**Meredith's C Plus**

**by [RoughLove](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1157374&page=submissions)©**

At 28, I am ten years older than my girlfriend, which is a pretty big difference at our age. It was only natural that after a few months, I began to assume a fairly dominant role in our relationship. It is an arraignment that works for both of us. I dote on my "little girl," buying her expensive gifts, and taking her to fancy restaurants, but I can also be stern and a little controlling. For instance, I make her show me all her grades (she's a sophomore at a top university), and often tell her how to dress when we go out (and when we stay in, but that's another story).

In my twisted mind, female submission is extremely sexy. I enjoy "making" my lovers submit to me in a variety of ways. In my opinion, one of the most profound, and therefore arousing, ways to demand submission is to sexually humiliate a girl, and one Friday I saw an opportunity.

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"So, how did you do?" I asked. Meredith had just returned from class, and I knew that she would have received her Organic Chemistry mid-term back from the professor. She looked away nervously

"Um, not that great..." she mumbled meekly. "C plus..." she said with a quiet upward inflection, as if she wasn't sure how I'd react.

I shook my head with paternal sternness. "Honey, that's not acceptable. You said you knew that stuff cold!"

"I know, but the test wasn't what I expected! It was totally unfair! The professor didn't even go over half the stuff on the exam!"

"So rather than go over that stuff on your own, you went and watched "Grey's Anatomy" with your girlfriends, as I recall."

Meredith stared at the floor, embarrassed. "Am I in trouble?" she asked quietly.

"You bet your behind you are." Meredith was generally an "A" student, so past punishments were few, but had included being made to hold my cum in her mouth without spitting or swallowing for 15 minutes, and being made to ask permission to use the toilet for a whole weekend, including when we had company.

"Can we still go out tonight?" she asked, with a mixture of hope and resignation.

"Oh I think so," I answered with a cryptic half-smile. Meredith eyed me nervously, but said nothing. "I'll lay out some clothes for you while you take a shower."

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I rifled through her drawers, looking for just the right outfit. I decided to keep it simple. I chose a pink t-shirt and a denim skirt that each must have fit her appropriately when she bought them at age 13, but were now way too small. The skirt would barely cover the bottom of her ass or her pussy lips, and without a bra, the shirt would reveal every curve of her perfectly formed C cup tits. I also brought out her highest pair of red "fuck me" heels, some eyeliner, mascara, a sufficiently slutty shade of red lipstick.

Meredith came out of the bathroom wet and naked. Her pussy was hairless, as I always made her keep it. She approached the bed and looked at what I'd picked out.

"You're crazy if you think I'm wearing this," she said with a laugh. Without warning I have her a sharp open-handed slap across the face. Her smile had disappeared and she looked at me with shock. She loves it when I rough her up a bit, but this had caught her totally by surprise.

"You will wear this and you will not call me crazy, or else I will bend you over this chair, tie you down, and belt your ass so hard you will have to explain why you are standing through all your lectures next week!"

Her eyes were watery and her cheek had turned bright red. "Yes, sir," she replied, almost in a whisper. She immediately began to dress herself. She knew enough not to ask about panties. When she was fully dressed with her make-up on she looked deliciously promiscuous. Unable to help myself, I reached up her skirt and ran my finger up and down her slit. She was soaked (probably since the slap on the face). I held my finger up to her mouth, and she obediently sucked off her own pussy juice, careful not to smear her lipstick.

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When we first got to the party, Meredith tried to stick to the dimly lit rooms, self-conscious about looking like a slut around all of her college friends, but after a few drinks, she started to feel more at ease, though she still kept her legs firmly crossed whenever seated. As the evening wore on, we found ourselves alone with a good friend, Benjamin.

Ben is 21, African-American, a music production major, very handsome, and extremely shy around the opposite sex. He had recently drunkenly and confidentially confessed to me that despite the fact that he was a senior in college, he'd never gotten beyond kissing with girls. I was about to do something about that.

"Hey Ben," I began, "how do you think Meredith here did on her Orgo mid-term?"

"Umm... I dunno..." Ben said, unsure of what I was getting at. "Probably pretty well, she's a smart girl..."

"C Plus." I replied. Meredith blushed. She is a very competitive student.

"That's too bad," Ben offered.

"It is too bad. I think she's not getting enough negative reinforcement. I usually punish her for bad grades." At this Meredith looked at me pleadingly. We had never openly discussed the nature our relationship with friends.

Ben laughed. "What do you do, dock her allowance?" he joked.

"Depends," I answered coolly, "this time I think she really just needs a hard spanking." Meredith turned a deeper shade of red, and stared intently at the floor. She didn't dare try to stop me, as she knew it would only make me do something worse.

Ben laughed again.

"I was thinking about doing it upstairs. Would you like to watch? It might make the lesson sink in a little more."

"Please," Meredith pleaded quietly, "this is too much..."

"Careful," I said icily, "or it'll be in front of the whole party." Meredith went silent.

"So?" I asked Ben.

"Well... I mean..." he paused, "if it's to help her grades, I guess I can't really say no..." he replied with a slight smirk.

"Let's go then."

Meredith stared at the floor as I led her by the hand through the party and up the stairs, as Ben followed along. I found a vacant bedroom. I sat down in a wooden chair.

"Over my lap, skirt up, no fuss," I ordered. Meredith hesitated, glancing nervously at Ben, who had sat down on the edge of the bed across from me. Reluctantly, Meredith assumed the humiliating position across my lap, putting her hands on the floor for balance. Her delicate toes in the red "fuck me" shoes barely touched the floor.

"Watch carefully, you may have a girl of your own who you need to discipline someday," I advised Ben. Not that there was any chance that he wasn't paying attention.

I slowly lifted up Meredith's skirt, revealing a luscious alabaster bottom. I began to spank her slowly, but very hard. She whimpered. I continued to smack her ass with full force. By five, she was sniffling. By ten she was begging, "please, not so hard!" By 20, she was crying openly. I didn't stop until 40.

At this point, Meredith was sobbing like a grade schooler. Her ass was now bright red. Tears were streaming down her face. I rubbed her red ass gently while I cooed softly, "there, there, all done sweety. Now spread your legs like a good girl."

Her sobbing had subsided, but she hesitated, trying to maintain some shred of dignity in front of our friend. I have her a hard slap on her red ass, and she let out a fresh sob, and spread her legs wide, shamelessly revealing her most intimate crevices. Her pussy was sopping wet.

"Sometimes little girls aroused by their punishments," I informed Ben matter-of-factly. "Come have a look," I offered, to Meredith's silent horror. Ben stood up and came closer. I began to slip a finger rhythmically in and out of Meredith's wet pussy.

"Have a feel," I suggested. Meredith tried to look back at me in outrage, but a quick slap reminded her to keep her eyes forward.

Ben hesitated, and then gingerly put a finger up to the mouth of Meredith's slick hole. "Oh wow, she is wet," he said dumbly, as his finger slid in and out of my girlfriend's vagina.

"Try two fingers," I suggested. Ben obliged. Meredith is very tight, and she moaned softly as her pussy stretched slightly to accommodate Ben's fingers. After a minute or so I asked Ben if he wanted to see Meredith have an orgasm.

"Yeah, that'd be sweet!"

"Step back and watch." Ben pulled his slick fingers from my girlfriend's pussy. I replaced them with mine. I turned them so that they stretched her pussy wider and thrust them in and out vigorously, curving them so that they rubbed up and down her g-spot. She began to moan loudly. "That's a good girl. Just relax and accept your reward for taking your punishment so admirably." I finger-fucked her tight cunt even faster.

"Oh yes... oh yes... oh yes!!" she repeated less and less quietly. I continued to stimulate her. After a few minutes, I could tell she was near the breaking point. "Now cum for me like a good little girl!" I ordered. Instantly she let out a groan of ecstasy, and vagina began to contract rhythmically as wave after wave of orgasm washed over her. Ben watched in awe as her cunt squeezed my fingers over and over.

"That was great honey," I cooed as she caught her breath. "Your punishment is almost over. You took your spanking like a big girl, and you gave a great show just now to young Benjamin. He must be painfully excited right now. I want you to use your mouth to offer him some relief." Both of them looked at me in shock. "That's right honey, I want you to show Benjamin what a good little cocksucker you are."

"James... I..." Meredith was at a loss for words.

"Unless you want to start this all over with someone else downstairs..." I offered. The idea was too awful to consider.

"Yes, sir," she replied with resignation.

Ben sat down on the edge of the bed again, barely able to believe his luck.

"Now Ben," I advised, as he unzipped his fly and my girlfriend positioned herself between his legs, "when you are ready to cum, you can either blow your wad in her mouth and have her swallow it down, or you can pull out, and spray it all over her face and hair, if you really want to leave your mark on her."

"Um," Ben offered hesitantly, "there was something else that I've always really wanted to try..."

"What's that?" I asked, surprised.

"Can she take it in her mouth, but not swallow, just let it dribble out down her chin..." he asked, hesitantly.

I laugh out loud, marveling at the creativity of the undersexed male brain. "Absolutely!" I replied. "Hear that Meredith?" She nodded submissively.

Ben had by this time pulled out his cock, which at 7 inches was a bit bigger than mine, though not as thick. It was dark and menacing, but Meredith obediently began to lick it. Ben groaned in pleasure. Meredith quickly took him in her mouth and began to suck him. Soon her pretty head was bobbing up and down whorishly on his cock. It was barely three minutes before Ben let out a deep grown, and Meredith's bobbing slowed has he filled her mouth with semen. Meredith withdrew, obediently holding his spunk in her mouth, before pushing it to her lips and letting the cum-saliva cocktail dribble down her chin and splatter softly onto the thin fabric covering her heaving tits.

"Oh yeah," Ben groaned. "Thank you both so much. That was fantastic."

"Oh no, thank you," I said with a smile. "After Meredith walks through the crowd of people downstairs with an obvious load of cum smeared on her t-shirt, I think she will be getting much better grades." I was right.