



EMILY TILTON

THE DOCTOR'S
girl

THE DOCTOR'S GIRL

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Shamefully Courted Series](#)

[The Institute Series](#)

[The Institute: Naughty Little Girls Series](#)

[The Institute: Bad Girls Series](#)

[The Institute: Shameful Arrangements Series](#)

[Bound for Service Series](#)

[Beyond the Institute: The Future of Correction Series](#)

[Corporate Correction Series](#)

[Victorian Correction Series](#)

[Galactic Discipline Series](#)

[More Stormy Night Books by Emily Tilton](#)

[Emily Tilton Links](#)

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This book is intended for adults only. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

CHAPTER 1

A nna

I left my fiancé at the altar. Literally. I actually managed to get halfway down the aisle, before the sight of his face—okay, yes, his handsome face—made me turn around and walk, not run (because heels) out of the church. I walked fast, and I still nearly fell down (because heels).

I mean, I definitely felt like running.

Brad was a good guy, and I had thought I loved him. Courtships in Emmeline, Indiana, a New Modesty community, are generally brief these days, and mine had represented no exception. I guess I can blame the New Modesty as much as I have to blame myself, but that feels wrong. I made the mistake: the money the New Modesty dangles in front of brides didn't somehow force me to say yes when Brad fell to one knee in the park three months after we started dating.

They gave that shiny subsidy to grooms, too, of course. I wasn't sure guys made the same kind of mistakes though. That feminine need for security is real—and it was very real for me. I might not have agreed with the New Modesty on very much, but that part definitely made sense to me.

Anyway, he was a good guy, and I kind of hoped we would be friends, eventually, because I really needed friends in Emmeline. Especially after I left the former high school football star at the altar.

He wanted to take care of me, and he clearly found me super hot, and he could kiss pretty well. Not that I was much of a judge, Brad being the second guy I had kissed.

But when I saw him at the end of the church aisle, broad-shouldered and smiling, looking good in his tux, I suddenly realized that he had never made me feel...

I didn't know. Maybe I didn't want to know.

And for a moment, I wondered if I could go through with it anyway, because I did have that sneaking suspicion that even at nineteen I had enough self-knowledge to shut certain doors in my mind and in my heart. I saw Brad's smile, and I knew if I finished my walk in my white dress to the altar and vowed to love and to obey him—New Modesty, you know—I wouldn't be very unhappy. These days, most of the time, it seems like with the wars in Eastern Europe and the rolling blackouts, that's not bad.

He certainly didn't try to dominate me, or subjugate me, or belittle me, or anything. As a young woman with two years of 4.0 GPA community college behind me, ready to have a career in small business marketing once I had satisfied the New Modesty requirement of taking care of marriage first, that seemed crucial. I wanted to work not just as a way to add to my household's bottom line, when I had a household, but also as a way to show that even in Emmeline, Indiana, an independent young woman could remain independent, while having a family life.

The New Modesty had its idiocies, like the requirement that a young woman spend three subsidized years trying to find a husband before she could hold a permanent job. It also had provisions that I thought wise, and of which I intended to take advantage—like the mandatory family-friendly policies all businesses had to uphold, allowing extensive maternity leave and flexible work-from-home options.

Brad would have helped me on that path. Or, really, he wouldn't have cared very much. He would have managed his contracting business and hung out with his friends, and I would have had the house to myself most of the time.

Yeah, I walked really fast out of the church, as fast as I could in heels.

I didn't answer Brad's calls. I texted that I was really really really sorry, but I didn't think I could talk to him for a few days. Ditto with his sister and his mother.

At least I didn't have to deal with any family of my own: the aunt who had raised me after my mom split had disowned me, informally at least, when I told her I was taking the New Modesty money.

The New Modesty money called, and I didn't answer that one either. Then they texted, saying my subsidy and my housing would be revoked unless I answered their calls.

I answered the next call.

"We were really sorry to hear about the postponement of your wedding," the woman at the other end of the phone said.

I stood in the little dorm room they had provided, my mouth twisting to the side, resolutely forcing back the useless tears of frustration—at myself, mostly, but also at the New Modesty 'transition representative' and her smooth unflappability.

"It's not a postponement," I told her flatly. "I'm not marrying Mr. Givens."

That resulted in a moment's silence, in which I congratulated myself at least on having forced the woman—Janice, I think her name was—to scroll down, or click a link, or wait for the computer to provide her with a new script, or something.

"Are you completely sure?" she asked then.

I swallowed hard, thinking of Brad's shoulders in his tux. I felt some happiness in how sure I remained, despite that image.

"Yes."

"Well, Anna," Janice said, "you have two options in that case. You can leave the New Modesty program—"

"Nope," I said. I had burnt all my bridges coming to Emmeline. If I left, I would face a civilization in rapid decline with no resources save a junior marketing degree, in a world where people needed marketing like they needed the flu.

"In that case," Janice continued, "I need to schedule you for a follow-up with your doctor."

"A what?" I asked, my brow furrowing hard.

"Doctor..."

Here, Janice clearly checked my file. I waited, still trying to figure out what the hell my doctor had to do with anything.

"Platonov," she finally continued. "Yes, he's got availability tomorrow at ten. Should I make that appointment for you?"

"Wait," I replied. "I don't understand."

"Doctor Platonov will explain," Janice told me. "Can we confirm that appointment?"

I took the phone away from my ear for a moment to look at it in bewilderment.

"Anna?"

I held the phone back to my ear, an image of Doctor Platonov suddenly flashing into my brain, along with the memory of his musically accented voice. Of course, I also felt a little heat in my cheeks, because he was the only man to have seen me naked since puberty's transformations. It had nothing to do with his dark beard or his practically navy blue eyes.

"Yes, fine. Tomorrow at ten."

* * *

The nurse at Doctor Platonov's office clearly knew I had left the high school football star

at the altar. Her wrinkled nose alone told me that, as she said, "Anna Cascardi?", but I also had to endure the icy tone of her voice and the glare she gave me as she said, "You can go to examination room 2, just down the hall."

She followed me into the little room with the awful gynecological exam chair, the little desk, the cabinets, the chair, and the rolling stool where the doctor would sit.

"Go ahead and get undressed," the nurse, a pretty dark-haired woman only a year or two older than I was, said. "You can take everything off. Just put your clothes on the chair."

I looked around for the gown that usually hung from the back of the door, not yet registering the nurse's everything, and how it differed from the way things had gone the last time I had come to the doctor's office for the New Modesty premarital checkup. That exam had constituted a standard GYN wellness visit, with Doctor Platonov telling me at the end, "Everything looks good. We'll let your fiancé know you're all set for a lovely honeymoon."

That had turned my face red. Yes, I had signed all the forms the New Modesty program office had put in front of me, about my future husband taking charge of the household we would make together, but I didn't enjoy the reminder. I couldn't say I really felt one way or another about sex; wellness class had made certain I knew how it worked, and I thought I felt the right things when Brad kissed me.

I had a bit of anxiety—well, fear—about the actual moment, but one nice thing about the New Modesty seemed to me that your husband was supposed to be experienced, or if not he had to attend an orientation class to help him prepare for marriage. When I had asked Brad about the class, he had smiled uncomfortably and said, "It's okay," by which I understood that he didn't love talking about sex any more than I did.

So I had blushed when the doctor had made such a clear reference to that part of marriage—the part, I told myself, with which doctors have to concern themselves as a professional matter, if they're going to do their jobs and the human species is going to get reproduced. The heat in my face on that first visit, however, couldn't hold a candle to what I felt as the nurse answered my inquiring gaze.

"This is a different kind of exam, Anna," she said in an even colder tone. "The doctor wants you in the nude."

I took a sharp little breath in at the physical effect these words had on me. Something about the very phrase in the nude, connected to the doctor wants you, made my tummy flip over and my heart jump in my chest. Really I couldn't have said exactly what had just happened in my body as it reacted to the nurse's tone, her censorious eyes, her clinical but also shameful words. Whatever it was, the fact that it had just happened here in the doctor's office seemed to make it, paradoxically, much worse. Shouldn't I feel better, since I could just ask Doctor Platonov what was wrong with me?

I felt my forehead crease, as I longed for the nurse to leave, or at least to look away from

my blushing face—or even to say anything reassuring in that fake way nurses do. She just kept looking at me in that almost scornful way.

Needing desperately to cover my distress, I said, “I don’t understand. I just had an exam.”

The corner of her mouth quirked upward without the slightest sign of mirth reaching her eyes.

“That was before you had your... issue, Anna,” she said. “Don’t worry. The doctor will explain. Go ahead and get out of your clothes so I can take your vitals. The sooner you do that, the sooner the doctor can come in and answer your questions.”

I almost asked her whether she meant to leave while I undressed—or flat-out begged her to. A thrill of anxiety at the possibility she would simply refuse stopped me, because it seemed to bring back that same feeling I’d had in my tummy, and down below my tummy, when she’d said the doctor wants you in the nude. I didn’t know what would happen if the nurse said, for example, No, Anna: I’m supposed to watch you undress.

I turned around to face the chair in the corner, suddenly frightened that she might even say that I had to turn around and face her, that watching me take my clothes off represented part of what the doctor wanted. The nurse didn’t object, though, so I took off my blue and white striped cotton top, and then, biting my lip at the strange sensation of doing it here, I pulled my pink bralette over my head. Puberty had brought development there, but in my case not very much of it. I felt my long blonde hair swish against my back.

“Do you have an elastic?” the nurse asked. “We should get your hair up.”

I felt another flare of heat in my cheeks at this indication that she had not ceased to look at me while I complied with her embarrassing instruction. I fished in the pocket of my jeans and pulled out a blue scrunchy. With my hair in a ponytail, my upper body naked, I suddenly wanted this humiliation over with and I put my hands to the waistband of my jeans.

Then I remembered, my mouth twisting to the side at the new blaze in my face, that I didn’t have any panties on.

CHAPTER 2

Anna

Did the nurse notice the way I hesitated? I did my best to cover it up, something I'm really pretty good at. Thinking on the fly is kind of a forte of mine; I tossed my head and rolled my shoulders, as if I needed to release some tension, which I supposed only represented a natural reaction to being made to undress in front of a judge-y stranger. Then, hopeful that the movement had concealed my reaction to the embarrassing realization, I unbuttoned my jeans and started to skin them down, doing everything I could to make it look like my panties were inside.

Why would the nurse care? Why should I care? How very fucking annoying was it that my brain had decided to make an issue of it, so that I felt like I couldn't just do it naturally? I had never really had to deal with the stuff in my head, put there in my upbringing by my conservative aunt and fostered by the New Modesty program.

Anna, my aunt's voice said in my head, not unkindly but with an intent that I knew must come from her disapproval of my vanished mother and her unwed pregnancy aka me, just make sure you remember to do your laundry. Clean panties are not optional.

Not optional, and an essential part of the modesty that lay at the foundation of civilization, as far as she and the New Modesty and Emmeline, Indiana were concerned. My aunt didn't think towns, or individual girls, should take subsidies from mega-corporations to do what they should do on their own, but she definitely agreed with the philosophy behind life in Emmeline.

Clean panties are not optional.

Really, life in the New Modesty revolved around that single idea as far as I could tell—if you added that those clean panties should ironically enough never be visible. The thought brought a flare of heat to my face. It made me glad that—another embarrassing irony—although the nurse could see my naked butt, she couldn't see my face.

"That's really not hygienic, Anna," she said from behind me. "I know a lot of young women are doing it, but underwear does help keep a woman healthy."

No. My effort to conceal my lack of panties made the mortification I felt now much worse. I stiffened as I finished pulling off my jeans. For a moment I considered not replying at all, knowing that anything I said would just make me look even weaker, but the need to make an excuse proved too great.

"Yeah, I know," I said lamely, "it's been a tough week for things like laundry."

As I straightened up, using the folding of the jeans to conceal my reluctance to turn around, I heard her make a tsk sound with her tongue. I almost whirled on her, naked as I was, to scream in fury at her utter lack of sympathy.

"I was sorry to hear about you and Brad," said the nurse.

What the hell was I supposed to say to that?

"Thanks," I replied, feeling incredibly awkward as I just kept folding the jeans, to avoid turning around.

I heard a knock at the door, then the turning of the knob and the puff of air from its opening. The deep, slightly accented voice I remembered from the last visit said, "Are we ready in here?"

"Nearly, Doctor," the nurse replied, a scolding note in her voice. "Anna was just about to come over and let me take her vitals."

"I can take care of that," said Doctor Platonov. "Anna, why don't you come over and get on the scale for me?"

I turned my head over my shoulder, my hands going automatically to my chest and my lap in a way that paradoxically and dismayingly made my blush even hotter because of how it laid bare my modesty—very literally. Then the nurse, in a chiding, slightly petulant tone that made me wonder if the doctor had offended her somehow by saying he would take my vitals, made my humiliation much, much worse.

"Anna didn't have panties on, Doctor. I told her that wasn't a good idea, but you may want to explain a little more."

I stood frozen with my hands covering my private parts and my eyes wide, looking at the even-handsomer-than-I-had-remembered doctor and the awful, vindictive nurse. For a moment the blood rushed in my ears so fiercely that I thought I might not have heard the nurse correctly, but then Doctor Platonov spoke.

"Ah, certainly," he said. "You must always wear clean underwear, Anna. Let's not add an infection to your other difficulties."

My lips parted, but I couldn't think of a single word to say. Even to repeat other

difficulties would seem terribly weak—especially in front of the nurse, who looked at me with pursed lips and slightly narrowed eyes. On the other hand, something both about the doctor's bearded face and the nurse's censorious one made me wonder if I really did understand what other difficulties meant. The obvious—my having left Brad at the altar and therefore having had to come in for this mysterious checkup—seemed like it might only represent the beginning, from the expressions they wore.

Doctor Platonov had a smile on his face, but as he looked at me, it began to fade. He made an impatient gesture with his hand, and he spoke in a voice that seemed a little more heavily accented than usual—as if having to deal with a reluctant patient had frustrated him. That idea sent a thrill of anxiety through my body even before I understood his next words.

"Come here, Anna. I don't want to have to make this unpleasant for you, but we have a schedule to keep."

My eyes went wide, staring into his. I tried to move my feet, but they wouldn't budge.

"I'm guessing she doesn't know," the nurse said, attracting my eyes to her face where I now saw a smile that made my blood run cold and then hot again, "what happens to girls who have trouble complying with their training examination."

"My what?" I demanded. Somehow my body had turned itself around as I spoke, I realized though I seemed disconnected from it, unable to fully control my movements. With my right hand across my chest and my left covering the sparse triangle of golden curls between my thighs, I found myself backing away from Doctor Platonov and his awful nurse, the backs of my knees coming up against the chair in the corner where I had piled my clothes.

"Calm down, Anna," the doctor said. He gave the nurse a look that seemed to admonish her for frightening me. To my consternation, that made me feel a surge of liking for him, despite what he had said a moment before about having to make it unpleasant for me. "Yes, as Georgia just said, you're here for what the New Modesty program calls a training examination. If you'll let me get started, I'll explain to you what that means."

I felt my brow crease harder than I thought it ever had in my life—so hard I worried I might gain a wrinkle there just from that single furrow, evoked by Doctor Platonov's hand, as he repeated the gesture beckoning me toward the scale, with its swinging attachment that would tell them I stood five feet, three inches tall.

"Can't you tell me now?" I asked, my hands clutching at my hidden private parts in worry. "Just what training means?"

The doctor looked at Nurse Georgia again. This time the look didn't inspire liking, but I bit my lip at its effect on me anyway; his bearded face showed camaraderie with his nurse, a confirmation that, yes, they had a difficult patient on their hands. My body's response to that look—shame and the other thing I didn't want to think about—made me look at the

door of the examination room and wonder whether I could run out of it and tell someone... the police, maybe?... what had happened here—the strange threats and the stranger indications of what they had brought me here for.

“We might as well get this over with,” Doctor Platonov said, not to me but to Nurse Georgia. He did turn to me, then. “Anna, we need to get this examination done. If you’re not going to comply willingly, I’m going to have to spank you, to secure that compliance against your will. It’s up to you.”

My lips parted but no sound emerged. My body’s newfound ability to move appeared to have deserted it as quickly as it had appeared, and my bare feet felt rooted to the floor. I looked from the doctor to the nurse, as their expression went from mildly frustrated to grimly resolved.

Of course I knew about this part of the New Modesty. Everyone did. Newcomers like me, taking the single-girl subsidy, as we all called it, signed a waiver just like everyone in town who accepted any of the financial benefits the government and Selecta, its corporate partner, offered. Corporal punishment. Traditional discipline.

Bare-bottom spanking.

“Are you going to come here,” Nurse Georgia asked, “or are we going to have to come get you?”

“I...” I started. The nurse took a step forward, the look on her face growing disgusted, as if she could hardly believe that a big girl like me wouldn’t understand when she had to be punished the old-fashioned way. “I’m going to... to give up the subsidy.” I looked from nurse to doctor. “I’ll just put on my clothes and... and go.”

Doctor Platonov shook his head.

“You may certainly give up the subsidy if you like, after this examination, Anna, but the agreement you made with the program administration says that you’re going to have it, with or without the spanking.” He turned to Nurse Georgia. “Bring her here, please.”

To my horror, he stooped to fetch the rolling stool over to where he stood, then sat down on it, his white coat falling to either side of his slim, taut body as he spread his legs slightly. He patted his left knee.

“Anna,” he said, “you could save Georgia a good deal of trouble by just laying yourself over my knee. You have a spanking coming, now, and it would be best just to accept it.”

As the doctor spoke, the nurse advanced briskly toward me. My fear as I looked at her—Georgia had four or five inches on me, and a good deal of obvious strength as well—interfered with my understanding of what he had just said.

“I’ll let you... I’ll let you take my vitals!” I yelped, clutching anew at my chest and my lap.

The nurse shook her head. "Once Doctor Platonov sits down to give a spanking, Anna, he gives a spanking. It's too late." She reached for me. I shied back, but I had nowhere to go in the corner. Nurse Georgia took hold of my upper right arm and started to pull me toward the waiting doctor.

"You're going to learn very soon," Doctor Platonov said, "how important it is to obey instructions given by those in authority. You're also going to learn not to cover yourself in their presence."

The strangeness of these words, and their obvious if still also mysterious connection to the frightening phrase training examination, seemed to take away some of the urgency of the struggle I waged with Nurse Georgia. I didn't know why, and part of my mind screamed in protest, but the doctor's voice seemed to call up feelings I had thought I had gotten rid of—guilt, for one.

As if he could read my mind, he continued, "You were a naughty girl to lead your fiancé on that way, Anna Cascardi. You're here to start learning about what you really need, to move forward with your life and find your place here in the community you chose to join."

CHAPTER 3

A nna

A sob welled up from my chest. From my chest and, emotionally speaking, from some place inside me I hadn't known was there. The wrenching sound and the tears that filled my eyes emerged as if to confirm Doctor Platonov's words, and I kept sobbing, pulling back against the nurse's leading me, naked to his knee, but letting her do it because what choice did I have?

I looked at his big right hand, resting on his thigh. I admit I hadn't had a girlhood subject to too much fear, but I had never seen anything so frightening in my life. The idea that he, a doctor, meant to use that hand to... to punish me for failing to follow his instructions... I wanted it to seem outlandish, impossible.

It didn't. I had done something very naughty, in failing to tell Brad that I didn't think I could marry him long before we got to the altar. In leaving the church without a word.

Most recently, in failing to accept Nurse Georgia's and Doctor Platonov's words about what I had to do, here in the doctor's office. No, I didn't like having to take all my clothes off for this examination, and the idea of training made me feel anxious and strange.

But I had taken the subsidy, and I needed to keep getting the subsidy. The people in charge said I had to have this special examination. I had failed to follow the instructions the nurse gave me, and even if she had given them in a rather nasty way she had only been doing her job. Now she was still only doing her job, even though her job involved walking a naughty, naked girl over to the doctor's knee for a spanking.

Doctor Platonov flexed his hand, the long, thick fingers curling into a fist and then relaxing as if he were loosening his muscles to get ready for what he had to do to my bare bottom, to teach me the lesson I needed. I let out a little whimper, and tried to pull back harder against the pull of the nurse's strong hands.

"Please," I begged, turning to her. "I'll do what you say. I've... I've never..."

"That doesn't surprise me, Anna," the doctor said, drawing my attention back to him, to his handsome face and the determined expression that somehow didn't obscure his basic kindness or the idea that he meant this horrid scene to constitute some part of caring for me. "Unfortunately a lot of girls even in Emmeline get well into adulthood without experiencing real discipline. A lot of people think that's largely responsible for the mess the world is in right now."

My lips parted, and my resistance lessened as I tried to take in his meaning, and the way his words affected me, especially in his musical Slavic accent. The idea that he came from a place where they understood how to give naughty girls their just reward came into my mind and made my forehead crease and my cheeks blaze up with heat.

Nurse Georgia drew me another step toward the stool. Doctor Platonov patted his left knee again. I was only three or four feet away, now. He reached up with his right hand, as if to take my left—the one with which I still strove to cover myself between my thighs though that effort impeded my ability to struggle against the nurse's forward pressure.

With a little cry of fear, I tried to run away. I pulled at Nurse Georgia's grip, and I felt as if I almost managed to twist out of her hands. I had no idea of course what I would do if I managed to leave the room; I just needed not to be about to get a spanking naked over the doctor's knee.

The nurse must have been ready for precisely this kind of attempt at escape. The fleeting moment of almost extracting myself from her grip on my right arm vanished immediately, and she used the shift in my balance to propel me straight toward the doctor.

He reached up to catch me before I fell straight into him. I heard him cluck softly as he guided me deftly—skillfully, I thought with mortified dismay—to his left side, so I fell over his knee as much as he put me there. I cried out as I felt the lurching sensation, and then at how I had ended up, with my backside hoisted and my face down. My fear grew, and my shame increased a hundred times, as if to join it, my whole body shuddering with those emotions as I understood my position—that, yes, Anna Cascardi was about to get spanked like a naughty little girl, because she couldn't follow instructions.

I thought the doctor would pause, before he started. I knew he wouldn't begin spanking me right away, that he would give me a moment, would say something like This is going to hurt me more than it hurts you.

He didn't. I cried out again as I felt his right leg, clad in denim, come across the naked backs of my knees, and his left arm clamp down across my back. Then I heard the smack of the first spank and I felt it on my bottom, without further warning. I gasped, and I began to struggle, but Doctor Platonov seemed intent on making it clear to me that he had more important things to do and meant to get my punishment over with in as businesslike a way as possible. He kept spanking me, his huge hand rising and falling

hard and fast, the sharp sounds ringing off the walls of the examination room over and over, despite the cries for mercy and sobs of agony I emitted from the beginning.

I kept struggling, because it hurt so much, but the doctor merely made a dissatisfied noise in his throat and held me more tightly in place. Nothing I did stopped the hand from falling sharply first on one bottom-cheek and then the other, the same spots on each cheek, over and over. I felt like he was holding a hot frying pan to my backside, teaching me a terrible lesson, making sure I couldn't sit down for a week so that I would remember to do as he or anyone placed in authority said.

The feeling that I could do absolutely nothing about it overwhelmed me, made me sob just at the welling emotion nearly as much as at the pain in my never-spanked-before bottom. Because I had left my high school football star groom at the altar, and then compounded my sin by showing reluctance to Nurse Georgia's humiliating commands, I would receive this punishment over a man's knee as long as he chose to give it. Doctor Platonov had taken charge of me, had taken me in hand, and that hand would train me, now. As a doctor and a representative of the program to which I had consented, he had the power to decide precisely how hot, and how red, to get my butt, for my good.

I felt my muscles relax as I thought these things. Somehow the knowledge that I had no choice, that my bottom would hurt as much as the doctor chose to make it hurt, caused a yielding in my limbs that I hadn't expected. To my surprise, even as he kept spanking me—at a slower pace—he spoke to me again.

"The lesson I'm teaching you now, Anna, isn't just for your own benefit," he said, punctuating his words with hard spansks that made me cry out and ride his knee in a mortifying way that made me think of Nurse Georgia, watching from behind me. "It's for the benefit of your community and your society as a whole, too. We need... more... good girls... and fewer... bad ones."

I shrieked at each of the swats with which Doctor Platonov finished my first spanking: the rhythm, irregular as he fitted the punishment to the words as if in order to make me remember this message, made me even more conscious of the way my body responded to the big hand with which he sought to mold my behavior so very painfully. When he had delivered the final spank, he rested his hand on my bottom gently, squeezing softly with his fingers in a way that to my horror felt soothing. It made me dissolve into wrenching sobs, still held immobile over his knee, weeping piteously.

"I'm sorry," I managed to choke out. I felt sorry, too, though another part of me understood that my remorse was really directed at my jilted bridegroom much more than at the doctor—and yet another part wasn't happy about the apology at all. Why should I be sorry? The nurse had treated me scornfully and the New Modesty had railroaded me into a wedding I had just barely managed to avoid.

Somehow, though, Doctor Platonov had established a feeling in me that I wanted to do better—for him, though not for the nurse.

And for me.

I bit my lip as that thought floated into my mind. I hadn't thought about what I wanted for myself for so long that the very idea seemed to come as a revelation. I pushed it away, though; I didn't want to have it here, naked and placed humiliatingly over a man's knee for my first spanking at the age of nineteen.

"You may stand up now, Anna," Doctor Platonov said, taking his hand from my back and shifting his leg from the backs of my knees.

To my horror, the casual authority of his tone, along with the way he kept his right hand on my bottom even as I began to scramble off his muscular thigh, sent a thrill of shame through me that seemed to cascade from my burning cheeks to the place below my tummy that lay much too close to where the doctor had his hand. I stood as hastily as I could, taking a step back so that my backside would be out of reach and putting my own hands back in front of my private parts. My eyes darted from that right hand, which the doctor now replaced on his knee, to his face, which took on a disappointed expression, to Nurse Georgia, who had begun to shake her head.

Doctor Platonov sighed. "You'd better stand in front of me, Anna," he said, "and put your hands at your sides. We need to deal with this reluctance to show your body to those who have a duty to take care of it, and you."

"But..." I spluttered, very conscious of how red my face must look, and how my eyes must be swollen and even bloodshot. The soreness in my bottom also pressed itself on my consciousness, and I trembled at the sheer excessiveness, as it felt to me, of sensation in my body. I clutched my hands more tightly over my chest and my lap, and I looked beseechingly over at Nurse Georgia and then back at the doctor with a wordless plea.

He shook his head. "No, Anna. Georgia is here to take care of you too. Put your hands at your sides, please, or I'm going to have to take you back over my knee."

Though my mind despised the rest of me for it, I emitted a little whimper of fear at the thought of being back under Doctor Platonov's firm hand. My right hand, the hand covered my little triangle of fair hair, twitched, wanting to cover my backside defensively—and also, suddenly, to rub the little cheeks he had spanked so hard.

That impulse, so strong I had to will my hand to stay in place, made me swallow hard. It made my face scrunch up, too, as the welter of feelings and sensations inside me seemed to mingle into a new configuration that troubled me in ways I didn't want to think about, terrified that thinking about them would only strengthen them.

"Put your hands at your sides, Anna," the doctor repeated, his voice very stern. "I need to get a look at your body."

CHAPTER 4

*J*van

The girl's hands trembled visibly, fingertips moving over the tender, sensitive places where she had covered herself. I looked steadily into her eyes, now fixed on me rather than on Nurse Georgia. That pleased me.

The attraction I had felt for Anna Cascardi at her first appointment had started to develop into the real beginnings of affection, and the rapt attention she paid me satisfied me greatly. I also thought it better that the girl focus on me, since Georgia's resentment toward her had already proven a distraction. Anna's light brown eyes, made even prettier by the tears that sparkled in them, still beamed into my own the same plea for some leniency. I reached out to take hold of her wrists, seizing them gently in my hands, and she startled, emitting a soft cry of dismay and breaking eye contact with me to look again at Georgia.

I thought of sending Georgia out of the examination room, as Anna had asked, but that seemed needlessly inconvenient—as well as counterproductive, since Anna would have to understand her position as soon as possible, so that her training could begin in earnest. To be made to display her naked body to a nurse who knew exactly what Anna had done to arrive here at this training examination represented an important step on her journey toward understanding and acknowledging her submissive sexual identity.

"Look at me, Anna," I told her, not yet using my hold on her wrists to enforce my command. Her eyes wide, she obeyed. I smiled, and her eyes went wider as she seemed to try to interpret my expression. Then I began to move her hands away from her breasts and her vulva, to put them at her sides.

For a moment Anna resisted, her eyes once again darting to look at Georgia, who wore, I felt certain, the sort of bitchy look of triumph I had seen on my nurse's face, to my displeasure, when other girls had their reluctance overcome. I made a mental note to ask my colleague Dr. John Renner to discipline Georgia at his earliest opportunity: a sound

spanking of her own would help the young nurse's attitude, as it had previously—generally Georgia went over John's knee once a month or so.

Anna returned her eyes to me, her cheeks wearing two bright red spots to match the color I had turned her bottom. Having come from a country where the traditional punishment of naughty women hadn't disappeared to the same extent it had in America, I had found it very gratifying to exercise a disciplinary role as part of my medical duties. I had never enjoyed it quite as much, I had to admit, as I had just enjoyed spanking Anna Cascardi's delightful little bottom.

I could feel her whole body tremble at the gentle force I exerted on her wrists, beginning to move her hands away from the private parts about which she felt such charming modesty. I revealed two sweet little breasts, topped with tiny pink nipples, and a sparse triangle of golden hair that hadn't yet grown in very far. I fixed my eyes there, taking a good deal of visual pleasure in the sight of Anna's clitoral hood, just peeping out from the cleft of her pussy.

I held her hands at her sides, inspecting her, until I felt the slight resistance in her arms fade away. Then I looked up into her face again, and saw that she had closed her eyes, her lower lip caught between her teeth and her forehead deeply creased.

"There we go," I said. "You're very attractive, Anna. You're a healthy young woman, and we're going to keep it that way, if you trust me and follow my instructions."

* * *

Anna

My eyes flew open. They had shut, practically of their own accord, when Doctor Platonov had looked down, and I had seen his own gaze go to my pussy—the place he had just so shamefully revealed. I hadn't even wanted to look over at Nurse Georgia, because I knew she, too, must be running her eyes up and down my naked body, and the look on her face might well have made me burst into new tears.

I found that the doctor had returned his attention to my face, and his smile—the gentle curve of his lips inside his beard that seemed to convey both kindness and a troubling sense of superiority—had grown even wider. Next to him, I heard Nurse Georgia make a sort of harrumphing noise, as if she doubted whether I could learn to follow instructions, since I had so clearly failed in that department.

Or perhaps the nurse had harrumphed because of the doctor's praise of my body? That made my cheeks even hotter, and now, with his hands still holding my wrists at my sides, I also grew terribly aware of the warmth between my thighs. Somehow, to my confusion and dismay, the pain from the spanking, which had faded to a dull soreness, had made

the strange feeling even stranger—and stronger. The doctor's big hands around my slim wrists made that problem even worse.

At the sight of his handsome face, looking so intently back at me, my hands tried again to free themselves, out of simple nervousness, as if trying to cover myself again. The idea that Doctor Platonov found my naked body attractive sent a thrill through my whole body, and the feeling of his restraining my movement seemed to increase its intensity, so that I emitted a whimpering little cry at the sensation.

Firmly, he turned me toward the scale and let go of my wrists. "Go on over and hop up on the scale, now, please, Anna," he said. "Let's get on with this. Georgia, could you please note in her chart that she received a spanking?"

The blood seemed to rush in my ears as my heart rate increased at this casual indication that my permanent medical record would say I had been a naughty girl, and I had received a just and painful reward for my misbehavior. I felt my face scrunch up as I looked at the scale, and to keep from sobbing I let my body follow the doctor's order: I took one step toward it, and then another, until at last I stood on its slightly unsteady surface.

Nurse Georgia stepped over to me. I felt my mouth twist to the side, my lips pursed, as a little thrill of resentment went through me. Doctor Platonov had said he would do my vitals, hadn't he?

"One-eleven," the horrible nurse announced. I couldn't figure out how she could possibly make the number sound patronizing—as if I had managed to stay thin as an affront to her and to all women with a higher BMI than mine.

"That's very good," I heard the doctor say behind me absently. While his nurse adjusted the metal slider atop my head, the sound of him taking something from a drawer in the exam chair sent a chill of mortification down my spine. I could never think about the things doctors kept in those drawers without embarrassment.

"Five feet, three inches," Nurse Georgia said. "You can go ahead and hop up on the exam chair, Anna. I'll take your blood pressure."

I turned and stepped off the scale. It definitely hadn't started to seem normal to have no clothes on, but at least my body seemed to have put itself on autopilot. The little rituals of a visit to the doctor reassured me a bit: the soreness in my bottom had faded further, and the terribly strange feeling of having Doctor Platonov's hands on my wrists while he inspected me seemed to have passed.

I did feel self-conscious as I—absurdly, I thought even as I did it—tried to clamber onto the chair in a way that didn't let the doctor get a good glimpse between my thighs. But once I had taken a seat between the metal poles with the knee stirrups atop them, I could at least put my hands modestly in my lap, glancing from Doctor Platonov to Nurse Georgia surreptitiously to verify that they didn't plan to make me adopt another, more

embarrassing position.

The doctor, rather to my dismay, had started to put on rubber gloves, and—more to my dismay—I could see a plastic speculum on the little table he had wheeled over from the side of the room, and a tube of lubricant. I saw something else there, too, but I had no idea what it was: it seemed made of white plastic, with what looked like a handle at one end and a little circular thing almost like a suction cup at the other.

The nurse, for her part, had busied herself with the blood pressure cuff. I couldn't tell whether Doctor Platonov's clear disapproval of her nastiness toward me had chastened her a bit, or whether she had simply grown tired of being vindictive—or even if she had decided I might deserve her sympathy rather than her resentment, now that I had received a humiliating spanking in front of her eyes.

Whatever it was, she put the cuff on my arm with a purely businesslike air, and pressed the button that made it swell up in its usual uncomfortable way. The doctor had glanced over at his handheld, which lay on the table and had just flashed some alert—a sports score, maybe. Everything seemed a great deal more normal, though just then I felt a twinge from my punished bottom that made me bite my lip.

The readout on the wall beeped. "One twelve over sixty-two," said Nurse Georgia, her voice actually sounding mildly approving, now.

The doctor looked up at me. "That's perfect, Anna," he said. His face seemed a little graver than I might have expected, and I felt a frown come onto my face. "It means I can go ahead with your training examination." He turned to his nurse. "Help me get her into the stirrups, please."

Something about the way he said this, not really in his words as much as in his tone—and in the way he hadn't asked me to help—made me part my lips as if to protest. The doctor seemed to have shifted to a brusque, businesslike manner that made my face burn with sudden embarrassment when I thought about the horrible intimacy of the punishment he had just bestowed on my bottom. My impression from such a few moments before that he liked me—maybe even that he liked me—flew away as he stood up on my right and his nurse took a position on my left.

I tried to tell myself that really I couldn't help very much with the awkward, humiliating process of repositioning myself, since my balance atop the exam chair was so precarious that I needed the help of their hands. But the way the doctor handled me, and above all the way they spread my knees between them, exposing me as if I had no choice at all, because they had decided they wanted the best possible look at my most private places... I felt my face burn with a heat that far exceeded the lingering warmth in my backside.

Unfortunately, to my confusion, that heat did not exceed what their degrading treatment caused, down in the very place they made so very accessible to whatever this training examination meant. I felt myself growing warm, down there. I had to ball my fists at my

sides to keep them from moving to hide my pussy from their view.

I didn't want to close my eyes, for fear of showing them just how humiliated I felt and of failing to see whatever might be coming—something even worse they might decide to do. I couldn't look either of them in the face, though, and I found my attention fixing on the cabinet behind Doctor Platonov, almost as if it might open and reveal something to save me.

That focus on the cabinet—more specifically on its brushed metal handle—kept me from seeing the awful thing that indeed was coming.

CHAPTER 5

A nna

I had somehow failed to notice that the stirrups, and the exam chair itself, had black webbing straps attached to them. When I felt the belt being drawn across my hips, I turned my attention immediately back to Nurse Georgia, to see that her face had become blank and businesslike. Her own eyes had fixed on what she was doing: laying one Velcro section across the other, to bind me to the exam chair.

"What?" I asked, turning from her to Doctor Platonov, who had started to fasten a similar strap just above my right knee. "What are you doing?" Extremely belatedly, I began to struggle. Nurse Georgia caught my left wrist just as I tried to raise it from my side and fastened it into a cuff attached to the belt. I tried to twist my upper body away on sheer instinct, and found that the belt kept me completely pinned to the back of the chair.

The doctor turned his attention from my right knee to my left, deftly tightening the strap on that stirrup too.

With my right hand, which now represented the only part of my body with any real freedom of movement, I scrabbled at the Velcro fastening of the belt.

"What are you doing?" I repeated.

Doctor Platonov grabbed my wrist and moved it to my right side. Nurse Georgia put the second cuff around it. Only then did the doctor look at me. The expression that turned my insides to jelly, the one that said that he knew how to take care of me, even when I disagreed, had returned to his face. My hips jerked against the exam chair as, to my horror, my pussy clenched at the memory of how that same expression had led to him taking me over his knee and spanking my bare bottom.

"This sort of examination," he said in a patient tone, "often makes young women uncomfortable. Judging from how you've behaved both here today and in the past, it's

better to restrain you, so that we can get you examined and start your training as quickly and smoothly as possible, Anna."

I felt my eyes go very wide as my heart rate seemed to speed up tenfold. Again I struggled against the restraints, lifting my torso up from the chair and trying to find some purchase that would let me loosen the stout webbing that bound me so shamefully open in front of him and his awful nurse.

"I don't understand!" I protested. "I... I don't consent!"

Training. That horrible word again. What did it mean?

Doctor Platonov sighed. "I'm going to do my best to explain," he said. "And you did consent, when you accepted the New Modesty subsidy—including a section of the agreement you signed that says that in certain circumstances, such as medical treatment, your ability to revoke that consent doesn't apply."

"But..." I tried.

He glanced over at Nurse Georgia. "Let's get started," he said, as if I had stopped talking. "Take notes, please."

"Yes, Doctor," the pretty nurse said very primly. She took a large handheld from the holster at her waist and pressed buttons on the screen, as Doctor Platonov settled himself onto the stool, rolling it up a foot or two so that his eyes would be level with my private parts.

"Anna," he said, "I'm hoping the first part of this procedure will make your whole situation a bit clearer for you. I could tell when I spanked you that you're quite confused about your submissive sexual response to masculine authority. I want you to do your best, as I begin to stimulate your clitoris, to think of the way your body responds as the normal, healthy reaction of a young woman's system to a dominant man's intimate touch."

My lips parted but no sound emerged except ragged, panting breaths. He had held my gaze with the same patient expression that made me like him despite the terrible things he had done to me, and clearly meant to do. He lowered his eyes now, to my spread pussy. My cheeks burned with mortification.

I spoke desperately, trying to distract him. "Wh-what is training?"

The doctor's gaze didn't waver. He had begun to do something with his hands, out of sight.

"The lubricant is going to feel a little chilly at first," he said to me. Then he spoke to the nurse. "Vulva is well developed, and quite attractive. Labia majora are relatively narrow before manual stimulation, and labia minora are just visible between them. Clitoris is obscured by clitoral hood. Hymen was observed to be intact at her last visit. We'll check that in a few moments of course, to make sure she hasn't been penetrated vaginally.

Anus is visually attractive and shows no evidence of penetration.”

“Oh, no,” I whispered. All my attention had focused on trying to keep myself from whimpering at the way the doctor’s words had affected me, even before he touched me with the rubber-gloved fingers that I understood must have the chilly lube on them. To my horror, though, when he mentioned my anus I felt myself clench down there, the tiny ring to which he had just referred tightening even further and my pussy contracting.

I couldn’t keep a humiliating little noise from emerging, and Doctor Platonov looked up into my eyes, his own eyebrows rising a bit as if in appreciation. He glanced over at the nurse, standing a little behind him, tapping busily at her handheld.

“Sexual vaginismus with verbal stimulation, following spanking,” he told her, “with particular reference to anal intercourse.” He turned back to me. My face burned with a heat even greater than what he had to my dismay caused in the places now so completely at his clinical disposal. “Anna, remember what I said,” he instructed. “Your vagina is responding now to the idea of a man making sexual use of you, the way nature intended. Are you beginning to understand? You’re here to be trained, so that the next time a man courts you you’re ready to accept his sexual authority, and respond properly, if necessary, to his discipline.”

My jaw dropped. For a moment I wondered whether my face could get third degree burns from blushing too hard.

Doctor Platonov said, turning his face over his shoulder, “Extreme facial erythema when advised of her submissive nature.” Again he refocused his attention on me—but not on my face; instead he looked at my little breasts. “Erection of mammary papillae as well,” he said to the nurse.

Then, as I gave a little sob, he looked further down. “Visible lubrication of the vagina.”

I closed my eyes and my mouth. I chewed my lower lip.

The doctor’s slick fingers, in the smooth latex coating of the glove, touched me down there. No man had ever done that before, besides him, two weeks before—and he hadn’t done it that way. I felt the chill he had warned me about, from the lube, but much more than that I felt the gentleness and the skill in his fingertips as they moved over the complicated folds that hid the most sensitive place of my body.

My hips bucked very hard against the restraint of the belt around my waist, my pussy wantonly straining for more than the teasing pressure Doctor Platonov had exerted. A little cry of shameful need burst from my throat and I opened my eyes, involuntarily looking to see what expression Nurse Georgia wore on her face.

At least the awful woman hadn’t looked at me; she typed busily at her handheld. She had pursed her lips, though, as if trying to suppress a smile—or a sneer. I felt my forehead crease hard, and I let out another whimpering cry as the doctor continued to rub gently,

up and down at the place that made my bottom move with every stroke down my private lips and up to my clit.

"You don't masturbate, I'm guessing, Anna," he said in a voice that sounded so sympathetic I had to keep a sob down at the sound. "You were told it was what naughty girls did, maybe?"

"Oh, God," I whispered, my eyes closing again.

"Answer the doctor," said Nurse Georgia sharply.

"Your sexual history, such as it is," Doctor Platonov explained, "is an important part of the process. Please do answer my question."

I scrunched my eyes even tighter shut and said, in a voice that sounded to my ears more like a squeak, "Yes."

"And you never wanted to be a naughty girl?" the doctor said. His fingers moved up and down. I whimpered deep in my throat. "You've never felt like you couldn't stop yourself?"

When I didn't answer this humiliating question immediately, he said to the nurse, "Simple manual stimulation in a submissive context produces pre-orgasm within thirty seconds."

Had I ever wanted to be a naughty girl? In the shower, or in bed?

"I..." I started. To my surprise and dismay, I felt suddenly like I wanted to tell the doctor, because despite the terrible degradation of this 'training' exam, it seemed like he understood things that I had thought no one would ever—could ever—understand.

After Brad had kissed me the first time, on our second date, lying in bed, thinking about him and wondering whether I might be falling in love with him. I had thought about a wedding night in a fancy hotel, and about what a strong man like Brad would want to do with his bride—to his bride—on her wedding night.

As had happened a few times before, after seeing a sexy movie, for example, my mind had wandered, and my hand had wandered with it. I had found my fingers moving between my legs, a pale, vague, irresolute version of what Doctor Platonov did to me now. I had frowned to myself in the dark, because the images that had flooded into my head...

They had made me feel naughty, yes. They had seemed... wrong. Unhealthy—yes, they had seemed unhealthy.

I had taken my hand away, rolled over, and counted sheep. Literally: I actually did count sheep to fall asleep. As silly as it might sound. What can I say? It works.

"It didn't feel... the things..." The doctor's knowing hand kept stealing away my train of thought. My body just wanted to feel what his well-lubricated fingers could do. My brain told itself that it couldn't be unhealthy if a doctor did it, and a new world of sensation, of

pleasure, seemed to be opening in front of me. The idea that it was happening in a doctor's office, with a sneering nurse present, seemed so... naughty, suddenly, rather than awful.

"The things you thought about?" Doctor Platonov asked. The kindness in his voice made my eyes fly open, to see that he had at last turned his attention back to my face.

"Yes," I gasped. "Not... not right. Un-unhealthy? Oh, no."

I said oh, no, because under the pressure of his fingers, and perhaps also at the sight of his piercing blue eyes, my pleasure had suddenly approached some sort of a... a cliff, or maybe a peak, or maybe both. My brain knew what it was, of course, from all the books and movies that treated sexual climax so carelessly. My brain also seemed to have gone miles away, up into the atmosphere, while my body discovered new realms. Wherever it had flown off to, my brain also said, a little randomly, that as big a deal as books and movies seemed to make about orgasms, it still didn't prepare a girl at all.

Still looking into my eyes, Doctor Platonov took his hand away. I tried to hold the sob inside my chest, but I couldn't. Much, much worse, I couldn't keep the word I sobbed from forming.

"Please?"

He turned his face again, to glance at his nurse.

"We're going to do TTO now," he told her.

"TTO?" I gasped.

He looked back at me.

"Time to orgasm, Anna." He turned to the other side, where the table stood. I remembered the strange thing there. My eyes opened wide as he brought it into my view. "This is a special kind of clitoral stimulator, Anna. I'm going to force you to a climax now, and Georgia is going to record how long it takes. It's a reliable metric the New Modesty uses to decide what happens next in your training."

CHAPTER 6

A nna

The doctor clicked something on the... the device. The clitoral stimulator. Even thinking the name of the thing made my face glow still hotter than he had already made it.

A strange sound came from it—not the sort of electric-shaver buzzing I had expected, but rather something almost like clucking, or... I couldn't think of it, because somehow the sound itself seemed so shameful I had to move my thoughts to something else, to the metal handle of the cabinet.

I tried to turn my eyes, too—toward that handle, over Doctor Platonov's left shoulder. I couldn't, though: as if he had told me he would spank me again if I did otherwise, I watched him move the white device toward me, a thing that looked a little like a toy in his hand, and I listened to the strange sound, and time seemed to stand still for a moment.

Then my body arched up, off the chair, straining against the webbing belt around my waist, my hands struggling with the cuffs at my sides, trying to fend off the touch of the part of the thing that I now knew was a suction cup. I cried out.

Doctor Platonov said, "Mark."

Sucking. The sound, of course, was like someone sucking the last of a drink through a straw. Or someone sucking gently, naughtily, at a girl's pussy, to drive her wild with need and pleasure.

I cried out, and bucked again against the restraints, closing my eyes so I wouldn't have to see what the doctor did to me, how he trained me. The feeling of the webbing, the sensation of being bound immobile as he pleased my body for my own good and the good of the community, drove me back toward the cliff from which I had receded.

Drove me back, and threw me over it into space. My startled cry of pleasure became a

shout, a scream, as my body began to release all that tension into an ecstasy I had never imagined despite everything I had picked up from shows and movies and books about coming.

I came for the first time, so hard I thought my body might literally break at the way I rode the thing between my legs, straining against the webbing straps at my knees, my wrists, my waist.

Dimly I heard the doctor say. "Orgasm."

"Fifteen seconds. Wow. That ties the record," the nurse replied, her voice half mocking, it seemed to me, and half admiring. "At least in the New Modesty database for Indiana."

"Oh, please," I sobbed, involuntarily opening my eyes to see them exchanging an amused look that sent a wave of heat through my body even as I felt the pleasure start to build again. "Please."

But Doctor Platonov turned his eyes back to me, his smile becoming much more gentle.

"That feels good, Anna, doesn't it? We're going to keep going now, to help you get a little more in touch with your submissive sexual response. You'll have two more orgasms before we proceed."

"Oh, no," I whimpered, but then I felt myself starting to come again, and I had to close my eyes, unsure why I felt I had to refuse the ecstasy even as my body screamed yes. Between my legs, right on the spot where I needed it to stop and to keep going forever, until my body did fly apart and I wouldn't have to think anymore, about anything.

I cried out as I felt the release wash over me, lips open and panting, legs trembling uncontrollably.

Doctor Platonov said, "Orgasm."

"Twenty-four seconds," said Nurse Georgia. "That's another record—all to herself."

"Oh, no," I said again, because I thought I could feel another climax, see another cliff beyond the one I had just dropped from. The suction on my clit felt so good, but...

I sobbed, because I couldn't understand how something could feel good and yet also wrong, immodest, and degrading... and yet I could want that degradation.

"Pre-orgasm," said the doctor.

I squeezed my eyes tightly shut, feeling tears form in their corners. I bit my lip.

Degrading. So degrading.

My body kept jerking against the straps, but my mind had thrown up a roadblock on the way to the cliff's edge. Something in me resisted; something didn't want to come again.

"Hmm," I heard the doctor say. "Anna, honey, go ahead and let yourself climax, please. We can't move on until you do."

I heard a low whimpering come from my throat. I opened my eyes to look into his, into his handsome face.

"I can't," I moaned. "Please... please."

"Georgia," he said, looking over his shoulder, "would you fetch me the number three phallus from the cabinet?"

I gasped, my bottom squirming desperately in the chair, as my mind absorbed his words. I watched Nurse Georgia take hold of the very same cabinet handle that I had focused on, entirely ignorant of how much shame lay behind its door.

When I saw what she withdrew from the cabinet, my hips gave a jerk, and I cried out, for the very sight of it nearly broke the roadblock that kept me suspended, my third orgasm just out of reach.

The number three phallus: not big, really, but not small either. Made of white silicone but in the realistic shape of a man's hard penis. I frowned with mortifying need, with the shame of knowing that a penis looked like that, from naughty pictures friends had shown me: the helmet-like head, the prominent veins that went up and down it.

The nurse put the dreadful thing on the table, and the doctor picked it up to hold it in front of me. Little whining sounds came from me as the sucking noise between my legs seemed to grow even more embarrassing.

"I'm going to put this inside you now, Anna," Doctor Platonov said. "Just up to your hymen, and then I'm going to simulate the first stages of intercourse without rupturing the membrane, which I imagine you know will occur when a penis enters you there for the first time. This procedure should allow you to experience another orgasm, so that we can establish the necessary benchmark. Remember to do your best to be in touch with your body. Your physiological responses are healthy and normal—it's your psyche that we're trying to guide into a better attitude."

As he spoke, he lowered the horrid thing—the dildo, my mind whispered—out of my sight, though I craned my neck to see it, as if looking could stop what the doctor intended. I felt it against the place, low down and invisible to me, its owner, where nature had prepared my body to accept a man's mastery.

As that shameful, submissive thought flashed through my mind I let out a sob. The dildo started to enter me, its penetration made mortifyingly easy by the lewd wetness I had provided. I felt it part the petals of my wanton flower, and instantly the roadblock that had hindered my pleasure disintegrated.

The suction on my clit from the stimulator device seemed to explode into a starburst, sending shooting meteors of ecstasy through my whole body, as I started to come at the

very hint of a masculine thrust, my body jerking against the chair's restraints, my eyes closed, my mouth crying out with forced pleasure.

Nurse Georgia didn't even need to hear the doctor say 'orgasm': she said, "Two minutes. That's pretty high."

I scrunched my eyes even more tightly closed, wondering how she could shame me so effectively even when she sounded genuinely concerned—but also genuinely intrigued, as if I might represent a fascinating case.

"True," Doctor Platonov replied. "Interesting, but not really worrying. Watch how readily her vagina responds to the phallus."

"Oh, no," I breathed, taking my lower lip between my teeth. I couldn't stop it, though now I wanted to: the rhythm of my spanked bottom on the chair's seat, trying desperately to ride even the head of the doctor's dildo.

"Anna, honey," he said. "I think it will help you to have another orgasm now. Go ahead and let it happen, so you can begin to become accustomed to the feeling of submissive intercourse."

My mouth opened, and only a few seconds later I sobbed out another climax, as I felt the gentle pressure inside me; the doctor pushed the soft tip of the phallus against the barrier of my virginity.

Training me. He's training my pussy, now. For... for a man... for a man... like him... for a man to enjoy.

I came again, my mind floating somewhere in the vicinity of my writhing body, the pleasure suddenly becoming much too much. I gave a tiny cry of relief as with a click the clitoral stimulator stopped and the doctor took the dildo from the sheath that felt so very different with something hard inside it.

"That's five," Nurse Georgia said. "You're not concerned about the irregularity?"

She spoke as if I weren't even there. I opened my eyes, sure that the doctor and nurse had turned their attention to one another, and found that his blue gaze still rested on my face. My lips parted in surprise, and I felt a new flush in my cheeks though I would have thought I had no more blushes left in me: Doctor Platonov's face wore an expression that made me wonder suddenly if he might feel as much attraction for me as I couldn't help feeling for him.

He glanced quickly away, almost as if I had caught him in an unguarded moment, looking at a naked patient in a decidedly non-medical way. I frowned, my heart pounding as the aftershocks of my fifth climax gripped my body again, making my backside jerk in a humiliating fashion on the seat of the chair—and reminding me yet again that this man had given me my first spanking only a few minutes before, as well as bringing me to my first orgasm. I hardly knew how I would be able to look him in the eye, when I had my

clothing on again.

If I ever got to wear my clothing again—for he didn't seem to have any immediate intention of unfastening me from the chair, let alone allowing me to get dressed.

"No, not at all," the doctor answered. "It's a challenge, but with proper handling Anna here will be able to respond properly to her husband's touch, and fulfill her marital duties when the time comes."

I had become very glad indeed that they weren't looking at me, because the casualness of their talk felt so terribly degrading. To my horror, despite all the arousal I had already experienced—or, I realized, perhaps because of it—my nipples had grown erect again, and I could feel renewed warmth between my legs.

But Doctor Platonov turned back to me again, and I had to control my face to keep from showing my embarrassment as best I could. His words didn't help.

"Georgia's going to shave your vulva and the area around your anus now, Anna," he said matter-of-factly. "Then you'll be given your uniform, and taken down to the courtship center."

"The what?" I asked, my eyes opening wide in astonishment.

"The courtship center," he repeated. "It's a part of the New Modesty training program for young women like you who are having trouble adjusting. Nurse Georgia can tell you a little more, but I have to go, I'm afraid. I'll be checking in down there around dinnertime."

"But..." I protested as he turned and moved toward the door. Uniform?

And, just as bad: Dinnertime?

"Am I..." I started. "Am I staying here?"

"Yes, honey," Doctor Platonov said. "You'll be staying downstairs in the courtship center until you learn to please a man as a submissive bride should. With any luck, you'll end up walking down the aisle for real, with one of the suitors who helps train you."

CHAPTER 7

J van

I hadn't disclosed any misgiving to Georgia, of course, but when I left the examination room I did go to my office to send an email to Jim Roscommon, the chief medical consultant at the regional New Modesty office.

Take a look at chart 76-G-90? The time from second to third orgasm seems like an interesting challenge.

I saw my next few patients, all of them well-adjusted wives, but of course my mind kept going back to Anna. I had accepted—without really acknowledging the acceptance to myself—as I had left the exam room that I felt a strong attraction to her. I didn't feel certain about what precisely I would do in regard to that attraction: specifically, I didn't know whether I would put myself in contention to serve as one of her suitors, when she started receiving them in the courtship center tomorrow. I mused on the question as I conducted the routine work of an OB-GYN in a small town—work I found fulfilling, but certainly not particularly absorbing.

I had no desire to leave Emmeline; I had come to America, and then to Indiana, in hope of finding a place to settle like this small town. Indeed, Selecta's subsidy of my tuition at my expensive medical school in the East had depended on my serving for at least ten years in a position like this one, in a New Modesty community. I hadn't minded, and I didn't mind even now that I had reached the fifth year of that service. As Anna herself had found out already this morning, I shared the traditional values on which the New Modesty was founded.

On the other hand, I wouldn't mind having more going on. My interest in Anna's rather

unusual profile came first and foremost from my basic duty of care to her, but the email to Doctor Roscommon had a secondary intent as well—one that I smiled to see he had picked up on, when I returned to my office to find an answering mail waiting for me.

Definitely interesting. Should we think about a paper?

Selecta employees at every level, I had found, didn't beat around the bush. The data came first, because the data would, according to an unofficial corporate credo, save civilization. After the data came the money. Scientists of every kind—including MDs, whom Selecta considered scientists—got large bonuses for publishing. If Doctor Roscommon and I did publish a case study, I would as lead author get both a substantial year-end bonus but also a raise in my salary.

On the other hand, if I became involved with Anna, I would have a conflict of interest. I could help Doctor Roscommon, and I might become known as the real author of the paper, but I wouldn't be able to benefit from it: Doctor Roscommon would buy me a bottle of wine or a box of cigars—or maybe both—but I would lose out on the bonus.

I was hoping you'd ask that. What's your advice for the moment, though? I'm thinking I'll use the new Williams protocol, but I'd love to hear any thoughts you might have. I'll keep you posted.

* * *

Anna

I looked, aghast at the 'uniform' Nurse Georgia had laid out on the chair. Tears sprang to my eyes when I saw that my own clothes had been taken away—I saw them on the counter, in a big plastic bag.

Feeling the electric shaver buzzing between my legs and even between my bottom-cheeks had given me enough humiliation to last a lifetime, I had thought. I had closed my eyes and let it happen, trying to think about the money the New Modesty had spent on me already, and the money I would continue to get as a participant in the courtship process.

I had asked the nurse, fearfully, why she had to shave me.

"To make it easier to treat you," she had said, without looking up.

Treat me. I frowned deeply as I looked at the clothes on the chair. Treat me how?

A floral-patterned cotton dress with a narrow waist and a long, flared skirt, the bodice clearly tight-fitting. A fashion from a hundred years ago—the 1940s or 1950s, I thought, as I remembered the classic films of those eras.

The dress represented the least distressing part of the 'uniform,' however. The shoes didn't bother me, either; high-heel patent leather, they actually gave me a moment of pleasant anticipation.

But on top of the dress lay stockings; actual nylons rolled into rings, ready to slip on. Not even tights, because next to the nylons sat a garter belt.

Not a sexy, lacy black or red or even white garter belt, but a high-waisted beige one, clearly meant to slim the figure so as to get a young woman into the narrow waist of the print dress. My face went hot at the sight of it, and of the beige panties and bullet bra that went with it.

"Go ahead and put them on," Nurse Georgia said brusquely. "I know these kinds of clothes are unfamiliar, so I'll give you ten minutes by yourself."

I turned to look at her; she had gone to the door, and now she turned back to me. As the nurse had unfastened me from the exam chair and helped me stand up, she had seemed a little kinder, but that gentleness evaporated now.

"I should warn you, Anna, that from now on any disobedience you show is going to be punished, in very much the same way you already got punished by Doctor Platonov. It won't be him doing it, though, usually. I'll paddle you, or another one of the nurses will."

"I don't understand," I pleaded. "About... about the clothes... or..." I shook my head. "Anything."

"Look in your heart, Anna," Nurse Georgia replied, though her severe tone didn't seem to go along with the intimacy of her words. "You do understand."

My mouth opened but even if I had found the words with which to reply she wouldn't have heard them, for she had already opened the door and stepped through it, leaving me alone with my 'uniform.'

For a moment, I couldn't turn back toward the chair to look at it. The nurse's words had struck some chord that resonated in my heart, my mind, and above all my body, so that they all harmonized into a hot blush of shame.

No. I don't understand. I don't.

I definitely didn't understand how it could possibly be legal for the New Modesty Authority to take a young woman captive. To strip her, to spank her, to bind her to a gynecological exam chair.

Well, I supposed I did understand that: I had taken their money, hadn't I? And I had signed a contract that said, more or less, that I acknowledged their wisdom in deciding how to make me happy.

I had demonstrated some serious stupidity doing that, my brain said.

That thought made for a discord, though, with my heart and my body. I did turn back, to look at the ultra-feminine pink dress with its floral print, the stockings, the underwear. Now that I stood alone in the little room, with no one to punish me for hiding my private parts, my hands crept back to cover them—as if somehow the dress, or the world it evoked, might have the ability to see me.

The old-fashioned young women who had, once upon a time, worn dresses like that every day of the year, had to put on underwear like that every morning, would never remain naked for longer than absolutely necessary. I glanced over at the plastic bag that held my jeans. A girl of the 1940s caught wearing jeans... what would befall her?

A trip over her husband's knee with her panties down, that's what she would get, one part of my mind said. And she would deserve it. And, after her spanking, he would teach her to respect his authority properly, in every way.

Every way, and every place.

In the bedroom.

And inside her body. In her little pussy. In her little...

My jaw dropped, and my hands clutched at myself. An aftershock of the climaxes to which Doctor Platonov had forced me traveled through my hips, and I felt my brow furrow at the sensation.

The more rational part of my brain—the part that had accused me of stupidity a moment before—yelled in protest. Ridiculous! Fucking ridiculous! What is wrong with you?

I took my hands from my chest and my lap. I reached for the 'uniform.' I understood at least one thing, I told myself. I understood that if I didn't do what these crazy people said, they would hurt me, or take away the money I needed to live, or more likely do both.

By the time Nurse Georgia returned I had gotten completely dressed. I was looking at myself in the full-length mirror I hadn't even noticed before, on the back of the door. I had a blush on my face, of course, to see myself that way, but I couldn't resist the thought that I actually looked really pretty in those clothes—the heat in my cheeks came as much from the idea that I enjoyed wearing the uniform as from the shame of having to wear it.

The lingerie had felt strange and restrictive going on, but I didn't really feel it, looking in the mirror, and I had to admit I liked the way it shaped my slim body to seem even

slimmer than I appeared in more modern fashions. The heels added to that as well, and my face took on some extra heat from the strange mix of modesty and innocent attraction I thought I could see in my reflection.

The mirror's being on the back of the door meant that when the nurse returned, opening it after a quick knock, she found me standing right in front of her, with a secretive little smile just fading from my face. To my dismay, her own expression took on an infuriatingly knowing air, as if she had found in the very act of looking in the mirror the confirmation of what she had said before she had closed that same door behind her: that I understood, in my heart, exactly why the doctor had inducted me into this horrid 'training program.'

"You look very nice, Anna," Nurse Georgia said, her voice dripping with condescending satisfaction. "How did you do with your new underwear?"

I frowned, my mouth twisting to the side, and the heat in my face rose to inferno level.

"Fine," I lied.

"Go ahead and lift up your skirt and show me," she said in a matter-of-fact way that sent a thrill of mortification through my whole body.

"I... I did fine," I protested. I didn't know why, after the humiliating ordeal through which I had already passed, when the nurse had made me strip in front of her, I still felt this modesty—I wondered if it had to do with the clothes themselves. I did feel it, though, to my distress. I had a desperate need not to have to show the woman my lingerie.

The nurse shook her head. "I just need to see. Please don't make me punish you, Anna. I will if I have to, and I'll call an orderly to help. If I do that, he'll see your underwear, too—and you'll get a paddling in the bargain."

Tears welled up in my eyes and a little sob came from my chest. "Oh, God," I whispered.

"Just show me, quickly," Nurse Georgia said.

I closed my eyes and lifted the pink skirt.

A little sound came from Nurse Georgia, and my face blazed anew, because I knew precisely what the sound meant. She had stifled a laugh. To spare my feelings, of course.

"Anna, honey," she said. "You put the garter belt on backwards. And the snaps on the stockings aren't right."

CHAPTER 8

A nna

I felt my face work with shame and confusion. Then my eyes flew open because I felt her fingers on the front of my thighs, unsnapping the strange little clips that, yes, of course I had done wrong—because I had never put on nylons and a garter belt before.

Nurse Georgia stooped in front of me, her attention on the region between waist and knees that I had bared by lifting my skirt. I wished the ground would swallow me, because the ambiguous reaction the old-fashioned clothing had brought out in my body got worse, knowing how closely she could inspect me, and remembering my new, mortifyingly bare state inside the silky, full-seated panties.

I heard her sniff through her nose, and I inhaled myself, and I bit my lip: I could smell the musky, forbidden scent of my arousal. What Doctor Platonov had done when he had had me bound to the exam chair had left me wantonly fragrant down there, and raising the skirt seemed to have let the wicked aroma out into the air around me.

“Just keep your dress up for a moment, and I’ll fix this,” the nurse said with an air of mild rebuke. I felt her hands at the backs of my thighs, unfastening the snaps there. A whimper of humiliation came from my throat at the feelings the intimate touch stirred, along with the smell of the sexual training I had already undergone against my wishes, the submissive need the doctor had to my dismay uncovered. “Once you feel the snaps in the right place on your thighs you’ll remember for next time—and you can take a look at how I’m doing the snaps when you’re getting undressed this evening.”

As she spoke, she finished undoing my imperfect work, and I felt the odd sensation of freedom, down there, as if she had loosed a restraint the garter belt placed its wearer under. I thought of the tightness of the bra on my chest, its conical cups and the way they shaped me into a more womanly figure. I felt her hands go to the belt itself.

“This evening?” I asked, trying to cover the dismay I felt at the sensation of her hands

there, so near my panties. "How long... how long will I be here?"

Nurse Georgia tugged the belt around my waist so firmly that I teetered on my new heels. They didn't rise terribly high, but they were definitely the highest I had worn, and they made my legs feel odd and strange.

"As long as it takes, Anna," she said. "But you can count on at least two nights here." She started to fasten the clips to the tops of my stockings.

"But..." I said, thinking of a lunch date I had with a friend from the dorm.

"You can reschedule anything you have," she said abruptly. "You'll get your phone back for a few minutes when we get you to your room."

She stood up, and I lowered my skirt with a frown and a flare of heat in my cheeks, unable to look her in the eye.

"A few minutes?" I said, wanting my voice to sound much more defiant than it did. Instead I sounded forlorn, like a little girl who understood she had to accept the decisions of those in authority over her, no matter how unjust or inexplicable. Frustration welled up in my chest, and I had to fight back new tears.

"That's right," Nurse Georgia said coldly. "And before they give it to you, they're going to have you install an app that monitors your activity from now on, until your training period is over."

My mouth opened, my tongue moving as if to form a word of protest. No such word emerged, though I felt yet another blush suffuse my face.

"Pick up the bag on the counter," she said, "and follow me."

The courtship center lay one floor below the basement of the New Modesty Authority's building. The importance of this building, built two years before and still gleamingly modern—especially in contrast to the early 1900s brick of Emmeline's town hall and police station—hadn't really struck me until I understood what lay beneath it.

As the old jail, I knew, was under town hall, I realized the courtship center was under the NM building. Civic criminals spent their time in jail. Naughty young women spent theirs in the courtship center. When we stepped off the elevator to find what looked much like the reception area of a beauty salon, I didn't feel particularly reassured by the welcoming smile on the face of the middle-aged woman sitting at the desk.

"This is Anna?" she asked Nurse Georgia, coming around the desk to greet us. She wore a dress very much like the one I had on, though in a more muted, mature fabric. Then, turning to me without waiting for confirmation from the nurse, she said, "Welcome to the courtship center, honey. I know this seems strange, but you look very nice."

I chewed the inside of my cheek and looked at her with what I hoped was a sullen

expression, saying nothing.

"Oh, dear," she said to the nurse, with a plastic smile. "Someone seems to have forgotten her manners." She turned back to me. "Anna, honey, let's see if we can get off on the right foot. I'm Mrs. Fredricks. I'll be your matron here in the courtship center. It's nice to meet you."

Mrs. Fredricks extended her hand to me, as my face blazed with mortification. In the woman's forced, condescending tone, precisely as if she were teaching a little girl the social niceties, I heard—and wondered if I were going crazy, because I heard it so very clearly—the implication: the threat of Nurse Georgia's paddle lay in the background, and Mrs. Fredricks didn't even have to threaten me. Simply saying Let's see if we can get off on the right foot was meant to make me think of the consequences I had already been promised, if I didn't do as my captors commanded me.

With a crease in my brow as deep, it felt like, as the ocean, I extended my hand. I tried to fake a smile, but all I could manage was a movement of my mouth that looked as sullen as it felt, to judge from the frozen expression on Mrs. Fredricks' face.

"I'm Anna Cascardi," I said. My mouth twisted to the side as the simple introduction unexpectedly stirred more inside me, and I had to fight back tears. I blurted out, "I don't understand why I'm here, and I can't believe it's legal, and... I want to go."

Mrs. Fredricks nodded, the smile on her face fading, but not in a sincere way that would mean she actually felt any sympathy. Instead, it seemed to me like she intentionally moved her mouth to make it look as if she had compassion, while actually feeling none.

"I'm sure, Anna. But I want you to know that you're exactly where you need to be." The matron turned to Nurse Georgia. "Thanks, Georgia. I'll take her down the hall and give her her phone."

The nurse nodded. "Anna," she said, "I'll probably see you again for your exit exam, but if I'm not in the office that day—I know you're going to be just fine, and you'll end up grateful for your stay here."

She looked into my troubled eyes, and it seemed to me that she did actually feel something—pity, at least—for my distress. I became terribly conscious of my old-fashioned clothes, a contrast to her modern nurse's scrubs—the difference between a young woman who had done a naughty thing and needed to learn a lesson by being returned to traditional values, and one who understood herself and earned the right to independence.

I frowned, knowing that, to go along with those clothes, and the instructions Mrs. Fredricks had given me... to avoid another humiliating punishment, in other words... I had to say something. I knew what I had to say, but I didn't want to say it. For a moment I hovered on the edge of the single syllable, feeling like a naughty girl and like a good one, my mouth moving over the word.

My hand drifted back behind me a little, an unconscious gesture that sent a wave of heat to my face when I realized it had happened, because it felt as if I simultaneously wanted to ward the paddle off from my backside and—much worse—touch my bottom to see if I could still feel any lingering sting from my bare-bottom spanking over Doctor Platonov's knee.

"Thanks," I finally said, my voice coming out as a croak.

"Bye now," the nurse said, smiling.

"Bye, Georgia," Mrs. Fredricks said. Then, as the nurse stepped onto the elevator, "Come here, please, Anna. You can go ahead and get your phone out of the bag, and give the bag to me. We'll keep your clothes safe until you go home."

I obeyed her, watching with dismay as she put my jeans, top, and underwear away in a locked cabinet. In my hand, my phone felt reassuring, like a link to the real world—but the promise that I would only have it for a few minutes, and would have to install some spying app, made my heart rate go up much more as I followed the matron down the little hall than the short walk would have on its own.

The hall had regular solid doors on its left side, and glass ones on the right that showed what looked like conference rooms, though something about the tables I saw in them struck me as odd, though I couldn't figure out why.

"There's only one other trainee staying with us right now," said Mrs. Fredricks as we made our way down the hall. "Her name is Tracy, and you'll meet her at lunch. You'll hit it off, I'm sure."

We walked past a door with a number 1 on it, and Mrs. Fredricks nodded slightly toward the door, as if to tell me that Tracy was inside. Just then a little cry came from behind that door, a noise that sent the blood rushing to my cheeks. A woman's ambiguous cry, of distress, or of something very different. I looked down at my old-fashioned dress, at the way the bra made my little breasts jut out, suddenly terribly self-conscious.

"Tracy must be doing her homework," said Mrs. Fredricks in a light, confiding tone. "I suppose it's not quite right to call it homework, but you'll have some activities to do in your room, too, once your program gets started."

Another cry, this one a little louder, a little longer drawn out, followed us. Tracy, I knew from my own recent experience, and to my mortification, had just had an orgasm. My blush grew hotter, and distress filled me as I wondered what she looked like, what she was wearing—if anything—and how she had made herself climax. I had heard it through the door—just as, I thought with dismay, lots of people must have heard me come in the exam room, in Doctor Platonov's office. I couldn't look at anything but the floor.

Mrs. Fredricks stopped, and I looked up to see another door, one that bore a 2. I could see a third door further down the hall that must have a 3 on it. I tried to focus on the

numbers. Room 3, I told myself. It must be empty. I'm in Room 2. Tracy is in Room 1.

Tracy cried out again, so loud that the sound made its way from her room down the hall to our ears. I couldn't help glancing at Mrs. Fredricks then, as she opened the door, hoping to see an unguarded reaction that might tell me more about her, and about this bizarre, humiliating 'program.'

I found her looking back at me, with an air that seemed both smug and assessing, as if she knew how very embarrassed I would be to hear another girl climax, but wanted to evaluate the precise extent of my mortification.

"Poor Tracy got paddled earlier this morning," the matron said. "She's paying the price for the naughtiness that brought her here to the center, just as you will. Because Tracy's behavior has been improving, though, she's been assigned a self-pleasure activity, too."

CHAPTER 9

A nna

I felt my forehead furl. Cheeks ablaze, I looked away, into the little bedroom whose door Mrs. Fredricks had opened. At first glance it seemed reassuringly familiar—a carbon copy of the dorm room I had occupied in the New Modesty building since coming to Emmeline. A queen-sized bed covered in a pink comforter, a little desk with a task chair. A Selecta brand laptop, compliments of the New Modesty.

No window down here in the basement, of course, but a poster in its place, with a picture of a city I thought must be Chicago, at night. A television in the corner.

In front of the TV, though, stood two pieces of furniture that I did not have in my dorm room. One of them I could easily identify: a low stool built like a half size bench, with a padded, upholstered seat and sturdy legs. Clearly matching the stool—since it had a black upholstery covering of the same upholstery—the other thing looked like nothing I had ever seen before, except maybe half a barrel, turned on its side so that its curve rose up to a level a little lower than the top of the stool.

Yes, like a barrel cut in half, so that...

At the top of the thing's curve, in the middle, the maker had affixed something strange—a sort of ridge, with a bump in the middle that didn't have the same upholstery covering as the rest of the thing did. It seemed to be made of rubber, or silicone, and its color looked closest to Caucasian flesh tone.

A memory stirred in the back of my mind, of something I had seen done with a barrel—a way you could use a barrel, if you...

If you put a saddle on it.

I realized then that the thing—the saddle thing, for how could it be anything else, no matter how hot it got my face to think about it?—stood oriented toward the screen of the

TV so that the person riding the terrible, embarrassing ridge atop it would be able to watch the video. The stool bench was behind it, so a... a taller person... a man...

He can sit on the stool, behind her. He can...

This little reverie had taken no more than a second, but the way I had frozen in the doorway, to think it all through and to feel my cheeks blaze as I understood—or thought I did—exactly what Tracy must be doing in Room 1 must have told Mrs. Fredricks precisely what I had seen and why I had paused.

"Yes, Anna," she said. "That's your masturbation saddle. There are rules about how and when you may use it, but it will be there for your whole stay to remind you why you're in the courtship center."

My mouth opened, worked on a question. Finally I found one.

"But I thought I was here..." I said, turning to look at the matron, "I mean, I thought I was here because I, you know, left Brad at the altar."

Mrs. Fredricks nodded, the expression on her face not unkind. "That's right, honey," she said, smiling, "but as you probably started to understand during your training exam, we understand why you did that better than you do."

If I had thought my forehead had known before what it meant to frown deeply, I had been wrong: the crease that formed now literally hurt. For a long moment my resentment and defiance did battle with the sinking feeling that I had gotten something very wrong—the very same feeling from which I had fled, when I had fled the church and my fiancé.

"Why?" I finally whispered. "And... and how? How did you know? I mean, how do you know?"

Mrs. Fredricks looked into my eyes steadily. The heat seemed to drain from my face and then to return in my hottest blush yet.

"It wouldn't help very much for me to tell you, Anna," she said at last. "And that by itself is a big part of why you're here: the New Modesty has succeeded because the scientists who developed it understood that girls like you need to learn by doing, and experiencing. The funny thing is that everything you need to know is already there inside you—in your brain and in your body. One way to get started is to think about what it was that made you run away. What were you thinking about, just before you turned around and left the church?"

Again my lips parted and my tongue worked, but no sound came out. Another surge of blood came to my cheeks as I remembered the answer to her question.

To my dismay, Mrs. Fredricks smiled as if she knew what I had thought of—and knew I would never tell her.

Never? Or... or just not now, not here.

"Let's get your phone taken care of," she said. "Then you have an orientation video to watch."

* * *

Mrs. Fredricks left with my phone ten minutes later.

"Turn on the TV when you're ready," she said. "The on-screen instructions are simple. You won't be able to watch anything, or look at the net, until you watch the orientation video, but after that you'll be able to access anything you want there and on the laptop. Lunch is in about an hour; I'll come get you and Tracy. I'm afraid you'll be locked in here; that's part of the program."

The door closed behind her, and I heard the lock click, biting my lip at the wave of humiliation and anxiety the tiny noise sent through me. I stood in the middle of the little bedroom, looking at the desk so I wouldn't have to see the... the thing in front of the TV.

What were you thinking about, just before you turned around and left the church?

Mrs. Fredricks had known: I had seen it in her eyes as if those gray irises had a video screen at their center, and the video playing there had shown me the wedding night of Brad and Anna—the scene that would have been nothing like what I wanted... despite the even more dreadful truth that I didn't know what I wanted.

Or do you?

I closed my eyes, scrunched my lids down hard as the tears started to well up. I put my hands to my blazing hot face, thinking against my will about Doctor Platonov, about his knee, about his big hand coming down over and over because I hadn't obeyed him.

My bare bottom. On my bare bottom.

Despite my very best efforts, I felt a tremor in my knees, and I had to fight to keep my hands raised to my face. I opened my eyes to distract myself and saw the TV remote on the desk. I took a step in that direction, willing my legs into steadiness, in search of further distraction.

I turned toward the screen, wondering if I could move the distracting furniture but discouraged by the apparent solidity of the barrel thing—my mind absolutely refused to repeat the humiliating name Mrs. Fredricks had given it in such a matter-of-fact way, as if you could just say the filthy word for what naughty girls did. I pressed the remote's on button.

A cheery starting-up tone came from the television. The pleasant pink and blue The New Modesty, a corporate governmental partnership by Selecta logo appeared. Then a scene

faded into view—a bedroom almost precisely like the one in which I stood, where a young woman dressed like me, in old-fashioned feminine clothing, looked at the barrel thing in front of her own blank-screened TV. A close-up showed that she wore a troubled expression, her cheeks pink and her lower lip caught between her teeth. Soft, soothing electronic music played in the background.

My own face flared back into heat as I watched her, impelled by some command or some need, internal or external, move toward the... the saddle (my mind whispered it, saddle) and awkwardly bestride it. I felt my lips part, and my tummy did a little flip as she arranged her skirt over it, hiding the silicone ridge though I knew it must touch her much too intimately.

Another close-up showed her giving a little gasp at the sensation, and then the picture changed back to a medium shot of the young woman on the saddle in front of the TV screen. Her screen now had a green checkmark on it.

The picture froze, though the electronic music continued. A woman's voice—not Mrs. Fredricks', but an older, more experienced voice like hers—spoke.

"This is Vicky. Just like you, she's just arrived at the New Modesty courtship center for remedial sexual training."

"Oh, no," I whispered, my breath starting to come in little pants.

"Go ahead and do just what you saw Vicky do," the voice said, "and sit on your own masturbation saddle as if you were riding a horse. This orientation video features Selecta's TrueBride response technology, and will not continue until you follow the instructions I give you."

I looked at the frozen scene of Vicky on the barrel thing, somehow looking both demure and terribly lascivious, with her knees on either side of the saddle spread but nevertheless covered by her pretty green skirt. My brow creased as I thought again about what the fabric hid in front, the firm but, I imagined, slightly yielding attachment that rose between her thighs, pressing against the gusset of her silky, full-seated panties.

"Please do as I told you," said the voice from the TV. My eyes widened as I caught a hint of menace in the pleasant tone. "As you have been informed, failures of compliance will be corrected with appropriate severity."

To my horror, the scene on the screen faded to another one: still Vicky's bedroom, but now she bent over the bed, supporting herself on her elbows, with her skirt raised and rolled up and her panties down to her stocking tops. The suspender straps of her garter belt had been pulled aside to render her little bottom bare, and that bottom displayed a shade of red that made my heart jump. The camera moved to a close-up of her tearful face, which faded back to the previous scene: an apprehensive but unpunished Vicky atop the saddle.

Breathing hard, I moved toward the one in my own room. Trying not to think about what I did or even what it felt like, I put my left leg over it. I settled down, chewing hard on the inside of my cheek, and found that I could sit behind the ridge of silicone, so that I only felt a light pressure from it, against my privates—any further back and I felt like I might fall off the back of the saddle.

Unfortunately, the light pressure exerted itself against the place, beneath my panties, that felt... strangest, especially now that Nurse Georgia had shaved me down there—and that Doctor Platonov had used the horrid clitoral stimulator on me. My hands kept clenching into little fists as I tried to smooth my skirt over my lap and my knees like Vicky's.

A green checkmark appeared on my screen, now, too, superimposed for a moment over the image of the young woman like me, atop her saddle.

Then, at what seemed to me like the very same moment, though time itself also suddenly took on a strange, elastic quality, the girl on the screen gave a little cry, and I echoed it. A buzzing arose, too, and the buzzing happened down between my legs, centered in the firm ridge against my pussy, against my clit. I put my hands in front of me, atop my skirt, and I tried to raise my bottom, to get it away from the vibration, but I found that instead I had used the traction to jerk my hips forward.

I had to give another cry, just like Vicky, and then I felt the thing between my legs start to move, as if with my own motion, pressing against my panties even as I pressed the wantonness inside those panties against its buzzing surface.

"Oh, no," I whimpered. "Oh... oh, no."

CHAPTER 10

*J*van

My dataport chimed to let me know I had an incoming feed, and I clicked on the notification that Anna Cascardi had started her orientation. The images from the suite of cameras in her room came up on my screen, with a medium shot in the center, rendered from the fisheye lens in the corner. Below that picture of a naughty girl learning the full extent of her naughtiness for the first time, two close-ups showed her face and, from behind, the position of her backside on the saddle.

Along the bottom of the main picture pane, her much less exciting but relatively more informative data feed scrolled, telling me immediately that I hadn't contacted Doctor Roscommon in vain: these first 'hard numbers,' as I knew the Institute's assessment teams called the values that came from sensors actually in contact with a young woman's body, showed a granular view of the same fascinating anomaly I had noticed when forcing pleasure on her sweet pussy in the exam chair.

To my surprise and gratification, another notification popped up on my screen at this point, from my encrypted New Modesty chat:

Jim Roscommon: I'm watching Anna's feed. You there too?

I replied, touch-typing without taking my eyes off the extraordinarily distracting and cock-stiffening expression on Anna's face as she rode up and down, helpless now to resist the rhythm of the saddle's silicone caress.

Yes. I'm not imagining that oscillation, right?

Nope, Jim replied. Call you?

Sure, I typed, and a second later the chat window showed a blinking green phone icon. I clicked it and said, "Doctor Roscommon?"

The voice at the other end chuckled. "Jim, please. May I call you Ivan?"

My eyes widened a bit. Jim Roscommon had a position way up the food chain at Selecta. If he wanted me to call him Jim, I supposed it could mean he just happened to be a friendly kind of person—or it could mean that he thought I really had something in Anna Cascardi's case study.

I had suspected I might have stumbled upon one of those patients who end up illuminating an entire field of medical study, but to have Doctor Roscommon agree with me could mean a great deal for my career, especially if he let me remain as lead author on the paper. I tried to keep my mind on the case at hand, but the prospects of research glory and a place in the annals of medicine made it rather challenging.

Anna's pretty face, however, helped greatly in focusing my mind on the present. She had her lower lip between her teeth, and her eyes and forehead looked almost as if she would cry, even as her body moved helplessly over the vibrating surface and, on the audio feed, little whimpering sobs of pleasure reached my ears, hardening me still further in my jeans.

"Of course, Jim," I told him, trying to overcome the strangeness of addressing a superior that way. Most of my Russian formality had gone the way of my taste for cheap vodka, but some basic cultural instincts die hard.

"Yeah," he said. "That oscillation is the clearest example I've ever seen of something that I guess we might call secondary orgasmic resistance—though I'm pretty sure they'll call it Platonov resistance in a few years. I think we've definitely got something worth pursuing here."

* * *

Anna

The voice on the video finally spoke again. As the young woman on the screen rode her saddle, moving her bottom shamelessly now atop the buzzing surface, and I did the same, the middle-aged woman praised me for doing the thing only naughty girls did.

"Good girl," she said. "Like Vicky, you're learning to yield to your sexual needs. You're here in the courtship center to learn how to respond properly to those needs, so that you can find happiness and fulfillment not just on your masturbation saddle but in the arms of a man who can guide you with his firm hand and satisfy you with his hard penis."

"Oh, God," I whispered, my back arching. I could feel the climax coming, and the memory of being over the doctor's knee, of feeling his firm hand on my bare bottom, rose irresistibly into my mind.

"Watch now, as Vicky has an orgasm," the voice said. "Your saddle will give you one, too, if you let it."

I felt the rhythm change between my legs as on the screen Vicky put her hand under her skirt. I gasped as I understood.

"Pull your own panties aside," the narrator instructed me. "Feel how wet they are from your need for sex. Let the saddle start to have its way. Someday soon, after your suitors have made a woman of you, your saddle will have a different sort of attachment for you to ride."

I shuddered with embarrassment at the thought that somehow Selecta's TrueBride technology had told the woman—unreal though she might be—how wet I did feel in those old-fashioned panties, and how easily my pussy moved over the mobile surface. A thrill of wanton need went through me at the same moment, as I understood precisely what the voice meant about the different sort of attachment.

The kind of device the doctor had put inside me: a pale echo of the hard thing between a man's legs—the thing I had never seen... the thing I suddenly felt I needed more than anything else in the world, as lewd and ashamed as it made me feel to think about it.

A red X appeared, and Vicky froze on the screen. My eyes went wide as text flashed: Pull panties aside to continue. Time to notification of matron: 30.

As I watched, the number became 29, and then 28. Between my legs, the saddle still buzzed, and the plastic thing still moved as, helpless to stop, I still rode it.

27. Still shuddering, little whimpers coming from my throat, I thrust my hand underneath my pink floral-print skirt and found the gusset of my silky underwear. My fingertips slipped across the slick surface, soaked with my pussy's wantonness. The device atop the saddle pressed against my hand, receded, pressed again as I found the lace-edged border, tugged at it, and pulled it aside from my newly bare slit.

24... 23. I thought of the matron, of her paddle, as I pressed my pussy desperately against the saddle. I felt the hard-but-not-too-hard thing against my most sensitive places, moving back and forth. A sob of pleasure burst from my chest as I started to ride it again, feeling how it satisfied my ache and yet left a deeper ache inside.

On the screen, the text disappeared, and Vicky resumed her ride. "Good girl," the voiceover said.

I watched the naughty girl grow more and more urgent in her movements, her little noises of need and satisfaction matching the rhythm of her bouncing knees. Between my thighs the moving thing matched what I saw on the screen, making me naughtier and naughtier. I cried out like Vicky, seeking the same release she so clearly needed.

The girl on the screen cried out, coming, rearing back in her saddle, clutching its front. I came too: I pressed my clit hard against the moving, vibrating surface and cried out just

as I had heard Tracy cry out, knowing anyone in the hall would hear me, too.

“Good girl,” the unseen narrator said. “You’ve earned another climax.”

Something happened on the screen, in Vicky’s room. I saw it from her perspective, as she kept riding the saddle, little sobs of pleasure on the soundtrack telling the viewer that her ride hadn’t finished. The door of her bedroom opened, and a man walked in.

I heard a whine come from my own chest as I watched it on the screen. It was a man, yes, but not all of him: his muscular legs, in tight jeans, his thick leather belt, his taut abs. No more, as if Vicky couldn’t see any higher—couldn’t look any higher, maybe wasn’t allowed to look any higher. I whimpered at the thought of what might happen to a girl at the courtship center who looked a man in the face without permission.

My eyes went to the door of my own little bedroom, where my matron had locked me in, so that I could do as she had told me—as Doctor Platonov had said I must, and obey the people in charge of me. Even when that meant I must do something so naughty, and ride my masturbation saddle.

For a moment I felt certain the door would open, that the doctor would walk in wearing nothing but tight-fitting denim that... I bit my lip as I looked back at the screen, as the man in Vicky’s room approached, as I could see clearly outlined along his thigh something so big and hard it made me press down on the saddle until I thought I would faint with lewd desire.

“Vicky’s going to get a reward now, too,” said the voiceover. “Soon, you’ll get the same kind of reward, but for now you get to watch. Vicky’s going to learn to suck a penis, just as you will, when your suitors tell you to please them that way.”

“Oh, no,” I whispered. “Oh, please... no...”

The man on the screen, still seen only from the six-pack abs down, had reached Vicky. He stood in front of her, blocking her view of her own screen. I felt my face scrunch up into a pout at the way my mouth started, unaccountably and shamefully, to water, as the man’s enormous hands, their backs showing dark, masculine hair that matched the line of hair that ran down his belly to disappear into his jeans, began to unfasten the silver buckle of his belt.

“Oh, no,” I said again. He had the belt open. Vicky rode and sobbed, her bottom squirming over the saddle, its movement visible even through the demure fabric of her old-fashioned dress. I looked down at my own dress, felt my face get hot at the movement I could see, at the movement I couldn’t see, of my wet pussy on the humiliating saddle.

I looked back up at the screen, unable to keep my gaze from the lascivious sights it showed me. I gave a little sob as the man unzipped his fly, and then I cried out as he revealed that he wore no underwear: his hardness sprang forth, right in front of Vicky’s

face, and I saw a man's cock for the first time.

My bottom jerked on the saddle, my pussy pressed harder, and I seemed to see the summit of my second climax right in front of me. I rode and rode, as the man's big hands went to Vicky's body: his right stroked her cheek, and his left pressed long fingers lewdly inside the tight bodice of her dress, inside the cones of her bra.

I whimpered, thinking I would come so soon, so very soon, as the girl on the screen put out her tongue, and the man laid the fluted head of his penis on it, then sheathed himself inside the little mouth that clearly gave him so much pleasure he could not resist holding Vicky's head still and thrusting in and out.

My bottom jerked; I was so close... so very close.

Then, to my distress, I thought of Mrs. Fredricks. Was she right outside the door? Was she listening to make sure I had obeyed her instructions?

The man made Vicky take all of him, as she rode her masturbation saddle. She had an expression on her face that said that she didn't know if she liked it, but she knew she must give pleasure to his manhood because he was in charge. He held her head and drove his glistening cock deep, so deep, balls deep.

My mouth watered to see it. I whimpered at the thought that a man would do the same to me. I felt so sure I would come, in just a moment.

I wondered if Mrs. Fredricks would knock on the door before it happened. My brow furled in anxiety.

Vicky cried out around the thrusting cock. A growl came from the man's unseen chest. My climax seemed an inch away, but the more I rode, the more I watched, the deeper in my pussy I felt my own ache... the farther my climax seemed to recede from me, as every moment seemed to bring Mrs. Fredricks' knock closer.

Vicky came, still sucking the man's hard penis, and then he held her head still and he pulled his manhood out and I whimpered to see the seed shoot out of him and onto the naughty girl's upturned face.

Did I hear a footstep in the hall? I sobbed in frustration.

On the screen, to my surprise, the picture and the soundtrack froze.

ERROR 89-afg-97

Please contact New Modesty support

CHAPTER 11

A nna

A knock really did sound, sharply on the door, and the knob began to turn.

I cried out, taking my hands from the upholstered surface of the saddle in front of me to move them to my body, as if I had no clothes on and had to cover my nakedness. My eyes went wide to find that—like Vicky, on the screen—I still wore the demure dress, despite my lewd position astride the vibrating thing, which had now stopped vibrating.

That position made my face go hot as an oven as the lock clicked with the turning of the doorknob, and the door began to swing open. I felt the wetness between my legs, the way I had pulled my panties aside so that my bare pussy could ride the moving plastic. It didn't matter that the video had told me to do it; I had put my hand under my skirt to make the warm, virgin slit more available for lascivious pleasure. Now whoever came through the door, whether Mrs. Fredricks or Doctor Platonov dressed in jeans alone, would see me there, and would know that underneath my skirt I had bared myself in my lewd search for solitary enjoyment.

I couldn't suppress a little cry when I saw that Doctor Platonov did stand there—not in tight denim that showed the outline of his hard manhood, but in his white coat. He wore the same shirt and tie as he had an hour or so before, the same khakis over whose knee I had gone for my spanking. My eyes couldn't help drifting down to that part of his body, and when I raised them again to see that he had noticed, another wave of blood rushed to my cheeks.

"Anna," he said, his voice very matter-of-fact, very medical, so that I immediately felt a little more at ease despite the humiliating situation. "Hello. I'm very sorry about this error in the video."

"Oh," I said, my voice sounding very weak to my ears. I hoped desperately he couldn't tell that the weakness came from the waves of frustrated need that still made my skin

feel electric, especially down beneath my skirt, between my waist and my knees, where every tiny movement seemed to threaten to make my forehead crease anew. "I..."

Just a few moments before, the thought of Mrs. Fredricks hearing my cries of helpless passion in the hallway and of coming into the room had seemed to stop my pleasure in its tracks. Now the actual entry of the doctor had made every movement atop the saddle an exquisite conflict of need and modesty.

I took my lower lip between my teeth, unable to stop the worrying movement of my mouth as my eyes were suddenly drawn to the screen where Vicky's face remained frozen, spangled by the semen of the man in the jeans, her expression showing her forced arousal at the degrading way her suitor had used her with his cock. With a little cry I shifted on the saddle, trying despite the welcome yet terribly unwelcome sensation of the plastic surface against my still-warm pussy to rise and to begin to stand up.

"No," Doctor Platonov said, his voice suddenly much less clinical. "Stay where you are, Anna."

I swallowed hard.

"What?" I asked, my heart rate increasing by what felt like a factor of a hundred. "Why?"

I looked into his handsome, bearded face, and felt my eyes go wide at the expression I saw. In the examination room, I had thought I had perhaps seen attraction in his manner toward me, even a little desire. Now I saw hunger—the kind of hunger I had never witnessed in a man's eyes, and especially not in Brad's. I felt the heat creep into my cheeks again, and the warmth down below my tummy, beneath the modest dress, start to grow again. The urge to move my bottom in search of stimulation made my hips twitch.

"I'm going to finish your orientation myself," Doctor Platonov said, his voice so low it almost sounded like a growl. His musical Russian accent made me think of bears in winter, shaggy and powerful. I had to bite my lip again to keep myself from crying out at how the forbidden thought had sent a jolt of need through my haunches.

"But..." I said, without any idea of what else I meant to say. I frowned as he suddenly turned to the side, to look at something on the wall, and then I understood because he had opened a hidden panel. He pressed one button, and then another, and then I did have to cry out, because the saddle had started again, the silicone ridge between my legs buzzing and moving. I had to close my eyes and return my hands to the surface of the thing, to the place on it where my skirt's hem ended and I could hold a little ridge at the saddle's front.

The video hadn't started back up, I saw when I opened my eyes again; instead the screen had gone dark. But that represented only a minor detail, because Doctor Platonov had come to stand between me and the screen, and he had put his hands to his belt buckle.

"You're going to learn to do what you saw the girl in the video do, now," he said, his voice even closer to the rumbling voice I imagined a bear might have, if bears could speak. "You've never sucked a cock before, have you, Anna?"

I couldn't look up at his face. I remembered the impression I had gotten from the video, that Vicky wasn't allowed to look her suitor in the eye. I shook my head a little wildly. He had his belt buckle open, and now he unfastened the button at his waistband, unzipped the fly.

He paused, then. I could see his black briefs. My bottom squirmed and jerked as I rode, a thrill traveling from my clit into my womb, my thighs, at the impression I got of something hard there, something the doctor meant to give me... to make me take... to thrust into me.

"Have you ever seen a real penis?" he murmured. I felt his hand on my cheek, his fingertips stroking my jawline. I let out a tiny whimper from my chest.

"No," I whispered.

"Call me Doctor, you naughty little whore. Say No, Doctor."

My lips parted, but all I could do was breathe raggedly through them.

"No, Doctor." I looked up. I had to see his face. I thought I wanted somehow to see evidence that I hadn't heard right—that I only imagined him calling me a whore. Or... if he had called me a whore, and I had just felt the clench between my legs and the beginnings of an orgasm at the terrible word... maybe I wanted to see an expression that reflected a little kindness, a little compassion for a girl who didn't understand why she had ended up in the courtship center, astride a sex toy, in an old-fashioned dress with her panties pulled lewdly aside.

Instead I saw the hard eyes of the sort of man who called the girl he meant to enjoy a filthy name, so that she understood the truth: the truth of how he intended to use her with his hard cock, of how she must prepare herself to serve him as he liked, for as long as he liked.

Doctor. The man... the medical professional who was supposed to take care of you. The hunger and the resolution in Doctor Platonov's eyes told me, to my simultaneous alarm and gasping arousal, that for this man taking care of a naughty whore like me involved training my body to his every desire.

"Eyes down, Anna," he murmured. His words sounded soft in my ears, but they had such a suggestion of the firmness of the big hand with which he stroked my cheek that I gave a tiny cry and obeyed, sure that he would spank me if I looked him in the face for one more second.

I saw that with his left hand he had begun to pull down the black briefs, and the cry became a whimper as he moved his right hand to the waist of his pants to help draw

them down. Between my legs the ridge of silicone moved, wetter and wetter with the helpless arousal the doctor's dominance caused down between my thighs. Breathing raggedly, I rode and watched, shameful little noises coming from my chest with every bounce of my knees in the saddle.

His cock sprang out at me, the way Vicky's suitor's hardness had, in the video. It jutted, swaying before my eyes, long and hard. I could see the veins curving along its length. They throbbed—to my surprise, I could actually see the blood pulsing there, and watch the shaft move very slightly with each beat of Doctor Platonov's heart. The head of it, the helmet shape, confronted me, only an inch or two from my eyes.

To my distress, my mouth had begun to water so much that I had to swallow hard. The idea that something in me wanted to do the shameful thing I had seen Vicky's suitor make her do sent a jolt of need rocketing through my lower body, and I had to close my eyes as my cheeks grew terribly hot.

"Open your eyes, Anna," he growled. "And your mouth. It's time."

"Oh, no," I whispered, shaking my head. "Please."

"I think it will help to take off your dress," he said, the calculating tone in his voice confusing me for a moment—as if the doctor's real interest did lie in treating me, rather than simply using my body for his enjoyment. "Put your hands over your head."

Feeling a tiny hint of relief at not having to obey his previous, terribly humiliating command, I followed this instruction. I felt him take hold of my skirt, and I realized how practical the old-fashioned dress was for the purpose to which it seemed the men in charge put it, in the courtship center: Doctor Platonov stripped it all the way over my head in a single movement. The bodice felt a little tight against my bra as the doctor worked it upward, and my ponytail got caught for a moment, but clearly he knew what he was doing, and I realized that as traditional as the dress seemed, they had made it of modern fabric, with a certain amount of comfortable give. He had it off me in a second or two, and I cried out to feel so naked and to know he saw me in that old-fashioned but somehow also impossibly sexy underwear.

I hung my head, riding the moving saddle, my hands dropping to its surface in front of me and trying to cover the way I had wantonly bared my pussy to ride more pleasurably, more shamefully. I kept my eyes closed, though a wave of wanton—yes, whorish, the irresistible thought came into my mind despite everything I could do to stop it—need went through me, demanding that I open them so that I could see the doctor's huge, hard cock, and what it was doing, or what he was doing with it.

"Put your hands behind you, girl," his growling voice said. "Hold your bottom cheeks and spread them. I want to see you ride."

For a moment I couldn't do it: I hesitated among all his commands—that one, and the other ones, still hanging in the air, to open my eyes and open my mouth. Then, my body

overcome with the need that bear's growl seemed to awaken with every word, I obeyed all of them. I took my hands from in front of me and thrust them back, taking hold of the little cheeks he had spanked in his exam room. I opened my eyes to see that he held his hardness in his left hand, pumping it as if to enjoy the sight of my ride more fully. I lowered my jaw, parting my lips, and a little moaning sound came out, from deep in my chest.

"Good girl," said the doctor, and then he put his right hand on my head to keep me in place, and he thrust his cock into my mouth.

CHAPTER 12

A nna

Almost instantly, I started to come. I didn't understand it, because at the same time the pleasure crashed through me, in waves that came from the hard ridge between my legs, my mind kept saying, No—no, you mustn't... Naughty... you mustn't be naughty... only naughty girls ride a masturbation saddle... only sluts suck a man's penis, let him hold their heads and use their mouths... you're not allowed... you're such a...

It felt so big between my lips, over my tongue. I heard Doctor Platonov growl again, this time without words and deep in his chest, a sound of masculine pleasure so primal that it made me come again, crying out around the thrusting shaft of his enormous penis.

I'm such a...

Oh, no: the word and the pleasure broke over me in another, higher crest, engulfing me.

I'm such a little cocksucker.

I didn't even know where I had heard or read the word—some slightly racy movie, probably. I thought about it sometimes, that filthy word. I thought about what it would be like, to do it... to be made to do it, the way the man in the jeans had made Vicky do it, turning her into a little cocksucker.

The way the doctor had turned me into a little cocksucker.

I moaned, and rode my new masturbation saddle, all thought of shame gone. I clutched my bottom-cheeks as he had commanded. I spread them, feeling how it would show someone standing behind me even the tiny, private bud of my anus, since I had pulled the gusset of my panties so far aside.

I remembered how anxious I had gotten about Mrs. Fredricks walking in, but now I came a third time, within a scant minute since Doctor Platonov had driven his erect penis

between my lips, at that very thought. She would see the doctor's whore, her mouth full of cock and her pussy riding the humiliating device, desperate for more pleasure.

I pictured myself through the matron's eyes, and felt a new wave of heat travel through me, outward from my still-needy, still-aching clit. I saw myself in the old-fashioned lingerie, the straps and the conical cups of the bra, the belt girding my waist, the nylons and the heels, the gusset of my panties pulled lewdly aside and my hands spreading my bottom shamefully wide.

I felt those modest but terribly suggestive undergarments still encasing my body as I received the thrusts of the doctor's penis in my mouth, as I rode the vibrating, moving saddle. I had the degrading thought that he had put me in the harness so that he could train me as a girl like me needed to be trained, needed to be forced to serve her master's pleasure.

Again I went over the cliff of an orgasm, and this time the doctor stopped the movements of his hardness in my mouth, left only the head between my lips, cupping my cheek with one hand and holding the back of my head with the other.

"That's it," he murmured. "That feels good, doesn't it, honey? Keep riding. It's time."

Feeling confused, and suddenly again embarrassed, and also humiliatingly grateful, I suckled at the rigid penis. My eyes watered from his driving thrusts, and the pleasure between my legs had receded a little, but I still wanted to be the doctor's naughty whore. I kept riding the saddle, my hands on my bottom-cheeks and my knees moving with the rhythm of the ridge between my thighs.

Time for what? I felt the doctor shift; he pulled the head of his cock gently from my mouth, supporting me with his hands on my shoulders. He took my hands from my backside and moved them around in front of me, placing them on the upholstered surface of the saddle so I could hold myself up, while he moved around behind me, to where the strange bench stool sat, I knew—and could see, in the reflection in the TV's dark screen.

Then I realized I could see everything in that screen, that it served almost as well as a mirror, and I could see that Doctor Platonov had begun to undress completely.

"What..." I asked, beginning almost involuntarily to ride the saddle more urgently at the sight of his taut body, his six-pack abs, his huge, hard erection. "What are you...?"

I turned my face back over my shoulder, needing to see it not in reflection but in reality: the naked man, the naked doctor, his cock in his hand, pumping it up and down as he moved behind me to sit on the stool, only a few inches away. He had a hard look on his face, the intent expression of a man—a trainer—who intended to get from his student precisely what he wanted.

I felt his hand on my hip, and my tummy flipped over. I bit my lip, my forehead creasing as I looked back at him, unable to speak but with the question in my eyes.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Anna," he said. "You're on birth control as part of the New Modesty program, so there's nothing to worry about. It's time for you to become a woman, and to begin your training in earnest."

He glanced down, and I felt him pull the old-fashioned full-seated panties even further aside. Even in my embarrassment and my anxiety, I couldn't stop riding the vibrating, moving ridge of the saddle. I closed my eyes, and turned my face back toward the reflection in front of me: the big, dark man behind the golden-haired girl in the harness-like lingerie.

"I..." I whispered. "Please..."

I felt the head of his penis against the opening, felt it slip in the same way the imitation had done, in his exam room, only an hour or two before.

"This is going to hurt at first, honey," the doctor said. "The saddle will make that much better, though. Just keep moving with it, and relax as much as you can. You're learning how to submit the way a girl like you should, to a man who knows how to take his pleasure."

He moved his hardness gently in me, back and forth an inch, so that though I knew from naughty books that, yes, it would hurt, I couldn't see how it could be true. His hands, gripping my hips a little harder, seemed to soothe me and to tame me, even as I felt them imprison me, too, guiding my movements, changing my rhythm atop the saddle subtly—still matching the movement of the silicone between my thighs but somehow leading it, and me, rather than the way I had been following it with my bouncing, squirming motions.

His strong fingers gripped harder, atop the garter belt that enclosed my waist, emphasizing its old-fashioned girdling narrowness and bringing a flush of heat to my cheeks. I opened my eyes and saw, in the blank screen, that his own gaze had fixed itself on my face in the reflection, and now our eyes met. In the instant before he smiled, I saw the expression he had worn before, while I hadn't been looking, and it made me whimper: arrogant, hungry, and also... something else—something different, but related...

His blue eyes had looked as if he was assessing my response to his hands and to his hard cock, fascinated by how my needy body, dressed so submissively in the nylons, the garter belt, the bullet bra, the pulled-aside panties, answered the dominance of his hard, naked form. Doctor Platonov wanted to study me, because observation and understanding represented part of the pleasure of having a young woman, of fucking a young woman, for him.

He wanted to care for me, too: I saw that now in the smile that curved his lips upward now that his eyes had fully met mine. A genuine smile, as if he had wanted to wait until he could give me that reassurance. My heart skipped a beat, my brow furrowed, I let out a tiny, desperate moan, and to my mortification I gave an extra little thrust backward

with my bottom, as if to beg with my body for his manhood, for his mastery.

The smile changed again, so much of the hunger returning that my moan became a little cry of fear. I saw him look down, saw him smile in a different way to see how his penis claimed my backside, provocatively framed by the garter belt and the suspenders, panties lewdly askew; how it would claim me so much more completely in just a moment. I gasped at the dominance of it, the shame of it. The doctor's eyes returned to mine, then, and without warning he held me firmly in place and thrust his hips forward, hard.

My whole body reared up as I felt the shock of pain. My hands rose instinctively from the saddle, as if to reach back... to try to push him away. But Doctor Platonov had ripped through my virginity, and his huge cock had entered me fully in that single thrust, his taut lap coming right up against my bottom. I felt again the presence of the old-fashioned lingerie that seemed to make everything more shameful: I had pulled my panties aside myself, and so I had been made to take the penis, to teach me what happened to naughty little whores like me.

He held me there, as between my legs the hard ridge buzzed and moved without any matching motion from me. I sobbed, because although the discomfort remained in the place his thrusting shaft had just opened me, filled me, claimed me, it had already changed, somehow. The sharpness of the pain had dulled, and the vibrating movement against my clit had brought back the pleasure. Mingled all together now, the sensations between my legs made me bite my lip and hang my head and, most dismaying of all, begin to move again—or to try to move, because the doctor's hands still held me tight and forbid me to stir from his lap, from the rigid cock that impaled me. I squirmed my bottom and cried out, and he gave a grunt of what sounded like surprised pleasure, but he kept me where I was, as if to train me to remain obedient on the penis of the man who used me.

Only when, with a frustrated little cry, I grew still again did he begin to move. He drew his hardness out a little, and he thrust it back in, making me cry out even with that little renewal of his mastery, that reminder of his ownership of my body. He withdrew a little further, still holding me tight, pressing my pussy against the saddle, and then he began to move with its cadence, beginning to fuck me, just as he had told me he would.

"Oh, fuck, that's nice," the doctor murmured, bringing a surge of heat to my cheeks with his casual dirty talk. "You're so nice and tight, Anna."

I whimpered with embarrassment, but I had to open my eyes again, to see what the face of a doctor who would say something so degrading could possibly look like. His expression as he looked back at me in the screen's reflection, took my breath away and made me grind desperately against him with a wanton cry: the smile, the fascination, and the hunger... all mingled.

And... I could see, too, in his eyes, that he had said the shameful thing, given the shameful praise, so that I would open my eyes and see him, the man who had mastered

me for his pleasure and for my good, for my learning, my taming.

He moved a hand in front of me now, to hold my breast, keeping the other on my hip to control my movements. I closed my eyes again, so that I could concentrate on the sensation as he pinched the little nipple gently, then harder, so that an electric thrill went from it straight to my clit. He fucked me harder now, making me match his rhythm and the rhythm of the saddle at once, forbidding my own movements except to take his cock the way he chose to give it.

I felt something rise, then... an orgasm that seemed like it would make the others I had had thus far look like nothing.

"That's it," he growled in my ear. "Come for me. Come on the cock."

CHAPTER 13

J van

I had to concentrate on not climaxing too soon. The pleasure inside Anna's pussy seemed almost greater than my self-control could withstand. Even more exciting, her beautiful face, reflected in the black screen of the monitor, made my cock harder and harder, brought my orgasm closer and closer, every time I looked at her furrowed brow or her lovely, panting mouth.

When her orientation program had broken down, returning an error code to New Modesty headquarters, I had known precisely what I must do. To initiate her myself this way would present complications for the authoring of the paper with Dr. Roscommon, but quite apart from the raging hard-on I had gotten watching Anna Cascardi on the masturbation saddle, her marital training and her future happiness depended on not leaving her there, a victim of Selecta's failure to program in a response to the fascinating challenge she posed as an individual case, and as a patient.

She had, in fact, broken the software with her secondary resistance. Though I didn't have the requisite coding background fully to understand how it all worked—and didn't work, in this case—I grasped the basic idea. Anna's sudden failure to respond to the stimulus of the saddle had gone beyond normal parameters, her mixed signals as detected by the sensors in the device creating a feedback loop with which its algorithm couldn't deal.

I had noted the same thing in the exam room, when her second climax had taken much longer than it should have. Girls like Anna had achieved a certain notoriety through anecdotal accounts around the New Modesty professional forums. Some doctors considered secondary resistance a myth, and claimed that the young women who experienced it had simply been misidentified as submissives.

Their difficulties with training were hard to pin down, and I suspected that Selecta had decided to sweep some of the facts under the rug: after a girl broke the orientation program the way Anna had, she generally got a discharge, an apology, and a lot of

money. I might have sided with the naysayers, as an outside observer in a case like Anna's—but I had seen, and more important felt, what I had seen and felt in the exam room an hour earlier.

When I saw Anna suspended, unable to come, over the video feed, and when the saddle had suddenly stopped, leaving her confused and frustrated, I hadn't hesitated. Now, inside her, feeling her respond to my touch, I knew I had done the right thing, though it might be difficult to explain to my superiors.

None of that mattered now, though: the feeling of her silken skin, harnessed in her old-fashioned lingerie, the sight of her taut bottom with the panties pulled aside as my cock went in and out with the evidence of her defloration vivid on the surging, rigid shaft... those mattered. I needed to hold on despite the pleasure flooding my nervous system, to give her one more climax before I held her on my hardness and shot my essence deep into her womb.

If I could make her come again, in a clearly submissive way, I would be able to make the case for her to continue in the program. I had made a judgment call in deciding to take her virginity myself; I hadn't put my job in jeopardy, exactly, but if I failed to show the wisdom of my action I would probably never quite recover. Certainly a paper with Jim Roscommon would be out of the question.

On the other hand, if I broke through her secondary resistance fully now—even if it returned in her future training—with a full vaginal orgasm in response to my mastery of her body...

I moved my left hand from her shoulder, took hold of her golden ponytail, and wrapped it around my fist.

* * *

Anna

I screamed at the feeling of the doctor's hand in my hair that way, tugging my head back. It didn't hurt, but it scared me—the idea that he might hurt me flashed into my mind, and also the humiliating, filthy thought that he had taken me by the reins, to train me as he might train a rebellious filly.

For an instant the enormous climax that had hovered just in front of me seemed to vanish. The idea of myself as an animal brought to mind a sudden need to run away, to rebel, to defy. I froze, and I had the sudden realization that this kind of freezing had caused the error in the orientation program, right before Doctor Platonov had come in.

But he gave another tug at my hair, he growled in my ear, he thrust his cock deep inside

me, and suddenly I started to come. I cried out, and my body jerked in spasms of pleasure far, far beyond my control. I had never had an orgasm before today, but at least in that limited experience no other sensation had come close to the way I shuddered on the doctor's hard penis as I fought his hands' grip—not to escape but to feel them tighten around my body, his right hand curling possessively around my waist and his left hand pulling my head back with his grip on my hair.

"There you go," he grunted, still thrusting into my pussy, harder and harder. "Good girl."

Another sound came from his chest, then, a wordless sound that I knew could only mean he had reached a pleasure to match mine. As the aftershocks of my climax still jolted through me I felt his manhood pulse inside me, and he held it in so deep I gasped, my pussy clenching hard on his throbbing cock.

"Good girl," he said again, more gently. He let go of my ponytail, and moved that hand around my chest, to hold me against him, so that I could feel the power in his pectoral muscles, his bicep around my breasts. I whimpered at the heavenly sensation, new heat coming to my face at the sheer femininity of the feeling it evoked.

He pulled me up and off the saddle, and I whimpered deep in my throat as the vibrating, moving sensation down there at last ceased. The sound of it—the buzzing and faint mechanical noises that suddenly sounded terribly naughty to my ears—stopped, too; it must have some sensor that told its circuitry when a woman had assumed her lascivious position atop it.

In the quiet of the little bedroom in which the New Modesty had imprisoned me, Doctor Platonov sat back onto the little bench, with me on his lap, my pussy still full of his slowly softening hardness. The mystery of that strange piece of furniture—though I supposed less strange than the mortifying saddle—seemed to me solved in that movement, and the solution brought a blush to my face.

The bench stool served for the convenience of a young woman's suitor. To my dismay, when I grasped this degrading fact, my mind seemed immediately full of shameful images, of all the things a man could use that little bench for, when it came to enjoying my body—the positions into which he might put me, the way he might make me kneel before it to do filthy things, how I would look draped over it with my bottom uppermost for discipline, when I required correction for some fault in my deportment. I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out just at the lewd pictures my mind seemed so ready to paint, now that Doctor Ivan Platonov had taken my virginity.

He had put his right hand between my legs, tugging the gusset of the panties further aside, cupping my pussy possessively and gently, so gently, rubbing at the hood of my clit. I emitted helpless little whines through my nose with each breath, somehow knowing that he didn't intend to take me any further, since he had already rewarded my compliance with that enormous orgasm. Something in me—that troubling submissive 'need' the doctor kept talking about—which I still told myself I would refuse to

acknowledge aloud—understood that the doctor's fingers between my thighs meant only to remind me that he had fucked me, mastered me, and begun to train me for men's pleasure.

Suddenly he moved that hand beneath my nylon-covered knees, sweeping them up and starting to turn me as lightly as he might move any other plaything—a ball, maybe, or some handheld puzzle. I gave a little cry of surprise, thinking I might slip from his arms and fall, and my arms flailed, but the doctor positioned me effortlessly despite my startled struggle, making me straddle him on the stool, my arms going instinctively around his neck. The feeling of the hardness of his muscles, the strength of his shoulders, made me a little dizzy.

His cock had slipped out of me, and that sudden emptiness furrowed my brow even as I had to close my eyes in embarrassment at the weakness—and the immodesty—of my reaction, the sudden return of my wanton need for a hard penis between my legs.

The doctor's hand held my bottom, though; the same little cheeks he had spanked over his knee. His middle finger worked in the valley that split the roundness and touched me frankly and embarrassingly on the tiny ring of my bottom-hole. I gave a little cry of shame and surprise, and bent my head to his shoulder to hide my face.

"Look at me, Anna," he said, his voice again a growl.

My lip caught between my teeth, I obeyed. I looked into his blue eyes, rediscovering the sheer handsomeness of his dark bearded face.

"Here, next time," he said.

For a moment I had no idea what he meant, and my frown became one of puzzlement rather than helpless arousal. Then he pressed with his middle fingertip, just inside the little bud, and I understood. Heat rushed to my face—and, mortifyingly, to my pussy.

"Oh, no," I said, looking away to my left, toward my bed. "Please... it's not..."

"It's an essential part of your training," he said a little sternly, "and although I know it's not easy to see it this way, you're lucky to have ended up here, learning how to accept your submissive needs. A lot of young brides in New Modesty communities have trouble when their husbands tell them it's time for anal sex."

I whimpered, for he moved his finger inside my bottom to emphasize his words. I was certainly having trouble—though I couldn't see how knowing about... about that... now helped me at all.

"You can't," I whispered, wanting to sound defiant and instead barely whispering the words.

"I can, Anna," the doctor said. "That's what you're here for. If the orientation program hadn't had that problem, you would have heard it from the video, and it might have

seemed a little easier to you to get the information that way. For you, though, it will be better in the long run that I told you, because I'm the one who's going to train your anus first."

My eyes closed again. Isolated bits of things he, Nurse Georgia, Mrs. Fredricks, and the voiceover on the humiliating video had said assembled themselves into a form I couldn't look away from.

"First?" I breathed.

"Yes," the doctor said rather brusquely, so that I wondered suddenly if maybe he had to cover over some other emotion he might have felt about the matter. "You'll have several suitors to visit you here, as another essential part of your training."

"Visit?" My mouth twisted to the side as I heard the weakness in my parroting back of his dismaying words.

"To have sexual intercourse with you, Anna," he said, the matter-of-factness in his tone becoming almost brutal. "To use you as they please and to see whether they would like to date you further."

CHAPTER 14

A nna

I met Tracy at lunch, just as Mrs. Fredricks had promised. They had built the cafeteria to look like a typical suburban dining room, with the exception of the lack of windows thanks to the horrible courtship center being underground. A large cherry-wood table that looked very polished and very expensive occupied the center of the room and a sideboard with a cabinet underneath, laden with covered dishes, stood along one wall.

"Set the table for six, please, ladies," Mrs. Fredricks said, once she had ushered us in.

Tracy stood about an inch taller than I, maybe five foot six or six and a half. She had dark hair and a very pretty face with hazel eyes that I tried not to envy the moment I saw them. The troubled expression on her face and the pink in her cheeks when Mrs. Fredricks had introduced me—which could only have arisen, I felt sure, from her having heard me being deflowered next door—inclined me to like her despite the jealousy of her beauty I felt.

I couldn't look at her for more than a moment, though, knowing that she had heard me undergoing my first sexual training at the hands and cock of Doctor Platonov. I kept wanting to blurt out, "I heard you masturbating," as we had walked from our bedrooms down the hall to the dining room. I didn't know why, but it seemed very clear that what I had experienced so far—what it seemed we both had experienced—had stirred all sorts of childish, even primal instincts. I could see that in Tracy's shamefacedness as well as feel it in my own petulance.

That probably explained why I reacted so strangely to the request Mrs. Fredricks had just issued about setting the table. I hadn't set a table for anyone—even myself, really—since leaving home. A wave of anger rose from the pit of my stomach and I felt my fists clench. The old-fashioned clothes, which had seemed almost familiar when I had put them back on after a quick shower in the bathroom across the hall from my bedroom, suddenly seemed tight and constricting.

I sensed Tracy, next to me, wearing a green version of the same dress I wore, tense as well. For a moment I thought we would refuse in unison, strengthened by our solidarity as the oppressed young women of Emmeline, Indiana. But instead of protesting she went to the sideboard and opened the cabinet, revealing china and silverware that seemed, at least from a few yards away, very elegant and just as expensive as the table.

"Anna," Mrs. Fredricks said. "Please go help Tracy."

I heard a note of strictness in her voice that made my tummy flip over. Tracy turned from the cabinet, her hand frozen near the placemats in mid-reach and her eyes wide, as if she knew that the severity of the matron's tone didn't bode well for me—or perhaps even for her, as well.

"I..." I started. I took a deep breath. Tracy gave a tiny shake of her head, a strange little motion that seemed nearly involuntary. The fear in her eyes seemed almost palpable. But I couldn't give in; I didn't know why, really, except maybe the need to put up a fight against being brought back to the childhood chores I had intended to leave so far behind me. "I'm not here to—" I managed to say, before Mrs. Fredricks interrupted me, her voice cutting across mine like a whip.

"You'll be punished with the strap for your backtalk, you little whore. You clearly still have no idea why you're here despite Doctor Platonov having done his very best to make it plain—and having been a great deal more generous than most of your suitors will feel any need to be."

My jaw dropped. My breath came in short pants as I looked at the matron, whose face still seemed terribly placid despite the abject degradation of her words. I glanced over at Tracy, at the corner of whose eyes tears had formed. For a moment, as Mrs. Fredricks had delivered her ominous threat, I had thought I might be able to hold myself together, stage a scene, demand to have the non-Selecta authorities summoned, and ask for a lawyer. I had thought that Tracy might then rise up with me and fight for her rights.

The glint of tears though, with its promise that Tracy knew I had made a terrible mistake, undid me. I felt my own face crumple, my own face turn red.

"Yes," Mrs. Fredricks said, drawing my gaze back to her calm, pretty, frightening face, "you should cry. This is how you learn, Anna. This is how girls like you have to learn, with the leather across your bare bottom when you need it. Now help Tracy set the table, please, and your whipping won't be as bad as it could be."

I opened my lips, and the word but almost emerged. I agreed with the horrible woman completely in one thing at least: I had no idea why I was here. Yes, when the doctor had taken my virginity, had used my mouth, had promised that next time he would claim me in my most private place, I had felt like something in his words—and even more in what he had done with his body, to my body—made sense. But that sense seemed to exist on a different plane of existence from this scene in the dining room and Mrs. Fredricks'

innocuous-seeming but terribly insidious instruction to set the table.

I frowned deeply, fighting the tears of fear and shame as hard as I could. Had I actually just used the phrase terribly insidious in my interior monologue? For a moment I felt thoroughly dislocated from reality itself. I, Anna Cascardi, liked to use big words. I had done very well in high school despite missing a subsidized college scholarship by a fraction of a point; English had been my favorite class, and I had a very big vocabulary. I said things like terribly insidious. But women who set the table didn't, did they? They said, Yes, ma'am.

Seeing through tears and feeling two of them fall onto my cheeks, I moved toward Tracy and the sideboard automatically, making my body move so that it would have something to do other than to feel the waves of alternate hot and cold that traveled through my limbs. I bit my lip as I reached in to get the fine china plates, while my fellow detainee—I forced myself to think of Tracy that way, despite how another part of my mind wanted to call her my fellow naughty girl instead—began to put the placemats on the table.

Placemats, plates, linen napkins, bread-and-butter plates... like an elegant meal at a country club—or at least like the one elegant meal I had ever had at a country club, when a friend had invited me to lunch with her family. With a chill of embarrassment I remembered my terribly mixed feelings at that lunch: how I had been so proud to eat like a wealthy person, and so frustrated that my own life was so very different, and above all so terribly embarrassed that I didn't know which fork to use, or even to break my roll in half. My friend's mom and dad had treated me kindly, but she hadn't invited me again.

"Fork on the left, Anna," Mrs. Fredricks said, her voice taking on a little exasperation. "Knife blade toward the plate."

I felt my cheeks burn as I watched Tracy perform the task so much more assuredly than I did. I wanted to ask her whether she had learned the proper way to do it here, or she had grown up in a household where they taught such things. To my surprise, Mrs. Fredricks answered the question.

"You mustn't feel too bad, Anna, Tracy grew up in an Educational Facility, and she's come a very long way in only a few days."

The matron inspected the table, then, for we had finished the place settings with both wineglasses and water goblets. Tracy went to the sideboard and got the pitcher of ice water that stood there.

"Anna will pour the water," declared Mrs. Fredricks, adjusting a bread plate a bit.

Tracy handed me the heavy pitcher. I frowned as I learned to manage its weight and its balance. I wondered why the matron had decided I should do the task, and then as I poured my first goblet I thought perhaps I understood: the movement of reaching out with the pitcher and tilting it seemed to place my body, clad in the old-fashioned dress, in a very feminine position, especially teetering on the high-heeled shoes. I stretched, and I

had to decide how I would look, if someone came in and saw me obediently preparing a table for a lunch that I suddenly felt sure would include mixed company.

Just at that moment, the door of the dining room opened, and I felt certain that Mrs. Fredricks had timed my water-pouring precisely with the entry of the newcomers. Four men, dressed in coat and tie, came in.

At the sight of them, I spilled water on the table, because my hand began to shake.

"Wipe that up, please, Tracy," Mrs. Fredricks hissed, before she turned to the suitors.

The last of the men was Doctor Platonov, in a natty black blazer that seemed to me of a European cut, though I could never have told you why except that it made him look damned sexy and even handsomer and more smoldering. I felt my lower lip quiver as two thoughts occurred to me simultaneously—that the lingering soreness between my legs came from the way he had used me on his hard cock only an hour before and that he had come in right after I spilled water on the table.

Our eyes met as I drew the pitcher in toward my body, holding the cold glass in both hands. Unconsciously moving it in front of me as if to protect me from the doctor, though I also wanted to rush to him in hope that he would enfold me in his strong arms. I felt the heat creep into my cheeks as I tried to read the expression on his face, and my heart warmed too when I saw him smile not in the wolfish way he had done while he fucked me for the first time, but with what looked to me like real affection.

The wolf, or maybe the bear, hadn't departed entirely, though: the way he held himself, taut and ready, made my knees tremble as I felt the part of me he had already claimed so thoroughly—the wanton region between waist and knees—respond. I dropped my eyes to the table to watch Tracy finish wiping up the water, suddenly afraid of what Mrs. Fredricks would say next.

As I should have been.

"Anna here," the matron announced in a prim voice, "is due for a taste of the strap, since she talked back to me when asked to help set the table. Mr. Davidson..."

I raised my eyes, my lips parting in surprise and alarm. Mrs. Fredricks had her attention fixed on the man who had come in just before Doctor Platonov. He had blond hair and wore a red jacket. He reminded me a little of Brad, but he had in his eye a much sharper look than my former fiancé had ever worn.

"Would you be prepared to punish this young lady before we have our lunch?"

My mouth opened all the way as I locked gazes with Mr. Davidson and I saw that he would be prepared—and indeed eager—to whip me. Desperately, I turned to Doctor Platonov, my tummy doing backflips and my heart racing.

In the doctor's eyes I saw thoughts passing, thoughts that seemed to me to have

complications I couldn't fathom in the slightest. One response to the matron's words did seem to dominate, though, and it made my heart thud even louder in my chest: anger.

"Mrs. Fredricks," Doctor Platonov said. "I don't mean to interfere in your able running of the remedial courtship program, but I think it would be medically advisable if I discipline Anna today."

CHAPTER 15

Anna

Mrs. Fredricks frowned. "Of course, Doctor Platonov."

My eyes went to Mr. Davidson, whose brows had knit into a frown of his own. I felt more heat surge into my face at that expression: the blond man had wanted to whip my bare bottom, and he didn't mind at all if I knew it.

When I returned my attention to the doctor—my doctor, my wayward mind suddenly said—his face had grown calmer and more readable, but also so stern that I couldn't help taking a step backward.

"Did you talk back to Mrs. Fredricks, Anna?" he asked, his chin lowering as if to emphasize his intention to take the matter as seriously as the matron clearly wished it taken.

I looked over at Tracy, who had stepped back herself to stand next to the sideboard, her lower lip caught between her teeth and her eyes compassionate. Then I looked at the other men—not Mr. Davidson but the two whose names I didn't yet know. To my dismay, they had little smiles on their faces, as if they had anticipated this sort of thing happening at this sort of luncheon, and had greatly looked forward to it.

They like to see a naughty girl get what's coming to her, I thought suddenly, with a new flip of my tummy. I felt my face crumple, and I couldn't stop myself from turning to Mrs. Fredricks, a pleading expression on my face though I knew with complete certainty I would find no sympathy there.

But the awful woman did have sympathy in her face—just not the kind I wanted to see. No, the patronizing expression in her eyes seemed much worse to me than a flinty look of righteous severity would have.

"Anna, dear," she said. "You'd better go to the foot of the table. Tracy, would you get the cushion and the strap, please?"

I felt my brow furrow hard. My mind went wildly to the word that didn't make sense. Cushion?

But when Tracy bent to open a cabinet in the sideboard that I hadn't seen into yet, I quickly understood, because inside lay a sort of bolster with a cover that looked like it matched the upholstery on the saddle in my bedroom. Next to it I saw a length of leather that drew a whimper from deep in my chest.

I looked wildly at Doctor Platonov. Surely he wouldn't do this?

"Doctor," I said, "please."

"Did you talk back, Anna?" he asked again.

"No!" I said, looking at Mrs. Fredricks, who shook her head sadly. "I mean... I... I didn't!"

"Don't make this worse, dear," the matron said. She took a step forward. Meanwhile, Tracy had moved the place setting at the foot of the table aside, and put the cushion atop the table, just at the height of my waist. "I'll take the pitcher."

I held the cold glass cylinder, full of water, against my chest, taking another step back, so that I felt myself come up against the wall. Again I looked around the room, seeing only expressions of stern satisfaction on the men's faces—even that of Mr. Davidson, who now seemed content to cede the right to discipline me to the doctor. Perhaps now that I had shown myself unwilling to accept the discipline Mrs. Fredricks had decided I had earned, he agreed that my doctor should be the one to administer it.

Mrs. Fredricks took another step toward me, her hands reaching out to take the pitcher. Tracy laid the strap, a two-foot length of leather with a wooden handle, on the table next to the cushion.

"Anna, honey," said Doctor Platonov, but I didn't let him finish whatever he meant to say, because Mrs. Fredricks' hands touched the pitcher and my fear took over, and the terrible thing happened.

My hands jerked upward, and the water sailed out. Not all of it, because my fear of the consequences stopped the movement, but enough, and in an intentional enough way, both to douse Mrs. Fredricks' hair and to make it clear that I had meant to do it.

In shock, with my jaw open and my face first drained of blood and then as hot as an oven, I let her take the pitcher from me and put it on the table. The fury in her eyes as the cold water dripped down onto her lovely dress drew desperate words from me.

"I'm... I'm so... I'm so sorry. Please..." I begged. "Please."

But she had already taken hold of my arm just above my elbow, pinching so hard that I yelped and starting to lead me toward the waiting cushion.

"No... please... I'm sorry!" I wailed.

"Not as sorry as you will be in a moment, Anna," she said. "Bend over."

I had let her turn me to face the table and the men who had seen it all. Mr. Davidson seemed to be trying to hide a smile. Doctor Platonov was moving toward me with a sad sort of expression on his face. The other two were exchanging glances with one another that seemed terribly eager—as if they hadn't anticipated a show this entertaining.

I felt Mrs. Fredricks try to make me bend over. I resisted instinctively, pushed back, then cried out as the pinch above my elbow became so strong that the pain seemed to travel through my whole body. I bent just to try to escape it, but then straightened again, attempting to twist away, thinking I might be able to dart past the doctor and out the door.

But he had reached me now, and he took my other elbow in his right hand and put his left on my back, and bent me over the cushion with ease.

"Hands out," he said, enforcing his words with the strength of his grip. "Put your weight on your elbows."

I turned my head toward him.

"Please," I tried again, beginning to babble in my abject fear of the horrible thing the doctor now took into his right hand. "I'll... I'm sorry. I won't do it again."

With his left he kept me in place despite my struggling. He spoke to the matron.

"Mrs. Fredricks, would you raise her skirt for me, please?"

Then, unexpectedly, something changed inside me: a defiance broke through, seeming to arise in my heart and the deepest part of my mind, and to spread to my body in an instant. My fearful instincts and my emotional reaction to Mrs. Fredricks' matronly superiority and condescension took over, and I started to resist like a wildcat.

"No!" I shouted, my head turning from side to side. I got a glimpse of humiliating amusement on the faces of the other men in the room, and a deep frown on Tracy's face. Time seemed to slow down, and I had time to wonder—with a skipped heartbeat at the thought—whether part of Tracy's terribly troubled reaction to my coming punishment resulted from her involuntary response, between her thighs, at watching me receive bare-bottomed discipline.

The sudden impulse of sympathy I felt with that imagined reaction combined in my mind and my body so terribly with what had started to happen between my own legs that it drove me even more frantic in my struggles over the table. A mere second or two had passed since Doctor Platonov had asked Mrs. Fredricks to raise my skirt, but I seemed to experience it as long, agonizing minutes of conflicting emotion and sensation, in which I tried desperately to free myself from his grip, to no avail at all.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Fredricks." I heard him say, as I attempted to kick my legs out. "I'll

hold her still. She needs to get used to containing the ambivalent thoughts and feelings being here in the courtship center has awakened. Wait a moment.”

I had kicked, and of course accomplished nothing, connected with nothing but the air. I heard a soft whooshing behind me, though, and then a sharp crack, and then I felt a searing line of pain across the backs of my knees. I yelped, and my body bucked harder than it had yet at this lash from the strap, and I kicked again—this time out of pure instinct.

The strap came down, a little higher this time. I cried out, trying desperately to writhe out of the doctor’s hold atop my back, but his arm held me down so hard atop the cushion that I couldn’t even get my arms out from under my chest at first.

“Anna...” he started, but then I did manage to work my hands free, and started to flail them, almost connecting with a full water goblet. The doctor grunted with frustration. I heard him drop the strap on the table, and then he had my right wrist in his hand, bending it back easily and expertly to confine it with his left hand on my back. With my left hand I beat ineffectually against the fabric of his blazer, until he grabbed that wrist, too, and bent it behind me. I cried out in discomfort as he held me down on the cushion even more firmly.

I felt him shift a little, and then suddenly he had started to yank my skirt up. For a moment I had the paradoxically humiliating feeling of triumph that at least Mrs. Fredricks hadn’t done it, but then he spoke again.

“Anna,” the doctor said, “you need to make up your mind here and now to begin your training in earnest. You won’t be leaving here until you demonstrate the kind of compliance you yourself promised in accepting a place here in Emmeline. Mrs. Fredricks, would you please pull down her panties for her whipping?”

Oh, no. So much worse, somehow. I stopped kicking, my heart beating in wild panic.

“Gladly,” said the matron’s voice, dripping both with honeyed sweetness toward the doctor and acid judgment for me. “Anna, dear, I warned you. I’d like you to think about that, as well, while Doctor Platonov punishes you.”

A sob broke from my chest. I felt a delicate little hand take hold of the waistband of the silky old-fashioned panties, reawakening all the strange feelings the restrictive, modest, yet somehow terribly, illicitly sexy undergarments had brought out in me. Inside the elastic grip of the suspenders, I felt my underwear being drawn down, and all ideas of kicking left me because of what it would show.

“The doctor took Anna’s virginity earlier today,” Mrs. Fredricks announced suddenly in a matter-of-fact way that left me devoid of breath. I heard Tracy give a little sympathetic cry of humiliation. “Mr. Davidson, would you like to come around the table and take a look? She’ll be available to you after lunch of course.”

I sobbed again. Of course. Something about that phrase seemed to make it impossible to respond, to protest the monstrous indecency of the matron's words.

"Actually," I heard Doctor Platonov's voice say, "I'm going to restrict Anna's availability for a little while because of some special features in her case. Mr. Davidson, by all means, come have a look at her bottom and her pussy, if you like, but if you decide to take her back to her bedroom after lunch I'll be accompanying you to supervise."

"Sure," said Mr. Davidson, his voice amiable. I had squeezed my eyes shut, and I kept them that way as I heard his footsteps move around the table. "Mind if I touch?"

"Go ahead," the doctor said. Something in the way he said the words made heat rush to my cheeks as I thought it never had before. His voice had an element of... of ownership, proprietorship. I had to concentrate to keep my hips still on the cushion because of the way it affected me. Then, even worse, he said, "Spread your legs, Anna. Mr. Davidson is going to get a good look at you."

*I*van

I had interfered for Anna's sake. I kept telling myself that.

I'm a rational enough person—and a self-aware enough person—to know that I wasn't telling myself the truth, or at least not more than fifty percent of the truth. In the back of my mind, I understood that I needed to do what I could to keep my alpha rage in check.

I had almost certainly just thrown away the glory and career advancement I had foreseen from a paper about Anna's case and related ones. Even having deflowered her, I would have been able to write objectively—or at least to have maintained the appearance of objectivity.

I had fucked the girl with whom I now realized I had started to fall in love, claimed her virginity—but I had done it the same way a trainer at the Institute might have. As a doctor in the New Modesty program, I had learned the protocols and I had followed them, as a therapeutic intervention to help progress my patient when the orientation software had broken down.

To take control of Mrs. Fredricks' side of the remedial courtship program, however, and to interfere in the courtship of Greg Davidson, didn't follow those protocols. I sincerely believed that the interference would prove vital to securing a good outcome for Anna, but any paper I wrote about the case would never see publication.

I had not the slightest doubt, however: I had done the right thing, for her and for me. Jim Roscommon might even thank me. He would get to write the paper and earn the glory.

I would get Anna, if I possibly could.

With the stiff leather of the strap, I tapped the inside of her left knee, to urge obedience to my command. The welts I had left across the backs of her legs had blossomed into a vivid red beneath the sheer film of her stockings. I had struck hard, because she had

kicked hard; she had showed me what she needed, and I had given it to her. As she let out a little cry of mortification and sluggishly parted her legs, stretching the full-seated panties that sat in a silky tangle atop her nylons, I got a rich, heady whiff of just how badly she had needed to have her defiance curbed.

Greg, whom I knew slightly from the Emmeline Golf Club, extended his hands toward Anna's pretty backside. I felt my brow knit slightly as I pushed my possessive tendencies back with a mental effort. At the same time, I felt my cock grow stiff between my thighs: the paradoxical arousal of sharing the beautiful girl whose pussy I had opened on my cock and whose adorable anus I meant to enjoy as soon as possible.

Anna sobbed at Greg's touch. I watched the blond man—a suitably dominant sort, I knew from interactions on the golf course, and probably a good match for Anna if I hadn't felt such an attraction to the girl—use his thumbs to open her further. I had to admit he knew how to make her feel the kind of degradation a young woman with her erotic profile craved despite the opposition of her rational judgment.

"Doctors have all the luck," Greg said with a chuckle. "Look at that nice smooth cunt. Tight, I'm guessing?"

* * *

Anna

I emitted a tiny, helpless cry of shame. My face had scrunched itself into a tense mask of consternation and arousal at the feeling of Mr. Davidson's hands spreading my bottom-cheeks and my upper thighs. The air moved against my pussy and my anus as his thumbs worked their way inward, and I couldn't keep my hips still; my waist jerked against the cushion in a humiliating sign of wanton need.

"Very," Doctor Platonov responded. Again I heard the tension in his voice, and now I felt certain it meant his taking such an interest in my case didn't stem entirely from a doctor's interest in a patient. The idea made his apparent willingness to share my body with Mr. Davidson, under the doctor's supervision, seem even more shameful—but also, to my dismay, more terribly arousing, too.

"Yes," the blond man said from behind me, his fingers kneading my most sensitive places gently, spreading them so he could see and inspect. "I'll definitely take Anna back to her room after lunch. Anna, sweetheart, I'll fuck you nice and hard. It will take your mind off your whipped bottom. How does that sound?"

Oh, God. I felt sure that Mrs. Fredricks would tell me I was being rude if I didn't answer. I had started to grasp the 'logic,' such as it was, of this horrid 'remedial courtship' program. I bit back the first response that came to mind—How the fuck should it sound?

"Fine," I whispered, because I knew any other response would just make my plight worse, make the strap in my doctor's hand bestow more lashes on my poor bare bottom.

"It's a date, then," said Mr. Davidson, a dominant, arrogant satisfaction in his tone that made my heart quail, even though my pussy had responded so very treacherously to the idea of having another man enjoy me with his hardness while Doctor Platonov 'supervised.'

Mr. Davidson's hands left me. I trembled, knowing what must happen next. I turned my face over my shoulder as best I could, trying to get a look at the doctor, but I could only see the dark fabric of his blazer.

"Please," I sobbed. "Please, Doctor."

"I'm going to whip you now, honey," he said, though. "I'll hold you down, because you'll probably try to get away. You've already felt what happens when you kick, and that will keep happening. Those strokes don't count, so you should make up your mind not to kick."

"Doctor," I heard Mrs. Fredricks' voice say, "would you share some thoughts with Anna—and with Tracy, who has the same challenges even though she's a bit further along in our program—about what girls like them should think about while they're being whipped?"

I wanted to look at Tracy. I could hear her sniffing off to my right, and I turned my head to find that she stood against the wall, looking right back at me. Her forehead had a deep crease in it, and her lower lip was caught between her teeth. Her cheeks wore the same pink I knew my own did, though with her darker complexion it didn't show up quite as embarrassingly.

Then, as Doctor Platonov began to speak in his deep voice, and his words made me blush even more fiercely, I wanted to stop looking at Tracy, but I couldn't.

"Anna and Tracy," he said in a didactic tone that addressed not us but Mrs. Fredricks and the other suitors, which seemed to make the humiliation even worse, "are the kind of girls who benefit from regular corporal punishment. It's a tried but true idea that the most important thing for a young lady having her bare bottom soundly strapped to consider is that she's being punished for her own benefit."

On Tracy's face I saw exactly what I had hoped—and somehow also hoped not—to see. Just as I couldn't help looking at her, she couldn't help looking at me. Her fists had curled into little balls at the front of her thighs, against the pretty fabric of her old-fashioned dress. I could see it much too clearly in her hands and in her face and in the tension that her body radiated. Tracy couldn't help it: she had dampened her panties at the sight of me over the table with my own skirt up and my own panties down, ready for a whipping.

"But," the doctor continued, "there's a less well known—or perhaps less reputable, so not as much talked about or considered—element of a whipping like this one that I would like

to advise both Anna and Tracy to think about as I correct Anna's misbehavior with this strap."

I let out a whimper as I felt him tap the horrid thing against my bottom. I squirmed desperately, trying to deny that Tracy's arousal only mirrored my own, even more perverse, as it seemed to me, warmth down there. I felt the doctor press down with his left hand, restricting my movement uncomfortably, keeping my wrists pinned, and I closed my eyes, a little sob emerging from my throat.

"In this remedial courtship program, and in particular on an occasion like this one in the presence of suitors who have been chosen because they understand the needs of girls like you, Anna..."

I startled, let out another sob, to hear him talk directly to me. Something in his voice, something both affectionate and condescending, and also hungry, made me think I knew what he intended to say. That idea sent such a jolt of need through my lower body that I suddenly wanted him to start whipping me, in hope of driving the humiliating arousal away.

"...it's very important that you understand that men like me, and like the other suitors here..."

I hadn't understood until that moment what it really meant that Doctor Platonov had included himself in the category suitor. I had heard it without grasping what it might signify for me.

For me. He's here for me. He's here to court me.

I didn't want to sob again; the idea that the doctor who had spanked me in his exam room, had made me come, had taken my virginity atop the masturbation saddle had decided he wanted to... to pursue the relationship had such a paradoxical effect on me that I instinctively wanted to keep it hidden away—from him, and above all from Mrs. Fredricks. I swallowed hard, and I managed to turn the sob into a little whine.

He wants me as... as a... a wife. A bride.

But the words Doctor Platonov spoke when he continued cut so sharply against all the ideas I had built up about marriage and weddings that though I had concealed the sob I couldn't stop a gasp from betraying the strength of my reaction.

"...enjoy whipping pretty girls like you and Tracy."

My sharp intake of breath was mirrored in the sound Tracy made, the little gasp and the littler whimper that came from my right.

"No," I breathed, my voice sounding tiny. "Please."

The doctor pressed down a little harder, to keep me in place, and then he started to whip

me. I heard the crack of the stiff leather across my bottom, and then I felt the searing line, and I cried out at the very first lash, my bottom squirming desperately. He struck again, and my cry became a scream. I writhed, and without thinking I kicked with my right foot, trying to get some control, find some way to move my backside away.

"No," Doctor Platonov growled, and he whipped me on the calf, so that the agony seemed to come from my whole lower body, and all of me seemed utterly at his mercy.

"It hurts!" I yelled, as if I thought that would be some kind of revelation.

"Of course it hurts," the doctor replied, and lashed my bottom again, low down. I jerked hard over the cushion, yelping like a puppy. My bottom seemed to ride a seat of fire that a man who had fucked me wanted to put me in.

For my own good, but...

He... enjoys it. He likes whipping me.

Again and again the strap came down, and I screamed and screamed. Tracy sobbed openly to my right. The sound made it impossible for me to forget she was watching, that Mr. Davidson was watching, that the doctor himself could see the way I moved desperately and humiliatingly under the awful lesson he gave me, how my bare bottom clenched and unclenched in a vain attempt to lessen the agony there, showing the bare cleft of the place he had used for his pleasure.

"You are going... to learn... obedience... Anna," he said, still lashing me steadily. "Under the strap... and under the firm hand... of your husband... when the time... comes."

CHAPTER 17

Anna

I lay still, my back heaving with sobs. The doctor stopped whipping me at last.

The firm hand of my husband. I felt like an idiot and a lunatic, on top of all the pain from him whipping me, but I pictured Doctor Platonov in a tuxedo, at the end of an aisle lined with smiling faces.

What the fuck was wrong with me?

I felt his hand release my wrists, and sheer instinct made me thrust my hands back to rub my bottom, trying to soothe it and not caring for a moment what the doctor or Mr. Davidson saw. The sensation made me sob with a strange mixture of pain and relief, and to my chagrin also with the sudden building of another feeling, lower down and deeper in. I wanted to look at Tracy, because I felt certain she understood—that the most urgent reason for her compassion and her sympathy lay in this terrible part of the ordeal.

Desperate not to whimper with the warm, tingling need that had built between my thighs in an instant, I took the inside of my cheek into my teeth and chewed, so hard that I tasted blood. To keep myself from looking at Tracy I scrunched my eyes tightly closed, as my hands froze on my backside, fingers spreading instead of rubbing, trying to cover myself in response to the self-consciousness that burst in my chest at the realization of how wet I had just gotten, and how quickly.

"Did Dr. Platonov tell you you may rub, Anna?" Mrs. Fredricks asked sternly. "Take your hands away. These gentlemen will have a proper look, if they choose."

I took a gasping breath and heaved a sob with it, unable to muster any defiance in words. My hands reached for my panties, though, without even thinking about how the action itself constituted a rebellion.

"No, Anna," the doctor said, his voice stern but much less angry than the matron's. I bit

hard again on the inside of my cheek at the way his accent, his tone, and the sheer depth of his growling words affected me. "Leave your panties where they are. Stand up and go to the corner."

"A fine idea," agreed Mrs. Fredricks. "Anna, dear, the corner on the other side of the room, please. Hold your skirt up above your waist."

"Oh, no," I whispered. The command sounded to me like something from a storybook, a fairytale way of punishing a naughty girl.

"Get going, honey," the doctor said, his voice sounding a little more sympathetic. "Think about what I told you. Try to get as much benefit from the shame and pain as you can."

"And..." the matron said, clearly leading the doctor on toward something she wished me to hear from the man who had taken my virginity and corrected my disobedience.

"And," Doctor Platonov continued, "yes, Anna, I would like you to think about the effect it has on your submissive sexual responsiveness to be made to stand with your bare, whipped bottom on display. I would also like you to think about what will happen after lunch, when I supervise your visit from Mr. Davidson here, and share you with him."

I stood up, because I wanted not to think about any of that, because the responsiveness the doctor had just mentioned had seemed to flood the lower half of my body, jolting through my thighs, my knees, even my toes, as he spoke. It took every ounce of resolution I had just to keep breathing through my nose so that I wouldn't make any more humiliating noises.

With my hands in fists at my sides and my eyes fixed on the institutional gray wall-to-wall carpet, I started to walk around the table.

"What did I tell you about your skirt?" demanded Mrs. Fredricks.

I felt my face contort into a mask of angry resentment as I froze, but the mere action of stopping my movement brought a wave of pain from the welts the strap had left across my backside. I took another gasping breath through my nostrils and grabbed the fabric of the old-fashioned dress.

I couldn't stop myself from a sob, tears spilling down my cheeks, as I felt the air moving again over my bottom. I hastened into the corner, mortifyingly grateful that I couldn't see them, trying to forget them—trying to forget even Doctor Platonov.

"Now Tracy," said the matron. "Please go ahead and serve lunch. I'm sorry you won't have Anna's help."

"That's alright," said my fellow inmate of this insane 'program,' her voice subdued. I heard people sitting behind me, and then the silvery bell-like sound of the covers being lifted from the plates on the sideboard.

"Tracy," said one of the men who hadn't spoken—who must, I thought, be one of her suitors, "you had a hard time watching Anna's punishment, didn't you?"

More sounds of lunch being served reached me: silverware, now. A delicious smell of roast beef wafted to my nose. I nearly whimpered with hunger, on top of the pain and the shame.

"Yes, Mr. Johnson," Tracy responded.

Another new voice—the fourth suitor—followed up, its tone jovial and a little mocking, though not in a cruel way. Somehow I could tell that both these men liked Tracy very much, and that she liked them, too, though perhaps she felt conflicted about how their clear dominance affected her.

"And why was that, sweetheart?"

Mrs. Fredricks cut in. "Mr. Schmidt! That's not a fair question, is it? Tracy has behaved herself today, and here you are making her blush."

The serving sounds had stopped. I frowned deeply, wondering whether there was a plate for me, a place for me. A wave of pain and, right after it, a wave of wanton need, made my body jerk, and I hoped to the heavens that Doctor Platonov hadn't seen it.

Or do I hope the opposite? I bit my lip, suppressing the whimper that rose from my chest.

"Tracy, you may sit down and join us," the matron said. "Fair or not, though, Mr. Schmidt asked you a question. Why was it hard to watch Anna's whipping?"

"I..." Tracy started, and then she hesitated. I chewed the inside of my cheek, wanting her to say it, just to say it, because now that my punishment had ended I couldn't stop thinking about how they would take me back to my room, after lunch... my suitors... the doctor and the man who had promised to fuck me hard, while my doctor watched. Tracy whispered, then, and I could only just make out her words: "Please don't make me say."

"Tracy," Mrs. Fredricks admonished. "Look at Anna, please. Do you see that bottom? Do you want your bottom to look like that?"

I scrunched my eyes closed even harder, as hard as I could. I felt my hips jerk, and I knew that this time they must all be looking, and my face blazed like the sun.

"No, Mrs. Fredricks," Tracy murmured.

"That's alright," said Mr. Schmidt. "I think we know the answer."

"Very well," the matron agreed. "We do, I believe. Anna, dear, the answer is that Tracy gets aroused when she sees a naughty girl like you being whipped. Just as I am certain you are aroused, now, thinking about how Doctor Platonov taught you the lesson you had earned."

I bit my lip hard. A whining came from my chest, and my chin lowered as if of its own accord, my body enacting that movement of shame, of head-hanging, to my dismay. With another whine I realized that even that gesture of modesty had sent another tongue of flame licking between my legs. My lowered chin seemed to remind me that my panties were down and I had been made to hold my skirt up to show the blush the doctor had given my bare bottom, to match the one on my face.

"Mrs. Fredricks," Doctor Platonov said in a placating tone, "I'd like Anna to have some lunch. May she come to the table?"

The surge of gratitude and affection I felt for the man who had treated me so ambiguously—so like a doctor and so like a master, so arrogantly and yet so kindly—took me by surprise. It took all my willpower not to turn around with a puppy-doglike smile on my face, hoping to see a smile on his to match it.

"Very well," said Mrs. Fredricks. "Anna, you may pull up your panties and come sit down."

Much too aware of how indecent it looked, as well as how awkward, I reached down, trying to keep my knees together as tightly as I could, so that I wouldn't show anything as I stooped to take hold of the tangle of silky fabric. I pulled them up, and though I tried desperately not to whimper at the touch of the underwear's full seat, I did let out a tiny yelp of pain and need to feel the panties touch the terrible soreness the doctor had left with that horrible strap. I thought I heard Tracy make a tiny sound at that, a little whimper of arousal, but she must have covered it with a swallow from her water goblet, because she had the glass to her lips when I turned around at last to see.

With a deep crease on my brow, trying and failing to make my steps look natural as the twinges from my sore bottom turned them into jerky little movements, I made my way around the table to the chair between Doctor Platonov and Mr. Davidson, where Tracy had indeed set a place, and a French dip sandwich waited.

Both my suitors rose, and together they pulled out the chair, smiling at one another in a way that struck me as not quite pleasant. Heat rushed to my face, of a different sort from the mortification I had felt a moment before: the idea that two handsome men would compete for me filled me with an ambiguous pleasure—but pleasure nonetheless. Yes, they were in competition to determine who would get to fuck me whenever he pleased and whip me when I misbehaved—but also to take care of me as I had to confess I had always longed for someone to do.

I looked at the seat of the chair and saw that it had no padding; these were simple, if clearly well-made, wooden chairs. I wondered with a flash of resentment whether the New Modesty program had decreed it should be so, for the singular purpose of forcing girls like me to sit with chastised backsides on the unyielding surface.

With dread, my lower lip already between my teeth, I turned and lowered myself gingerly into the chair, to perch just at the edge. I hoped I would be able to position myself

without touching a place where the doctor had whipped me, or at least one where he hadn't used the strap over and over, as he had in the place I normally sat. But when my suitors pushed the chair in for me, the wooden surface caught me just there, and I couldn't keep down my little cry of agony.

I turned my blazing face toward my plate as I heard Mrs. Fredricks cluck in response. "That's what you get, dear," she said. "I hope it will be a long while before you talk back again."

Still looking down, I tried to adjust myself on the seat to make it less painful, squirming in the most embarrassing fashion, feeling my face work to keep back the tears of shame and discomfort.

I had my hands on the table as I moved that way. Doctor Platonov laid his big right hand over my little left one, and the very sight of it seemed to make my ordeal a bit easier. His fingers squeezed, and I turned to look into his handsome, bearded face.

"You're doing fine," he said very quietly, a smile on his lips.

A nna

The sandwich tasted so good it nearly made me cry. It was gone all too soon, and the delicious little piece of cake, too. The conversation over lunch happened mostly among the men, though all of them also seemed very interested in getting to know Tracy and me. I had to admit to myself, a little grudgingly, that the suitors' self-confidence represented a side of masculinity I hadn't ever experienced dating men my own age or even a year or two older. These suitors had things to talk about—places they'd traveled to, stories from work—and they enjoyed one another's company not in the bro-ish way Brad had seemed to enjoy hanging out with his buddies but in a more rewarding, even a more stable way.

Yes, when we rose from the table I could feel a tension between Doctor Platonov and Mr. Davidson, but not an uneasy one. I couldn't help thinking of Mr. Davidson as a mountain lion, to match my doctor's bear. Neither manly animal had any intention of backing down, nor any fear of being hurt by the other—let alone by me.

We walked from the dining room the short distance to the living quarters, past a common room where Mr. Johnson and Mr. Schmidt took Tracy to watch a movie that had come up in their conversation over lunch. I looked over my shoulder nervously, first at one man and then at the other, as we neared the door to my bedroom. I thought I could see in Doctor Platonov's smile a knowledge of the embarrassing things inside me—the thoughts and feelings about him, the things he said and the dominant way he acted. It made my tummy flip over—and it just kept flipping when I focused on Mr. Davidson for a moment, because the expression on the blond man's face seemed to say that he, too, understood that the doctor had the inside track. The lion had no intention of giving up the opportunity to share the bear's conquest, but Mr. Davidson's smile also said that he intended to respect Doctor Platonov's property rights.

That idea, flashing into my head, made me turn my burning face forward. I could hardly

believe the thought had entered my consciousness, but there it was, and the way my body responded—the way the soreness in my bottom as I walked, the feeling in my panties of having been thoroughly trained, with more rigorous, more shameful training to come—left me with few illusions about whether Doctor Platonov was right about me.

His little whore. The doctor's girl. I cast my eyes down at the carpeted floor, suddenly wanting the hallway to go on forever even though we had nearly reached the door of my bedroom.

Hardly thinking about it, my heart racing, I turned back to my suitors just as we reached the door. Fear surged through my body, making my knees tremble, along with the mortification of this degrading situation. The idea that I had earned a trip to the courtship center for remedial education of an unthinkably lewd and humiliating kind stirred a panicky dread that made me feel faint, but the reason I spoke stemmed from what that dread seemed to do elsewhere, between my waist and my knees.

"Can we... can we do this tomorrow?" I asked, my eyes darting from Doctor Platonov to Mr. Davidson. I would have focused on the doctor, since he had put himself so firmly in charge, but I could see that his decided medical opinion involved taking me into the bedroom immediately: I would get no reprieve from him. Mr. Davidson, an expert perhaps in the dominance and mastery of young women, but a man on the doctor's turf, looked a little less determined, perhaps, but the amused look he gave Doctor Platonov told me that he had no intention of delaying what he had promised me.

To take my mind off my sore bottom. I felt my face crumple, my teeth finding my lower lip, and I looked down at their shoes. Anxious tears welled up at the corners of my eyes.

"Hey," I heard the doctor's deep voice say. "Come here."

I couldn't raise my eyes, but in my peripheral vision I saw his arms open, and I went to him so that he could gather me into a hug... yes, a bear hug. It felt like I had always imagined a real bear hug would. His big right hand cradled my head against his chest.

"It's all going to work out fine," he said, his voice rumbling through my body. "You're in the right place."

His left hand came down on my bottom, but without force this time. I whimpered into his blazer as he squeezed me gently, just where he had punished me twice now, with his hand and with the horrid strap.

"You need this, honey," the doctor said. "And you need to admit to yourself that you need it. That's the hard part, and what we're going to work on now, when we get into your room. Go hug Mr. Davidson. He's going to be a great help in your training. Being shared this way represents a very important milestone for a girl like you."

The doctor released me from his arms, turning me with the hand on my bottom, so that I felt my forehead furrow half in embarrassment and half in helpless arousal. Mr. Davidson,

handsome in his own right, though much leaner than his fellow suitor, had his own arms open, and he took me into them. I could feel strong, wiry muscles enclose me as I heard the doctor open the bedroom door.

Suddenly the idea that in a few moments I would become the plaything of two men—of these two men—seemed to engulf me. The first moment of Mr. Davidson's embrace had felt strange and awkward, but now I felt like I might melt into him—like I wanted him.

His lewd words about what he meant to do to me came back to my mind, and suddenly my brain and body seemed like a jumble of disconnected wishes and sensations, confused and dismaying and shameful. I hadn't wanted Ivan Platonov the way I wanted Mr. Davidson, it seemed to me. He was my doctor: from him I wanted what a doctor gives—care and peace of mind. In my case, also, a special kind of guidance I hadn't understood I needed, and still very much wished I didn't... the firm guidance that only a big hand on a bare bottom could give, and the understanding that sometimes a man had to discipline the young woman he meant to marry.

Sometimes he needs to discipline her, and sometimes he needs to treat her like a naughty whore.

I swallowed hard as my body took over, nestling me wantonly into Mr. Davidson's arms.

Sometimes a man needs to treat the girl he means to marry like the little whore she is.

I turned my face up to the handsome blond man's face, and he knew what to do: he wasn't like Doctor Platonov, with the medical knowledge that seemed to undo me every time the doctor laid a finger on me, but Mr. Davidson had the same dominant self-assurance. He kissed me hard, shifting his hands from my back to hold my head still as he made another promise about how he intended to enjoy the doctor's girl: nice and hard.

I whimpered into his mouth as his tongue taught mine to respond the way he liked. Behind me I heard Doctor Platonov give a little chuckle, and that sound made me whimper again as the other man drew from me my body's helpless arousal. Again Mr. Davidson shifted his hands, putting one on the back of my head and moving the other down over my back until he found my bottom. He squeezed hard, there, much harder than Ivan had.

My eyes opened wide, and tears sprang from them, as I heard myself call the doctor by his first name, inside my head. The idea that I had just crossed some threshold of intimacy with the man I suddenly understood I meant to marry... that it had happened because another man—the one Ivan had decided should fuck me—had reminded me of my whipping... it changed something inside me. I froze solid, like a block of ice.

I saw the church, in my mind, with Ivan at the end of the aisle instead of Brad. I saw myself running toward the altar. I saw myself tripping over something and falling headlong, landing on the carpeted floor, on my face, nose instantly bloodied.

I heard the people in the pews laughing. One of them—my aunt, who had refused to answer the invitation to the wedding with Brad even when I had emailed her to follow up—snickered, and said to the person next to her in a theatrical whisper, “She gets spanked.”

For a moment as these horrible thoughts and pictures filled my head, and my body reacted with absolute stillness, I thought that Mr. Davidson would keep kissing me, that he would go further and use his strength, almost as great as Ivan’s—I could tell from the tension in his hands—to break me somehow, to break through, and to... to force me.

In that instant I seemed to hover above myself, and I could clearly feel the strange resistance—the same resistance I had felt in the exam room, and then on the saddle, just before the saddle malfunctioned and Ivan came in. The impression that Mr. Davidson would use his overpowering strength seemed to put me on the edge of a precipice, to make me teeter there. If he did break me...

But he drew back, for he had felt me freeze, and I knew he had the sensitivity a woman has the right to expect, especially in a man who claims to have wisdom as well as dominance—the kind of man the New Modesty program promised would court the girls it brought to towns like Emmeline.

On his face I saw a puzzled frown, tinged with a hint of frustration. He looked down into my eyes, and I returned the gaze with a confused expression of my own, the tears in my eyes clearly dismaying him, though at least he didn’t have the helpless stare of every other man in front of whom I had cried. I watched him turn his eyes to Ivan, behind me, clearly in search of guidance from my doctor.

To my astonishment, Ivan said, “Did she freeze?”

Mr. Davidson’s hands had stopped moving over my body, but he had kept them on me. As I turned wildly to look at Ivan, I felt the other man’s hands tighten on me reflexively—not to force me to keep still, or to obey him, but simply to hold me as I wriggled. Again I felt a surge of need pushing me toward the edge of the cliff, so that when I had twisted to see Ivan’s bearded face I also felt a hot blush come into my cheeks.

Ivan smiled at me, his eyes blazing with hunger and with understanding. Then he looked at Mr. Davidson.

“Kiss her again, hard,” my doctor said. “Then pick her up and carry her into her bedroom.”

My lips parted, and a sound emerged that I felt certain I had never made before: something between a gasp and a sob. Instantly, Mr. Davidson did as Ivan had suggested, turning me toward him again, not quite breaking me, truly, but also in a certain very important sense, yes, breaking me—breaking through my resistance.

I cried out into his mouth, now, because he had picked me up at the same time, using his grip on my bottom, and I remembered how I had gotten whipped in the dining room with

him standing behind me watching the doctor teach me my lesson.

“That’s it,” Ivan said. “Let’s take her inside and have some fun.”

van

Anna had surprised me, slightly, with how quickly the secondary resistance rose to the surface when Greg Davidson had started kissing her. I had urged her into his arms partly out of my lustful instinct to increase the taboo arousal that had gone straight to my cock as I felt Anna's own need for the threesome—but also out of my scientific intuition that by giving the girl to her other suitor that way I could not only progress her toward the goal of the remedial courtship program but also further the case study.

The glory of scientific research might have escaped me, but two other aims had a much greater share of my attention: helping Anna break through her resistance to her submissive sexuality and enjoying her in the company of another dominant man, as her future husband and as her new master.

When Greg had done as I advised, and I had watched my Anna—how could I think of her differently, now?—melt into his kiss again, her sobbing cry the indication of how very badly she needed this forbidden encounter, my cock had leapt against my thigh. I had to adjust my stride to follow them inside the little bedroom because of my raging erection, and as Greg tossed Anna onto her pink-comfortered bed I lost no time in starting to take off my clothes.

Neither did Greg, and Anna's lips parted, her chest heaving in evident arousal and alarm, as she propped herself up on her elbows to watch us. Her eyes went wide at the sight of Greg's hairless, muscular chest, darting over to my much hairier upper body, and then rising to meet my own gaze with a lovely pink glow suffusing her cheeks.

"Take off your dress," I said, feeling my face assume the expression of command that I simply couldn't help when I knew a young woman had come voluntarily into my power. Knowing that together—all three of us, really—we had broken through this lovely young woman's denial of what she needed made my own masculine need rage all the higher.

I could see in Anna's eyes that my face had taken on an extra measure of masterful hardness. Her hands had started to tremble, but she brought them together at the front of her dress to begin unbuttoning it.

Both Greg and I had our shirts off now. As Anna unfastened the buttons down the front of the pretty, old-fashioned dress, I saw her naughty eyes travel downward, below our belts.

Greg noticed, too.

"Do you want to see what I have for you, sweetheart?" he asked in his baritone—not as deep as my bass, I felt some satisfaction in noting, but still a dominant's voice. More important, Greg Davidson knew how to use his words and his tone to suggest just the right level of degradation to a girl like Anna. She bit her lip, her brow furling into a deep frown that made my own hips jerk in anticipation of enjoying her again.

"Yes, sir," Anna whispered. Then her eyes darted over to my face. Her brow worked, and she chewed her lip as she tried to decide how to feel or what to say. I solved the difficulty for her.

"Good girl," I told her. "It's very healthy for you to want to look at a man's penis, when your doctor says he should fuck you."

* * *

Anna

I drew a sharp, gasping breath as the heat flowed into my face once again. I kept chewing on my lower lip as I gazed back into Ivan's eyes, hardly believing that I had heard the filthy words he had just spoken. Then Mr. Davidson's commanding voice said, "Look at me, Anna."

I did, my eyes jerking over to his face, and then, because I simply could not help it, traveling down over his broad chest and his taut abdomen to where he had begun unbuckling his belt. I pursed my lips, because to my consternation my mouth had begun to water uncontrollably. I had two of the buttons on the pretty dress undone, but my fingers trembled on the third so violently that I couldn't seem to open it.

Mr. Davidson had no such trouble with his waistband. His long fingers, with fine, golden, lion-colored fur on their backs, unfastened the button and drew down the zipper, to show blue boxer briefs beneath. I caught my breath, and then gave a little whimper, as I saw the bulge there. My eyes went over to Ivan. He had done the same as the other suitor—the suitor who would not be taking me to the altar, but whom... whom...

Whom I have to serve anyway, because Ivan says so.

I kept my eyes on Ivan, because I knew I had to see his hardness first. The bulge in his black briefs was just as big as that in Mr. Davidson's. When those briefs came down, Ivan's enormous penis sprang out from its nest of dark hair, and the rigidity of the shaft that had claimed my virginity only a few hours before told me that my future fiancé... for just as I couldn't stop myself from thinking of him as Ivan, before, now I couldn't keep that wonderful future from rushing in... that he wanted this lewd scene to go this way. The idea of making me look at another man's cock turned my doctor on just as much as it stirred the wanton arousal between my legs.

"Look at Mr. Davidson's penis, now," I heard his growly voice command. My eyes went up, widening, to his face, suddenly scared that I had displeased him by looking at his cock rather than that of the man with whom he was sharing me. But I saw a smile in his eyes along with the expression of command. I bit my lip and obeyed.

Mr. Davidson had it in his hand, pumping its throbbing length up and down. The shaft of his manhood rose from a nest of curly golden hair, and his cock itself had a flesh tone so different from Ivan's that it took my breath away; nearly red where my doctor's looked much closer to brown.

"You've taught her to give head?" the blond man asked.

The heat in my face blazed up once again. I looked up into Mr. Davidson's face and saw—as I had expected, as I had perversely needed to see—that he had turned to Ivan to ask this question of my... my...

My master. My trainer.

"Well," Ivan replied. "She'd never seen a cock before this morning, so I only got to give her one lesson, but..."

My doctor, too: the man who took care of my health in this shameful way, who for my own good taught me to suck a penis. My fingers tried again to unfasten the button where they had gotten stuck, but the trembling only seemed to grow more violent.

"Girls like Anna are quick studies when it comes to fellatio. She'll take you pretty deep." As Ivan finished his degrading thought, I managed to undo the button. Beneath the fabric of the dress, I could feel the different texture of the old-fashioned torpedo bra brushing against my fingers. Like some modest young thing from a bygone era I felt a surge of shame to have my breasts' final covering exposed to masculine eyes.

I bit my lip, my heart racing at the renewed surge of arousal that still always seemed to take me by surprise when Ivan enforced another sexual humiliation on me. Would I get used to it, I suddenly wondered? Something in me didn't want to, didn't want ever to lose that blushing heat no matter how embarrassing it felt. My eyes dropped to Ivan's hard penis, moved over to Mr. Davidson's. My fingers worked on another button, and I couldn't help licking my lips though that, too, sent more hot blood to my cheeks.

Mr. Davidson chuckled. "She's a little whore, isn't she? Come here, naughty girl."

He reached for me, and I gasped in mingled alarm and need as he took hold of my chest underneath my arms and drew me toward him, toward his hard cock, freed from his hand and hovering huge and menacing and now very close.

"Stand up," the blond man said. He enforced the words even as he spoke them. "Let's get this dress off, and then you'll kneel and have your second cock-sucking lesson."

Ivan took care of the dress. As I faced Mr. Davidson, I felt him grasp the hem, by my calves, and draw the skirt up, up as Mr. Davidson raised my arms above my head so that the dress came right off and I stood in the old-fashioned lingerie, the garter belt and the suspenders and the nylons and the silky full-seated panties, in front of the naked men who meant to enjoy me.

Mr. Davidson lowered my arms, his huge hands on my elbows. I drew a gasping breath at the feeling of control his strength imparted, the renewed knowledge that he could break me, if he used too much of his muscular power. As if he didn't care at all about what I thought of the matter, he moved his right hand to press on my shoulder.

"Down," he said.

As if he were issuing a command to a...

To a dog. I gasped again, my face crumpling in shame. To a female dog.

The shame grew hotter as I felt how the word affected me between my thighs. He knew—Mr. Davidson knew just as thoroughly as Ivan did—how it affected me.

Little whore. Naughty girl.

Female dog.

My wobbly knees gave out, and the blond man guided me downward into a kneeling position in front of him. I felt Ivan's hands, too, ensuring I didn't fall, and I whimpered to have four hands—four huge, strong, firm hands on my nearly naked body—positioning me to provide sexual service of the most degrading kind.

Mr. Davidson had one hand on the back of my head and one hand on his cock. I looked up into his fair-skinned face, my brow deeply creased and my eyes, I knew, saying two things without words—two things that couldn't have been said simultaneously in words, because they were completely opposite in meaning.

Please don't make me.

Please make me.

"Open your mouth, honey," Ivan said. "First Mr. Davidson's cock, and then mine."

I pursed my lips and whimpered through them. Please don't make me.

I saw in the blond man's face that he understood; he understood how to treat me... roughly and arrogantly when he had to, to get what he wanted. I took a gasping little breath, and turned my head to look up into Ivan's eyes, because I had to know if he understood that same thing—how to make a girl do what she needed to do, to be a good girl for him... for his hard cock... for his pleasure.

Ivan's dark blue eyes, such a contrast with Mr. Davidson's lighter ones, said the same thing, and they seemed to me to say it even more strongly. Perhaps because of his medical training? Perhaps because of how he had already shown he knew how to spank me, and to whip me, when the time came for my training?

But he shook his head, his eyes hard.

"Make her," he told Mr. Davidson.

I let out a sob. For a brief moment, I felt the strange refusal building—the idea that I shouldn't be here, shouldn't do this... that it wasn't me, and I had to stop.

My eyes went wide as I realized that Ivan had anticipated that reaction. He had said make her because my doctor knew how to teach me my sexual lessons, no matter how humiliating they might be.

I turned my head and I opened my mouth, even as another whining sob broke from my chest. Again I saw Mr. Davidson's hard penis, and I felt my hips buck as a wanton spasm of arousal traveled through my lower body.

As my other suitor guided the enormous shaft of his manhood into my mouth, Ivan said, "Good girl. We're making progress."

CHAPTER 20

A nna

Mr. Davidson made a sound of satisfaction deep in his chest. With both his hands on my head he thrust further, so that I whimpered around the cock, made to take him more fully than I thought a good girl ever should.

"Such progress," Ivan said. "Fuck that face, Greg. She needs to learn."

Between my legs, in my silky, old-fashioned panties, I felt my pussy clench again, and I felt myself flowing with submissive arousal. Mr. Davidson, to my mingled dismay and helpless pleasure, did as my doctor had advised. He held my head still and he thrust in and out of my mouth with his hot, rigid penis. I felt as much as heard the grunt of satisfaction he emitted at finding my struggling lips and tongue so obedient.

"She's learning," he confirmed in a growl. "She's taking me nice and deep."

His golden-haired lap moved back and forth as he enjoyed me. My face blazed with shame to feel that he had reduced me to a hole for fucking, and I closed my eyes as if I could deny the reality of it—and the reality of the need it generated between my thighs.

"Let me try," Ivan said. His hands had left me after they had forced me to my knees, but now I felt one on my head, joining Mr. Davidson's. I opened my eyes again as the blond man pulled his manhood out of my mouth and turned my face, relinquishing me to my master. Ivan put his other hand under my chin, cupping it to hold my mouth open.

For a moment I saw his darker cock in front of me and then he had sheathed himself between my lips and begun to fuck me there hard and fast.

"Go ahead and take this naughty girl's panties down," he instructed Mr. Davidson. "Let's see how that whipped bottom is doing."

That made me cry out around the thrusting shaft, and I cried out again as the blond man,

behind me now, obeyed. He pulled my panties down to the tops of the nylons, and I felt the air moving over the welts Ivan had made with the horrible strap.

"Look at that," Mr. Davidson said admiringly. "You taught her a real lesson, didn't you?"

"She's got another one coming in just a little while," Ivan replied, his voice thick with the pleasure my mouth provided. "I promised I would fuck her in the ass next time."

I scrunched my eyes closed. The mixture of shame and need grew so great that I felt sure I couldn't bear it, and would simply faint, but though I seemed to float above the scene I remained conscious—and the arousal, the ache between my thighs only grew. Mr. Davidson had made a promise, hadn't he? Just as Ivan had made the much more alarming promise about my bottom-hole?

"Is that part of her therapy?" the blond man asked. I whimpered as I felt his hand on my punished bottom, fondling me there, running a finger between the sore cheeks. Ivan stopped thrusting in my mouth, but he held me in place with the head of his penis still firmly placed on my tongue and the shaft still big between my lips. I gave a startled cry as a fingertip pressed against my tiny ring, pushing in gently.

"Absolutely," Ivan confirmed. "Look at me, Anna."

I obeyed, feeling my eyes go very wide as I raised them to meet his gaze. The sight of his hungry eyes, their dominance and their kindness—and their desire for me—so clear, made me press back against Mr. Davidson's hand, desperate for more. Chuckling, the blond man indulged me, sliding his other hand between my thighs to rub my clit so that I cried out around Ivan's cock and suckled at it desperately, as if to show I would be a good girl if only my master would tell the other man to keep his promise... to fuck me nice and hard.

I thought Ivan meant to speak to me, for a moment, but though he kept his eyes locked on mine, he addressed the other man.

"Anna here has a very special kind of challenge, when it comes to learning to be a good little whore for her husband."

I felt my breathing speed up, so that I practically panted around the hardness in my mouth. I tried to make my mouth even more attentive to Ivan's pleasure, even softer for the cock to enjoy my submission. I didn't know why, really, but hearing that the man who had claimed my virginity understood my needs better than I did myself seemed to increase those needs to a fever pitch.

I did have a challenge: Ivan had known that even before I did. He had known it, I saw now, in the examination room, when I had taken longer than he had expected to reach my second orgasm. I remembered what that had felt like, how he had used the dildo just inside my pussy, how when it had finally happened the ecstasy had nearly undone me. My womb ached, now—for his cock, the one in my mouth... or for any other cock that my

doctor decided should go inside me and pound me nice and hard.

He moved in an unexpected way, keeping his hand on my cheek as if to reassure me that he didn't mean to deprive me of having his hard penis in my mouth. He reached behind him and I realized he had grabbed the stool behind the humiliating saddle—the one he had sat in when he took me for the first time. I felt him reposition it, and then I felt him sitting down in it, so that, since he kept his cock in my mouth, I had to bend, too.

Gently he guided my hands and elbows downward to rest on the stool, beside his thighs.

"Get that bottom up, Anna," he murmured. "Mr. Davidson is going to fuck you now."

I mewled around my master's cock. I felt my hips jerk even as I also felt a tiny spark of resistance to Ivan's command. I pushed my hips down instead of up.

"There it is again," Ivan told the other man, the man he had invited to enjoy my pussy with his long, red penis. "It's called secondary resistance, and Anna's got a particularly interesting case of it. Just raise her backside up and tease her a bit with your cock. Then she's going to beg for it."

I wanted to say, "Oh, no," but my mouth was full of my master's manhood, so the only thing that emerged was a sob. I felt Mr. Davidson's hands on my hips, and I couldn't help it: I raised them up myself.

The blond man chuckled. "Looks like begging to me," he said.

I looked up, to see that Ivan had leaned back so that he could return my gaze. He had a smile on his face that made my heart beat like a drum.

"Not quite," he murmured. He stroked my cheek with the backs of his knuckles. "She'll use her words in a moment."

I felt the head of the other man's cock, against my clit, first, so that I moaned as I sucked, then farther back, gently, just the head inside the sheath that needed filling so very badly. The moan became a whimper. The penis withdrew, ran between my private lips, rubbed against my clit again.

Oh, no, I thought, because I knew precisely what would happen now... because Ivan understood me so well and because I knew exactly what I needed, since it represented the most humiliating possible thing and—for a little whore like me, a female dog like me—also the hottest.

With his fingers twined in my hair, Ivan pulled me off his cock and tilted my head back so that he could look me in my eyes.

"Beg for both cocks," he said, his dark blue eyes gleaming with dominance and sexual need of his own. "And beg for your master's cock in your anus, while you're at it, whore."

"Oh, my God," I whispered. "Please..."

It had a name, now, the thing that rose in my mind, the threat that tried to stop my pleasure. Secondary resistance. I could feel it rising.

But Mr. Davidson clearly understood what Ivan had told him as if by instinct. I felt him move his cock again, run it up toward the hole where my body felt so desperate for more, and then back down again.

"Oh, God... I... please... please... both of them..." Inside, I felt like the floodgates of shame and arousal had opened. "Both of them... inside me. Anything. Anything. My... my anus... both of you..."

I felt my face turn red even as I realized that I meant it, the most shameful thing. I meant it. This morning I had been a virgin who had left her fiancé at the altar. Now I wanted only to be the doctor's girl... the doctor's little whore... the doctor's female dog.

Then I cried out, because Mr. Davidson had taken hold of my hips and thrust in so hard I thought I would faint. His lap came up painfully against my whipped bottom-cheeks, and instinctively I tried to move away, but his big hands held me fast, impaled on his rigid manhood, and they kept me there as he began to ride me.

I looked up into Ivan's eyes. He smiled, somehow both gently and very, very dominantly, and he moved his hands to cradle my head. I thought he would put my mouth back on his cock, and I didn't know how I could do it, so soon after the other man had started to fuck me so hard, but he understood that, too: Ivan turned my face gently and rested my cheek against his thigh, so that his huge penis stood right in front of my eyes, throbbing visibly as each thrust from Mr. Davidson moved me against my master.

A new cry broke from my throat every time I felt myself filled anew, felt my bottom held atop the blond man's taut lap with the welts from the strap reminding me of my naughtiness. I moved my head forward a little, because I had to kiss Ivan's manhood. I planted my lips on it, timidly, as the other man, stooping over me, took his pleasure hard and fast, grunting a little now with the sheer physical effort. Ivan murmured in satisfaction.

"Good girl. Suck it now."

I whimpered as my doctor helped me do the shameful thing. He guided my mouth up and over a little, and I had to take both cocks at once, sobbing at how it made the pleasure travel through my whole body like lightning. On my elbows I did my best to please my master while another suitor had his dominant way in my pussy. My hips wanted to move back against him, seeking more pleasure as I felt an enormous orgasm start to build inside me, but Mr. Davidson forbid it, holding my waist in place and using my pussy to make himself feel good according to his own pleasure.

"Oh, so tight," he said. "Such a nice cunt."

It made me come, and keep coming. The c-word. The shame from how it affected me,

and the soreness of my bottom, and the idea of having two penises inside me... my face blazed with heat, and I came deep inside my womb. Climax after climax ripped through me, so that I hardly knew what was happening when Ivan lifted my mouth from his cock and Mr. Davidson pulled his own manhood out of my pussy.

Then I gave a startled cry as I felt my doctor pick me up off the floor completely. I clung to him, my eyes widening a little at the strength I felt in his arms and chest while an aftershock of my orgasms made me sob with need for more—more submission, more shame, more of both hard cocks inside my wanton body.

Ivan turned me over, and I saw that Mr. Davidson had lain down on his back, on the bed. He had his erect shaft in his hand. I could see it glisten with my pussy's desperate need, and as Ivan carried me toward it I understood I was about to get just what I wanted. My heart jumped with alarm even as I clenched between my legs.

"You're going to ride," Ivan growled in my ear. "Just like on the saddle. But Greg's cock isn't going to malfunction... I promise."

CHAPTER 21

A nna

I looked over at the shameful saddle, still there on the floor in front of the video screen. Suddenly my whole body seemed to flash with a heat that seemed a perfect combination of shame and arousal: I understood that the thing Ivan had just told Mr. Davidson about—the secondary resistance—had broken the orientation program.

And then my doctor—who must have watched me on the saddle somehow...
He had decided that he needed... that he wanted...

I felt my face crumple into a mask of arousal as my eyes shifted to the different sort of saddle—no, the lion with whom my bear had decided to share me, on the same day he had taken my virginity and spanked me and whipped me. Mr. Davidson's cock stood straight up, and he gazed at me with narrow eyes and a lustful smile on his face.

For a moment, my heart jumping with alarm, I felt the resistance take shape again. Something in my mind and my heart let it happen, because I understood that it made me special—even that it had brought Ivan into my bedroom to teach me the lesson I deserved. I tensed, and I struggled a little in his strong arms. A whimpering came from my throat.

"Please," I whispered, thinking about what they meant to do to me, the lion and the bear—the way they meant to have me now, taking their pleasure in my body, impaled between them. "Maybe... maybe later..."

"Shh, honey," Ivan murmured, easily overcoming my body's resistance and beginning to bend me, in the air, into the straddling posture I would have to assume when he lowered me onto Mr. Davidson's waiting manhood. "This is going to feel a little overwhelming, but you know you need it."

He moved me toward the other man's lap, the rigid penis jutting out of its nest of golden

hair. Mr. Davidson reached one hand up to grasp my waist and guide me downward. I sobbed, my hips jerking, as I felt the head of his cock, well-lubricated already by the juices that I could feel gathering again in my pussy.

My knees went to either side of Mr. Davidson's muscular hips, resting on the bed. Slowly Ivan lowered me further, pressing on my shoulders to make me take the other man's hardness into the slick sheath of my vagina. My hands rested on the hairless chest of the man who reminded me so much of a lion, and he took firm hold of my hips, compelling me to start riding, to take him deep into my pussy.

I closed my eyes, a whimpering cry emerging from my chest as I felt how much it felt like the saddle, and yet how very different it felt, too. I bounced desperately, an orgasm immediately close to the surface.

But I felt Mr. Davidson hold me still, then, only the head of his cock still inside my pussy, and I heard Ivan say, "Put your hands back, Anna, and spread your bottom-cheeks for me. I'm going to fuck you there now."

I gasped as I felt him enforce the command, reaching around to seize my wrists and bend them behind me, to make my fingers grasp my whipped bottom, the little cheeks he had punished over the dining room table. With a little cry of shame and discomfort, I squeezed them and spread them and felt the exposure of the tiny ring. I hung my head and concentrated on the way Mr. Davidson held me in place—the way he gave me no choice about the training I must receive from my doctor and the man with whom he had shared me.

Ivan's fingers, slick with lube, touched me in my most private place. My whole body jerked with the wanton, wicked need that the touch brought. The fingertips pushed in, and I cried out.

"Shh, honey," Ivan murmured in my ear. "Just relax. Your bottom knows how to do this."

With a hot face, I understood what he meant, and then the heat grew even greater as I did what his probing fingers commanded, pushing a little to open myself there.

"Good girl," Ivan said.

"That's nice," Mr. Davidson said. "She clenched just then, too."

"Oh, God," I whispered, my eyes opening to see the smiling face of the man underneath me. "Oh... please."

I felt the head of Ivan's cock, up against the little hole. I did it again, feeling terribly, terribly naughty, and then my master's manhood had entered, beginning to stretch me much too wide, to fill me much too full.

I cried out, grasping my bottom-cheeks harder, suddenly wanting to feel the soreness there, because it seemed to add to the pleasure... the super-pleasure... the hyper-

pleasure...

The first orgasm broke over me like a giant wave. I shuddered uncontrollably as they began to lower me and to fill me at the same time. With my hands still spreading my backside to offer it to Ivan, I rode, and they rode me, suspended between them as their naughty whore, their little plaything.

Ivan had one hand on my shoulder while the other, reaching around in front of me, fondled my little breasts, weighing them gently and then pinching the nipples with a skill that must have come from anatomical knowledge. Mr. Davidson held my hips in an iron grip so that he could thrust up into my pussy while Ivan timed his thrusts in my bottom to the same rhythm.

When I felt their pace increase, the bestial urgency matching bear to lion and cock to cock, I thought I might pass out. Ivan moved my hands from my bottom and put them on Mr. Davidson's chest. He took hold of my hips while the other man reached up and took firm hold of my breasts. Then they rode me hard, as I cried out, unable to do anything but serve them and come, until they, too, climaxed inside me at the same time.

* * *

The next day, I had to do the same kind of homework I had heard Tracy doing in her bedroom, when I had walked by. The same female voice as on the orientation video guided me as I rode the saddle to the three orgasms the program had decided I should have. I still blushed very hard, but I thought about Ivan—and then, after my third climax, he came into the room and fucked me in each of the holes where I needed him to have his way so very badly.

Lying in bed afterward, with his strong, naked body behind me as he held me tight against him, he murmured into my ear, "If you consent, Anna, you could help a lot of young women like you come to terms with their sexual needs."

I frowned. I tilted my chin down so that I could kiss the big hand that he had put gently around my throat; a casually dominant, possessive gesture that made my heart leap with what I couldn't deny was love for him, my doctor. I could smell my own wantonness on his fingers as I kissed, thought about what he had just said, and blushed.

"You mean, like as a... case study, or something?" I asked, venturing a guess and hoping not to sound silly.

"Exactly," Ivan replied. My chest filled with sudden pride at the warmth in his voice—I knew then that he felt it too, the love that had sprung up between us so unexpectedly, perhaps the very moment he had taken me over his knee in his exam room. "I won't be the author, but Doctor Roscommon..."

"Who?" I asked, confused.

"He's my boss," Ivan told me. "The head of medicine for this region of the New Modesty. I can't be the author, because..."

I understood, I thought, and it made me widen my eyes.

"Because you... intervened?" I asked.

"That's right. And because..."

Again he hesitated, which seemed so uncharacteristic that my heart beat faster.

"Anna," he said, starting again, his voice very grave now. I couldn't help squirming my bottom against his lap, because I suddenly wanted to feel how my sore cheeks reminded me of the shameful training he had given me there. I bit my lip when I felt how his cock, dormant just a moment before, stiffened against me, rising to push a bit right into the place where he had enjoyed me so thoroughly after my lesson in the saddle.

Ivan chuckled. He moved his hand down between my thighs to rub me there, to open me there so that he could slide gently inside me, while I whimpered with need. He kissed the back of my neck, then, breathed into my ear in a deep growl as he began to thrust slowly but with great authority.

"I love you, so I can't be the author, because I want you to be my wife."

"Oh, God," I whispered. I took the hand between his thighs, and Ivan let me bring it to my mouth again so I could suckle at the fingers the way I had learned to suckle at his hard cock—the hard cock inside me.

"Good girl," he growled, thrusting harder, so that I again felt the lingering soreness that reminded me of his dominance. "What do you say? Should I keep training you? Will you help other girls with secondary resistance? Will you marry me?"

All the questions should have confused me—at least part of my mind told me that they should, and they would have before I had begun my remedial courtship training. I saw, though, how it all lined up. Ivan had given up his chance to author the big paper because he had fallen in love with me, and it filled my heart with joy and love for him—as full as his hard manhood filled my pussy, over and over.

For a moment, I saw it from outside myself—I imagined Mrs. Fredricks in the hallway, listening to me cry out under the cock of the man I loved. I saw the picture in my mind's eye not because it came unbidden to stop the fulfillment of my erotic need, but because I had reached for it... because it made me feel so naughty, and aroused me even more.

I blushed as I felt the pleasure filling me, down there, with every thrust of Ivan's rigid shaft, but my blush made the ecstasy rise even higher.

"Yes," I sobbed, starting to come.

The End

AFTERWORD

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