**My Tutor**

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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.