

# Paula and her Professor

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## Chapter One

Paula had no idea what she was getting herself into when she challenged her psychology course tutor's assertion that hostages in a long-term kidnap situation occasionally found themselves becoming so sympathetic to their captors' political views and even forming such close emotional attachments, that they had been known to resist the efforts of rescuers to free them.

She found the whole idea of what he called, "The Stockholm Syndrome" so bizarre and far-fetched that she made the mistake of calling his knowledge and expertise into question.

Professor Goss, her tutor, hid his annoyance at her skepticism, but after the lecture, he asked her to remain behind to discuss the matter further.

Unlike the others in his class, Paula was a mature student of twenty-six with a shapely figure, long blonde hair and blue eyes and ever since she had enrolled in his course almost a year before, he had been so strongly attracted to her that it bordered on an obsession.

Unfortunately, she did not appear to share his feelings and he had not yet managed to find a way to move beyond the usual tutor and student working relationship, to the much closer and far more personal level that he wanted.

In a long, intense one-to-one debate after the lecture, Professor Goss argued strongly for his case, but she would not be moved, contending that no woman in her right mind would ever take the side of someone who had kidnapped her and subjected her to captivity.

It didn't take long for him to see that mere words would never succeed in changing Paula's mind and as he watched her animated face and gestures as she tried to convince him that she was right and he was wrong, he began to realize that the only sure way to settle the matter once and for all, was to persuade her to subject the disputed theory to a practical test.

Continuing to listen to her arguments with only half of his brain, he let the seeds of an outrageously daring plan take root and flourish in the other half.

Paula's deeply-held opinions might just give him the opportunity he had been looking for and as a scenario began to unfold in his mind, he knew that no matter how great the risks involved, the prize for success was far too tempting to ignore.

His agile mind raced at top speed, sketching the broad outline and then filling-in the details of what would be required to implement a plan that he was convinced would overturn her arguments and prove to her that her opinions were entirely mistaken.

And, not entirely coincidentally, have the considerable added benefit...for him at least...of placing Paula into a situation where her curvaceous body would be entirely at his disposal for an extended period – just as he had imagined and dreamed of since first seeing her walk into his lecture-class.

If...and it was a very large if...he could persuade her to take part without raising her suspicions about his real motives and objective.

"Well, it seems to me, Ms. Bailey, that we have reached an impasse," he smiled warmly, "I cannot seem to persuade you that the Syndrome exists and you have not convinced me that it does not. Therefore, the only logical way to go forward is to carry out a live experiment. The summer break begins next month, so if you have no other plans, I suggest you permit me to set up a real-life scenario where you and I can investigate the truth of the matter."

"I don't see how," Paula responded, "you can't very well have me kidnapped just to see what happens, can you?"

"Not exactly kidnapping, no," he agreed slowly. "However, it would be possible for me to borrow a small research facility I know of where it would be perfectly feasible for us to simulate the conditions of a genuine kidnapping."

Paula's lower jaw dropped as he hurried on, "It's only a small place, but it does have comfortable accommodation and excellent facilities for our research, including a laboratory, computers of course and even an underground testing room that would make a very secure cell. If you were to agree to play the part of hostage to my kidnapper, I could arrange for us to have sole use of it for the entire period of the summer break, which would give us a realistic period of experimentation."

For almost a full ten seconds, she simply gazed at him in dumbstruck amazement, unable to believe that such an incredible suggestion should have come from a man she had always thought of as a rather shy and inoffensive "nerd" – albeit quite good-looking in a "bookish" way.

"You mean," she gasped at last, "you want me to let you kidnap me and keep me locked up for the whole summer, just to settle a silly argument?"

He frowned. "I do not consider the pursuit of knowledge, silly," he replied frostily, "such an experiment would enable us to discover the truth and that is, after all, why we are both here on campus. While I am fully prepared to back my beliefs with my time and effort, it seems that you are not. So, if you do not wish to avail yourself of my suggestion and put your arguments to the test, then I fear we have nothing further to discuss. I wish you a good day, Ms. Bailey."

Paula felt her cheeks redden at his curt dismissal, her embarrassment and anger at his assumption that she was not fully committed to her views outweighing her usual common-sense and understandably cautious view of what he had suggested, "I didn't say I wouldn't agree," she snapped waspishly, "I'm just as convinced of my opinions as you are of yours. I still say that your lecture today was complete nonsense and I'm not backing down. I do have other plans for the break, but if necessary, I can easily change them. Naturally, I would prefer not to spend the summer locked in a cell in order to prove to you that I'm right, but if that's what it takes, then I will. You're on, Professor Goss, and we'll see who's right, won't we?"

Professor Goss gave a nod and smiled, "Well said, Ms. Bailey," he replied approvingly, concealing his surprise and delight that she had accepted his spur-of-the-moment plan rather than angrily rejecting it as he had fully expected she would, "You clearly have real spirit and commitment to your hypothesis and I apologize for doubting it. So it seems we are agreed then. I shall make all the arrangements at once, for our experiment to begin immediately after the final lectures of the spring. I suggest we meet at my house at four o'clock on that day, at which time, you will begin your period of captivity. I take it that is acceptable?"

Paula hesitated, realizing that their heated discussion had spiraled out of control and led her into accepting a challenge she didn't even know if she was equipped to handle and which would mean cancellation of the relaxing holiday she had been looking forward to taking.

It certainly wasn't what she had intended or expected, but she wasn't about to give him the satisfaction of seeing her back down.

Taking a deep breath, she tossed her head as if to demonstrate a nonchalant confidence she definitely did not feel, "That will be perfectly acceptable," she stated coldly, "I'll be there, but don't expect me to be a timid little mouse."

"Of course not," he agreed. "Although hostages are generally frightened of what has happened and of their kidnappers, many attempt to make some form of resistance and even seek

to escape. I would expect nothing less from you and will do my utmost to play my part as thoroughly as you clearly intend to play yours. I am sure we will both learn a great deal from this experience and I am indebted to you, my dear. It promises to be an interesting and most instructive summer, don't you think?"

Walking away from the lecture room where she had just entered into the strangest and most bizarre agreement she had ever imagined, Paula didn't know what to think.

Professor Goss's challenge had come as a complete surprise to her and she knew she should have taken time to think through the implications before impetuously agreeing to accept it.

But she had been too carried-away and convinced by her own arguments to stop and give proper consideration to her decision and now she was stuck with it.

She respected Professor Goss for his knowledge, of course, but had never really thought of him as a man.

It wasn't that he was unattractive or even particularly old...late thirties or very early forties perhaps and in very good shape...but, well, he was a Professor and it simply hadn't occurred to her that he might have any other life than the one she saw every day on the campus.

He was single, she knew that, but she hadn't heard of any relationships or girlfriends and there certainly hadn't been any of the rumors that were often associated with older men working alongside young female students.

Just the opposite in fact, because although several of the other girls in her class had made it quite plain that they definitely found him sexually attractive and tried to flirt, he had always remained a perfect gentleman, polite and courteous and totally professional, somehow managing to refuse their advances in a way that didn't hurt their feelings and retained their confidence and trust.

Maybe he was gay...?

It might be best if he was, if she was going to spend all summer working with him on their experiment.

Obviously he couldn't really mean to keep her locked in a cell, of course.

Not all the time.

She definitely wouldn't put up with that.

It might be a valuable experiment, but Paula had no intention of letting things get that far out of hand and anyway, how could she assist him if she was locked up?

It was an exciting idea, though, being locked up as a helpless prisoner and at the mercy of Professor Goss.

In an odd sort of way, she was quite looking forward to it.

Especially if it turned out that he wasn't gay.....

She smiled and shook her head at her foolish imaginings, reminding herself that she was not some love-struck teenager sneaking off for an illicit rendezvous with her boyfriend.

The experiment he had suggested was a serious scientific investigation and that was all it was...no matter how odd it might appear to anyone else.

As befitted a serious investigation, she would remain cool and detached and unemotional and most definitely not permit any form of physical involvement to develop between herself and Professor Goss.

Unless, of course, she chose otherwise...

It was a sound, logical and eminently practical response to a highly-unusual situation and provided Paula with a reassuring sense of security, but unfortunately, it couldn't possibly take

into account the fact that, unknown to her, Professor Goss had radically-different plans for the part she would find herself playing in the summer-long experiment. Or that her confidence in her own ability to stay calm and in control, whatever the situation, would turn out to be totally unjustified.

## Chapter Two

The last day of spring term was over, the last lecture given and the campus was virtually deserted when Professor Goss opened his front door to admit a rather nervous Paula.

“Come in, Paula. May I call you that? Good. Would you care for a drink before we get ready to begin?”

While she sipped from a tall crystal glass and Professor Goss outlined what he had in mind, a shiver of excitement rippled through Paula’s slim frame to the realization that he intended to make the experiment as realistic as possible by not only locking her into the cellar under the research facility, but also by putting her into bondage.

It was the first time he had mentioned tying her up and when he explained that a real hostage would invariably be restrained to prevent any possibility of escape, Paula began to wonder quite how far he was going to go in the pursuit of realism.

She had never been bound in her whole life and when it dawned on her that once she was helpless, he would be in total control and she would be unable to resist, she felt a delicious tingle of fear and became embarrassingly aware of a hot wetness between her thighs.

Despite herself, she couldn’t help but wonder how it would feel to be so completely at his mercy and to know that he could do anything he wished to her.

She stole a glance at him and wasn’t sure whether to be relieved or disappointed to see that he appeared to be completely calm and unemotional, as if totally focused on the details of the experiment and unaware of the erotic possibilities of having a young and attractive female tied up and at his disposal for several weeks.

Doing her best to match his professionalism, she tried to suppress her own unwanted feelings of arousal. He set down his glass and asked, “Well, Paula, are you ready to begin our test?”

She took a deep breath and replied as casually as she could, “Yes, of course, Professor. How do you suggest we start?”

With an apologetic smile, he took a typed sheet of paper and offered it to her, “I am afraid the first requirement is your signature,” he said. “This note is confirmation of our agreement, stating that you are a willing participant in our experiment and have not been coerced or otherwise intimidated into accepting your role as hostage. By signing it, you absolve me of any possibility of being charged with kidnap or other offences and declare that you accept full responsibility for your actions and any consequences both before, during, or even after the term of the experiment. Please read it and if you are willing to go on, sign and date at the bottom.”

Paula took the sheet and scanned it briefly, unwilling to embarrass either him or herself by checking every detail as if she didn’t trust him.

As far as she could tell from her cursory reading, it said pretty much what he had told her, that she was willing, he hadn’t forced her, she agreed to become his hostage of her own free will and gave him authority to run tests as he saw fit, the experiment to be completed by the end of summer break, if not concluded earlier.

It seemed OK and she took the pen he offered, signing and dating the form before handing it back to him and trying to hide the thrilling anticipation that made her hand tremble slightly as she committed herself to becoming his helpless prisoner.

He nodded, “Excellent, my dear. Thank you. Now, I have taken the liberty of providing a change of clothing for you. Something rather more suitable than your current apparel and much more practical for the sort of tests we will be performing. You’ll find it in the bedroom down the

hall, so if you would care to change, I will prepare everything here. Just leave all of your own clothes on the bed and come back when you're finished."

The gleaming black, skin-tight rubber suit was a real surprise to Paula and for a moment her resolve weakened as she realized that the stretchy material would hug every curve and hollow of her body.

Wearing it, she would be displayed almost as if she were stark naked and she felt her face burn with a mixture of guilty shame, undeniable arousal and intense curiosity as she imagined how she would look to his eyes with her breasts and buttocks and thighs molded by the polished rubber.

Perhaps she should have asked exactly what sort of "tests" he had in mind before agreeing, but if she started raising objections now, it would look as though she had lost her nerve and was having doubts about the validity of her arguments.

Her pride would not let him have such an easy victory and even though she couldn't help but wonder what she was letting herself in for, she was stubbornly determined to go through with it.

She was going to prove to him that she was just as academically rigorous as he was and if that meant wearing the strange suit, then wear it she would.

After all, he was a senior and highly-esteemed Professor with an unblemished reputation and impeccable credentials in his field of expertise. Someone who would surely never use his respected status to perpetrate anything underhand?

Reassured by her own reasoning, Paula stripped off her clothing and underwear and laid them on the bed, then, naked, inspected the suit more thoroughly prior to putting it on.

The first things she noticed were the astonishing built-in boots that formed the lower section of each leg and terminated in blunt-toed, ballet-style boots with impossibly high arches and heels a good seven inches in height.

The instant she saw them, Paula knew that walking in them would be a difficult, precarious and uncomfortable activity.

Running or any sort of quick movement would be completely impossible and as she realized that they were a highly-effective form of bondage in themselves, she gulped in nervous fascination, understanding that Professor Goss was leaving nothing to chance.

As his volunteer "hostage" she was to be given no easy way of making a successful escape and if she was to free herself before he brought the experiment to an end, she was going to have to work hard for it.

His reputation for thoroughness and attention to detail was clearly no accident and Paula felt her belly swirl with unexpected warmth as she tried to envisage what other preparations he might have made to achieve the "realism" he demanded in his work and that of his students.

Surprise number two came when she lifted the rubber flaps that were the only flaws marring the polished sheen of the suit and found three nylon zips.

One at the tip of each molded breast-cup and a much longer double-ended one running from the rear of the stiffened collar down the spine and between the legs to a point three inches below where her navel would be.

Her face reddened to the thought that her nipples and sex could be made available at any time, even if she was to be tightly bound and as she imagined the zips being slid open to provide unhindered access to her most-private and sensitive areas, the wet heat between her thighs grew hotter still.

The rational part of her brain tried to convince her that Professor Goss was not the sort of man who would ever do such a thing to her against her will...but the emotional, primitive part that lurks in the dark recesses of every human mind, responded to the possibility with immediate sexual excitement, stiffening her nipples and releasing a slick of juices to coat her sex in preparation for love-making.

Ashamed of her instinctive arousal, Paula struggled to regain control of her traitorous body, crushing back thoughts of sexual pleasure with Professor Goss until she was able to re-establish some semblance of normality and make herself believe that she was once again the sensible, logical, level-headed woman she had always thought herself to be.

"I am not a real prisoner," she told herself aloud, "and he is not my real captor. I can handle this and I will handle this without letting these crazy feelings get the better of me. Get a grip, girl. It's not real. It's only an experiment and we both know that."

Then she began to put on the suit, doing her best to ignore the sensual pleasure that set every nerve-ending in her skin tingling with delicious pleasure as the supple rubber enveloped her in a tight, warm cocoon, holding every inch of her body in a firm grip as it molded itself to her smooth curves.

Just as she had feared, the ballet-boots did indeed force her feet onto the tips of her toes and triggered an immediate sharp ache in her calves as her legs became an almost straight line from toes to groin...but as she saw herself in the mirror and marveled at the gleaming picture of displayed femininity she had become, Paula knew that she had never looked better or more desirable.

When she eventually returned to the sitting-room, Professor Goss's reaction was everything she could have hoped.

For almost a minute, he stared at her in speechless appreciation.

"You look...incredible...beautiful...superb..." he breathed at last, then chuckled. "If I really had kidnapped you, I would forego the ransom and keep you for myself, my dear."

Paula smiled in embarrassed pleasure, "Well... Thank you, Professor. It's... really nice of you to say so."

"Oh, I meant it, Paula," he told her. "You would make any man want you, looking as you do now. Surely you know that?"

Paula flushed, but before she could think of an answer, he hurried on, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you, true though it is. Tell me, how do you like the suit?"

"It's wonderful," she replied eagerly, her eyes sparkling, "I love how it holds me and makes me look and feel. But...well...the boots are a bit much."

"Mmm, yes. They are rather high, aren't they?" he agreed cheerfully. "Still, you seem to be managing and I'm sure you'll get used to them after a while."

Paula was by no means so sure, but any doubts she might have expressed were lost as he turned to pick up a long tube of glistening black leather with a double row of lacing eyes spaced all along it. "Turn around, please and place the palms of your hands together behind your back as if you were praying."

She hesitated, realizing at once what the leather tube was for, then took a deep breath and complied.

Even as she did as he asked, she was tempted to ask if it was really necessary to tie her up, but before she could, a broad strap tightened around her wrists and she knew it was already too late.



With her wrists buckled together, she no longer had any option but to accept his wishes.

Eye by eye, he pulled the laces tight, working upwards from the tips of her fingers, the leather clamping her hands into the prayer position until she couldn't move her fingers a fraction, then rising to her wrists and forearms and higher still, all the way to a point well above her elbows.

It was uncomfortable, stressful...and frighteningly efficient, for as the leather tightened, her arms were welded into a single, totally immobilized column that left her not the smallest hope of escape or relief from the relentless pressure that pulled her shoulders back.

She tried to complain that it was too much, first asking and then demanding that he loosen the device, but he only responded that he wasn't finished yet and it was only when her elbows were touching that he had knotted the laces and looped the leather strap over her shoulders to hold it in place and prevent it from slipping down and loosening, that he gave her an explanation.

Holding her wrists in one hand, he told her that the device was called a single-glove, that it was completely inescapable when fitted properly as he had fitted it...and that she was going to be wearing it for the entire duration of the experiment.

Paula twisted her head around to argue with him, her eyes wide with shock and horror, "You can't do that," she protested, "not the whole summer. It's inhuman. I won't be able to stand it. Please, you must let me go."

"Let you go?" he said calmly, "Why would I let you go? The ransom hasn't been paid and you surely don't expect a kidnapper like me to set you free until I've got the money, do you?"

She tried to pull her arms free of his grasp, but when he casually levered her wrists upwards so that she was forced to bend forward from the waist, she realized just how helpless she was and just how easily he could control her with almost no effort on his part.

"But... But you aren't a real kidnapper," she moaned. "This is only an experiment."

His chuckle sent a tremor of icy dread up her spine when he replied softly, "Is it, Paula? Are you quite certain of that? And as to whether I'm a real kidnapper, well; let's examine the facts, shall we? Number one; you're tied up and helpless, while I'm free. Number two; you're my prisoner, while I can go where I please. Three; I can do anything I want to you, while you cannot resist me. And four, I know from the records that you were planning a solo trip to Mexico and were going to be out of contact for the summer, so nobody is expecting to hear from you for some time. Therefore, you will not be missed and nobody but me even knows where you will be. I think that's a fair summary of your position, wouldn't you say?"

Paula had never considered the situation from that viewpoint and as she realized that he was right, her lips parted in what was intended to be a cry for help.

It never emerged, for as her mouth opened, his free hand snaked around her face and wedged a huge, bright red rubber ball against her lips.

"Open up, Paula," he demanded sternly, increasing the pressure of his hand and when she was forced to obey, he wedged the gag deep into her mouth and fastened the buckled strap behind her neck, pulling it so tight that she could not eject the ball.

She tried to scream and was shocked to hear the low, muffled whine that was all she could produce and when he chuckled again, Paula whimpered in anguish, realizing that she could no longer even protest or argue with him.

"That's better," he told her cheerfully, "can't have my hostage calling for help, now can I?"

Pushing her bound arms upwards, he brought her to her knees, then eased her down onto her belly and quickly straddled her, facing backwards, his thighs on either side of her buttocks and his weight pinning her wriggling body.

Her long legs kicked and flailed as she fought to escape, but it was to no avail and when he seized one and then the other and she felt a thick leather strap encircle her ankles and draw tight, she knew she was lost.

Demoralized, she put up only half-hearted resistance when he bent her legs up towards her bottom and when a second strap linked her wrists to her ankles, immobilizing her and hollowing her spine into a deep curve, Paula trembled helplessly to the knowledge that she could never get free without assistance.

Bound as she was, she couldn't even turn over when he removed his weight to stand up and as she heard him say, "Stage one completed," in a tone of complete satisfaction and then walk out of the room, she could only stare numbly at the carpet in front of her and try to imagine just what "Stage two," might entail...and how many other "Stages" lay ahead of her before Professor Goss was satisfied that their joint "experiment" had run its full course.

## Chapter Three

In the weeks leading up to the summer break, Professor Goss had made all the necessary arrangements to procure sole use of the research facility he had discussed with Paula.

With his reputation and high standing in academic circles, it had not been difficult to persuade the owners of the laboratory that he was engaged in a project that required absolute privacy and total discretion and he was certain that they would cooperate fully.

There would be no distractions or unwelcome intrusions to interrupt the progress of his experiment with Paula and though she might find herself wishing it to be otherwise, he would be in sole control of everything that would happen to her while she was held in the secure surroundings of the remote country site.

As a scientist, he was genuinely interested in proving to his own satisfaction, the accuracy of the “Stockholm Syndrome” theory and had every intention of keeping detailed and scrupulous records of Paula’s responses to her captivity and subjugation...even though he was well aware that those records would never be published in any scientific journal or, for that matter, ever see the light of day.

To allow them to do so would be professional suicide and he had no intention of seeing his career destroyed by scandal-mongering journalists eager for a sensational headline.

They would remain securely locked in his private safe where only he would ever peruse and analyze their evidence.

However, he was not just a scientist...he was a man, too. A man with the same urges and desires as any other. One who now had an extremely attractive young woman bound and gagged on his sitting-room floor and a signed piece of paper in his pocket giving him a free hand to do much as he pleased with and to her, without fearing the consequences that would usually follow.

Science, he decided with a grin, was such a rewarding career.

Especially when a pretty, argumentative and somewhat naïve young woman like Paula was prepared to go to such lengths in the pursuit of knowledge.

He had no doubt that by the time summer break was over, she would have no trouble at all in getting an “A” grade on what would by then have become her specialist subject...the “Stockholm Syndrome” and its effects on a kidnapped hostage.

With a beaming smile lighting his face, he went to his garage and made a final check on his vehicle to ensure that all was ready for Paula’s transportation into captivity.

The strong leather straps hadn’t given a fraction and Paula lay exactly as before, her rubber-clad body arched in a hogtie, belly-down on the carpet.

Only the bead of sweat at the tip of her nose betrayed the effort she had put in to try to escape her bonds...and the expression of miserable resignation in her eyes was confirmation of her complete lack of success.

Professor Goss would have been extremely surprised and disappointed if she had managed to get free, because he had done a great deal of research to find the most secure and reliable bondage equipment he could and then insisted on several demonstrations and practice-runs before he had handed over his money.

That attention to detail had paid dividends and as he gazed down at her, he was satisfied that she was not going to be able to wriggle out of the restraints he had placed on her, no matter how hard she tried.

He bent down to gaze into her blue eyes, "Time to go, Paula," he said and ignoring the muffled whimpers that greeted his words, slid his hands under her and lifted her with an ease that surprised her.

Cradled in a pair of arms that were much stronger and more muscular than she would have guessed, she was carried from the room and into the garage where his large and powerful, four-wheel drive truck stood waiting with the doors open.

With a grunt of effort, he lifted her into the cab and laid her across the passenger seat on her left side, then closed her door and got into the driver's seat, "It'll be a couple of hours," he told her, "so just relax and leave the driving to me. Not that you've got all that much choice."

The garage door rolled up to admit a flood of golden afternoon sunshine and as the truck moved forward, Paula shuddered in humiliation at the realization that anyone glancing into the cab could not fail to see her.

Even in her rubber suit and tied up with a gag stretching her lips, she was still perfectly recognizable and as she imagined one of her student colleagues or a member of the teaching staff flagging-down Professor Goss for a chat and accidentally discovering her in bondage, her face burned with shame and despair at the unwanted and unlooked-for heat that swirled through her belly and stiffened her nipples at the appalling prospect of being found in such an embarrassing and decidedly compromising position.

Thankfully, it didn't happen and even though her situation was basically unchanged, it was still a considerable relief to her when the campus was left behind and they were on the open road.

But only for the first hour or so...

Professor Goss turned left off the main highway, onto a much narrower, rather bumpy country road and after a short distance, pulled the truck off onto the verge and braked to a halt in the dappled shadow of a clump of trees.

He turned off the engine and swiveled in his seat to smile down at her, "Only another fifteen miles to go, Paula," he told her casually, "so, from here on in, you travel outside."

Paula had no idea what he was talking about and from her position lying across the passenger seat, couldn't see what he was doing as he climbed out of the cab, took something from the open bed of the truck behind her and fitted it to the massive front fender.

When he had finished and lifted her out of the vehicle, she still couldn't guess what he had in mind and it was only when he explained the purpose of the inverted steel "T" bolted to the front, that she realized what he intended.

The cross-piece at the bottom of the "T" was a thick pad of rubber over a steel plate, while the upright bore a number of bright red webbing straps with large buckles and as Paula learned that she was to be bound and displayed on the front of his truck like some sort of outsize living mascot, her eyes bulged in shocked outrage.

She shook her head furiously, squealing her adamant refusal to be exhibited so shamefully, but as Professor Goss lifted her and positioned her so that her knees rested on the rubber pad, then used his shoulder to hold her in place as he buckled the straps around her thighs and hips, waist and torso above and below her breasts, Paula found that her gag-muffled objections, no matter how vehement, carried very little weight with her ingenious "kidnapper".

With each strap carefully tightened to ensure that there was no danger of her slipping from her novel perch, Professor Goss stood back to admire his handiwork and drink in the erotic

spectacle of Paula's tightly-cinched body, each strap indenting her rubber-clad form as evidence of the security of her bondage.

Above the red ball-gag sealing her lips, her eyes gazed beseechingly at him while he double-checked her bonds and he gave a slow nod, confident that she was beginning to understand how truly helpless and utterly dependent on him she had become.

He reached out a hand and hid his smile as alarm flashed into her eyes and her body tensed when he slid back each of the zips at her breasts, exposing the taut, firm globes.

Her eyes flickered downwards, then back up to his face and he saw her throat work as she gulped to the knowledge of how easily he could take advantage of her defenselessness to caress her breasts, whether she willed it or not.

"Very nice," he said casually, suppressing his natural desire to do exactly that as she obviously expected him to, then he simply patted her gagged cheek, got back into the truck and drove on.

Paula couldn't believe it.

From the first moment of her arrival at Professor Goss's home, she had been constantly aware of a simmering sexual tension between herself and him.

A tension that had ignited a surprising, but undeniably delicious warmth between her thighs and which she had been almost certain that he shared despite his apparently aloof and distant manner.

His reaction to seeing her in her rubber suit had strengthened her view and when she had allowed him to bind her arms, she had actually found herself wondering whether the whole "experiment" thing was just a ploy to get her into his bed...and realizing that she wouldn't have minded too much if it had been.

The gag and hogtie had put an end to that thought, but even when he loaded her into his truck and drove her away, she had still retained hopes that he was just playing some sort of kinky sex-game with her and would drive around for a while, then take her back to his house and his bed.

She didn't think that anymore, because nobody, no matter how kinky or sexually adventurous, would drive around in public with a rubber-clad, half-naked, bound and gagged woman strapped to the front of his truck. Not unless he wanted to be arrested and have his name splattered all over the front pages of every newspaper in the country.

Professor Goss had to be playing a game with her...but it was a game whose rules only he understood and when the truck began to move and Paula felt her naked breasts jiggle up and down and from side-to-side as he drove slowly along the poorly-surfaced road, she whimpered in horrified shame, dreading the appearance of another car and the unbearable embarrassment she would inevitably be subjected to, if and when one came along.

The fifteen mile drive took forty-five minutes...the longest forty-five minutes of Paula's life...and she spent every second in a state of tormented anticipation, dreadful humiliation...and shockingly-intense sexual excitement.

For she found, to her helpless despair, that the unavoidable jiggling of her breasts and the movement of warm air across her exposed nipples created a constantly-changing stimulus that caused her breasts to swell and her delicate pink buds to turn a light chocolate-brown as they engorged to aching hardness and transmitted electrifying jolts of devastating arousal through her body and down into her sex at every bump in the road.

She felt it happen, but was powerless to prevent it and as her belly churned and seethed with ever-increasing heat, Paula gasped and strained against her bonds in futile efforts to achieve the massive climax that hovered tantalizingly close, but not quite within her grasp.

Had she been able to see herself from ahead, Paula would have been mortified at the sight she presented, her eyes wide with fervid lust, her bare breasts and nipples quivering, her belly and thighs flexing against the tight red straps that secured her...all clear evidence that she was no longer the cool, self-possessed, mature student of such a short time ago, but a hot, hopelessly aroused and sexually-charged package of needy and frustrated femininity, unable...and perhaps unwilling...to control the overwhelming passion unleashed within her.

Professor Goss, on the other hand, found that the trip went far too quickly and would have been quite content to drive for hours with Paula's upper body, tightly strapped elbows and head neatly framed in the middle of his windscreen.

But then, he had the great advantage of knowing that the road he was following led only to the research facility and that the chances of meeting another vehicle were precisely nil.

At the high wire fence that surrounded the compound, he stopped the truck, got out and unlocked the heavy padlock that secured the gates, drove through and locked them behind him, then continued the last half-mile through the lightly-wooded grounds and pulled up in front of a single-story, concrete and glass building.

Switching off the engine, he walked around and smiled at Paula, his smile growing broader as he noted the tell-tale signs of her arousal.

"Stage two completed," he told her calmly as he began to release the straps, then couldn't resist adding, "welcome to summer camp, my dear. You obviously enjoyed the trip here, so let me finish untying you and then I'll show you around.

Although he took great care to avoid her breasts, every touch of his hands sent a shock-wave through Paula's body and when he unbuckled the final strap and she fell against his chest, the exquisite sensation of her engorged nipples scraping against the material of his shirt was too much for her.

Pressed against his body and still helplessly bound and gagged in his arms, she shuddered in climax, her belly kicking and pulsing wildly to powerful convulsions that sent a great flood of hot juices pouring through her body and down into her sex as she gasped and moaned in the throes of her ecstasy.

It was what she had wanted ever since he strapped her to his truck and only minutes before, she would have done anything she could to achieve it. Only she hadn't bargained on Professor Goss being close enough to see and hear and feel every nuance and detail of her shameful surrender to her uncontrollable sexual excitement. Or on the indisputable fact that being tightly bound and unable to control what happened, was such a huge and thrilling turn-on for her that she was beginning to hope that he wouldn't set her free too quickly.

At least, not until...afterwards...

Embarrassed by the fierce desire that she felt as she accepted that there was going to *be* an "afterwards", Paula kept her face buried against his chest as she heard him chuckle, "My, my, Paula. Stage three already. We're ahead of schedule."

## Chapter Four

The delightful sensations of Paula's breasts and belly and buttocks quivering and flexing in his arms, tested Professor Goss's powers of self-denial almost to breaking point. He wanted her and was tempted to abandon the experiment and simply lay her down on the lush grass and take her there and then.

There was no question that she was ready and, he suspected, more than willing to acquiesce, but his plan...if he could stick with it...called for much more than her mere passive acceptance of his temporary authority over her.

Although she didn't yet know it, his intention was to bring her to a point where her obedience and unquestioning submission to his will would become purely instinctive and automatic, as normal and natural to her as her own heartbeat – all without physical intimacy between them.

That would have to wait until after she was fully conditioned to his control over her, when her surrender would be absolute, eagerly given and her greatest, most intense desire. He knew it would take time and patience on his part, of course...he was after all, a trained psychologist...but he knew the end result would be well worth his effort.

Paula would be his and his alone.

Willingly, permanently and best of all, contentedly, for her conditioning would be so deeply ingrained and so tightly focused on him that it wouldn't even occur to her to look at any other man.

She would be the perfect companion, beautiful, bright, lively and intelligent, her spirit unbroken and seemingly unchanged to her fellow students and tutors. Only he would know that at his command, she would obey without hesitation, her body and the limitless passion contained within it, reserved solely for his use and pleasure.

Summoning-up what remained of his self-control, he fought down his lust and laid his enticing burden on the soft grass to remove the straps that bound her ankles and held her in the hogtie, then stood back until Paula recovered the use of her numbed legs and tried to get to her feet.

He reached down and helped her, steadying her as she swayed uncertainly on her high heels, then pointed towards the building.

She hesitated, her eyes flickering towards the road and he understood that she was wondering if there was a chance of running away and making good her escape.

"By all means try it if you want to, my dear," he smiled and folded his arms. "To give you a sporting chance, I promise not to come after you for half an hour. Off you go."

It was fifteen miles back to the main road, a ten-foot fence and a locked gate barred her way, and she wore seven inch high heels and was bare-breasted with her arms bound immovably behind her back and a gag in her mouth.

He watched her work it out and when her shoulders slumped, he nodded. "Very sensible, Paula. You'd never have made it. Now, stay where you are."

She didn't move or try to resist as he fetched a pair of hobble-cuffs from the truck and locked them around her ankles and this time, when he pointed towards the building, she shuffled slowly forward, the twelve-inch chain between her feet clinking metallically at each short, restricted step.

He knew the hobble wasn't really necessary...Paula had nowhere to go...but its mere presence would be a constant reminder to her of her helplessness and reinforce her sense of

submission to his absolute authority over her. She would wear the chain because he wished her to wear it...and soon, his slightest wish would be her command.

Paula didn't want to wear the steel-boned, leather corset, but as Professor Goss didn't seek her views on the subject and also conveniently "forgot" to remove the ball-gag from her mouth, she was in no position to object very effectively.

When he laced her into it, slowly but extremely thoroughly, giving her time to adapt to the steadily increasing compression, then tightened a little more and a little more until the edges met over her spine and he was able to tie the final knot, Paula's waist was squeezed down to a literally breath-taking twenty three inches that set her still-naked breasts heaving rapidly to the quick, shallow pants that were all the corset's vice-like grip permitted.

Once he was sure that she could breathe satisfactorily through her nose, he unbuckled and removed her ball-gag, but immediately replaced it with a thick, hard shaft of rubber attached to the inside of a heavy rubber hood that encased her entire head and left only her eyes and nose exposed.

In the few seconds that she was un-gagged, Paula tried to protest that she really, really didn't want to be hooded, but it made no difference and as the laces were pulled tight and knotted behind her neck, the rubber shaft was forced deep into her mouth, bulging her cheeks and silencing her even more effectively than the ball-gag had managed.

The third and final addition to her costume was a tall, stiff leather collar that made her hold her head up and prevented her from bending her neck and when Professor Goss locked it in place over the hem of her hood and its knotted laces with a small padlock, Paula realized that even if her hands were free, she still wouldn't be able to remove either the collar or her gag without the key.

Dropping the key into his pocket, Professor Goss walked across the subterranean room that was to be Paula's home and prison and stopped beside a large floor-to ceiling mirror.

"Come here, Paula."

His tone was commanding and although she didn't want to obey, Paula shuffled towards him with the tiny, mincing steps imposed on her by her enormous high heels and hobbled ankles, her blue eyes wide with hopeless resignation and anxious concern as she made her laborious way to his side.

Since declining his offer to let her try to escape...an attempt she had instantly realized was doomed to failure...he had grown noticeably in confidence and authority, seeming to take her acceptance of her hopeless situation as tacit approval of his actions.

Much as she would have liked to tell him otherwise, she couldn't, of course, and although she had tried to indicate her reluctance and growing alarm as he showed her around the facility and pointed out the many complex machines that were to form part of the tests she had agreed to let him carry out, he had ignored her muffled questions and protests.

When they finally reached the underground "test area" where she was to be imprisoned, he had casually locked her in while he fetched the corset, hood and collar she now wore and which restricted her ability to communicate even more severely.

Professor Goss waited until Paula reached him, then indicated a spot directly in front of the mirror, "Stand there. I need to make sure that you don't go wandering about and getting yourself into trouble while I set up the first test."



The chains dangling alongside the mirror made his meaning perfectly plain and when he lifted the first and clipped it to a ring on the front of her collar, Paula knew that she wasn't going to be allowed the opportunity to get into trouble.

Or no more trouble than she was already in anyway...

The second chain went to the same ring, the third and fourth to the sides of her corset and she was secured facing her own reflection and unable to turn away.

A breathy squeal leaked past her gag as Professor Goss's hand snaked around her torso to lift her left breast and despite his assurance that he was only replacing the firm globe back into its molded rubber cup, the touch of his fingers instantly re-ignited a hot glow of arousal in her belly.

Her skin tingled to the feel of his hands and she felt her nipple stiffen as he gently pushed her breast into position and slid the zipper closed and when he cupped her right breast, she turned her head as far as her collar would permit, her eyes filled with a silent plea.

Professor Goss was only human and, dedicated scientist though he was, even he was not proof against the need in Paula's eyes.

Despite his better judgment and determination not to enjoy her body until she was fully conditioned, his thumb and forefinger captured and rolled her erect nipple while his free hand kneaded her resilient buttocks until she writhed and pressed back against him, her eyes squeezed shut against the sexual pleasure that swept through her belly.

Out of control, Paula could not and would not hold back, her desire to submit to his hands and to her own passion blazing like a torch throughout her quivering body as she raced towards her second orgasm and when her belly contracted in frantic spasms, Professor Goss was privileged to witness her total, explosive submission long before he had anticipated such a pleasure.

In the mirror, he met Paula's wild gaze as her body shuddered to the wrenching jolts that sent hot juices flooding into her belly and in her wide and fearful eyes he read the shocked understanding that her helpless passion had betrayed, by its awesome depth and power, a capacity and a desire to submit that she had never suspected or imagined that she possessed.

Both recognizing, in that instant of shared knowledge, that there could be no going back...for either of them...

Unzipping her breast back into its rubber confinement, he ignored her soft whimpers and trembling body and strode to the door, "That should keep you going for a while," he chuckled, "I've got other things to do, so I'll be back later when I've set up the machines for your tests. Did I tell you I trained as an electrical and hydraulics engineer in the Navy, before I went into teaching? So you don't need to worry, you're in safe hands. I can make those things do pretty much anything I want."

Far from reassuring Paula, his words only added to her concerns about what the future held in store for her now that he had discovered how sexually responsive she could be....or could be forced to be.

She didn't doubt that he could do what he said and as she tried to imagine exactly what he was going to modify the machines to do to her, she gazed numbly at the heavily chained woman in the mirror and saw her belly kick powerfully to the appallingly-seductive prospect of even higher levels of enforced helplessness and utter subjugation.

## Chapter Five

The electric hoist was designed to lift and transport heavy or bulky equipment around the research facility, but it was equally capable of being utilized for moving items that were much lighter and far more delicate...not to mention a great deal more interesting and visually stimulating than a package of hydraulic spares.

The thought of a package brought a smile to Professor Goss's lips, for he was quietly confident that the hoist had rarely, if ever, carried a package more tightly wrapped and securely fastened than its current cargo. And certainly not one that presented such a delightful picture of immobilized and vulnerable femininity.

Paula had spent several hours chained in front of the mirror as Professor Goss worked on the machines, then endured a long, uncomfortable and far from restful night still in bondage on the camp-cot he provided for her.

Even when she had finally managed to fall asleep, her dreams had been filled with images of her bound body being endlessly menaced and ravaged by pitiless machines presided over by a crazed scientist bent on some unspecified revenge. A scientist who looked very much like Professor Goss. It had been a relief to wake up and find it wasn't real. Until, ungagged briefly to eat a delicious breakfast prepared and fed to her by him, followed by an extremely embarrassing trip to the toilet also assisted by him, Paula had discovered that her dreams were not that far from reality.

"All set for your first little test, Paula?" he had asked her jovially and although she had tried her best to indicate that what she wanted was to be freed and allowed to leave, he just smiled and nodded and chose to interpret her gag-muffled protests as consent to continue.

"Good, good. That's the spirit, my dear. Now, this first test is quite simple and will indicate how someone in a hostage situation might react to the stress of her situation. But, of course, as you are merely playing a part and are in no actual danger, it is necessary for us to simulate the tension that a real captive would feel."

He had paused then to fetch a long, thick, blunt-headed rod with a second, shorter, pointed shaft diverging at an angle from it, both covered in a rubbery coating with a coiled lead plugged into its base and as she gazed at it in sudden foreboding, he had continued calmly, "So in order to achieve that end, this device will be inserted into your sex and is programmed to provide both sexual stimulation of varying levels and random and very minor electric shocks of a totally non-harmful nature. Thus combining the physical stress of erotic arousal with the mental tension of uncertainty as to when and for how long, the shocks will occur. So if you would be kind enough to spread your legs, I will position the device and we can begin the test."

Wide-eyed, Paula had stared in horrified fascination at the rod, imagining the havoc it would create in her helpless body and trying desperately to think of some way to save herself from the torment to come. Until Professor Goss had frowned and snapped, "Come along, Paula, I'm waiting," and she had known that there was no escape.

Allowing her ankles to part to the full extent of her hobble-chain, she had gasped as he slid open the zip at her groin, then gasped again as the thick shaft penetrated deep into her body, stretching and filling her with its length and girth, while the shorter section nestled against the projecting bud of her clitoris, the rod's entry aided by the slippery juices of an intense arousal that to her humiliation, she had been unable to resist.

Then he had closed the zip, leaving the lead dangling and begun to bind her even more thoroughly.

Balanced on tip-toe by the enormous seven-inch heels of her ballet-boots, Paula stood rigidly erect on the base-plate of the hoist, incapable of any movement other than the blinking of her blue eyes.

Every few inches from ankles to neck, wide bands of stretchy black packaging tape compressed her rubber-clad form, each band encircling her completely and so tightly that her flesh bulged from between every loop in confirmation of the security of her bonds.

With her body held in position by two shaped metal straps clamped around her neck and ankles and bolted to the hoist's frame, she could not even lower her head because of the strong chain running from the top of her hood to the lifting-point above her.

To complete her hopeless plight, the wire that emerged from between her strapped-together thighs betrayed the fact that she was still at the mercy of the device lodged in her belly...and of Professor Goss who controlled it.

She stared across the thirty feet that separated her from where he sat at a computer typing up his notes, her mind whirling with fear and excitement and arousal and guilt, knowing that when he had finished, her test would begin...and barely able to contain her ashamed anticipation.

Utterly helpless and unable to do a single thing to avoid her fate, she had no choice but to accept whatever came and that stark truth absolved her of any responsibility.

Professor Goss was in charge and to tell the truth, she was beginning to enjoy having no say in what he made her do, or did to her. Somehow, being in his bondage, even bondage as tight and inescapable as he insisted she wore, was much more thrilling than she had imagined, giving her a deep, visceral pleasure that kept her in a constant ferment of excitement and simmering arousal.

Partly because of her helplessness, of course, and partly because of her knowledge that nobody even knew where she was or that she was taking part in a scientific experiment...but mainly because of Professor Goss and his unexpected talent for keeping her off-balance and uncertain of what he was going to come up with next.

In her wildest dreams, Paula would never have suspected him of having the determination and ruthlessness to bind her so stringently for so long and as for strapping her to the front of his truck and brazenly exhibiting her with her breasts bared for the world to see, she could still hardly believe that he had actually had the nerve to risk such an astonishing gamble.

He was clearly not just the studious academic she had always believed him to be and although she still trusted him not to harm her, she was increasingly suspicious that he had much more in mind than a few simple tests to prove a theory.

She had seen the enormous bulge in his trousers when he looked at her and even though he always did his best to hide it and pretend that he was unaffected by her costume and the massive climaxes she had already received, Paula wasn't deceived. He wanted her and it could only be a matter of time before he wouldn't be able to hold back any more. For her part, Paula wished he wouldn't even try. The "new" Professor Goss was a lot more interesting and sexually attractive than the old model...stronger, more decisive and sure of himself and best of all, powerfully dominant, giving her no option but to submit to his will. And Paula, to her own surprise, found she liked it that way.

Professor Goss hit the "Save" button on the computer and when he was sure the operation was complete, picked up the remote-control for the hoist. At a flick of his finger, the hoist glided

smoothly forward, bearing its hapless cargo across the room to his desk and stopping within arm's length of where he sat.

"Sorry for the delay, my dear, but I'm all set now so let's get you hooked up and the test under way."

He reached up to a cable dangling from the top of the hoist and plugged it into the one at her groin, then calmly reversed the hoist a few feet until he had a perfect and unobstructed view. "Right then, Paula. Here we go," and as she watched helplessly, he jabbed the "Enter" on his computer keyboard and sat back, his fingers steepled under his chin.

The program took a few seconds to load and for that brief interval, her anxious blue eyes met his steady brown gaze.

Then her eyes bulged in disbelieving horror as both sections of the device began to vibrate at different speeds and intensities, sending devastating pulses of chaotic arousal surging through her belly.

Perhaps, if the two shafts had been set to the same speed and level, it might have been possible for Paula to control, or even withstand their effects...at least for a short period...but the combination of fast/slow and hard/soft applied to the two most sensitive and delicate areas of her body and cycling at dozens of times a minute, was utterly irresistible. She had no defense, because no defense was possible and within seconds of the sheerly-incredible sensations storming through her immobilized body, Paula shrieked her unconditional surrender into her gag and a foaming torrent of her heated juices fountained into her quaking belly.

Every sinew and muscle tensed violently, fighting to respond to the tornado of lust and ecstasy that erupted like a volcano deep inside her as Paula was sent hurtling into an unstoppable climax, but the straps and tape held firm, depriving her of even the small relief of movement.

With no way to halt or slow the powerful vibrations that rampaged through her body and turned her belly to a churning, seething whirlpool of superheated need, it was totally impossible for Paula to retain any sort of control over her maddened responses and as the ever-changing tempo and intensity of the arousal imposed upon her drove her passion far beyond her previous experience, her brain gave up the hopeless struggle to exert its authority. Lost in an endless circle of absolute helplessness, overwhelming arousal and shattering sexual subjugation, her mind and body surrendered utterly to the irresistible rapture of her enforced physical pleasure, her belly kicking and convulsing again and again to the sprays of hot juices that accompanied each of the explosive multiple orgasms drawn from her by the merciless vibrator.

Then, the random electric shock circuit was triggered...

Already at what seemed to her to be the farthest possible limit of her capacity to submit, Paula screamed in frantic anguish when a series of tingling pulses shot through her clitoris and sex, her eyes mirroring despairing horror when the brief, sharp twinges of pain momentarily replaced her ecstasy.

She froze for two seconds, until the incredible eroticism of her situation and the knowledge that she could do nothing...nothing...to save herself from either the pleasure or the pain that could and would be inflicted on her by Professor Goss and his terrible, wonderful machines burned itself into her brain...and then yet another huge orgasm burst into her belly as Paula accepted and eagerly embraced his ruthless and deeply thrilling domination of her.

With her last reservations cast aside, Paula shuddered and moaned and gasped while she was forced to still higher levels of frenzied passion and submission, her climaxes continuous and even more powerful and intense as she abandoned the normal inhibitions of civilized modesty and allowed herself to scale the undreamed-of heights of her unleashed physical desires and

discover extremes of sexual gratification that she had never known existed, or had even imagined could exist.

Watching her over the course of the hours that sped by as Paula explored the unfolding expanse of her own burgeoning sexuality, Professor Goss realized that he had grossly underestimated her capacity for submission and sexual pleasure. He watched, assessed and then adjusted his plans to take account of that new knowledge...along with a distinctly unscientific curiosity to find out just how far he could take her.

## Chapter Six

When she was finally released from her first marathon of bondage and sexual subjugation at the hands of Professor Goss, Paula collapsed into his arms and was asleep before he had even carried her down to the basement and placed her on the camp-cot. There she remained for fifteen hours, her exhausted, drained body recovering from the ordeal, unaware of the regular checks he made or of the battle he fought to control his rampant lust as he gazed down at her and remembered the searingly erotic exhibition of ultra-feminine sexuality and helpless submission she had presented to his awestruck gaze.

And still presented, for he neither removed, nor loosened a single one of her bonds which left her fully prepared for the fourth stage of his inexorable campaign to transform her into his willing, obedient and eager...though by no means equal...companion and lover.

When Paula's eyelids eventually fluttered open, her first sight was of him smiling down at her, he chuckled as he said, "Welcome back, my dear." She felt the delicious languor of total sexual fulfillment in every part of her body, she crinkled her eyes in pleasure and attempted to sit up.

Her muscles tensed for a moment when she discovered that she was still helplessly bound, then as she recognized the futility of resistance and made herself relax, he nodded in satisfaction, "Good, Paula. I'm pleased to see that you've given up any foolish ideas of escape. It will make our time here together much easier and more pleasant if you simply accept the situation and do as I tell you. Now, I assume you must be hungry after yesterday's test, so we won't begin today's session until after I've fed you and taken care of your other...ah...needs. After that, we shall investigate your reaction to stress while undergoing mild physical exercise."

He spoke in the same calm, objective tones that had presaged the previous day's test, but when Paula felt the presence of the vibrator still buried menacingly in her belly, she knew that he intended to give her no option but to submit just as deeply and fully as she had before.

Instantly, a savage burst of heat rolled through her belly and she shuddered in re-awakened need, unable to hide her uncontrollable response to the prospect of being subjected to such incredibly thrilling and deliciously merciless torment for a second time.

She had never experienced climaxes so powerful, or so frequent, or of such duration and as she gazed up at his smiling face and realized that her next ordeal would be at least as intense...or even more so if such a thing was possible...she began to suspect that Professor Goss was attempting to train her to become far more than just his colleague in an unusual and interesting scientific investigation designed to prove the validity or otherwise of a disputed theory.

She suspected him of using the excuse of their jointly-agreed "experiment" combined with his unexpected bondage expertise to transform her into an obedient and submissive sex-addict.

Her suspicion deepened when he nodded again, "You are doing incredibly well, Paula, and I am extremely pleased with your attitude and performance so far. If you keep it up, I anticipate being more than satisfied with the final results of our collaboration. In fact, my dear, I believe we may have a long and mutually...um...beneficial relationship ahead of us when summer break is over."

Despite her concerns about his motives, Paula was immediately intrigued and curious. She hadn't given a thought to what might happen after the break and as it dawned on her that he seemed to be thinking of making their experiment into a long-term...even, perhaps, a permanent arrangement...she couldn't help but feel a jolt of undeniable arousal and excitement at the idea.

If he really meant what he seemed to mean, she couldn't imagine how he would do it. She had lectures to attend and examinations to pass if she was to graduate in a year's time and she couldn't very well go to classes wearing her rubber suit and in bondage. Anyway, relationships between tutors and students were frowned on by the campus authorities. It was impossible...or so Paula thought...and as she wrestled with the conflict his words had set up in her mind, she barely registered the embarrassment of being hand-fed and then helped to relieve herself. Both of which had been intensely humiliating to her a very short while before and unintentionally provided Professor Goss with confirmation that she was becoming conditioned to the part that he intended her to play in his future life. Further proof coming when she passively accepted her gag while he left her for a short period to calibrate the machine for her second test.

As soon as she was lifted onto the track of the small conveyor-belt, Paula realized what Professor Goss had meant by "mild physical exercise" and when he connected a webbing harness to her corset and a chain to the top of her hood to help support her, she felt quite relaxed and unworried, confident that even in her high-heeled ballet-boots and hobble-chain she would be able to walk for quite a while without too much difficulty when the tape was cut from her legs.

Even when he linked her hobble to her single-glove with a heavy chain, she was still fairly sure that she could manage. When he connected a power cable to the vibrator in her belly was when her confidence evaporated as if it had never existed. Because Paula knew only too well what would happen when the vibrator came to life.

Professor Goss also clearly understood the difficulty she would face and being the sort of man he was, had already considered the problem and come up with a solution. Although it was most definitely not a solution that Paula would have wanted...

"In order for this test to give useful results," he told her, "it is absolutely essential that you keep up with the speed of the track and above all, that you do not stop until the experiment is completed. Now, we both know that the sexual stress and probable...ah...pleasure that you will receive during this test will make it extremely hard for you to concentrate on maintaining the correct pace, so in order to help, I have linked the device you are wearing to a program that will monitor the speed of the track and compare it to your own. If the sensor indicates that you are failing to stay within the rather narrow band I have set, then the device will administer a low-level electric shock as a reminder. However, should you fail to heed that warning further, more powerful shocks will be applied until such time as you correct the situation. I trust that is all clear?"

The alarm in Paula's eyes made it quite obvious that she understood only too well and was horrified by his ingenuity...and was equally aware that there was nothing whatsoever she could do about it.

"Excellent," he used a pair of scissors to cut the tape that bound her legs together, then sat down at the desk and entered several key-strokes into the computer, "We'll begin with a few minutes of familiarization before the test starts."

Beneath Paula's feet the conveyor-belt rolled smoothly backwards, forcing her to totter forwards on her high-heels to maintain her balance as she began her long walk to nowhere. For about a minute, the belt kept a slow and even pace, then without any warning, suddenly speeded-up.

Caught by surprise, Paula stumbled and just managed to save herself by a clumsy, uncoordinated shuffling of her feet, the hobble-chain between her ankles and the one to her single-glove jerking erratically as she was forced to lengthen her stride to match the increased

speed. It was awkward and uncomfortable and much harder than she would have guessed. She realized at once that when the vibrator was switched on and creating chaotic havoc in her belly and sex while she tried to walk at the right pace, it would be immeasurably more difficult. She gave a low moan of anguish, knowing that she was doomed to fail and that her failure would be punished with electric shocks that would only make things worse.

The speed of the belt slowed and twenty seconds later, increased again, both times catching her unawares and making her stumble and stagger until she was able to adjust, her eyes widening to the realization that when the test began, those stumbles would cost her an automatic punishment. Even more alarming, when she climaxed, as she knew with fearful certainty that she would, what would that cost her?

When the belt slowed to a halt, Paula stared pleadingly at Professor Goss while he methodically checked each of her bonds and the cable to the vibrator in her belly.

Then he smiled at her, "Obedience, Paula," he told her firmly, "that's all you need. Concentrate on obeying the program I have set for you and you'll be absolutely fine. Just clear your mind of everything but the need to obey perfectly and without hesitation and you won't have a thing to worry about. Disobedience on the other hand, will be punished. It's up to you to make whichever choice you wish, of course, but I would strongly advise obedience, my dear."

As he returned to his chair, Paula shivered wildly, his words echoing in her brain. Immediate, unquestioning obedience. Could she give that? Even more vital, should she give it?

If he really was trying to turn her into some sort of submissive, docile and obedient partner in the sex-games he obviously liked to play, shouldn't she be fighting him and resisting every step of the way? Even if she was thoroughly enjoying herself and loving the sexual "highs" his games were giving her? Not to mention hoping that he really did mean to make their relationship...unusual though she recognized that it was...a permanent one?

She needed more time to think...but she didn't get it. Because when the conveyor-belt began to roll and the vibrator buzzed into frenetic life in her belly, Paula had neither time, nor energy, nor even inclination to think; every atom and molecule of her whole body was fully occupied with the twin imperatives of total, overwhelming sexual pleasure...and the absolute, perfect obedience required to obtain it.

One hour into her second "test" and Paula's gag-distorted face shone with glistening beads of sweat produced by the combination of what Professor Goss had referred to as "mild physical exercise" and the stunning levels of arousal and discipline enforced on her by his training program.

Her first climax came within minutes of the start, rewarding her efforts to follow each change of the belt's speed with a deep, shuddering orgasm that swept over her like a tidal wave and flooded her belly with the scalding juices of her submission. Unfortunately, as she pulsed and gasped in release, her concentration was broken and her steady, even pace faltered. Detecting a discrepancy, the sensor took immediate corrective action, firing a small, tingling current of electricity into Paula's clitoris and sex. She felt the twinge and knew what it meant, but was far too excited and aroused to heed its warning. It was an error she quickly regretted, for after two seconds, the sensor triggered another and considerably more powerful shock.

Her head jerked upwards, her eyes filled with pained horror as the electric current jolted through her belly and she learned that her obedience was no longer hers to give or withhold as she chose, but had been taken from her by Professor Goss and his merciless machines.



With a muffled squeal of anguish, Paula lunged forward...just too late to avoid a second stinging shock from the mindless electronic sensor that neither knew nor cared for her difficulties or despair, but simply punished any deviation from its programmed requirements.

Fighting to ignore the tumult in her belly and the smarting of her most-tender and sensitive flesh, Paula forced herself to match the pace of the belt, her rubber-clad thighs scissoring and brain reeling to the knowledge that any attempt to resist, or failure to react quickly enough to the machine's demands would earn her more of the same awful punishment.

She had become nothing more than a computer-controlled walking-machine, her body closely monitored and subject to automatic discipline if it strayed outside the pre-set limits specified by Professor Goss.

Her only safety lay in instant, unquestioning obedience, just as he had told her it would and as she faced the reality of his absolute control and dominance over her, renewed convulsions racked her body and fresh jets of hot juices gushed upwards to add to the seething whirlpool already churning her belly into a cauldron of bubbling heat as she came for a second time.

She couldn't help herself or stop it and her steps only faltered momentarily...but this time, there was no warning and no delay period to allow her to recover.

Less than a second apart, two shocks seared through her quivering sex, so closely following her climax that the sharp twinges only added a cruel upward spiral to her uncontrollable submission, blending pleasure and pain into a raging inferno of white-hot passion and lust more intense than anything which had gone before.

For Paula, time ceased to exist, its passing marked only by the exquisite mixture of punishment and pleasure that accompanied every shattering orgasm as she surrendered again and again to the almost unbearable, bitter-sweet rapture of inescapable torment that filled her body with undreamed-of ecstasy and her mind with an overwhelming desire to submit more deeply and more deeply still to the unceasing demands of the tireless vibrator buried in her shuddering body...and to the man who had bound her and taken her to such heights of incredibly-thrilling erotic subjugation.

Two hours into her second "test" and Paula had learned to obey.

Instantly, unquestioningly and perfectly, her whole being attuned to the smallest variation of the moving track beneath her high-heels, despite the incandescent liquid heat that surged and swirled through her quaking belly at every movement.

The climaxes which still swept over her every few minutes were no less intense or powerful, but had changed from sudden, relatively short-lived explosive eruptions to a series of slower, smooth ascents building inexorably to a crescendo of racking internal convulsions that set her belly and breasts juddering and throbbing beneath her rubber suit as she surrendered to the irresistible sexual arousal imposed on her by the vibrator.

Professor Goss was very pleased by the extraordinary success of his training program, for he recognized that every time Paula climaxed, it forged another link of the invisible, subconscious chains that were binding her more and more tightly and helplessly to the life of permanent subjugation and obedient acceptance of his will that was his ultimate objective.

Watching every second of Paula's many submissions with eyes that drank in every quiver and contraction of her tightly bound, rubber-sheathed form as she marched endlessly forward on the track before her, he noted that just before reaching the peak of her enforced need and sliding

into yet another well-earned orgasm, she seemed to stumble and hesitate, just for the briefest moment.

At first, he assumed it was simply an accident, the result of the massive stimulation she was receiving. When it happened again and then again, he realized that it was not. Paula was quite deliberately inducing the sensor to trigger the punishment section of his program...using the electric shocks that it generated to heighten the sensations she was experiencing and precipitate her own orgasmic surrender.

He could not conceive of the fires of passion and sexual fervor that must burn within her to persuade her to invite further torment upon herself, but when he watched her repeat the process a third time and saw her belly kick and flutter in the throes of an immediate climax, he knew that his long-held ambition to make Paula his forever was coming true before his delighted gaze.

Leaning forward with considerable difficulty...the unsurprising result of the bulging, rock-hard erection caused by her helpless plight...he typed in the command to pause the program and when the belt slowed and came to a halt, he rose to his feet and walked uncomfortably over to look into her face.

The desperate longing in her wide blue eyes and the wordless muffled pleas that emerged past her gag as he studied her, confirmed that even her countless orgasms had not quenched or satisfied her raging desire and as she strained forward against her chains in a bid to press her rigidly-erect nipples against him, he fought to keep his voice calm and unemotional, knowing that his apparent self-control would reinforce her sense of total helplessness and submission.

“Well done, Paula,” he congratulated her cheerfully. “The results so far are most promising. If all continues to go well, two more hours should see us finished for the day.”

Her whole body stiffened in disbelief as he smiled and she stared numbly at him when he continued, “Naturally, one series of tests is insufficient for conclusive evidence, so we will be holding this one and others and then repeating them several more times as the summer progresses. Of course, now that you have proven that you can be obedient, I shall expect nothing less from you – both now and in the future.”

He held her stricken gaze for five long seconds and as his stare burned into her eyes...her brain...her very soul...Paula shuddered in ice-cold certainty that her obedience was only the beginning of what Professor Goss was going to demand from her.

Demand...and get...because as she sensed the iron determination emanating from him, she felt her belly kick with frightening power and knew that she could no longer resist her own body's desire to submit to his ruthless dominance.

Gulping in humiliation at her response, she dropped her eyes, unable to endure his hard scrutiny. She heard him chuckle softly and say, “Two more hours will confirm your obedience, my dear. And it will also form the bedrock of our future relationship,” her belly kicked again to her vision of a future where Professor Goss would exert absolute control over every aspect of her life and where her sole purpose would be to obey and serve him in any way he commanded her.

Even without the benefit of two years of study, Paula knew the term for such a person.

That term was slave...

After just a few days at the mercy of Professor Goss, his stringent bondage and relentless domination had stripped away her will-power and weakened her ability to resist to the point where the thought of being forced to become his slave, far from terrifying and angering her, somehow already seemed unavoidable and even shamefully desirable.

With well over a month of the summer break still ahead of her...a month of continued bondage and “testing” and complete sexual submission...Paula knew that she could never hold

out against his thrilling domination, or the fury of her own unleashed passions.

Her belly churned with ferocious heat as she heard him walk back to his desk and when the track began to move under her feet, she had no choice but to walk forward, her body instantly aflame with uncontrollable need, while Professor Goss sat back in his chair and relaxed as much as his swollen maleness permitted, his lips curving into a broad smile as he watched her make a brief and ineffectual effort to delay the inevitable.

To no avail and as her flimsy defenses were overwhelmed, she hurtled into a straining, pulsating orgasm that clearly demonstrated her inability to retain even the most minimal control over her own body, he nodded in deep satisfaction.

Paula was making better progress than he had anticipated.

After another two weeks, or at the outside, three, of continuous conditioning and training, he was supremely confident that she would be ready to assume the role that he had decided for her and begin the duties that went with it.

Those of companion, assistant and public partner for social and academic functions...plus, of course, the far more important and strictly private sexual services that she would provide only for him as his instantly obedient, deliciously responsive and utterly submissive lover.

In tight bondage and firmly gagged, her body hopelessly vulnerable and available for whatever torment or pleasure he chose to impose upon her.

Exerting every atom of self-control he possessed, he made himself ignore the urgent demands of his rampant erection.

Three weeks was not too long to wait to achieve his goal...not when the rewards for his abstinence would fulfill his every desire and dream.

## Chapter Seven

For a further full week, Professor Goss subjected Paula to daily repetitions of his “tests” of her physical and mental stamina on the spurious grounds of confirming the previous results and ensuring what he called “academic accuracy.”

Though neither of them still believed that was his real purpose and understood that her ongoing torment was deliberately designed to break down the last shreds of her resistance and produce in her a state of absolute submission and obedience, Paula found herself unable to summon-up the will to defy him.

Day by day, as the vibrator wreaked its irresistible devastation on her body and her responses grew quicker and stronger and more intense with every surrender forced from her, she sank deeper and deeper into a bottomless pit of subjugation and helpless acceptance of her fate.

When he was not with Paula, supervising her “testing” or taking care of her physical needs, Professor Goss was hard at work modifying the electronics and hydraulics of the next machine which he would use to condition her still more thoroughly to his exacting requirements. Requirements which had expanded considerably beyond his original thoughts as Paula had shown herself to be more submissive and physically resilient than he had expected...and even a little masochistic, as proven by her use of the vibrator’s electric shocks to enhance her orgasms.

He had noted them all and adapted the machine appropriately. Now it was finally ready to take Paula to the next and penultimate level of her journey.

The foam padding of the bench on which Paula lay belly-down was surprisingly comfortable and carefully shaped to provide support to her shoulders, waist and hips, while leaving her breasts in their rubber bra-cups dangling to either side.

Her ankles were clamped together, but each leg was bound separately by strong, red webbing straps that encircled her calves and thighs and kept her limbs doubled-up behind her with her booted feet pressed tightly against her buttocks by another strap that passed over the bases of her heels and under the bench.

Further straps around her waist and above and below her breasts ensured that she could not fall off the machine and kept her arms wedged against her spine, immobilizing everything except her head.

When Professor Goss fetched a long, stainless steel rod with a hydraulic pump fitted to its centre and fitted it between the ring at the crown of her hood and her ankles, Paula discovered that even that movement was to be taken from her.

Connecting a pipe to the pump, he pressed a button on the control panel and with a soft hiss the rod slowly shortened, pulling her head and feet towards each other until her neck arched back and her spine hollowed to leave her staring straight ahead and unable to lower or turn her face away from his smiling inspection.

There was no point in trying to argue or protest when Professor Goss unbuckled and pulled the gag from her mouth. Paula had to content herself with a reproachful look as he replaced it with a leather harness that covered her lower face from nose to under her chin and had a bladder of rather soft, limp rubber attached to a large steel ring on its inside face.

“Open wider, please. Good. Now bite down.”

Paula grunted in surprise as she realized that the ring was behind her front teeth and prevented her jaws from closing fully. He then buckled the strap that pulled the harness firmly

against her lips, then tightened the others that passed on each side of her nose and then over her head, she found she no longer had any choice but to keep biting down on the reinforced neck of her new gag.

She squinted downwards while he screwed a flexible rubber tube to the centre of the harness and watched nervously as he checked the connection and smiled down at her, then pressed a second button.

The rubber bladder in her mouth inflated instantly and before she had time to draw breath, it had filled every inch of space, pinning her tongue flat.

Nostrils flaring, she sucked in a whistling breath and gave a nasal whine, her eyes wide as she heard the low, barely audible protest that was the full extent of her ability to express her anxiety.

Professor Goss chuckled in satisfaction, “Well, that certainly works effectively, Paula. Just a few more minutes and you’ll be ready to begin.”

He moved behind her, out of her range of vision and when he opened the zip between her buttocks and she felt his finger smearing some sort of cold, slippery gel around the tiny puckered rosette of her anal passage, his intentions became horrifyingly clear.

Scarlet with embarrassment, she whined shrilly and clenched the muscles of her bottom, determined to prevent him inflicting such humiliation on her...but he had anticipated her reaction and that was why her knees were not strapped together.

Using his greater strength, he levered her legs apart and wedged his hip into the gap, keeping her thighs partially-spread and giving him the access he needed to permit him to insert a slightly thinner, pear-shaped version of the vibrator that filled her sex, into the tight channel of her bottom.

Paula wailed into her inflated gag as the device stretched her, then gasped as her anal muscle contracted around the base of the pear, the automatic reflex holding the vibrator inside her with no need for any other securing method.

For several minutes, she fought to expel the unwanted intruder from her body, but with no success and as she was reluctantly forced to accept its presence, she felt Professor Goss close the zip of her suit.

He was not finished preparing her, however and she gasped in alarm when the zips at her breasts were slid back and she felt him slip rubber cups over her delicate buds.

Apart from one slip during her very first day of “testing” Professor Goss had steadfastly confined his attentions to her sex, with the result that Paula had virtually forgotten how sensitive her nipples actually were to direct stimulation – until his actions reminded her.

He walked to the control panel in front of her and sat down, “Well now, Paula, are you ready for the next stage of our experiment?” he asked, as if she had a choice, then grinned and shook his head, “Oh, the Hell with it. We both know we’ve moved beyond that, don’t we? Let’s face it, I know you love all this as much as I do, so why don’t we just stop pretending and enjoy ourselves. Have fun, Paula. I know I will,” and his fingers danced across the control panel flicking switches and pressing a series of buttons.

Then he sat back to savor the fruits of all his hard work as his machine began to reduce Paula to an exploding, shuddering package of orgasmic subjugation.

Professor Goss’s frank admission that he no longer cared about the experiment and was simply having fun, went a long way towards easing Paula’s fears and concerns about her own

deep-rooted desire to be totally dominated by him and the intense physical and sexual pleasure she received by being bound and forced to climax.

If he liked it so much, there was no reason for her to feel guilt and shame about submitting so completely and willingly.

It was just a game...a thrilling, sexy, deliciously satisfying game...played out between two mature and consenting adults for their mutual enjoyment. And if one of those adults couldn't help wishing that it was more than a game and liked to imagine that she was a real captive...well, where was the harm in that? Especially since she had no choice whatsoever...

Until Professor Goss inserted the second device, Paula had never considered her rear channel as an erogenous zone, but when the shaft penetrated her and sank deep into her bottom, the humiliation that she felt quickly changed to a surprising degree of arousal and a sensation of fullness that she found very pleasurable.

Sucking in deep breaths through her nostrils, she gazed at Professor Goss in wide-eyed supplication, wishing she could tell him how much she wanted him and that there was no need for him to keep her bound and strapped to his amazing machines in order to enforce her obedience and extract her total submission to his delicious dominance.

If only he would let her, she would give him anything he wanted freely and willingly, to repay him for the incredible sexual ecstasy he had imposed upon her and for revealing to her a whole new world of stunning adventures and pleasures that she would never have dared to imagine, let alone experience, if he had not taken control.

In fact...and Paula's breathing quickened at the thought of it...for him, she would even consider becoming a slave of her own free will, if only he would ask her...

Almost as if waiting for that very moment of self-awareness, she felt a strange, frighteningly-erotic sensation of powerful suction at her breasts as the vacuum created by his machine sucked at her tender flesh like twin hungry mouths and in a matter of seconds, her nipples stiffened to aching rigidity, throbbing in time with the racing of her heartbeat and sending waves of almost-painfully delicious arousal spreading through her breasts and down into her belly as the suction-cups tightened their grip and began a rhythmic pulsing.

With a low, gag-muffled squeal, she strained against her bonds, knowing it was futile and all the more excited because of it.

Professor Goss had bound her, gagged her, captured her breasts, penetrated and filled her body with his merciless vibrators to make her utterly his and as Paula felt her sex begin to quiver and ooze the hot juices that betrayed the power of her need, she abandoned any thought of resistance and surrendered to his machine, her mind filling with vivid images of bondage and subjugation and the incredibly exciting and overwhelmingly pleasurable torment and ecstasy that would be her life if he really did keep her as his permanent and willing slave.

When the twin vibrators buried deep in the most delicate and sensitive recesses of her sex and bottom buzzed into frenetic life, Paula screamed into her inflated gag, quaking and shuddering to the enormous convulsions of a climax that released towering waves of scalding juices to flood into her belly as she came with all the mind-numbing fury and passion of the slave she imagined herself to be...and truly longed to be.

Unable to turn or lower her head to conceal the truth written in her wide, blue eyes, she was forced to meet Professor Goss's steady gaze and when he read the message of her irrevocable submission to the slavery he had imposed upon her and which allowed her no escape or denial of

the fate to which her nature and her deepest, most intense desires condemned her, he gave a slow smile and nodded firmly.

Paula trembled wildly as she saw his response, knowing instantly that he understood the change in her and would act upon it.

Minutes before, she had thrilled at the thought of him asking her to become his slave...but his nod told her that the question would never now be asked.

Her slavery...her complete, permanent and unquestioning submission to his absolute authority over her...would not become her living, breathing reality because of his request, but because of her own overpowering needs and desire to be dominated and controlled by him.

Because, for him, she could be nothing else and wanted nothing else but to serve him and please him

Because she wanted him more than she had ever wanted anything in her whole life...wanted him and needed him and ached for him so much that she knew there could never be anyone but him for her for the rest of her days.

Above all, because in her heart, she accepted that she was already his slave and could not bear to contemplate returning to her dull, boring, safe life without him.

The last feeble sparks of her resistance flickered and sputtered to extinction under the foaming billows of heated juices that raged through her belly as Paula climaxed helplessly to the devastating knowledge that her freedom and independence were at an end and while Professor Goss's machines drove her sexual arousal far beyond even her previous experience, her body responded with ever-increasing speed and power.

Screaming her fervent submission into her gag, Paula's breasts and belly and buttocks jerked and juddered erotically, the tight webbing straps creaking under the strain of her maddened gyrations as climax after climax tore through her, each chasing and overtaking the one before until she gasped and writhed and arched in stupendous continuous orgasms and the juices of her multiple submissions poured in hot streams from her palpitating sex.

Incapable of holding back for even an instant, she surrendered utterly, to the very bottom of her soul and as the awesome, unimaginable depth and extent of a true slave's endless passion was branded into her reeling brain, Paula shrieked in horrified ecstasy, recognizing in her own almost unbearable rapture, the final proof of her ultimate transformation.

Whatever she had been, or might have been, she knew with absolute clarity that she had become a full slave and when still another gigantic orgasm erupted through her immobilized body, she whimpered in joy and despair and blazing need as her belly convulsed wildly to confirm her helpless subjugation and the inextinguishable fire of slave-heat that burned with undiminished ferocity deep within her.

For hours...or perhaps only minutes...Paula was lost in a timeless limbo of extreme sexual torment and limitless pleasure, each reinforcing the other and feeding on her instant and absolute submission to the ruthless, unstoppable arousal forced on her by Professor Goss's tireless machines.

Until, at last, simple physical exhaustion took its toll and her frantic responses began to weaken.

Noting her distress, Professor Goss reduced the level of her arousal to a minimum and after allowing her a few minutes to recover somewhat, deflated her gag, eased it from her mouth and offered her a glass of water.

Instead of accepting it however, Paula immediately begged Professor Goss to take pity on her and end the experiment...and when her plea was met with an uncompromising refusal, she

offered him her body, promising him anything he wanted in return for even a brief respite from the merciless vibrators.

When he rejected even that ultimate proof of her desperation and unbearable need, Paula cracked.

"Please, Professor," she squealed shrilly, "Make me your slave. I beg to serve you as a slave and please you with my body. Take me and make me submit as your slave forever."

The words simply spilled from her lips with no conscious thought on her part, rising from the furthest recesses of her brain before she could stop them...but once spoken, they could never be recalled.

Instantly, Professor Goss's eyes narrowed with an icy glint and as Paula realized that he would never accept that her plea had been an accident, her eyes grew round with shock and apprehension

She had to try though and when he put down the glass and lifted the gag instead, she moaned, "No. Oh please, no. I-I didn't m-mean to say that. R-really I didn't."

With a chilling smile, he raised the gag to her lips, "Ah, but I think you did, Paula," he retorted firmly. "I think you have finally understood and accepted what you are and what you have no choice but to be. So, open your mouth, my dear, and show me what a delightfully obedient little slave you have become and will continue to be."

A powerful shudder set Paula's body trembling, "But I can't...can't be a real...real...slave," she whispered weakly, "It's not...possible."

Professor Goss reached out his free hand and as the backs of his fingers brushed lightly across the dangling mound of her right breast, tipped with the hard, pointed button of her rigid nipple in its rubber vacuum-cup, she gave a breathy squeal and her belly rippled helplessly to the fierce blaze of arousal his casual touch ignited.

"On the contrary, Paula," he corrected her, "for you, it is not only possible, but highly desirable and even inevitable, wouldn't you say?"

His question...if it was a question... hung in the air between them for what seemed to Paula to be an eternity as his hand continued to caress her until the deliciously frustrating arousal became too much for her.

"Yes," she gasped at last, her voice shaking with emotion as she accepted his assessment. "Yes, yes, yes. You're right, I-I can be your slave, Professor. And I w-will be if that's what you w-want. I'll be your slave and...and obey you and do whatever you tell me if you just take me. Please, Professor, I-I need you and want you so much."

He nodded gravely, "Very well, Paula. But if you are to be my slave, I shall expect you to obey my instructions to the letter. And I believe my last instruction was for you to open your mouth."

Her lips quivered on the brink of voicing a protest, then with a visible effort she held back and allowed her mouth to open, hoping that her obedience would please him and soften his iron determination.

With the gag buckled in place, she was again silenced and when he moved back to the control panel, her eyes bulged in disbelieving horror as she realized that he was not only not going to free her and make love to her, but intended to continue her torment.

He paused with his finger hovering over the buttons and smiled gently. "I'm afraid you've caught me on the hop, Paula," he told her. "Your rather sudden...ah...conversion from my student to my...um...well, slave as you now are, came a little more quickly than I had hoped and indeed, expected. Needless to say, I am more than happy with your decision, of course, but it does mean



that I need to advance some of my preparations. It will take me some time, but, after all, owning a slave is a considerable responsibility and requires a good deal of thought on my part, as I am sure you understand. I'll be back to collect you when I've had a little time to digest our new...ah...relationship. But in the meantime..."

His finger descended and Paula moaned in anguished dismay, her body instantly aflame as the vibrators resumed their irresistible stimulation and her arousal spiraled rapidly upwards.

Professor Goss watched her intently, his dark eyes fixed on her face until she succumbed to the inevitable climax imposed on her by his machine, then rose to his feet and smiled down into her desperate gaze, "Did you know that I've wanted you ever since you enrolled, Paula?" he asked softly. "I've spent a whole year thinking about you and how it would feel to take you. But until we had our little disagreement, I never really believed that I'd ever have the opportunity to find out for certain. I believe it now, though, because now we both know that you're naturally submissive and have a deep desire...a need...to become a true slave just as I have an equally strong desire to dominate you and make you my slave."

He shrugged. "So it would seem that I don't have much choice, do I?" he said, then grinned. "And you, as my slave, don't have any and won't have any. Not now and not ever, so I suggest you get used to the idea. You begged to be my slave and I intend to hold you to that. All the way, slave, every last step of it."

He held Paula's eyes with his own until she dropped hers in submission, then added, "I mean exactly what I say, slave. Think about that until I return." As she swallowed nervously, he strode away.

Alone and at the mercy of his tireless machines, Paula squirmed in her bonds as she struggled to come to terms with Professor Goss's astonishing revelation that he had had feelings for her ever since her first day on campus. She had never had the slightest inkling of how he felt about her, but now that she knew, it made a lot of things crystal clear. Her suspicions had been right all along. Professor Goss had indeed had an ulterior motive for suggesting his "experiment".

He had always intended to turn her into an obedient and submissive slave, even going so far as to calculate how long it might take to overcome her resistance with his bondage and his machines and his fake "tests".

Despite her initial doubts, she had walked straight into it, so secure and confident in her maturity and experience that she had simply assumed she could handle him and put a stop to his games if he stepped out of line. Only she had never considered that she might actually be genuinely submissive by nature and that being bound and gagged and forced to climax would turn out to be the most exciting and instantly addictive thing that had ever happened to her. More than enough to make her the slave that he had wanted her to become...and which she now was. At her own request, even if under the duress of her own enforced sexual desires.

Perhaps, if she had realized the truth of her own nature, things would have been different...but she hadn't known and as Paula felt the relentless coiling of familiar heat in her belly, she shivered with helpless anticipation spiced with just a little fear as she imagined her future as Professor Goss's slave...and realized that she would not change her request, even if she was given the opportunity.

The bright lights reflected off the polished black rubber of Paula's suit as her body flexed and rippled to the power of the immense slave-orgasms that swept through her belly as she

surrendered again and again to the sexual ecstasy forced upon her....but her ineffectual struggles were no longer an attempt to escape her plight or resist the shattering pleasure of her subjugation. For in the hours that had passed since her plea to be enslaved, Paula had finally and forever accepted her fate.

She had become a true slave and as her belly pulsed and swirled and churned with the incandescent heat of her intense passions, her soft moans and whimpers of unabated need and frustrated longing bore witness to the fact that not even the diabolical machine to which she was still firmly strapped had proven capable of satisfying her all-consuming need.

Only Professor Goss himself could do that and as her arousal built steadily towards the next peak that would send her plunging into still one more muscle-wrenching climax, Paula's soft blue eyes pleaded mutely for his return....and the longed-for moment when he would finally take her and impose her first submission as his full and willing slave.

## Chapter Eight

Even though she was exhausted and could barely stand when Professor Goss eventually released her from the machine, Paula had not wanted to rest or sleep, begging him with tears of frustration in her eyes to complete her enslavement by taking her and using her straight away, in whatever way he wished.

When he told her that he wanted her to be fresh and fully recovered when he permitted her to serve him, she attempted to argue with him and only ceased her protests when he informed her sternly that although he would never dream of disciplining a free woman, he had no such reservations about disciplining a slave.

Paula hadn't cared for the gleam in his eye as he spoke and although she suspected...and sincerely hoped...that he was only bluffing, she knew that he might not be and didn't want to risk finding out what his idea of "discipline" might entail. Plus, she had been weary almost to the point of collapse.

She was not weary now, not after sixteen hours of solid sleep and a hearty breakfast. Not at all weary and for the first time in weeks, not in bondage although she still wore her rubber suit.

It had felt...strange...wrong...even somehow unnatural to be able to move her arms and legs without restraint and when Professor Goss had instructed her to walk around and stretch her limbs, she had found herself missing the firm grasp of her accustomed bonds.

She was a slave...she wanted to be a slave...and the ingrained conditioning she had endured had reinforced her strongly submissive tendencies to the point where she instinctively felt that a slave should be bound and helpless, her body defenseless and vulnerable.

Unsettled by the freedom she no longer wanted, she had turned to Professor Goss, "Have I done something wrong, Professor?" she had asked worriedly. "I am still your slave, aren't I? Or... Or have you changed your mind?"

His answer had removed any possible doubt and sent a thrill of tingling arousal through her body, "Absolutely not, Paula. I have no intention of changing my mind and by the end of today, I am quite sure that you will understand exactly what it means to be my slave. So, come with me and we shall begin our new adventure together."

Without hesitation, Paula followed his tall figure to the room where she had been subjected to so much torment and discovered the incredible ecstasy that lay beyond, her anticipation and excitement growing at every step to the knowledge that when she re-emerged, it would be as the permanent bondage- and sex-slave of the man who had laid bare passions and desires in her that she had harbored unknowingly...and then used those same passions to overcome her fear and shame of what her uncontrollable desires betrayed about her.

When Paula stepped through the door that Professor Goss held open for her, her eyes went immediately to the machine which stood in the centre of the room, awaiting her.

Set on a large, square base, a thick steel pole some three feet high rose to a small, firmly-padded saddle, while from each side of the pole, several further steel struts branched out horizontally to the right and left, some terminating in hinged steel bands that were clearly designed to restrain her limbs.

Unlike its predecessor, which had folded and compressed her body into a tight, compact bundle, she saw immediately that this one would display her with her legs spread wide apart to provide easy access to her sex and as Paula realized that the steel manacles would have no

stretch or free-play whatever in them and that she would be incapable of even the smallest movement when the zip at her groin was opened, her belly kicked hugely to release a stream of hot juices.

Slowly, acutely aware of Professor Goss's silent scrutiny, Paula walked over to the machine, raised herself onto the tips of her toes, sat down on the narrow saddle and turned her head to meet his gaze.

She took a deep breath, "I am ready, Professor."

"Yes," he agreed, moving towards her, "indeed you are."

His strong hand gripped her right leg and moved it firmly out to her right, her knee bending as he brought her foot back to the long steel strut below the saddle and placed her ankle in the open half of the steel band.

Holding it in position with one hand, he closed the band with the other, a concealed ratchet clicking until Paula felt cool, hard steel clamp her rubber-covered flesh.

When he repeated his actions with her left leg, her thighs opened into a wide "V" and when her ankle was secured, she gazed down at the rubber stretched tightly over her sex and gave a shudder of delicious fear, realizing that it had become impossible for her to close her legs far enough to deny access to her own body.

With her ankles drawn back underneath her, she had to lean back slightly to maintain balance, her stomach muscles tensing to hold herself upright.

Professor Goss went behind her and supported her shoulders, "Relax, Paula," he instructed, "I won't let you fall. Just lean back and trust me to keep you safe."

She hesitated, then whispered, "All right, Professor. I-I do trust you and I know you won't hurt me." As she obeyed his order, he slowly eased her down until she lay with her torso parallel to the floor, perched on the narrow padded saddle under her buttocks.

Her hands instinctively sought for a secure grip and found it in the uprights at the ends of the second steel strut and it was only when he reached under her and locked steel bands around her wrists and biceps that she recognized how carefully he had designed the device to support her, while at the same time restraining her so effectively that she was unable to raise her upper body or protect herself in any way.

When he lifted two halves of a steel band that were attached to the saddle, connected them together over her navel and then tightened them until her slim waist was firmly compressed, Paula knew that no matter how frantically she struggled, she would remain exactly as he had secured her, her body hopelessly vulnerable and available for however he chose to use it.

Acutely aware of her helplessness, she licked her lips nervously as he stood over her and smiled, "Well, Paula," he said cheerfully, "are you beginning to feel like a real slave yet? You certainly look like one."

She felt herself redden as his eyes lingered on the zip between her gaping thighs and before she could think of a reply, he added, "Of course, a real slave must learn to serve her owner with every part of her body, you know. Her mouth, for example....."

Paula gasped, her eyes widening in alarm.

Giving oral sex was something she had experienced only once and she hadn't particularly enjoyed it, or ever repeated it.

"Oh no, Professor, please, not that," she urged him, "I-I really don't like doing th-that."

He frowned, "Hmm. Now that is a pity, because I like it a great deal. Still, never mind. I expect you'll get used to it eventually."

The flat, uncompromising statement left Paula in no doubt that she wasn't going to be given any choice about how she would pleasure him and as flaring heat surged through her belly and her nipples stiffened, she shivered to the thrilling knowledge that her preferences were no longer the deciding factor of what she would, or would not do.

She was Professor Goss's slave and if he ordered her to serve him with her mouth, then she would have to obey, whether she liked it or not.

Taking a deep breath, she gazed up at his stern face and replied humbly, "Yes, Professor. I will tr-try, but I'm not...not very...experienced..."

His lips curved in a slow smile that set her pulse racing, "That will not be a problem, my dear," he said calmly, "all it takes is a willingness to learn and a little practice. The first you already have and as for the second, well, my machine can help with that."

Seeing her incomprehension, he chuckled, "Don't worry about it, slave. All will soon become clear."

He placed his finger-tips on her forehead and pressed down gently but firmly, "Let your head drop right back. Go on, right down. Further. A little more. Good. Now stay like that."

With her head level with her ankles and her neck arched, it took Professor Goss only seconds to position a semi-circular steel band across her forehead and snap a padlock through the hasp, then secure her throat with a second, smaller band.

His upside-down face smiled, then disappeared from her view when he moved towards the other end of the machine and Paula's belly fluttered wildly as she found that with her head immobilized, it was impossible for her to see any part of her own body or anticipate what Professor Goss might be about to do.

She almost cried out in relief when he came back into her limited range of vision, but when she saw what he was carrying, her relief changed instantly to apprehension.

The framework of metal struts carried a small hydraulic ram and the associated wiring and piping that she was familiar with from her previous "tests"...but what was not familiar and caused her such concern, was the thick, black, blunt-headed rubber shaft extending forward from the ram.

When Professor Goss attached the frame to the base of the machine on which she lay and adjusted the ram until the shaft was less than an inch from her soft lips, Paula's concerns hardened into absolute certainty and her cheeks flushed a vivid crimson.

"No need for explanation, I see," he remarked casually. "Then let's find out whether the old saying about practice making perfect holds true in this case. Open your mouth."

With a nervous gulp, knowing she had little choice, Paula obeyed and as he held down a button on the side of the hydraulic ram, the rubber shaft slid smoothly forward.

It was larger and harder than she had realized and as her lips were stretched into a tight circle around its girth and her cheeks bulged to encompass its considerable bulk as it pressed remorselessly deeper into her mouth, she whined softly and stared pleadingly up at Professor Goss.

"You can take more, slave," he told her flatly and to Paula's helpless dismay, he kept his finger on the button until her mouth was completely filled, her tongue pinned and the head of the shaft almost touching the back of her throat.

Only the fact that her neck was so steeply arched saved her from choking on the huge rod and when he released the button and nodded in satisfaction, she understood that he had planned it that way.

A picture flashed into her mind of her on her knees before him with her naked body tightly bound and her lips pressed to his groin as he ravaged her mouth with ruthless authority and in response her belly pulsed with massive power.

Engrossed in her erotic vision, she didn't notice Professor Goss move to her side...until he slid open the zip at her belly.

Her thigh muscles flexed in a purely instinctive and involuntary reaction, but her legs stayed widely spread, held by the cuffs at her ankles and the competing tension of her deeply arched spine. As she found herself unable to move or resist in any way, Paula trembled to the deliciously-frightening excitement of her exposed, utterly defenseless plight.

Professor Goss stared down at Paula's wetly-glistening sex, his nostrils filled with the musky aroma of her aroused womanhood, wanting her so badly that his desire was a fierce, hard ache in his belly. He could take her, plunge his iron-hard erection into her, and satisfy his lust in the tight, hot channel of her belly as he had wanted to do for so long. There was nothing to stop him...Paula certainly couldn't...nothing but his own implacable determination to subjugate her to the ultimate degree and complete her irrevocable transformation into the perfect slave of his dreams.

With shaking hands, he placed the stimulator directly onto Paula's clitoris, taking great care to ensure that her erect, fleshy button was trapped in the ring of stiff rubber prongs and the base-unit of the device nestled snugly against the underside, then strapped it firmly in position and connected the power lead.

Feeling his will-power draining away, he tried to keep his voice level, "You are now prepared for your final and permanent submission," he told Paula. "You know what I wish you to do and your own obedience will make you the full and permanent slave that you must be. And when you are, I shall return to use you in whatever manner I choose."

With a jab of his finger, he switched his devices on and walked away without looking back, heading for a long, cold shower and knowing that if he stayed to watch, he would be unable to control his own raging urges.

When the zip at her belly was drawn back, Paula had assumed...hoped...that she was about to be taken by Professor Goss. Or if not, that at least her sex would be filled by a vibrator, as on the other occasions she had been bound to his incredible machines.

The fact that she felt only a sharp stab of disappointment as she found that her body was not to be immediately and mercilessly invaded and pillaged by either, was proof of just how far along the road to total slavery Paula had travelled...as was the fact that it seemed perfectly natural and right for her to have no choice as to when, or how, or even whether, she was to be taken by Professor Goss.

As his slave, she must simply submit to his will.

When he walked away and left her to the pitiless demands of his machines, she knew she would.

With a soft hiss, the piston of the hydraulic ram retracted, then extended smoothly, its attached rubber shaft gliding several inches back and forth in Paula's mouth, but always remaining within the tight "O" of her lips as it simulated the oral sex that Professor Goss had decreed that she must learn and practice.

In perfect, computerized synchrony, the rubber prongs around her clitoris began to vibrate gently, while the base-unit oscillated at a slightly higher frequency.

For several minutes, Paula waited passively for the vibrations to accelerate and drive her into the ecstasy of a slave-orgasm, as they had so many times before, but to her confusion and frustration they remained at the same low pitch and far too slow to do more than keep her need simmering. She wanted to come, but could not and as the rubber shaft continued to pump to and fro in her mouth, she grunted in irritation, remembering that Professor Goss wanted her to practice.

Reluctantly, not really concentrating, she hollowed her cheeks and sucked.

Instantly, powerful, uneven vibrations surged through her clitoris and the rubber prongs tightened their grip to a level that magnified the sensations enormously and made Paula gasp as her delicate flesh was squeezed hard enough to make her wince.

Three seconds, then the pressure on her clitoris eased and the vibrations reduced to their former slow pace

Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked at the rubber shaft a second time and was immediately rewarded with three seconds of delicious arousal...and just enough pain to intensify her desire to be subjugated and controlled.

At that moment, Paula realized what Professor Goss intended.

He had somehow linked the shaft in her mouth with the device strapped to her belly and programmed them in such a way that in order for her to receive the stimulation she craved, she would have to overcome her own inhibitions and dislike of oral sex.

To reach a climax, she would be forced to accept the humiliation of sucking continuously on the rod as if she was pleasuring his living flesh, rather than an inanimate, unfeeling device of wire and rubber and electronic circuitry. In doing so, she would not only reinforce her submission as a slave, but torment herself with the self-imposed pain that her obedience would inevitably inflict on her imprisoned clitoris as her efforts to bring her sexual arousal to the point of orgasmic surrender, activated the rubber prongs.

Every three seconds of pleasure would have to be paid for with a cruel squeeze to her clitoris and as Paula understood that the more excited she became, the more she would punish herself...and that the punishment would only add to her passion and drive her to ever-greater efforts to make herself come...her belly kicked violently to a savage burst of heat.

She was to be trained to take the entire length of Professor Goss's fully-erect masculinity into her mouth to provide him with his favorite sexual service...and conditioned to associate the act with her own sexual pleasure and complete submission.

Paula knew all about conditioning. Much of her course of study had involved the study of the methods, causes and effects of physical, mental, social and environmental conditioning on individuals. She had read about it, studied it and even written papers about it...but had never actually experienced it on a personal, intimate level until Professor Goss had bound her and forced her to confront her own deep and unsuspected desire for bondage, subjugation and sexual servitude.

That conditioning had changed her forever and she knew it. Conditioning an unwilling, resistant subject could take months...but Paula was neither unwilling, nor resistant to becoming Professor Goss's slave.

In the days and weeks since surrendering herself to him and his incredible machines, it had become her strongest, most fervent desire and with a shiver of thrilling anticipation, she sucked deeply at the shaft filling her mouth.

With the normal, civilized constraints of modesty and self-control voluntarily abandoned, Paula's body and mind were free to respond more powerfully than ever before and as irresistible

arousal and delicious pain combined to wreak utter havoc in her swirling belly, she surrendered willingly, joyfully and irrevocably to the sexual torment and ecstasy of the new life she had chosen for herself.

A first huge climax overwhelmed her less than a minute afterwards, but even as the wrenching spasms tore through her and a flood of hot juices erupted into her belly, she continued to suck obediently at the shaft, building on the intensity of her surrender to force her own passions higher still in an attempt to satisfy the blazing need that her conscious decision to subjugate herself had ignited in her body and mind.

Professor Goss had bound her as a slave, used his machines to arouse her as a slave, forced her to climax as a slave and even made her offer to be his slave...but Paula knew that only she could have chosen to become a slave.

That choice she had made, understanding and accepting what it must mean.

A second orgasm, even more powerful and devastating than the first, detonated into the churning maelstrom of her still-pounding belly and as she screamed in delirious welcome to the rapture of her pleasure and convulsed again and again in the uncontrollable, unstoppable climax of a full slave. Paula knew that she would never wish to be anything other than what she was.

For over two hours, Professor Goss exerted every atom of self-control that he possessed in a battle to delay the moment when he would finally take Paula and make her his slave forever, but even his will-power had its limits and finally, he could hold back no longer.

Leaping to his feet, he hurried towards the room where she waited, knowing that his careful plans for her were about to achieve his ultimate goal and that his long-held dreams of her willing submission to his dominance would soon become endlessly-pleasurable reality.

Fourteen major orgasms and innumerable smaller mini-climaxes had taken Paula far beyond any limits, her body overwhelmed by the white-hot ferocity of the volcanic eruptions that spewed gouts of boiling juices into her seething belly as she came again and again in near-continuous multiple surrenders, her mind incapable of rational thought or any semblance of control over the shattering responses forced from her as the vibrator strapped over her clitoris drove her need and her passion to unbearable heights as she sucked dementedly at her gag and brought still more intense arousal and exquisite pain upon herself.

Lost in a spinning, whirling vortex of sexual ecstasy and utter, unconditional submission, her juices trickling from her to pool on the floor beneath her vainly-flexing thighs, Paula had no idea that Professor Goss had returned until his massive, iron-hard maleness sank irresistibly into the gaping channel of her dripping sex.

She climaxed hugely as he entered her, her body locked in a straining bow, hips arched upwards against the tight strap at her belly to offer herself as fully as possible to his invading shaft, her eyes wild with frantic lust as she screamed her passionate desire to be taken, to be mercilessly subjugated and used as his helpless slave. Then she climaxed again as he lunged to the pit of her seething belly, impaling her on his erect flesh and penetrating her until his pelvis ground against her pubic bone, trapping the still-buzzing vibrator between them.

Wave upon wave of scalding juices showered into Paula's convulsing belly, flooding over Professor Goss's deeply buried shaft as she shuddered and pulsed in her gigantic double-orgasm, her internal muscles clamping his erection in a vice-like grip to draw him deeper into the innermost core of her body, the awesome power and depth of her immediate submission confirming beyond any shadow of doubt that Paula was indeed, a true slave.



His hands gripped her clenched buttocks and as he began to take her with hard, fast thrusts of his bulging shaft, Paula shuddered in helpless ecstasy, able only to accept the ruthless pillaging of her steel-fettered body as Professor Goss unleashed all the pent-up frustrations and lusts of his weeks of abstinence.

After so long a period of self-denial, his raging need could not be long denied and when he reached his peak and his maleness pulsed to send powerful jets of his hot spend hosing into her belly, Paula gave a shrill, keening wail and a third immense orgasm burst over her to set the seal on her final and irreversible submission. Her whole body juddered galvanically to each throbbing spasm of his release and as his seed mixed with her flooding juices in the boiling cauldron of her belly, he groaned in overwhelming pleasure as the liquid heat of her climax surrounded him and the uncontrollable contractions of her passion massaged his jerking shaft.

It was the triumphant culmination of all his hopes and dreams and plans and with his body locked to hers, Professor Goss reveled in the exquisite sight and sound and feeling of Paula's every convulsion as she came, knowing that her sexual ecstasy and absolute, unreserved surrender was that of a full and willing slave.

His slave.

The "tests" she had undergone had clearly achieved the desired result of conditioning her to accept and enjoy and genuinely desire the strict bondage and subjugation he had imposed upon her and after it had become obvious to him that she possessed a markedly submissive side to her nature and was sexually aroused by being dominated and controlled when she was helpless to resist, it had only been a short step from there to enforcing her permanent slavery.

Without either of them knowing it beforehand, Paula had turned out to be the ideal choice of subject for the "experiment"...and now all that remained was to begin the training that would make her the perfect slave that he was determined she would become.

When she felt Professor Goss slip from her roiling belly, Paula gave a soft moan of loss and when he walked around to smile down at her, she gazed humbly upwards, her eyes filled with a longing she couldn't conceal.

He had used her as a slave, ravaged her body without mercy, taken her with almost-brutal masculine power and given her no choice but to submit completely to his dominant authority.

Paula knew she had responded as a slave, her orgasms deeper and fiercer and more intensely satisfying than she had believed possible.

When he smiled calmly into her eyes, she felt her belly quiver with instantly-renewed heat and realized that she still wanted more and if she could, would beg without hesitation to be taken again. Then it dawned on her that there was another way to tell him of her desire for him and demonstrate the extent of her obedience and submission.

Holding his eyes with her own, Paula hollowed her cheeks and sucked deliberately on the shaft in her mouth...and as immediate arousal and cruelly-sweet pain jolted through her clitoris, Professor Goss nodded in understanding, "Very good, slave. Now, continue until I order you to stop."

Shivering in alarm and excitement as the brusque command reinforced her need and sense of submission, Paula sucked at the shaft and felt her belly swirl with heat as she obeyed and confirmed his power over her and the depth of her own desire to be dominated.

The knowledge that she was obeying as a slave and that Professor Goss would interpret her acceptance of his orders as carte blanche to extend and intensify his control over her, added a thrilling spice of danger to Paula's view of her situation, because although she loved and wanted

the delicious subjugation he had and was still imposing upon her, she understood perfectly clearly that their relationship had progressed to a new and much higher level.

She was no longer his student and partner, albeit junior, in a scientific experiment.

She was the experiment...and its undeniable success could be measured by the depth of her sexual passion and the fact that she had become his willing and obedient slave.

However, like all scientists, Professor Goss demanded solid, incontrovertible proof that his experiment was truly as successful as it appeared...and that proof could only be provided by Paula herself.

Brought to fever-pitch by the relentless vibrator arousing and tormenting her clitoris, Paula whimpered in anguished frustration as Professor Goss turned his machine off, leaving her just a few moments short of the orgasm that towered like a mountain over her, needing only a little more to send it avalanching into her quivering belly.

Impervious to her pleading eyes and soft moans, he stared down at her. "You are my slave," he told her flatly, "your body belongs to me and has served me well. Now, it is time for your mouth to do the same and you will obey and satisfy me as the full slave you are."

Paula trembled helplessly, knowing that she had no choice and when he pressed the button that retracted the huge rubber rod from her mouth, she took a deep breath and nerved herself for the ordeal, her eyes fixed on his semi-erect maleness.

Professor Goss swung the framework to one side, then moved forward until his shaft was at her lips and ordered, "Pleasure me, slave," his eyes glittering with anticipation.

With a gulp, Paula stretched her tongue out and began to lick delicately at his flesh...and to her own surprise, found that her expected dislike was instantly swamped and forgotten beneath a wave of intense excitement as the sheer eroticism of what she was doing...had been commanded to do...crashed into her brain.

She was serving Professor Goss in the most intimate, personal and deeply submissive way that a woman could serve a man...and she was doing it as a slave, her body clamped in steel fetters, utterly vulnerable and hopelessly aroused. Yet suddenly, it all felt so right, so perfect, so natural and desirable that Paula felt her eyes fill with tears of gratitude and joy.

She was, and always would be his slave and as she licked enthusiastically at his awakening manhood, she felt a spray of her juices burst from her sex as a single word burned itself into her mind like a flaming beacon. The word was...Master. A slave always had a Master and Paula knew that Professor Goss was to be hers.

His shaft stiffened and thickened with her efforts and she let her lips part to accept his hard flesh, her enforced practice allowing her to suck him deep into her warm, soft mouth, taking his full length and girth until the coarse hair of his groin was at her lips.

Professor Goss sighed with pleasure as her tongue caressed him, then reached forward to slide open the zips at Paula's tautened breasts, his fingers capturing her rigid nipples and rolling them to bring muffled gasps from her nose and powerful contractions of her belly as she climaxed helplessly to the additional arousal that shot through her immobilized body.

In response, her lips squeezed his shaft and her tongue redoubled its efforts and when he began to twitch and spasm with the release of his hot, salty tribute to her newly-learned oral skills, Paula felt his seed jet into her throat and eagerly swallowed every drop, her own belly jerking wildly to the humble ecstasy of knowing that she had served him well and given him the pleasure that it was a true slave's duty and privilege to provide in any form that he desired. No

matter when, or where, or how she was commanded by the Master to whom she could only ever be a full and loving slave.

## Chapter Nine

### *Epilogue*

The garden behind Professor Goss's house was completely enclosed behind a high brick wall that ensured complete privacy and kept prying eyes away from the green oasis of peace and tranquility that lay within. It was in this quiet spot, seated under the dappled shade of the spreading branches of a large oak tree that Paula waited for him to return from his afternoon lecture.

The fifteen months since taking part in her joint "experiment" with Professor Goss had flown by in a blur and she sometimes found it hard to even recall what her days had been like before the amazing events of that long summer of bondage and subjugation at his hands.

In those few short weeks, her life had changed forever and as she thought back over the "tests" she had undergone and remembered the doubts and fears that had assailed her when she had slowly come to realize what he planned for her and found her will-power ebbing away, her eyes crinkled with amusement at the memory of her foolishness in thinking that she could resist either his machines or her own nature and desires.

She had never had the ghost of a chance, because he had foreseen every defense she had tried to put up and countered it even before she had had the chance to begin to fight.

From the first moment she had let him put her in bondage, her war had been as good as lost and even though she had still battled against the inevitable, the outcome had never been in doubt. That outcome, of course, had been her submission to permanent slavery and acceptance of his absolute mastery over her.

He had kept her bound and helpless right up to the very last moment of the holiday, subjecting her to daily conditioning on his fantastic machines and then pillaging her body and mouth every night, until a single touch of his hands or lips was more than enough to send her arousal zooming towards the immense orgasms that constantly simmered and swirled in her belly, just waiting to be triggered.

Paula had adored every second of it, delighting in her subjugation and not even attempting to resist her slide into ever-deepening slavery. Her only slight concern, the unwelcome thought of what she assumed must happen when she and Professor Goss returned to the campus after the holiday break and had to end their new and thrilling relationship, or face the wrath of the authorities.

Perhaps, after experiencing his determination and ruthlessness at first hand...and loving the sexual passion that energized her whole body as he made her display her uncontrollable need to serve him as a slave...Paula supposed she really ought to have guessed that he wouldn't just set her free at the end of summer break and simply return to the student/tutor relationship they had had before.

She simply hadn't realized how thoroughly he had planned or how strong his desire to possess her forever really was.

On that last evening, with her body still shuddering in the throes of a stupendous climax, Paula had sobbed in unbearable misery as Professor Goss...her Master as Paula always by then thought of him...had caressed her spread-eagled and gagged body as he told her that it was the last night of summer break and in the morning they would have to return to the campus.

Paula had tried to protest and plead to stay with him and be his slave forever, but her gag would not permit her to speak and when she wept, he relented and took the gag from her mouth.

“Oh, no, Professor,” she begged, “please, I want to be with you. I-I need you and I want you. I’m your slave and I can’t go back. I couldn’t bear to have to be in class with you and not able to...to serve you and have you take me and...and make me submit to you.”

He shook his head sadly. “I want you too, Paula,” he told her gently, “but tutors are banned from having a relationship with their students. You know that.”

“I’ll leave,” she offered wildly. “If I’m not a student, we can be together and you could keep me as your slave and have me whenever you wanted.”

“No,” he replied flatly, “out of the question. I cannot permit you to ruin your education. Not even for me.”

“But... But... There must be some way,” Paula moaned. “I’ll do anything it takes. I can’t lose you now. Please, Professor...”

Professor Goss hesitated, then smiled slowly, “Well, I have thought of one solution that you might be willing to consider.”

“What?” she cried, “What is it? I’ll do it. I promise. Just tell me, please.”

So he did...

Which was how, just one week later, Paula had come to wear a glittering ring of white gold on the third finger of her left hand...and that same evening, a highly-polished ring of stainless steel clamped about her slender throat...as Mrs. Paula Goss...loving wife and obedient slave to her husband and Master.

The wedding-ring had been slipped onto her finger at a small ceremony in the campus church attended by Professor Goss’s amazed and clearly envious colleagues and Paula’s equally-astonished fellow students, where Paula promised to love, honor and, of course, obey her husband...but the second ring had been fitted in the privacy of her new home as she knelt naked before him and with her arms tightly bound behind her back, as a slave.

“This is your slave-collar,” Professor Goss had told her, “it is the symbol of your submission and shows that you are my property. An owned slave. There is no key to release it and you will wear it for the rest of your life.”

Then he had lifted the collar to her throat, pressing the ends together behind her neck and when Paula heard the metallic clicks of its internal locks snapping shut and felt the cold, uncompromising grip and weight of steel against her skin, she had known that her freedom was gone forever.

Intensely aware of familiar, welcome heat coiling in her belly, she had lifted her head and arched her spine to display her body and her submission. “I am your slave, my Master,” she had replied truthfully and sincerely, “and I will wear my slave-collar with all the pride and gratitude and love of a true slave for her Master.”

It was the first time she had ever actually called him, or anyone, “Master”.

It was how she had felt about him.

After fifteen months as his collared slave, her feelings had not changed.

Not surprisingly, Professor Goss’s bombshell proposal of marriage, followed so quickly by the wedding and her collaring as a life-long slave, had driven all thoughts of study out of Paula’s mind and it came as a considerable shock to her to find that her Master had no intention of letting her education go by the board.

As her husband, he was still permitted to teach her along with the other students in his usual lecture-group, but he was not allowed to assess her efforts or grade her course-work or examination results.

Those tasks were given to another Professor in a different college and it was he who judged and marked Paula's work.

And it really was Paula's work, because her Master allowed her no special concessions and gave her no more time or assistance than he gave to her fellow students.

Although the incentives he devised for encouraging her were certainly not those used for her class-mates. After all, it would definitely have caused comment and eyebrows to be raised if he had bound them, put them over his knee and spanked their naked bottoms to a flaming red the way he did to Paula when he considered her work to be sub-standard. As would his system of reward-by-climax for her better efforts. It was, however, highly effective and Paula's grades climbed steadily, until, one year into her slavery, she sat her final examination.

Graduating with the highest mark ever awarded for the compulsory 50,000 word thesis on any aspect of the previous two years' course-work, beating in the process the former highest scoring thesis on the subject of "Psychological Aspects of Conditioning and Control," written by a student named...Goss.

Paula's work was hailed as "ground-breaking", "insightful", "intuitive", and "innovative and perceptive", and she was thrilled to be offered a five-year contract from the college to work alongside their leading Professor of psychology. Her own husband...

Of course, given her highly-personal experience and profound understanding of the subject to draw on, how could she not have done well with a thesis entitled, "The Stockholm Syndrome – Sexual Politics and the Surrender of Self".

It was warm in the garden, but Paula was dressed, or perhaps undressed was a more accurate description, for the conditions.

From neck to ankles, she wore a thin, black, crotchless body-stocking so sheer that her breasts and nipples were as clearly visible as if she were totally nude, with a short, extremely tight, black leather corset cinching her waist but leaving her belly and sex exposed between her widely spread thighs.

As always, she had no choice about her displayed body, for before he had left to give his lecture, her Master had laced her arms into a single-glove binder and escorted her out into the garden.

The spot he led her to was one where she had spent many hours and she knew exactly what to do, sitting down on the padded V-shaped seat and moving her feet apart to allow him to clip her ankles into the steel cuffs at each end of the bar bolted to the wooden base.

With her legs secured, she wriggled backwards until her arms met the vertical post behind her and waited as he passed red webbing straps around her waist and above her offered breasts, then ratcheted them tight to hold her in position.

"Open, slave," he ordered casually and she stretched her lips wide, her obedience instinctive and automatic, ingrained into her so deeply that it no longer even occurred to Paula to question his authority.

The ball-gag was large and red and filled her mouth and when he buckled the straps that encircled her head, she knew that the soft grunts and moans that were the only sounds she could make wouldn't carry beyond the high walls to attract unwanted interest in their source.

Her Master smiled down at her helplessly restrained body, then reached forward and let his fingers and thumbs caress and roll her nipples, his eyes gleaming with pleasure as the sensitive buds immediately grew hard and stiff and she fought her bonds in a futile effort to press her breasts more firmly into his grasp.

“Just testing, slave,” he chuckled, “We don’t want you getting loose by accident, do we?”

The chance of that happening was so remote as to be non-existent.

In fifteen months, she had never once succeeded in escaping from his bondage and both he and Paula were well aware that she didn’t want to. Her slavery and subjugation to his Mastery was completely willing and voluntary, her submission given freely as an expression of her love and desire for him.

Just as his ruthless domination and strict discipline of her was driven by the same powerful emotions. But that did not mean that Paula was any less of a slave, or that he was in any way prepared to accept anything other than perfect obedience and total, unconditional submission from her.

“I won’t be back until after six this evening,” he informed her, “so I’ll leave you with something to keep you entertained while you’re waiting.”

Visualizing the long hours of helplessness and subjugation that lay ahead until he returned, her belly kicked with the slave-heat that she knew so well while he quickly assembled a tubular metal frame and bolted it in position between her gaping thighs.

The vibrator he attached to it was an old friend that Paula remembered vividly from her original “tests” and when he slid its thick, hard shaft into her already-wet sex and ensured that its clitoral stimulator rested firmly on the fleshy button, she gulped in delicious fright, fully aware that she would be quite incapable of defying its powerful oscillations.

With the speed and certainty of long practice, her Master connected the power cable and then moved to the control panel.

“Just so you know, slave,” he said casually, “I’ve made a little modification to this. It’ll start off nice and slow, then gradually speed up until either it hits three-quarter speed, or you climax first. It’ll know if you do, because I’ve added a sensor.”

He paused and grinned down into her apprehensive eyes, reading the question that she couldn’t ask.

“Oh, yes,” he chuckled, “of course. You want to know what happens if you haven’t come, I suppose. Well, if you haven’t, things start to get interesting. I’ve coupled the maximum speed control to the electric shock device, you see. So if the machine senses that you haven’t climaxed, you’ll get full power and a nice little jolt of discipline at the same time...and you’ll keep on getting them both until you come.”

Paula gasped and her eyes widened in helpless excitement.

She had no secrets from her Master and he was well aware that she was slightly masochistic and always became incredibly aroused when he added a little pain to her pleasure.

He only did it rarely, careful not to blunt the keen edge of her desire, but when he did, her submissions and orgasms were simply unbelievable.

It was going to be a long, long afternoon and Paula shivered in anticipation of the exquisite torment she would be forced to endure...and the stunning, mind-numbing climaxes that she would be utterly powerless to control or resist.

“Mm, I knew you’d like that idea, slave,” her Master grinned, “that’s why I’ve set the machine on a repeat cycle. You get a short rest break per climax. Then you start again. Have fun, slave, but don’t forget that when I return, I shall require your services.”

His thumb pressed the power button and as Paula felt the vibrator come to life in her belly, she lifted her gaze to his face and then slowly let her eyes drop in a signal of her humble and willing acceptance of his Mastery.

No matter how many times his machine forced her to submit, she would be ready and eager to serve him in any way he commanded.

For a true slave, nothing could even begin to compare to the joy and ecstasy of pleasuring her Master...and Paula was, beyond any question, a true slave.

Professor Goss was the envy of all of his colleagues, who simply couldn't understand how he had managed to persuade such a beautiful, intelligent, vivacious and charming young woman as Paula to fall in love with him, as she clearly had.

He never gave them the slightest hint of their real relationship and although some may have wondered why Paula never strayed more than a few feet from his side, or why she occasionally gave a little start of surprise and sometimes lost the thread of her conversation as her eyes immediately sought him out, it was invariably put down to her newly-wed status and only added to the general view that Professor Goss was an incredibly lucky man.

Nobody ever suspected that Paula was reacting to the arousal and discipline functions of a device strapped snugly against her sex and remotely-controlled by him to keep her nearby and able to steer her away from topics he did not want her to discuss. Or that once away from the public engagements she attended with him, with the door of his house firmly locked, her absolute submission was immediately re-confirmed when she stripped naked, knelt at his feet with her body displayed and humbly requested to be bound and used in any way he desired, as his full and obedient slave.

A request he was always more than happy to grant...

As he stood back and watched his wife begin to surrender to the bondage and sexual arousal he loved to impose upon her, knowing with utter certainty that her desire to be controlled and subjugated was a perfect match for his own passionate need to dominate and enslave her to his Mastery, Professor Goss felt his maleness stir with anticipation.

It would be several hours before he returned to her and by then, Paula's need would be stoked to fever-pitch by her helplessness and the numerous orgasms forced on her by the tireless vibrator in her belly.

She would be desperate to serve and please him, her passion intensified by each climax that would only very temporarily alleviate her physical lust and then leave her even more hopelessly aroused and wanting.

His lips curved into a predatory smile when he saw her belly flutter wildly to the sexual storm building inexorably in her defenseless body and without a word, he turned away and strode towards his lecture, chuckling at the sound of Paula's low, gag-muffled squeal as she was left to endure the eternity of pleasure, anguish, unavoidable arousal, delicious pain, thrilling subjugation and overwhelming ecstasy of the repeated submissions to which he had sentenced her.

Paula stared at the house until the bang of the front door slamming shut told her that her Master really had left her, then let her eyes drop to the firm swells of her outthrust breasts and lower, to the wide "V" of her gaping thighs held open by the steel spreader-bar between her cuffed ankles.



She had been bound by her Master, to submit fully and helplessly as the slave she was and as the vibrations of the device penetrating her increased in speed and power and then a little later, increased again, she abandoned herself utterly and joyfully to the soaring rapture of his erotic bondage and surrendered as she knew she must...and he had known she would.

Fifteen months of full-time slavery had worked on her submissive nature and honed her physical responses until both her mind and body were perfectly attuned to sexual stimulation of any kind imposed on her by her ruthless and inventive Master and Paula knew she was no longer able to resist his demands, or her own deep need for his thrilling and uncompromising dominance.

Her first climax swept over her in a smooth, sweeping wave, her belly pulsing hot juices over the machine buried within her and her breasts trembling to the exquisite pleasure of her release as she came in a series of long, sweetly drawn-out convulsions.

As her juices flowed, the vibrator stopped and Paula gulped, remembering that it was programmed to allow her time to recover, but would then start again...and that if she failed to reach orgasm before it switched to maximum speed, her Master had set it to torment her with electric shocks.

Her dismay blended with fierce longing at how well he understood her.

He knew that the vibrator on its own was quite enough to bring her to climax at first, but that after several such surrenders, it would become increasingly hard for her to reach the next as her body adjusted to the arousal.

So he had compensated by building-in a level of disciplinary shocks that would push her beyond mere simple arousal and into the world of helpless, hopeless subjugation she desired with every fiber of her being.

A world where her body and mind and soul belonged utterly and completely to her Master, her responses governed and controlled by his implacable will, her needs and desires subordinated to his wishes, shattering pleasure and bitter-sweet pain imposed upon her by his choice and even her stupendous orgasms forming a part of the stringent discipline and absolute submission that he demanded of her. And which she gave...and would continue to give...freely, willingly and eagerly as the wife and slave of the man...and the Master...she loved and served with all her heart...

Begun so many months before by a challenge whose consequences she could never have anticipated and continued by conditioning and training that had revealed and then massively reinforced previously-unsuspected submissive tendencies in her nature, Paula had gained herself a husband, a Master, and the locked collar of a genuine and permanent slave.

While by daring to take a risk that could easily have ended his career, Professor Goss had won himself a bride, a slave and the realization of his greatest dream.

And neither could, or would ever wish, to turn back the clock...

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