**My Tutor**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

I started writing this mail late last night but was not really in a fit state to send it so I left it till this morn to finish it. I saw my tutor Ray Doyle a couple of days ago and told him I wanted to explore humiliation and would like to undress in one of his tutorials and experience being naked for the whole session. He is such a letch I was sure he would agree.  
  
I had a tutorial this morning with him and I had been very tense about it. Would he say anything or would he suddenly just announce what I was going to do? I looked around those present imagining how each would react. What I was not worrying about was whether I would go through with it; a professional actor does not miss her cue.  
  
Ray opened the session with his usual banter then he said, in front of everyone, "Julie could we have a quick chat after the session about what we discussed last night?" I suppose 5pm might qualify as "last night" but it gave a misleading impression didn't it. Half the group have now silently marked me down as one of Ray's girls. I actually saw one girl staring at me with a quizzical look on her face.  
  
Well I got through the session and waited for everyone to leave so it was just me and him. He told me that what I had proposed was not going to happen, the consequences of him watching his students strip in a tutorial made it impossible. Then he asked me if I was serious about exploring humiliation. This put me a bit on guard, what was he going to suggest? I said that I was serious and he just said "Be in Dance Studio One at 8 tonight."  
  
The commanding way he said it disarmed me a bit and I managed to say that I thought we should have a chaperone to protect him. I was quite proud of that line. He picked up his briefcase ready to leave and said that chaperoning had been arranged.  
  
So once again a task had been suddenly sprung on me and I was going into the unknown. Studio One has a hard polished wood floor and nothing resembling a bed so I thought at least my honour was safe if not my modesty.  
  
Well I got through the day then went to the library to catch up on some studying although my concentration was a bit impaired. I wrote part of an essay then went out to a local coffee shop.  
  
I returned to college just before 8. Of course the front door was open because various parts of the building are used after hours. Once I got into the part of the building where the dance studios are I found it deserted. All the studios have small square windows in the doors so I could see that the lights were on in Studio One and, looking through the window, I saw Doyle and an unknown woman. I went in.  
  
It is a long room with staging at one end and a mirror all along one wall with a wooden bar at waist height for the use of ballet students. There are stacks of plastic chairs and a few folding tables one of which stood in the middle of the room. Doyle and his companion had been seated on chairs which faced the mirror and were slightly angled towards each other. Both parties stood as I entered and Doyle curtly introduced "Lucretia". I don't believe that anyone is called Lucretia so obviously it was a non de guerre. She was average height and muscular in the way that a dancer is muscular. From her age she might have been a grad student.  
  
Doyle was telling me that my choosing to keep the appointment indicated my consent to all that was going to happen and that I should remember that my humiliation was my idea so I could not have any complaint against anyone. The woman seemed to be looking me over in a hungry way. I did not like her at all. Ray finished his spiel by saying that he was going to ask me one question and it was the last time that I would have any choice or power.  
  
"Once we get past this point you have no say in what happens and you do nothing, say nothing unless you are told."  
  
The question proved to be "Are you willingly prepared to accept the rest of this session?"  
  
I managed to whisper a yes and Doyle made me repeat it. He then said that I would begin to remove my clothing one piece at a time and that I would hand over each item for inspection.  
  
"We will start with your left shoe."  
  
I was facing the mirror with Doyle and Lucretia facing me, one on each side of me so I could watch my humiliation in the mirror and see their faces at the same time. I lifted my left leg and dragged off my sneaker handing it to Doyle. He looked inside the shoe and at the sole then placed it on the table. Lucretia demanded my right shoe and she regarded it with contempt as if wearing such scruffy shoes marked me down as a thoroughly despicable person. The next command was from Lucretia in a curt, crisp voice.  
  
"Jeans"  
  
I pulled my jeans down and off leaving myself in pink cotton briefs and red socks with my jacket flapping and my t shirt not quite reaching the top of my briefs. Lucretia ran her fingers along all the seams of my jeans and turned out the pockets on the table. All she found was a biro and a packet of tissues. Next she demanded my jacket which she also inspected. In the pocket were a couple of flyers and a comb which were placed on the table.  
  
I was now feeling very small and insignificant.  
  
"Get your top off."  
  
I really did not enjoy showing my tits to this pig of a woman and I saw the utter contempt on her face as she looked at me in my scant little pink bra.  
  
After a brief examination of my t shirt the woman looked at Doyle and it was his turn to speak.  
  
"Give me your bra."  
  
I have never found an elegant way to remove a bra. The process just looks awkward. I handed it over and stood with my arms at my sides. Doyle ran his hands over every seam including inside the small cups while the woman walked around me looking at my tits from the front and from both sides.  
  
"Hardly worth the effort are they? Are you proud of your breasts Julie?"  
  
"Well, no I suppose not really."  
  
She stood very close to me and began to fondle my tits including the nips. Her expression was even more wicked than before. Then they both walked around me discussing whether to let me keep my knickers on for now. Lucretia put her hand between my legs and groped me through my knickers causing me to wince which she, of course, enjoyed.  
  
They had decided to go through my bag and Doyle told me to put in on the table. I lifted it from where I had dumped it on the floor and Lucretia emptied it. It was mostly books and general student material but it also contained my purse. Lucretia emptied the purse spreading the contents on the table as Doyle walked around me studying my body. The purse had contained a packet of Lillets, small change, £30 in notes, my bank card and various small scraps of paper as well as a used tissue.  
  
Lucretia said that she supposed they may as well finish my stripping and again looked at Doyle. He gave the command.  
  
"Hand over your knickers."  
  
I pulled them off and handed them over hoping that they would not be stained. He turned them inside out and looked at them in detail with a look of distaste on his face.  
  
Lucretia was standing in front of me with her eyes on my shaven pussy. Once again her hand came towards me and she stroked the smooth white flesh then began to probe inside me. My lip was turning in and I was trying (and failing) to keep the pain from showing on my face. She was not being gentle.  
  
Doyle asked why I was shaven and I said I just liked it and found it more hygienic. Lucretia asked if I had shaved myself and I lied that I had. She was far worse than Jeff the letch at Darren's. Lucretia was enjoying my debasement in a way that Jeff had not. I guess a woman knows exactly how to humiliate a woman.  
  
They both walked around me as if they were examining a second hand car and I felt the woman run her hands over my buttocks squeezing uncomfortably. Doyle said that my bum was a bit too big for his taste. Lucretia stood in front of me with her face about an inch from mine and she again reached for my pussy and shoved her fingers inside me. Previously she had been simply intending to hurt me but now she was quite openly masturbating me with her hand working rhythmically. I tried hard to maintain control but I knew it was pointless. She just kept working and I found my breathing was turning into panting. It was hard to keep my feet on the floor, I wanted to dance around and I knew she would not stop until I had completely lost control in front of Doyle. Of course she won and I could not keep from yelling out and wriggling around on her wet fingers. She withdrew from me and wiped her hand on my t shirt while I stood there hot, soaking and panting. My hand had gone to my pussy, I could not resist it.  
  
Lucretia barked at me to put my hands to my sides which I did then Doyle ordered me to repack my bag which I did as they silently watched every move.  
  
Then Doyle asked if I would like him to keep my knickers.  
  
"Perhaps I should give them to you in a tutorial. Would you like that? Should I say you left them in my car? Would that give you street cred? Is that what you want?"  
  
"No sir." I hated myself. Why did the "sir" leap to my lips? I should not have said it (We don't call lecturers sir.)  
  
I saw to my horror that Lucretia was gathering up my clothes in her arms although she left my knickers on their own in the middle of the table.  
  
"You can get dressed outside then come back here."  
  
This was the point where I almost refused. Anyone could walk down that corridor. Lucretia had thrown my clothes out into the corridor while I stood there pleading that I couldn't do it.  
  
Doyle said that the faster I got dressed the less risk of being seen and I ran out into the corridor where my clothes were strewn around. The door has an automatic closer so it swung shut.  
  
I scrambled into my clothes as fast as I could then returned to the studio aware that I was flushed with my hair all over the place. My pussy felt uncomfortable and abused and I hoped there was no damp stain on my jeans. My t shirt stank of my juices where Lucretia had wiped her hand. I returned to the studio where Doyle beckoned me towards him. Had they finished with me or was there more to come? He told me to turn around and I hated turning my back on him, what was he going to do? I felt his fingers in my hair, he was pulling my hair back and then he took my knickers from the table and began to tie my hair with them. Even with the mirror wall I could not see the back of my head. Surely they would just look like a fabric hair decoration but I had no way of knowing.  
  
He made me turn to face him and, in a more gentle voice than before asked me if I had learned anything about humiliation.  
  
"Yes sir, thank you sir."  
  
"Now go home. I look forward to our next tutorial."  
  
It seemed a long cold journey home on the bus in the dark and the drizzle. I kept my hair decoration in place hoping that no-one could see what it was.

**Perfect Hostess**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

Just after I started in my second year of the Sixth Form (so I would have been just 18) Daddy had this work colleague to stay for a couple of nights so that they could discuss some stuff and then go off to a meeting early in the morning. I don't normally pay much attention to Daddy's bank people but this one was frankly very dishy. There was something about him which somehow got my juices going if you know what I mean. He was introduced to me as Mr Speed (I have changed the name) and I, very respectfully, stuck to that. He was somewhere in his forties and very well dressed and very cultured in his speech. Even when he changed out of his work suit he came downstairs in a pair of casual trousers with creases like razors and a well pressed blue and white checked shirt.  
  
Of course we all had dinner together and I am sure my sister Gemma had a thumping great crush on our guest but I had the advantage. Gem was only fifteen and really a silly little schoolgirl. She just didn't know what to say and barely spoke two words through dinner. Well it happened that one of those coincidences of dates worked in my favour. The last night Mr Speed was with us was parents night for Gemma and it was important so Mum and Dad both had to go with Gem; the Sixth Form had their parents evening on a different night so the position was explained to Mr Speed who said he had a daughter of his own and he understood perfectly. This meant that Julie had the task of keeping our guest entertained till bedtime and I had decided that I would be VERY entertaining. As Gem was putting her coat on she whispered something to me about behaving myself but I just gave her a wide grin and then shut the front door so it was just me and Mr Speed...all alone in the house...till very late.....with nothing to do.  
  
Well the TV was on and the two of us sat down in the lounge. I offered him a drink and I had noted the previous evening that he drank whisky so I gave him Daddy's best Glenfidget and I had a sherry. After school of course I had changed so I was in that short little white skirt and a floppy grey jumper. I had not bothered to take my school socks off so I was in white kneesocks which I know can have an effect on men. In the Sixth we are allowed to wear tights but that particular morning I had chosen socks and if you believe that was chance you are very naïve.  
  
As we watched the film together I stretched out on the sofa sort of lolling over two seats with my legs stretched out and I crossed them from time to time which caused my skirt to ride up while remaining just decent. We did not watch the film in silence, we shared comments on the plot "Oh you can tell he stole the bonds, he's being so nice." And we had a gentle conversation about school and I asked him how long he had worked with Daddy. I didn't ask him about his family because I didn't want him thinking of his wife but we were getting along famously and, even with my little boobs, as I lay back in my so very relaxed posture, they were definitely very obvious through my jumper.  
  
Well the film ended and I refilled his glass without being asked then I mentioned that I had some Economics homework and, of course, he worked with money didn't he. Mr Speed was very willing to help so I bobbed up and ran from the room to collect my notepad and textbook. I had shed my slippers now so was in just socks. When I came back into the room I perched myself on the arm of his chair and leaned towards him so that he could see the tables of figures in the book. Our faces were very close together as we looked at the book and I had applied just a little perfume when I went to fetch the books. Our conversation diversified from the specific problem to Economics in general and how superficial A level Economics is compared to what goes on in the real world. In my "little girl" voice I said that I had very little experience of the real world but I bet he had lots of experience (crosses legs again very slowly).  
  
It felt very artificial for me to be propped up on the arm of his chair and suggesting a move to the sofa would have been too obvious so I sort of leaned into him gradually and ended up resting against his shoulder. He was showing quite an interest in my Economics textbook and said it was useful to know what was taught at A level for when the bank recruited people from school.  
  
I leapt upon that as my cue.  
  
"I'll tell you what. I'll leave you alone to have a look at the book. I need to pop up and have a shower. I'll be back before you know it."  
  
And Fairy Julie flitted from the room.  
  
It was quite a lightning shower with lots of foamy gel but I did find time to wash my hair with nice scented shampoo then I ran along the landing to my room stark naked and hoping he might have come upstairs to use the loo but I couldn't get that lucky. In my room I slipped on my nice short pink nightshirt with Daffy Duck on the front and I threw on my thin silk robe which I tied, fairly casually, around the waist. No need to bother with knickers as Mum was not at home and Daddy never minds.  
  
I re entered the lounge energetically drying my hair with a white fluffy towel. I was full of apologies that I had been so rude as to leave our guest alone and I begged him not to tell my parents that I had been so lax. I flopped down on the sofa directly opposite him moving my head from side to side as I dried my hair. This caused my robe to flop open and the belt to come undone (Oh dear I must have been in too much of a hurry as I tied it.)  
  
He had to be able to see my nips which were now pressing against the thin cotton nightshirt and I could tell from his speech that I was having an effect. He kept clearing his throat and crossing his legs. I prattled on girlishly about how my Mum treats me like a little girl and I suppose it's natural for parents to worry in case their daughters are naïve and don't know the ways of the world.  
  
"Did you find it hard to learn the ways of the world?" (Leaning forward earnestly so that he can look down my nightshirt and see the outline of my boobs.)  
  
I was being really sympathetic now and saying that everyone worries about girls but I suppose boys must have problems too and can he remember what he was like growing up?  
  
As he talked it seemed natural for me to float over to once again sit on the arm of his chair so that I could listen to him more closely and "Oh dear your glass is empty. No please Daddy would want you to have some more. He might be cross with me if I didn't look after you."  
  
He was taking the bait now and he asked if Daddy was often cross with me. That led me into how Mum nagged me about covering up and how I hated being treated like a little girl and I suppose it's natural for mums to be over-protective.  
  
My head was unashamedly on his shoulder now so that he could smell my scented, clean hair. I was talking quite drowsily so it was natural for a tired girl to let her head rest against his. My nightie had started off short but as I adjusted my position on the arm of the chair it naturally rode up and my position with my head against his caused my back to be twisted in an odd position so I swung my bare legs over the arm of the chair and placed them across Mr Speed's lap. I am quite proud of my legs and I kept moving them slightly to show off how they curve in all the right places.  
  
"I love your aftershave, what is it? It smells so nice." (Placing my face to his so that I could smell it properly)  
  
And then I very gently kissed his cheek.  
  
"Julie what time is your family due back?"  
  
"Oh it could be quite late. Gem's teacher can talk on for ages," (said in the slow, smoky voice of a girl about to fall asleep.)  
  
"Your aftershave even tastes nice." Now I gently licked his cheek and shifted my legs on his lap. I was subtly grinding my bum into his groin as I sometimes did with Daddy and there was no mistaking that hard rod which was pressing into my bottom. He was beginning to breathe quite heavily and my bare arms went around his neck and pulled his face to mine.  
  
He was a free man and had the option to pull away at this point but if he did not pull away he was giving me a clear green light and, to be honest, what man could pull away after I had been softening him up all evening?  
  
My tongue slipped between his lips and, to my huge delight, he repaid the compliment and began to groan softly. My hands began to roam his body and he returned my hug then his hands began to roam. One was cradling my bum and the other arm was around my neck with the hand very slowly creeping to my left boob which it began to enjoy. I eased my position backwards so that I could get a hand to his groin and I began to feel the shape of his hard rod.  
  
He moaned something which might have been an objection or it might have been an encouragement.  
  
"Please let me get to it," I begged and as he made no definite objection I slowly began to ease down his zip and to reach inside. The poor man shot as soon as I had the organ exposed and my hand was soaked but I still gave him a good massage. He apologised for his being so premature but I said I did not mind. I said I had never intended that we end up in bed together so his responding to me so soon was not a problem at all.  
  
I begged him to help me slip off my nightshirt and my gown just flopped off at the same time. Soon I was naked and draped across his body as our arms entwined and so did our tongues until his tongue began to explore my body and we slipped down to the carpet. I could have let him have me completely at this stage but Julie was still in control and I was not on the pill so I knew where to stop. His hand slipped down between my legs and began to enjoy my soft pussy which had the natural effect on me as I responded to what he was doing.  
  
After an energetic session on the floor we just lay still in others arms with my hands inside his shirt and then I whispered that I would love him to put to bed just as a proper babysitter should. He was surprisingly strong and he swept me into his arms and carried me upstairs to my dark bedroom then he lay me down on my bed and tucked me in.  
  
I kissed him goodnight for a long time then I thanked him so much and asked if he would mind recovering my nightclothes from the lounge floor. He was back in a jiffy and he placed the two items on the bed then he whispered something sweet to me and was gone.  
  
Gemma never asked me what had happened that night and I would not have told her anyway. Sadly Mr Speed has never come back to stay but I did slip him my email address as I kissed him goodbye in the hallway next morning.

**Price of Refusing**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

It was a Saturday afternoon shortly before Easter and I was in Ray Doyle's bed where he had been screwing me all afternoon. The man just never seemed to get tired. He put his lips to my ear and nibbled me then he whispered.  
  
"I hear you're going home for Easter."  
  
I confirmed it.  
  
"I want you to do something for me. A task."  
  
I held my breath and then he delivered his bombshell.  
  
"I want you to have sex with your sister."  
  
I was stunned. Did he really mean it? But there was worse to come.  
  
"I also want you to bring me a pair of her panties and I want a photograph of her pussy."  
  
I knew I couldn't do that and I told him so.  
  
"No please. I can't betray her like that."  
  
He became stern.  
  
"I hope you aren't refusing me Julie."  
  
"Well no, but please, I mean my little sister. She's only just 18."  
  
"Julie, do you remember when I sent Alycia to go through your computer? I have your mum's email address. Do you think she would like to know that her daughter takes her knickers down for virtually anyone she happens to meet?"  
  
Of course it was ridiculous to think that I could refuse to obey him. I folded and said that I would do what he demanded but things were about to get even worse. He said that I had to learn that "no" was not a word I could ever use so there would be a punishment for my initially refusing to obey his command concerning my sister, Gemma.  
  
My punishment would happen the next Saturday so that I would have all week to stew about it. I would have to go to the worst part of the city and wait outside a sex shop where I would be collected by a man in a red car at 2pm. If he was late I was to wait for as long as it took and I would have to obey without question or hesitation whatever he told me to do. For the task I would be wearing my school uniform and I would not use my car to get there. I would travel there on the bus as "a lickle girl like me" was far too young to drive.  
  
Throughout the week the dread of that Saturday kept creeping into my mind. This was not just a task; it was a punishment so, whatever it was, I knew I was not going to like it. Who was the man in the red car? What would I have to do for him? Of course it was pointless to speculate but Ray knew very well that the torments in my imagination would be worse than anything which he could dream up.  
  
Well eventually Saturday did come and I dressed up in my school uniform making sure that I had money for the bus fare. My pony tail was held in place by a yellow scrunchie and I had a gold coloured plastic slide keeping my hair back from my face. If any of my neighbours saw me leave the building they would possibly imagine that the girl in the ground floor flat had a niece who visited her. It was only a five minute walk from the flat to the bus stop and the bus was quite crowded with Saturday shoppers but I found a seat next to a middle aged lady who gave me a brief smile but then ignored me. I was trying to imagine what my fellow passengers would think of this young girl in her school uniform on a Saturday. If I had been asked, my cover story was that my school was in a choir competition and we all had to be in uniform to stand up and sing.  
  
As we came nearer to the city centre the bus became even more crowded and people were standing so I felt I had to stand up to give my seat to an old gentleman. We were really packed in together and I was holding on to a rail attached to the back of a seat. Suddenly I felt a definite squeeze on my left boob through my blouse and my vest. My mouth came open silently and I felt myself blush but stupidly I did not think to look down until the hand released me. I looked at the other people in the crowd and any one of about five of them could have been the groper. There was no point in making a fuss as, of course, everyone would deny it and probably I would be thought to have made it up. If I drew attention to myself I would have to explain why a 19 year old was dressed in the way that I was. So some perv had groped me in broad daylight and just got away with it.  
  
I was very flustered as I left the bus in the bus station but I had to catch another bus to get to my destination which was near the docks. This bus was not so crowded and I had a seat to myself where I sat staring out of the window.  
  
When I alighted from the bus I was in the badlands where there were boarded up shops and lots of litter and graffiti. I saw a couple of girls in ridiculously short skirts and high heels; they were obviously hookers looking for business. I was extremely uncomfortable here.  
  
My instructions were very clear. I was to stand outside "Chez Amour" which was next to an Indian takeaway and I felt people watching me as I tried very hard to somehow fade into the brickwork and be invisible but it was impossible. I kept looking at my watch and 2pm came and went. How long would I have to stay here? How long can a school girl stay in a place like this before someone pushes her into a car and she is never seen again?  
  
Two young men were coming down the road towards me and I looked in the other direction but I kept glancing back at them just in case they had evil intentions towards me. Perhaps I should cross the street but would that make them cross over with me and would I miss the man in the red car?  
  
They were closer now as they lurched along drinking from lager cans and making a lot of noise. Both of them were in faded jeans and grubby t shirts and both of them needed a shave. As they drew level with me I looked away from them but they stopped one either side of me.  
  
"You want some fun girly? You waiting here to get laid?"  
  
My first reaction was just to ignore them but now one of them was right in front of me.  
  
"Please go away. I'm just waiting for my dad."  
  
That was the wrong thing to say but with them in the state they were in, they would have found anything hilarious. Somehow one of them had got behind me and he pulled my ponytail as his companion bent down and asked me for a kiss. The streets here belonged to the pimps and the addicts and I knew no-one would help me if I screamed. They began to jostle me not exactly holding onto me but easing me towards an alley running down beside the sex shop. I very firmly told them to leave me alone but how much force can a girl muster when she looks about thirteen albeit slightly tall for her age?  
  
One of them put his hand up my skirt at the back and used his hand on my bum to propel me forward into the alleyway. I felt scared and angry at the same time that these thugs could do whatever they liked to me and I could do nothing at all about it. We were in the alley now and I was forced back against the wall with one man an inch in front of me and his friend standing to one side.  
  
"Come on have a li'l drink with us."  
  
He put his lager can to my lips and tried to make me drink but I kept my lips closed and the beer ran down my chin and onto my blouse. The other man took the can so my assailant now had both hands free and he moved forward so that his chest was against mine and he was pressing me into the brickwork while his chum gave advice. Someone had used the alley as a toilet and it stank. He slowly withdrew the plastic slide from my hair and put it into his pocket then he began to unbutton my blouse exposing my white vest and I opened my mouth to scream.  
  
"Don't!"  
  
He raised his hand near to my face as if he were about to slap me and I went silent. Suddenly the other man dropped both drink cans and the two thugs were both in front of me with the beer carrier putting his hands up my skirt as I squirmed helplessly and breathed in the beer fumes which were being belched into my face. No one in the street could see us. I felt hands at my hips and in an instant my knickers were around my knees. The man who had opened my blouse put his hands on my shoulders and pushed downwards so I crumpled and ended up with my bare bum on the tarmac then they gave a whoop of delight and ran off down the alley away from the street.  
  
I was left sitting there with my blouse open and my pants around my knees. My legs were bent at the knee so my knees and my knickers were a few inches from my face. I just sat there hugging my knees and breathing heavily then I noticed a lady in a raincoat and a woollen hat hurrying down the alley from the direction where the men had gone. She crouched down beside me and I recognised her.  
  
"It's OK. I've come to take you home."  
  
Aylcia helped me to my feet and I quickly readjusted my clothes although I was still pretty crumpled. My hair kept falling over one eye. Her car was parked nearby and soon we were in the car heading towards my flat. Alycia gently told me that it had all been rigged. There was never a man in a red car who was coming to collect me; I had been sent there to wait for the two "drunks" who were actually psychology students and were obeying Ray's instructions.  
  
"It was a terrible thing for Ray to put you through but you had to learn that you mustn't say no to us."  
  
And Easter was only a week away. I still had to complete my task involving my 18 year old sister. I may write about that but it is a bit upsetting for me so it may take me a while to get myself organised to write it all down so that you can see what I did.

**The English Teacher**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

I attended an all girls private school which was a good school but it did have drawbacks such as the strict uniform code. The girls in the local comprehensive school could wear sweatshirts and trousers but we were forced to wear very traditional uniform which made us look the archetypal schoolgirl so when we were out in the city we felt like magnets for every pervert for miles. The boys from the comprehensive used to drool over us. Of course sometimes it was fun to enjoy the power which we had to make their hands slip into trouser pockets to ease the pressure but not all the males who enjoyed the sight of our white socks, grey skirts and crisp white blouses were young enough to be at school.  
  
Of course the other drawback of our school was the absence of boys which meant that crushes among girls were fairly common. That is where this story begins because I had an almighty crush on Georgia who was in my Sixth Form year when we were doing our A levels. I would love to watch just the way that she moved and to hear her voice and when we had gym I could not resist surreptitiously watching her in the changing room and the showers. All that would have been fine but I had to go and write the letter.  
  
It was never intended to be sent; it was just one of those things which girls write for fun to get our thoughts out on paper.  
  
I can still see almost every word before my eyes now...  
  
"My beloved Georgie, how I adore your firm slim body and the sight of your thick bush as you come out of the shower with your lovely puffy lips between your thighs. Your lovelips are much more developed than mine and I dream of squeezing their marshmallow softness and stroking your flat belly then working my tongue up your soft skin up to your round, full breasts...."  
  
Well it went on a lot like that but what went wrong was that I was reading it during a boring bit in an English class and I saw Miss Adamson heading towards my desk so I slipped my guilty little letter between the pages of my exercise book. Of course you can guess what happened next; I forgot what I had done and handed in the book for marking at the end of the lesson. How could I have been so stupid? I realised what I had done as I was making my way down the corridor to my next lesson but it was too late.  
  
For two days and nights I tortured myself as I waited for the axe to fall. I tried to make myself think that Miss A would not see the loose page and would mark and return the book with no harm done but what were the chances of that? Perhaps she would see it and just take it as a joke and ignore it but I knew that was a false hope. The Laurels made a lot of fuss about turning out moral young ladies and I knew something terrible would happen to me. I lay awake at night imagining what it might be. Would they make me read the dreadful letter out in Assembly or perhaps they would feel they had a moral duty to warn parents of the "moral danger" I presented. "Dear Parents, we feel it is our duty to warn you about Julie. If your daughters report any improper advances from this girl please report them to The Head for firm action to be taken." Or worse than that would they call my Mum and Dad in to see The Head and suggest that it was best for me to be removed from the school? How would I ever face my parents again?  
  
Every minute that I was at school I expected to be summoned to see The Head or perhaps Miss Adamson and it happened on the Thursday morning after the English lesson. I had sat in terrible tension for the whole lesson and as we were filing out of the room Miss A stood beside the door so that I had to walk past her.  
  
"Julie could you come to my office as soon as the lunch bell sounds today please."  
  
There was no explanation but her voice was quite stern. Miss A was Head of English and she was also a Housemistress so she had her own small room in the Admin Block and I had been summoned. Were my days at The Laurels about to come to a humiliating end?  
  
Of course being in her room as soon as the bell rang was impossible so I raced along the corridors as fast I could without breaking the rule about running and I arrived hot, breathless and nervous.  
  
She was sitting behind her paper-strewn desk and right in front of her was my letter which, of course, was in my handwriting so there was no chance of denying my authorship. She held the letter up between two fingers as if it was contaminated and she asked me to explain. I stammered through a sort of incoherent sentence which I think contained words like "Joke..Bit of fun..silly game" and her face showed that she was unconvinced. Then she told me to read it aloud.  
  
I was stunned. She had already read it, why did she need me to read it to her? Of course it was all part of the psychological warfare; she was deliberately humiliating me. I stood there trying to keep my feet still and feeling my face flushing red hot as I tried to apply my best reading aloud voice; this was truly horrible.  
  
Then she asked what I thought she ought to do about it. I could not face her.  
  
"Don't know Miss."  
  
"Well I have to know. I have to do something don't I? Do you have any idea of the seriousness of this?"  
  
I mumbled that it was not really serious as I had not actually DONE anything but that was not the right thing to say. She made her anger very plain.  
  
"Not done anything? How do you think your classmates would feel if they knew that every time they changed for Gym they were being weighed up as sexual partners? What will their parents say about their daughters being abused in this way?"  
  
She had beaten me into silence and my lower lip was trembling. I was having to work really hard at not bursting into tears and then she asked if I had any Gym lessons scheduled for the remainder of the week. I told her that I had Gym the following morning and she sighed deeply.  
  
"I will tell Miss Cheesley you are doing a job for me. Come and see me in The Library at the start of your Gym period. I don't want you anywhere near the showers, changing room or the swimming pool and I don't want you touching or eying up any girl at all. Can I trust you or do I have to warn the Reeves to keep a watch on you?"  
  
I could not believe what I was hearing. She was talking about making me a total outcast but I assured her that she could trust me. A very dark cloud had settled on me and it did not lift. Girls of our age routinely hug as a greeting and whenever any of my friends came near me I drew away in case word got back to Miss A that I was breaking her trust.  
  
So on Friday morning I reported to The Library and Miss A led me into her storeroom and gave very detailed instructions for the tidying up which I was to do instead of joining my fellows on the sports field. I then expected her to bustle off and leave me to my chores but she had a shock for me.  
  
"Give me your skirt."  
  
I just stood there in shocked silence. Surely I had misheard.  
  
"Come on girl. I need to know that you will stay in this room and I am hoping that losing your skirt means you will not dare wander the school."  
  
Looking at the floor I reached behind myself and unzipped my skirt then I stepped out of it and handed it over. Even our Victorian school did not insist on regulation knickers so I was now in my white kneesocks and bright pink cotton briefs which did very little to hide the shape of my pussylips. Miss Adamson swept out of the room shutting the door behind her. The tasks which she had set for me were quite ambitious bearing in mind that I only had an hour so I set to work but it felt very odd being here in just my knickers and I was terrified that someone would come in and find me. My captor did not return till ten minutes after the lunch bell and I could hear girls outside the storeroom door in The Library. I had finished my tasks but was now coming to think that she would leave me here for the entire lunchbreak.  
  
Suddenly she was back and she left me in my knickers as she made a quick inspection of the room to see what I had done then she handed me my skirt and stood watching me as I dressed but she was not finished with me.  
  
"I still have to decide what to do with you. Come to my cottage after school. You can phone your mum to say you have a detention."  
  
I had to join the rest of the school in the dining room but as soon as I had eaten I took myself off to a quiet spot behind the sports pavilion where I hoped no-one would find me. I just could not bear being with anyone in case I suddenly started blubbing. I used my mobile phone to call home and told the answering machine that I had volunteered to clean the Library Store for Miss Adamson.  
  
Now you need to know a bit about Miss Adamson. She looked only a bit older than some of her girls although, to have reached the position of Head of English, she must have been quite a reasonable age. She lived alone in an old cottage in the school grounds. The cottage had been built for a favourite servant when the school was a private manor house. Miss Adamson was always very smart in a stylish, under-stated way and there was gossip about her among the girls who wondered how such an attractive woman had remained single. Sometimes we used to giggle about the fact that her cottage overlooked the sports field and we imagined her behind her net curtains watching us play hockey in our short games skirts with our young boobs bouncing in the confines of tight t shirts. This speculation about Miss A made my present plight all the more bitter. We had no actual evidence of her sexual leanings but it was a cruel irony that she was punishing me for...what she was punishing me for.  
  
So at 4.45 that Friday I stood on her doorstep and jangled the brass bell beside the door. When she came to the door I noticed that she had changed into a pale green cotton skirt and a darker green blouse with pink embroidery down the front. Her well-shaped legs were bare and she was wearing black, flat shoes.  
  
She ushered me down the narrow passage to her stone-flagged kitchen at the rear of the cottage and she seated herself beside the scrubbed pine table as I stood silently waiting for her to speak.  
  
"Well Julie so it seems from your letter that you dream of undressing young Georgie. Is that correct?"  
  
"No Miss, I...."  
  
"I think you see her in her smart uniform and you think you would like to strip her and use her for your sexual pleasure without a thought of how humiliating that would be for her."  
  
I was burning with the injustice of this but I knew there was no point in arguing. Miss A was talking about making the punishment fit the crime and curing me of my unhealthy obsession; I did not really take in the details but her last line brought me back to reality with a shock.  
  
"Take off your clothes."  
  
"Miss?"  
  
"Julie you are not in a position to stand there and ask stupid questions. I am trying very hard to decide whether to simply walk you along to The Head right now and I will do just that unless you are completely undressed by the time I count to five. One."  
  
This was awful. Being made to strip like this was bad enough but I have told you about how we suspected Miss A was not exactly hetrosexual so it felt like undressing and being watched by a man. But I knew I was trapped so I desperately dragged off my red cardigan and began to fumble urgently with the buttons on my white blouse. The blouse joined the cardigan on the table as she reached a count of two and a half and my fingers felt as fat as sausages as I stood wriggling with my hands behind me working on the clasp of my brief white bra.  
  
I felt her eyes burning into my small boobs as I kicked off my shoes and dragged my skirt down and off.  
  
"Four."  
  
My heart was thumping. I knew that what I was doing was so far away from normal behaviour as to be beyond description but I had to complete this ghastly strip before she reached five. I peeled my knickers off and left them on the floor as I hopped from foot to foot and cast off my socks leaving my bare feet on the cold stone floor. I ended up panting and very aware of my chest moving up and down and my knickers and socks strewn around my feet. I had one arm folded across my boobs and one hand inadequately covering my dark triangle of fuzz. Miss A stood up and made no secret of the fact that she was staring at my naked body.  
  
"Put your hands on your head like the bad girl you are."  
  
The events of the past week had stripped away my will and I immediately obeyed feeling very vulnerable and small. Still her inspection continued then she walked behind me and I felt her warm fingers stroke my bum. My lip turned inwards then she was in front of me again and I saw her gather up my clothes from the floor and the table. To my horror she put all my clothes into a wooden cupboard and dropped the key into her skirt pocket then turned towards me with an evil grin.  
  
"Do you think Georgia would like to see you now little Julie?"  
  
I shook my head while keeping my hands in place on my head. She moved towards me so that she was inches in front of me with her eyes still raking every part of my boobs and my most private area. Suddenly my heart almost stopped in mid thump as the doorbell jangled. Miss Adamson's voice was back to the sharp commanding tone which she had used back in the Library store room.  
  
"Don't move a muscle."  
  
She hurried back up the passageway to the front door and I heard the voice of Mr Berry who taught art. Miss Adamson was chatting to him in a welcoming tone as she brought him back to the kitchen.  
  
"Don't mind Julie. We are just dealing with a little disciplinary issue."  
  
I could use words like "embarrassment" or "humiliation" but the English language just does not have words to describe how I was feeling. Mr Berry was probably in his thirties and some girls had crushes on him. He was enjoying an unrestricted view of the most secret parts of me and I would have to sit in front of him for every art lesson till the end of the year. It was clear that Miss A had arranged for her visitor to come at this time so she had deliberately set me up for what was happening to me now. They sat at the table with her back to me and him facing me over her shoulder so that he had a clear view of naked Julie as they talked about whether the art department could provide scenery for a play which she was preparing for the end of term.  
  
The clock was on the wall behind me so I had no idea of how long I stood there with the chill from the floor penetrating my feet and the chill from the air contrasting with the searing heat in my face. I was trying not to meet the art teacher's eyes so I was staring straight ahead at nothing but I could not keep my eyes from straying towards him to see if he was watching me and, of course, his eyes rarely left my body.  
  
Eventually I became aware that they were winding up their business and they stood up. I was willing him to leave as quickly as possible but Miss Adamson had another idea of how to humiliate me.  
  
"Dave. Do you remember you were talking about introducing the girls to life drawing?"  
  
This opened up a whole new conversation and guess who she was proposing as a model. They discussed which age groups should take part in the project and Mr Berry thought that, as figure drawing was generally considered difficult, it was best to start as early as possible and continue up through the school so that the girls kept honing their skills. They were discussing me as if I were not there and I did not dare to say a word.  
  
"So perhaps we could arrange for Julie to visit each art group in turn so that they all became familiar with the subject...."  
  
"Would you say she is a good subject?"  
  
He walked around me like a man inspecting a used car.  
  
"Well the small bust development is not typical for her age but that could be used as an example of how the artist can compensate for short comings in the model by using creativity. After all drawing is not supposed to be like photography. Do you think we could trim the pubic hair? The labia can be quite hard to get right and if we remove the hair it gives much more detail."  
  
And so it went on as they discussed their project seemingly unaware that I was a human being whom they were proposing to expose naked to every girl in the school. All I could do was to stand there trying not to think of the comments which would be thrown at me every break time. "Julie the stripper....Miss Tiny Tits....Floppy Fanny."  
  
Finally she saw him out and came back to me. She flopped down on a chair and told me that I could lower my aching arms which I did with quite unnatural gratitude bearing in mind that it had been she who had put me into that position in the first place. I kept my arms at my sides not daring to cover up without being given permission.  
  
"Naked bodies are not really so much fun as you thought are they?"  
  
"No Miss."  
  
She stood up and put her arm gently around my shoulders.  
  
"I hope you've learned that girls like us have to be careful Julie."  
  
What was she saying? Did she mean...?  
  
She spoke quietly.  
  
"Come with me."  
  
And she led me up her winding staircase and into a lilac bedroom overlooking the sports field where our second team were playing against the comp at hockey. Miss Adamson sank down onto the bed and pulled me down beside her. Her arm went around me and pulled me into her body. As I looked towards her she placed a finger on my lips then she removed the finger and gave me such a delicate little kiss as she began to unbutton her blouse. I just sat there feeling loved and comfortable as she cast her blouse onto the floor and removed her bra.  
  
Her breasts were pear shaped and quite round and full underneath. She took my hands and placed one on each of her breasts then she shimmied out of her skirt leaving herself in just a little pair of lemon lacy briefs.  
  
Once again her arm went around me and she laid back pulling me down with her. I was aware of the girlish shouts from the hockey field as our lips met and her tongue began to explore my mouth; it seemed so natural to respond in kind and I felt her hand on my thigh. The hand moved to my pussy and began to stroke my intimate lips as I parted my legs to indicate willingness. She was urging me to touch her and I gladly did so as the room began to fill with gentle moans of satisfaction. My teacher whispered that I should help her out of her knickers and I did so, feeling that this could not be real. She had a neatly trimmed fuzzbush and her lips down there were lovely and puffy and so soft to the touch. She must have showered just before I arrived because all her skin, especially her pussy, had a delicate scent of lily of the valley.  
  
I cannot give you a proper blow by blow account of the action because my mind was so full of endorphins that it was no longer keeping accurate records but I know that our tongues explored every part of each other's bodies and we were still entwined there as the light began to fade and the noise from the hockey match ceased. I so loved the salty taste of her pussy and the texture of her tongue as it ticked my own cleft that time for me ceased to have any meaning but my mature lover was in control. She whispered to me in the gloom.  
  
"You have to go my love."  
  
I knew she was right but it was such an effort to leave her warm bed and go downstairs where she gave me back my clothes. Claire (first names now) drove me home but I had left her my knickers as a souvenir so that I could think of her fingers caressing my most intimate garment and perhaps her nose breathing in my smell. When we pulled up outside my house her hand eased up my skirt and gave me a lovely squeeze as she explained that she could not kiss me goodnight in case we were seen.  
  
Of course that was only the first of our secret meetings. Sometimes I would find an excuse to stay late after school "To help Miss Adamson with cataloguing the library" and sometimes we would have clandestine meetings at weekends. I loved creeping up to her cottage or even sometimes spending a whole weekend at a hotel having told my mum that I was having a sleepover; well I was having a sleepover.

Quite early on in our affair she asked me to lie on my tummy and I felt her draw my hands behind me so that she could tie them with her dressing gown cord. She put her mouth to my ear and whispered huskily.  
  
"Now you are powerless and I can do whatever I want to you."  
  
She was a skilful and unselfish lover and the things which she did to my helpless body made me beg for more and more as I revelled in her dominance over me. After that first night in her car outside my home it became our "thing" that every meeting -- even if it was in her office at school -- ended with her squeezing me between my legs and sending me away moist and tingling and desperately looking forward to the next chance we had to pleasure each other.

**The Examination**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

I hate it when Ray Doyle involves other people in my tasks. He told me that he had talked about me to a Professor Burbidge who works in the medical faculty and the prof wanted to meet me. I get the impression that Ray enjoys talking about me to his colleagues which raises the possibility that half the staff at the university know all about me and when they pass me in the hallways they are imagining me stripping for them. I suppose they must all enjoy a really good laugh in their common room when Ray tells them all the fine detail of what he does to me.  
  
So Ray said I had to present myself to Prof Burbidge at 1pm on Thursday and, following his directions, I went over to the med school and up to room 14B where I tapped on the door. A voice summoned me in and I found myself in a consulting room where I guess the students practice. It was very embarrassing to find a grey haired man in a white coat and about four medical students, all male, also in white coats. The man seemed to have half forgotten that I was coming.  
  
"Oh yes, Julie isn't it. You kindly volunteered to be our subject today."  
  
Then he began to address the students.  
  
"Obviously normally you would be very sensitive and ask the lady to undress behind a screen but we don't need to bother with that here."  
  
Then he looked at me standing there in my short skirt and t shirt.  
  
"Well come on my dear. Just undress and jump up on the table for us. No need to be shy."  
  
This was going to be doubly humiliation because, as you know, I am not allowed to wear or even own any grown up underwear. But there was no way out so I dragged my t shirt over my head revealing my plain white vest which would not have looked out of place on a boy although on me it did have two slight bulges.  
  
As they all watched me I lifted first one foot and then the other and pulled off my training shoes without unlacing them. Then my yellow ankle socks joined the pile on the wooden chair and I stood barefoot to reach behind to unzip my skirt and pull it down and off exposing my navy blue gym pants. Blushing furiously I pulled my vest off and my little boobs sprang into view then I paused.  
  
Taking one's knickers off is always a dilemma at a medical exam. You don't want to appear to be a silly little girl who is scared to take her pants off but equally you don't want to look like a slut who takes them off even when she doesn't have to. Doctors never make it clear how undressed they want you to be. The prof was addressing his students again.  
  
"You will find that women are very silly about taking their underwear off but if you wait just a moment they will get the message."  
  
So now I knew what he wanted. I don't think men really understand what being seen naked means to a woman. We are told from our earliest years that no-one must see us without our knickers on and that stays with us. A man is only ready for sex when he is erect but for a woman her sexual passage is available whenever it is not covered so having to show her pussy makes her feel extremely vulnerable. I do hate my navy gym pants but I hated taking them off for these strangers even more. Having placed my most intimate garment on the chair with my other clothes I climbed onto the padded examination table and the prof gathered his students around me with some on either side. He placed one hand under my left boob and began to address the students.  
  
"Now as you can see we have unusually small breasts on this subject. If you could only see the breasts how old would you expect the subject to be?"  
  
They all offered opinions and the highest figure given was fourteen. He was still speaking in his very scholarly voice and his hand ran down the top of my right breast.  
  
"Even on quite a small lady we would expect to see some curving here but you can see that the line from the top of the chest down to the nipple is perfectly straight so there is some retarded development. However the nipples are quite responsive."  
  
At this he began to gently squeeze and stroke my nips and, to my great embarrassment they responded to his warm touch and began to swell. He was treating me like a laboratory animal and I knew that he would not stop at my breasts. Sure enough he moved to the bottom of the table and his students gathered around him as he stroked my lower belly just above my pussy.  
  
"There may be several reasons why a woman may be shaven in this area. Often it shows a particular interest in sexual intercourse and a feeling that smooth skin heightens enjoyment or, of course, it can just stem from immaturity. Why are you shaven my dear?"  
  
It took me a second to register that he was actually addressing his demonstration dummy and the answer was out of my mouth before I could bite it back.  
  
"Professor Doyle prefers it like that."  
  
This led to much laughter and when it subsided the professor had another question.  
  
"Would you say that you have intercourse often, Julie?"  
  
I mumbled something feeling as if I were under very hot lights but it was not sufficiently detailed for him.  
  
"When was the last time?"  
  
"Um." My voice had gone croaky. "Yesterday morning." (Please don't make me tell you that it was on the floor of Ray Doyle's office.)  
  
His hands were inside my thighs pressing them apart as he continued his lecture for the students.  
  
"We can see that the vaginal lips are quite fleshy but the entry to the cervix is fairly tight. You can see that it does take a certain degree of pressure to push my fingers into the opening although I can hold her open like so. There is evidence that Julie is quite sexually active because if I touch her clitoris fairly lightly it responds very quickly and you can see that I have been stimulating her for a very short time and yet she is moistening. Now could you pass me that speculum?"  
  
As he took hold of the huge chromium implement I was coming near to the limit of my endurance. My breathing was a little unsteady due to the quite skilful way in which the professor had handled my most sensitive parts and I was feeling very hot until the freezing metal touched my flesh and the jaws began to push their way into me. As the professor turned the butterfly screw on the speculum I felt myself being forced open and was genuinely alarmed because I did not know how long he would keep turning the screw.  
  
It seemed to me that he opened the jaws far too wide and I found myself turning my lip inwards and having to work very hard not to cry out in pain as I was lying there on my back with my knees apart and feeling the cold air on the very sensitive, moist flesh inside my most private area. All the students had now gathered around the business end and the professor was holding a small torch and pointing out minute details of his subject to the young men. Next he invited each of them to take the torch and practice making an examination. It was as if they were peering up inside a carcass of beef.  
  
When each student had taken his turn and enjoyed a view of me which even I have never had the professor had two of them take hold of an ankle each and raise my feet as high they could. This lifted my bum off the table and I felt a cold swab applied to a small area of my left buttock. Then I made a sharp "Ooh!" as something sharp was jabbed into my buttock and, looking down between my legs, I saw the professor holding a syringe. He had injected me with..with..with something.  
  
"Very well that will do for now. We have to discuss our findings on this session so you will need to wait outside for a while. You will find a chair just outside the door."  
  
I really believed that he was going to send me stark naked out into the corridor but he handed me a pale blue hospital gown which had white straps to be tied and, like all hospital gowns, did not meet properly at the back so I walked to the door displaying my bare bottom to the five men. The gown was ridiculously short so I had to sit with my bare buttocks on the cold, hard chair. I was sitting with my legs tight together and very aware that the gown came down to less than an inch below my pussy. My discomfort shot up the scale when two men came around a bend in the corridor. They were dressed in suits and carrying papers which they discussed as they walked. They passed by completely ignoring me. It seemed that this was a busy part of the college as several assorted people walked past me; none of them showed any sign of having seen me and I could not help wondering what they were thinking.  
  
Eventually the door opened and one of the students summoned me back into the examination room. As soon as I stood up my head began to swim and I had to reach out for the wall to keep myself upright. I walked groggily back into the room and found that I was seeing double. My vision filled with a giant penis; it was a hundred feet long and it was penetrating me between my legs and ripping through my body and out of the top of my head. I was overwhelmed by terror and everything became dark as I felt myself sinking into a deep, damp pit. I was falling at an increasing rate and I knew that there was a monster at the bottom of the pit which was going to eat me.............  
  
I was lying on the floor and everything was black; I felt sick and my whole body ached. There was an especially sharp pain between my legs. I opened my eyes and the light stabbed into me causing me to close them again. I very carefully opened one eye and took in my surroundings through the fog which was gradually subsiding from my brain.  
  
I saw that I was curled up on the carpet of the examination room beside that horrible examination table. The fluorescent lighting seemed to be very bright. My body was wet and I was freezing cold; I wanted to just lie here but I feared that if I did that I would freeze to death. I talked out loud to myself.  
  
"Do you want to try to move?"  
  
"Yes, let's give it a go."  
  
I rolled onto my front and pressed my hands down onto the carpet. At first every movement caused waves of nausea and I thought I would fall back into unconsciousness but very gradually I got myself into a sitting position on the table with my legs hanging over the side. There were some clothes and training shoes on the table beside me and, after a while, I concluded that they were probably mine. There was also a piece of paper with some writing but I could not focus sufficiently to read the words.  
  
I sat still for a while to allow my body to recover from the effort of sitting up. As I did so I noticed the wall clock. It was just after 6. If I assumed that was 6pm I had been here for...the sum was too hard for me but I knew that I had lost several hours. The memory of the humiliating examination began to come back but there were still many hours which were a complete blank. What had been done to me in that time?  
  
My mind did begin to clear and the nausea left me so I decided that I should dress but, when I ran my hands through the clothing I found that it comprised only shoes, skirt, t shirt and socks. OK so they have left me no underwear; I can cope with that. As I was dressing I found that I was able to read the piece of paper.  
  
"You have an appointment in Professor Doyle's room now."  
  
What I wanted to do was to go home but I made my way to Doyle's office and the walk did help to clear my head. Doyle was seated behind his desk and I was not invited to sit down so I found myself standing in front of the desk. He made the predictable remarks about my nipples which were pressing against the thin cotton of my t shirt and had been very uncomfortable for the walk over from the med centre.  
  
"Did you enjoy your afternoon Julie?"  
  
My options in replying were very limited as the last time that I used the word "no" he had arranged for me to be practically stripped in an alleyway in the city.  
  
"Yes Sir."  
  
He smiled and handed me a large white card which had been printed and had some details filled in by hand. I saw that it was a medical record and it had my name, address and date of birth at the top. I read in horror.  
  
"Delusional behaviour....morbid sexual obsession....possible danger to others...probable nymphomaniac."  
  
It was signed at the bottom by Professor Burbidge. Doyle began to explain that it only takes the signature of two doctors to have someone sectioned under the Mental Health Act and that his psychology degree qualified him to provide the second signature.  
  
"Think about what it would mean for you to be put into a van with your arms strapped down to your sides and then held in a secure facility with your head shaved for reasons of hygiene. Possibly kept in a strait jacket for twelve hours a day and fed from a spoon. Would you like that Julie?"  
  
Despite my fear of the "no" word I shook my head and he took the card back from me.  
  
"I will hang onto this for now."  
  
Before he dismissed me Doyle gave me a thick white envelope which he told me to open when I arrived home. The envelope obviously contained a lot of paper and I half wondered if it was money but when I was sitting on my sofa opening the envelope I saw that my guess had been very wrong.  
  
He had given me a collection of colour photographs which had all been taken in an office, possibly an office attached to the examination room where I had endured my humiliating ordeal. Every picture showed me naked. There were other people in the pictures but the photographer had been very skilful so that he only showed the back of their heads or else their faces were hidden behind some part of me or their head was cropped out of frame. My face was very clear; my eyes were open and I was smiling so that it appeared I was really enjoying myself. Most of my fellow models were male but there were several shots of me and a young woman and we were doing just about everything which it is possible for two women to do to each other.  
  
I dropped the vile pornography on the sofa beside me. Of course modern technology meant that Doyle could have any number of copies and I had no way of knowing how many copies there were or what he might do with them. He also had the medical card stating that I was delusional so no-one would ever believe a single word that I said. I felt Doyle's vice tightening around me. I was trapped and, even though I was free to walk around, I was his captive.

**The Field**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

So now you have given me my second task and well I did it. As I said in my last mail I drove to college and was really excited as I walked to the car after college. I had a coffee in the canteen then went to the car. Of course I was in my normal clothes, denim skirt, tights, flat shoes, dark green t shirt. Coming out of the city at 5pm was the usual nightmare but at around 6pm I was on a narrow country road with hedges along the side. There was traffic as folk were heading home from work.  
  
I had a place in mind and I pulled my car onto the grass verge beside a farm gate then I got out of the car and looked over the gate. I was looking at fields and a gently rolling countryside. I could see some houses about two fields away. A car passed me every few minutes. Now I had to decide what to do next.  
  
The weather was fine but not especially warm. Without clothes I was going to be cold but I had to accept the downside of refusing the library task. I could have been in a nice warm library now but being out here in the country was my choice.  
  
My plan had been to strip in the car and climb the gate into the field but for a moment I wavered. It would be easier to go into the field clothed and strip there behind the hedge. To make it worse I wanted a pee. I decided to stick to the plan and, still in the driver's seat I reached behind to unfasten my skirt and then I shimmied it off. Anyone driving past would just see a girl in a green t shirt. Shoes and tights followed, I placed my shed clothing onto the passenger seat. Now I was fully dressed above the waist but otherwise just in white cotton knicks with red roses on them. Stripping in such a confined space was awkward. I took my pants off so for the second time in a week I felt my bare bum on my car seat.  
  
My heart was pounding and I was feeling all the classic anxiety symptoms. I looked both ways up and down the road and a car was coming. I sat still to let it pass, a lady in a business suit by the look of her. Now the road was clear. I yanked open the car door, slammed it behind me and dashed for the farm gate naked below the waist. In seconds I had clambered over the gate and sat down on the grass beside the hedge inside the field. I was hidden from the road but in full view of the distant houses. I dragged my top over my head and shed my bra. Julie was now completely naked in the open air and my knickers were in my car on a public road. I felt a sense of achievement then relieved myself where I sat. I felt a sense of liberation but I had to frig myself and had not brought anything to clean the pee off my pussy. I pulled up some grass which did not really do the job; I now had some grass sticking to my body. And I was now uncomfortably cold and had gooseflesh. I heard a couple of cars go past.  
  
My hand went between my legs and began to work as I sat on the dirt and grass. I was afraid the cold would prevent my orgasm but I worked urgently and vigorously. Yes, come on, rub, rub, pant, pant. I could feel it building and my pussy was getting wet. Time was short because if anyone had seen me from the houses I did not know how long they would take to reach me. I felt all my senses were on full alert. Suppose I heard a farmer pull up at the gate in his tractor; it would only take him seconds to get out of his cab and walk to the gate to open it so that he could drive into the field. There was nowhere for me to escape to!  
  
With this thought in my head I came even more powerfully than I did in my car in the forest. It was fantastic but the amazing thing was that, having completed my task, I could have just ran back to my car but it took me time for my senses to clear so I was just laying there with my legs apart stark naked against the bank at the edge of the field.  
  
Of course then my brain kicked in again and I began to listen hard for a car on the road. Once I began to climb the gate I would be committed to the dash to my car. There could be no stopping half way if I heard a car and the driver's door of the car was not against the hedge; it was on the road side of the car. I pulled on my top and remembered to gather up my car keys and my bra. (The car was not locked but I had automatically grabbed the car keys out of the ignition -- suppose a thief had driven my car away while I was in the field!!!).  
  
Now all seemed quiet so I launched myself at the gate like a commando on an assault course. Over the gate, dash into the road and grab at the handle on the car door. I flung my bra onto the passenger seat and seemed to take ages getting my feet into my shoes. Then I roared away like someone leaving the scene of a bank raid. I would have to dress at some point but I could not hang around here in case someone from the houses was already on their way to the scene. I was driving on a public road wearing nothing but shoes and a thin top.  
  
I drove with no clear idea of where I was going. It was dusk now. When I deemed I was a safe distance from the scene of the crime I pulled over onto the verge and began to pull on my skirt. My college bag was on the back seat and tights, bra and knickers went into the bag. Now I faced a twenty mile drive in just shoes, skirt and top.  
  
Back at the flats I pulled up at the garages at the back of the block and unlocked my garage. Having put the car away I had to walk back to the front door of the flats. I used my key in the outer door and suddenly my neighbour was there on his way out. I was really flustered but I managed a "hello" as he stood back to allow me in then he went out and in seconds I was locked inside my flat and crashing out on the sofa with adrenalin pumping around my body which had been so brazenly exposed.  
  
Wow what can I say?

**Thoughts on Humiliation**

by[Julie20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1244252&page=submissions)©

I think a big part of it is control. The idea that someone else is in control of you.  
  
"Take off your clothes Julie."  
  
"No, please not here in front of them."  
  
"Julie you are not allowed to argue are you...you know what will happen."  
  
"Please..not here..please."  
  
"Julie you have one minute..I won't ask again."  
  
And totally defeated I look at the floor avoiding eye contact and begin to unbutton. My fingers are shaking and I know I am blushing furiously which makes it worse as I am acting like a silly little school girl. Eventually I stand naked and exposed, I want to cover myself but know it is not allowed, my hands are hanging uselessly at my sides. Looking down at my pathetic little pile of clothing on the floor at my feet I realise I have left my knickers on the top of the pile so everyone can see them inside out still showing the slight cleft where my slit was and, oh horror, you can see the little damp patch. Am I to be left with no dignity at all?  
  
And then I hear the next command.  
  
"Julie you know you are not allowed to stand with your legs together like that, stand properly now."  
  
Miserably I stand with my legs apart feeling their eyes on my pussy and knowing they are looking at my breasts and thinking how small they are. In my mind I am back in the school changing rooms with the other girls giggling and chanting "Tiny Tits". How long will she keep me naked? I know that I dare not ask because to do so would invite a humiliating punishment. Oh please don't let her make me masturbate with everyone looking at me. But the scary thing is that I know she could, she could make me do whatever she wants and I can do nothing about it.  
  
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In UK a girl naked in the street would certainly be arrested but even that is pretty wild. Imagine being dragged off to the police station with officers looking at you. And then having to stand blushing in court as an official voice reads out for all (including the journalists) to hear "The accused was in the high street indecently exposing herself with no apparent shame and this court has no alternative but to impose the maximum sentence for these disgusting offences." And to know that your parents and work colleagues will read it all and perhaps someone will post the press clipping on the noticeboard at college. And in the coffee room at college the embarrassing questioning "So are you wearing knickers now Julie, do you have a bra on, would you like to lift your skirt and show us..come on don't be shy...."  
  
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Being gagged is very humiliating because losing the power of speech is dehumanising, you become an object unable to explain yourself or plead or negotiate. People can talk at you or about you and you just have to stand there and take it until someone decides to remove the gag.  
  
"Oh look she is dribbling. Let's shave her pussy or we could use a felt tipped pen and mark her pussy green. It would take her ages of painful scrubbing to get it off and while it was green she would have to be very careful where she changed. She would just have to hope she didn't need to see a doctor but explaining it would be her problem. If she doesn't keep still just tweak her nipple, that normally makes her behave."  
  
In fact all bondage comes down to being under someone else's control and to losing power. You just have to lie there bound and chained while they step over you and laugh at your helplessness. You know you are entirely at their mercy and they can do whatever they want for as long as they like.  
  
One can be in bondage without actually being tied up. It is really tingly to think of someone else having control of your life so she tells you what to wear and she may or may not let you wear underwear. Of course she would control your money and you would have to beg for even money to buy tissues. If she controlled you to that extent it would be up to her to control basic needs – "Your food budget this week is £6, you might find you are spending a lot of time being hungry until the weekend."  
  
Having someone else control your life and punishing you when you foul up is like regressing to childhood when your mum had to make sure you had clean pants and, of course, you would need to ask permission to go out. "Yes you can go to the party but privileges come at a price don't they – I think you had better stay naked for the rest of the weekend and you can wear your handcuffs every evening next week."  
  
It is a delicious paradox in that I hate the humiliation and embarrassment, that feeling of being looked at and laughed at but at the same time I need it and a horrible part of me relishes and drives me to invite more and more of it.