

The Motivation Chart (Sara's Descent)

Part 1

◆The motivation chart◆ ◆(Sara◆s descent)

I am not a native English speaker, so I hope you have a little patience. ◆I will appreciate if you review it or send me an email with your comments.

The teacher started the class with a pop quiz. It was not a test on the subject of the class but a survey to know more about her pupils◆ motivations. The quiz only had three questions:

1) How is the ideal you? What traits and accomplishment you have or would like to have in order to turn yourself in the person you want to be.
2) How is the anti-you? How is the person that you definitely do not want to be?

3) Draw a horizontal bar across the page and write under the bar at the right margin ◆Anti-me◆ and in the left margin Ideal me. Then paint the bar with some color from left to right.◆ The more to the right that you paint means that you are closer to your ◆ideal you◆. Paint your actual level and mark with a line where you want to be at the end of the semester.

Sara Thompson did not require too much time to answer the questions. She was a cute brunette 19 years old and starting college. Despite her beauty she was more a nerd than anything. Sara always dressed casual and conservative, normally jeans and louse blouses or shirts and never wore make up. She was very intelligent and surely was among the 5 best students her high school class. She was specially god in the English class.◆

She read the first question

◆Ideal me:◆

For a moment Sara thought about her English teacher Ms Joana Donovan, a successful college graduate that was now teaching because her schedule as a MBA student did not allowed her other jobs. But even when she was just teaching for the duration of her MBA she did it with such professionalism, passion and authority that was without a doubt one of her best teachers. Surely Ms Donovan was close of what Sara considered as her own goal. Sara wrote:

◆College graduate, wealthy, independent and secure woman acknowledged by her intelligence and preparation, with a personal presentation that inspires respect and admiration and with a well

remunerated job in which she could put all her skills and knowledge in use. ♦

♦Anti me: ♦

Sara smiled and thought to just put a simple word: ♦Bimbo♦. But then she remembered that she was on English class and decided to verbalize a little more:

♦A drop out, dumb, ignorant and insecure who dress like a slut and depends on whatever she gets from the men she dates; A person who do not focus herself on her goals and don♦t deserve the respect of others. Stuck on a bad pay job or worse♦

Sara drew the horizontal bar and thought about how much to paint. In absolute terms she was far from her ♦ideal me♦ but she considered that was more an effect of her short age than any other thing. After all she was already an intelligent and successful student and was recognized as such by the school community, she also had the right attitudes and goals. Then she thought about her ♦anti me♦ and concluded that she was far away from it. So after a brief time Sara painted around 80% of the bar. After some minutes the teacher said. ♦ Please make a copy of your answers and give it to me. You will conserve the original to set your goals for each month accordingly and to track your own advances. I hope this tool will help you to keep you focused on your dreams and to be a mean to reach them-

At the end of the class many of the students were chatting about the quiz. Some had written that her goal was to be a professional player of one sport or the other, some others had put themselves as doctors, lawyers, TI professionals, etc while others simply as future millionaires or members of the jet set. The common denominator for the ♦Anti-me♦ of most men was a poor wimp and for the ladies a poor old maid.

Katy and Lisa two popular cheerleaders had answered the test mainly with jokes and were chatting between them saying their ideal was to be married with a very wealthy and handsome man. Sara smiled inwardly and thought ♦ Sure if they did not find a guy with enough money they would end poor, so better keep working with the poms poms and the cheers and hope to catch a man before is to late ♦ Suddenly there were laughs followed by an awkward silence and everybody turned to see Sara. She was surprised and then realized that she did not just thought but actually spoke her opinion. She blushed, apologized and repeated that it was a joke and did not expected that anyone would hear it.

Katy and Lisa did not say anything but their eyes looked like knives ready to cut Sara♦s body in little pieces. Finally somebody made an unrelated joke and everybody laugh again and the tense moment was broken. But

Sara knew that she had crossed two of the meanest girls in College and that it would cost her on one way or another.

Sara did not have to wait for long to start suffering little acts of revenge. At Sociology class she could not find her paper. The teacher knowing her accepted her excuse and gave her chance to bring the paper the next day. Then after classes Sara went to the gym, changed into some sport outfit and made some exercise using the college equipment. When she finished she showered and returned to her locker only to find that her shorts and pants were missing. She was still desperately looking for something to wear when Katy and Lisa appeared

- ♦OK girls- said Sara ♦ you already had your revenge, now please give me my pants ♦

But Katy replied ♦ No Sara this is going to last for weeks and it would be a funny semester indeed.

- I already apologized; I really do not see the point of being enemies. It may be better if I do something for you. I can tutor in any class if you want - Said Sara.

Lisa looked angry and said:

- I told you Katy, look at her: She is again telling us we are some kind of bimbos that need her help to pass our test. I think we should make her life here a hell.

Sara trembled; she had managed to make things worse.

- Sorry girls. I didn♦ mean that. I really want to end this. I don♦ want to be your enemy. Can♦ we talk it and found another solution?

Lisa said

- Don♦ listen to her Katy. She is only a liar.

But Katy replied.

- I don♦ know Lisa, Maybe we should give her a chance. After all it would be tiresome and even dangerous for us to be bullying her all the semester. Maybe we should compromise and have a quick solution.

Sara sighted a little relieved. Then Lisa said:

- OK I agree but we can♦ let go a thing like this; it can set a bad precedent and be repeated later. I think a punishment is in order.

Katy agreed nodding and said:

- OK Sara you have two options: Option A: You apologize and accept that each of us gave you ten swats with my brush in your ass and then everything is forgiven and forgotten and everybody continues her life as before or Option B: I give you your clothes and you can go home right now but we will make your life hell for the rest of the semester. So what is going to be?

Sara did not like any of the options but if the first option was true it will only take 10 minutes or so and then her life will return back to normal, the second option could put in risk even her future; these brats can make her lower her grades and ♦ Lisa voice interrupted her thoughts:

- What is going to be Sara? We don♦t have all day.
- I♦ll take the punishment - said Sara with a quivering voice.
- That is a good choice girl. We will be over soon. Bend over that bench ♦ Said Katy.
- Can♦t I have my pants first?
- We will give it to you after the punishment.

Sara walked to the bench and bended as instructed and said:

- Ok I am ready.
- No it is useless she is not repented, she keep commanding us instead - Said Lisa walking to the door.

♦But Katy said:

- Wait. Maybe she does it right this time. ♦ and then turning to Sara she continued ♦ Sara you need to apologize for humiliating us and then beg us for your punishment.

Sara was angry but she was always focused in her goals and knew the best for her was to end this issue as soon as possible so she said:

- Please forgive me for what I did. It was stupid and senseless. Please punish me so I don♦t feel so bad with this guilt.
- That is better. I will spank you first and you better thank me after each stroke- Said Lisa

Lisa took the brush and gave a strong spank in Sara♦s left cheek. The panty did not help at all to protect her and Sara felt a sharp pain.

- I can♦t hear you - said Lisa.
- Thank you Lisa - was Sara♦s weak answer.

Lisa continued the spanking alternating cheeks and when she reached 10 Sara was almost crying; her bottom was surely bright red beneath the panty, but she was also feeling something funny besides pain, she was so ashamed because her pussy was getting wet.

When it was Katy♦s turn, she was delighted seeing the flushed face of Sara. She could smell Sara♦s juices and was having fun thinking ♦ look at the independent feminist all worked up by a spanking. This is priceless.♦ Sara wanted to end the punishment as fast as possible she was getting more and more aroused and was afraid that the girls would notice it. At last, Katy took the brush and started to spank Sara with very strong hits that hurt a lot more than Lisa♦s. But Katy was taking her time spacing maybe 20 seconds or more between hits. In the 6 or 7th swat Katy hit Sara between her legs which caused Sara to jump and started

breathing fast and short because of the pain and the arousal. When Katy reached the 10th stroke, Sara was already crying and very horny. Katy said. Well I think it is over now, unless you want more? It looks like you enjoyed it. Sara was completely embarrassed - They know ♦ she thought. But the girls were faithful to their word; they gave Sara her jeans and let her bended over the bench (Sara did not want them to see the wet spot in her panties, although it was useless, they already smelled it).

Sara quickly dressed and marched home. When she was finally alone in her room she could not stop masturbating thinking about the punishment, the pain and the humiliation. Sara did not remember being as hot in her life. She masturbated three times that afternoon.

Something very strong had awakened inside Sara; she had not been a sexual person in the past. Of course she was not a virgin nor completely frigid, she had sex several times during high school and she even masturbate to orgasms from time to time, maybe once or twice a month, but to say it fast: Sex had never been such a big deal for her, as matter of fact sex was something usually absent from her daily thoughts. And now the events of the day had her in constant heat, and she could not think in any other thing. She surely had heard about some people that liked to play kinky games during sex but she had never was aroused by the idea and never worried to know more about that.

The next day at English class the teacher talked about some authors and in the last minutes she returned to the quiz of the last day and said:

♦The quiz that you made last class is called a motivation chart. This is an instrument that can make you work to get your goals in a more deliberated and organized way. You should draw the bar each week bellow the last one and track your advances.

You should know that there are four basic forces that will help you get closer to your goals: Attitudes, skills, behaviors and achievements. You should set objectives every week on improving or developing new attitudes, skills and behaviors that you think you need in order to reach your goals. You also need to plan ahead some achievements that probe that you are indeed getting closer. The next week you will measure how much of your targets were reached and then paint a little more of the bar to the right or a little less if you think you gave a step back. Just set objectives that mean small steps in the right direction otherwise you will be disappointed for failing at reaching them♦

The class ended and some of the students said they would give the method a try. Sara will definitely do it. She thought that it gave her more control in reaching her goals.

The rest of the week was uneventful. Katy and Lisa kept their promise and did not bully her anymore. Everything seemed back to normal, except for one thing. Sara was masturbating several times daily and continuously fantasized of Katy punishing her again. Once in class Katy caught Sara looking at her and gave her a knowing smile. Sara was worried by her own behavior and said to herself she had to stop. In spite of her efforts and self promises it was worse at the weekend, she masturbated again and again and even spanked herself with her brush. But it was not like with Katy, Sara needed the mix of pain and humiliation. She wanted to be spanked again by Katy, with the mocking words and hard hits. But she certainly did not dare to do anything against Katy and Lisa again, it was too risky.

On Monday Sara was getting a little distracted in class because Katy's presence fired her fantasies. She began to daydream about being punished again. She was getting distracted by her thoughts and even missed the comments of the teacher and was surprised and blushed when the teacher asked her a question and she did not know what she was talking about. The days passed slowly specially the English class that she shared with Katy. In the afternoons the masturbation sessions were less and less gratifying. She convinced herself that she needed to be punished again in order to relaunch her fantasies. Sara remembered Katy's knowing smile at the gym and at the English class and she thought "If I going to need someone to play with me, she is the one. She already knows my secret and she is good at punishing and humiliating. The question is how to get her to play with me. I think I would go straight to it, she seemed to enjoy it too. With her I would be also covered in the case she tells somebody: I would only have to deny it and say that she is spreading rumors because she is mad at me because of my comments of the other day. On Friday Sara could not stop herself any longer and finally decided to act. It was easier to think about it than really saying it but at the end of classes she approached Katy on the walk home and got the opportunity to talk with her one on one. She was very nervous and Katy looked amused and was thinking "Look at the girl who is going to eat the world in one bite all nervous and insecure". Sara talked at last and said:
- umh Katy I was thinking if you could.. punish punish me again? Katy wanted to laugh loud but managed to control herself and said:

- For what?

"- I don't know I am the teacher's pet"

- Listen girl I won't punish you for nothing. It would be like if I want to play your kinky games and I don't.

- I thought you had enjoyed it - Said Sara meekly.
- Yes I enjoyed the opportunity to make justice and to set you up straight. That part was very satisfactory. ♦

Sara felt ashamed to having misinterpreted Katy and wanted to save some face.

I am sorry. I think maybe I enjoyed it for the same reason.

Katy was delighted to have put Sara in this uncomfortable position, but wanted more.

- OK if that is the case let me tell you what: I can be your supervisor. Do you remember the motivation chart that we made in English class?

- Yes of course.

- OK show it to me.

Sara was embarrassed it was a little too personal, but she showed it anyway.

Katy said

♦ OK. It is very interesting, I like your goals. They are very ambitious, and your ♦anti-me♦ very understandable, everybody at college wants to be far of that image, don♦t they? I will help you to accomplish your goals and stay far away from your ♦anti me♦. Every week we are going to revise this chart and if the bar moves to the left (the ♦anti me♦ side) then you will be punished, otherwise I will applaud you and encourage you to keep doing the god work.

Katy was smiling inwardly and thinking ♦if this bitch wants a thrill she will have to get down a peg or two♦.

Sara was abated. This is not what she planed, she expected Katy to punish her for being a goody two shoes or the teacher♦s pet but she is refusing to play the game as such. Surely Katy wanted to have the moral upper ground and to feel justified for her actions, even at the risk of never having a chance to spank Sara again. ♦ It was obvious now to Sara that this is not something that both of them wanted, at least not with the same intensity. Sara was disappointed but then Katy said

♦ We are almost at my house. Why don♦t you come with me and we can talk a bit and maybe I start your supervision right now.-

These words sent a thrill to Sara who saw the possibility of getting what she wanted in the privacy of Katy♦s bedroom. So she accepted and after a few minutes they were sat in Katy♦s bed. Sara was worked up just by the idea that Katy maybe changed her mind and would play the game with her. But Katy began talking, ok girl bring that motivation chart again. OK let me help you set a few goals for your next week.

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class.

Skills

Nothing this week.

Behaviors:

- 2) Not failing to deliver every single paper.
- 3) Dressing conservative at least half of the week.
- 4) Not forgetting every single day to get your books home for studying.
- 5) Not masturbate daily.

Achievements

- 6) Get a B or more at least on a single test of the week.

Then Katy continued: OK here are the rules: if you fail to accomplish any of the goals I will punish you with 8 swats in your ass for each failed goal. If you fail just one the swats are going to be with you wearing your jeans, if you fail 2 or more you will have to take off your jeans and if you fail all the swats are going to be on your naked behind.

Sara was very uncomfortable with the idea. All the goals were lower standards than she already accomplish and all were set in negative terms which made them appear as goals once you take the not word from them, but goals for moving in the opposite direction that she wanted to go. She expected to have at least an easy one that helped her get her thrill without losing anything important but every single rule was too hard when put in positive terms:

1. Being Passive in class.
2. Fail to deliver every single paper for the week
3. Dress not conservative at least half of the week.
4. Forgetting every single day to take her books home for studying.
5. Get Less than B on every single test of the week.
6. Masturbate daily.

- Well the objective number 6 was not that hard ♦ Thought Sara who surprised herself by analyzing the possibilities. She knew she must stop right now, ♦ but instead she said:

- OK Katy thanks for being my supervisor. I need to go home.

When Sara arrived at her apartment she ran to her bedroom and started masturbating right there; she was so aroused, so hot of being treated like a stupid naughty girl by Katy. She quickly got naked and continued her session thinking about how would be to be punished for being closer to her ♦anti-me♦. She imagined herself failing all the points and getting 48 swats in her naked behind and came again and again. By Monday she had a sore pussy but the force of her fantasy had begun to wear off. Then Sara thought, ♦I think I can afford a bad week at school, everybody has one after all - She analyzed the situation further - being mid month the

tests and papers of the week are not the most important for my monthly results, maybe I can still have very good grades for the month if I play my cards right. ♦ And after the punishment I will have material to masturbate for months and won't need another thrill. Then Sara pondered which points she should fail. In a first attempt, she picked the ones that would make the least damage, but after some thinking she decided to fail every one so she could have the spanking in her bare ass. After all she did not believe she could have another chance.

First Week.

The week passed very slowly for Sara. She was mortified of being quiet at class, she had not raised her hand a single time in class, even when most of the time she knew the answers. Worse was to keep her papers at home and saying dumb excuses with the hope that maybe teachers will let her deliver the papers next week and have at least some points. She even got a calculated C in each of three small tests of the week. She was falling behind a little because she had not taken any book home for a week and she had very little to time to catch with her readings at school. The worst part was to try do dress not conservative for 3 days in the week. ♦ Most of her clothes were jeans, pants and conservative blouses, but she searched the bottom of her closet and found some things. So she used a raged old jeans with a big hole bellow the back pocket and a small t-shirt on Wednesday, then a miniskirt and a white blouse on Thursday and on Friday a sleeveless shirt coupled with the same long mini skirt (The only one that she possessed). ♦ At the end of classes on Friday, Sara was very nervous and again approached Katy on her way home. When Katy saw her she said:

- So you come for a supervision session?

- Yes Katy.

- I think I would rather like you to call me Ms Carter. It is more appropriate for the supervisor position.

- Yes Ms Carter - Answered Sara who was a bit uncomfortable for having to give Katy that treatment, the treatment for an authority or superior.

They arrived to Katy's apartment and went straight to her room.

- Let's see how you did this week ♦ said Katy ♦ Take your last week objectives and put a check sign in every objective that you achieved and then write at the bottom how many you got and how many you fail.

Sara took the pen, it was worse to recognize that she failed every single easy objective than to actually fail them during the week. She felt humiliated, aroused and a bit repented, but she wanted her thrill now.

She showed her results to Katy: Zero accomplishments and 6 failures. Her eyes were cast on the floor, she was so ashamed. Katy said

◆ my oh my, these are very disappointing results, you should paint a new bar this time at 65%, you are farther from your ideal now than the last week. I think the announced punishment is in order so you avoid this behavior in the future. OK take off your skirt and panties.

Sara trembled but complied. That is what she came for after all. Then Katy continued

- Now put your skirt in the edge of the bed and then bend over it, be sure that your pussy is over your skirt, I don't want you to wet my bed.

Sara blushed; she was more ashamed than any day of her life and thought that Katy was right; she hoped she did not stain her white skirt too much.

When Sara was in position, Katy said, OK girl now tell me why you need to be punished and beg for it:

Sara said: Please punish me because I fail my objectives of this week.

Katy smiled at Sara's self humiliation but she wanted more and said in a very serious tone:

- You don't get it, if you do not understand your mistakes what is the point of the punishment. Let me give you a hint. Remember what is at the left margin of your chart and what is at the right. Your problem is that today you are closer to the first and farther from the last than a week ago.

Sara understood what Katy wanted her to say, she was getting hotter by the moment and replied

- Please punish me for being more a dumb slut and less a successful woman than the last week.◆ I need your punishment so I do not turn into a complete bimbo by the end of the semester.

Sara almost came from the humiliation alone; she was so ashamed of her

◆progress◆. Then the punishment begin, this time with a ping pong racquet, because Katy said that she did not wanted her brush stained with Sara's juices.◆ Katy made the spanking last for 20 minutes for the 48 swats and at the end she had landed a few swats between Sara's legs.

By then Sara was breathing shortly and was very hot. Her ass was on fire and completely red. She needed to go home to masturbate.◆ She stood up and took her panties to start dressing. But Katy had other ideas and said. ◆ We have not finished yet girl. Put your clothes in the bed and go to that corner and stand facing the wall, and don't touch your ass; I will set your objectives for this week and I hope this time you'll make a better effort to accomplish them. When Sara turned to face the wall, Katy was openly smiling and continued saying: We will keep last week objectives, some unchanged, and some with lower metrics, then add a few more. Here is the fixed list of objectives for the next week:

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class.
- 2) Not being distracted in class.

Skills

- 3) Not learning bad behaviors by reading erotic stories at this site (.).
- 4) Not practicing applying makeup.

Behaviors:

- 5) Not failing to deliver every single paper.
- 6) Not wear a miniskirt at least one day.
- 7) Not forget everyday to wear underwear.
- 8) Not forgetting every single day to get your books home for studying.
- 9) Read at school at least once to keep up with my reading assignments.
- 10) Not masturbate every morning before class and after shower avoiding to wash my hands after doing it.
- 11) Not smearing my juices all over my face everyday.
- 12) Not flirter with every boy at school.

Achievements

- 13) Not get less than a C on every single test of the week.

Sara was hotter after hearing the list, she wanted to go home right now but she could not avoid asking: - What would be the punishment?

- Same as before. But if you fail every objective which a I hope you don't. I will whip you with a leather belt. And you will have to be naked and with your hands tied around your neck during the whipping and the objective setting session and for one extra hour.

Sara was dismissed. She rapidly dressed. Her skirt was wet and stained with her juices. But she quickly said good bye, grabbed her things and went to her apartment. Once there she undressed again and masturbated more times than she can remember. The weekend passed in a blur. She mostly masturbated and ate. By Sunday afternoon she took a look to the new list and translated the usual way:

1. Being Passive in class.
2. Being distracted in class.
3. Read erotic stories
4. Practice wearing makup.
5. Fail to deliver every single paper.
6. Wear a miniskirt every day.
7. Forget underwear at least one day of the week.
8. Forgetting every single day to get your books home for studying.

9. Do not Read at school to keep up with my reading assignments.
10. Masturbate every morning before class and after shower without washing my hands.
11. Smear my juices all over my face once a week.
12. Flirter with every boy at school.
13. Get less than a C on every single test of the week.

Sara masturbated again reading the list and dreaming with the new punishment. Of course she did not plan to do it again. It would be too costly. The points 1,2,5,8,9 were a recipe for academic disaster. If she did that she would accomplish point 13 automatically and maybe fail some subjects in the monthly grades. The teachers had a very positive image of her in the first weeks but were taking some distance from her now seeing her passiveness, if she did not deliver the papers of last and this week she will lose her credibility and it would be very hard to recover that when she stops playing. The other points were not so hard (well except point 6 when combined with point 7). She decided to shop some miniskirts on Sunday and use them during the week. Of course she did not plan to continue the game. She just wanted to use the miniskirts and maybe fail some of the non academic goals and get a spanking in her panties next week.

Second Week

But as drug addicts know, once you have scaled to a stronger drug, you don't get satisfaction from a soft one. Sara's mind told her that this week can have a durable effect in her grades and in the way teachers see her in the future but decided that one more week won't really affect her possibilities to reach her goals in the long run. At the end of the next week of course Sara had failed every single point. She was so fucked up. The week was like hell for Sara. Her teachers were very upset at her for failing to deliver the promised delayed papers as well as the ones due during the week. They were changing their image of Sara from a good student to a very lazy one. The teachers began to pop questions at the always distracted Sara and she failed to answer most of them, sometimes to the laughter of her classmates because the right answer was said by the teacher minutes before. Sara was mortified; she was used to be the smartest and now she seemed the dumbest. She was getting suspicious looks at the first class when she arrived smelling of sex. Sara tried to dismiss the looks and think it was for something else, but on Wednesday when she smeared her juices in her face she was in for a new humiliation when the girl that normally sits next to her stood up and changed her place making a gesture that something smelled bad. She was wearing makeup and dressing in miniskirts everyday to assist classes now so she

was getting more attention from the males. She was now smiling a lot to them trying to flirt but she was so inexperienced at that. Finally on Friday she came to class without underwear and had to bear a new humiliation because nobody wanted her on their English team. Of course every test she had was under C and she even got an E the lowest grade of any test in the semester for any student.

At the end of the day she was almost crying. She looked for Katy and she said.

-What's up girl, ready for some supervision. Sara meekly nodded.

At Katy's apartment she made Sara grade herself and the result was an obvious 0-13.

Katy looked angry and told Sara.

- OK, looks like you are a complete failure again. Take out your clothes and put them on the bed.

Sara complied trembling a bit. She started to feel inferior now, to feel that she really deserved the punishment this time. Katy gave Sara what looked like a dog collar with a couple of d-rings and ordered her to put it on the neck. Then Katy tied each of Sara's wrist to a d-ring. By then Sara was shaking and visibly aroused.

- So what do you have to say to me Sara? Katy was enjoying the moment.

- Please Ms Carter, Punish me for behaving so bad this week that I now I am closer to be a dumb slut and farther from being a smart professional woman than a week ago.

Then Katy took a narrow belt and started whipping Sara's ass, legs and back; after 5 minutes Sara's butt, tights and back were bright red and she was crying openly partly because of the pain, partly for the shame and partly for what she lost during the week. The punishment continued for 20 more minutes. At the end Katy made Sara go to the corner and face it. Sara was a mess: her face was all smeared by the makeup and tears, her hair was plastered because of the sweat and she was still crying while Katy read the rules for the new week.

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class.
- 2) Not being distracted in class.

Behaviors:

- 3) Not failing to deliver every single paper.
- 4) Not wear a miniskirt shorter than 12" at least one day.
- 5) Not forget to wear underwear at least one day.
- 6) Not forgetting every single day to get your books home for studying.

- 7) Read at school at least once to keep up with my reading assignments.
- 8) Not masturbate in school at least one day forgetting to wash my hands after that.
- 9) Not flashing my pussy to a guy at least one day.
- 10) Not wearing a top that shows my navel everyday.

Achievements

- 11) Not be the worse student in at least one test.
- 12) Not have sex with a partner.
- 13) Not expend my rent money in laser removal of pubic hair.

Sara wanted to go home and masturbate, hearing the humiliating new list only made her hornier. But Katy remembered her that she would expend an extra hour in the corner as part of her punishment. Then Katy left the room and probably the apartment. Sara tried to masturbate rubbing her legs and even brushing her body against the wall but she did not dare to left the corner and she did not get to cum of course. It seemed like years for her but one hour later Katy returned and said: OK girl. I forgot to tell you the punishment if you fail again. It would be as the first time if you only fail some of the points; if you fail all of them I think a sexual humiliation may have the effect of scare you: If you fail, I will punish you same as today but you will be fucking yourself on a dildo fixed on the floor as I whip you. And as an extra rule, if you fail the three achievements I will also film your punishment. Of course I hope that the fear of facing this humiliating punishment will make you try harder next week.

Katy untied Sara who by then was very tired, but before she could dress Katy said:

- Before you dress set your new score on the motivation chart. I think you should put it on 49%. Surely you agree with me that you are now closer to be a dumb slut than an achieved woman.
- Yes Ms Carter. I am sorry. Said Sara meekly while she painted the bar as instructed. It was an ominous reminder of how low she had fallen.

Third week

Finally Katy ordered Sara to dress and leave which she did immediately. She was so horny that barely made it home. She dropped her skirt just entering the apartment. She masturbated again and again during that evening and night. Then she cried until she fall sleep. On Saturday she was resolved to go to school and pick up her books to start caching up with her reading and papers, but then she decided to masturbate just one more time. You know she deserve to get some pleasure in return for all

that she had lost in the past couple of weeks. She took the list and translated it:

1. Being Passive in class.
2. Being distracted in class.
3. Fail to deliver every single paper.
4. Wear miniskirts shorter than 12" everyday.
5. Forget to wear underwear everyday.
6. Forget every single day to get your books home for studying.
7. Do not read at school to keep up with my reading assignments.
8. Masturbate in school everyday forgetting to wash my hands after that.
9. Flash my pussy to a guy everyday.
10. Wear a top that shows my navel one day.
11. Be the worse student in at least one test.
12. Expend my rent money in laser removal of pubic hair.
13. Have sex with a partner.

Then she masturbated fantasizing about accomplishing the entire list and being punished in the humiliating way that Katy described while every detail was recorded on video for further embarrassment. Even after masturbating she was so worked up that she decided to read the news paper before going to college to pick her books. She was browsing the news but she quickly got bored; it seems that now she was not as interested in all the actual affairs as she was a few weeks ago. But she still needed to distract her thoughts from the punishments and all that stuff so she began browsing the advertisements. Then she found an ad: Tailor: Skirt or pant hems for \$8 a piece. It was a store in the mall near her apartment, she marked the ad. Then continued reading until she found Laser hair removal in one session: Bikini area and armpits for \$950.00 this business was also on the same mall. Sara shivered; it was more than she pays for rent. She could not avoid getting back to think about Katy's list. She bathed and dressed with underwear, jeans and a blouse and marched to the bus stop.

Sara did not have a car, she didn't want to contribute to pollution and global warming, and after all she really didn't need one, with her apartment being a few blocks from the college campus and being a small town with good public transportation.

She was half a block away from her apartment, when she hesitated, and then almost in a daze she returned to her apartment and picked up her 5 miniskirts and put them in a bag. She will get them shortened she thought, that would be a fun part to fulfill and won't harm anybody. She still would go to pick her books later and won't comply with any other

points of the list. She arrived to the mall main entrance. She took the bag that contained the skirts and walked to local c-10 where the tailor was. She informed the female clerk that she wanted the hem raised of every skirt to make them 12 inches long. The clerk gave her a funny look and said, don't you want that I mark one so you can test how high it will go on you? Maybe it would be too short and that will be costly to fix if you do it for the 5 skirts. Sara blushed; she had not put much thought on how she was going to look, she just wanted the skirts at the length ordered by the list. She said

◆ N..no, it is no problem, I want them that long.

- OK ◆ said the clerk ◆ but please sign this order and write at the bottom that you ordered them that way and is your own risk if at the end they are too short to wear.

This was more humiliating than Sara had thought. She wrote the message, signed the slip and gave the clerk the \$40 of the job. The clerk informed:

-They will be ready in a couple of hours.

Sara quickly left the store, she felt so ashamed. She decided to walk around a bit to recover her senses prior to going to the university. She turned at one aisle and she saw it ◆Laser Depilation Clinic◆. She grew nervous as she walked to the store. She did not plan to do anything there but as she had to kill some time, she thought it would be exciting to ask some questions there as a potential customer.

- Hi - the female clerk cheerfully greeted her.

- Hi ◆ said Sara shyly.

Seeing Sara's shyness, the clerk having seen similar girls in the past, imagined that she wanted something in her bikini area. She used her skills to try to reassure her potential customer and help her feel comfortable:

- You maybe come for the Ad. Don't you?

- What ad? Asked Sara nervously as if she was caught in her game.

The clerk saw the hesitation and decided to act to stop her potential client from freaking out. This kind of customer needs a push; otherwise they run away and do not get the courage to return in weeks and maybe months. She approached Sara and used a soft professional voice to go straight to the point:

- Don't worry girl. A lot of girls depilate their pubic hair, it is easier to maintain it well trimmed after that and you forget the shaving forever. We accept all the credit and debit cards and as a matter of fact we have an open slot right now. It will only take a couple of hours and I am sure that you will be very satisfied with the results. We have a new kind of laser

that requires just one session and the hair never returns. So if you hand me your card I can make the arrangements immediately.

Sara was in a daze and wasn't thinking straight. She gave the woman her debit card and she charged the \$950.00. It was stupid she thought she could not really afford to pay that much for something merely esthetic, and her \$800 rent was due on Monday. She should stop her, she should ask the voucher to be cancelled, and instead she followed the instructions of the clerk:

- Go to that room, and remove all your clothes. Then you can use the white towel that you'll find inside to cover yourself and wait for our trained technician.

Sara was mesmerized. When the technician arrived (fortunately another woman) she was led to a chair that looked like a gynecologist chair. She sat and put the legs in the straps, the technician moved a couple of levers and Sara was now open wide. She was covering her upper body with the towel. The technician approached from the front and stood between her legs with a hair clipper machine in one hand, and some photos in the other, she was wearing medical hand gloves. She looked very professional and talked in a soft, respectful and reassuring tone when asked Sara:

- What style do you want? These are the most popular: A classic bikini line, a small triangle on the top, a short bikini line, at the same time she showed Sara pictures of vaginas with the pubic hair neatly cut in the three styles.

Sara replied softly

- ◆ I want you to remove it all.

The technician said.

- Sorry girl I can hear you. Which one do you want?

Sara blushed and reunited strength to say it louder:

- I want you to remove it all.

The technician made a smirk and said to Sara:

- Are you sure? This is permanent you know.

- Yes. Was Sara's meek answer.

- Don't you want to think about it again, maybe you don't know that some boys considered a totally shaved vagina as a sign of, how should I said this, well I think getting straight is the best, many boys considered it as a sign that the porter is a ◆ you know, a slut. Do you still want that I remove it all?

Sara was very nervous, the technician had closed her all the doors to make her depilation appear as something innocent, but she was beyond

the point of no return, she already had pay a lot of money and she won't return with empty hands so she said.

-Yes mam.

- OK girl. I will do as you want. But I want you to sign a disclaimer that I explained the implications to you and you wanted me to do it anyway. There was a subtle change in the tone, a little bit less respectful than before. The technician left and returned with a paper on a tablet and a pen. The technician removed Sara's towel so she could sign. Sara signed blushing. It was the second time today that she needed to sign a disclaimer to get what she wanted.

The technician did not bother with putting the towel over Sara's body again. Sara remained nude while she cut her pubic, ass, and armpits hair as short as possible with the electric clipper and then worked with the laser wand to burn each follicle. Sara was thinking that this was the first irreversible thing that she had done since she started the game. She had to invent a plausible explanation for all her future boyfriends, and all the people that could see her nude for one reason or another (doctors, college showers, etc). She shivered. She was blushing but at the same time she was getting hornier. The face of the technician was now one of extreme disgust. - Control yourself young lady She said - this is the fourth time I have to dry you. Sara blushed but did not manage to say a thing. When finally the procedure was over the technician put a mirror in front of her and she could take a look of her pussy and ass, they were completely hairless and bright red. Sara almost came while seeing her denuded body. She also felt completely ashamed and wanted to leave as fast as possible. The Technician untied her legs and helped her on her feet. She then said you better do not wear jeans or even panties for couple of days. It would be too tender down there. Sara nodded but dressed fully with panties and jeans. She walked outside the store and she was feeling very uncomfortable, every single step bruised her tender pussy. She decided to pick her skirts and change before going to college. When she reached the tailor store, the clerk gave her a knowing smile. Then she gave her the skirts packed in a bag. Here have them.slut. Said the clerk in a very low voice - What ? Said Sara. Here are your microskirts mam. Thank you said Sara even when the last remark of the clerk was said with an ironic tone. Sara sensed that the clerk saw something wrong with her appearance and she started to revise her clothes and hair in front of a store glass that somewhat worked like a mirror. Then Sara looked at her jeans, it was all stained at her crotch with her own juices. That explained the expression of the clerk; Sara was mortified she could not go as this to the university. She decided to go to

the mall bathrooms and change into one of the newly tailored skirts. She went into one stall and took off her jeans and panties then she put on a black miniskirt one, stored her panties in her purse, and stepped out of the stall to see her image in the mirror. The skirt barely covered her ass and pussy - she thought. She was ashamed but hornier than ever - I hope it does not break the college dress code.

She went out of the bathroom and walked to the parking lot, in the way she passed in front of the tailor store, and the clerk said ♦ You could not wait to dress as the slut you are. This time it was said loud and without a doubt. But Sara just wanted to leave the humiliation behind and walked briskly to the mall door.

Once outside she caught the first bus and returned to her apartment. When she sat in the bus, she noticed that the skirt rode up and was just a couple of inches away of showing her pussy and ass.

- This is how I would look sitting in class - she thought and cringed.

She arrived to her apartment, left there her jeans and miniskirts and walked to the university. Once there she was having doubts about entering the building dressed as she was and thought to go home to change but she was too tender to wear jeans and the only skirts that she had were already as short as this one, so she did not see the point. She finally reunited all her courage and walked inside the building and then to the lockers. She was very self-conscious and ashamed that somebody could notice that she was not wearing anything under that very short skirt. That would send her reputation to new lows.

♦ She arrived to the lockers and had to confront a new problem. Her locker was in the top row so she had to reach high. That had never been a problem, but dressed as she was, she had to be very careful. She waited until the aisle was somewhat deserted and on tip toes she reached high for the lock, the skirt rided up and she felt some wind in her buttocks. She blushed and tried very nervously to open the lock. But she was trembling and was very unstable on her tip toes and then she heard a sound. She turned to see in panic but was only a man that just left a room but walked to the other direction. She tried to open the locker faster, she knew that she was showing maybe half her ass. But in her frenzy the key fell of her fingers and made a clicking sound that almost gave Sara a heart attack. She quickly started looking for the key, she was very nervous and was doing very sloppy movements, and then she heard a new cling. She had just kicked her key under the lockers.

What a nightmare ♦ she thought.

She quickly looked left and right and saw nobody in the aisle. She went on her hands and knees and then she lowered her head trying to see

under the lockers. She felt the skirt falling to her back and she knew she must be putting quite a show with her entire ass and pussy displayed to anyone that could pass at that time. She reached back and tried to fix her skirt, but the moment she lowered her head again to look for the key the skirt fall to her back again. ♦Then she saw the key. - At last good news she thought. She extended her entire arm under the lockers to reach it when she heard some steps behind her and then some male laughter; she tried to get up fast but only managed to hurt her arm. The voice sounded closer now and she opted for covering her face with her free hand, then she felt a sharp slap in her naked ass. And the man said ♦ Nice view ♦ and walked away laughing ♦ Sara wanted to die, she only hoped that he did not recognized her but she heard the same voice from farther that said ♦ good by Sara, see you on Monday. Sara could not wait any longer, she was almost crying from the humiliation. She left her key under the locker and ran to her apartment. Once there, she masturbated painfully her tender pussy but came and came and came while she cried and cried. On Sunday night Sara was repented, she did not do anything of what she planned to return her life back to normal, she did not get her books, she did not do any homework, and worse she had lost her locker keys. In contrast she had advanced in Katy♦s negative assignments. She had her pubic hair permanently removed and her skirts shortened; she even had flashed her pussy to a guy already.

The week started with Sara accidentally complying with Katy♦s♦ anti rules. She developed a rash in her pussy and she could not bear to wear jeans or even panties. She still did not have keys of her locker and she wanted to wait until late to make another try to find them. She was being passive in class because by now she did not understand much of what they were talking about, she had not read a thing nor pay much attention to the teachers for weeks now. The distraction thing and the fail to deliver papers were also an automatic now. At lunch she was sad and lonely and at a moment of boredom she could not avoid to sit with her legs a bit apart to flash her pussy to the boys that entered the cafeteria. That made her horny and relieved some of the pain and sadness that she felt. But the horniness grew a little bit out of control and after lunch she had to go to a bathroom stall to masturbate, she was so horny that she could not wait anymore.

Later that Monday she presented a statistics test and she absolutely had no clue on how to answer any question. She tried to be imaginative but she did not even had a calculator which was on the locker. She tried to say that to the teacher, but he only looked at her seriously and said. It is your responsibility if you can♦t even bring a calculator to a math exam

you belong to elementary school not college. Everybody laughed and Sara almost cried.

At the end of the day she was so tired and worked up that she did not even try to recover her locker keys and went straight home crying all the way. Nobody respected her now.

The rest of the week was as disastrous as that. The only times that she felt some pleasure was when she flashed someone at lunch, and then went to masturbate to the bathroom.

On Thursday she went to the bathroom after lunch for her daily masturbation session when she saw the yellow sign that indicated that the bathroom was being cleaned. She was desperate, she went inside and looked for janitors but saw nobody.

- Maybe they forgot to retire the yellow sign -She thought - This could be better, the bathroom is deserted and I can do it more privately. She entered a stall, and feeling kinkier, she took off her blouse and sat over the toilet cover, she pulled her skirt over her waist and was practically naked, only the skirt covered some of her body (and none of the important parts). ♦ Sara spreaded her legs and rested each foot on the corresponding wall of the stall and leaned back a little, ♦ she was really hot now and was rubbing her clit furiously when she heard the stall door open. It was a janitor, a black man in his early thirties

- Sorry ♦ he mumbled ♦ I thought it was empty.

He was about to close the door when his brain finally processed what he was seeing and he stopped closing the door and said with an angry, indignant voice:

- What are you doing here anyway girl?

♦ Nothing - said Sara with quivering voice, she was so startled that she had not made any effort to cover herself or at least close her legs.

♦♦ I think I should report this.

♦ No, please wait.

♦ Normally Sara would not think for a second that an accusation like that could prosper, but given her recently earned fame, she knew that everybody, teachers and students, will back up the janitor's version. Sara panicked, she could be expelled and disgraced for this, she cried and begged:

- Please don't tell. I'll do anything. - She said behind tears and she really meant it.

The janitor smiled and said: - ok girl, you want to have some fun, so do I

♦ He really did not want to accuse the girl, God knows what result would that accusation have, he may be fired or even charged with sexual harassment. When you are a janitor you avoid messing with powerful

people. But he sensed weakness in Sara and decided to take advantage. He finally would get something of one of those rich bitches. He walked away from the stall and Sara panicked but then she heard a key turn and she knew that he was locking the door. She relaxed a bit, but then realized that she would have to pay him somehow, and in his words help him have his fun. The stall door opened again and the janitor said:

- OK girl here is the deal: ♦ Why don't you take off your skirt and get out of that stall and give me a real good blowjob and all ♦s forgotten.

Sara trembled, but at the same time felt a new wave of arousal of being treated like that by a janitor. She did as instructed and soon she was knelt naked except for her shoes in front of the janitor who was leaning his back on the lavatory. Sara waited for the man to pull out his dick but he ordered in a low firm voice:

- What are you waiting for bitch? Take it out and start doing your job.

Sara blushed and wanted to say that that was not her job but she kept quiet and did as instructed. She began to lick and suck and the man was having the pleasure of his life humiliating that rich girl. He said:

♦- You are a good whore girl, and you look great on your knees. Look you can see it yourself- he said pointing to a full body mirror that was on the wall near to the lavatories.

Sara turned to see the mirror, and she did not recognize herself. Where was the successful girl that was going to be a strong professional woman, a proud for her genre? Instead the mirror reflected a cheap whore, naked and sucking a low class man. Her thoughts were interrupted by the man who said:

- But the pleasure do not need to be all mine girl, you can finish yourself while you suck because you are going to leave this bathroom as soon as ♦ I am done.

Sara did not need to be told twice, her hands begin working on her pussy and tits, she alternated rubbing her clit and putting one, two and then three fingers inside herself while playing with her tits with her other hand and sucking the janitor. After a few minutes she came very hard and the janitor could not hold anymore and came inside her mouth. She chocked but managed to swallow most of the load, with a little bit dripping from her mouth to her cheek and breast.

- You are one hot bitch. Said the janitor and then ordered Sara to get dressed and leave the bathroom immediately ♦ My supervisor would be here in a few minutes and I need to have this bathroom cleaned.

Sara walked to the lavatory to wash her face and tits, but the janitor was beginning to feel some fear to be seen with a pupil in the ladies bathroom and said:

- No time for that girl, just dress yourself and get out fast.

Sara walked to the stall and cleaned herself the best she could with toilet paper, then put on her skirt and blouse and quickly walked away. She went to her last class of the day and was received by smirks and sighs. This time she went to sit to a corner to be far from everybody else. Even people who was sit a couple of desks away from her, politely changed places to be farther. She did not blame them, she smelt of her own juices and semen. Still she felt very small there, all those respectable students around her and she felt like a common ignorant whore.

On Friday Sara received the results of the week's test. She had failed each and everyone, most of them with an F. She was the worse student ever. She had failed most of her monthly grades. She was reaching the point of no return maybe it was late to save the semester. The teachers did not respect her anymore, she had not teams on any class, and the teachers did not care to give her personal assignments. She looked at Katy's list and thought sadly: - I ended doing it all except for the navel thing. She went to the bathroom and unbuttoned her blouse all the way down, then she tied it bellow her breast. At least I will have some thrill she thought. She never thought it was possible to fail every item of this week list, she did not even tried that hard to fail them this time, it just sort of happened.

At the end of Friday's classes she couldn't find Katy on the way home. Still she went straight to Katy's apartment and knocked the door. Katy opened the door and say:

- My oh my, here we have the college slut. If you are not wearing spunk this time you can come in.

Sara was humiliated and wanted to cry, but did not have the fight in her to answer Katy, after all she was right. They walked to the bedroom and started with the classic exercise of reviewing the accomplished goals.

Sara had failed each and every one, but this time she felt worse because she did not do it on purpose like before. She felt very small and a complete failure for missing to accomplish at least one goal, specially this week that she had planned to be the turnover week. Then Katy said to Sara:

- We have no time for more chatting, here take these cuffs and put one on each wrist.

The cuffs were made of leather and each had an open steel ring attached to a d-ring that was firmly embedded in the cuff. The open ring had a mechanism that worked much like the ones in police cuffs, you can close it easily with one hand but you need both to open them because it was

necessary to push a pin at the same time that you pull the ring open. ♦

Sara continued her explanation:

- Listen Sara: Take off your clothes, then put the collar on your neck and attach the open ring of each of your wrist cuffs to the rings in the collar. You can use your hands and cheeks to close the open rings as far as you can. I would return in a few minutes. When I return, I expect to see you standing up, facing the door, tied as instructed and with your legs separated around 3 feet. Did you understand my instructions? Do you think you can do that without me supervising you?

Sara felt a little bit insecure about the procedure but she did not dare to confess that she felt so stupid now that feared that she could not remember those simple instructions, so she nodded. Katy left the room and Sara proceeded with the instructions, she disrobed, folded her scant clothing and put it over the bed, then she put the cuffs and the collar. After some fumbling she achieved to firmly lock each open ring in the collar's d-rings, then she stood facing the door and separated her legs as instructed. ♦ She felt a wave of satisfaction and proud; She made it, she was not that stupid after all. Then she shivered thinking that she could feel proud of so lame achievement.

After 20 minutes Katy finally entered the room. Sara shivered; Katy was not alone, Lisa was with her.

- What is she doing here? Said Sara surprised ♦ I thought we would do this privately.

- She is helping me with the video, remember. And remember I am your supervisor, and nothing else, I can punish you in front of others if I think that would help you to straight yourself.

Sara was mortified to be exposed like this to Lisa, she was very ashamed and the open mocking smiles of Lisa did not help at all. To her credit, Sara did not move and did not close her legs, she just lowered her head and stared at the floor.

Katy said: - Before we start with the punishment, I think that is time to see your progress in the motivation chart.

The motivation chart was now a nightmare for Sara, it was a reminder of what she was a few weeks ago and what she became lately. Katy took Sara's motivation chart and drew a new bar near the bottom quarter of the sheet. Your chart showed Sara's ♦ progress ♦ of the last few weeks when she descended rapidly from the original 75% of her ♦ ideal me ♦.

- I am having trouble calculating how much of the bar you should paint today. Let's do some analysis. First please read loud your ♦ ideal me ♦ description ♦ And then she put the sheet in front of Sara's eyes.

- ♦ College graduate, wealthy, independent and secure woman acknowledged by her intelligence and preparation, very focused in her goals, with a personal presentation that inspires respect and admiration and with a well remunerated job in which she could put all her skills and knowledge in use. ♦

Sara felt ashamed; she knew she was very far from being the woman described in the paragraph that she just read. She casted her eyes down and listened Katy saying:

- Taking the graduation and job away, you could have reached all the objectives, at least partly. But you are closest to the opposite on each of them. I think is a waste of time to try to set score based on them is like saying how much an apple is like an elephant.

Sara felt crushed by the comparison. Katy was right, but she wanted this to end soon. She could not bear Katy shoving her failure all over her face and in front of Lisa for much longer. But Katy continued:

- Maybe your ♦ anti-me ♦ description results more useful. Please read it loud so we both hear it and analyze it.

Sara started reading

♦ A drop out, ♦ dumb, ignorant and insecure who dresses like a slut and depends on ♦ whatever she gets from the men she dates; A person who doesn't focus herself on her goals and doesn't deserve the respect of others. Stuck on a bad pay job or worse ♦ ♦

Sara almost cried and almost came after reading that. Katy started talking again:

- I think we have very close match here: Except for the drop-out and the bad pay job parts, you have achieved all the other traits. Don't you think? You surely dress like a slut: microskirts, blouses tied bellow your breast and no underwear; if that is not how slut wears then I am an alien dinosaur. ♦ For the second line, I know that you are not dating anybody yet (who will date you anyway) but well, I am sure that you will need money in a week or two when the rent is due and as I understand you expended that money in your pussy. Didn't you?

Sara wanted to defend herself, to say at least that the money was expended also in her armpits but it would sound very stupid. So she better kept quiet.

Katy continued: - You certainly do not focus yourself on your goals unless your goals are to become a cheap whore. ♦ That caused Lisa, who was filming the entire procedure, to laugh out loud. Katy kept talking: - I don't know if you deserve the respect of others but I know for sure that nobody respects you.

◆Katy took a color and traced a line across the new motivation bar. Sara could not see exactly where she placed the line, but she could tell that was way on the left side. Then Katy taped the motivation chart to the wall at around the waist level,◆ and then took a color pencil and put it in Sara◆s mouth with the point facing outwards then she said:

- OK Sara walk to the wall, then get down on your knees and use the color pencil to paint the bar. It won◆t take you too much time. It is less than inch wide. I trace the line at around the 10%, because based in the analysis I think that you are 90% the slut that you described. The missing traits: dropping out and having a crap job are just a matter of time if you continue your actual behavior. Do you agree with my conclusion?

Sara was humiliated beyond belief but managed to nod. What else could she do? Katy was saying just the truth. She walked to the wall and painted the small bar in that humiliating way. On her knees, naked, with her hands tied around her neck and the color in her mouth while Lisa videotaped it smiling and mocking at her. Tears flowed from her eyes as she did it, but that was not the only liquid escaping her body at that time; her depilated pussy was dripping like a faucet too, and this time there was no pubic hair to hide her swollen lips and shiny pussy.

Katy opened her closet and brought out a black dildo that was somehow nailed or fixed to a wood base of around a square foot. The dildo was like 15 inches long and around 1 ◆ width. Katy put the dildo in the center of the room and motioned Sara to squat over it with her knees facing outwards. Sara did it and had very little problem penetrating herself, because she was very wet. ◆Then Katy said:

- Do you have anything to tell us Sara?

Sara was surprised by the question and did not get what Katy wanted, she started to mumble something when Katy interrupted her:

- Sorry girl, I forget that you are slow, let me give you a clue: Why are we here? What do you want me to do and why?

Sara felt ashamed for the thousandth time in the day. She really was dumb now, she remembered that she was supposed to ask for her punishment and said:

- Please Ms Canon, I need your help, punish me because I have become a stupid slut, and I want to be whipped so I put effort on trying not to be so slutty and dumb the next week, and maybe with time get to be a normal woman again.

Sara really meant it this time. But Katy was not happy with the phrasing, it gave Sara◆s some hope and she wanted the slut more humiliated and discouraged, so she said:

- I think we should not be so ambitious here, it would be hard to reverse what you become but I think the punishment will be useful to help you avoid falling lower. I am not sure if we can accomplish that but I think that is something that maybe with a lot of effort on your part we probably could. Don't you think so?

Sara was abated, Katy had changed her goals for recovery to a simplistic goal of not getting worse and she even had doubts that Sara could achieve that. Sara was crying now and rephrased her begging:

◆◆- Please Ms Canon, I need your help, punish me because I have become a stupid slut, and I want to be whipped so the next time I put effort on trying to be less slutty and dumb than this week, and maybe avoid to become a stripper or a whore in the future.

- I think you should repeat your petition while you slowly fuck yourself on the dildo. That would reinforce your humility and help the begging to sound more authentic.

Sara was very humiliated by this new request but she had absolutely no free will now. So she obeyed and begged just the way she was told. Katy and Lisa smiled. They would laugh for hours seeing the video later. It was a pleasure to see the high and mighty Sara Thompson turned into a low slut and to see her begging so sincerely ◆and in a such humiliating fashion for her punishment.

Without more preambles, Katy began to whip Sara's body with a narrow belt while she fucked herself slowly but constantly.◆ Katy whipped restlessly Sara's back, legs, tits, stomach, pussy, everything was a fair target. Sara was in pain, she had red marks all over her body and she was crying out loud while fucking herself. She came several times. She had always controlled herself to delay the orgasms until she was alone in her apartment, but this time the stimulus of the dildo and her weakened will did not allowed her to resist. The worse of all is that she was being filmed. So this degradation and her shameful reaction could come back to haunt her anytime in the future. After 20 minutes of constant fast whipping Katy grow tired and stopped.

- OK, I think that was enough - Katy said to a sobbing Sara, her face was covered with tears and her body with sweat,◆ the dildo was shining wet with her juices and her pussy was red and swollen, and liquid was smeared in her tights ◆ Get on your knees, but do not let the dildo get out of you.

Sara did as instructed and remained knelt with the tip of the dildo inside her and her hands around her neck. She was looking down and her body was shaken with her depth sobs from time to time.

- We are almost done here today ♦ Said Katy in a condescending voice, like when you talk to a small child ♦ What are we missing Sara?

Sara put her mind in march and tried to find the answer quickly, she did not want to pose as a dumb like when she forgot to beg for the punishment. She was thinking quietly for a few seconds, her face reflecting a mental effort, when Katy interrupted her:

- Earth to Sara are you still here?

Sara felt nervous and dumb, the adrenaline blocking her thoughts.

Sara's face changed from concentration to anguish, she was no longer thinking, she was panicking because of her inability to remember. Katy smiled, she wanted Sara out of balance and she knew that after the whipping Sara could hardly think with all her emotions flowing at full trot, but asking her questions now would contribute to cement her lack of self confidence. Katy finally spoke interrupting Sara who was mumbling non sense.

- I will tell you now, don't worry; you can put your mind to rest. Now is time to set the objectives for the next week. You should stand up and face the wall on the corner. Don't you remember slut?

- Yes Ms Canon. I remember now. - Said Sara in a small voice and very embarrassed for being such an idiot.

As if reading her mind, Katy said.

- Don't worry slut, we all know that you are a bit slow; it is normal that you had forgotten, after all we have done it just 3 or 4 times.

Of course Sara felt worse after Katy's comment and new tears ran over her cheeks. With a lot of difficulty she stood up and walked to the corner and stood there facing the wall and feeling emptiness in her pussy after all that time that was filled with the dildo. She was showing her very rear behind to Katy and Lisa and was again sobbing while Katy was writing something in a sheet of paper. ♦ When she finished, she said to Sara.

- OK slut, I set your objectives very low this week. I hope that you can achieve at least one or two of them and maybe that will help you regain some confidence. I am putting a lot of objectives here, so you can choose 2 or 3 to try to accomplish. Do not try to do them all, however. That is surely out of your reach and you will fail completely if you disperse your energies on several things at the same time.

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class.
- 2) Not being distracted in class.

Behaviors:

- 3) Not failing to deliver every single paper.
- 4) Not wear a miniskirt shorter than 12" at least one day.

- 5) Not forget to wear underwear at least one day.
- 6) Read something, anything about college during the week.
- 7) Not masturbate in school at least one day forgetting to wash my hands after that.
- 8) Not stripping on school at least one day.
- 9) Not wearing a top that shows my navel at least one day.
- 10) Not have sex at least one day.

Achievements

- 11) From all your week exams at least answer a couple of questions right. (Multiple choice or true/false questions do not count because they can be answered right by mere chance).
- 12) Not losing, selling or giving away all your books.
- 13) Not losing, selling or giving away your laptop.
- 14) Not losing, selling or giving away all your underwear and descent clothes.

Sara cringed. The first 3 objectives seemed hard for her now. She was a dumb slut after all. But the others were so low that she should be able to reach them all without too much effort. What can be so difficult of: ♦read anything about college during the week♦, ♦not stripping in the school♦, ♦not losing my books, laptop and clothes♦, ♦not have sex at least one day♦. Why does Katy think that she can♦t make it? Maybe Katy was right and although the objectives could be very easy for anyone, they were hard for her given her behavior of the last weeks, and she could not be so sure that she would accomplish any of them. Maybe Katy is right; it is going to be a tough week and she should concentrate only on some of the points to regain some confidence.

Katy continued her talking.

♦ I won♦t set any punishments for you if you fail some of the objectives,♦ after all we all expect that you will fail most of them. But I think that you should accomplish at least one of them. I don♦t know what punishment could deter you from failing all the objectives but I really saw you repented this day, so I think that some whipping or spanking combined with sexual humiliation could have the right effect on you.

♦Sara shivered, she did not liked what she was hearing ♦we all expect that you fail most of them♦, Are the objectives really that hard for her? Now she was beginning to be afraid of failing again. And what was that of ♦whipping or spanking combined with sexual humiliation♦, she did not wanted to hear the punishment; she always ended longing to be punished.

- I think we should raise the stakes so you put all your will and effort this time. If you fail all your objectives, I will punish you just as today, I will whip your naked body with your hands secured around your neck and squatting with your knees facing outwards and the dildo deep inside of you, but this time I will tie each of your legs with a belt to keep your tights and calves together, so you won't fuck yourself this time. However to make it more humiliating for you I will invite a lot of friends to take photos and video of you and even let some of them fuck you while you are still tied. ♦ And I ask you to agree today that if I had to punish you again next week, you will sign me the rights to upload your videos under your real name to the site of my choice on the internet and to pass the link to the college so you get immediately expelled. Do you understand what is at stake here?

- Yes ♦ was Sara's laconic and weak answer. She knew that if she failed once more, the damage would be irreversible and she will lose forever the opportunity to study college and to be the woman that she wanted to be.

- Ok It is a deal then. Let me help unlock your hands. ♦

Katy untied Sara's hands and then Sara took off the collar and the cuffs and gave them to Katy. Finally she dressed with the miniskirt and blouse and put her shoes. The blouse was very wrinkled and some buttons were missing so she re-tied it under her breast. Her body ached all over and dressed as she was anyone could see the red marks in her legs, stomach and lower back. She needed to go home to take a pain killer and rest. Tomorrow she will practice wearing decent clothes again. Once she was dressed, Katy handed her a sheet that looked like a contract.

- Sign it. Katy said.

- What is this? - was Sara's reply.

- It is release consent for the video and photos that we would take from you next week. Remember, we talked about that a few minutes ago, silly.

- But I have not failed yet. Said Sara in a low voice, she was feeling very uncomfortable with the whole thing. After all they already had a very embarrassing video of her. What if they released it using the contract that Katy wants her to sign?

As if reading her mind Katy answered

- You maybe are concerned that I could release the video we made today using the contract you are about to sign but that it is not the case. I have never lied to you and never will. You can take the mini DVD home with you if that makes you feel more comfortable. Here take the DVD but sign the contract. I think that you will be more pressured to try not to fail next week if you know it is for real. ♦ This punishment is my last resort and I

have to do all I can to make it work, even if I do not have much faith. It is that OK?

Katy's words were designed to erode and destroy Sara's self confidence and certainly Sara was not so sure by now that she could make it but Sara surely was relieved to have that embarrassing video in her hands, she will destroy it as soon as she got home. She did not care that much to sign the release having the video in her hands, after all release or not release they can show the video to anyone and ruin her life. She signed and was happier now than ever in the day or the week for that matters.

- Good By Ms. Canon, see you next week. I won't fail this time - Said Sara with her newly found confidence.

- That's the spirit girl, I am sure you will try. Sadly I am not so confident that you will make it, after all you already are a dumb slut. But go and do your best. And do not destroy the DVD, I am lending it to you because you felt afraid that I will publish it before you fail your objectives. You can have it and feel safe about it, but if you fail next week you have to return it to me for publishing. Is it OK with you?

- Yes Ms Canon. Said Sara feeling not so confident now after so many repetitions that Katy did not believe that she could make it. But the objectives were so easy. Weren't they?

Sara went home, the short walk felt like miles. When she finally arrived she undressed and stepped into the shower. She had to bath with cold water, because the hot water caused her much pain in her sore, red skin. After bath she took a paint killer and put aloe cream on all the skin that she could reach. She had bought that cream after the last whipping and found it helped to heal fast. Then she laid naked on the bed, she could not stand any clothes at the moment. Sara tried to consider her situation, maybe she should concentrate in two or three topics. The one of not striping in school is easy. The three last of not loosing or selling my things are easy too. And getting two answers right considering all the test of the week should be easy, after all she used to be one of the best students, now she could have an F in every subject and still accomplish the goal by having two answers right. She would have four exams this week with 15 to 25 questions each, she surely could know the answer of two in 60 or 100 questions, Can't She? Or could it be possible that she answer wrong the 100 questions? Should she concentrate on a few topics as Katy recommends or try them all. She was having a hard time deciding and she felt sleep.

On Saturday morning she woke up at 10:30AM and decided to start her day early and focused on her goals of the week. She will take all her underwear to the laundry because she wanted to apply a new softener to

it. She had understood that last week she did not wear panties or bras because they were too harsh on her tender skin. Today her skin was better than last week, she still had red marks but they were fading to pink and this time the rash caused by the laser depilation has healed just right, but still she did not want to take chances, she wanted her underwear to be softer than ever and that is what this new softener promised. She dressed in a miniskirt and a t shirt (she was still too sore to dress jeans or underwear) and walked to the laundry that was a few blocks from her apartment. She was putting her clothes in the washing machine when a couple of high school boys entered the laundry talking and joking loudly. Sara was mortified, the boys were staring directly at her while talking about some football game, and she was very self-conscious. She made her movements with extreme care; she squatted instead of bending, and tried to grab as much clothes as she could each time she squatted. When she finished loading the washing machine, the boys were already sitting in front of her washing machine but continue talking about a core back or something. Sara was tense because she had to bend over the washing machine in order to pour the softener in a special slot that was on the back of the machine. She resolved to do it as fast as possible. She was bended on that position when she heard a whisper ♦ nice view ♦, she blushed but felt a wave of arousal at the same time, and decided to play a little, so she took her time pouring the softener, then she realized that she maybe had put too much. Well the softer the better. She finally stood up and put some coins in the washing machine. Then she noticed that her skirt was wet, maybe from her juices or maybe the washing machine was wet. She blushed and decided to leave the place immediately before the boys could notice. She said to the clerk,

-I will return in a few minutes.

- Remember that we are not responsible for your clothes.

- No problem, I will return in less than 10 minutes and the machine has a 15 minutes cycle.

Sara walked quickly to her apartment, she would change into some fresh clothes and return to the laundry in just minutes. But when she arrived to her apartment, there was a bald man knocking on her door, Sara recognized him immediately, he was the apartment owner and seemed to be very upset.

- Hi sir. May I help you?

- Ms. Thompson I did not receive your deposit on Monday. I let it slip for a few days but I need the rent right now.

- Please calm down sir. I am having some troubles this month. I will pay you 2 months in when the next payment is due. ♦ Sara was very

nervous, she never had have problems with her payments before and she really did not know the consequences.

- Listen girl, to be frank I fear that you will leave without paying me the rent. I made some research at your college and they say that you are the worse student ever and you surely will drop out soon.

Sara went blank, everybody thinks now that she will drop out of college.

- Please sir. Give me one week and I will pay you.

- I can't risk any more money. I already have a customer for the apartment.

- Please sir, One week.

- OK I will help you, here is the deal: pay me \$400 dollars and I'll wait for the rest until next week.

- I don't have cash now. I only have my food card and \$8.00 for the next week's food. But I am sure that I will receive my allowance in 9 days.

- If you don't have cash then leave now, I can't help you, I have a family and debts that do not wait for me.

Sara was afraid, this man did not trust her and she needed to survive this week. On the next she will receive her allowance and that would gave her some time until the next rent was due.

- Maybe you can have my computer. It cost more than a thousand.

- Listen girl, I don't know the value of those things and I need cash, but you had a good idea so Why don't you go to the next corner pawn shop and get some money for your things. I'll wait for you here.

Sara entered her home and changed the miniskirt for a dry one, then grabbed her computer and went to the Pawn Shop. After a lot of begging the clerk only lend her \$220 for the computer. She was still far from \$400. She revised mentally her list of possessions in her apartment, She had a TV with an integrated DVD player but it was broken, she had a decent radio and a no-name cheap mp3 player. She described the items to the clerk and he said that those do not account for much, maybe \$40. She was growing desperate and asked the clerk if he accepted clothes.

And he said: - yes but do not expect too much money for them. I recommend that you bring more mainstream clothes; you know jeans, shirts and things like that, I can give you a better value for them than for the short miniskirts that you use to wear.

Sara blushed she did not know that she was making quite a reputation on the neighborhood. She went home and picked some clothes and put them in a plastic bag and returned to the pawn shop. They accounted for only \$40. She went home and returned this time with all her clothes but the miniskirts. He typed on a calculator and he said \$360.00. She returned

to her house defeated. The owner was still there and she offered the payment. But he was very reluctant.

- You are not even paying half the rent. I don't know if paying me would be in your priorities next week.

- Please sir. I will pay you before anything else.

- OK Girl, you said that your computer cost a thousand. So here is the deal, give me the redemption ticket and I have it as collateral that you will pay me first instead of the pawn shop.

- OK she said.

Sara looked in her purse, but there was only one ticket that covered the computer, clothes, radio and mp3 player. She shivered while giving it to the owner, that ticket meant a lot to her.

Sara went home a little bit more at ease, after all she had solved that Immediate problem, maybe at a high cost, but solved the problem anyway and that proved that she was not that stupid, she had resources. She was replaying the incident in her head when she remembered her underwear. The washing machine time should have expired more than hour ago. She walked as fast as she could to the Laundry but when she entered the store it was deserted. She got a bad feeling about that and quickly looked for her washing machine but it was empty. She panicked; she can't have so much bad luck. But then breathed deep and decided to wait for the clerk to return from lunch. Maybe he did take care for her clothes after all. After 15 minutes, the clerk returned, but he did not know anything about the clothes. He had gone to some errands and to buy lunch and left the business alone for more than an hour, after all it was all automatic and the people usually took care of their belongings. He reminded Sara that the place had not responsibility on taking care for the customers clothes. But after that tried to reassure Sara who was obviously distressed by the situation and said:

- Don't worry girl, we had not have a robbery here before, it is more probable that a busy mother took your clothes without noticing, believe me it happens when they come with their little brats who past the time screaming and running around. Give me your phone number and I call you if someone returns your clothes. We are about to close now but the crazy mother may come back on Monday.

Sara returned home, she was demoralized, her plans of wearing decent clothes and underwear were down the trash now, she realized that she already failed many points:

Not wear a miniskirt shorter than 12" at least one day.

Not forget to wear underwear at least one day.

Not losing, selling or giving away your laptop.

Not losing, selling or giving away all your underwear and descent clothes. She was growing nervous, maybe Katy was right, I considered all this points too easy to accomplish and I have fail them before the week really begins. Maybe I can't do it. She was tearful and aroused at the same time.

She remembered that for now she only had the t shirt that she was wearing. She should shop some shirts, but with only \$8 she did not think she could afford any. Maybe she could wash her t-shirt every day. It would be shameful to use the same for one straight week but she doesn't care too much, she had to focus on accomplishing her goals. On Sunday morning she was tenser and hotter. She decided to do something to distract herself form the nightmare. She should keep her mind and body occupied so she decided to hand wash her t-shirt. She did it with hot water and hang it on the shower. But she was feeling very uncomfortable walking topless in her apartment. It was arousing her too much and she wanted to cool down, so she grabbed her hair drier and used it to dry the t-shirt. She put the t shirt on a table, set the drier to max and started drying the shirt. Her arm was growing tired and the t-shirt was still very wet, so she decided to be inventive, she put the table under the ceiling lamp, then with a cord, she tied one end in a bar that protruded from the ceiling lamp and the other end to the drier, she adjusted the knot until the drier was hanging around 10 inches above the t-shirt. She connected the drier and went to her bedroom.

She was bored, and tried to turn on her broken TV, it flickered but did not catch any signal, then she thought that maybe the DVD still work and she was going to look for one, when she remembered the one in her purse. She blushed, but said to herself, it is only for a test, it is no problem. She put the DVD in the TV and voila it worked. She was about to push the eject button when the begging part of the punishment began. She became mesmerized and could not stop looking at the video, it was so humiliating but so hot. At the end she was naked on the bed and had come several times. She finally turned off the TV and felt guilty and repented, she tried to dress quickly, she put her skirt and then she remembered that she left her t-shirt in the other room. She realized that it had past a lot of time and the shirt was already dry and very hot. She cooled it by swing it in the air. Then she put it on and it felt strange. Then she realized that it was smaller now. She will fail another point:

Not wearing a top that shows my navel at least one day.

She already had fail 5 and had only nine to go. She was very sad, she really was a stupid slut. How could she have ruined her only t-shirt? A smart woman would have been very careful, but a slut like her easily got

distracted with her pussy and let the drier damage her t-shirt. She cried in her bed for an hour. Then she prepared herself a sandwich and decided that it would be an excellent moment to study, after all she had no internet, no radio, no mp3, no TV (well except for her shameful DVD), nothing to distract her. But she did not have any books here; they were still in her locker and her key maybe still under the lockers, and without her notebook, she did not have too much information about jobs or tests due this week.

She decided to revise her possibilities and plan ahead so this week she could accomplish more of the new list.

Attitudes:

Not being Passive in class.

Not being distracted in class.

Behaviors:

Not failing to deliver every single paper.

Read something, anything about college during the week.

Not masturbate in school at least one day forgetting to wash my hands after that.

Not stripping on school at least one day.

Not have sex at least one day.

Achievements

From all your week exams at least answer a couple of questions right. (Multiple choice or true/false questions do not count because they can be answered right by mere chance).

◆Not losing, selling or giving away all your books.

And then say to herself: If I should concentrate in just a few points, I would leave all the academic ones out of my efforts. In case I am failing in the others I could change my strategy on Wednesday. The reality is that Sara was very lazy now, and to understand the themes of today she knew that she needed to catch up with all the reading that she have not done in weeks. That did not sounded very plausible, that is why she preferred to concentrate in the ◆stop the slutting◆ topics.

Before she went to sleep, she took off her clothes and watched the video again. It was definitely hot. She wondered what people would think of it if they watched it at internet. She put the video in a repeat cycle and masturbated several times until she felt asleep with the sound of the dialogs and whipping as a background. At times during the night she awaked for seconds, looked at the video and then fell asleep again.

When she woke up on Monday, she was hornier than ever, but it was too late for college, she did not bother with the shower, she dressed quickly and walked to school. Once there, she received the usual despising sights

and nose turning. Well this time she really smelled of sex and sweat, she had a lot of activity the night before and she did not get the chance to bath.

She began the day with her usual apathy. She won't try to be a better student this week; she will concentrate on controlling her slutty behavior. Besides today she was really horny, she had not time to masturbate before leaving her apartment and she found her mind drifting constantly to the video scenes. The first class was uneventful, but on the second the teacher asked her a simple question, well it would be a simple question if she would have been listening to the teacher. Sara obviously failed to give the answer to the laugh of her classmates, she was ashamed. But this time the teacher was angry, and said ♦ Please young lady leave the room, you are only occupying space here but you are not learning more than the chair in which you are sit. ♦ Again there were laughs ♦ Sara stood up and began collecting her things, when the teacher said ♦ Move faster, we do not have all day here to spare, you know there other students that do not come here only to show us their legs, navels, and who knows what more as you do, They instead really want to make something of their lives. And I don't want you in my class anymore, if you have a complain about it go and talk to the dean.

Sara ran for the door, she was on the verge of tears. They should understand as Katy does that she could not change so much on one week, she must stop the falling first then maybe begin a slow recovery ♦ Sara thought. The humiliation was undermining her self confidence, but also was getting her hornier. The bathroom must be all deserted now - she thought - I can go there and play a little, it will help me to relax and calm down.

When Sara arrived to the bathroom, it was empty as she had expected. She went to a stall and decided to take off her skirt to avoid staining it with her juices. She hung her skirt in a nail that protruded from one of the stall's walls. And sit on the toilet cover, she began touching her clit and wanted to touch her tits with the other hand, but the t-shirt was now too tight and she couldn't move her hand under it as freely as she wanted. She stopped, took off her t-shirt an hang it in the same nail as her skirt. Then she realized she was naked again in college and felt a new wave of arousal then she remembered the last week encounter with the janitor and she felt hotter. Then her arousal clouded her thinking and she began to wonder if she would dare to get out of the stall. She thought that she could walk out of stall and if she heard the door open she could get back in the stall before whoever was entering the bathroom was in a line of view with the stalls aisle. She decided to try and opted to left her

shoes on the top cover of the toilet because she did not want to make any clicking sounds in case that she had to run to the stall.

She stepped out of the stall and she felt exhilarated, she was completely naked in the school. Her clothes were not even on hand reach. She dared to walk a little bit more and saw her reflection on the lavatory mirrors. She looked really sexy, her cheeks were bright red with excitement and arousal, her denuded pussy looked all swollen and shiny with her juices. She began to masturbate in front of the mirror, but then she heard some sounds of people approaching, she made a dash to the stall and quickly dressed. She was so horny but she had to be more careful, she then walked out of the stall, fixed her clothes and hair and walked to the next class. She was received with the usual spiteful sights. At mid class the teacher repeated a scene very similar than the teacher of the previous class, the question, the reprimand, the mocking and the expulsion of the class. Maybe they had talked between them about this, or maybe they lose the patience at the same day.

So there was Sara again in the school aisle with a little less than an hour to expend. She went to the bathroom but she did not want to be interrupted this time. When she arrived to the bathroom she checked it to be empty, then locked the door and went to the farthest stall from the door, took off her clothes and shoes and put them over the toilet cover. Then she walked around the bathroom naked and feeling naughty she went far away from the stall. She paraded in front of the lavatories mirrors. Then she began to masturbate right there in front of her school lavatories mirrors. She was so hot, near to heaven when a clicking sound returned her crashing to earth, it was a key turning, someone was going to enter the bathroom. She panicked for a second then realized that she was too far away to get to the stall before being seen then she saw a door very near of her, it was a closet to store brooms, cleaning products, etc. She dashed to the closet and it was fortunately open, she went inside and tried to close the door silently. The door did not closed completely it has a swollen part at the bottom that precluded it from being fully closed. She stared thru the open crack and on the lavatory mirror she could see an orange overall. The janitor! ♦ She thought covering her mouth to avoid a gasp from sounding. He began cleaning the first stall and in a short time he went for the second. Sara was panicking, he will find her clothes. What would he do? After 5 or 10 minutes of cleaning he arrived to the last stall and he quickly got out of it. He began looking around, and then he returned to the stall and this time got out carrying Sara♦s clothes, he was walking toward the bathroom door. She had to stop him, but how?

Sara bite the bullet and opened the closet door. In front of her was the same janitor this time with an ear to ear smile.

-My o my, look who is here. You are really quite the slut, aren't you?

- Yes sir ♦ was all that Sara could answer ♦ can you give my clothes please?

- No girl. You had broken some rules here. It is in your student rule book that you must not lock any door at the college facilities. I think I will report you and have your clothes as evidence.

Sara saw a repeat of the janitor's game of the last week but she was not completely sure. The janitor was very good at bluffing, so she decided to act she approached the janitor and gave a sensual embrace with her nude body.

- Maybe you can forget to report me if I do something for you. ♦ She said before kissing him in the mouth.

He felt her very warm body and mouth and wished to fuck her right there, but he wanted to take the most of this new opportunity. His luck was like if the thunder stroke twice in the same place, it would be to naïve to expect a third stroke. No, he had to take the most that he could from this single, probably last chance, so he gathered all his will and pushed Sara softly away from him.

- Sorry girl, but some of us do not think with our genitals. I need to report this incident, otherwise I will be putting my job at risk. And this is not a onetime problem with you, the way I see it you maybe strip every day at this bathroom to masturbate. You are a slut and this is a respected university.

Sara was trembling now. All her security of seducing him evaporated. She was very nervous now, What if she can't stop him?

- Please sir, I ♦ll do anything, and I won't take off my clothes here anymore. Please have mercy.

She was on the verge of tears, and she even had fallen to her knees to make the begging more convincing or more pathetic.

- OK girl. I won't denounce you. In fact I will help you to keep your escapades more controlled. Do you have free time in the mornings?

- Yes I have a couple of free periods. I am free from 10:00 AM to 12:00 PM Said Sara (She had been expelled from those classes just this morning).

- Perfect I clean the aisle outside the bathroom from 10:30 to 11:00 and the bathroom from 11:00 to 11:40. ♦ At these hours people rarely come to this bathroom. ♦ Here is the deal:

You will come every day of this week to this bathroom at 10:25, you will take off all your clothes and shoes, put them in the bathroom's closet

and take the toilet cleaning kit that is in the floor of the closet then you will go to the last stall and begin cleaning the toilet there. I will enter the bathroom at 10:30 and will take your clothes with me. You will clean all the toilets between 10:30 and 11:00. Do not lock the bathroom door at any moment, it won't help you and can only cause you more problems, if somebody find the door locked they will simply ask me to open the door and if they find you, you could be expelled. At 11:00 I will return and you will get out of the stalls, you will hug me and kiss me like you did today and then you will suck my dick while you rub your clit and maybe I fuck you or ask you to masturbate again in front of me. When I finish, you will mop and clean the rest of the bathroom. Then I would give you your clothes back and you can wash yourself and dress to go to lunch. ♦OK that is more or less the deal, What do you say? Are you in?

Sara was surprised and horny she did not expect the Janitor to ask for so much. She thought that for today her priority was to get him to give her back her clothes. Tomorrow she only will have to avoid him, so she said:

- I agree sir.

- Good answer girl. I will give you your clothes back in a minute but first please stand there besides the lavatory - then he produced a cell phone and took her a photo. Sara started to talk

♦ No sir, please no photos.

- I need some insurance that you will come back tomorrow. Some photos of you naked in this bathroom, beside the stained mirror and beside that announce of a party with the university logo, and I will have probe that you were naked in the campus. I simply have to send them to the university council by mail with your name and you will be expelled. But do not worry do as I told you and I will never send them.

- OK. Said Sara reluctantly and began complying with the janitors instructions who put her in several degrading poses and always smiling.

After ten shots he said: Ok give me a fast blowjob and you can go for now. Sara did as he wanted while playing with her pussy, both of them came very fast and at the same time. This time he allowed Sara to wash herself, and after she dressed she left the bathroom quickly.

The rest of the day was a blur for Sara she was completely distracted and only wanted the day to end and to go home.

When she arrived home she took of her list and noted that she already failed all her goals except the academic ones. She will have to masturbate, strip and have sex at school every day of the week. Some of the remaining objectives sounded very difficult to her now. For example she will score absolute zeros in two of ♦the four test that she would have

during the week. There were only two papers due this week: one due today, that she obviously did not deliver and one for tomorrow.

-Katy was right, she was absolutely right, I will be very lucky if I get to accomplish one point. My best bet would be to take care of my books and maybe do some reading-♦ Sara thought.

At the next day, Sara wake up early and went to college. At first hour the teacher said:

- Ok Ladies and Gentlemen here is the weekly test. Sara panicked; she did not have her calculator yet. He begged her teacher to let her go for it. And in an act of compassion, the teacher agreed. It was the first time in weeks that he had seen her genuinely preoccupied for her grades. Sara ran to the lockers, She searched under the lockers for her keys, not caring if anyone saw her naked ass in the process, and she finally got them. She stood up quickly and proceeded to open the lock, but to her surprise it was already open. Her heart sank, maybe the last time it opened before I dropped the keys. She opened the locker and the worse of her fears was confirmed, the locker was completely empty. She cried. She returned to class, and tried her best to solve what seemed to be the simplest problem, but without calculator and having lost much time going to her locker, she simply could not finish, she was reviewing her calculations, and noted that several arithmetic operations had errors. When the teacher saw her exam full with corrections and erasures in the basic arithmetic and absolutely none of the problems solved. He said very low. Maybe you don♦t belong here. Sara listened and she cried on her way out of the classroom. To make matters worse in 20 minutes she would have to be in the bathroom to get naked and clean the stalls. At least that is something I am good at ♦ She thought bitterly.

At 10:25 the janitor was moping the aisle next to the bathroom and smiled when he saw Sara enter the bathroom. ♦ This rich bitches are punctual ♦ he thought checking his watch. Once inside the bathroom Sara was hesitating, maybe she should wait dressed for the janitor and use her negotiation skills to talk her way out of this. She had negotiation skills; after all she was an undefeated debate champion back in high school. She was very successful back then in getting teachers to change assignment♦s due dates and other small points. Maybe she could propose the janitor to have longer and more comfortable sex sessions in her apartment instead of these quickies with the fear of being discovered. She thought about it, but concluded that the negotiation would be very hard if she started it after having breaking the rules that she had complied to. If the janitor find her dressed, he may just turn around and go ahead with the anonymous denounce. She decided that her safest bet was to comply

with what she promised and then when the janitor returned for the sex session, she will try to talk him into a more satisfying session at her apartment.

Sara took off her clothes and shoes and put them in an empty shelf inside the closet. She took a long brush and a bottle of detergent and went to the last stall. She was beginning to clean the toilet very softly because she was afraid that the noise wouldn't let her hear when somebody opened the door. She was very nervous and suddenly she heard the bathroom door open. She quickly sit on the toilet and raised her legs, she did not want that anybody noticed that she was there. Even the fact of being barefoot would be hard to explain. She waited breathlessly for the person to leave; her heart was pounding so hard that she felt her head would explode. Then she heard the closet door being opened, and she relaxed a bit thinking it was the janitor, but then remembering what was he for, she tensed again. She heard some plastic noises, maybe he was putting her clothes in a bag, then again footsteps and the sound of the main door opening and closing again. That was it. Now she was naked in a university bathroom and her clothes were unreachable for her. She was trembling with fear and desire, she was hornier than ever. She began touching her clit, but then thought that she wouldn't have more than 5 minutes to clean each toilet. So she finished the first one and went for the second.

Stepping out of the safety of stall sent her new waves of arousal. She cleaned the second with the same care to be as quiet as possible; the only loud sounds were when she flushed.

She went out of the second stall and feeling nasty she rubbed her clit a little more out of the safety of the stall, but she stopped soon and went to the next. She repeated the same routine and was cleaning the last stall when she heard the door open and close. She sat in the toilet with her legs high and tried to hear something that help her determine if the person was the janitor, she can't be sure because she listened water flowing in the lavatories. She was very nervous and horny again. Then she heard footsteps again, they were male footsteps for sure so no doubt it was the janitor, but the steps were in the direction of the bathroom door.

- Oh no thought Sara

She forgot to get out of the stall and hug him-

She opened the door and had to run to pick him before he opened the door. She hugged and kissed him desperately like a girlfriend that had not seen her boyfriend in a very long time. The difference was that she was naked and the fully dressed man was not her boyfriend but one of the university's janitors. He broke the kiss and locked the bathroom door,

then he went to the lavatories area with Sara following him. He liked that spot because, it has a lot of mirrors, obviously the mirrors above the lavatories, but also a couple of full height mirrors at each end wall of the lavatories. Meanwhile Sara's mind was working fast, she thought that her best chance to negotiate would be while he was still horny and said:

- I want to talk with you, sir.

- OK, I'll think about it. Maybe we'll talk after we are done with the sex and the cleaning- And without more preambles he opened his fly and let his dick out. Sara felt the defeat, her negotiation plan looked less plausible now that she did not even get to talk before satisfying him. She knew that after that it would be harder to convince him of anything.

Sara's mind turned to the task at hand and started sucking immediately because she could not wait to rub herself. She had been so close for so long time.

He came very fast this time, all the anticipation made it very hard for him to delay the orgasm anymore. Again she tried to swallow all his load, but bits dropped in her chin and breast. He pushed her away and told her to stop rubbing her pussy. She should be grateful to stop her degrading display but instead she was very frustrated because she was very close of coming.

He said:

- Ok girl. Let's check how has been your work yet. Did you finish every toilet?

- All but the last one that is just half finished.

- I need more respect from you. Call me boss. After all you're my employee for the week. You will be cleaning this bathroom and I will be your supervisor. I have heard that you are a very bad student but I trust that you can do this job well anyway.

The janitor was not really a bad person, but having that job in a university was very bad for a person self esteem. All the staff, specially the teachers, looked at him like he was miles below them, and the students were much worse, most of them considered the janitor staff a little more than cleaning machines o trained animals. The teachers only measured people for their knowledge and education and the students for their jobs and wealth, and he was in the low end in both scales. So having the chance to humiliate one of these high and mighty persons was priceless to him.

They went to the first stall, and John said (that was the name of the janitor).

- Do you think this toilet is clean? This is how you expect to find it after being cleaned?

- No Boss - was Sara meek answer. She was still very hot and the humiliation contributed to raise her arousal.

- OK Maybe you are dumber than I believed. Bring the brush and the detergent; I will direct you to do it better this time.

Once Sara returned with the implements he said:

- OK get on your knees, put the brush above the toilet then pour some detergent on the brush. Now brush the inner sides of the toilet as hard as you can.

He continued with the instructions pointing spots and then said:

-OK now get your head inside so you can see if the brush missed any spots.

Sara was humiliated. She was sure that nobody put their heads so close to the toilet when cleaning. But she was horny and she obeyed: she moved closer to the water while holding her hair with one hand in a bum to avoid it from getting wet.

She quickly got up and said ♦ I think is ready boss. John put a hand glove and passed a finger under the edge of the toilet seat. Then she smeared the dirt in Sara♦s face and said ♦ Are you sure is clean slut. You really are clumsy.

Sara almost cried and almost came from the humiliation. But she could control herself and repeated the cleaning and the close inspection a couple of times until John was satisfied. By then she had been smeared three times in the face and her hair was already wet with toilet water.

They proceeded to clean the same way the other stalls. When they finished, Sara had half of her hair wet and her face smelt very bad, she wanted to clean herself but remember the rules and stopped herself. She was so humiliated and sooo hot and started to touch her pussy mindlessly but John stopped her and said. We are very delayed here. You mop the floor and I will help you cleaning the lavatories.

- Yes boss.

Sara began moping as fast and as good as she could. John ended her part of the job very quickly and leaned on a wall while watching Sara sweat hard while trying to finish the cleaning before people or the janitor♦s supervisor come to bathroom as lunch time approached.

- OK girl, that is enough. Come here and kneel before me and tell me what you wanted to say when you greeted me. But be fast, I need to take out the sign in 5 or 6 minutes. ♦♦♦

Sara was defeated, how could she negotiate naked on her knees, sweaty, smelly and horny with a very limited time, while her adversary was fully dressed, calm, clean and sexually satisfied. She could not have more than a minute or two to talk if she wanted to have at least 3 or 4 minutes to

clean herself and get dressed. She desperately wanted to cum, but it was absolutely impossible the time just was not enough for masturbating and then clean herself and dress. She looked up at him and said:

- It was nothing boss. She said meekly wanting to be dismissed soon.

- Have confidence with your boss ♦ Said John ♦ I don♦t know what were you going to say me when we greeted but I am sure that you now want some time to cum and then clean yourself or Am I wrong?

Sara was getting nervous. Is this man reading her mind? She really wanted to have an orgasm more than anything, but she needed more time to finish herself and get cleaned.

- No Boss, you are right.

Let me tell you what I can keep the door locked for 10 minutes instead of 5 if you agree to a couple of conditions.

Sara said:

-Yes boss- Said Sara anxious to get the extra time.

John laughed.

- I have not say them yet. OK I see you are in a hurry so here are the conditions:

1) You are to masturbate sit on the floor and leaning your back on the wall with your legs spread as wide as you can, you know like a gymnast. You will agree that I photograph the session with my cell phone and I expect you to smile most of the time.

2) You should agree that I bring a partner to at least one of the reminding sessions.

Sara was stunned, she was the smart one that was going to use his sexual desire to manipulate him into accepting a less stressful and humiliating agreement, instead he is the one with the upper hand and he is using the very same strategy to make her lose more. She should refuse the deal, clean herself and go home, but she was in a daze and she was thinking with her pussy by then. She sat on the floor as instructed then turned to see John and said:

- I agree to both conditions boss.

He smiled and started taking pictures to the smiling and horny Sara with his cell phone. No more than a couple of minutes after that she came very hard. She was still dizzy when she tried to stand up. After one minute she was able to stand without leaning on the wall. Then he said God bye girl, I will take care of the door for 7 minutes, your clothes are inside the closet. Sara drenched her face and hair in water and washed them as fast as she could with soap. Then took some paper towels and dried herself as fast and as good as she could. She was putting her shoes after dressing when she heard the door open and 5 or 6 girls entered the bathroom chatting,

among them were some statistics classmates of Sara. She got a few looks because of her wet face and hair but they did not care to much, probably thinking that she had rinsed her face after a long crying. Sara left the bathroom, took a juice and some bread from the cafeteria with her food card and left college. She could not stand to be there much time, she will skip the last classes of the day but did not think that would matter much at that time.

That night at home she revised her week objectives:

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class.
- 2) Not being distracted in class.

Behaviors:

- 3) Not failing to deliver every single paper.
- 4) Not wear a miniskirt shorter than 12" at least one day.
- 5) Not forget to wear underwear at least one day.
- 6) Read something, anything about college during the week.
- 7) Not masturbate in school at least one day forgetting to wash my hands after that.
- 8) Not stripping on school at least one day.
- 9) Not wearing a top that shows my navel at least one day.
- 10) Not have sex at least one day.

Achievements

- 11) From all your week exams at least answer a couple of questions right. (Multiple choice or true/false questions do not count because they can be answered right by mere chance).
- 12) Not losing, selling or giving away all your books.
- 13) Not losing, selling or giving away your laptop.
- 14) Not losing, selling or giving away all your underwear and descent clothes.

She crossed 1,2,3, 4,5,7,8,9,10 ,12,13 and 14. Only 6 and 11 seemed alive by now. 6 was very difficult because she did not have any books and speaking of the point 11 she already had 0 in three of four exams. I already failed 12 of the 14 points and have only narrow possibilities on the other two. She cringed thinking about the possibility of really falling again and the harsh consequences that it would have this time. She was very sad, Katy was right: I am a dumb slut she thought - I was even outsmarted by a janitor, and worse of all the best part of my day was that humiliating orgasm in front of him. I need a plan. - But she was tired of thinking; she put her punishment DVD in the TV and masturbated to sleep.

Wednesday and Thursday went in a very similar way. She didn't really make any plan, she just let the time roll. So the days were very similar, including her humiliating interactions with the teachers, especially when she received an F with zero right answers in statistics and the teacher said that everybody had have a good exam, and then he made things clearer by saying:

- To be more precise, let's say that all the students had a very good exam but I can't say the same of the college tourist in microskirt who now not content with flaunting us her legs, have decided to show us her navel all this week even at the cost of wearing the same shirt all week. Everybody laughed, of course. Nobody care too much for her feelings these days.

There were also the humiliating sessions in the college bathroom that nonetheless were the most interesting and even enjoyable part of her school day, at least there she had her orgasms. On both days John came alone and the program was very much like on Tuesday, the only difference was on Thursday when she had to mop on her hands and knees using a rag.

She also expended every night looking at the DVD of her punishment until she fell asleep. ♦♦

On Friday morning she woke up early. Sara was very nervous, she had lost all the week and had not made anything to achieve at least an objective. She decided to skip the first class and go straight to the library and do some reading. That would be easy, and maybe she could study something about the social studies exam that she would have after lunch. That was her only other chance to avoid today's punishment and the disgrace of being expelled of the college for indecent behavior. For the first time she really contemplated the possibility and the lifelong implications of failing again. ♦ When she arrived to the University she started to walk to the library, she was not so sure about the subjects of today's social studies exam, but she vaguely remembered to have heard something about minorities rights. She would look for her class textbook and see if there was such subject or something similar and then she will read it during her first period and until 10:15 when she needed to start walking to the bathroom to be on time. She was so concentrated in her plan that she did not notice her first period teacher almost bumping on her.

♦ Hi Sara, the classroom is in the other way.

- I know, I just need to go to the library first ♦ she said shyly.

- Is up to you to skip my class, but I am really tired of your irresponsibility; if you do not attend the class today I will expel you of it.

Sara froze if she got expelled from three classes, she would be automatically expelled from the college. She would have a very bad record that wouldn't let her matriculate in any well known University. She knew that it was very hard to save the semester now, but she thought that she could straighten herself a little bit in the following weeks and then ask the college council to erase her record for the entire semester in due course of a very stressful situation that she had been living (she had yet to invent the situation but she was sure that she could come out with something). It was a very exceptional alternative but had happened before and it was written in the student rule book. However if she got expelled, she wouldn't be allowed to do any begging on her behalf, so she sighed and followed the teacher to the classroom.

- At least this teacher still has some interest in me as a pupil. She thought trying to see the bright side of the situation, but she was running out of time. The class crawled like a snail, her mind wandering very far from there with the exception of a couple of mocking comments from the teacher that brought her back to earth, even when it was just for a few moments. At 10:00AM it was finally over. Sara practically ran to the library and rapidly searched for the text book, fortunately there was one available, for once she was lucky because it was the last one. She made the lending paperwork as fast as she could and at 10:20, she ran to the bathroom for her duties (as she called them now).

She arrived to the bathroom just in time; John observed her while mopping the aisle and smiled. She quickly went inside and took off her clothes, she put them in the closet along with her shoes and book. She was hornier today; the fear and the approaching of the possible punishment had her on the edge.

- You have to focus lady. She told to herself - I have to do the cleaning faster this time, even skip the orgasm in order to have more than the lunchtime to catch up with my reading and prepare for the exam.

So she went to the last stall and began cleaning it as she was instructed by John, rubbing hard with the brush which did not let her hear clearly if somebody came in and even to the point of putting her head inside to revise that everything was ok. However this time she was very careful to not wet her hair in order to save time when she had to clean herself at the end.

She was scrubbing the second stall when she heard the closet door opened and closed again she shivered, she did not hear the bathroom door open, and she still was too sensitive to the part of being unable to reach her clothes for half an hour. At 11:00AM she heard footsteps

entering the bathroom, and she realized there was more than one person. She remembered the agreement of bringing a partner; she had hoped that it never happened. She had finished the last stall and was very horny and sweaty; she walked out of the stall and was surprised by what she saw. The janitor's partner was not any of the other janitors as she had expected but a black girl of around 24 years old, she looked the same social class than her boss. Sara was shocked and more ashamed than ever. - Why a girl? - She thought. Nonetheless Sara did as John told her on that Monday: She approached him, hugged and kissed him to greet him. But this time he broke the kiss fast. - Maybe she is his girlfriend or something - Sara thought.

John went to the lavatories and motioned Sara to go to her knees and start sucking him. She complied but was very ashamed of doing that in front of the other girl. At least I will make her jealous she thought, and began to suck louder and more slutty than ever.

- So this your maid - Said the girl in a spiteful tone ♦ Is she any good?

-She was very bad the first day but she is learning even when she is a little bit stupid ♦ I think I am better teacher than the ones here, I am the only one that had make her do any progress ♦ He said laughing.

Sara was humiliated hearing that conversation of two low class people talking about her like she wasn't there and treating her like dust while she was on her knees sucking the man's dick. She looked at the woman thru one of the mirrors and she could see despise and mocking but not jealousy, and she got discouraged, she was denied even that little victory. Maybe she was not his girlfriend after all.

- Have you come in her face? ♦ Said the girl.

- No, not really.

-Why not this time, after all is the last time, isn't it?

Sara frightened but at the same time had a glimpse of hope; this would be the last time after all.

Then John pushed her away and came all over her face, some drops fell in her hair and her tits. She wanted to clean herself immediately but she knew she won't be allowed until everything else was clean. She was led by John to the first stall and the black girl went to the second and peed while John revised the first with his glove with Sara knelt by the toilet.

-This one is clean he said ♦ You are learning, maybe you can be a janitor after you drop from college.

Sara tried to ignore the comment, she won't drop, after all she was doing all this to avoid being out of college.

Then they both went to the second stall. And John said

♦ This one is dirty slut.

Of course not ♦ Sara thought ♦ that stupid girl had just used it and did not flush.

- Let me flush it boss.

- No stop, I have not revised it already.

He passed the finger and then looked at it. It was stained with a brownish color, it was maybe not shit but something like oxide or something like that. John said to her ♦ Clean it slut, you are making me look bad in front of Vanessa. She did it on purpose thought Sara, seeing the girl smiling openly at her stress. Anyway Sara wanted to get over it fast and said.

- Sorry boss, let me clean it right this time.

Sara was about to flush the toilet, when he said ♦ Let♦s not waste water; leave the flushing for the end. So Sara started brushing furiously all the insides of the toilet. When she stopped John said:

-OK Sara if you think you are done revise it.

She did it the putting her face inside the toilet.

- It is clean-♦ she said.

- Have you really seen the under edge?

- No not really. Sara admitted.

- Well look at it.

- Can I revised it with the glove or my finger instead?

- No. You must see it or if you want check it with your tongue.

- Can I flush it first.

- You have not finish it until you revised it.

She put her head in the toilet then she turned her head upwards wetting all the back of her head in the toilet water.

- Is clean Boss.

Vanessa was laughing loud by now.

She made the revision of the next stalls without more incidents. And then she started to mop furiously fast, but with Vanessa always pointing at some bad spots and making the process slower.

Sara was horny, all the mocking and the humiliation of having her hair drenched in pee (diluted but pee) with her face showing a dried crust of spunk. She knew that she had fell to a new low level. When she was done, John remind her that part of the deal was that he could ask her for more than one sexual act on each session, so this time he wanted to masturbate for them just the way she did on Tuesday.

Sara was very humiliated of doing that in front of Vanessa that had a superior smile plastered in her face, but complied nonetheless. The faster the better she thought and I need to come badly.

She was on the verge of orgasm when John stopped her. Sorry girl, time is over, you have 1 minute to get dressed because I need to go.

- No please boss - Said Sara ♦ I beg you, give 10 minutes to ♦. Finish and then clean me and dress.

- This is not an amusement park, you know. But I am a good man, so I will give you a chance, you can have 7 more minutes with the door closed and maybe a chance to come if you agree to a ♦ my conditions.

- Yes boss, said Sara desperate and failing to try to negotiate again. John smiled and said.

- Here is what I want you to do: First you will clean yourself perfectly, use a lot of soap but try to no exceed your time because in 7 minutes I will unlock the door. You should go inside of the closet before the end of the 7 minutes because being near the lunch hour, people could start coming. And here is the funny part in the closet will be Vanessa waiting for you, you will kneel there and lick her pussy until she comes. You both have to be very careful of not being discovered by anybody. Sara surely understands her consequences, but Vanessa let tell you that I can lose my job and you can be arrested.

After Vanessa is done, she would find the opportunity to get out of the closet and the bathroom and look for me. I will then give her your clothes and she will return to the bathroom and wait for an opportunity to give them to you. While Vanessa is out looking for your clothes you are allowed to masturbate as much as you want.

Are you still in slut?

Sara was abated, what he was asking was just too much. First, she was not gay, she did not want to lick a low class woman pussy, then she would be naked for too much time and with the risk of being discovered inside that closet, and third she would lose too much time, her exam was going to be in a little bit more than an hour and she have not opened her book yet. But she was so dirty now that the cleaning could not wait, she need the closest thing to a shower that she could get there, and would need plenty of time. On the other side she was so horny and she would not be able to concentrate in reading or her exam in this condition.

- Yes boss. I ♦ will do it.

That is my maid. OK hurry and clean yourself. Sara ran to the lavatories and washed her face and hair thoroughly with a lot of soap, she also washed her breast, armpits and was washing her pussy when Vanessa said:

- Careful slut, You should not masturbate until I come.

Sara blushed and rinsed her pussy as fast as she could.

- 6 minutes and 30 seconds said Vanessa who already was entering the closet.

Sara ran to the closet she had just dried her pussy with paper towels but her hair and face were still dripping. When she entered the closet, she was about to kneel when Vanessa stopped her and said:

- Turnaround.

Sara complied and her back was in front of Vanessa who said:

- Put your hands behind your back.

Sara sensed the danger and protested ♦ That was not part of the deal.

- OK - Said Vanessa ♦ then I am leaving, with luck John will be able to come back here after his shift before anyone else see you. And she started to push the closet door open.

- No wait ♦ Said Sara you can tie me, if that is what you want but promise me that you really are going to get my clothes.

- Yes of course. But I won't untie you until I get back with them OK Said Vanessa while closing the door again.

- OK ♦ accepted Sara, she really had no choice.

Vanessa produced a tick silver adhesive tape of around four inches wide, and began looping it around Sara's wrist. After around ten loops she cut the tape. ♦The bond was pretty tight and very hard so Sara's hands were now securely tied behind her back. Then Vanessa motioned Sara to turn around again.

At that moment the bathroom door opened. The panic in Sara's eyes was priceless, then Vanessa put her index finger in front of her lips signing Sara to be very quiet and showed her a couple of metal clothespins. Sara's eyes went wide, she could hear people in the lavatories chatting and then she felt a sharp pain in her left nipple.

Vanessa had just put the clothespin there. Sara had managed to keep quiet but a tear was running down her cheek. Then Vanessa showed her the second clothespin and repeated the procedure on her right nipple. Sara was in pain, but did not dare to move because there were people outside. Vanessa cut another piece of tape of around 6 inches long and Sara thought that she would gag her or something but instead Vanessa sealed her pussy with it. ♦ Then the people left the bathroom and Vanessa said in a low voice:

- Now is time for you to work, kneel down and lick, but if you hear people entering the bathroom stop and wait until they are out.

Sara did as instructed, she had never licked a woman before but she could imagine how to make Vanessa come quickly. She licked and sucked Vanessa's clit with all her mind, but when Vanessa started to warm up, the bathroom door opened. There was a lot of traffic, probably is now near 12:00 thought Sara. Finally after some 20 or 25 minutes of starting

and stopping Vanessa came satisfied. ♦ The traffic was less frequent then but will return to peak in a few minutes as more people ended eating.

When Vanessa recovered she said:

- OK slut, let me go for your clothes. Sara said then:

- Well, untie me now please.

- I don♦t think so. Remember I said I will untie you when I come back with your clothes.

- Please, John said I could masturbate while you went for them.

- OK here is the deal, I am hungry and I am seeing that John let here your food card, lend me your card and I will eat something and then go for your clothes. If you accept I will let you masturbate in the meanwhile. Sara did not wanted to lose more time, she was already consuming her last minutes of free time to study for the Social class. If she let Vanessa eat, she will lose at least 15 more minutes. But the pain and the fear had her very horny and besides that she did not wanted to be left there alone, naked and tied in a public place.

- OK. I accept. Free me please. - Said Sara trying to get up, but Vanessa pushed her down and said:

- I didn♦t say I would free you, I said I will let you masturbate ♦ Then she picked a rag and made a rough blindfold with it and tied around Sara♦s eyes. The rag was very tick and she could see nothing. Then Sara heard a ripping sound and felt the tape being taken from her pussy. She then felt something in her hands; it felt like the brush bristles. Then she heard Vanessa saying:

-I will help you here ♦ And then Sara felt something entering her pussy, it was the brush handle. Vanessa motioned Sara who still was on her knees until her face was resting on the floor on her right cheek and her ass was the highest point of her body, Sara♦s breast were crushed against the floor and the clothespins were causing her pain again. Then Vanessa guided her hands in a movement that helped Sara to fuck herself with the brush handle. Then Vanessa took the tape and made a loop around Sara♦s hands and the end of the brush and then taped Sara♦s tied hands to her back running a loop around her waist. The result was that Sara could make short pumps with the handle but could not take the handle out of her pussy. Then Vanessa felt like being a little bit crueler. She took out her iPod and tape, put it in a loud volume, and tape it in Sara♦s Back, Sara felt something cold in her back but did not get what could it be.♦ Then Sara felt a piece of tape being adhered very lightly to her right shoulder, another to her left cheek, and a final one to her right foot. Then Vanessa said to Sara♦s ear:

- I adhered the extreme of the tape pieces on your face and shoulder to the wall in front of you, and the one on your foot to the wall in your back. if they are not adhered to your skin or to the wall when I came back I will walk away and you could wait for John to come for you in the afternoon if you are not discovered first. Then Sara hear a loud music and then her mind realized that Vanessa had put audiphones on her ears.

Sara had more fear than ever in her life. Here she was naked, tied, blindfolded and deaf by the rap music playing in her ears, with a toilet brush handle inside her pussy that she could not take out and she could not even know when people enters or leaves the bathroom, or even if someone opens the closet door. She shivered thinking that Vanessa being as mean as she was could have left the door open. She wanted at least to get rid of the audiphones but if she moved her head, the tape on her face could fall. She wished at least that she could touch the closet door with her shoulder or feet to know if somebody opened it but she was a couple foot away from the door and if she got closer to the door the tapes in her face, shoulder or foot could fall.

Sara thought at least with the songs I will get some idea of how much time has passed. Then she decided, that she could do nothing to avoid being seen, so she started fucking herself, trying to be very quiet but she was not so sure of how much noise she was making because the music in her ears did not let her hear anything.

Sara had lost the count of the songs and had no idea of how much time had passed. She had come three times and was going for the fourth when Vanessa opened the closet door. She was quite a sight pumping her pussy furiously with the brush handle and moaning loudly. Vanessa waited until Sara was about to come again and then touched her in the back. She jumped like if had been electrocuted or something. The three tapes that were ♦tying♦ her fell. And then she felt the audiphones taken from her ears. She then heard Vanessa voice, hurry girl, your class is going to start in 10 minutes. Vanessa quickly took Sara♦s blindfold and then cut the tapes from her hands. Sara slowly took the handle out of her pussy, and then retired the clothespins, which sent her a new wave of pain and arousal. She was too worked up and looked confused. Vanessa help her on her feet, and said:

- We can leave the brush all dirty, so clean it before you dress. Sara was going to the lavatories when Vanessa said:

- No time for that, just lick the handle clean.

Sara complied, there was no resistance left in her. After that Vanessa helped Sara get dressed and send her to her classroom.

-What about my book? -♦ said Sara that was getting out of the daze.

- Oh. I left it with John. Sorry I forget it, but anyway you do not have time to read it, your class will begin in 3 minutes.

Sara went blank. She had lost all her time there masturbating. She ran to her classroom. Her only hope was now to answer a couple of questions right, she did not accomplish the reading and without it she needed a lot of luck to get a question right. She was on the very verge of failure. A week ago it seemed so simple to accomplish most of the 14 goals, and now she was on the very last minute hoping for a miracle to get just one of the goals. Katy was so right.

When she arrived the classroom, the class had just begun, but the teacher was kind enough to let her enter. The teacher began his class with this statement:

- This time I resolved to skip the test, given that your team papers were really interesting and were done with the high quality that I expect. The exception is Ms. Sara Thomas. Sara your name was not in any of the teams.

- I did not have a team. None of the teams accepted me as a member. She said sadly.

- OK. I suppose that the people do not like the way you work or do not work. But I like to be fair to you, and you could change your image in front of your classmates. I would put you an oral exam. It would be a public one. But to stop the rest of your classmates to doze out while I test you, instead of me making the questions, any student could ask you a simple question of the themes that we saw in class until I count 25 questions. I will disqualify any question that is bad formulated, too hard or too long to answer or out of the scope. The result of this examination will be your monthly grade and I will erase all your bad results from the rest of the month. Do you agree?

Sara wanted to cry, this teacher really wanted to help her, with his idea she could have recovered not only her grade for the month but also some respect from her classmates. Instead and due to her irresponsibility she is there for another public humiliation. If she only had decided to study yesterday instead of this morning.

- Yes sir. I agree ♦ Well at least she would have the chance to get a couple of questions right, after all she had studied minority rights since junior high.

- The theme is African Nations. ♦ Said the teacher. ♦ And Sara went blank. She had never cared to learn much from Africa, they were so backward, she was most interested in European or even some Latin American countries but she did not even know the names of most of the African countries.

- OK who has the first question?

A boy who understood the teacher idea, tried to be easy on her and asked.

- Which is the richest country in Africa.

- Egypt. She said shyly.

- Sorry Sara, you are wrong.

Then Lisa who was on her class told her:

- Which is the country in central Africa with more oil.

- Argelia?

- Wrong it was Nigeria.

Sara realized that with Lisa there and the exam being oral, she would not have chance to lie or delay the result. She needed to answer one right, but she did not had a clue. Besides she only remembered Egypt, Argelia, Etiopia, Sudafrica and now Nigeria. She kept answering countries at random.

The face of disappointment of the teacher was crushing for Sara's self esteem. To the teacher it was obvious that she did not know a thing. The students also rapidly started to feel angry at her. They began to pop hard questions at her and the teacher did not stop them, because what was the case, she did not know anyway. Sara was being asked things that she could not make up as the country names, at first she tried to invent but after a couple of laughs, she began to say simply "I don't know". When it remained just 4 questions, the teacher again had some sympathy for her and made her a very easy question. In which African region is located Nigeria.

- In the jungle?

The teacher was determined to let her had at least one right so he asked her.

-Are yemen and oman part of north Africa or south aftica.

Sara had absolutely no idea, but it was her best chance just to options:

- North.

- Sorry girl, they are on Asia.

She failed the last 2 questions as well. Sara was bright red when she walked to her desk. The teacher however was a kind person, he saw her devastated face and said to her in a firm but respectful voice.

- I need to talk to you on Monday afternoon, so we can come out with a plan for you. Is that clear.

- Yes sir. Thank you.

But Sara was not sure of anything on Monday, Monday was miles and miles away. She first had to solve the problem with Katy and convince her that the punishments are not helping. Her mood improved a little thinking

that she could avoid her disgraceful punishment, simply going home and avoiding Sara, after all she had not real authority over her, it was just a game that went out of control. Then her thoughts were interrupted by Katy's voice.

- Hi slut, are you ready for your supervision session.

Sara almost jumped; she felt very nervous but managed to say:

- No Katy there will be no supervision session today, I am too tired, I need to rest and I think that the sessions are not helping.

Katy was angry and replied:

- First. Is Ms Canon to you, second you have to comply with your commitments, you accepted your goals and punishment last week and now you are chickening out. Did you fail them?

Sara was ashamed but she was decided to avoid the session.

- Is not that. Is only that I am not in the mood, I need to go home and rest.

But Katy was so secure and said:

- OK Sara if you fail to your word I am not bond to keep mine. If you don't come to your session, I will use your release consent to set a web site with your real name and with these very interesting pictures that John the janitor gave me. He had a really good cell-phone. A camera of 3 megapixels, it must have been bought hot, but who cares the case is that those bathroom photos are excellent. I wonder what the dean would say. Sara was defeated she would be expelled, what case would have go to the supervision session. She was trapped if she go she would be so fucked up and she don't go she would also so fucked up. Sara decided to talk the true and see if Katy left her a way out. Maybe she is not that mean Sara thought and then said.

- OK Ms Canon to be honest, I don't want to go because I did not went well this week, I think I failed my objectives.

Katy seemed reflexive and then said:

- I understand. I think you are not afraid of the punishment, but if you go your punishment films would be released and if you don't this photos would be released so you will expelled anyway. That is the problem isn't it?

- Yes Ms Canon Said Sara with some hope.

- OK. Let's get a compromise: As I understand we both want to be faithful to our words, but you don't want to be expelled from college. So here is the deal: You go to the supervision session, that as you remember will be public with maybe 6 or 7 people there, we will film your punishment as we agreed last week and we will release the videos to the internet so we both keep our words. But and here is my concession: we

do it to a private address only known to you and me that would not be indexed by Google or any other search engine. Do not worry, I know how to do that. And your concession will let me post John's photos in the same private site.

Sara was not much satisfied with the deal, she did not wanted her videos or photos in the internet private site or not, but she understood that it was her only chance to avoid being expelled immediately. She will also have to trust Katy that pushed her into this abyss with her supervision game, but Katy was right, she had never lied. And Sara could not blame Katy for her failure, it was her own idea to ask her for a punishment and her own idea (or at least her own pussy idea) to go along with the game until she was really trapped. Sara thought well, it would be a so humiliating afternoon, but at least I will keep my chances of recovery from the next week and on.

- Yes Ms Canon. Sara had a new hope, a little hope.

- OK go to your home, leave your things there and pick the DVD of the last week. Then go to my apartment at 5:00PM, we will be waiting for you. And Sara, don't forget to bring your motivation chart.

- Yes Ms Canon.

Sara did as instructed and at 5:00PM was knocking on Katy's door. Katy opened the door and Sara went inside, she was going to walk to the bedroom, but Katy stopped her and guided her to the living room instead. Katy's apartment had three areas, her bedroom, a small kitchen and room that was intended to be a dinner room or living room or both, it was more than twice the size of her bedroom. Sara shivered when she saw the living room: the windows were sealed with heavy curtains and it was dark but she noticed some equipment there. When Sara turned on the lights Sara could see clearly, there were several professional photography lamps with pedestals pointing to a spot some 8 or 10 feet away from the back wall of the room and centered in the other dimension. In the corner of the left wall and the back wall was also a white screen and then Sara noticed an Infocus projector on a little table near the middle of the right wall.

There were 6 chairs set around the stage.

Sara was nervous, Katy had prepared quite a show, and the chairs remind her that there would be more people involved, more people to see her humiliation. She pointed Sara to the stage and said:

- Give me the last week's punishment DVD.

Sara obeyed and felt a nut in her stomach.

Then Katy said to Sara's ear.

- Remember if you disobey any of my orders today I will immediately upload this video and publish the address, now wait for us there- and she

marched to her bedroom. Sara felt stupid and nervous waiting there standing up alone in the spot that maybe soon will be illuminated by the photography lights.◆

After a few minutes people finally went out of Katy◆s room, people that she recognized, people whose sole presence would make this much more humiliating. First there was Betty Parker and Mark something of her high school. Katy did a good investigative job, these were two people that would love to see her fall and what a fall they will see today. Betty was her main competitor for the best grades in high school, they both fight hard for the third place of their class, because being a small high school usually only the top 3 were considered by the important universities. Sara finally achieved the top 3 mainly because she won the debate contest in which she eliminated Betty easily and humiliatingly, living her speechless in the stage, to the laughs of some classmates. The subject for Sara and Betty round was ◆Marriage and Divorce◆. Sara used an aggressive technique she opened the Debate using some easy questions that gave Betty some chance to shine but give her the direction of the show and then subtly shifted the subject by giving an hypothetical case that was similar to the history of Betty◆s parents although almost nobody knew because they managed another ◆official story◆, Betty began to hesitate, and then Sara changed the hypothetical case to be more and more alike the real one with all the infidelities details, and even involving an hypothetical daughter, finally Betty started to broke as a thousand emotions ran thru her. Betty was angry and unfocused and tried to think of another hypothetical case to get revenge but she was so emotionally distressed that she could not think clearly. Then Sara burst a lot of facts to back up her point that Betty could not even grasp being so distracted on planning her revenge, that caused Betty to start babbling and finally to get completely quiet to avoid more embarrassment.

Sara flaunted her success in Betty◆s face, saying that she will accomplish all her goals in life while Betty would probably just started a chain of failures, for now she was going to attend a lower university, and Sara told her that she would probably end being low level accountant clerk. Those words won◆t help today ◆ Thought Sara who was worried. Mark was guy that she let down in high school after a few good dates, at the end she wanted to say him that she did not have time to date because she must concentrate in her college but somewhat she blurted out that she did not want to end married to a loser with a crap job. Matt was an above average at sports and at classes but was far from the Ivy League in both◆

The other people in the room were Lisa, Katy and not so surprisingly John and Vanessa. Sara felt very nervous with those two around. It was frightening that everybody here could get to know how she had been humiliated by these low class people who bossed her and outsmarted her. When all were gathered around her Katy turned on the photography lights and Vanessa and Lisa began videotaping from different angles.

-OK Everybody, sit down please. Let's begin with Sara's supervision session. I have been trying to help Sara to accomplish her goals of becoming a successful woman and avoid turning into a totally mindless slut. So far the results have not been very promising as you can see by her attire. I have done what I could to avoid her fall but she had worsened every week. To help her recover some confidence I set a very easy set of objectives for this week, and I asked her to get at least one. Today we will see well she went.

Then turning to see Sara she said.

-Here is your last week objectives, please read them loud and after each of them you should say Fail or Accomplished as fits.

Attitudes:

- 1) Not being Passive in class. Fail
- 2) Not being distracted in class. Fail

Behaviors:

- 3) Not failing to deliver every single paper. Fail.

- 4) Not wear a miniskirt shorter than 12 at least one day. Fail

- 5) Not forget to wear underwear at least one day. Fail

As Sara was reading everybody was laughing

- 6) Read something, anything about college during the week. Fail

- 7) Not masturbate in school at least one day forgetting to wash my hands after that.

Fail

- 8) Not stripping on school at least one day. Fail

- 9) Not wearing a top that shows my navel at least one day. Fail

- 10) Not have sex at least one day. Fail

Achievements

her last pair of shoes and her last shirt. She knew that it would cost her to get them back.

When she was naked Katy made her kneel in the stage and then she started talking again:

- Is time to graph your position on the motivation chart - here Katy explained briefly how the motivation chart worked and made Sara read her Ideal-Me and Anti-Me descriptions.

◆ College graduate, wealthy, independent and secure woman acknowledged by her intelligence and preparation, with a personal presentation that inspires respect and admiration and with a well remunerated job in which she could put all her skills and knowledge in use.◆

Sara's voice trembled thinking that not so long ago she considered close to be that woman and now she did not have any resemblance with her. Everybody else was having fun with the contrast of the description with the naked insecure slut who was reading the lines.

◆ Anti me:◆

◆◆ A drop out,◆ dumb, ignorant and insecure who dress like a slut and depends on◆ whatever she gets from the men she dates; A person who do not focus herself on her goals and don◆t deserve the respect of others. Stuck on a bad pay job or worse◆

When Sara finished reading everybody cheered and shouted◆that◆s you◆◆ That is exactly and totally you◆ while Sara◆s eyes were casted in the floor. Finally Katy said:

-Well I think the bar should be at 0%. Don◆t you think the same Sara? Sara should not care about a bar, after all why should it matter. But the fact is that the chart had a real meaning to her and she did not want to accept in it that she was 100% the◆ Anti-me◆ so she tried to fight back and with a shy voice she said the only argument that she could think of:

- I◆ thin..k that I am not at 0%

-Why

-◆ I am not a drop out and I do not have a crap job.

Katy said

- Well that is hardly your merit, If you have not been expelled by Monday it would be only because John and me had mercy but you deserve to be a drop out and not only a girl who give up but one that was expelled. And the no crap job argument is just as lame. You do not have any job, and doubt that you can get something better than crap with your current style and intelligence.

Sara was abated, Katy was right, then she used her last possible argument:

- 0% sounds definitive and irreversible and I can go back.

There were voices all around the place saying "no it's not possible" or "I don't think so", "a slut like that can't come back", "once a slut a slut forever" but Katy quiet them and said:

- "Is not fair for Sara to discuss her position with all of us at the same time. I think it would be fairer to have her debate her idea one on one. Sara thanked Katy for stopping the insults but did not like the way a debate sounded right now. Katy continued talking:

- Here is the deal. The undefeated debate champion Sara will defend her position against Betty here in a one on one debate if she wins it would mean that she really had not fall since last session and we forget the punishment but if she lose we will proceed with the punishment and Betty will deserve a price. I think that the slut clothes and shoes would be a good trophy for this challenge. The only rule is that Sara must remain naked, on her knees and with her hands on her back during the debate. How does it sound to you Sara, are you in?

Sara did not like the possibility of losing her clothes and was very aware that this was her last blouse until she can redeem the pawn ticket. She was concerned and asked:

- What would I wear if I lose?

But Katy, replied:

- Listen girl, if you have doubts about your position then mark the bar at 0% and let us proceed with the punishment.

Sara was not comfortable with any option. She wanted to avoid the punishment and to convince others and herself that she can come back to her old self but she was aware that she would be debating in disadvantage; her body language, being on her knees, naked and with her hands behind her back would be screaming "LOSER". On the other side the risk of losing was really frightening; What could she do if she lose?

Katy interrupted Sara's thoughts:

- What's going to be girl? We don't have all day here.

Sara quickly made up her mind. She reassured herself thinking "I am not a slut, I surely behave like one in the last few weeks but I am not, I am smart, I always win the debates, I can kick Betty's ass again".

- Yes Ms. Canon, I am in. I want the debate.

Everybody cheered and Katy said that both of them have 5 minutes to relax and think about their strategy. Sara made an effort to concentrate and thought to support her point by indicating that people change, people can abandon bad habits or even criminal behavior to become successful people. Sara would also state that good habits and abilities that she

achieved along her life still live inside her. Her face looked a lot like the old Sara, focused and concentrated. When the pause was over, Katy tossed a coin and Betty won the chance to begin the debate, she said:
- I think that the changes seen in Sara's behavior are irreversible, scientific studies have come to a conclusion that a behavior repeated for weeks turns into an habit and an habit is too hard to break, here Sara had developed several habits that preclude her from returning to her old self. Sara thought What a lame start, Betty should know by now that invoking scientific studies has very little strength in convincing a public of anything, the force comes from real life examples that people can relate to. Sara tried to send a corporal message of self confidence by being as straight as she could and looking to the public directly in the eyes, she avoided eye contact with Betty because she was standing, and looking at her would mean having to see upwards. She started her reply:

- I don't know what studies are you talking about. Scientific studies often contradict one another. But I may remind you the case of Frank Abangale, he successfully left behind his life as a con artist and an impostor to become an honest and successful business man dedicated to prevent crime thru his security development company. I should state that he practiced his bad behavior issues for years and was nonetheless able to change them and has been on the good side for more than 30 years. Sara was delighted with her own speech. It had been weeks since she said something that sounded intelligent. Even the public was impressed with her capability to abstract herself from the situation and come with a sound reply. Betty however, looked impassible, almost bored, like she expected exactly a reply like that, then she made a reply that was like verbal judo.

- OK, Sara I get your point, but in the case that you are talking about, the change did not happen overnight and without a process, that guy expended a very tough time in a French prison and then on a US Prison that completely destroyed his old self, the time in prison broke his old habits and he was smart enough to replace them with more productive ones. In your case I think you had experimented the very same process, you broke your old habits, destroyed your old self and replaced with new habits in this case not so likable. In your case also the stimulus for continue being the way you are now is very much alive.

Betty was getting Sara out of her comfort zone, transferring the talk from an impersonal theory to a very personal reality.

- I think that you already interiorized a new personality, look for example, here you are trying to sound professional and academic while your nipples

are erect and surely your pussy is dripping because your slut self is more powerful.

Sara blushed at the remainder of her exposure and her behavior and could not avoid to cast her sight down. She tried to fight back but did not sound as confident as the first time.

- But I still, I still have my aptitudes and all that I have learned in the past. I can revitalize my old good habits.

But Betty had the upper hand:

- No. I bet that you don't have many of your attitudes anymore, I believe that anybody of us can beat you at a reading comprehension and simple math test. In fact I bet that Vanessa here who drop out at junior high and work as a waitress on a grease spoon can beat you at that.

Now the conversation was on a point absolutely bad for Sara. Then Betty finalized:

- We can obviate the hypothetical cases, I bet that you lose against Vanessa in that competition and that it would give you so much sexual pleasure that you will be leaking. If you are so sure that you can control your behavior and change for good, then I challenge you to try it now, if you win you were right and if you lose then I was right. If you quit, I don't see how are you going to convince us that you can change back. Sara was afraid by now, she was feeling very insecure because Betty's words were describing her current feelings, and she already was creaming because the humiliation. She did not feel prepared for a test in this conditions, she really wanted the debate in a more hypothetical way but Betty had her now where she wanted. She could only accept and wait for the best.

- OK I accept. But do it in a fair way.

- Well have this handkerchief and dry yourself as much as you can. I will ask you to do the same again at the end and if you can control yourself this time it must come dry. Tell me when you are ready.

Sara did as instructed and dried as good as she can. It was very humiliating to do it in front of the others but she did not want to start with a disadvantage. Of course the touch got her more aroused.

Then Sara was offered an English class textbook and was told to pick any of the short stories there. She picked one 5 pages long. Then someone gave another textbook to Vanessa and told them to start reading at the same time.

Sara was very nervous and not concentrated trying to memorizing facts and having to re read the first page several times, she was at the same time watching her pussy to avoid licking. Vanessa on the other side was relaxed and amused, she was enjoying the humor in the story. 5 minutes

later she stopped reading and closed the book. Sara panicked she was only at half the reading and was afraid that everybody noticed how slow she was. The adrenalin was already blocking her thoughts, she tried to read portions of each page, but she lost the meaning then Betty said: - 2 Minutes. Sara no longer tried to read, she can not get the meaning of not a single paragraph. Finally Betty said

◆ Enough. I will be doing some questions and the first of you to answer gets one point. If you both answer at roughly the same time no points are given. The first to get five points wins.

Betty started asking Where does Mr. Handall wanted to go?

Sara had no idea, she did not even got that the story was about a travel.

Vanessa answered: England.

Why did he want to go there?

Again Sara◆s mind was on blank, but tried to speak fast : Vacation.

Vanessa said: His mother had died.

Sara sunk here she was being beat by an uneducated person.

Vanessa got 4 points. And then Betty said let◆s give Sara more time.

Please don◆t answer Vanessa.

What is the story about: The inheritance, the old friends, the travel or his relationship with her mother or the beginning of a love story.

Sara thought very hard trying to remember some hint that guide her to answer right this time but she could only vaguely remember something about a ring, so she said: -The inheritance.

Vanessa: - Is a love story.

Sara blushed she had been beaten hard by a junior high drop out. The math contest was just as bad for Sara that seemed to be giving numbers at random to the mental calculation questions, when she had failed the first 4 points. She was given the chance to answer alone a simple multiplication $7*8$ that any elementary school pupil could handle, but she was already so appalled by her performance that she failed and said 63 to everybody laugh.

Then Betty handed her a dry handkerchief and told her to dry herself.

The piece was all wet at the end.

- I think this is set. We are all convinced that you are irreversible 100% the dumb slut that you described. You can be any dumber and any slutier.

Do you agree:

- Yes Ms Canon, you are right, I am a dumb slut for sure - ◆Said Sara completely defeated. And now really believing that she could never be as sharp as she once was, and convinced that was now dumber than most people, ◆That is why John managed me so easily, and the house owner and Katy and Betty and Vanessa, the reality is that I am not able to keep

their pace. ♦. Betty knew that from then on it would be very hard for Sara to overcome her fears, ♦insecurities ♦and arousal every time she would get examined, if the failures accumulate and they will, she would become so insecure that she could not even pass an elementary school test.

Then somebody put Sara ♦s clothes in a big plate and gave them to Betty that lifted them as a trophy while everybody cheered and laughed.

Katy took control again and said:

- Well is time for Sara to mark her advance, don ♦t bother painting any bar. Just take this permanent marker and put the word ♦Dumb♦ in your left tit and the word ♦Slut♦ on your right one.

Sara did as instructed she was very ashamed especially by the fact that the whole procedure was being filmed.

Then the dildo with the base was put in the center of the ♦stage♦ and Katy instructed to squat over it with her knees pointing outwards. Sara did it blushing and everybody cheered when the dildo entered her easily being so wet. Then Katy gave her a couple of narrow belts and instructed her to tie her tights with her calf. That way she could not stand and have a bare equilibrium squatting there with her knees pointing outwards and the dildo in her pussy. Katy handed Sara the collar and the cuffs of the last time and she put the collar and the cuffs and then fixed each cuff to a collar ring. It was very humiliating for Sara to tie herself, she was even denied the mental evasion of having other people doing that to her. She was softly sobbing by then. It was too much, she had lost too much.

Then Katy said:

- OK Sara is time for your punishment. Do you have anything to tell us?

Sara tried to control her sobs, and then she remembered she miss the begging. At least she could remember that and said:

- Please Ms Canon punishes me because I have become a dumb slut. Maybe I can still avoid to end a as whore.

Everybody seemed so amused with the begging and then Katy continued:

- We will give you ten swats each one ♦ and taking a belt started to beat Sara. She was hitting harder than the other times putting much of her strength on each swat. Sara was having trouble keeping her equilibrium but she managed to do it. The punishment was hell for Sara, the girls were the meanest, they tried to hit the hardest and mocked her calling her names or worse asking her simple questions and promising to stop the beating if she could answer right, of course in her emotional state Sara couldn ♦t, and that contributed to cement her insecurity. But the worse was Mark, he approached her as he was concerned, and Sara saw a glimpse of hope, maybe he was still attracted to her, maybe he still saw her old self living inside her, maybe he will help her to get out of this

nightmare but when he was close to Sara, he simply started laughing as he pointed her and lashed her, saying I am the luckiest guy; I could have ended married with a dumb slut. Those were images and sounds that will haunt her forever.

When the punishment was finally over Sara was weeping loudly. She was also very horny, her tied tights did not allowed her to masturbate with the dildo.

Katy spoke again:

- John, Mark please lift Sara and turn her so she can see the screen. ❖

They did it and left Sara again impaled on the dildo. Then Katy continued

❖ Ladies and gentlemen here we have the debut of

www.sarathompson.com.

Lisa turned on the infocus projector and turned off the lights. The Screen showed what looked like a student profile site. It had a main page which main element was a photo of a smiling Sara dressed in a toga and carrying diplomas with the Green Ville high School as a background. The site had sections for her accomplishments with copies of her high School grades❖ and diplomas, including her debate champion diploma. It also had yearbook photos and a brief history of her being accepted in the University. When Sara saw the site, she was feeling proud and ashamed at the same time, but there was more❖ Also in the main page was a small image of the typical smiling face but painted in red. When Katy who was controlling the computer clicked that image, the computer requested a secret password that she quickly typed. What the screen showed next send Sara❖s moral crashing to the floor.

It was a new main page with her high school diploma faded and turned into a black white background. The main photo was of Sara sitting in the bathroom floor with her legs wide open and a smile of pleasure in her face while she had three of her right hand fingers buried inside her pussy. The page title was ❖The new me❖.❖ It has some text written in a cheap slut tone and full of orthographic and grammatical errors describing her motivational chart process. It has several links, one to a scanned copy of her motivation chart, It had a commentary written at the bottom of today❖s empty bar: I MADE IT!, It has a link to the story of her weekly objectives and a brief statement that she failed them all. Other link led to the previous punishment, with links to different sections of the video, the interrogation, the bar drawing, the punishment itself.

Lisa clicked on a link that was named ❖What I like to do in the College bathroom❖ and had several collections of photos. Some were of her cleaning the toilets or revising them with her head inside, some others showed her sucking John❖s cock while masturbating but the most

shocking ones were 5 photos and one short video of Sara blindfolded and tied inside the closet fucking herself with the toilet brush and her face showing an expression of lust. Three of the photos showed the legs of several girls, but worse of all: there were different sets of legs in each photo. Sara cried how could she return to the university, at least 9 girls saw her in that humiliating position and she didn't even know who. How could she face anyone at college, knowing that maybe that person had seen her like that?

The site had even links of today's video: The week self exam, the evaluation of the point in the bar, the debate, and some clips of the punishment. Lisa, Katy and Betty had been working for days in developing the site and uploaded the last touches during Sara's punishment.

Katy said in a low voice to Sara's ear: - Don't worry slut, I'll keep the password secret as we agreed, by the way the password is butterfly. Then she said loudly: -You only need to be here for an hour, then I will untie you and you can go home.

Sara replied:

- Can't you lend me something to wear, please?
- No I can't but maybe with can work something with Betty. What do you think Betty, could you sell the slut clothes?
- Yes of course, they are disgusting anyway, if you give \$60.00 they are yours, but I am keeping the shoes as a souvenir.
- But I don't have any money - Said Sara who was sobbing again.
- Don't worry slut. You have a wet golden mine between your legs.

Let's say that anybody that wants to fuck you pays \$20.00 and \$10.00 for a blowjob or to lick someone.

Mark immediately complied. Sara was put on her back and the dildo was removed, she was of course still tied. She put the money next to Sara face and penetrated her then he said: - I wanted to be the first customer of your whore career. Sara was crying but also was very horny; unfortunately Mark didn't hold it for long and came inside her very fast. Then John put a ten beside the other bill and started fucking Sara's mouth and then she swallowed all his cum. Vanessa said OK here is my ten I lick me well slut. Betty was not lesbian but wanted to humiliate Sara further so she too gave Sara a bill and had her pussy licked. Sara was too worked up and really needed to cum. She was also \$10.00 short and shyly asked if someone wanted another fuck. Everybody laughed but nobody approached her. Then Sara said:

- Can you give my clothes back for the \$50, nobody wants to fuck anymore.

- Betty Said, ok slut you are not a very profitable whore as I see. I agree to give you the proportional part.

Sara then said

- But you can't, I will be giving you more than half, you can't give me only one piece.

- Don't worry slut, I know how to do it, remember that everybody is smarter than you.

Then Betty took a scissor and cut 20% of the skirt leaving it at only 10% and then cut the sleeve and the bottom of the t-shirt.

Sara cringed , it was her only blouse for now. And the skirt looked so short that maybe would be showing her pussy even standing up. Her pussy leaked at the thought. She wanted so much to come.

- Well, you will be free in an hour - Said Katy.

At last Sara was not longer the center of attention. Everybody was drinking, eating and chatting. Much of the talk was about her anyway but she was mostly ignored. But Sara was so horny that she could not wait, and whispered to John to come closer, when he approached she said:

- Ple..ase boss

- What?

- Release me

- I can't.

- Then fuck me please. Boss.

But he said.

- I am satisfied by now. Why should I do it?

- Please I beg you, just say the conditions, and I will agree.

John smiled and said:

- How about giving me the site password?

- Of course I'll do it.

But Katy was hearing the conversation nearby and approached Sara and said:

- No way. If you give the password to him you should give it to everybody else.

- No, please I need John to fuck me, that's all.

Katy brought the computer, it was connected to the internet wirelessly and it had a program opened in the screen. I was somewhat like an email program, on the left side was a long list of names and email addresses and on the right was a typical text window for email writing. Katy said to Sara:

- This a mailer program, much like the ones spammers use, this program can send an email to the list on the left. It had been already programmed

with your email address as the sender and a list of contacts that includes all the college authorities, all your classmates in college and all your former classmates in high school along with the authorities of Green Ville High. ♦ The text of the email, has an invitation with a link to go directly to her alter-site and had the password. If you want John to fuck you like the slut you are, you just have to push the enter key.

Sara was hornier now and her brain had been shutdown some time ago, so she asked:

- But I can't, I am all tied?

- OK we can't break promises here but I can approach the keyboard to your mouth and you can punch the enter key with your tongue.

Sara meekly nodded.

When the computer was in front of her face she saw the magnitude of what was about to do, her life would be ruined forever, she could not return to her hometown and she will be expelled. Maybe she could even be sued for using the high school and college names and logos in the site. But she could not hold any longer and pressed the key, saying goodbye to her old self forever.

After John fucked her hard and long, Sara was allowed to dress, the skirt was very short and raged and the top was worse. The trashy look was complemented by the lack of shoes. She made the walk to her apartment in a daze. Then she slept most of the time until Monday.

Next Monday

She saw no point in going to college. At 5:00PM the door bell rang and Sara opened the door it was gentleman in a suit that had a couple of legal notifications one from the University announcing that she had been expelled and all her papers would be returned to her High. And the other notification was from her former High School announcing that they had sued her and claimed a large sum for the moral and economic damage. She was terribly sad and was about to enter the house when a FedEx package from her step mother that contained a mailer and several papers. The first one was a very angry letter in which she complained that Sara had destroyed her passed away father good name. The letter also said that the High School sue was threatening the whole state. ♦ She said that she had negotiated with her high school to drop the demand in exchange with Sara's acceptance of being cleared from the High School records and if Sara wanted to save something, she should sign the contract that she send her, put it in the mailer envelope and give it to the fedex boy. Sara was terribly depressed after that she won't have a high school degree and would be hard to find a job. But she needed to save the state; her inheritance was all that she had now. She signed.

The next morning she received a new letter from her step mother, it was a short but devastating one, it read: ♦IF YOU WANT SOME OF YOUR INHERITANCE, BETTER GET A GOOD LAWYER BECAUSE I WON♦T GIVE YOU A DIME AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO THE MEMORY OF MY LATE HUSBAND, AND DON♦T EXPECT YOUR MONEY TO ARRIVE TODAY OR ANY DAY, GOOD BY SLUT♦.

Sara felt ruined, with no shoes, no decent clothes no high school degree no college and dumber than ever. She soon won♦t have a place to live. In the afternoon Sara made up her mind and put on her cut 10♦ miniskirt and her raged top and walked to the university employee♦s door. When she spotted John she approached him and said:

- Please Boss I am ruined I don♦t have anything but this clothes, don♦t have a place to live nor something to eat. I♦ can be your maid, or your slave or your whore, whatever you want, just take me with you please.

- OK girl, come with me and you will be all that and maybe more - Said John smiling, after all he was a good man.

Epilogue

Vanessa and John live together now; they make a good couple and maybe will get married someday. Vanessa lesbian tendencies had kept them apart in the past, but now that is not a big problem with Sara available to sexually satisfy both of them. They both have received a push in their self confidence, and both of them have finally graduated from high school in the adult education system. Vanessa had become a technician and now earns more than three times her old salary working on a depilation center, and she also find her new job very ♦stimulating♦.♦ John is now a cashier in a mall store, and is studying business in a night school. Soon he♦ll be the store manager. Sara, well Sara had not been as lucky. She developed a real phobia for exams and got panic attacks every time she was tested. She failed the Super Burger aptitude test and when she tried to get a High School degree from the adult education system, she failed every assessment test and was finally appointed to elementary level, eventually her phobia increased and extended to reading. Every time she started to read something she got so nervous and horny that she did not understand a thing. Once she signed a work contract with a cleaning company that was so unfair that John asked a judge to declare Sara legally illiterate stating that she could not comprehend what she read. The judge agreed and named John as her guardian and she was given the status of a minor whose contracts are not bonding, can♦t make diligences with bank or government agencies, until she can probe that had learnt to read properly. So now John manages the little money she makes and only he can sign contracts and other paperwork on her behalf. Sara cried when

she heard the judge decision, but the judge was right: she can't read anymore. She was depressed, how far she had gone from the successful woman that she was going to be. Well the bright side is that John will take of her things and he was miles above her in intelligence and knowledge. Now Sara works as a cleaning lady for the same grease spoon were Vanessa used to work as a waitress and she still use a very peculiar way to clean the toilets. She always dress in microskirts and never use underwear, sometimes she makes extra bucks by doing tricks with the truck drivers in the parking lot. ♦

From time to time John rents Sara to college parties as a stripper, naked waitress, naked maid, or whore. Those are the worst days for Sara; she reminds what she was and what she lost. The college students and specially her former classmates like to humiliate her. By now she surely had sucked most of her former classmates. But the girls are the worst, she not only have to eat the pussies of some of them, but also suffer the shame of being constantly teased with simple questions that she can't answer anymore, one day they made her compete against a mediocre second grade boy, of course she lost.

That is her life now but even when nobody see in her nothing more than a fuck toy, the sex is still great for her, she comes and comes every day. ♦

The End