**School Grounds**

by [HoldinOn](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=982221&page=submissions)©

He has her meet him in the parking lot of the school where she teaches, at five in the morning. She arrives just on time, three hours before the school would be open to the children, two hours before any other faculty member would arrive, and still dark. As she pulls into the parking lot she sees her master, her dominant, waiting for her next to the lamp post in the middle of the lot. This meeting has had her nervous all night; she hardly got any sleep, her master has never taken their master/sub relationship out in public, let alone to her place of employment. Though she is nervous about what may occur she knows that her desire to please him, to serve him will prevail, and that she will obediently obey any orders he gives her.  
  
After she parks her car next to the lamp post where he is standing, she exits the vehicle, and awaits instruction before anything else; for she knows that not doing so will result in a harsh punishment. Without even greeting her, he gives her his first instructions to strip off all her clothes except for her heels, and lock them in the trunk of her car. She is shocked; never has he had her strip nude in public before, but this whole scenario was different, his mood seems more brash than normal; as if he is going to see just how far she will go in order to please him. In her head she knows that there is no order he could give that would keep her from complying. Without hesitation, she quickly obeys his order, and strips naked in the hazy lit parking lot, then locks each item away in the trunk. Standing before him completely in the buff, except for her red heels, she begins to breathe heavily from being anxious and nervous, but knows too well not to move a muscle until told so. She awaits further instruction like a good, obedient sub.   
  
Satisfied with her quick completion of his orders, he begins to talk to her, explaining exactly what he expects from her today. As she stands nude, chest heaving, and her body twitching from excitement and nerves, he informs her that he expects complete and quick compliance to all his orders, no reluctance or questioning will be tolerated. He asks her if she understands, and with a silent nod of her head she gestures yes. With that, he tells her to grab her book bag, hand him her keys to her car, and lead him inside the school to her classroom. Though she knows that handing over her keys means that the only way to get her clothes back would be for him to give the keys back to her, and even then she would not be sure when, or if he would. Without dwelling on the issue for too long she does as she is told. What worries her most is that she has to enter her school, without a stitch of clothing, knowing full well that there are plenty of security cameras inside that will be watching her. However, she leads him inside without any sign of reluctance, and as confidently as possible walks through the long hallways to her classroom at the other end of the school grounds.   
  
Once inside the class room, he hands her an index card that he had prepared, and stashed inside a black bag he had brought inside with him. He instructs her to copy, word for word, what the card says on her dry-erase board. She immediately strolls over to the board at the front of her room, grabbing a black maker, and begins re-writing the card onto the white board. What she writes is as follows:  
  
"My name is Erica Reeves.  
I am a true slut, to be used as desired.  
I am a willing slave, here only to serve.  
I am worthless, unless I am pleasing my master.  
My name is Erica Reeves, and I am my master's slave."  
  
All of what she wrote was true, and know she was broadcasting it on her whiteboard for anyone to see. At least until he had her erase it, which she hoped, he would sometime before people began arriving. She could not have it up there permanently; she is a fifth grade school teacher after all, she could lose her job. She could also be released for being nude on school grounds as well, and realizing this she becomes a little more on edge, but her excitement overwhelms her and wins out.   
  
While Erica had been writing the very revealing statement, he had emptied his black bag on her desk, and got all his "tools" set up. One of which being his digital camera. As she finished, he has her pose next to the board so he can capture her standing next to the very dark and intimate message. Pleased with the picture, he orders her to come to him and kneel at his feet, with her hands behind her back. Obediently, she walks over, and does as she is told. He then grabs a blindfold from his stash of "tools", and proceeds to cover her eyes with it. With her vision taken away, he goes behind her and locks her wrists together with a pair of heavy-duty, metal handcuffs. Properly secured, he fits a slave collar around her neck, and attaches a leash to it as if she were a dog. The final piece he straps to her is a large, red, ball gag. It spreads her mouth wide open, truly finishing off the look of a slave.   
  
Standing her up, he again takes some pictures of her in the new attire. With that complete, he grabs a hold of the leash, and begins to lead her around. Since Erica is blindfolded, she has no idea of where they are headed. To her it seems as if he is just wandering the halls. In actuality, he knows exactly where he is going; he is taking her back to the front of the school. Specifically, he heads to the desk of the school's office manager, where he can use her computer. As they reach their destination he asks her if she knows where they are. Disoriented, she shakes her head no. He explains to her that they are back at the front office, and that he is going to use the office manger's computer to upload some pictures he had recently taken. She knows immediately what pictures he is referring to; the ones he just took of her back at the classroom.  
  
What does he mean "upload"? Is he going to download the pictures onto the computer permanently, or just long enough to put them on the internet somewhere? With these questions running through her head he begins to lead her again, this time just a few more steps forward. He informs her that he does not want her wandering off while he is working, and to eliminate any chance of that he has tied off her leash to the handle of the school's main entrance door. He knows full well that doing so means that if any one of her colleagues decides to get an early start at work, they would walk right into, literally, a bound, blindfolded, and gagged Erica. Erica too is very much aware of this possibility, and instead of becoming scared she begins to get extremely aroused. Her puffy, pink pussy begins to become rather slick; so much so that her slit is glistening in the rays of the rising sun that is entering the school through the crack in the door.  
  
Sitting down at the computer, he begins to upload the four pictures he took of Erica. When they are all completely uploaded he saves them onto the computer inside of a somewhat hidden folder marked "expenses 04" so that the pictures will most likely not be found, but there still will be a chance they might. Finishing up, the whole process taking less than four minutes; he gets up and begins to wander around the office, as if he is looking for something. Unimpressed with what the office contains he leaves, and goes out into the hallway; leaving Erica tied to the door, to explore other areas. Meanwhile, Erica is becoming more, and more aware of her situation. Once again her breathing has become heavy, causing her breasts to heave and her body to shake. Also, her saliva begins to leak out from behind the ball gag lodged inside her mouth, dripping out on to her breasts as well as the tiled floor below her forming a puddle at her feet.   
  
A few minutes later he returns, and unties her leash from the door handle. He again begins leading her around the school. Erica is still unable to figure out where they were heading, but can tell they are not going in the direction of her classroom. He has gone back to her classroom though, when he was exploring the school, but only to get her set of keys to the school. With the keys in hand he heads towards the faculty's lounge. Reaching their destination, he unlocks the door and guides her to the table in the center of the room. Bending her over with her exposed ass, and wet cunt facing the open door, he goes to rummage through the staff's refrigerator. Inside he finds exactly what he was hoping to find; a browning banana, and a short but rather fat with girth cucumber. Grabbing the two pieces of produce, he shuts the fridge door and returns to his obedient slave bent over the table like a slut in heat. Without any notice, he begins to push the banana inside of her flooded pink gash, which eagerly opens to accept it. Moaning through the gag in her mouth, she expresses her need for more. He continues to push the fruit deep into her box, lodging it inside her with only the stem remaining outside of her pussy. Reaching the far depths of her gushing gash, he leaves the yellow intruder there, and turns his focus to the thick green vegetable. Using the puddle of saliva that has formed on the table top under her chin, he begins to lubricate the cucumber. With the green stick slickened with her saliva, he returns behind her to begin the task of filling her puckered asshole. He gains entry into her tender rosebud with firm pressure, and continues to push it deeper, causing muffled groans of both pain and pleasure to escape from behind the gag. She is mixed with emotions, on the one hand what is happening to her feels amazing, but on the other hand it is all happening in the middle of her school.   
  
With only a half inch of the cucumber still exposed he stops, stands up, and snaps a few more pictures. After capturing the scene with his camera he removes both items, not wanting to give her too much pleasure yet, and returns them to their spots in the fridge. He does not clean them; instead he leaves them as surprises for the other teachers. Also, he does not clean up the puddle of saliva on the table; he just stands Erica up, and exits the room with her in tow.  
  
Still blindfolded, cuffed, gagged, and naked, Erica is becoming more concerned with the time. She has no idea how much time has passed, and is wondering if her master is paying attention to what time it is. Though she does not show any sign of her concern, she is able to remember that the last she saw the time was when she was kneeling in front of him in her classroom. At that point of the day it was roughly five twenty, and with this she is able figure it must be about five fifty now. This means that in about an hour people will begin arriving at school. With this in her mind, she begins to wonder what else her master has planned as she, once again, is being lead through the halls of her school in such an obscene state.  
  
Her master notices that he still has an hour and twenty minutes left to control Erica before others begin to arrive. With this knowledge he leads her back to the front office so they can exit the building to get to his car. As they are strolling towards their destination he informs her of what he is planning. He lets her know that they are going to the front door, he is going to remove her leash and blindfold, and she is going to go to his car for him to retrieve another black bag from the passenger seat. She will have to remain naked, except for her heels, ball gag, and handcuffs. As she is completing this task, he will be downloading his recently taken pictures onto the computer. She is shocked, and scared, but makes no visible sign of her fright. Doing so would result in punishment which she knows would be far worse than this task.   
  
They reach the front door, and he does as he said; he removes the leash, and blindfold. She is able to see for the first time in a long time. It is a quarter to six she notices as she gets her eyes adjusted to the early morning sunlight. Before she is able to get to comfortable, he opens the door, and using his keyless entry, unlocks his car. Giving her a little nudge, he tells her to hurry up and get his bag, she wouldn't want anyone to show up while she is walking through the parking lot looking like complete whore. With his harsh words ringing in her head, she realizes he is right, and steps through the threshold, the door closing behind her, and begins heading towards her master's car. As she reaches the car, she becomes aware of the fact that with her hands cuffed behind her it is going to be difficult to open the door, let alone retrieve the bag. Although it takes a little bit of tricky maneuvering, she is able to grab the bag, shut the door, and start her trek back to the front door.   
  
On her way back she becomes very much aware of how dangerous what it is she is doing. Being an attractive, young woman naked, gagged, and cuffed strolling through a parking lot of a school she teaches at is not entirely a good thing idea. She cannot believe she is doing this; she never thought she would ever be able to submit to such demanding orders, especially in such a public setting. The only reason Erica can come up with for why she is doing this is that she lives to serve him, to gain his acceptance by completing any task, no matter how humiliating or extreme, he gives. She becomes even more aroused from this realization, and by the time she is back at the entrance of the school, her juices are flowing down her thighs.   
  
When Erica reaches the front door she finds a note, written by her master, taped to it. The note reads:  
  
"Drop the bag a foot in front of the door, and then go stand to the left of the painted wall memorial on the side of the building. Wait for me to retrieve you, and bring you back inside."  
  
Doing as she is told, Erica drops the bag and begins to head towards the side of the school. Though she knows that the side of the building is more hidden from view, she is worried about how much longer she will have to remain, in this state, outside. As she is heads towards her new destination she hears the door open, she does not turn around to look, knowing full well that doing so would result in punishment. All she can hope is that the person opening the door is her master, and not a co-worker early to work. Although, as quickly as the door opened, it slams shut, almost mockingly. She continues walking, wanting to look back but not daring too, and reaches the side of the building. She turns the corner, then stops and stands next to the memorial. As she is waiting she hears footsteps approaching from around the corner, luckily the figure that emerges from around the corner is her master a not a curious co-worker. As he appears from around the corner she noticed that he is carrying a sheet of white copy paper with him. Erica wonders what it was for, if it is more instructions. He slowly approaches her, and attaches the paper, with tape, right in the center of her chest, between her perky, b-cup breasts. She glances to try and read the sign; after a few seconds she figures out that it says, "Ms. Reeves" in bold black letters. While she is wondering why he has taped this paper on her with her professional name on it, he positions her so she is standing to the side of the memorial. As he steps back, and pulls out his camera, it becomes clear to her that the paper is there as an identifier of who is posing in the picture. He takes his time framing up the picture to make sure it comes out perfectly. Once he is satisfied, he returns to Erica and reapplies the blindfold.  
  
With the paper still attached to her chest, and her eyes completely covered, he reattaches the leash and begins to lead her back to the front of the school and inside. As she submissively follows his lead, Erica begins to daydream. She starts thinking about how last night she did not expect to be doing the extremely, dangerous tasks that she has so far been completing. When her master told her that he wanted her to submit to him at her school, she thought that he would have her perform in the safety of her classroom. Never did she expect to be asked to perform the way she has all over school, inside and out. That is why she is drawn to him though, why she knows she will never disobey him. She can never anticipate what he is planning next, which excites her while simultaneously scares her. All she knows is that he owns her and what he says is law.  
  
She is snapped out of her dream state by a sharp tug on the leash downward, causing her to fall to her knees. From above her, he asks if she knows where they are. Erica shakes her head no in shame of not knowing. He responds be telling her that it is ok, they are back in her classroom, and he will be releasing her soon. She is both relieved and saddened by the news. She does not want to be released even though soon her colleagues will begin arriving; she wants to continue adhering to his commands. While she battles over this conundrum, he interrupts her thoughts by informing her that she has to complete two more tasks before he releases her, and lets her go about her "regular" day. Excited she is not to be released from his control yet, she listens closely to his next instructions. His first instruction, her first task, is for her to lean over, and squish her nose into the carpeted floor. He also instructs her to raise her ass as high in the air as she can while keeping her face on the floor. She does as she is told, and immediately feels him kick at her knees, letting her know that he wants her to spread them wider. Once her knees are spread to his liking, he begins the process of applying lube to her tender asshole. When he feels she is properly lubed, he reaches into his black bag and produces a medium sized, hot pink, butt plug. He informs her that he is going to plug her hole, and any resistance from her will result in punishment; to be dealt out another day. With that he begins by placing the tip at her entrance, and with firm pressure begins to slide it in. As it gets to its widest point Erica lets out a deep moan which is muffled by the gag. Ignoring her sounds, he continues to push the invader in until it reaches its hilt, and is completely buried in her ass. With the plug securely inserted into her tight rectum he leaves to grab a black magic marker. Having her remain in her kneeling position, he returns and writes on her lower back. He does not tell her what he has written, but instead helps her to her feet and instructs her to remain still while he prepares to leave.   
  
Erica stands motionless as she hears her master begin to gather his supplies. She hears him leave and wonders if he is coming back. The longer he is gone the more she worries he has left her there in such an awkward state. After a few minutes, and a few moments of regret, he returns to her; she is breathing heavily through the gag, but relieved he is back. As he approaches her he orders her to turn around and have her back face him. Doing as she is told, she feels him fiddling with the cuffs. He releases her hands and has her turn back around to face him. He then re-cuffs her hands together in front of her, and then informs her that he is leaving. He instructs her that she is to count to one hundred, starting once he exits the room and shuts the door, and when done to remove her blindfold and read the paper that he has handed her to complete her last challenge for the morning. Before he moves away he asks her if she understands; with a nod of her head he exits the room.  
  
Erica silently counts to one hundred and then removes her blindfold. Upon her eyes adjusting to the flood of light she becomes very much aware of the fact that she is not in her classroom, but instead she was in the school's library. Coming to terms with the realization that she is not where she expected to be, Erica quickly glances at the clock on the wall and sees that it is now a quarter to seven. She then opens the folded piece of paper in her hands to read her master's instructions.

"As you may realize, you are not in your class, but I can assure you that your clothing for the rest of the day is. You are to go to your classroom where you will find more instructions and your clothes. Hurry up though; you never know when someone will arrive."  
  
Frantically, Erica quickly and awkwardly, due to her hands being cuffed, heads out of the library towards her room. Every step she takes only heightens her arousal caused by the plug buried inside her ass. She gets to her room without any issues, except for a sloppy wet vagina, and immediately locates the clothes as well the further instructions on her desk. He must have put them there during that time he left her alone in the library the first time. She notices that the clothing he has provided her is simply a white, floral print sundress and nothing else. Accepting the fact that she will be wearing so little she picks up her next set of instructions and reads:  
  
"Congrats, you have found your clothes, but as you can see the key for your handcuffs are not here. Unfortunately for you I forgot to leave them on your desk in my rush to get out of their before seven. However, on my way out I did manage to leave them inside of your school mail cubby. So before you can get dressed you will have to get those keys. When you are free you can put on the dress, but you are not to remove the plug. It is to remain inside of you for the remainder of the day. Also, I have your car keys so you will not be able to leave for any reason until I return at the end of the day. Good luck, and be quick."  
  
A little put off by what she has to do, Erica glances at the clock and sees that it is ten till so she will have to hurry. All of the teachers' mail cubbies are located near the front entrance, so this task will be risky. Going up there would mean a great possibility of someone arriving and seeing her, but not going means she will be unable to get dressed. Without much hesitation she makes her way out of the room and towards the front of the school. She leaves her dress on the desk, feeling ok that if she can make it up there without incident, that she can make it back.  
  
Two minutes later, Erica reaches her mail cubby and it looks as if the coast is clear. She grabs the keys, and turns to head back. She does not think it to be a good idea to spend too much time in the front trying to unlock her locks; she will do that in the relative safety of her own classroom. As she is turning around to head back, she hears the sound of keys jiggling, and she realizes that someone has arrived at school already. Erica immediately starts to run, but with the high heels and her hands cuffed together, it is a bit trickier than she expected. Fortunately, she is able to get into the hallway and out of sight of the front door before whoever showed up entered the building. Erica, with her heart racing, makes it back to her room safely and immediately starts to unlock the cuffs. After a bit of maneuvering, her hands are free and she is able to begin working on the lock for the ball gag. It takes a few more seconds, but eventually she gets it unlatched. With her jaw a little achy she quickly slips on the sundress. The dress reaches to about mid thigh, so she will have to be careful not to expose herself trough out the day. Trying to compose herself, Erica looks around the room and thinks to herself if there is anything she is forgetting that could get her in trouble. She stuffs the hand cuffs and the gag into the bottom drawer of her desk, when she looks up she sees the passage he had her write at the start of the morning still in full view on the white board. She quickly scurries to the board and erases it.

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The next few hours go by normally, considering the fact that she is not wearing any underwear, there is a butt plug inside of her, and that she has to teach fifth graders all day. Throughout the morning she has a hard time concentrating, but is able to get through it and eventually begins to become more comfortable as her lunch break nears. While her students are working quietly on a worksheet at their desks, Erica sits down at her desk to log some grades into her computer. As she sits the plug presses deeper into her rectum, making her pussy become moist. With this feeling stirred she decides to check her e-mail before entering grades to try and focus herself. When she logs into her personal e-mail account she immediately sees that her master has sent her a message. She nervously opens it, not knowing what to expect. The message reads:  
  
"Just checking in to see how my slave's day is going. Did anyone catch you this morning, or was it business as usual?"  
  
Erica immediately responds, and tells him that other than a little scare when getting the keys, everything else went by pretty smoothly and that also she has had a hard time concentrating. Sending off the message she minimizes the screen to begin logging grades, but before she can get too involved in the grades a notification pops up on her screen letting her know that she has a new message in her inbox. Shocked at how quickly her master has responded, she opens the window and reads the message.  
  
"It is a little disappointing to find out that nothing interesting has happened, but I think we can change that. If I am not wrong, I believe your lunch break is in a few minutes, and I have a task for you to complete during it. Once your students have all left for lunch you are to go to the restrooms at the far end of the school. Once there, you are to enter the last stall and remove your dress; leaving it on the floor at your feet. When you are naked unlatch the stall door and turn to face the toilet. You are then to bend over at the waist and remove your plug. With it out you are to stand up straight, push open the stall door, and move within its threshold. Then insert the plug into your mouth and take a picture of yourself with your digital camera that is in your top desk drawer; making sure to get at least one of the mirrors behind in the frame. Once you have taken the picture, re-insert the plug into your ass and put on your dress. The door is to remain open until you have re-dressed. Finally, return to your classroom and send me the picture as proof. Also, I have attached some pictures for you to look at while you wait for your break."  
  
In complete shock Erica opens up the first attached picture to try and help process what she has just been ordered to do. The picture pops open onto the screen and it is the one he took of her standing naked in front of the white board to start the day. She is amazed at how submissive she looks standing nude in a spot where normally she lectures students on the different topics of the school day. It is that moment that she realizes just how deep into this new life she is, how she no longer cares what happens, as long as she is serving her master, she is happy. Erica clicks through the remaining pictures her master has captured of her throughout her adventurous morning. All of which are of her in different positions, naked and looking like a complete slut; she loves everything about them. With the pictures having the desired effect on her that her master was hoping for, the lunch bell rings and Erica leads her students out of the classroom to lunch.   
  
On her way back she can feel the dampness of her sex begin to coat her inner thighs. She stops at her classroom to retrieve her camera and with it in hand she makes her way towards the restrooms on the other side of the school. He has chosen these restrooms intentionally because they are the only ones on the property that require having to go outside to access them. They are normally used by the students when they are at recess so they don't have to come inside; meaning she will have only about fifth-teen minutes to complete his task before the students are released from the lunch room for their lunch recess.  
  
It takes only a minute or two for Erica to reach her destination, and she takes no time to ponder her situation prior to entering the "girl's" room. She needs every second of time she can get to safely perform what her master is asking of her. Immediately, Erica goes towards the stall her master has instructed her to go to, setting the camera down on top of the toilet's tank, and removing her dress once she was within the confines of the stall. She feels no need to shut the door only to open it again to continue with her task. Without hesitation, she positions herself in the threshold of the stall doorway and bends over while reaching back behind her to pull out the plug buried inside of plump rear. It takes a bit of effort, but within seconds the hot pink intruder is dislodged from its resting place. Following her master's orders to a tee, Erica takes the plug and instantly inserts it into her mouth. Knowing it had just been inside her ass only turns her on further; making her feel like the true filthy slut she is, spurring her on to continue. With the plug secured inside her salivating mouth, she reaches out for the camera and angles her body to try and get the mirrors over sinks in the shot.   
  
After the first attempt, she realizes that in her current position such a task would be unachievable; she will have to step out into the open area of the room in order to successfully capture both her and a mirror in one shot. Determined and brave, she steps out further into the open area of the restroom and takes a picture of her making sure, this time, to get a mirror in the background. She returns to the stall, but before getting dressed she looks at the picture. Her exposure in the shot seems only to ignite a flame inside her body because upon seeing herself looking like a true submissive, slut she wants to press her luck further with another, more risky picture. This time she decides to get real brave and take a picture of herself, with the plug still in her mouth, next to the door leading out of the restroom. Since she knows that there is still some time until lunch recess, and that most of the other teachers are usually in the faculty lounge or their classrooms, she is confident that her risk is not as bad as it may seem. She hurries to set herself up and at first decides the best way to get the shot will be to shoot her reflection in the mirror, but then decides against such an approach; figuring it would be easier, sexier, and more dangerous if she shot it from in front of her while she holds the door open, capturing a mirror behind her head as well as a reflection back of her looking as if she was exiting the room. After taking a moment to reassure herself of her decision, Erica successfully takes the picture, and scrambles back to the stall and her discarded dress. Filled with a buzz of nervous excitement, and pleased with her new picture, she takes the plug out of her mouth and reinserts it into her ass before getting dressed in order to make it back to her room with enough time to upload and send the picture to her master.   
  
As she walks back towards her class room, she fells a sense of accomplishment; her body fells electric, and she can't believe what she has just done. Her pussy is practically flooding down the inside of her thighs, coating them with arousal. Never has she felt so proud of herself before, due largely because of the fact that the task she had just completed was her first ever done on her own, and away from the safety of her home. Erica smiles the whole way back to her classroom, knowing she has served her master well.  
  
Once inside her classroom the bell, indicating that lunch recess has begun, rings letting her know that she has approximately fifth-teen minutes left to get the picture to him. She calmly sits down behind her computer and begins to upload the picture. Upon completion of the upload, Erica notices that at the angle of which the picture was taken, the message her master wrote on her back is visible. With a quick edit job to reverse the picture, she is able to clearly read what he has written on her. She is shocked at what she reads:  
  
"My name is Erica Reeves. I am a teacher. I am a dumb slut. I love to be humiliated. See me at teacherslut.net."  
  
Reading the message gives her mixed emotions; she is both sexually excited and scared as to its meaning, at the same time. She knows full well that the first four lines are in fact true; for she has stated those exact phrases many times of her own free will. It is the last line that has Erica confused; the line stating she can be seen at teacherslut.net. As far as Erica knows no such site exists, nor does she have any knowledge that see can be seen on such a site. Her master has always warned that he might post pictures of her on the web; was it a site he started to showcase his inventory of pictures he had of her? If so why would he write such a message on her back if she was to wear a dress covering it up? Was he planning on exposing her in public later? These are all the questions that where running through Erica's mind as she continued to gaze upon the picture she took for him. Also running through her head, were worries about anyone seeing similar pictures on the site listed on her back; if it existed. The one thing Erica is sure of however is that she has to finish her task and send the picture to him, or else risk harsh punishment. Pushing her thoughts and worries aside, she continues with the rest of his instructions and sends the picture to his e-mail.   
  
For the rest of the lunch break, Erica just sits and ponders the message scrawled across her back in black ink. She is lost in a state of all most shock. However, before the break is over, she is able to come to terms with the message and whatever it may eventually entail. By understanding that whatever her master has in store for her, it is to be for the best and that she will in turn become stronger for it.

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The rest of the day went by in a flash and soon she was finding herself getting organized to leave once the children were to leave for the day. Not long after the ringing of the final bell than her e-mail began chirp notifying her of a new message from him. It briefly stated that he enjoyed the picture she sent him, and that he was to be there to pick her up in a half hour. She passes the time by getting her room set up and organized for the following week of school, knowing that her master would have some ideas arranged for her this weekend. In no time at all he arrives and knocks at her door. As she opened it to allow him in, he immediately gives her orders to follow.  
  
"Strip and on your knees slut."  
  
She promptly follows his command and soon finds herself naked on her knees in front of him, just on the other side of her classroom door. Once she is in position he begins to unfasten his pants and fish out his growing erection. She instantly knows what is expected of her and eagerly awaits his next command.  
  
"Get to sucking."  
  
Erica quickly grabs a hold of his stiffening member and soon dips her mouth down to engulf its throbbing head. His penis is long and thick, which even though she has had enough practice at it, Erica still struggles to get her mouth completely wrapped around its girth.   
  
She uses long, forceful strokes of her hand to get him at full attention, and quickly begins to slide it further into her stretched out mouth once it is. With every stroke of her lips, she pushes his cock deeper into her throat. She knows he doesn't want her to take her time; that she is to be a true whore and suck him off hard, fast, and sloppy. In a matter of seconds, she is deep throating his massive tool; making all types of muffled gagging sounds and spewing up a bunch of saliva. It is just the way he likes it; messy and rough. Sticky spit begins to coat his shaft as well as run down and coat her chin and breasts. However, he doesn't hold out for as long as he normally does, rather he quickly reaches his point of climatic pleasure and dislodges his piece from her gaping mouth with a pop. He then begins to spew shot after shot of thick, gooey cum across her face and hair. Though he normally shoots rather large loads, this one is exceptionally large. Her entire face is covered; she has ropes of sperm across her nose and forehead, dangling from her chin, lying across her left eyebrow and cheek, and piled on the top of her head in her hair. She looks like a version of a glazed donut. Once he finally stops spurting, he spouts off more orders.  
  
"Get up and get dressed, we have to get going; and don't even think about wiping my come off of your slut face."  
  
Without hesitation Erica is on her feet and getting her dress put back on. She has to fight the urge to wipe away the cum that is dangling on her eyebrow. While she is getting dressed, he makes his way over to her desk and picks up the camera as well as the hand cuffs and ball gag that were in the drawer, and puts them away inside his black bag he has brought with him. When he returns to where she is he informs her that they are going to dinner and that she is to follow him out to his car. His instructions immediately make Erica concerned about the cum that is covering her face. There are only two ways to get to the front parking lot; through the front office where others would more than likely be gathered, or by going around the side of the school with the mural on it.   
  
His first steps out the door make it apparent to her that they will be exiting through the front office. This makes her extremely nervous, there will be no way she will not have to pass by someone going that way; and from how much goo she is coated with, it will be hard for anyone who might see her not to know what it is on her face. Fortunately, for her, he positions her on his left side by wrapping his arm around her waist, making it so she will not have to be on the side closest to the receptionist's desk; she will be able to walk alongside the wall meaning the only clear view of her face would have to be from directly in front. His pace is rather rapid, as though he is moving quickly as to not be interrupted by anyone. If that is indeed his intent, it is working, for they are able to make it out of the school and into the parking lot without anyone stopping them, or even seeing them for that fact. As they make their way towards their cars, he lets go of her waist and then hands her the keys to his car, stating that she is to drive them to dinner.   
  
Erica is thrilled to be able to drive her master; she has never had the opportunity to do so. She has already forgotten about the spunk that is beginning to dry on her face, and is completely caught up in the thought of her new responsibility. As they drive, he gives Erica directions where to go. It only takes five minutes to get there, and at first Erica is confused as to why he led them to a fast food restaurant. It isn't until he tells her to go through the drive-thru that she realizes what his plan is. She immediately becomes aware of his cum on her face, and how she must look. He wants her to go through the drive-thru so she will have to be seen with cum plastered all over her face; this too is the reason he had her drive. She will be clearly visible by the fast food clerk at the pay window, as well as the pickup window. Since she knows she can't get out of it, she sucks up her worries and pulls up to the order box. As they stop, and before they are asked their order, he explains to Erica what she is to do; she is to order a number one small with a coke; she is to at no point attempt to wipe any of the spunk off of her face; and if asked what it is she is to tell them that it is indeed cum on her face. Erica understands his instructions and does as she is told.   
  
After ordering and pulling forward, the clerk at the pay window, a middle aged woman, is somewhat flustered by what she sees, but in no way tries to act like anything is wrong. From the look on her face however, it is clear that she knows what is going on. At the next window, they are helped by a younger looking male, and have to sit and wait a bit longer for the fries to finish cooking. The whole time, the young clerk just stares at Erica, and is transfixed on what is coating her face. Before he hands over the fries he asks what it is, and Erica responds as she was instructed to do, simply telling the server that it is cum. The clerk's jaw drops open as Erica pulls away.   
  
He complements her on her ability to perform to his liking, and then instructs her to drive to a coffee shop nearby while he eats. This order confuses Erica, for she can't understand why he wants to go to a coffee shop; he already has a drink and food. However, she soon understands why once he finishes his food just as they pull into the parking lot and then dumps the small drink down the front of her white dress, staining it brown and making it near transparent. Because it is ice cold she lets out a loud shriek and instantly begins to shiver from the cold while her nipples stood out, rock hard against the fabric of the wet dress. He explains that they are going to go inside so he can get a replacement drink and so she can clean herself up a bit inside the coffee shop's restroom. He also details exactly what he means by "cleaning up" by instructing her to go into the co-ed restroom, after asking the clerk for the key. Once inside side she is to lock the door and remove her dress to begin washing it out in the sink; getting as much coke out of it as possible. She then must ring it out before inserting it into her vagina, leaving only the spaghetti straps that normally hang over her shoulders exposed outside of her slit. With that completed she will then return the key back to the clerk and meet him back at his car. She will have to exit the restroom, and the coffee shop completely nude, and it is after he explains her task to her that she remembers the message written on back; it too, just like her entire nude form will be completely visible once she goes to leave.   
  
Lightly put, Erica is stunned, and can't believe what he is asking her to do. Never has he ordered her to perform so openly in the eye of the public; today is for sure the start of a new level to her submission to him. Though she is scared by the thought of doing what he has instructed her to do, she has no intention of disappointing him; she will do whatever, whenever, and wherever. Fortunately he did however allow her to wipe his spunk from her face with the now ruined dress.   
  
After clearing her face of the dried gunk, Erica, like a good submissive, follows her master into the café and confidently asks the barista, a young, good looking female, behind the counter for the restroom key. Since it is apparent that there is a spilled drink on her dress the clerk immediately hands over the key and asks if there is anything else she can get for her. Erica simply shakes her head and tells her that the key will be plenty. The barista is flabbergasted, from both the sight of woman with a soda drenched dress, as well as from the fact that the dress had become completely transparent and she could easily make out Erica's erect nipples.   
  
Once inside the restroom, Erica locks the door and peels off the sticky dress. Using the sink as she has been instructed she begins to rinse out the dress; trying to get as much off the coke out as possible, especially since it would soon be lodged inside of her sloppy, wet pussy. It amazes her that through this entire day, with everything that has gone on, she is still very much aroused. After rinsing out the dress multiple times and scrubbing it together to better remove the stain of the cola, Erica does her best to ring out as much liquid from the dress as she can. She rings it out at least a half a dozen times before becoming satisfied that she is unable to get any more water out of it. With the first half of her task completed, she begins, in a state of complete fierce arousal, to insert her now damp dress inside of her extremely wet twat. With her leg propped up on the toilet see slowly but surely begins to slide it inside. It takes a bit of effort to get the dress completely stuffed inside of her, and once it is she feels completely filled up, considering she still has the plug wedged in her ass as well; she feels completely slutty. She then turns look at herself in the mirror and can easily notice the two straps hanging outside of her vagina, she know that others will notice too once they get over the initial shock of a nude woman walking through a coffee shop with a lewd and inviting message written on her back in permanent black ink marker.   
  
Adjusting herself, Erica takes a deep breath, reaches for the door, and pulls it open taking her first openly public, nude step. Through the restroom threshold, she turns the corner, and walks done the side hallway bringing her to the middle of the coffee shop's dining area; even though she wants to turn around and hide, Erica stays strong and continues up to the counter to return the key to the barista. The look on the clerk's face is the same as the one on the face of the drive thru attendant, complete shock, as if in disbelief that the woman who had just been in with a cola soaked dress is now leaving completely nude with it stuffed up her twat and displaying a message on her back. The café is not too busy but still has a handful of customers sitting at the tables; all with looks of disbelief on their faces. One of the patrons whistle and a few others let out statements of disbelief before she exits the coffee shop to return to the relative safety of her master's car. She can't believe that she has actually just walked through a semi-crowded coffee shop, in the middle of the day, without a stitch of clothing covering her body. The thought that so many strangers had just seen her naked, only lit her arousal more; also the thought of people reading the message written across her back helped to build up her excitement. She still has no idea whether the site exists, if it is ever going to exist, or if it is just merely a clever ploy by her master to fuel her passion further. Whatever the intent of the message, Erica is sure it is having the desired effect on her.   
  
As soon as Erica is inside of her master's car and they are pulling out of the parking lot, he once again complements her on the compliance of his commands as well as informs her of what their next fun activity would entail. He lets her know that they will be heading back to her school, but only to pick up her car. As they drive he explains that their time together is up for the day and that he will be unable to visit her this weekend. However, he does let her know that she is not free from his commands; he will be expecting her to complete some assignments for him over the weekend, and that upon dropping her off at her car she will still have to remain naked. He specifies that she is not to remove either the dress or the plug from inside of her, she is not to retrieve her original clothes for the day from the trunk, she is to drive home naked, and that once inside her car see will find and read his instructions that are taped to her steering wheel before starting the car. Of all the tasks she has had to complete today, this final one seems par for the course. Even though she will be, once again naked not only out in public, but in front of her school, Erica is not nervous or scared; she is more put off by the knowledge that she will have to go the weekend without seeing her master again. With that thought running through her head, she knows that she will have to be extra compliant to any commands she may receive from him this weekend and being confident now will be a good show of obedience on her part.   
  
Just as he has explained to her, they pull into the parking lot of her school and continue in, stopping just behind her parked car. The way in which they have stopped the passenger side of his car is furthest away from her car which means Erica will have to walk around his car in order to reach her car. Even with the extra exposure, Erica still remains calm and keeps a confident posture as she reaches for the handle to open the door. Without hesitation, she pushes the door open, swings her feet to the right, setting them on the asphalt of the lot, and lifts herself up without taking time to look around before exiting the car. Her first step is the most nerve racking for her, but she does not let it show; she stands straight and with a look of determination struts around the rear of her master's car towards her own. As she clears the back bumper, he pulls away, leaving her completely exposed without any cover. Flustered a little, she stops momentarily to watch him drive away, but not wanting to stay out in the open too long; she shakes herself out of her frozen pose and continues on to the relative safety of her car.   
  
Inside the car, all of her composure is gone; she begins to shake and take short heaving breaths. She cannot believe everything she has gone through today, leading up to a point were now she is sitting inside of her car, which is parked in front of her school, naked. The effects of her dangerous tasks hit her all at once and she is paralyzed as she sits staring at the next set of her master's instructions taped to the steering wheel in front of her. The instructions are contained on a single sheet of paper that is folded over once and labeled "For Erica, the Teacher Slut", in dark black ink. She wonders how long they have been attached to her steering wheel, for anyone passing by her car could have easily looked in her window and have seen the obscenely labeled note. Erica hopes that her master placed them there when he came back and picked her up, but for all she knows he could have taped them there when he left in the morning.   
  
Again, she shakes herself out of her trance, as she reaches out for the instructions, peeling them off of the wheel. Flipping the note open she reads her master's words silently to herself:  
  
"Well my slut our day together has come to an end and as I have already informed you, we will not be able to play together this weekend, for I have other business to attend to. However, this does not mean I won't expect you to perform for me this weekend. In fact you will begin a new task once you finish reading this note. As you know, you are to drive home naked and while doing so you are not to touch yourself. Once arriving at your apartment, you are to retrieve your clothes from inside the trunk, but do not put them on; you will then proceed to walk to your apartment with them tucked under your arm. On your welcome mat you will find a camera which you will use to snap a photo of yourself standing naked outside of your apartment door and with the plug once again in your mouth; making sure to get your apartment number in the shot. With the picture taken, you will then go inside and send it to my e-mail as proof of your compliance before you will be able to remove either the plug from of your mouth or the dress from your snatch. I expect you to complete this task by 6:30p.m.; any later and a stern punishment will be given out."  
  
Upon finishing the instructions, Erica quickly directs her eyes to the clock on her car stereo and sees that it is 6:05. With only twenty five minutes to complete her master's new task, she has no time to think about what she is expected to do, she must get going in order to finish on time. She knows that it will take her ten minutes to reach her apartment from school, which leaves enough buffer room, in case any of her neighbors may be outside, for her to pick the best moment to get the difficult part of her task done.  
  
Not knowing what to expect at her apartment complex, and understanding that she can't sit in the parking lot of school for too long, Erica inserts her keys into the ignition and begins to back out. Soon she finds herself traveling home, completely nude with a sundress and butt plug stuffed inside of her. Though both were causing a bit of discomfort it is not enough to get her mind off the task at hand. She knows that soon she will be pulling in to her apartment complex, and during her drive she keeps mulling over ideas of how exactly to get her task completed with the least amount of embarrassment. What she is able to come up with is the simple, but brave idea to just get it over with; no matter how many of her neighbors may or may not be around.   
  
Just as she expected, Erica pulls into her assigned parking spot in front of her building at exactly 6:15, and just as she planned to do immediately jumps out of her car and retrieves her clothes from the locked trunk. It isn't until she closes the lid of her car's trunk does she actually take a look around to see if anyone is outside. To her relief no one is in sight, and with that hurdle cleared she begins to head in the direction of her door. Erica lives at an apartment complex in which each resident has their own door that opens to the outside. What this means to Erica is that she will have to complete the final and most difficult step of her task while remaining completely exposed to the public. Anybody who happens to come outside will be greeted with an excellent view of her retrieving a plug from inside her anus. Even though she understands this risk, Erica powers through and makes her way to her door; finding the camera her master has left for her on the welcome mat. Not wanting to waste a moment of her fortunate luck of being alone, she quickly removes the plug and then inserts it directly into her mouth. She takes no time to dwell on the tangy taste of her own ass on the plug as she snaps off a picture making sure to capture here apartment number plate that is on the wall next to her door into the frame. Before finally going inside, Erica checks the picture to make sure everything came out well; not wanting to have to be penalized for something small. Happy with the picture, she unlocks her door and hurries inside to her computer.

Luckily for her she leaves it running, so she did not have to boot it up. As she brings up her e-mail, Erica glances at the clock on her wall and is relieved to see that she has just enough time to send the picture off to her master. Erica quickly attaches the photo into an e-mail for her master and once she hits send she immediately spits out the plug from her mouth and gingerly begins to remove the dress from her now tender pussy; as she tugs on it she can see that it has become coated with the creamy juices of her arousal. Once the dress is completely removed she heads into her bedroom and collapses onto her bed, exhausted from the day's events and with a smile on her face.

**School Grounds Ch. 04**

After a few minutes lying on the bed she begins to drift off from feelings of exhaustion, but is soon brought back to reality by the familiar chirping sound of her e-mail. She already knows that it is her master, and shaking herself from her daze she gets up to see what his message contains.   
  
Opening the e-mail she reads his message and immediately understands that this weekend is not going to be some walk in the park when she reads the subject line that says "Tasks to be completed". She notices the attachment that he has included but decides to instead read the message and then open the attachment. The message is as follows:  
  
"I'm very happy to see that you made it back to your apartment safe and sound. It is just too bad that none of your neighbors were around to see you; maybe next time. The next thing I want to go over is the message on your back, which I am sure you already have read. The site doesn't exist yet, at least not publically, but with a simple click of the mouse and any disobedience on your part can easily make open for business. Just a little bit of incentive for you to keep in mind this weekend I guess. Speaking of this weekend, there are a few tasks that I wish for you to complete; six in fact. Once you complete one and provide me with proof, I will send you a message detailing the next. The first task I want you to complete must be done by the end of the night and will take some courage on your part. You will be going to the gym this evening to have some fun. I want you workout wearing only the items I have left for you in the gym bag in the hall closet; you are not to wear anything else and will wear the items to the gym, using the bag only to carry a towel. Fortunately, you can shower before you go to wash off the message written on your back; leaving it however will result in extra brownie points. Once you have put on everything in the bag you will go to the gym and begin your work out; doing whatever it is you normally would. When you finish I want you to call me from the locker room. Also, as may already know, there is an attachment with this e-mail of which I think you will enjoy, have a good workout."  
  
She finishes reading the message and opens up the attachment. It is the picture she took in front of her apartment, and she look like a complete slut. She had not noticed at the time, but in the picture she could see some drool slipping from behind the plug inside her mouth. She I really thankful none of her neighbors had witnessed her acting like a true submissive. Closing the picture and still naked Erica goes to retrieve the bag her master has left for her. She had given a key to him a month earlier so it wasn't unusual for him to leave things for her to play with.   
  
Within the bag, she found out what he meant for her to need courage for this task. The bag contained only five items; a pair of running shoes, a pair of ankle socks, a tight white sports bra, the smallest pair of work out shorts she had ever seen, and a large black butt plug. She is shocked at what little she finds, but instead of becoming scared and nervous, she instead figures that it is just another task and that the quicker she can get it done the better. Leaving the bag on the floor next to her bag, Erica gets up and strolls towards her shower, because she knows, brownie points or no brownie points, she does not want to go out into public again with the message on her back.   
  
Her shower feels extraordinarily good on her worn out body, but she does not linger under the water for long. Instead, focuses on getting the message on her back washed away and her body freshened up. Once she is satisfied, she gets out, drying off and getting ready for the gym. Leaving her hair a bit wet she enters her bedroom to retrieve the items she is to wear from the bag. Puling the sports bra over her head and in to place, she becomes aware that it is smaller than one she normally would wear and because it is white her nipples will most certainly become visible once she starts to sweat. Reaching into the bag she pulls out the plug, which is a bit bigger than the one she wore all day; at least two inches in diameter compared to the inch and a half for the pink plug. From her nightstand drawer she produces a bottle of lube to make for easier insertion. With a liberal amount of the slick stuff spread into her anal entrance, and an equal amount dripped onto the plug she slowly inserts the intruder into her sore rear. Since she has already spent the entire day with the other plug resting inside her, she is able to get this one in with little effort, and once the plug's flat base is securely pressed against her asshole she retrieves the tiny shorts from the bag. It takes her a bit more effort to get the shorts on because of how tight and small they are. They hug her skin tightly and only do the job of covering the top half of her ass. The crevice of her pussy is blatantly obvious, but fortunately the base of the plug is not visible except for when she bends over. Though the clothes she has been provided by her master are tight, they aren't too much different than outfits she has seen others wear while working out. Slipping on her socks and shoes, Erica grabs a towel from her linen closet and stuffs it into the bag before grabbing her keys and phone, and heading out to the garage to her car; her only wish is that her master would have let her take more clothes to change into after working out.   
  
The club she works out at is a large co-ed athletic club that is usually rather busy doing the evening hours of the week, and this evening is no different. As she pulls into a parking spot a few rows back from the front entrance, her breathing starts to quicken and her hearts begins to race. She is all of a sudden nervous, but in no way intends on backing out; she is determined to complete her master's request of her. Grabbing the bag from the passenger seat, Erica exits her car and makes her way to the entrance of the club. She stashes her keys in the pocket of the bag and pulls her club ID card from inside her bra where she stashed it before leaving the house. Inside she presents the ID to the girl working the front desk, getting a slight, bewildered look from her as she did. Not being put off by the odd look she was given, Erica confidently strolls into the main section of the gym and glances around the facilities before entering the women's locker room to lock up her bag. With her limited belongings secure, she makes her way back out to the main section of the gym to go about her usual workout of a run on the treadmill, some reps with the light free weights, a hike on the stair master, and finally a cool set of crunches. She figures that if she stays focused on her workout, she will forget about how little of body is covered and just melt away into an intense sweat. As she begins her jog on the treadmill however, she realizes that it is not going to be that easy to forget; the pressure of the plug with each step is a constant reminder of exactly how she is dressed and hiding.   
  
Fortunately, she does manage to somehow put aside her sluttish look and merely concentrate on the motions of her workout, and after an hour she is done. She did notice she got plenty of stares from the other people there, but in no way felt that she looked out of place. Also, from what she could tell, she managed to hide the fact that she had a rather large butt plug stuffed inside her ass, which made her more confident as she returned to the locker room drenched with sweat. Entering the room Erica immediately walks over to full length mirrors near the sinks to see exactly how she looked now that her workout was done and was covered in sweat. A small gasp escapes her lips as she views herself; for the sweat has drenched her sports bra and made it practically transparent. Her nipples and areolas are completely visible, and for how long she hasn't a clue. Also, the shorts are drenched in sweat and as she turns to look at her backside, it becomes apparent that a distinct line of moisture from the top of the waist band straight down between her ass cheeks has also appeared and allowed for the outline of the plug's base to become visible. Though she is startled by how she looks, Erica feels assured that at least she is in the relative privacy of the women's locker room, were currently only a few middle aged ladies are changing to get ready for an upcoming aerobics class. Erica knows that once that class begins, the locker room will be left empty except for the occasional women coming in to get changed to leave. Thankful for this knowledge, she heads back to her locker to retrieve her phone and call her master as he had ordered. He answers after just the first ring, and from the tone in his voice she can tell that her fun is only just beginning.   
  
"Hello my pet, I'm guessing you have finished with your workout and are now ready for further instructions. Did you enjoy your new workout outfit?"  
  
"Yes, master."  
  
"Excellent. Well I'm sure you have most certainly worked up a good sweat and could use a good shower about now; so what I want you do next is to go ahead and take a shower but you must first remove your clothes and lock them inside your locker with the bag and towel. With that complete you are to then walk to the showers, finding an empty shower stall that will provide you with a bit of privacy, but not too much since you will be leaving the door open. Once inside the stall I want you to bend over, with your ass facing out, and remove the plug, setting it upright on the shower floor at the entrance of the stall; it must remain there until you have completed your shower. You must then go about rinsing you body and hair of the sweat without once looking back at the plug. When you are good and wet from the water, shut off the shower, and go retrieve your phone from your locker. Do not pick up the plug; it is to stay on the ground until you return with the phone to capture a picture of it, of which you will send to me. As soon as you have sent the picture, you will pick up the plug and return to dry off at your locker, but the plug must be visible the entire time and not stashed away in the locker. Once you are dry you may leave with the towel wrapped around you and carrying the plug in your left hand. Leave your clothes inside your bag and carry it over your shoulder, making sure it hangs behind you. When you arrive home, an e-mail will be waiting in your inbox with instructions on what your next task will be. Are my instructions understood slut?"  
  
"Yes, master."  
  
"Very good; now make me proud my pet."  
  
He hangs up and she is stunned; frozen still as she goes over everything he expects in her head. There is no way she will be able to do everything and not have the anal intruder, that at the moment making a home in her ass, seen by any number of women you will eventually be making use of the locker room as well. Erica, after standing in front of her locker with the phone still up to her ear for a few moments, finally convinces herself to go through with her task; knowing that if she does it will prove her complete submission to him as her master. She takes a deep breath after setting the phone in the locker and pulls her top up and over her head, placing it inside the bag. Following her top, she rolls the saturated shorts down her legs, stepping out of them before setting them next to the top; immediately she feels as though the plug which is nestled between her cheeks is blatantly exposed to the room. Not allowing herself to get to overwhelmed, she closes the locker, locking it shut, and turns towards the shower area.   
  
The showers are located on the far, left side of the room, and she finds them vacant upon entering. The way the showers are set up there are a row in the middle of twenty open shower heads for use by attendants not bashful about cleaning up in front of others. Surrounding the middle shower area, lining the walls of the room, are fifth teen individual shower stalls to provide people with more privacy which seems silly to Erica now consider what she would be doing inside of one shortly. At first, she thinks about using a shower stall right next to the entrance to make for a shorter back and forth journey, but changes her mind when she realizes that anyone coming in would have to pass by her stall and would almost certainly see the plug sitting on the floor. She instead decides on a stall in the back corner of the room, though it was still very open to the room, it seems more tucked away. Once inside, she wastes no time pulling the plug from her stretched anus. She takes another soothing, deep breath and with a trembling hand retrieves it, holding in front of her for a moment before turning and setting it on the ground as her master had ordered. Before she stands back up to rinse off she stares at the imposing piece, knowing full well that anyone who might see it sitting there will understand exactly what it is and what it is used for. She shakes her head of these thoughts and pushes on with the remaining pieces of her objective.   
  
As the water splashes onto her face she closes her eyes and simply enjoys the feeling of the heat on her skin; letting herself forget about the plug standing up only a foot behind her. The moment she runs her hands through her hair to rinse out the sweat, she hears voices of other women entering the shower room. She freezes, not knowing what to do, but knowing enough not to turn and look. From what she can hear, there are three women, and they seem to be using the line of open showers closest to the entrance. Erica knows that if they look over to her stall they will easy see the plug, but decides not to worry about that and finishes rinse out her hair. After a minute or two, she finishes rinsing off and turns to make her exit from the stall. Just as she is about to step out, she one of the women say something that causes Erica to blush deeply and the other two women to start talking as well.  
  
"Hey look over there, what is that?"  
  
"Oh my, I think that is a, uh, you know."  
  
"Is it a butt plug?"  
  
"Yes it is, and quite a large one too."  
  
"How gross, who bring something like that to the gym."  
  
"It probably belongs to one of those strippers that are always in here flaunting around like they are hot stuff."  
  
"Well whatever, I still think it should have been left at home."  
  
The women keep talking about the plug that is sitting in front of Erica, as she thinks of what she can do to make for a not so embarrassing exit. She knows full well though that the only thing she can do is hurry up and finish her task while at the same time just enduring any catty remarks she may receive. The worst part for her was that she was going to have to walk past the women to get back to her locker while leaving the plug behind. Mustering up all of her courage, Erica takes the initial step forward and out into the open shower area. The women go quiet as they watch her walk past them and go towards the lockers.   
  
Erica hears one of them say that she had forgotten something as she exits the showers, but doesn't respond. She instead keeps her stride and walks as confidently as she can to her locker which luckily has no one near it when she arrives. Unlocking the door, she reaches in and grabs the phone, and as she turns to head back doesn't even bother to re-lock it; she is focused on getting this over with. As she gets closer to the showers, Erica can hear the women talking about her, but as she re-enters they go quiet once again. Erica simply acts as if they are not there and strolls over to the left behind anal toy. She enters the stall once more and bends done to capture a picture of it with her phone to send to her master. Once she successfully sends the picture off of the large toy, she picks it up and makes the trek back to her locker. Passing the three women for a third time, one of them says something to Erica which sort of startles her.  
  
"So, that thing was yours."  
  
Erica turns to respond, but unsure of what exactly to say; "Yes, I didn't realize I had left it." She turns back to keep leaving but the woman asks another question that makes her stop once again.  
  
"Hey, is that really what we think it is?"  
  
"Yes, it is."  
  
Erica starts to feel a bit more uncomfortable standing in front the three women wet, naked, and holding a butt plug. The three women however, at least the one doing the talking don't seem to be uncomfortable, for they have just finished drying off and are wrapped with towels. The woman asks yet another question, which keeps Erica standing in front of them.   
  
"Did you get a good work out with it?"  
  
Feeling unsure about the confidence that the woman asking the question had, Erica responded, "I guess you could say that."  
  
I don't believe that you can actually fit that inside you; how bout you show us you can."  
  
Now Erica realizes that she better get going before things get to carried away, and she replies to the woman's statement nervously, "I don't think so, I have to go; I have someone to meet shortly." She then turns and walks out of the showers towards her locker. She hears the woman behind her tell the other two how big a slut she is, but chooses to ignore it and finish with her orders.  
  
Reaching her locker she sets down the plug on the bench and grabs her towel to dry off. Since she has been air drying for a while now, Erica focuses on trying to get her hair dry and simply wiping any remaining water off her body with the towel. When she is done she wraps her body with the towel, tucking the corner into the top part under her left arm, and instantly wishes she had brought a larger towel. The one she has only reaches to about an inch or two below her rear end, and when she walks, slides up her legs exposing the bottom of her cheeks. Fortunately, her pussy says more or less hidden unless she takes large steps. Figuring that there isn't much she can do about it, Erica grabs the bag, throwing it over her shoulder, bends down to pick up the plug, and begins to walk towards the exit doors. She knows that it is in her best interest to make it out to her car as fast as she can, and not worry about whether or not the towel is covering her sufficiently. Reaching the exit door and pulling it open, Erica unfortunately runs into a group of women walking in and is almost knocked over. From the collision, her towel loosens, and she loses her grip on the plug which falls to the floor with a bounce, hitting one the other women's feet. Erica apologizes and instinctively bends down to pick up the fallen plug, but as she does her towel comes loose and drops off behind her; she freezes once this happens and with the plug in her hand. She is now, once again standing naked in front of a group of woman holding the anal device, and this time the women start to laugh right in her face. Erica is completely humiliated, and bashfully apologizes while she retrieves her towel and wraps it around herself. She pushes passed the laughing women who watch as she scurries across the main lobby and out the front entrance.   
  
Back at her car, Erica can't stop shaking and begins to hyperventilate a bit. She just sits in her car waiting to regain her composure and reliving not only everything from the night, but for the entire day. Her submission to him has dramatically gotten deeper in the matter of a day, and though she is hysterical right now, she knows that it is the way she wants it to be. The only thing that she is unsure about is just how far he is willing to take her down this new path.   
  
With her breathing under control, she inserts her keys into the ignition and pulls out of the parking lot, heading directly home and to her computer. The drive home is a blur to Erica, as she can only focus on opening up her e-mail to read about the task he has prepared.

**School Grounds Ch. 05**

Getting home after her embarrassing workout experience, Erica quickly makes her way inside of her quaint little apartment, and to her computer. Within moments, she is logged on to her e-mail account and is greeted with the e-mail that she knew would be waiting for her. The subject line simply read, "Task #2", and as usual there was an attachment along with the message. Also as usual, Erica chose to read the message before opening the attachment.   
  
"Excellent picture my sub, your ability to complete such difficult tasks without hesitation shows how truly committed you are to serve me. I trust that you understand that the tasks I am having you complete are to your benefit, for they will not only prove your commitment to me as your master, but also provide you with clarity about what a life of submission is about. With that stated, your next task will likely be just a bit more challenging than the previous one, and may require some clever thinking on your part. What I want you to do tomorrow morning is run some errands, well actually one specific errand; if you have any others you wish to complete while you are out feel free, but I don't think that will end up being the case. I want you to go to the mall on the other side of town and buy a new slutty dress that you will be wearing in a future task. As for what you will wear to go shopping, I have left everything inside a garment box under your bed. Once you arrive at the mall and are standing in front of the directory, you are to call me. The mall opens at nine, so for your benefit I think you should get some sleep; I'll be waiting to hear from you no later than 9:15. Also, remember that you are not to masturbate or come without my permission.   
  
Sincerely,  
  
Your Master"  
  
\*  
  
After reading her masters message, she clicked open the attachment and looked at the picture she took from the gym of her butt plug sitting on the shower floor. She smiles to herself and closes her e-mail before getting up and wandering into her bedroom to retrieve the box he had left for her under the bed. Bending down, she easily finds it and pulls it out before placing it on her bed. Erica quickly opens the white garment box to reveal her attire for her next task. A feeling of shock and amazement washes over her as she sees what he has provided for her.   
  
Inside the box she finds a tiny, pink bikini top that is little more than a few strings and a pair of small triangles to cover up little more than her nipples, a matching g-string bikini bottom which is just as revealing, a white micro-mini skirt that would barely cover her ass, a pair of pink flip flops, and another large butt plug which was pink instead of black and instead of having a smooth taper, it had rippled sides creating a beaded look. Erica knew that it was going to be another humiliating task that she would have to complete the next morning, but decided that instead of dwelling on what was to come, it would be best to get her rest after such a long and eventful day.   
  
Erica fell asleep as she relived the events of the day in her head, and when she woke was completely refreshed and felt very confident about her awaiting task. She quickly cleaned up and returned to her room to begin getting ready to go out. The first thing she does is to take the time and properly insert her new pink plug inside of her, making sure to be generous with the lube. Once it is in place she is able to quickly put on what little clothing that has been provided.   
  
She looks at herself in the mirror and is astonished by exactly how revealing it is. The top barely covers a thing and more see through than she was expecting. The bottoms were just as revealing, but luckily the skirt helped to cover her front a bit, but did leave a lot of her rear exposed. Erica knew that everyone who would see her would immediately know she was a slut, or at least think that she was. However, she could not fret on that for long because she knew that she had limited time to get to the mall and call her master. The one thing she was fortunate for was that it was early and that meant, hopefully, fewer shoppers.   
  
The entire drive over, Erica was a big ball of nerves, and wasn't sure exactly that she would be able to get out the car in her state of dress. She knew deep down though that the thought of not doing so and upsetting her master would be more than she could bear.   
  
Erica arrived at the mall at exactly nine o'clock, and after a bit of motivating self talks she exited her car and walked towards the entrance. Because it was early, there were only a few cars in the lot, and when she entered the mall there was hardly anybody walking around. She immediately located the mall directory located in front of the escalators, and as she walked towards them she caught her reflection in one of the shops windows.   
  
The sight startled her at first because she had a hard time believing that she was actually walking through such a public place in dressed so scantily. She knew however that to complete her task, she would have to act as though she did so every day. Once she reached the directory she pulled out her phone from her purse and dialed her master. After one ring he answered and immediately began instructing her on what exactly he expected her to do while she shopped for her new dress.   
  
"Good morning slut, I hope you had a peaceful night's sleep. I'm sure you look absolutely stunning in your outfit this fine morning as well. As for what expect from you today: that you at least go into three separate shops and try on a dress in each of them, when trying on the dresses you will not lock the dressing room doors and will strip completely naked before doing so, while naked in one of the dressing rooms you will step out and ask one of the sales associates to grab you a smaller size of the dress you are trying on, while they leave to retrieve your request you will snap off a picture of yourself standing naked in view of the rest of the store sending it to me when you have, and finally when you have decided on the dress you are going to purchase you will get redressed in the changing room, but leave your bikini bottoms hanging on the back of the door, pay for the dress and leave. Once you are back at this directory with your new dress you will phone my once again for your next task. Oh, and as for the dress, it should be black, backless, and hang no longer than the skirt you are currently wearing. Have fun, and don't forget to call."  
  
With that the call ended, and now Erica was feeling a bit more apprehensive about completing her task, but knew deep down that there was no way she would not complete it. Looking over the directory, she mapped out her attack by picking three stores that not only would have the type of dresses she would be looking for, but also be relatively free of other shoppers at such an early hour. Also, they were all located on the first floor which meant she didn't have to worry about anyone looking up her skirt as she rode the escalator. The first shop was just in front to the left of the escalator, and she confidently strolled over towards it.   
  
The shop was more of a small feminine boutique rather than the normal open space must other mall stores were like. It catered specifically to women and specialized in French style, intimate apparel. Erica browsed the few dress racks they had and pulled a few dresses that she felt might fit her master's specifications. With them draped over her arm she got the attention of the only sales associate in the shop, and asked to have a fitting room opened.   
  
The sales woman, a cute, twenty something blonde women, showed her towards the back of the store and opened one of the three rooms for her. Inside, Erica hung the dresses up on the hook on her side of the door and resisted the urge to lock the room, which allowed to door to remain cracked open just a bit. Taking a deep breath, she began to undress completely, just like she has many times before, but this time felt an extra sense of naughtiness come over her as she knew that she was doing so per her master's orders.   
  
Once naked she tried on the first dress and looked at herself in the mirror. She looked stunning in it, but unfortunately it was a bit too see-through, and was probably more negligee than dress. She peeled it off and tried on the next which was more what she was looking for but unfortunately wasn't backless and hung too low, but still she looked amazingly sexy and was beginning to feel the tell tale signs of arousal forming in her sex. The last of the dresses she tried on was again more of a negligee and also was a bit too big for her. This reminded her of one of her master's specific details for her to complete willing performing this task and immediately figured that this store would be the best place to do it considering that there was only one sales woman present and no other costumers that she was aware of.   
  
Erica quickly took of the dress and grabbed her phone before stepping out of the changing room to get the sales girl. Since the dressing rooms were at the back of the store, they were conveniently located next to the registers but that also meant were in complete view of the rest of the store. The sales girl was standing behind one the registers with her back towards the rooms folding clothes when Erica got her attention. Her reaction when she turned to see Erica standing naked in front of her was priceless; her jaw literally dropped. Erica however acted as if everything was normal and simply asked her if she could grab a smaller size in the dress she was holding. After a moment of hesitation by the young woman, she shook of the shock that had taken hold of her, and replied that of course she and that it would be her pleasure.   
  
She grabbed the dress from Erica and proceeded to make her way towards the racks to fetch a smaller size. Erica knew that she had little time to snap off a picture of herself standing naked in the store, so once the sales girl turned around she immediately whipped open her phone and captured the shot he had wanted. She took a moment to look over the picture to make sure it came out, sent it off, and closed her phone just as the sales girl was coming back with the smaller dress. Erica thanked her, and returned back to the changing room. As she turned to close the door she noticed that the sales girl was still staring at her, which made Erica blush. She could not believe that she had just done that, but further more couldn't believe just how aroused it made her. Her pussy was practically flooded with arousal and she had no way of calming herself since he specifically told her she was not to masturbate or climax while he was away.   
  
Feeling a sense of disappointment that she could not pleasure herself she hesitantly began to get redressed without even trying on the new smaller sized dress, knowing that even if it fit it did not meet his requirements. With her clothes back on and her phone stored away in her purse, Erica left the changing room, said thank you and goodbye to the sales girl, and headed to the next shop.   
  
As she made her way to the second store, she caught another glimpse of herself in a shop window, again she felt a bit of embarrassment walking around like she was, and also realized she was silly to think that just because she wasn't going upstairs that didn't mean people couldn't see up her skirt. From her reflection, she could tell that as she walked her skirt rode up pretty high, showing off a lot of her ass.   
  
Erica reached the second store, which was bit bigger than the first, but specialized in club wear. That meant it wouldn't be hard for her to find a slutty dress, but it would also mean that there be a possibility of more costumers. Once inside, Erica quickly scanned the store for the rack for dresses and immediately began to look through them for a dress that would meet the right standards. Soon she had herself an armful of dresses and looked for an associate to open a dressing room for her. Once again she was lead to the rooms, which were located in a separate hall way of sorts from the sales floor, and was let inside one of them.   
  
Erica went through the process of getting naked and trying on the dresses. With each one she found something that didn't quite meet her master's specifications, or that was just too unappealing. Frustrated, Erica put back on her original clothes and exited the store; she was beginning to feel as though she wasn't going to find the right dress. Feeling a bit defeated, she strolled towards what she hoped would be the final store.   
  
At the next store, a high-end lingerie shop, Erica wasted no time and simply began pulling every black dress off the racks and quickly found herself once again inside of a dressing room. Just like the last store, the fitting rooms were secluded in a separate hall, but instead of doors they had curtains that you could draw closed for privacy. Since she was in such a hurry, Erica didn't even bother pulling closed the curtains and rather began to undress out in the open view of the hallway.   
  
It wasn't until she was completely nude and reaching for the first dress that she noticed her mistake, which she quickly corrected by sliding shut the curtain. Once again, she tried on dress after dress, not finding a winner, and was about to give up when the last one she tried was perfect. It was black, backless, hung to just below her ass cheeks, and made her look absolutely gorgeous. She was so happy to have found the right dress that she nearly cried, which wasn't quite the reaction she would have predicted, but she was just so relieved to have finally found the right dress.   
  
She carefully took off the dress and began to get dressed when she remembered her master's instructions to leave her bikini bottoms hanging from the back of the changing room door once she made her selection. However, because there was no door, there was no hook; the dresses had been hanging from the pole in which the curtain slid across. After bit of quick thinking, Erica came up with a clever solution to the problem by simply lifting the pole up and out of its cradle on the wall and slipped the tiny, pink g-string on to it as if were a new curtain. She actually felt pretty proud of herself for coming up with the idea, and as she made her way to the checkout counter she had a beaming smile on her face.   
  
With the dress paid for she left the store, but couldn't keep herself from wondering what the reaction would be from who ever found her left behind garment; it wasn't until she returned to the directory that the thought escaped her. She had to phone her master to inform him of her completion, and to get the information of her next task.   
  
He answered immediately, and took no time before he began to giving her further instruction.  
  
"Hello my mall slut, did your shopping go well?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"Good, I am glad to hear it. Also, I am glad that you were able to complete all aspects of the task so quickly; the picture of you in the store came out great. I bet your pussy is just gushing right now since you are basically exposed in such a tiny skirt, and you have a nice big plug up your ass. Am I right?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"Perfect, because your third task will only further flood that cunt of yours. I have reserved a room for you at the Grand Hotel downtown tonight. You are to go directly there once our call has ended. When you arrive, check in with the front desk and let them know you are checking in for the Reeves reservation. Everything is taken care of so you should only have to sign in to receive your room key. Once in the room, feel free to relax, get cleaned up a bit, and order anything to eat from room service; you can also remove the plug if you wish. The only thing I expect is that you will be done up and dressed in your new dress by six o'clock because I have also made dinner plans for you in the hotel's restaurant at six thirty. You will call me once you are ready to go to dinner so I can give you further information. Is what I said clear whore?"  
  
"Yes master."   
  
"Excellent. Oh and before I forget, there will also be a present waiting for you inside the hotel room that I think you will find rather exciting. Have a relaxing afternoon while you can because tonight will definitely be an interesting and eventful one."  
  
With that the phone went dead as he had hung up, and Erica was left standing in front of the directory processing everything he had just told her. A night in a luxury hotel was most certainly not something she expected to be happening, and his kindness towards her was also a bit off putting. She was happy to hear that he was allowing her a relaxing afternoon, but was also concerned because she knew it would probably mean a truly rough night ahead.   
  
Wanting to take advantage of her well deserved rest, Erica made her way back out to her car and headed towards the hotel. The ride over, she was beaming with excitement and confidence from her ability to complete her master's request so well. When she arrived at the hotel her mood was bordering on cocky, and she didn't even think twice about the way in which she was dressed as she strolled through the hotel's lobby and up to the front desk.   
  
After some quick formalities she soon had the room key and was inside her room, which was a king, bed suite. She immediately took notice of the gift bag waiting for her on the table by the window, but decided not to open right then. She instead pulled off her clothes, removed the plug, and drew a bath; she was taking full advantage of her rest time.   
  
Her bath lasted a good half hour before she got out to dry off. Wrapping a robe around her now smooth, clean body, she began to feel hungry and decided to order some room service. Once the call to room service was put in she went over to the window and pulled back the blinds to take look at her view of the city. It was as she was standing in front of the window that she once again took notice of the gift on the table, and figured that while she waited for room service to arrive it would be an appropriate time to open it.   
  
Inside she found a pair of black stiletto heels, an envelope with two hundred dollars inside, a thin, black leather, choker, and some bathroom products as well as some makeup. The gifts definitely excited Erica, as well as enticed her curiosity about what was to come.  
  
The rest of the afternoon went by peacefully for Erica; she enjoyed her lunch, and lazily laid around the room watching television. However, her curiosity of what was going to happen in the coming night never fully left her head, and soon found that it was time for her to begin getting ready for her master's dinner plan for her.   
  
She used the bathroom products from the gift bag to clean herself up and shave any stubble from her legs and bush. With that completed, she moved onto applying her makeup and doing her hair. When she was all done it pleased her to see just how sexy she had made herself look which helped put her at ease about the mysterious dinner. She then returned to the bedroom and put on the choker, heels, and dress.   
  
Looking in the mirror one last time, Erica was surprised at not only how slutty she looked, but also how sexy and beautiful she looked. Her confidence was at an all time high and was ready for whatever may lay ahead of her. She took out her phone and called her master.   
  
"Right on time, I appreciate the punctuality. Are you all dressed for dinner?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"Did you like your presents, and are you wearing the appropriate items that were inside?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"I'm sure you look absolutely sexy, and you probably are just dying to find out what my plans are for you tonight but you will have to be patient because I will only be give you information in bits at a time. First thing you will take a picture of yourself and send it to me before you go down to dinner where you will sit and wait for your dinner mates at the bar, having a couple of drinks while you do. Once they arrive, you will know immediately when they do, you are to text me informing me of it. Right now that is all you need to know, but I promise more to come as the night goes on. Am I understood?"

"Yes master."   
  
"Perfect, enjoy your evening while you can."  
  
The line went dead after that, and left Erica pondering what he meant by enjoy herself while she could. What exactly did he have in mind for her? She however had little time to let his statement run through her head, since she was expected to be at the bar waiting for her mystery guest.   
  
Erica grabbed the two hundred dollars he had provided for her and made her way down to the restaurant in the elevator. Since it was a Saturday night and the hotel's restaurant was one of the best dining choice in the town, it was pretty busy and difficult just to find a place at the bar. Fortunately, after she checked in with the hostess for her reservation, she was able to snag a barstool at the end of the bar.  
  
As she sat and waited for the bartender to take her drink order, she took notice of all the looks she was receiving from the fellow patrons and knew exactly why; she was dressed far sluttier than anyone else in the place, and made sure to strut her stuff as she took her seat. However she did do her best to keep her legs crossed as to not expose her uncovered and unshaved pussy to the entire bar.   
  
When the bartender finally took noticed of Erica she ordered a glass of red wine. As she drank her first glass she had to blow off one guy who tried to hit on her, but for the most part she kept her eyes on the entrance to see if she recognized anyone that could possibly be the mystery dinner guest.   
  
She finished her first glass of wine rather quickly and, ordered another while she sat and waited. Other than the one guy and the occasional once over most of the people that were in the bar area tended not to bother her. Maybe it was intimidation, or maybe it was the fact that most were being seated quickly and didn't spend too much time in the bar, but whatever it was Erica was happy to have her space to concentrate on keeping an eye out for you ever it may be that was to join her for dinner.   
  
When she finished the second glass of wine, Erica looked to her phone to check the time; it was only six fifteen which meant that she had already had 2 glasses in ten minutes and still had to sit and wait for at least another fifteen minutes. She started to feel a bit buzzed and knew that she shouldn't have downed her drinks so fast, but decided to order another anyway, figuring it was the best way to keep a guy from trying to buy her one and distracting her.   
  
With her third glass of wine, one in which she made sure to drink slowly, Erica once again locked her eyes on the front entrance, hoping that whoever she was waiting for would show up early. At six twenty five, she noticed that the hostess was pointing in her direction while talking to a couple. She looked to see who it could be, and was almost knocked of her chair with shock.   
  
She could not believe who her master had set up for her to have dinner with, and at first wasn't sure it was true, but as they made their way over to her they waved for her to come up to the front. The mystery dinner guests were none only than the principle and vice principal from her school, and Erica immediately remembered just how she was dressed. What would they say when they saw how slutty she was dressed? She stalled joining the by putting her wine up in the air and signaling that she had to take care of her tab.   
  
She waved down the bartender and told him to close her tab out, and while she waited for her bill she opened her phone and texted her master just as he told her too, informing him her guests had arrive. In no way did she try and get answers out of him as to why he choose her principal and vice principal, for she knew it was a losing battle. Instead she gulped down her wine and paid the bill. Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, she stood up and began to walk over to where her bosses were waiting for her.   
  
The only thing that allowed her to feel a bit more comfortable about the situation was that both of them were women and were only about five to seven years older than her. It would have been a far different scenario if they were male; because of the way she was dressed it would seem more like she was trying to seduce them, but with them being female they wouldn't have that thought, but rather just think she was young and out for the weekend.   
  
As she walked, Erica realized just how much she had to drink in such a short period of time. She really had to concentrate on keeping her balance, and felt the familiar buzz of booze going through her body.   
  
The closer she got to her administrators the harder her heart started beating, and as she reached them and saw the looks on their faces she thought her heart was going to explode. Both of their months fell agape momentarily before they corrected themselves and greeted her. Erica knew that they felt she was a bit under dressed for a teacher out and about, but she also knew that they were being polite by not saying anything. They conversed for a bit, about how nice it was for her to invite them out to dinner, while they waited to be seated.   
  
When The hostess returned to show them to her table, Erica's phone began to ring and it was her master. She excused herself, letting them know she had to take the call and step out into the lobby of the hotel to answer.   
  
"Hello slut, I'm sure you are a bit surprised to see who I arranged to have dinner with you tonight, but I know you'll have fun, especially with some of the things I have planned for you. Let's not get ahead just yet though, when you order drinks, you will order yourself another of whatever you had at the bar, as well as a shot of their finest tequila. You will then text me once the shot arrives and you have shot it back. Is this all clear my little where?"   
  
"Yes master."   
  
"Excellent, I'll be expecting your text soon."   
  
Once again the line went dead and Erica made her way towards her table where her bosses were waiting. Just as she arrived so too did the waiter to take down there drink order. Erica, since she was still standing, ordered first and ordered her fourth glass of red wine and the shot just as her master had instructed her to. With her order, both of her administrators gave a coy look, as if she was going to get herself into trouble, before each ordering a glass of chardonnay. However, Erica paid no mind to their un-approving gazes, because she knew that in order to get through the rest of the night, she might need a stiff drink or two.  
  
As she sat down soon the way she was dressed and her drink order faded as they began to talk shop, and having a good bit of fun doing so. When the waiter returned with their drinks and to takedown the food order, Erica shot back her tequila and ordered a light pasta dish. The other two women ordered similarly to Erica, and soon they were back chatting before she received a text message from her master.   
  
It read: "convince your guest to order a shot too, and slide your dress up so you are sitting with your naked ass on the chair." Erica read the message and knew exactly how to achieve it even before she responded with a yes master as per usual. The dress part was easy since she was practically already doing it already because of how short it was; the shots would be easy as well, for she had a plan.   
  
Soon the waiter came over to check on them, and that's when Erica decided to put her plan into motion. She ordered a round of shots for the table before either of them could say anything. As the waiter walked off, Erica assured her administrators that it was ok to let loose a bit and that who knows, maybe it would lead to a lot of fun. Of course Erica already knew her night was just beginning, but she just didn't know how and at what pace. With the waiter returning with their shots, her phone chimed, signaling another message from her master.   
  
"Go to the restroom and invite one of them along. Once you are in your separate stalls you are to remove your dress, re-open your stall door and take a picture of yourself standing naked. Remain naked until you send the picture to me, and leave the door open the entire time."   
  
"Yes master."  
  
With that message, Erica knew that things were going to be picking up for her, and she was unsure exactly how she felt about that. However, she did know that he would not accept her not doing as he said, so she excused herself to the ladies room and asked her assistant principle if she would like to join her. She accepted and they made their way towards the restroom.   
  
Once inside they both went to their own stall, which happened to be right next to each other, and once Erica heard the lock slide into place on her colleagues door she immediately removed her dress and got her phone ready. Hanging her dress on the back of the door, as not to drop it, Erica re-opened her stall's door and snapped off a picture of herself standing naked in the stall through the mirrors reflection. Satisfied with the picture, she sent it to her master, quickly got her dress back on, and flushed the toilet so that it wouldn't draw any unwanted attention.   
  
Just as she was stepping out of the stall she heard the lock open on her bathroom buddy's door and she too was making her way out. As they cleaned up at the sink, her assistant principal asked her what she was doing with her phone a bit earlier. Confused, Erica asked what she meant, and was told that her colleague saw her hold up the phone before she exited the stall. Erica nervously made up a story about how she thought that she looked good in the mirror when she opened the door and wanted to snap a picture to send to her boyfriend. Her boss seemed to buy the story, but still had a look of uncertainty as they returned to the table.   
  
As they were walking back her master texted her, so Erica told her boss to go on ahead, that it was her boyfriend commenting on the picture he just received from her. With another curious glance her boss went on ahead and Erica read the message.   
  
"Did your guest notice slut?"  
  
"She only noticed I took a picture, but not what of master."  
  
"Show her if she asks about it again. Then if she wants to know why, tell her it was a dare, and that you love doing dares, especially if you have been drinking."  
  
His last message took her off guard, and she wasn't sure showing her assistant principal a naked photo of herself was a good idea, but she replied the only way he would allow.  
  
"Yes master."  
  
When Erica returned to the table, she was surprised to see that her principal had ordered another round of shots, but also that the two of them seemed to be gossiping about her. As she took her seat, her principal had them each knock back their shots. Once all three shot glasses hit the table empty, Erica's principal asked her a question that almost knocked out of her chair.   
  
"So Cindy told me something and I'm a bit curious about finding out more. What kind of picture did you take in the restroom; something naughty?"  
  
Erica was stunned and stalled to answer, not knowing for sure if since her principal asked about the picture if she had to show it, or if that only applied to her assistant principal. Unfortunately, before she could muster up an answer her other boss spoke up.  
  
"I told Pam about the picture you took because I'm a bit confused of exactly what you could have taken a picture of. So I guess what we are saying is that we want to know more."  
  
Erica took one deep breath before responding, thinking over every possible outcome of what she was about to do. After a moment she confidently spoke up and responded to their intrigue.   
  
"Well if you want to know about the picture, maybe it is best if I just show you it."  
  
With that said Erica produced her phone, brought up the picture, and handed it over to her two bosses; almost shaking as she did. Once it was in their hands, there was nothing she could do to take it back; she had to wait and see what their reaction would be. Immediately upon seeing the picture, both Pam's and Cindy's jaws dropped, and they each turned to look at each other before turning back to the picture. After a good, long look, both of their heads shot up and looked at Erica, before starting to laugh. Erica didn't know what to say, and couldn't do anything as she sat frozen watching her two bosses laugh at her about a naked picture she just took.  
  
Once they stopped laughing, Pam began in on the questioning.   
  
"You're a bad teacher aren't you? What made you take such a risky picture of yourself?"  
  
"I was dared to take it."  
  
"By who, your boyfriend?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Just because he dared you, doesn't mean you have to do it. Plus, it was so risky; you could have been caught. Or does that turn you on to do it knowing you might get caught?"  
  
"I did it because I like to do his dares, especially when I have been drinking. And yes, it does turn me on a little bit. Can I have my phone back now?"  
  
"Sure you can have your phone back, but under one condition; you let us know if he sends anymore dares."  
  
Not seeing a way out, Erica agreed to her boss' one demand, and was a bit surprised with how the whole thing was panning out. When Pam handed over her phone, their dinners arrived, and things were quiet for awhile. Minutes into the entrée however she received another text from her master, much to the delight of everyone at the table. So much so, that they dared her to read it aloud to them.  
  
"Time to step up the stakes slut. While sitting at the table, slip your fingers into you snatch, getting them nice and slick with your excitement before removing them to your mouth were you will suck the juices off."  
  
After she read the naughty message aloud, she looked up at her dinner mates to see what their reaction was. Both of them just looked at her with devilish grins, in a way that Erica understood meant, "Well what are you waiting for?" Erica just set down her phone on the table and let her hand fall to her lap, allowing her fingers to dive into her hot, wet, box. She stroked her fingers inside her pulsing, pussy a couple of times before removing them and moving them to her mouth to suck down the juices. As she finished, both of her bosses let out some gasps of disbelief, before Pam starting in with some more questioning   
  
"Oh my, our young little teacher here has a naughty little secret life it seems. So, will you do anything he asks you to do?"  
  
Erica took a moment to answer, trying to come up with an appropriate answer, but she knew that her master would appreciate it if she was jus honest; or at least as honest as she could be.  
  
"Yes, of course. I think it is fun to be told to due naughty things."  
  
"Well we can see that, but aren't you afraid you will get into trouble; I mean we are your bosses, doesn't that make it harder."  
  
"Of course I get a bit scared of doing this kind of stuff, but that is part of the excitement. Plus, I trust him to keep my well being in mind. As far as you guys go, I have never had to perform in front of people I know before, but since you are still here after I showed that picture I figure you aren't too put off by my behavior."  
  
"We are more intrigued about your behavior than anything else. It is not every day we witness one of our employees behaving in such a manner. To be honest it is definitely interesting to see just what you are willing to do at your man's request."  
  
"Is there anything else you would like to know?"  
  
"Actually, yes. In the last message he called you a slut; what was that all about?"  
  
"He likes to call me dirty names to add to the humiliation of the task, and I got to say it definitely works."  
  
"I see, so you also enjoy the humiliation factor of the dares as well."  
  
"Yeah, I guess you could say that. Something about the humiliation aspect of the dares, makes doing them that much more gratifying."  
  
Almost on cue, Erica's phoned buzzed again with another message from her master, and once again Pam and Cindy had her read it out loud to them while they finished up their dinners. However, before she could start, the waiter came over to check in on them. Erica decided she was done with her plate; she just didn't seem hungry anymore, and Pam thought it was a good time to order another shot for Erica. When the waiter walked off, Erica started to read the new message.   
  
"As I can figure, dinner should be just about over, and since you already tasted your pussy, I was thinking what better for dessert than your ass. You are to slip the same fingers that were in your pussy, into your ass and repeat the same process as before. Once again, this must be done while sitting at the table. Oh and text me when you pay the bill and part from your guests."   
  
If Erica thought the reaction from her supervisors before was one of shock, their reaction to the latest message most have been far past that. Both of them were open jawed and wide eyed when she looked up from her phone at them. This time Erica smiled, and just went right into fingering her asshole without letting them gather their bearings.   
  
By the time she had the fingers in her mouth and sucking away the tangy taste of her ass, they both still sat stunned and frozen. It wasn't until the waiter came back with the shot that they came back to reality. They let him take their plates away, as now they were also no longer interested in eating. In fact, until the waiter came back with the bill, no one at the table said a word.   
  
Erica paid the bill with the money her master had left for her, and while her two companions sat frozen with shock she simply stood up, adjusted her dress, and bid them a good night before exiting the restaurant to return to her room. She walked off with a beaming smile on her face, knowing that she had not only just blew the mind of her bosses, but that she had also just took another step closer to becoming who she truly was meant to be; a completely, committed, submissive, slut to her master. As she rode the elevator up to her room, she sent her master a message informing him that she had just left the restaurant and was heading to the room. The moment she got off the lift her phone rang with a call from him.   
  
"I hope that your dinner went will and that you and your guests had a good time. I would also like to congratulate you for completing you third task of this weekend, and making it to the half way mark. As for the rest of the night, make yourself comfortable and enjoy the night. I will be contacting you later to give you your fourth task that is to be completed tonight. The only other detail you need to know is that you must re-insert the plug once you get into your room. Am I understood my slut?"   
  
"Yes master."   
  
There was no reply, just silence as he had hung up. Erica was glad to hear however that her master was pleased with her progress, but also knew that her coming challenges would most likely be her hardest yet.

**School Grounds Ch. 06**

Back inside her hotel room, Erica did just as her master explained. She immediately retrieved the plug and began to re-insert it into her empty rear. With it properly secured within, she went about relaxing once again; enjoying another warm bath, watching some television, and just in general taking in the comfort of the room.   
  
At around midnight Erica began to feel a little drowsy, likely from the wine and shots, but was kept awake by the sound of her phone chirping to life. It was him, her master, and he was calling just as he said he would to give her instructions for her fourth task. Erica quickly reached to answer it, and was delighted to hear his voice once she had.  
  
"Hello my slut, I hope you took full advantage of your period of relaxation, because from this point forward your tasks will allow for very little time for yourself anymore. Is this clear slut?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
"Very well, your next task will require you going down to the guest computers just off the main lobby entrance. You will only be allowed to wear one of the complimentary robes the hotel has provided, and your heels. Also, the plug is to remain in until further notice. There will be further instructions in an e-mail once you log onto to the computer. The only other thing you are required to bring is your room key. Is this understood?"  
  
"Yes master."  
  
With her last statement he hung up, leaving her to do as he had instructed. Erica was excited to do so as well, after her dinner task she had been left with an urge to do more. Even though she wasn't entirely sure what to expect, just the thought of having to leave her room wearing only a robe was exciting, and enough to keep her interested. She quickly grabbed a robe from the bathroom, and soon had it on; making sure to tie it securely, but also making sure not to cover up too much. With her heels on she looked herself over in the mirror before she headed out. What she saw was that the robe hung down to her mid-thigh, and did a considerable amount of covering up. Of course, because of how the robe was tied, when she walked the bottom would split open and show a little more leg. Also, the top exposed just the right amount of cleavage to keep things interesting.  
  
Satisfied with how she looked, Erica grabbed her room key and exited her room into the hallway. She decided to take the elevator down, knowing that the thrill of not knowing if anyone would be on it, or join it as it went down would be exhilarating.  
  
As the elevator opened, Erica was a bit disappointed to see that no one was inside, but soon got over it and pressed the button to send her down to the lobby. As she rode the elevator down she kept hoping that it would stop on one of the other floors, and that someone else would get inside. Unfortunately for Erica, this too did not happen, and she soon stopped at the lobby causing the doors to retract and expose her to the brightly lit main concourse. The guest computers were to her left just past the main hotel desk, and in a separate room to provide some amount of privacy.   
  
As Erica walked by the front desk, she noticed the night shift attendant giving her a looking over. The attendant was a young woman, probably in college, and was rather attractive; but other than the initial look, she didn't seem too interested in Erica.   
  
Dismissing the attendant's glance, Erica continued to the computer room. Once inside she immediately sat down behind the computer furthest from the door, being only two computers to choose from she was still relatively close to the door, and proceeded to log on to her email. When her account loaded up she was presented with one new email in her inbox, and she immediately opened it. It was from her master, and like in previous emails there were also some attachments included. Just as she always had, Erica dismissed the attachments, and chose to first read the message.   
  
"Well your next task will involve a certain level of creativity, as well as a choice to take your sluttinesss more public. The first thing I want you do is open the attachments and save them in a folder on the desktop you will create titled 'Erica Reeves'. Next, you will remove your robe while you sit at the computer and look at each picture, picking the one to set as the wallpaper image for the computer. Once you have selected a picture you must leave the computer room, and go across the hall to the men's room; leave your robe draped across the chair, you will no longer need it. Inside the restroom you will find a pair of handcuffs that I hid under sink counter. Upon locating them, exit the restroom and make your way to the stairs at the end of the hall.   
  
Use your room key to open the door, and then drop it on the other side, letting it shut and lock. Now the only way for you to get back into your room is to go up the elevator to the top floor where there is no lock on the stairway door and then go back down the stairs to get your room key. However, before you do that, you must put on the cuffs and secure your hands behind you; the key to them is taped to the bottom of he desk in your room. I left there on a previous visit. Oh, and you will need someone to open the elevator for you since you won't have a key card, but I'm sure someone at the front desk wouldn't mind helping you out. Once you complete this task you are to call me from your room."  
  
After going over the email's instructions thoroughly, making sure she understood exactly what she was to do, Erica weighed over the task in her head. She was coming up with all of the different scenarios that could occur, and trying to decide just exactly the best way to get the task completed. She concluded that the only way in which to best complete the task would to do it as it was laid out for her in the email; meaning she would have to trust the girl at the front desk to help her out, and not just simply call the authorities on her.  
  
With her mind made up, and focused on her challenge, Erica slipped off her robe. She draped it over the back of the chair and went about uploading the attachments and saving them inside of a folder titled with her name. When all of the attachments where saved, she began to go through them; one by one she sat naked and looked over each picture. Each one showed her in a different state of submission, nudity, humility, and embarrassment. Looking through them, Erica became more aware of just how deep she had gone into her master's control, and the more she analyzed the pictures the more she understood why. Her submission to her master was something her mind and body desired; something she needed. She was never more committed to her master and her role under him than after viewing those pictures; she felt complete.  
  
Upon finishing her viewing, she knew exactly which picture she wanted to choose as the background image. The picture showed her clearly, not just as a submissive, but also in the sense that she was easy recognizable. It was a picture he had taken of her on the weekend before the school year started. Her master had helped her set up her classroom, and at the end of the day had her pose naked, wearing her collar, in front of her white board where she had written her name and "Welcome to my class." She had only been serving him for a few months, and that was the first time he had her pose for a picture. She could remember feeling extremely nervous and unsure, but wanted to show her devotion and posed for the picture anyway. It was that picture that she felt electrified her relationship with her master, and it was that picture she wanted to use to represent that.   
  
Erica, without any thought of hesitation, set the image as the computer's wallpaper before standing up and walking across the hall to the men's room. A smiled beamed across her face as she entered the restroom, and got to her knees to find the cuffs. It took her a moment to locate them, but once she did she took no time to grab them and head towards the stairs. Almost robotically, Erica walked to the end of the hall, her heels clicking on the tiled floor, and opened the door to the stairs with her key, dropping it on the other side before it swung back shut. She then locked her hands behind her with the cuffs, and in a focused state headed out to the main lobby towards the front desk.   
  
Erica rounded the corner, pausing for the first time, but only for a moment. She took a deep breath before continuing, and then made her way over to the girl at the front desk. However, as she approached the desk, the attendant was no were to be seen. Erica wanted to get her task over and done with, but she needed the girl to open the elevator for that to happen. Reaching the desk, she noticed a push bell and since she didn't have the use of her hands, had to push it with her head.   
  
The bell rang, somewhat echoing in the empty lobby, and Erica had to wait for the attendant to show up. In only a few seconds the girl came out from the back office behind the front desk, and almost fell over from shock when she saw Erica standing there naked. She sort of stuttered as she regained her senses, and finally spoke.  
  
"May I help you?"  
  
Erica had already decided that she was going to be straight forward and honest with what was going on so her answer came smoothly.  
  
"Yes, I am completing a task for my master, and it requires I ask for your help to allow me access to the elevator."  
  
The attendant replied somewhat confused and still a little unsure of the situation before her.  
  
"Do you not have a room key?"  
  
"No I do not. All I have are the shoes on my feet and these cuffs on my wrists."  
  
Erica turned around to show the girl her bondage, and upon seeing them girl seemed to become a bit more settled with what was going on.   
  
"I see. Well I guess I could help you out, but how are you going to get into your room without a key."  
  
"I have mine stashed somewhere but cannot get it without using the elevator first."  
  
The attendant seemed to be fine with Erica's explanation, but her response came as a little bit of a surprise to Erica.  
  
"Ok, I will help you out, but only if you allow me to take a picture of you first."  
  
Erica, though thrown a bit by the request, answered as she knew her master would have wanted her too.  
  
"Sure, that would be fine with me. Anything you want to get into the elevator."  
  
With her last statement, the girl smiled an evil little grin and soon had Erica posed for a picture. In actuality, it was a series of pictures. She had Erica stand in different poses, to as she stated, "Fully capture the situation." Erica was a bit put off by this, but was thankful once the girl opened the elevator for her. The girl just smiled at Erica and told her if she needed anything else to feel free to ask. Erica smiled back and thanked her for the help as the doors slid shut.   
  
Erica had to bend over once again and use her tongue to press the button for the top floor, but was soon lifted on her way. As she rode up, the elevator made one unexpected stop at another floor. Nervously, Erica wondered who would be on the other side of the doors when they slid open, and how they would react when the elevator would reveal her naked form to them.   
  
The doors took forever to open, or at least that is what Erica felt, and when they did Erica's nerves were calmed when no one waiting on the other side. Someone must have pressed the up button on accident, or just decided against waiting for the elevator. Whatever the case, the doors slid back shut, and the elevator continued its journey upwards. Erica was relieved for her luck, and regained her focus on the task at hand.   
  
The next stop for the elevator was at Erica's destination, and she exited the lift determined to complete her challenge. She slowly entered the main hall to the rooms, and looked around to see if everything was clear. Convinced that she was alone in the hall, she trekked off towards the stairwell. She reached the entrance door and just as her master had said it would be, it was without a lock. However, she did struggle some trying to open it with her hands locked behind her, but was soon inside the stairwell.   
  
Her hike down the stairs was rather uneventful; though she was nervous about all the noise her heels were making on the steel steps possibly drawing attention from someone. Also, she had to make a conscious effort to keep her balance since she was without hands to keep her steady. But within no time, she found herself down at the bottom of the stairs and located her left behind room key.   
  
Picking it up, just like opening the door earlier, also created a bit of a struggle. Erica had to crouch down and grab it behind her without being able to see it. It took a couple of attempts, but she was able to finally retrieve it, and with it in her hands she made her way back up to her room.   
  
When she reached her floor she pushed open the door and walked the hallway to her door. Again she had a bit of trouble figuring how to get the key in to unlock the door, but as she had with everything else had it done in just a few tries. The final bit of her task was once again challenging, but it did not deter her at all. Erica simply walked over to the desk, got down onto her knees, shuffled herself under it, and worked to release the key. After minutes of calculating and attempting, the key to her cuffs was free and she soon had the restraints off.   
  
With a sigh of relief to have accomplished her master's task, she picked up her phone and gave him a call. I took only one ring before he answered and begun to speak.  
  
"I'll take this call to signify you have completed your task, and have successfully removed all of your restraints."   
  
"Yes master."   
  
"Very well, get some sleep and I will contact you in the morning with instructions about your next task."  
  
As he had always done before, the line went dead and Erica was left to go over the experience on her own. She had just two more tasks to complete before her master returned from his business trip, and she went to bed thinking of all the possible things he could have her do. It was three a.m. and she knew he would be calling early, so she wanted to get as much sleep as possible. She didn't even remove the plug; partly because she was tired, and partly because he had told her it was to remain in until further notice.