**Paying the Price**by Anna

Part 1

1. Bad news

"The professor is out right now, but he left a note saying he would like to see you at his residence tonight at 8 to discuss your thesis."

The assistants face clearly shows what she thinks about the professor meeting students at his home. Not that he would ever invite her home. Not unless she lost about 20 pounds, got rid of those ridiculous glasses and gave herself a make-over. Total body make-over, that is. Nerds do come in male and female varieties apparently. But having to trudge up to the professor's place would be a drag. There was this party I wanted to go to. But getting my A from him wouldn't take too long. After all some guy at UCLA got an A for the same paper already. I turn to go.
"Oh, there is something else."

Now what? I turn wearily.

"Yes?"
"The professor also mentioned on his note that there is an interesting paper he wants you to read to prepare for you discussion."
She hands me a note. I grab it and shut the door. Prepare for the discussion? Damn, there goes my afternoon. I hardly know my "own" paper. I walk over to the library. I hope this thing is not too long. Idly I glance at the note. "Varieties of style - Shakespeare's and Spenser's interpretation of the Sonnet form" by Phil Cortez:

DAMN!

I turn and make for the elevator. No need to search the library. I have that paper right at home, on my computer. Only it has my name it there.

Damn, how did he find out? I walk across the campus in a daze. My thoughts swirl through my head without any order or purpose. In my apartment I plonk down on the couch. Now what?
I can form a clear thought, so I do what I always do, when I need to calm down. I pull down the zipper of my denims and push my hand into my panties. Ahhh, that feels good. Not as good as that big cock I had in there last weekend, but good enough. I rub my clitty, change my hands several times and sniff and lick the other hand. It takes me less than five minutes to cum. After that I feel better. I always do.

So, what now? There is no question he knows I plagiarized and the similarities are too obvious to bluff my way out. But if he just wanted to flunk me, why this invitation to his house? I guess he wants to give me a last chance somehow. So what does he expect? Shall I play contrite, maybe cry? I'm not good enough an actor for that. Argue with him? What is there to argue about? Plagiarising is THE cardinal sin in academia. Offer him a bribe? Ridiculous. He earns more in a month than I make in a year flipping burgers at Dairy Queen. There is nothing I could offer him. Or is there?

Thinking back to his seminars and previous meetings I seem to remember quite a few looks that in hindsight seem more than professional interest. He's not young anymore, but then he is far fro an old man. Could it be he wants the kind of bribe women have been offering for millennia? He's not exactly my type and I doubt sex with him would be much fun, but then I'd be getting my rewards in a different way. And having sex with him once wouldn't be too much of a sacrifice.

Whichever way I think of it, it seems the only chance that I have. But how to go about it? Dress to kill? That tight tank-top that makes my nipples stand out like darts? My ultra-mini skirt that makes my legs look like the go on forever? High heels to make the look even longer? Yeah, that outfit would also make me look like a hooker on the prowl. Somehow I don't take him for the type wo be attracted by hookers. Play the confused young student? Jeans and t-shirt, maybe pigtails? Not a turn-on, unless he is a paedophile and I certainly don't take him for one of those perverts. Classy, that sounds more like it. I look through my wardrobe. Not too much classy clothes I can afford on Dairy Queen wages. But there is this sky-blue number, almost (but not quite) silk, clinging, but not too obviously so.

I jump in the shower, take time on my hair and make-up, then put on my best perfume (ears, neck, breasts, pussy). Underwear? I compromise, white silky panties, but no bra. With my boob size they are more for decoration anyway. When I slip into the dress, I shiver. The soft material glides over my bare nipples like a soft caress. I look at myself in the mirror. Nice! Perhaps a bit more lipstick. No, don't overdo it.

I let the air-conditioning in my car run for a couple of minutes, while I stand outside in the shade. Don't want to be sticky with sweat. Looking at my watch, I get in. 7.47. I'd better get a move on.

At 7.59 I pull up in front of the professor's house. Nice place. No near neighbours, plenty of space, a well-maintained garden and a good view down the valley. I get out and walk to the front door. Taking a deep breath I ring the bell. After a few seconds steps approach the door and he opens it himself.
"Good evening, professor. You wanted to see me."

2. The deal

"Come in, Carina".
He turns and leads me into what had to be his study. He takes his seat behind a massive desk. I look around, but there is no other chair in the room. He looks at me for a few seconds.
"You know exactly why I wanted to see you............but before I send you to the Dean's office.............. I should just wash my hands of you, and you seemed like such a promising candidate, and now............I'm really disappointed in you. Have you anything to say that can make me change my mind?"

What can I say? You can fuck me right now, professor? That would be way too direct. I'll have to bide my time and wait for an opening.

"Oh please, Professor Jack, I feel so stupid in front of you. Please give me another chance. I know it was stupid to plagiarize, but I will not do it again. And I will try to make it up."

"You realize of course that I should report you immediately and that your chances of getting a diploma would be virtually zero. Besides how would you be able to "make it up"? Write another paper for this guy at UCLA that he can publish under his name?"

His voice was cold and cutting.

"No, professor, I know that would not be right. I meant. I mean .... You caught me before the paper was published in any way, so no serious harm was done. And I am willing to learn my lesson. I mean ... Basically he wasn't harmed, but plagiarizing like that I tried to cheat you. So besides being a better student in the future, I should make it up to you."
That was rather neatly done, I think. I hope he bites. But he just keeps looking at me.

"And how would you "make it up to me"? I have a number or research and teaching assistance who have proven they are good scholars. What would I want with you?"

I gulp. Here goes.

"I wasn't thinking of working for you at the department," I say slowly. "Though if that is what you want, I will do it, of course. I was thinking of making it up to you personally."

He steepled his hands and gave me a long stare.

"You want to clean my house? I have a housekeeper for that and I doubt your cooking would come up to her standard."

Damn, is this guy dumb?

"I was thinking of more personal services, professor."

Still that unnerving stare. Finally he says.

"Look, Carina. Let's not play games. Either I report you to Dean's office or what? What exactly are you suggesting. And no more riddles. You have one more chance."

I take a deep breath.

"You can sleep with me, professor."

He still doesn't move, but the corners of his mouth crease in an ironic smile.

"So you are suggesting to buy my silence by offering your body to me?" He waits until I nod. "You are a student of English, Carina. Tell me, what is the English word for a woman, who sells her body?"

I blush and bite my lips.

"Well, Carina, I think we should be perfectly clear her. What is the proper word?"

"A prostitute," I mumble.

"Well, that word is more of a Latin origin. I think the good old Anglo-Saxon word is called for here. What are you proposing to be for me, Carina?"

The bastard!

"A whore!"

"Indeed. And what would this whore do for me? And remember to speak out clearly. I mean, what is the point of "sleeping" with you?"

Damn it, why do I have to spell it out.

"You can fuck me", I hiss.

His face darkens.

"Carina, remember that you made this proposal. I think I can expect more friendliness from a whore who wants to sell herself to me."

"Yes, professor," I force myself to smile invitingly. "Please, will you fuck me?"

"Of course not."

My eyes widen.

"You were saying you had insulted me by presenting this copied paper. And now you are proposing to enjoy me having sex with you? You can't wait to get fucked, can you? Just look at the way your nipples are sticking through your dress."

As I look down I notice with embarrassment that he is right. I'm at a loss for words. What does he want?

"Let me make one thing clear. If, and I say, IF I should accept your proposal, I do it as a punishment for you. One you richly deserve, by the way. This will not be for your pleasure."

"Of course not, professor."

But you can't help giving me pleasure when you fuck me.

"So here are my terms: If I accept your offer, you will do what I tell you to do, no hesitation, no objections. Understood?"

"Yes, professor, of course."

He is going to do it. My career is saved. Small price to give him a blowjob or two tonight.

"And to guarantee your good behaviour for the rest of your stay here, you will come here every Saturday at noon and be at my disposal until Sunday noon. We will review your academic work and what follows will partly depend on your performance there."

For the rest of my stay? Every Saturday?

"But, professor ......."

"Take it or leave it, Carina. Shall I phone the Dean now?"

What choice do I have.

"No, professor, I accept."

"Ok, then let us see, if I accept, too. Let us inspect the merchandise. Open your dress and expose your nipples."

Automatically I start undoing the top buttons. He keeps watching while he pours himself a bourbon and adds some ice.

"Those nips could be bigger still. Take an ice cube and rub it around your nipples."

I obey and feel my nipples growing even longer and painfully hard.

"Your tits are nothing to write home about, but your nips aren't bad. Now show me your cunt."

I wince at the word, but undo my dress completely and let it fall to the floor. I hook my thumbs into my sheer panties and dragged them down. Here I am now standing naked (except for my shoes) in front of my professor who inspects me like a piece of livestock. My face is flushed, but to my surprise I feel that it was only partly shame. The other reason is excitement.

3. Testing the merchandise

“I see you are keeping your cunt shaved, Carina. Very good. A whore should do that. Tell me, has it been much used lately?”

He leaned back comfortably and sipped his bourbon.

“I … I beg your pardon?”

“I mean has it entertained a lot of cocks lately? And you will show some respect and address me as Sir.”

I bite my lips. The cheek of the man. Asking about my sex life as if it was the most commonplace topic in the world.

“No, Sir.”

He shakes his head.

“That won’t do, Carina. If you want to be my whore, I expect obedience and that includes answering my questions. Fully. In detail. Without me having to ask twice! So: How many cocks this month, how often?”

Will I have no privacy?

“Three, Sir, seven times in total.”

Belatedly I realize I have called him Sir. He wags his head.

“Quite the slut, eh? I guess by the time you get your diploma you plan on having fucked half the student population. That will have to stop. From now on you will ask my permission to have sex with anyone. And you will not have any sex on Thursdays and Fridays under any circumstances. I want you hot and willing. Understood? And by the way, that includes masturbation.”

I can only stare at him.

“Are you mad? Do you think I will change my entire life to please you?”

He doesn’t even blink.

“As a matter of fact I do. It will take you hardly more than a year until you graduate. After that you can fuck around as much as you want. But if you want to graduate, you will do as I say.”

A year? He must truly be mad. But then so was I when I copied that paper. I want to scream and scratch his eyes out, but I know I am at his mercy.

“Yes, Sir” I answer meekly.

“Now we were talking about masturbation. How often do you do it?”

For some reason now it is getting easier to answer.

“About 3 or 4 times a day, when I’m not having sex.”

That makes him smile.

“I guess with two days of enforced chastity I will have a very horny whore on Saturdays then. Good. How do you usually do it? Any favourite ways?”

“A finger on my clit, Sir, and another in …”

I stop myself before I blurt out the embarrassing truth. But it’s too late.

“The other in …?” he prompts.

“In my ass” I answer blushing furiously.

“In your ass? How interesting. Show me!”

My eyes go wide. Show him? Never. But he knows me too well already.

“Rub your clit for a few seconds,” he orders.

To my surprise I realize my finger is between my legs before he has even finished. Ahhh, this feels so good rubbing my wet clit.

“STOP!”

I start and automatically pull my fingers away.

“Now one in your asshole and one on your clit.”

I go beet red, but how can I stop myself from fingering. I reach around and push one finger into the tight pucker. Then start on my clitty again. Mhhhhhhh.

“Turn around and bend over.”

Yes, this feels so good. I hardly notice I am obeying him. I smell my own pussy, hear the wet sounds as my finger makes as it works on my clit.

“What a shameless, filthy whore you are. Standing here naked in front of me giving me a good view of your finger working in your asshole. Do you often get fucked in the ass?”

“No, Sir,” I gasp, too busy on my clit to resist.

“Ever been buggered at all?”

“Yes, Sir, once.”

“But I guess you give blowjobs regularly.”

“Yes, Sir, I do, Sir.”

Just a few more minutes and I’ll have another orgasm. Oh yes.

“You trained to throat fuck?”

“No, Sir.”

“Have you ever licked pussy?”

“Three times, Sir.”

“Good, a good whore should serve all comers.”

He leaves me alone for a few seconds, then suddenly I hear his commanding voice again.

“STOP! Leave your finger in your ass, but take the other hand away from your cunt. Lick it clean.”

Reluctantly I comply.

“Wipe you cunt with your panties. I don’t want you dripping your cuntjuice onto my rugs.”

I feel so ridiculous hunting for my panties and wiping my pussy with them still with my finger in my ass. Why doesn’t he let me finish myself?

“Ok, whore. That’s clean enough. Blowjob!”

I try to collect myself and walking awkwardly I come around the desk towards him.

“What do you want here? You don’t expect me to move to accommodate you, do you?”

A quick jerk of the head sends me back to the other side of the desk, then he nods. he wants me to crawl under the desk! I open my mouth to protest, but a raised eyebrow reminds me I have no choice. I get down on one hand and my knees and awkwardly crawl under the desk. A big bulge is showing in his pants. My ass must still be showing so I can’t risk pulling my finger out, which makes it impossible to open his pants.

“Use your mouth, stupid.” he growls.

I place my face in his lap and try to pull down the zipper. I feel his cock rubbing against my face. It seems to take ages, but he makes no move to help me. Finally the zipper is down and luckily his hard cock jumps out right away. I lick along the shaft, then slowly glide my lips around it. It tastes of precum, which suddenly makes me even hornier and I start sucking him in earnest.

“Not bad for a start, but you need a lot of practice in cocksucking. But you will have that. After all we have a lot of Saturdays before us. Oh, by the way. I accept you as my personal whore. Now suck more slowly. I want this to take a long time.”

Above me on the desk I hear another shot of bourbon poured and ice tinkling in the glass, when he savours the taste. I have a different taste to savour.

4. The deep end

At first I am mostly angry with him for making me give head in this humiliating position, but when I calm down a bit I start worrying about someone coming in. He did mention a housekeeper. If she should come in now and see me under the desk, my ass sticking out and my finger still in my ass. Then I realize it would be just as embarrassing for him for the housekeeper to find him getting a blowjob.

While my tongue and lips caress his cock I find I am starting to enjoy it. I have always loved sucking cock (though I never told the men so) and his is big and very hard with a nice texture to it. I find myself fantasizing what it must feel like having it in my pussy. Slowly I work my finger inside my ass. I know I’ll never come this way, but it still feels good. I wonder what his cum tastes like.

“Slow down, whore. Don’t get too eager for my cum.”

Damn, can he read minds? I obey and go more slowly running my tongue all over his head, then slowly running my lips down his length for as far as it will go. His cock is too long to take completely, of course. Then I suck and just as slowly pull back, lick the underside of his head and feel his cock twitching in my mouth. I keep repeating this always ending with a few quick flicks of the tongue. I don’t know how long it has taken, but I hear his breathing get harder. He is close now. But I don’t change my rhythm. If he wants to be in command let him command. But he doesn’t. He enjoys every second of it, does not hurry.

But then he reaches the point of no return. I hear his hissing breath, feel his cock jump and a second later taste his first spurt of cum. I slow down somewhat, tease and tickle his cock and am rewarded with a number of more loads of man juice. He still does not move when his cock stops spurting but lets it grow soft in my mouth. Minutes later he suddenly pushes his chair back.

“Forward!”

Somewhat surprised I crawl towards him until my head is free of the desk and look up at him. he takes his cock in his right hand and wipes it against my face. What am I? A rag to wipe your dirt on? But in my position there is no escape and I can only wait until he has wiped his cock clean and smeared my face with his semen and my saliva. Without a word he zips himself and takes another sip from his glass. Only the does he look down at me.

“Back and up!”

He really makes me crawl all way back out from under the desk. When I stand in front of it again he adds.

“And take that finger out of your asshole.”

Does he have to be so disgusting? He points towards a corner by the door.

“Wait in the corner, face to the wall. Hands clasped behind your back. When I command “corner” that is how your will spend the time when you are not needed.”

Without paying any further attention to me he picks up the phone. I assume the position in the corner like a naughty child. I hear him talk on the phone, but his voice is too low to understand his words. Is that what he intends to do? Keep me in the corner while he attends to his business? Is that how I am going to spend my weekends? Waiting to give an occasional blowjob? Can’t he fuck me? After all I am horny. Suddenly I hear his footsteps.

“Attention.” His voice is low, but has a quality that demands instant obedience. I turn around and look at him.

“When I command “attention” you will face me and kneel with your legs spread. Your hands remain where they are. As long as you are in that position you will make sure you always face me and never turn your eyes from me. Now obey.”

I kneel, open my knees and look up at him. I know my pussy must be glistening with my juices, but he does not even look down. Instead he walks to a side table and picks up a paper, then turns towards me and raises his eyebrow. What now? Then I remember and adjust my position so that my entire body faces him.

“In the future, when you fail to obey an order, your punishment will be more severe,” he says as he walks back in my direction, then suddenly lashes out and slaps my left breast with the paper.

“Ouch, that hurt.”

Punishment? Is he crazy? Am I a child that has misbehaved? He gives me a tired look.

“Of course that hurt. Punishment is supposed to. You have choice of course. If you don’t like the way I treat you, you can always walk out. And face the consequences. As long as you stay, however, I will make sure that you fulfil your part of the deal and do what I say. And if you don’t, you will be punished. Reward and punishment, hat is the way you train a pet, isn’t it? Now when you are punished you are of course allowed to utter spontaneous exclamations of pain, but any objection is not acceptable. So in order to show me that you have understood the need for punishment, you will now beg me to slap your other tit as punishment for your objection.”

Beg him to hit me? This is all …. I take a deep breath. What choices do I have. I’ll make sure he won’t have a chance to punish me.

“Slap my breast then.”

“That will be two more. One for using the wrong term for someone like you, the other for failing to say please. My whore never orders, she begs.”

What is the use.

“Please slap my tit as punishment, Sir.”

The paper licks out and delivers 3 more strokes that leave my breasts quivering.

“Now for the reason I brought this paper. You will report to the address I have marked in Saturday at 10am and ask for Barbara. I have already booked your treatment. She will know what to do. It will take most of Saturday.”

He drops the paper on the floor and turns to leave the room.

“Wait. And in case you don’t know how: You always wait on your knees, but you are free to do whatever you want without leaving your place.” he says as he goes, then adds. “Except of course play with yourself.”

He leaves the door ajar. I pick up the paper and find the advert he has marked in red.

BEAUTIFUL BODY

Come as a woman – leave as a goddess

Our salon spa will transform you into the woman you always wanted to be

coiffure, manicure, pedicure, massage, beauty treatment, make-up, laser hair removal, piercing

While I am reading he comes back with a paper in his hand reading as he paces up and down the room. He ignores me completely. A beauty salon, and from the add one of the kind I could never afford as a student. Maybe this isn’t so bad after all. I can certainly do with a day of pampering, a nice massage, some facial mask, and maybe the laser can help me get rid of those hairs that ruin my bikini line. I can get used to being that guy’s weekend slut.

Suddenly I hear a chirping sound and I realize his footfalls have stopped. When I look up his cock is only inches from my face. Even flaccid it looks impressive. Automatically I open my mouth and scoop up his cock with my lips.

“Good whore,” he comments, but when I start sucking it to get it hard, he pulls back and slaps my face.

“Did I tell you to suck my cock, stupid whore? When I want head, I’ll tell you so.”

He puts his half-erect cock back into his pants and continues walking. What the hell…? If he doesn’t want a blowjob, why stick his cock in my face? And why walk away now? My left cheek burns from where he slapped me. I have always hated being slapped in the face, but somehow the burning feels good. My eye catch the paper again. Ahh, yes, two more days and I’ll enjoy a day of pamp…

He pulls my face up and shoves his cock into my mouth again. This time I just let it happen. Out of the corner of my eye I see he is still reading that paper. Does he just want his cock kept warm. Suddenly I feel hot liquid in my mouth. Can he cum like this? then the taste hits me. He is peeing in my mouth. I want to pull away, but his hand is at the back of my head holding my in a vice-like grip.

“Swallow, piss-whore,” he orders in a calm voice his without taking his eyes from the paper.

And I swallow. The hot urine tastes sharp and sweet at the same time and it keeps flowing into my mouth making me swallow hard. Is that what I am for him, a piss-whore? Just a convenient hole to stick his cock into when he needs to take a leak. Not even a woman, a toilet? And then it hits me. While his hot stream is running down my throat, a stream of pussyjuice is running down my leg. I am horny as hell. Yes, piss on me, make me stick my finger into my ass, make me crawl and beg and give head jobs. Yes, do all that to me and make me horny like a bitch in heat. I swallow every last drop, then lick his cock clean.

“May I put your cock back now, Sir”, I enquire in a humble voice.

He looks down at me in surprise, then nods smiling.

“You actually liked that, didn’t you? It usually takes quite a while to train them to do that well. But you, … you are the most depraved fuckbitch I have had. I’m going to have a lot of fun with you.” His smile disappears. “And next time I expect you to serve as my toilet without me having to hold your head in place. And you had better drink every drop or you’ll lick the rest off the floor while having your ass whipped.”

“Yes, Sir.”

You bet I’ll drink every drop and suck the last ones from your cock. I’ll be the best toilet you have ever had.

5. A special kind of pampering

On Saturday at 10 I open the door of the spa. I had some trouble finding it. Even the location is very private and exclusive. The house looks like an expensive villa and the interior looks like my entire month’s wages wouldn’t even buy me a handshake from the receptionist. She is drop-dead gorgeous. Of course. Do I detect a slightly disapproving look at my cheap jeans? But of course she does not let it detract from her professional friendliness.

“Welcome to Beautiful Body, Ma’am. How can we make you look even more beautiful today?”

She certainly has the sales spiel down pat.

“I was told to be here at 10 and ask for Barbara.”

Damn it, ‘was told’. What must she think of me? But she doesn’t bat an eyelid.

“Ah yes, Barbara is our specialist. Please take a seat. Barbara will be with you presently.”

Somewhat nervously I sit down. I wonder what the professor has intended for me. Somehow I don’t think I will have much choice in the treatment I am going to receive. Footfalls on the marble floor make me look up. The woman coming towards me is about my age, but even taller than I am. Her legs are shown off to full advantage by the high heels and the short tight white “labcoat” she is wearing. Her blonde hair cascades down over her shoulders and onto medium sized, but very firm breasts. She gives me a rather cold smile and extends a hand.

“You must be Carina. The professor has already told me about you at some length.”

I bet he hasn’t told you half of it. I get up and shake her hand. It is soft, but her grasp is surprisingly firm. Probably a masseuse.

“Follow me, please. We have a long day ahead of us.” As she turns to go she adds. “And the professor wants you delivered to his house at 6.”

Delivered. Sounds like I am a piece of furniture he bought. Well, in a sense I am. I feel my nipples contracting. She takes me down a series of corridors to a treatment room that looks more like an expensive living-room.

“Undress.”

Her professional friendliness seems to have disappeared suddenly and her voice is cold and commanding. I look at her in some irritation, but then shrug and pull off my t-shirt. While I pull down my jeans she keeps looking at me. Probably thinking of what sort of treatment I need. But she could be more discreet about it. Even when I remove my panties her eyes never leave my body. I feel somewhat embarrassed under her close scrutiny.

“We will start with the usual. You will find a private sauna behind that door over there. Stay inside until I come to fetch you.”

Whatever happened to the smile and the politeness? I will mention this to the professor. After all he must be paying a lot of money to have me pampered.

The sauna is small and very hot. I sit down and at once the sweat starts pouring down my body. But I love the sauna, so I stretch out and relax. It seems to take a long time until the door opens. I step out immediately. Barbara’s hand indicates the cold shower. But I have hardly rinsed off and cooled off a bit, when she cuts off the water.

“Stand in the middle of the room and hold your arms horizontally.”

Slightly confused I obey. Then I feel something scraping my back I look over my shoulder and Barbara is standing behind me vigorously rubbing something that looks like white sand into my back.

“What are you doing?”

“A salt rub down. Best peeling there is,” she replies curtly.

When she is done with my back she continues with my butt. Without hesitation her fingers glide into my crack and rub the salt everywhere. Somehow the rough touch is very erotic and my nipples harden. If she notices she does not let on, but continues down my legs, the up in front. I’m almost waiting for her to rub my pussy, but she stops at my thighs. A second later her hand rub over my shoulders, then straight onto my breasts. The salt hurts my nipples and I gasp, but she ignores me. When she has done my stomach she stops for a moment.

“What are you waiting for, spread!”

Who does she think she is? My mistress? But I do want her touch between my legs and spread. The kiss of the salt is rough and leaves my pussy tingling. Finally she gets up.

“Ok, that’s it. Back in the sauna.”

I will certainly complain to the professor. He can treat me that way, but here they can be a lot more friendly for all the money they charge. The sauna feels even hotter than before I and I am pouring with sweat. But the heat makes me feel pleasantly drowsy. Not a bad life, if he sends me here regularly. By the time Barbara opens the door I am feeling very mellow. After the rinse she motions me back into the same position. More salt? But then she collects some fir branches from a basket and stands in front of me. When the branch hits me It stings like a thousand needles. I am just about ready to protest, when I remember this the way they do it in Finland, whip each other with branches to get the circulation going in your skin. So I stand stock-still. The branches make me skin tingle all over and I feel my pussy tingling with it. She does look damn good. What would it be like to be dominated by a woman like her. Is she going to tell me to spread my legs and whip my pussy, too? But instead she drops the branch and orders me back into the sauna for a third round. When it is over I rinse off more thoroughly and dry myself off with a towel the size of a mainsail and the softness of mink. I can definitely get used to this. Again she makes me stand in the middle of the room and walks around me slowly.

“Your skin is quite nice, a few freckles, but you often get them in redheads. Your hair needs some work though. You will keep it long, let it grow longer, in fact, but we will teach you how to make it look appealing. You will learn how to apply make-up correctly, too. Now let’s have a look at the rest of your body.”

She steps back and holds her chin in her hands, then suddenly stretches out her hands and rolls my nipples a few times between her fingers. I gasp at the touch, but do not move. Only when she lowers her hand and pushes it between my pussylips searching for my clit, I jump back.

“Stop pawing me, you dyke. Do you treat all the ladies here like that?”

She stares at me for a moment, then laughs out loud.

“Ladies? Of course I would never treat a lady like that, but I already told you I know about you. You are one of the professor’s playthings. You are not the first girl he sends here and you won’t be the last. The only reason you are here is that he wants me to make you a better sex object. So stop putting on airs. I’m sure the professor told you to do as I say. And from now on you will. I won’t take any more lip from a cheap slut like you. Understood?”

I gape at her. He has actually told her everything? Not the first and not the last?

“I said have you understood me, slut?”

“Yes, Barbara.”

“And that will be Miss Barbara to you.”

“Yes, Miss Barbara”

“Now spread those cunnylips for me.”

So I am to be dominated by her? This might be exciting. I reach down and pull my lips apart.

She squats and peels back the hood from my clit. I shiver. When she rises there is a smile on her face.

“You’re a hot one, aren’t you? Getting wet while I inspect your clit? The professor is going to have a lot of fun with you. Now we will start the treatment.”

She walks over to the wall and comes back with something small and glowing pink in her hands.

“The professors prefers long nipples. Yours aren’t too bad, but we will try and get them a bit longer for him.”

She applies the small suction cups to my nipples and I feel how they are stretched and elongated.

“You will wear these today, then take them home and wear them for a few hours every day. Now lay down on that chair.”

I have hardly lain down, when she presses a few buttons and the chair moves into a horizontal position. The next half hour is pure bliss as she gives me an expert massage. And that does include my breasts, my butt cheeks and even my mound. When I moan softly, she remarks.

“Don’t get any ideas. Just getting you nice and horny for the professor.”

She finishes with my legs and me on my back again. I have my eyes closed and enjoy. When I open them she is busy fixing soft leather restraints around my ankles.

“Hey, what do you think you are doing?”

“I said no lip from you, slut!” she hisses. “If you have a question, you my ask nicely.”

Ok, I better get in the habit.

“What are these for, Miss Barbara?”

“Much better. The professor insists on his sluts spreading wide for him and we are going to help you to do that. Now lie still”

She fixes other restraints around thighs and my waist, the pushes a button on the console next to the chair. The bottom end of the chair starts moving, separating, spreading my legs in the process. It moves slowly, but soon I feel a pulling in my thighs.

“Ouch, that hurst,” I cry out, then add. “Miss Barbara.”

She lets it spread me just a little bit wider, then stops. She sits down on a low chair and rolls between my legs and has a close look at my pussy.

“When did you shave your pussy?”

“Yesterday evening, Miss Barbara.”

“And it feels like sandpaper already. Yes, he was right about that.”

She gets up and speaks into a wall-mounted phone. When she comes back she places a bottle of mineral water beside the chair.

“Here, you will be thirsty. I will be back when you are done.”

She leaves me alone, tied to the chair, my legs spread wide. I am thirsty though after the sauna, so I drink up two glasses quickly.

6. Getting naked

While I am pouring the third the door opens. I gasp. The man is in his late twenties, dark-haired and deeply tanned. In other words, a hunk. I’d love to meet him anywhere, but not here, not now, not like this. He does not seem to see me, but pulls a machine on wheels after him. He places it next to me, then sits down on the chair and inspects my pussy. Despite everything that has happened, I still blush. Without looking up he comments.

“Nice snatch. I can see why you need my services though.”

He reaches for what looks like a thick pen attached to the machine by a cord, then presses a button.

“Where do you work?”

“Work? I’m a student, but I have a job flipping burgers.”

It feels weird to be making smalltalk in a situation like this. He looks up grinning.

“I don’t mean the fiction. I mean, a dungeon? An agency? Or do you work the streets?”

“WHAT?”

What does he take me for? He looks at me pityingly.

“Look, I’ve worked here for a couple of years. And I know the customers. Most of them are rich bitches who want their bikini lines to be perfect. But Having their pussyhair removed permanently? Only the hookers do that. And this spreading contraption is for the same clientele. Which reminds me.”

He pushes the button on the chair and my legs are spread another inch. Then I realize what he has been saying. Pussy hair removed. That must be the laser. he lowers his head and places the laser on my pussy.

“So where do you work?”

“I’m not a hooker. I’m doing this for my friend.”

“Ahhhh,” he says without interrupting his work. There is a slightly pricking sensation, but no pain. “So you are submissive. Your boyfriend’s sex slave, eh? Nice thing for a man to have.”

Thing? Damn it why must they all treat me this way. But it’s going to get worse. The door opens again and Barbara enters. Behind her is a middle-age man with a camera.

“Have you started already, Bill,” Barbara asks. “I brought Rob to take a few pictures.”

I gulp.

“Pictures? You are not going to take pictures of me,” I cry.

Rob looks at Barbara somewhat irritated.

“Don’t mind her, just take the pics. And you, slut, just got yourself in trouble. I said no more lip, remember? And in case you are thinking of complaining to the professor: He knows. Have you ever thought about what all this treatment costs? Do you actually think he is spending that much money on a cheap slut, that is a dime a dozen? The fact is, we need pictures for our clients to show what services we can provide. And no self-respecting woman would allow us to publish her pics on our website. And rather than paying a hooker, we provide the service for the professor in exchange for the picture rights. But calm down, no one is interested in your face, just your tits and pussy. I wonder how many will recognize that.” She adds nastily before she leaves.

Bill continues working silently and Rob keeps walking around me with his camera clicking. Then he whispers something in Bill’s ear, who grins.

“No reason to whisper, Rob. I know the professor. He has his sluts well trained. She won’t complain. And yes, she is a horny one. Some women get slightly wet when I work near their privates, but this one, she is positively creaming. You know, I almost think she enjoys being displayed and fondled by strangers. Let’s have a little test.”

He raises the laser pen and with his left hand flicks my clit a few times. my whole body shakes.

“Look at that,” Rob exclaims. “She’s ready for cock.”

“She sure is, but you had better not try it. The professor is very particular about his sluts and he wants them as horny as they come. If you fuck her now, she’s going to cum a dozen times before you shoot your load.”

“Yeah, what a cunt.”

They talk about me like I wasn’t there. Or like I was a dumb piece of furniture. But I am creaming. I hope the professor will finally fuck me tonight. Good and hard. Bill keeps working while the camera clicks. Every quarter of an hour Bill touches the button and my legs are moved farther apart. It must look obscene they way am spread. When I think he is done, he lowers the chair and pushes the pen down below my pussy removing the last bits of hair. Then he straightens up.

“Voila, one permanently naked pussy.” he declares. “It will itch slightly for a day or two, but that’s it.”

He gets up and Rob gets in position taking a few close-ups.

“For my private collection,” he grins. “To look at when I really, really need to get my rocks off.”

“Why wait for the pictures?” suggests Bill.

Rob stares at him.

“You mean…?”

“Yeah who is going to complain? The bitch is probably going to like it even.”

“Do you want, too?”

Bill grins.

“Not my style, I’ll enjoy watching your cock though, if you know what I mean.”

They both laugh and Rob pulls out his cock. It is quite small and not really hard. he stand between my legs and starts jerking off. Within seconds some small drops of spunk drip onto my mound.

“Ahhhhhhhhhh, why can’t I do that with all the women I take pictures of,” Rob asks, while he puts his cock away.

“Course most of them aren’t submissive sex slaves like her.”

After making the chair spread me yet wider they both turn to go. At the door Bill turns around.

“Tell the professor to have a lot of fun with your naked cunt.”

They leave me lying there with cum drying on my body. I think about washing it off, but I have only one glass of water left and I am still thirsty. By the time Barbara comes back in the glass is empty and I feel a distinct pressure in my bladder.