**New Girl on Campus**

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**New Girl on Campus Ch. 01**

A pale shape darted across the campus grounds, moving cautiously and somewhat erratically. It was dark, almost 1am, and the wan figure was being careful to avoid any well lit areas. They briskly trotted over a section of grass, then pressed their back to the wall of the nearest building after the sound of drunken voices could be heard close by.

"Shit shit shit," thought Lisa, staring around the corner, and spotting a group of three students stumbling back to their dorms. She looked around wildly for a place to hide, and quickly shuffled into the welcoming darkness of a recessed doorway. Lisa listened to the young revelers while squatting down in the shadows, heart racing.

Lisa's hands were cuffed behind her back with a simple yet effective pair of metal handcuffs. The cuffs were attached to a leather belt around her waist. This belt was specially made as a soft chastity belt, and a leather strap ran between her legs. A casual onlooker wouldn't be able to tell, but a vibrating dildo and butt plug were held in place by the strap, something Lisa was all too aware of.

A wide leather collar was around her neck, and from it hung a small, heart-shaped dog tag. It had the word "LISSIE" on it. She also wore a wide muzzle gag, essentially a leather panel strapped over her mouth, holding in a large rubber ball behind her teeth. Apart from all this gear, and a pair of sneakers, Lisa was totally naked. She shivered in the brisk autumn air.

"Come on... go away please," Lisa thought to herself, as the students stopped to drunkenly hush each other for talking so loud. Lisa squirmed, as in her squatting position the two vibrating intruders had settled in deep. She could feel another orgasm creeping up.

A young man from the group stumbled over to the wall by Lisa's hidey hole. She heard a zip, then the unmistakable sound of someone peeing against the wall. Lisa wrinkled her nose. The drunk man's friends admonished him for pissing on campus property, as Lisa tried to shift her foot to avoid the fast approaching trickle of urine. Eventually he finished his business and they all stumbled back to their dorm rooms, a night well spent.

"Too close," Lisa thought, leaning out of the alcove to check if the path was clear, "I have got to stop this, I don't know why I keep doing it."

As she stood up, and the vibrators shifted position inside her, she suddenly realised exactly why she did this. A powerful orgasm shook her body, and it was all she could do to avoid crying out. Weak at the knees, pussy still throbbing, she carried on her excursion.

Evie sat in her car, parked just down the road from the entrance of the university. She looked at her phone, it had been an hour and a half already. She peered out of the window into the darkness, and saw a familiar pale shape shuffling along one wall, like a shy ghost. Evie grabbed a set of small keys that were on the passenger seat, and got out of the car.

"Took you long enough!" she scolded, as Lisa ran the last few yards towards her, her small breasts bouncing with every stride, "I was getting worried. What happened?"

Lisa leapt into the passenger seat as Evie held the door for her, and then joined Lisa in the car. She fiddled with Lisa's gag straps, and then removed the whole arrangement from her head, the ball taking extra effort to dislodge.

"Don't start," Lisa gasped, working her jaw muscles, "The damn security guard had changed his routine again, and I almost ran into a bunch of drunks on their way back from a party or something."

"How was it?" Evie asked, as she leaned over to unlock Lisa's handcuffs with the key she had. It was the only set of keys for these cuffs, and Evie made sure she kept them very safe.

"Soo hot," Lisa said, turning to Evie with excitement, "There was one moment a guy must have been only three feet from where I was hiding. I almost came right there and then."

"Nice," said Evie, grinning, "But you know if you keep this up, it could end badly. We've been lucky, so far..."

Evie left the last sentence hanging, as Lisa squirmed under her gaze.

"I know, I know," Lisa sighed, "But it's such a rush! I'd always been terrified of being caught. Now that possibility is a potential reality... it's such a turn on, Evie!"

"Anyway," Lisa went on, with a wry smile, "I'm surprised you of all people would try and talk me out of it."

Evie held her hands up, placatingly, "I wouldn't dare!" she said, "Far be it from me to order you around, Lissie!"

"Okay, maybe I'll slow down a bit," Lisa conceded. Lisa had only started university a few weeks ago, and she had done this naked run from her dorm to outside the campus grounds three times now. The first time was a dare from Evie, to go naked and collared at night and meet her outside the gates. Next time they added the gag and the handcuffs, with Evie holding the keys. This time it was the vibrators, which were now Lisa's favourite addition.

"If you want." said Evie, "It's a shame you're so busy now, else we could play our normal games more. Might burn off some of your extra horniness!"

"Yeah, I do miss making videos with you," Lisa said, wistfully, "Still have over ten weeks until the semester is over. Hey, why not come over at the weekend and visit? Are you busy?"

"I have a ton of homework due on Monday..." Evie said, then smirked, "But that can wait, right?"

"Are you sure you don't mind?" said Lisa, "I know it's a long way to drive for you, and I appreciate you coming out here at night for... this." She indicated her naked form and the buzzing leather strap between her legs. "And we won't really be able to have any, you know... fun. My roommate will probably be around."

"Nah, I'll be happy to visit!" said Evie, cheerfully, "What's she like, anyway?"

"She's okay," said Lisa, "A bit gothy, keeps to herself really. Mostly stays in her room, but she keeps the place clean."

"I didn't think goths were still a thing," said Evie, "I thought they went the way of the dodo."

Eventually, Lisa put on the change of clothes Evie had brought her, and stashed away the cuffs, collar and gag into a little backpack. Evie prodded her gently in the crotch. The vibrating toys were still comfortably housed deep inside Lisa.

"You keeping that on, I see?" she asked, with a knowing look.

"Oh! Silly me!" Lisa exclaimed, putting her hand to her mouth in faux-shock, "I must have plum forgot about it. Oh well, too late now!"

Evie laughed, and gave her friend a hug and a kiss on the cheek. "Night Lissie. I'll call you later to arrange the meet up."

"Thanks again for coming out so late," Lisa said, "See you soon!"

And with that, Lisa headed back to the dormitories, the gentle buzzing sound coming from her pants.

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It was noon the next day when Evie knocked on Lisa's door. Lisa put her book down, opened the door, and greeted her friend with a hug.

"Hey college girl!" said Evie, stepping inside, "So this is your place? Not bad."

"Yep, it's okay," Lisa responded, taking Evie's coat and throwing it onto a chair, "You want the grand tour? Couch there, TV there, kitchen there, and bathroom through that door. My room is there."

"Nice. You were lucky to get your own rooms." Evie said, while looking around the small living area, "My sister had to have a shared sleeping space with her roommate."

"Yeah. Want to see my room?" Lisa asked, innocently, while taking Evie's hand and leading her through a door. As soon as the door closed behind them, Lisa started to strip off her clothes. Evie sat on the bed and watched with delight.

"Ahh, that's better," said Lisa, who then kneeled by Evie's feet, "You said you wanted to try something new today?"

"Oh! Yes, that's right!" said Evie, rooting through her bag. She pulled out a bundle of hempen rope, then tapped at her phone, before holding it down for Lisa to see. There was a photo of a nude woman, tastefully lit, whose torso was covered in a rope harness. It criss-crossed her belly and chest, squeezing her breasts, and ends up running through her legs and up her back.

"Shibari bondage?" asked Lisa, "It looks pretty. Looks complicated, too."

"Nah, no problem! I have a guide," said Evie confidently, and started to unravel the rope, "Stand up and face me."

After a few false starts, with Evie messing up and swearing under her breath as she restarted the process, she eventually had Lisa tied in the same manner as the model in the photo. A pattern of hemp rope weaved across her thin frame, from neck to crotch. It was snug, squashed her breasts gently, and was pressed tight against her clit as the rope ran between her pussy lips.

"I can feel it all over my body," said Lisa, moving this way and that, "Does it look good?"

Evie snapped a photo of the bound girl, and turned the phone towards her, "Looks amazing, Lissie. Hey, you got any dildos around?"

"What do you think?" Lisa said, and opened a drawer in a small bedside table. Even walking a few steps was weird. Lisa could feel the rope rubbing against her most sensitive area. She handed Evie a fat, purple dildo from the drawer.

"Got a butt plug too?" Evie asked, and Lisa passed one over. "Okay, get on the bed and bend over."

Lisa did as instructed, pointing her pale butt towards her friend. Even though she had been doing this sort of thing with Evie for months, she was blushing hotly. The rope ran right between her butt cheeks, and Evie tugged it to one side, then slowly inserted the dildo. Lisa was already wet and ready, and it entered her vagina with little trouble.

"Lick this," Evie said, holding the butt plug down to Lisa's face. Lisa took it, and slobbered all over it. She knew where it was about to go, so wanted to get it as wet and slippery as possible.

"Thanks," said Evie, as Lisa wordlessly handed the damp rubber bung back to her, "Okay, brace yourself!"

Lisa grunted as Evie pushed the flared plug into her tight butthole. It took a little work, but she got it settled in to her satisfaction, then readjusted the ropes to hold the toys in place.

Lisa got up and walked around a bit. The ropes pushed the objects deep inside her, while already rubbing against her clit. She could feel the fullness and pressure of both toys pressing against one another inside her, and wished that they were the vibrating sort.

"Pose for me, Lissie!" Evie said, and snapped shot after shot of Lisa striking lewd poses. Eventually Evie put her phone back in her bag, and stood by the door. "Right. Are you going to show me around campus, then?" she asked.

"Sure, if you like. Can you help me get this off?" said Lisa.

"Oh no, I thought you could keep that on." Evie said, with a mischievous glint in her eye, "Just put your clothes on over the top."

Lisa gawped at her, "Everyone will know, Evie!" she protested.

"Don't be silly," said Evie , rooting through Lisa's clothes. She pulled out a long, casual dress, and threw it to Lisa. "Here. Put that on, and a jacket. No one will know."

Lisa frowned at this, but felt her stuffed pussy tingle with excitement. She grabbed her underwear off the floor and went to put them on, but Evie took them from her hand.

"Nope, no undies." said Evie, grinning.

Lisa sighed, and got changed. The dress went to knee level, and was a dark blue. Once Lisa had an open jacket on over the top, you would have to be standing quite close to her to realise she had rope criss-crossing her body underneath. Not that this fact made Lisa feel any better. She felt that every inch of her was on display.

Lisa put her boots on, and the girls left the bedroom, Lisa squirming slightly with every step. Evie went to get her coat, but it had moved from the chair Lisa dumped it in. They found it hanging on a coat hook by the door.

"Oh, haha..." said Lisa, a little embarrassed, "Jess must be back. That's my roommate. She likes to keep the place tidy. Let's uh, let's not bother her right now."

The girls hurried out, Lisa not keen on letting her roommate see her as she was.

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Lisa was right on the edge. The ropes, the dildo, the plug and the feeling of any moment being caught were pushing her to her limit, but she could not pass it. There wasn't quite enough stimulation to get her to climax, and while this was frustrating, she was almost glad. There were a lot of other people walking around.

"How you doing?" Evie asked, smirking.

"Fine, thank you," Lisa lied. She turned away from a boy walking past, who gave her a puzzled look. "Shall we head back...?"

"Not yet, we've only been out here ten minutes!" Evie laughed.

"Well there's not that much to see, really. All the interesting stuff is in town." Lisa said, adjusting the wedgie that the rope was causing. There wasn't much she could do to avoid it. She looked down at herself, her nipples were very prominent under the dress, and her boobs stuck out more than normal. She ran an idle hand down her front, and could feel the tight rope underneath.

"Okay, well what's that over there?" Evie said, pointing at a building with very few people nearby.

"Dunno. A lecture hall I think. It will be closed at the weekend." said Lisa, her face flushed.

"Follow me." Evie said, hurrying towards the building. Lisa rolled her eyes and followed, every step rubbing her towards a pleasurable frustration. As Lisa rounded a corner, Evie pulled her in close.

"How about a little relief for my puppy?" Evie said.

Lisa glanced around. There were a few people to be seen in the distance, but it was pretty deserted here. Even so... "I'm not sure, Evie..." she said, hesitantly.

Evie reached under the dress, and grabbed the crotch rope, giving it a tug. Lisa gasped and stood on her toes as Evie hoiked her up. The rubber plugs pushed into her deeper.

"Okay, okay!" Lisa conceded.

Evie released her, then pulled out her phone ready to record. "Pull your dress up past your tits." she ordered, aiming the phone at her blushing friend. Lisa complied silently, exposing her roped body to the world. "Okay Lissie, get to work. I want to see you come."

Lisa, blushing and turning her head away from the staring lens of the camera, used her free hand to rub at her mound. It was quite difficult to even reach her clit, pressed under the tight rope as it was. She made do with roughly rubbing her whole pussy, as she held her dress up under her chin.

"Spread your legs a bit more, slut," said Evie, zooming in, "I want to see everything."

Lisa shivered with pleasure, she could feel the much-wanted orgasm creeping up. She did as she was told, moaning softly, and shifted her position to spread her legs. Evie moved closer, filming the masturbating girl, who now had her eyes closed and mouth half-open as she played with herself.

"You better hurry up," said Evie, "I think I hear someone coming."

Lisa gasped as this finally pushed her over the edge, and the waves of ecstasy washed over her. She stood there, hand on crotch, dress hiked up above her breasts, twitching as it took hold of her body. Evie was sure to take in every moment.

"Good girl," she said, putting her phone away. Lisa stood looking dazed, red in the cheeks and breathing heavily, "You can put your dress down now."

Lisa did so, trying to make herself look at least a little presentable. She glanced around, it still seemed to be deserted. Evie stepped over to her, and gripped Lisa's damp hand. She then put the fingers in her mouth with a gleeful look on her face, sucking them clean.

"Yum... shall we go?" said Evie, winking.

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As the girls reentered Lisa's dorm room, they were met by a tall, somewhat heavily built girl with black hair. She was wearing a black t-shirt with some sort of chaotic logo emblazoned on it, and black jeans, torn at the knees. She also wore far too much make-up, in Lisa's opinion.

"Oh, uh, hello Jess," said Lisa, trying to stand behind Evie, "This is my friend Evie, from back home. Evie, this is Jessika."

"Jessika with a 'k'." said a deadpan Jessika with a 'k', "Hi. You got a letter."

She handed Lisa an envelope, as Evie said her hellos. Lisa looked at the front, it just had LISA LANGLEY printed on it, with no other information.

"Not this again..." thought Lisa, worry starting to set in, "I've had enough of anonymous notes."

"Dunno who it's from. Someone pushed it under the door." said Jess, before retreating to her room.

Evie gave Lisa a look, and said "Well... you had better open it."

Inside was a printout of a photograph. It was blurry and dark, but if you knew what you were looking at it could possibly be an almost naked figure running across the grass, hands behind their back, something over their mouth. It looks like it was taken from a distance, as the resolution was terrible. She turned the page over, and on the other side it had "6pm, tonight, your room. I just want to talk." printed in a large font.

Lisa wordlessly handed it to Evie, while staring into the middle-distance. Evie looked at it, and scoffed. "This could be anyone, they don't have anything." she said.

"It's not anyone, though." said Lisa, her face wracked with anxieties.

"Don't panic," Evie said, as reassuringly as she could, "6pm tonight? I'll be here. If we don't like what we hear, we give this little prick what for." She waved the sheet of paper as she said it, a dangerous look on her face.

Lisa took a deep breath, trying to hold back tears. That picture was so blurry it didn't look like anyone. If that was all the evidence this person had, it was no evidence at all. Plus, they said they just wanted to talk...

"In fact," Evie went on, "Why don't I just jump them when they arrive? I could have them hogtied on the floor in seconds if I have the element of surprise."

Lisa stared at her for a moment, then said, "You think you could? I should listen to what they have to say, first..."

"Yeah, we use your handcuffs," Evie said, "If you don't like what they say, give me a signal and I'll jump them from behind, put the ol' sleeper hold on them. When they're out cold, just throw the cuffs on them. Won't take a second. Then we can interrogate."

Despite the situation, Lisa grinned. "You had that planned out very quickly, Evie." she said.

"Maybe it's just one of those things I think about a lot," said Evie, with a shrug and a smile.

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It was almost six, and Lisa sat on the sofa jiggling her leg nervously, repeatedly checking the time. Evie was lurking by the door, peering through the peephole. Suddenly she turned to Lisa and hissed "Someone's here!" before taking up station to one side of the door.

There was a soft knock at the door and Lisa answered, her voice cracking slightly, with a "Come in!"

The door swung inward, hiding Evie the ninja behind it, as it opened and the visitor stepped in. They didn't look how Lisa expected, though. It was a tiny woman, probably no more than 5'2", of Asian descent, wearing glasses. She looked about Lisa's age, and was probably also a student of the university. Lisa didn't recognise her, but it was a big school.

"So... is this from you?" Lisa said, defiantly, brandishing the letter.

"Um." the girl said.

"What do you want?" Lisa pressed on.

"Yes." said the girl, "I mean, yes it's from me, sorry. I know what you've been doing."

To Lisa's surprise, the girl had a strong British accent. She didn't know accents too well, but the girl sounded quite posh, like Lara Croft.

"This? This could be anyone." said Lisa, narrowing her eyes, "What am I supposed to have done?"

"No, um," said the girl, "No, it's you. I've seen you out there. I have other photos too."

Lisa winced at this, it wasn't what she wanted to hear. Unfortunately, the face she made must have been misinterpreted by Evie, because at that moment she moved out of the shadow of the open door, slammed it shut, and grabbed the unsuspecting visitor from behind in a choke hold.

Lisa's hand shot to her mouth as the little British girl's eyes went wide, legs kicking wildly as her hands desperately tried to pull Evie off. Her face was red, and as the consciousness drained away from her eyes, Lisa looked on in fascinated horror. It was actually quite arousing to watch someone suddenly become so helpless. Evie overpowered this girl easily, and now had her sleeping on the floor. Lisa suddenly remembered herself.

"I didn't give a signal!" she hissed, as Evie cuffed the girls hands behind her back, then used a second pair of handcuffs to cuff her thin ankles. She twisted the short chains of the cuffs together before ratcheting the final cuff on. This left the unconscious girl hogtied quite effectively.

"What?" said Evie, dragging the girl towards Lisa's room, "But you made that face at me!"

"What face??" said Lisa, incredulously.

"The 'I'm in trouble' face!"

"That was just my normal face!"

The hogtied girl on the floor moaned, and Lisa and Evie froze.

"What... happened?" she mumbled, before starting to panic and struggle. Evie grabbed her around the mouth.

"Now you be quite, Princess," Evie hissed in her ear, the girl's eyes wide in fear, "We don't take kindly to threats and blackmail around here."

Lisa rolled her eyes.

"Look, we just want to know what you want." said Lisa, and nodded to Evie to let her speak.

"I wasn't going to blackmail you!" the girl burbled, "I just wanted to talk, I swear!"

Suddenly, Jessika's door opened, and she stepped out wearing a grungy black dress that showed off her substantial cleavage, torn stockings, and a huge pair of studded boots. She looked at the tableau on the floor for ten silent seconds as all three motionless girls stared up at her.

"I'm going to my club, back late." she finally said, "If you make a mess, clean it up please. Disinfectant is under the sink." And with that, she left without another word.

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It was an hour later, and the hogtied girl, whose name was Amelia Sato, had been released and had fully explained herself. She had indeed spotted one of Lisa's late night bondage runs across university property, purely by chance, and had taken the pictures from a distance away. She explained she was taking a late walk that night because she had a lot on her mind. She was apparently the daughter of a rich Japanese businessman, who had moved to England years ago to marry her mother, and she had grown up there. She had been sent to this university in America because its courses in global business and economics were second to none. She was away from home for the first time in her life, leaving her friends and family behind.

Lisa and Evie blinked, as Amelia relayed her life story. "So what's all this about?" Evie finally managed, waving the letter.

"Oh, uhm, well," Amelia stammered, "I met a guy, you see. Here, at school. Two weeks ago. He's lovely, but there's a problem. He's really into kinky stuff. You know? Tying up and whips and chains and stuff."

She blushed as hotly as Lisa ever could, and continued.

"When I saw you streaking across campus the other night in your... bonding stuff," she said, "I followed you back to your room. I thought it was your roommate at first. She seems the type, but your hair colour gave you away."

"Right." said Lisa, flatly.

"So I wanted to talk to you," she said, looking embarrassed, "Because you know about this stuff. I was hoping to get a few tips. Or something."

She looked at their silent expressions, and went on.

"And, um, I thought I'd get your attention with the photo. So you would have to talk to me. Um."

The silence got louder.

"Um. Sorry." said Amelia, looking wretched.

"It's okay," said Lisa, finally breaking the silence, "But maybe in the future, don't make someone think you're going to blackmail them."

"Yes. Sorry, Lisa."

"So what did you want to know?" asked Evie, curiously.

"Well, he wants to dominate me," Amelia said, brightening up, "That's what he says. He says he's always wanted a submissive slave girl to dominate. That would be his dream woman, he says."

"And are you submissive?" asked Evie, "I mean, do submissive thoughts turn you on? Do you imagine yourself obeying a master, doing what they want, when they want it? Giving your body up for every one of their twisted desires?"

Amelia shrugged. "Not sure, maybe? I've never really thought about it." she said, looking a little embarrassed.

"Hmmm..." said Evie, looking sidelong at Lisa.

"It's maybe not a lifestyle you want to jump into headfirst if you're not sure." said Lisa, "Has he asked you to do anything specific?"

"Not really," Amelia said, "He talks about it a lot, but he's not asked for anything specific. We've only fooled around a bit so far, but he says I'm just the type he likes."

Lisa looked at the tiny woman. "She practically looks like a kid." Lisa thought, "I bet she gets carded a lot in bars. I wonder what this guy is into..."

"Well," Lisa said out loud, "My advice is to not rush into anything. Maybe give a little light roleplay a go? Something you can back out of if you feel uncomfortable."

"Yeah," Evie said, nodding, "Maybe try some master/slave dirty talk, see how you take to it. I wouldn't let him tie you up or anything right away. Got to make sure you like it, and you can trust him."

"Oh, I can trust him!" Amelia said, "But you think that will work? I want to make him happy."

"Think about what makes you happy, first," said Lisa, "If you do end up enjoying it, then I'm sure we can give you some more advice."

"Hmm," said Amelia, "You two seem a happy couple. How did you guys get together, anyway?"

"Oh, uh," Lisa stammered, "It's a bit embarrassing..."

"I'll tell her!" said Evie, cheerfully, "She had tied herself up and was stuck and needed help. She had this huge wooden bedpost-"

"Okay Evie!" Lisa interrupted, "We don't want to scare her... Let's just say, Evie found me in a compromising position of my own making, and things went on from there."

"And you're the submissive one?" she asked Lisa, who nodded, "And you're the dominant?"

"Yeah," said Evie, "I was lucky to find her. Good submissive girls are hard to find."

"Hmm, you've given me a lot to think about," said Amelia, "Thank you very much for your help."

"That's okay, any time!" said Evie.

"Just be careful and take it slow," said Lisa, "Here, let me give you my number if you ever want to chat about it."

The girls all exchanged numbers. Lisa was quite excited to be making a new friend, even with the unusual circumstances. Evie seemed to like her, too. As they were showing Amelia the way out, she suddenly remembered something.

"Oh! I forgot my bag," she said, going back across the room to retrieve it, "What a scatterbrain."

"Think she'll be careful?" whispered Evie, as the girl went to fetch her bag.

"Possibly." Lisa shrugged, "We weren't, though. It's easy to get overexcited, sometimes."

"Maybe keep an eye on her." said Evie, and Lisa nodded as Amelia rejoined them.

"Thanks Lisa, Evie," she said, "You've certainly taken a weight off my mind."

With that, they said their goodbyes. Evie left for home shortly afterwards, leaving Lisa alone to process the interesting day.