to the end without screwing up even once. Well done.”

“T-Thank you Mistress.”

“Your punishment is over now, Gina, so you don’t need to call me Mistress anymore.” As the words left my mouth her face did the impossible and became even redder than before.

“I...I actually really liked that part, Tori, so if you don’t mind I’d like to call you Mistress every time we play together.”

“I don’t mind that at all.” Taking her by the hand, I led her to her bed and then crawled between her legs to show her that I could give her just as much pleasure as pain.

Still riding the high of spending a full hour dominating my roommate, I made my way to Miss Jennings' home excited that as soon as I got back Gina and I would be picking up where we left off. Pulling into the driveway a few minutes before seven the first thing I noticed was a familiar dark blue Chevy Cruze. Perfect, I thought as I parked behind it. I can tell the bitch off in front of her mother. I made it halfway up the driveway before the front door on Miss Jennings' two story home opened and my former tutor and sex partner walked out. I say sex partner because while we had lots and lots of sex we were never officially dating and come to think of it never actually saw each other outside of our sessions together.

"Just the two-faced bitch I wanted to see," I seethed as I approached Sarah who was now standing at the top pf the steps leading onto the porch.

"Two-faced? Me? That's rich coming from you. Thanks to you I just spent the last three hours explaining to my mother I'm not some sort of perverted whore."

"Except, we both know that you are. And if your mother needs proof I can always show her the videos of you and Professors Clyburn, Olson, Murphy and Hawkins. Oh, did I forget to mention I made copies when you put the flash drive in my laptop?" I smirked as I pushed past her. Giving the door a knock I waited only a moment before Miss Jennings opened it and invited me in. "So, You believe me now about her?"

"You're not here to talk about my daughter."

"Then why am I here, Miss Jennings? Don't get me wrong, I've allocated serious mental resources to wondering if the apple fell far from the kinky tree but I have better things to do with my time right now."

"You're here, Tori, to see if you're the sort of student my tutor friend can teach. Unless, of course, you would rather flunk out and be a worthless whore fucking her way through life that is"

“Nothing wrong with enjoying sex,” I shot back. “And if you don’t believe me then ask your daughter. Who knows, if college isn’t my thing maybe escorting is.”

“If that’s the attitude you want then we’re done here. You may go and I’ll have a talk with your professors first thing in the morning.”

“Is that supposed to scare me?” I huffed. It did, but not for reasons she knew about. If I failed out my parents would disown me and that means losing my inheritance when they passed and that was the last thing I wanted. Unfortunately, I could not help but be defiant.”

“This isn’t a game Tori. I’m trying everything in my power to help but if all you’re not willing to give something in return then go be the best whore you can be.”

My high from spending an hour dominating my roommate quickly dissipating, I stared at my academic advisor for a long moment in total silence before saying anything. “What do you need me to do?”

“I need you to follow me. No questions. You will do as you’re told or I’ll make sure you’re never accepted to another college for as long as you live.”

I may have been a bit slow but I knew enough to know she did not have that sort of pull but on the other hand my interest had been piqued so I followed behind her out of the living room, into the kitchen and down into the basement where she stopped in front of a closed metal door. She pulled a key from the front pocket of her jeans and put it in the knob. “Since the only thing you seem to get is sex we’ll use that as a learning tool,” she said as she slowly turned the key. The door opened. Taking me by the arm she pulled me inside. The door closed behind us and I found myself standing in a very well-stocked dungeon complete with every toy, piece of equipment and device I one day hoped to own.

“You’re the tutor aren’t you, Miss Jennings?” I asked as my eyes settled on a spanking bench. “Also, pot calling kettle. Tell me, is this where you trained Sarah?”

“I didn’t train my daughter. In fact, until she told me about what the two of you had done I was under the impression she wanted nothing to do with this lifestyle. You, however, are an entirely different story. You like sex, Tori, and I promise

you more than even you can handle. But only if you learn your lessons. I've talked to your professors and they've all agreed to give you one final chance to prove you're worthy of passing. There are three weeks left in the semester and you'll be spending every moment you're not in class here with me. Now, before the lessons begin I'm going to go over the rules. Obey them and I can guarantee you'll pass and maybe even have fun doing so. Disobey and you'll wish you had just failed out. Understood?"

"Understood."

"I want to make one thing perfectly clear right now. Even though you'll be spending the next three weeks with me, your training will last for as long as you're in school including summer breaks so if you can't or aren't willing to put in the effort tell me now and you can go put in applications at the various fast food restaurants."

"I'm still waiting for you to tell me how much this is going to cost and how you expect me to pay for it."

"One thousand a week and you'll pay for it with that sexy body of yours."

"So, you're planning on what, pimping me out or something?"

"Or something. I mean, you did say you'd talk to Sarah about being an escort, right? Under my tutelage you'll only have sex with men and women I know to be clean and trustworthy enough to keep their mouths shut about what goes on in this house. They'll pay top dollar to be with such a cute submissive and anything over a grand a week will be split sixty-forty with you getting the bigger cut. That being said, the money earned will go into an escrow account which you'll have access to assuming you pass all of your classes."

"And if I don't?"

"Then I take it all for the time wasted tutoring you."

"Gee, I wonder if this is where Sarah got the idea to be an escort," I said shaking my head in disbelief that the one woman I thought I knew pretty well turned out to be such a pervert. Or maybe she wanted to be treated like a submissive because she heard mommy training god only knows how many people."

“That’s enough about my daughter. One more word about her from you and I’ll take the cane to your ass. Is that understood? The answer you’re looking for is yes Mistress,” she said glaring into my eyes.

“Yes Mistress.” There it was. With those two words I acknowledged her dominance over me. For better or worse I belonged to her for as long as I wished to remain in the same school. “So, what are your rules, Mistress?”

“They’re posted on the back of the door but from what Sarah tells me you don’t really need to read them so we’ll skip them for now and get right into lesson number one. I’ve seen you eyeing the spanking bench so go ahead and take your clothes off and get on it. Since you’re failing math the hardest we’ll start with that. Get the answer right and I’ll give you a treat. Get it wrong and you’ll get the cane. Any questions?”

“Um, what about safewords, Mistress?”

“Normally I’d use them but seeing as how you’re going to spend the next four or five years as my personal sex slave I think you’ll agree you won’t need them.”

“Yes Mistress.” And with that she tipped her hand and showed me exactly what I had to look forward to. After stripping out of my clothes I lay on the padded middle platform of the spanking bench and placed my arms and legs on the smaller side ones. And as she began strapping me down, she explained the rules of this particular lesson.

“The rules are simple. I’ll give you a series of math problems and you’ll have one minute to answer each. If you give the wrong answer you’ll receive ten swats of the cane. If you get it right you’ll be rewarded. Get all ten right the first time and I’ll give you something special. The test will now begin. What is the square root of one-forty-four?”

“Twelve, Mistress.”

“Correct.” Going to a shelf on the opposite side of the dungeon, Miss Jennings picked up a dildo and then disappeared somewhere behind me. A moment later I heard her moving something in my direction. Three lubed fingers pushed into my pussy causing me to moan. And then the dildo was pushed in. The hum of machinery filled my ears and the dildo pushed deeper. “Question two: what is ninety-six plus eight times twenty-three?”

OH GOD! I thought as the dildo slowly fucked its way deeper into me. I hated math so much. I always got the order of operations wrong. Closing my eyes, I bit into my lower lip and attempted to come up with the right answer. I was pretty sure I had to multiply first and then add so that's what I did. "Two-eighty," I said with only a few seconds to spare."

"Correct again. I guess you're not quite as ignorant as Professor Vance suggests. Problem three: what is nineteen times fifty-two minus thirteen squared?"

*What the actual fuck? Did she think I was a human calculator or something?
"Um, Mistress, you might be able to do all this math in your head but I can't.
Can I at least have something to write on and with?"*

"Only if you accept ten swats per problem you wish to write down."

"That's fucked up, Mistress."

"That's how you learn to do math in your head, slave. You've got fifteen seconds to answer and then it is ten swats anyways."

"You might as well give me the swats, Mistress, because there's no way I can do the math in my head that quickly."

"You can always ask for pencil and paper," she said as the rod fucking the dildo into me slowed to a stop.

"Fine, may I please have a pencil and piece of paper, Mistress?"

"You may. You have ten swats coming for failing to give an answer and an additional seventy for the remaining seven questions you're going to write down."

"Seventy! But you said ten for each that I write down, Mistress."

"The problems are only going to get harder, Tori, so I think we both know you're going to write them down."

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"I'll give you the ten swats now and the rest after the quiz."

“Yes Mistress.”

∞ ∞ ∞

My first lesson at an end, I lay on the spanking bench panting and groaning as my ass ached from the hundred and fifty swats I had received for utterly failing to give another correct answer. What Mistress learned, however, was where I stood in my math skills and like any good tutor she promised to come up with a curriculum that would put me on track at a pace I could handle. It was a brutal first lesson but I had a feeling I would learn more under her strict guidance than all the other tutors combined so I put my humiliation aside and agreed to continue on with the next lesson.

If I sucked at math then I was a downright moron when it came to biology. Which was a shame because it was a required course for the major I was studying. Sure, I could name all of the basic body parts but when it came to the finer details such as the specific names for bones or taxonomic classification I was hopelessly lost and wondered what miracle Miss Jennings was going to pull out of her dungeon to teach them to me in three weeks' time. "Excuse me, Mistress, but if we're going to be spending the next however many years together could I at least know your first name?" While I had known her several weeks now I had only ever seen the initial of her first name and until now I never really cared enough to inquire further.

"Good grief, Tori," she said shaking her head. "We've known each other all this time and you don't even know my name?"

"Sorry Mistress. No offence, but I honestly didn't care until now."

"It's Myra. But you may continue calling me Mistress."

"Yes Mistress. Thank you. Do you think we can take a break before we get on with the next lesson?"

"We'll take a break when it's time for bed."

"But Mistress, my ass is..."

"Don't worry, slave, you have plenty of other body parts I can discipline," she said with a wicked grin that told me she knew all about my love for caning her daughter's breasts. Or any woman for that matter.

"Yes Mistress."

"This lesson will be a bit more involved but the same rules apply. I'll ask a question and you'll answer. This time, however, every wrong answer will get you three swats of the cane to the breasts. And seeing as how I've got twenty

questions for the same of your breasts you better get more than two of them right.”

“I’ll do my best, Mistress, but we both know I’m a complete idiot.”

“I don’t think that at all. What I do think is that no one has ever taken the time to properly teach you how to take in, digest and retain information. But don’t worry, these lessons will teach just that. You ready?”

“Yes Mistress,” I lied. And from the look on her face she knew it.

“I don’t like liars, Tori.”

“Sorry, Mistress, but when you said I would be tutored the last thing I expected was to spend the night being caned by my academic advisor.”

“This will be the last lesson for the night.”

“Thank you Mistress. I’m ready.”

“Then come with me.”

Groaning as I got off the spanking bench, I followed Myra to where a pair of wide leather cuffs attached to chains hung from the ceiling in the middle of the dungeon. I gave no resistance as she placed them around my wrists or when she added another set around my ankles which she secured to o-rings cemented into the concrete floor leaving me spread eagle and at her mercy.

“One more thing before we get started,” she said with that same wicked grin that told me I was not going to like the next words out of her mouth. “As before, correct answers will earn you a bit of pleasure. Wrong ones, however, will earn pain.”

With that ominous statement she rolled over a vertical sex machine and placed a long tapered dildo on the end of the rod. After a few adjustments it was buried about four inches in my pussy. Next, she rolled over a small cart with a box of nitrile gloves, large metal bowl half filled with rubbing alcohol and an assortment of thin needles ranging from two inches long to more than a foot. I did not mind needles as the lacy bow tattoos in shades of blue adorning the backs of my thighs proved, but I had never engaged in needle play before and

while I attempted to pretend it was no big deal I'm sure the look on my face said otherwise.

"Every wrong answer and I'll randomly place five needles," she said as she made a show of slowly dropping them into the metal bowl. "Question one: what three bones make up the ankle joint?"

"Oh god! Um, the tibia...the fibula...and, um...SHIT! I can never remember the third bone," I sighed. Honestly, given the circumstances I was a bit surprised I remembered any at all. Myra grinned as she put on a pair of the purple nitrile gloves. Using a couple of alcohol wipes, she cleaned my sweaty breasts and the first needle went through my right nipple.

It happened so quickly I barely felt it but when she pressed the beveled tip of an eight inch needle to the inside of my left breast and slowly pushed it through I suddenly felt very much like a pincushion. "UHN! Oh my motherfucking god!" I groaned as it went in. One inch. Two. Three. Five. The bloody tip emerged from the other side and I felt sick, but my new Mistress would not be deterred. Kneeling, she placed the third needle through my hood. The fourth and fifth went into my outer labia and had I not been restrained I would have hit the floor.

"Next question: This one should be easy. What is the name of the main artery in the leg?"

"The femoral artery, Mistress."

"Right you are." The machine between my legs hummed to life and I felt the dildo pushing deeper. "Next question: what hormone secreted by the pituitary gland helps in the production of milk?"

"Prolactin, Mistress," I answered with confidence as I did a bit of research into inducing lactation before starting college.

"Right again." The machine picked up speed and the tip of the dildo went deep enough to press against my cervix. "Let's see if we can make it three in a row. "What family do birds belong to?"

"I don't know, Mistress."

"The correct answer is accipitridae." Blindly fishing a long needle from the

bowl, she grinned as she poked the sharp tip into my right breast and with one swift push it went in the top and out the bottom. I strained against the binds holding me in place but they held firm as she next pinched a bit of my stomach and pushed a much shorter needle through. Number three went below it in the opposite direction. Four and five went vertically through my nipples. “Next question,” she said as the machine stopped fucking me with just the head of the dildo barely inside of me. “Which of the following structures connects the pharynx to the stomach? Tongue, trachea, esophagus or none of the above?”

“The esophagus, Mistress.”

“Correct.” The machine turned on and the rod slammed the dildo in and out of me harder and faster than before.

“A cell membrane is permeable, semipermeable, non-permeable or none of the above?”

“S-Semipermeable, Mistress,” I guessed as the ramming dildo made it hard to concentrate.

“Correct again.” Leaving the machine on high, she went to a shelf lined with butt plugs and returned with one she pushed a silver bullet into. The tip of the lubed toy pushed into my ass. Using steady pressure it went deeper until I felt the widest part stretching me open. The bullet was turned on and the vibrations went straight up my spine and down to my throbbing clit. She let the plug stretch my asshole for another minute before pushing it the rest of the way in. Reaching around, she tugged the needle in my hood. Pulling it back, she pinched my clit between finger and thumbnails. My vision went black as a painfully intense orgasm tore through me. “Next question: True or false, genes are located within the cytoplasm of the cell.”

“T-True, Mistress.”

“Wrong. The genes are actually located in the nucleus of the cell.”

The plug remained in my ass but the vibrating stopped. As did the dildo fucking and stretching my pussy. Myra grabbed several needles from the bowl and walked behind me. My skin was pinched and one went through. Then another, another, another and another after that – each at a slightly different angle than the previous as the pattern took shape. “Which of the following represents the

largest group of biological classification? Class, genus, kingdom or species?" she asked the next question.

"Class, Mistress."

"Wrong again. The correct answer is kingdom." This time she yanked the plug from my ass and added another five needles to my back. "How many chromosomes does an individual human person have?"

"Twenty-three, Mistress. WAIT! No, forty-six! It is twenty-three pairs of chromosomes for forty-six chromosomes, Mistress."

"Correct." The vibrating plug was pushed back into my ass and the machine was temporarily moved aside so that she could kneel between my legs. Looking up at me, she smiled and then did something I had never expected. Fishing a curved needle from the bowl, she first pushed it through my inner right labia. Stretching it, she then pushed it into my thigh so that it could not slip free. It was followed by two more on the right and three on the left leaving me completely open and exposed as her tongue pushed into me.

After maybe ten minutes of licking me to another orgasm, Mistress Myra stood and kissed me. "In normal sexual reproduction, two mature germ cells fuse to form what?"

"A zygote, Mistress."

"Correct. Question eight: True or false, hybridization of animals from different species cannot occur?"

"Oh god! Um, false, Mistress."

"I'm fairly certain that was a guess but it's a correct one." My pussy still wide open from my labia being pierced to my inner thighs, the machine was pushed under me. The dildo penetrated about seven inches and then she turned it on.

"Question nine: What are the two types of cells?"

"I don't know, Mistress."

"The correct answer is eukaryotic and prokaryotic." The next five needles were added to my back and I began to wonder what she was making. "Question ten:

what phylum do humans belong to?”

“Chordata, Mistress,” I blurted out the first thing that popped into my head.

“That is actually correct.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Mistress Myra asked another ten questions of which I got only four right – putting me at nine correct answers and eleven incorrect. Before caning my breasts she moved mirrors so that I could see a multicolored triskelion taking up the bulk of my upper back. My labia still pinned to my inner thighs, she grabbed a cane from the wall and let it hang from her right wrist as she removed the needles from my breasts.

“You answered eleven questions wrong so that’s thirty-three swats to the breasts which is a lot but I think you can take it. . The standard rules for discipline apply.”

“Yes Mistress.”

THWAP! The thin length of wood sliced across my breasts a fraction of an inch above my nipples. I had caned several women in the last few months. All on the ass, most on the breasts and it turned me on every time. But now that I was in their place I was anything but. Pain shot through me as the breath escaped my lungs.

“O-One. Thank you Mistress,” I groaned, not daring say anything else. Thankfully, I was still bound spread eagle so there was no fear of me breaking position. One down, thirty-two more to go, I thought as she readied herself for the next swat.

It was nearing midnight when I opened the door and stumbled into the dorm room I shared with Gina. To my surprise she was still up and seeing my step falter she put an arm around my waist and helped me to bed. “You okay?” she asked, the tone of her voice actual concern.

“I’ll live. Can you help me out of my clothes?”

“Of course.” Leaning down, she pressed her lips to mine as her fingers grabbed

the hem of my shirt. “I gave no resistance but grimaced as she pulled it off. “Oh my god! What happened?” she asked, her eyes going to my welt-covered breasts.

“I finally met a tutor that can teach me something,” I groaned. “I really want to have sex with you again but I’m in way too much pain.”

“No problem. For what it’s worth I’m wearing the three inch thick plug now so when you’re feeling better my ass is yours to fist.”

“Looking forward to it, but right now I just need to get some sleep.”

“Um, I know this is new for both of us, or, well, me anyways, but do you think I could sleep with you?”

“Sure.”

“Thanks.” Taking care to make me as comfortable as possible, Gina then crawled into bed next to me. Her naked body pressed against mine causing me to wince. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I want to feel you next to me.” Remaining silent for a moment, I continued. “Actually, believe it or not this – having someone that genuinely cares, is new to me as well.” And with that I closed eyes and attempted to fall asleep with the warmth and comfort of her body pressed next to mine.

The one good thing about Miss Jennings beginning my tutoring on Wednesday was that I had no classes on Thursday. Don't get me wrong, I thoroughly enjoyed our time together but holy hell was she a sadist. Letting my eyes flutter open, the first thing I noticed was that I was no longer sharing a bed with my roommate. Gina was, however, still in the room as I heard her quietly shifting at her desk. "Morning," I groaned as I rolled over to look at her pretty face.

"Morning babe. How you feeling?"

"Like I spent half the night being caned and used as a pincushion," I answered as I threw the blankets back. All but the worst of the welts were gone but my breasts were heavily bruised from the experience and it was then and there I vowed to never cane another woman's breasts for as long as I lived. "I'm sorry I caned your tits yesterday. You have my word I'll never do it again," I said as I reluctantly rolled out of bed.

"Thanks, but I actually enjoyed it. I was thinking. You're into all that bdsm stuff, right? You like dominating men and women? I never imagined it would be possible but I really liked what we did yesterday and I was hoping we could do it more often. Like, um, maybe all the time. I can't believe these words are coming out of my mouth, but will you train me to be your submissive?"

"Nothing would please me more, but given that my new tutor demands all of my free time I'm not entirely sure when we could do it."

"Oh," she said with genuine disappointment. "I could tutor you. That way I can spend all of our free time together submitting to you."

"I wish that were possible, Gina, I really do, but this particular tutor has skills none before her possess and I honestly believe with her help I'll be able to pass all of my classes this semester. Also, in case the welts and bruises on my tits and I'm assuming ass aren't answer enough, I'm now the one doing the submitting."

"OH! Can you introduce me to her? Maybe we can submit together."

“I’ll ask but until she says yes I’ll have to keep her name a secret.”

“I understand. So, do you have to rush off to see her right away?”

“No. She doesn’t get home until six so the day is mine until around five.”

“Then you can train me on Thursdays! Well, in the mornings anyways. I don’t have class until one so if we both got up early we could easily get three hours in. Um, if you want to that is.”

“I absolutely want to, Gina, but are you absolutely certain it’s what you want? Don’t get me wrong, I love our new relationship and want to see where it takes us but...”

“You just got up,” she cut me off. “I bet you really need to use the bathroom.” Her cheeks turned bright pink. “You’ve told me time and time again how you loved using people as toilets. I’ll do it. I’ll prove I’m serious by being your toilet.” Pulling her shirt off, she knelt on the floor at my feet and then looked up at me through excitedly nervous eyes.

“I don’t want our room smelling like piss.”

“I promise I won’t spill a drop, Mistress.”

“If you do I’ll make you wish you had never met me.”

“Understood, Mistress.”

I got to my feet and before I could move into position her lips were pressed against my vulva. Looking down, I gently caressed her left cheek and then started to pee. To my complete shock she actually swallowed every drop without actually going through the motions of gulping. And when I was done she immediately began licking me. “Okay, fess up, that was not your first time drinking piss.”

“It was, Mistress.”

“Bullshit. I won’t stand here and be lied to, Gina.”

“I’m being honest, Mistress. I have never drank piss in my life.”

“Then how did you drink it so easily?”

“I have no gag reflex, Mistress. Actually, I’m able to relax and open my throat to the point I can down an entire glass of water or whatever in one go.” Getting up, she went to the mini fridge sitting in the corner and grabbed a bottle of water which she then proceeded to pour into a red plastic cup. Once again kneeling at my feet, she showed me the contents of the cup and then I watched as the entire sixteen ounces vanished in under two seconds.

“Holy fuck! I bet the men love getting blowjobs from you.”

“I’ve only ever sucked my boyfriend’s dick,” she blushed. “And he loves it. “But at least now you see I’m not lying. So, will you use me as your toilet from now on, Mistress? Will you train me to be your submissive? Will you...”

“Go on.”

“I like this...us, Mistress. I like our new relationship and I want more of it. I... this is really sudden so I understand if you say no but will you be my girlfriend?”

Pulling her lips back to my vulva, I looked down at her and smiled. “Nothing would make me happier, but don’t you have a boyfriend?”

She licked me for a few seconds before sitting back. “Who I haven’t seen all semester, Mistress. I can be patient, but a girl has needs and he’s not around to fill them.” And with that she leaned in and playfully nibbled on my hooded clit.

“So, is that what this is to you? Do you just see me as another means of fulfilling your newly discovered sexual needs?”

“Of course not, Mistress. I love this as much as you do and I never want it to end. I just meant that since my boyfriend will probably never travel across the country to see me it’s time I moved on and who better to date than my gorgeous roommate? And before you say it, Mistress, I’ve honestly wanted to have sex with you since the day we met but didn’t like the way you were so open and blunt. Now, I kind of wish I had it in me to be the same.”

“I like you just the way you are, Gina, so do me one favor and never change. The answer is yes. I’ll be your girlfriend and I’ll talk to my new Mistress to see if she’ll train you as well unless you’re happy being trained only a few hours a

week.”

“Better with you than someone I don’t know, Mistress.”

“Fair enough.” Pulling myself away from her licking tongue and sucking mouth, I went to my small closet and grabbed a bottle of lube from the top shelf. “You said your ass was nine for the fisting,” I said as I flipped the cap open. “Get on the bed and prove it.”

“Yes Mistress!” With all of the excitement of a kid told she could buy every toy in the store, Gina hopped to her feet, stripped out of the rest of her clothes and then got on her bed head down and ass up. I got in bed behind her and could not resist leaning down and giving her a few licks as I worked two heavily lubed fingers into her ass. I could tell by the way her sphincter gripped my digits that it would take little to no effort to stretch her further so with my tongue buried as deep as possible I added another. A fourth was quickly added and as I tucked thumb into pals to go for broke, she pushed back. My hand disappeared complete to the wrist but she was not content to stop there. Moaning, she pushed back more. My balled up fist slipped three inches deeper.

“Tell me, Gina, how long did you wear that three inch thick plug?”

“I took it out before showering this morning, Mistress.”

“So, you wore it all night?”

“Yes Mistress.” She wiggled her sexy ass and pushed back some more. I watched as her fingers clutched her blankets in a death grip. Inhaling, she spread her legs a little wider and pushed back hard. I felt the resistance but her will to please me overpowered any pain or discomfort she must have been feeling as my arm slipped several more inches deeper. “Aaaahhhhh fuck!”

“Are you okay?”

“Yes Mistress! I’ve never taken so much in my life and I love it.”

“You do realize you’re damn near to my elbow, right?”

“I AM! Holy shit, Mistress!”

“You are.” No sooner were the words out of my mouth then she started pushing back again. Allowing my fingers to follow the curvature of her intestines, I watched as her asshole stretched to accommodate more of my arm. How the hell she was able to take so much after only one night of wearing a huge plug was beyond me, but here we were and I was not about to stop until she did. She finally came to a stop if only because my slightly bent elbow prevented her from going all the way to the shoulder. She then very slowly pulled forward. I added so much lube it dripped onto the blankets between her legs.

She pushed back. Forward. Back. Forward. Back. In and out. Out and in. A little faster. In and out. Out and in. Faster. More lube. Adjusting her position she pulled forward until only the tips of my fingers remained in her now gaping ass and then to my surprise she fucked herself back - once again taking my arm to the elbow. Her body convulsed and then she gushed so much I at first thought she was peeing, but she was, in fact, squirting in orgasm.

“I think it goes without saying, but holy fucking hell Gina! You are without a doubt a fisting queen.”

“T-Thank you Mistress. It hurt like hell taking it that deep but it was so worth it. Please tell me you’ll do it again.”

“Of course I will. Right after I introduce you to enemas,” I said as I slowly slid my arm out of her ass. You better go get cleaned up so you make it to class in time.”

“Fuck class, Mistress. I’d rather spend the day with you.”

“No! Absolutely not. I mean, I appreciate the sentiment, I really do, but what you’re saying is the beginning of a very slippery slope. Trust me, I didn’t think one missed class would hurt and now I’m being trained as a sex slave in the hopes of passing my first semester. I don’t want that for you, Gina, so please promise you’ll continue being the bookish nerd I fell in love with.”

“I...yes Mistress. Will you shower with me?”

“I will. And then we can grab a late breakfast or early lunch. Um, I should also point out that I probably won’t be back until late again.”

“I understand, Mistress. You do whatever you need to do to get your grades up

and I'll be here to take care of you when you get home."

"And that, Gina, is exactly why I think this crazy relationship of ours will work." Giving her a kiss, I reluctantly put my clothes from the night before on so I was not walking to the showers butt naked.

While I wanted to believe Miss Jennings was telling the truth her offer of seeing me pass this and all future semesters at the cost of being trained as her sex slave, it sounded too good to be true so after enjoying brunch with my new girlfriend I made my way to the biology department on the eastern side of the campus and then took the elevator up to Professor Burton's office on the ninth floor. I knocked on the closed door and after a brief pause she called out for me to enter. Taking a deep breath, I pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Warm brown skin. Light brown eyes. Long jet black hair pulled back into a high braided ponytail that hung to the middle of her back. For a woman pushing fifty she was every bit as gorgeous now as she was in the photos I had seen of her in her twenties. Looking up, she gave me a polite smile but I barely registered it as my eyes were focused on what appeared to be pierced nipples straining against the thin white material of her blouse.

"Hello Tori," Professor Liana Burton said. "What can I do for you this afternoon?"

"I need to ask a few very important questions and I would like honest answers if you've got a minute."

"Ask away."

"Have you spoken recently to my academic advisor Miss Jennings about my grades?"

"As a matter of fact I have," she said as her smile grew into a knowing smirk.

"Before you continue, let me ask a question of my own. Has the tutoring begun?"

"It has. So, does that mean everything she said was true? If I let her...tutor me, I'll pass your course?"

"It does. I assume she gave you the quiz and you failed spectacularly?"

“Yes,” I said as my cheeks grew warmer.

“Then that means she punished you for said failure. Top or bottom?”

It took me all of a second to realize what she was talking about. “Both.”

“Show me.”

“Professor?”

“Show me where she punished you so I can see it with my own eyes.”

“Show me yours and I’ll show you mine.”

“I don’t think you understand who’s in charge here.”

“And I don’t think you understand the world of shit I can open up for you and this university if this conversation and what Miss Jennings is doing to me ever got out,” I shot back.

“It’ll be your word against ours and who do you think everyone will believe?”

“Just show me your pierced nipples and I’ll show you the marks left behind from where she caned me.” To my surprise she actually unbuttoned her blouse and showed me her perfect gravity-defying breasts and pierced nipples. A woman of my word I pulled my shirt up and showed her my bruised and welt-covered breasts and with it still up I pulled my pants down and showed her my ass.

“How many?”

“One fifty on my ass and thirty-three on my breasts.”

“Nice. I’ve got a bit of time to kill before my afternoon meeting so why don’t you come kneel under my desk and eat my pussy while I explain how this works.”

“Yes Ma’am.” I had wanted to eat her out since the first day of class so I was not about to pass up the opportunity to fulfill a minor fantasy. Leaving my shirt up and pants down, I walked around the left side of her desk and as I did so watched as she opened a drawer and withdrew a bottle of lube and a long, fat butt plug.

“You’ll keep your ass stuffed with this from now on. I’ll be checking after every class and if it isn’t in I’ll dock you points. Understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.” Though it was bit it was well within my capabilities and so I did not hesitate in grabbing the lube and plug. Flipping the cap open, I was just about to tip the bottle but then sat them back down so that I could finish taking off my pants and panties. Already halfway there, I pulled my shirt off over my head and added it to the pile. I then lubed the plug and after turning to give her a better view made a show of slowly pushing the entire eight or nine inch length in – my well-trained asshole easily stretching to accommodate the huge toy.

“Looks like we’ll need something a bit bigger,” she smiled. “Put your clothes in the closet and get under the desk. And Tori, if you make even a peep I’ll make you regret the day you were born. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.” Getting on all fours, I crawled my way under her desk. She stood long enough to hike her skirt up and then sat with legs spread as she rolled her chair as far in my direction as it could possibly go. Starting at her right knee, I kissed my way up her inner thighs to her smoothly waxed vulva. Not wanting to rush things, I took a moment to inhale and appreciate her natural aromas mixed with the perfume she wore until a hand on the back of my head told me I she was not as free with her time.

I had been licking her for maybe ten minutes when I heard the office door open and someone step in. Not knowing what to do, I stopped with her hooded clit in my mouth. She pressed her vulva against my lips – a signal for me to continue pleasuring her. “Afternoon gentlemen. Please, come in and take a seat.” Two men approached the desk and sat down before she continued. “We all know why you’re here so I’ll cut to the chase. The two of you have been accused of cheating. After careful examination of the evidence I have concluded the claims are true. That being the case...”

“That’s bullshit,” one of the young men replied. “I’ve never cheated a day in my life and whatever bitch said I did is the one that should be here.”

“First, no one said it was a woman that made the claims. And second, there is video evidence supporting the claim on no fewer than nine occasions between the two of you. All of your work this semester will be tossed out and you’ll each receive a failed grade. If you wish to dispute my ruling you are free to take it up

with student legal services. That will be all.”

I heard the two men get up – one of them knocking his chair to the floor. It was followed by the two of them stomping out and the door slamming closed behind them. Professor Burton pressed a hand to the back of my head. “I hope Myra started your toilet training,” she whispered. I parted my lips to encompass her entire vulva and a moment later a warm, bitter fluid filled my mouth. I dutifully swallowed and then resumed licked just as knuckles once again rapped on the door. “Ah, Anthony, glad you could make it. Please, have a seat.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” a deep male voice I recognized as belonging to my math instructor, Professor Vance, replied. “So, have you heard anything about our latest project?”

“As a matter of fact, she’s eating me out under the desk as we speak. Come on out, Tori.” Her chair rolled back and I crawled out. “I believe you know Professor Vance.”

“Y-Yes. Um, are all of my professors coming?”

“Nope, just Anthony. Go ahead and do whatever he wants,” she said as she got up and walked to the door. Locking it, she walked back to her desk and sat down.

“Tell me, Tori, are you on birth control?” Anthony said as he stood, unzipped his pants and pulled out his black cock.

“Yes Sir.”

“Shame. But given the trouble you’re having learning simple math that’s probably for the best.”

“Did you seriously just call me stupid? Don’t bother answering. Not everyone is a mathematician but that doesn’t make me stupid. Now you can apologize, or you can kiss your career goodbye.”

“Yeah, good luck with that. Now be a good little slut and bend over Liana’s desk so I can use you for the only thing you’re good for.”

“Fuck you!” Going to the closet I grabbed my clothes.

“You leave this office before Anthony attempts to breed you and you might as well keep going because you’ll never pass any of our classes.”

“So, as if training me as a sex slave isn’t enough you’re going to blackmail me as well? I don’t have to stand here and take this bullshit.”

“Actually, you do. If you want to pass your courses that is.”

“Actually, I don’t. And by the time I’m done you’ll all be in prison where you belong.” Quickly getting dressed, I stomped out of Professor Burton’s office and did not look back until I turned the corner towards the elevators. Alone, I pulled out my phone and went to the recordings. The beginning of our conversation was clear as day but everything that followed was somewhat lower but I was still able to make out what was being said. Three down, three to go, I thought as I pressed the button for the lobby. Not that I was going to use it against them right away, but once I got all of the recordings on my computer and elsewhere I would let them have a listen so they knew their careers and very freedom were in my hands as Mistress Myra Jennings continued training me as her sex slave.

Arriving at Myra's at seven for my next lesson I was a little surprised to see so many cars in the driveway and on the road I had to park on the street four houses down. I knocked. The door opened and as my Mistress invited me in I looked around the living room where maybe twenty naked men stopped what they were doing and stared in my direction.

"Welcome to lesson number two," Myra said. "In case you haven't figured it out you'll be spending the night pleasuring these men however they desire. We'll start with getting you out of those clothes."

"Yes Mistress."

"We've covered math and biology. Tonight we'll be testing your knowledge of history. There will be ten questions. Each correct answer will earn you two of these men. Each wrong answer will remove one. After the test you may add more men at the cost of ten swats each. Understood?"

"Yes Mistress," I said as I kicked my shoes off. Of all the classes I was failing history was the one I was failing the least so while I was still failing I was confident I would get most of the questions right the first time around.

Waiting until I was naked, Mistress Myra continued. "Question one: The Hawley-Smoot Tariff, which was the largest tariff in American History, had what effect on the economy of the 1930's?"

"Wow, okay. Where to begin? It raised tariffs on hundreds of items by upwards of forty to fifty percent causing the economy to plummet. It also contributed to the start of World War two."

"That...is actually correct. You may choose the first two men you would like to have sex with. But remember, you don't get to fuck them until after the test."

"Yes Mistress." Eyes going around the room, I picked out the two with the biggest dicks and then turned my attention to Mistress Myra.

“Question two: In what year and for what reason was the Secret Service founded?”

“Do you need an exact date or will the year do, Mistress?”

“An exact date,” she smirked.

“Fair enough, Mistress. The Secret Service was on July fifth eighteen-sixty-five. And it was created to suppress counterfeit currency.”

“Also correct. I’m impressed.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Pointing to a well-built white man with tribal tattoos on his right arm and chest, and a lean olive-skinned man with a Prince Albert, I once again turned to Myra.

“Question three: What did the Roosevelt Corollary to the Monroe Doctrine do?”

I don’t know if she already knew I knew these questions or I was just getting lucky but my smile grew wider as I answered. “In short, it was used to justify military interventions in Central America and the Caribbean, including the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Haiti and Cuba, Mistress.”

“I’ll accept that.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Question four: what was the purpose of the Mayflower Compact?”

“Shit!” Early American history was not even remotely my strongpoint and I took a long moment to mull it over. “

“It was the first document to establish self-government in the new world, Mistress.

“Right again. Go ahead and pick two more men.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Feeling cocky, I picked two men at random and awaited my next question.

“Question five: Who was president during World War One?”

“Um...Howard Taft, Mistress.”

“That is incorrect. Charles, you may step back.” As she said it the black man with the biggest dick in the group gave me a sympathetic shrug and moved out of the group I had picked. “The correct answer is Woodrow Wilson. Question six: In what year was America recognized as a country?”

“Um, seventeen-seventy-six, Mistress.”

“That is incorrect. France was the first country to formally recognizing the United States as an independent state on February sixth, seventeen-seventy-eight. Brian, you may step back. Question seven: Which battle was the turning point of the American Revolution?”

“The Battle of Saratoga, Mistress.”

“That is correct. Choose your two men.

“Um, Charles and Brian you may rejoin my group please.”

“Question eight: What is America’s first cash crop?”

“Um, tobacco, Mistress?”

“That is correct. Go ahead and pick two more men. Question nine: Abraham Lincoln’s assassin was what by occupation?”

“An actor, Mistress.”

“Also correct. Last question. When were American Indians recognized as US citizens?”

“Um, I actually have no idea, Mistress.”

“The correct answer is nineteen-twenty-four. Charles, go ahead and step back. Okay, not bad. You only failed to answer three questions so I’m at a loss as to why you’re failing that course.”

“I haven’t done the homework and skipped most of the tests, Mistress.”

“Well, you should probably put in a little more effort. So, as it stands thirteen

men will gang bang you tonight. Are you happy with that or would you like to add the remaining seven? Remember, the price is ten swats per man you add.”

“As much as I don’t want to be caned for a second night in a row, Mistress, it seems like a waste not to have sex with them all so I’ll take the seventy swats.”

“As you wish. We’ll get to that at the end of the party. There’s just one more thing to discuss before we begin. Will you join me in the dungeon for a moment so we can talk in private?”

“Of course, Mistress.”

Excusing us, Myra led the way to the dungeon and when the door closed behind us her entire demeanor changed. “I had the most enlightening conversation with Professors Burton and Vance. Care to guess what they had to say?”

“I wouldn’t know, Mistress.”

“Oh, I’m sure you do. Go on, take a guess.”

“Probably something how I got snippy with them after they threatened to blackmail me, Mistress.”

“You were disrespectful to two of the people who can see you pass this semester. Do you think that a wise course of action?”

“I think I’ve agreed to let you tutor me, Mistress, not them and I don’t appreciate them trying to force me into something I’m not into. That being said, I have secretly recorded all three of you talking about training me as a sex slave and if push comes to shove I won’t hesitate to send it to the police. Who do you think they’ll believe then, Mistress?”

“Now who’s doing the blackmailing?”

“It’s not blackmail, Mistress. I’m perfectly content being your personal fucktoy, but I will not let you or anyone else walk all over me. Now, we can go upstairs so I can participate in my first gang bang or I can leave and everyone involved can face the consequences. Your choice. I believe the answer you’re looking for is let’s go upstairs and enjoy your first gang bang.”

“I’ll assume for now that you actually do have said evidence but know that I do not take threats lightly. Now take your ass upstairs.”

“Yes Mistress. And because all of you have attempted to treat me like a piece of shit you’ll forgive tonight’s discipline and we’ll start on a new slate. Isn’t that right?”

“You’re pushing your luck, slave.”

“I’m not the only one.”

Her jaw clenching, she gave me a low growl. “Very well. I’ll forgive tonight’s discipline and starting tomorrow we’ll be on a fresh slate. Now take your ass upstairs before I lose the last of my patience.”

“Yes Mistress. Thank you. And for what it’s worth, I honestly have no desire to ruin yours or anyone else’s lives and I give you my word that assuming your techniques work and I graduate with honors the recordings I have will never see the light of day.” And with that I walked out of the dungeon, back upstairs and gave the men a huge smile. “Good news gentlemen! I’m all yours.” Getting on my knees, I pulled the closest man towards me and sucked his cock down my throat. Motioning with my hands, two more men stepped up and my fingers wrapped around their semi-hard poles.

Epilogue

Getting back to my dorm room a little after sunrise, I wanted nothing more than to collapse in bed and sleep for the next week, but Gina was still there and we had a lot to discuss. I kept the recordings and the identity of my Mistress secret from her for obvious reasons and told her she was not looking for another slave to train. She was disappointed but understood and before I made my way to the bathrooms to shower, we drank each other's pee. After agreeing to submit and dominate each other she went off to class and I passed out.

Over the course of the next few weeks I continued my training as Myra's sex slave and while her techniques were definitely perverse, they got the promised results and after receiving hundreds, if not thousands of swats of the cane I learned better ways to study and retain information. Given a special exam for each class I was failing, I passed with flying colors and they did not even have to doctor the results.

My training continuing through the summer without break, I was forced to tell Myra I needed at least a few weeks off to visit family. She did not want to give it to me but when I mentioned the recordings she reluctantly agreed. But instead of going home I spent the next month training Gina at her Aunt Connie's farm eighty miles from the university we both attended.

Our training continued one semester after another and as with the first I passed with flying colors. My constant partying cut nearly to nothing, I spent every waking not in class or being trained studying my ass off for the next test. That's not to say I did not attend a party every now and then, but most of my sex was now with Gina, the men we trusted not to tell the entire campus, Mistress Myra and the twenty men that gang banged me once a month. The odds were low, but halfway through my sophomore year one of them knocked me and Gina up despite both of us being on birth control and I was no longer doing all of this just for myself.

Four years after agreeing to become Myra's sex slave I graduated magna cum laude with a bachelor's degree in biology. Birth control apparently failing me left and right, I gave birth to twin sons my junior year and as I walked across the

stage I was three months pregnant with twin daughters. A PhD greatly increasing my earning potential, I continued my education – my parents who had moved to be closer to their grandkids, Gina and her Aunt Connie watching my kids while I was in class.

A year after earning our bachelor degrees, Gina and I married. We wanted to make it a bdsm affair, but after tossing the idea around to various family and friends – all of whom knew what sort of lives we lives, thought it was a bad idea with several of them stating outright they would never talk to us again if we went in that direction. Meeting in the middle, we had a traditional wedding with a bdsm-optional reception where the guests were required to at least dress the part. There were a lot of complaints, and those that were completely adamant about their aversion to the lifestyle opted out but more than three-quarters attended. A few even liked it enough to not only inquire more about it but live the lifestyle as well.