**Slut Class**

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**Slut Class Ch. 05 - On The Quad**

Stella Potter had always been aggressive about her sexuality. It wasn't so much that she was "oversexed" if that was even a thing, but that she knew that being sexual pissed off the adults around her, and she enjoyed that. She enjoyed the glares of older women in the mall as she walked around in short-shorts and crop tops that barely covered her DD breasts, which she often enhanced with the aid of a push-up bra. She enjoyed the sidelong looks of her peers, and the snarky comments of those who were jealous because they assumed Stella was getting way more action than they were. The truth was Stella was getting a little more action than they were, but not nearly as much as most of them thought.  
  
Since enrolling in the Slut Class, Stella had started to get a major case of imposter syndrome. She wasn't a prude. But she used her sexuality like armor, and some of the other girls were taking it further than she ever had. For the first time, she felt like she was struggling to keep up. She used to think, or at least hope, most of the guys in her high school were wanking, thinking about her, but the Big Screen had changed all that. First, it showed various topless girls from class, Stella among them. That was fine. But lately it had been showing footage of Valerie Lebelle sucking a cock in a glory hole, and Valerie looked amazing doing that. Karen Taylor sucking Nikki Love's strap-on was very popular too. Literally everyone on campus had watched that. Every guy probably thought about it when they were jerking off. Heck, half the girls probably thought about it. Valerie and Karen were now the biggest sex symbols at Maplewood College.  
  
And that was what led Stella to proposition Kenny Johnson, the best basketball player Maplewood College had ever known. Her ego needed stroking, especially after striking out with the first guy she asked.  
  
She was riding him cowgirl style. She liked the way his dark skin contrasted with her paleness, his wild black pubic hair with her neatly trimmed, pink-dyed landing strip. Riding him, she was in control of the way his cock angled inside her, and she could make sure it hit her g-spot just right each time. It wasn't too big, despite all the rumors about tall Black men, and it wasn't too small. It was just right. His eyes were exactly where she wanted them, on her bouncing breasts. She'd orgasmed twice already and she knew he'd been close, but he had good self control.  
  
The cool breeze caressed her, and her knee was rubbing against the scratchy army blanket they'd laid down, but that didn't really bother her. She steadied herself by putting one hand on her backpack, and slipped the other between her legs to play with her clit, arching her back at the same time to give him the best view.  
  
"I'm so close," he said. "I don't know if I can hold on much longer."  
  
"One minute?" she asked.  
  
"I think. Maybe," he said.  
  
"I'll make you a special offer if you can," she said. "I just.... Oh.... Oh my god yes." Waves of pleasure convulsed over her. She had never had any trouble giving herself an orgasm with her fingers, but she had to admit it felt even better with a nice cock inside her.  
  
"What special offer?" he asked.  
  
"If I told you, you'd come even quicker," she said, as she caught her breath. "Mmm, that was good. Wanna pull out and come all over me?"  
  
His eyes widened. "We better do it quick, then."  
  
She jumped off him, ending up on the grass. Just as well, less mess on the blanket. He stood up, also in a hurry.  
  
She looked past him. The picnic blanket was in the middle of the quad. You could see the big screen in the distance, and Valerie's bobbing head on some anonymous cock. It wasn't that she didn't want Valerie to get the attention. She liked Valerie. It's just that Stella wanted it too. Which made it deeply gratifying that none of the sixty or so people gathered around watching were looking at the screen, because they were all looking at her.  
  
And we are putting on quite a show. She recognized two of professors, including her Chem Lab prof. Was he turned on or deeply disapproving? It was hard to tell, and either was a fun thought. Officer Sanborn was watching, too. She'd heard him telling people to stay back. His cock had pitched a tent in the tight breeches of his uniform. She saw students she knew, including prissy Albertina Bronson, who looked aghast. That was satisfying. She'd done a good job of keeping her attention on Kenny, she thought, but now, with him stroking his cock right in front of her face, she was a little distracted.  
  
As a result, the first shot caught her in the eye, and she closed them reflexively as more warm cum splattered her face and breasts. There was lots of it. She was sure it was a good show. She wished she could see the expression on Albertina's face.  
  
The old clock in Merrill Hall's tower rang out two bells.  
  
"Oh, fuck, I'm late to class!" said Stella.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Sorry. I have to run." She grabbed her shorts from her backpack and pulled them on. "I'll catch you later?"  
  
"Uh, just like that?" asked a bewildered Kenny.  
  
"You were awesome. 10 out of 10, would take this ride again. I promise, more fucking to come. But I have to get to class."  
  
She ran, topless, toward Tolliver Hall, aware that her bouncing boobs presented quite a show, especially wet with Kenny's semen. She also really wished she'd stopped to put her bra on, as well, because they might look good, but boobs bouncing that much hurt. There was a washroom just past class. She'd quickly wash up, and then go to class. Maybe she'd only be ten minutes late. She got the feeling Nikki wouldn't appreciate it if she made too much of an entrance, so she'd slip in and sit in the back for a change. No, that wouldn't work, because the teacher always locked the door for "privacy."  
  
At least the crowd that normally watched the girls go in wasn't there. They'd dissipated already, or maybe most of them had been watching her and Kenny on the quad. She felt bad about leaving him there. He hadn't even got his pants on yet, and he was surrounded by people. That might not be his scene. She was pretty sure she had ways to make it up to him, though. It was displeasing Nikki Love that worried her most. Nikki was the first teacher she truly admired. The first one she couldn't make uncomfortable, and the first one she hadn't wanted to. She hated letting her down.  
  
She ran down the stairs, and then down the hall past class toward the washroom. As she did, the door opened. "Stella!" yelled Rachida.  
  
"What? In a hurry," Stella said back. What was Rachida doing there, rather than sitting in her chair.  
  
"Yeah. Teacher says get in here, right now."  
  
"Gotta wash up."  
  
"Nope. Right now," Rachida said firmly.  
  
Nikki appeared behind her. As always, the teacher was dressed to the nines, somewhere between slutty secretary and hot MILF teacher. Expensive heels and silk stockings, short black skirt, and a blouse casually unbuttoned to reveal a lacy black bra and impressive cleavage. "Thank you, Rachida. Stella, we're all sharing our recent experiences. Please come right in, and share yours."  
  
Stella sighed. Was Nikki fucking psychic or something? She went in the door. Usually, she wore skimpy outfits and stood straight. But walking in covered in cum was entirely different, and she felt herself slumping.  
  
She was startled to see two people sitting in the front, somewhat off to the side. They were in their thirties, and dressed like they were going to the office, and not the slutty office that Nikki was dressed for.  
  
"Chin up," Nikki whispered, as her hand on Stella's elbow steered her to the front of the class. "Back straight. Thatta girl, that's the Stella I know."  
  
"How did you?" Stella whispered back, although the class was so quiet she had no faith she wasn't being heard. "And who are those people?"  
  
"Remember the camera outside? I had Rachida monitor it. And I explained who they were and why they were here at the beginning of class, which you missed." Nikki didn't bother to lower her voice. "Now, then. Tell us what you did this afternoon."  
  
"Uh, hi," said Stella. At least she got to turn her back to the strangers. A few of the other girls were topless, but they had bras on, like Flora, who wore a short skirt and a matching purple bra. Stella would preferred her breasts more covered with fabric and less covered with cum, if she was being stared at.  
  
"Hi Stella," said Flora, with a grin. And then, a wink. Stella had never seen Flora wink before. Stella winked at Flora all the time, after deciding Flora was a bit stuck up and discovering that winking annoyed her. Her first thought was that Flora was getting payback. But Flora's voice wasn't mocking, and neither was the grin, the more she looked at it. She's rooting for me. She's telling me to get my mojo back.  
  
"So, everybody, I decided to fuck on the lawn outside on the quad. Some of you probably watched me. Since Officer Sanborn said he wouldn't arrest us, I figured, why not? So I got myself some BBC, and..."  
  
Rachida cleared her throat and raised her hand.  
  
"Um, Stella," said Nikki disapprovingly.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"The phrase BBC, when it means Big Black Cock and not the British Broadcasting Corporation, is objectifying. It reduces a human being down to just their genitals. It's like saying 'I got myself a white piece of ass.' Not okay. In addition, the notion that Black men in particular are mostly about their genitals has been used to denigrate their intelligence and even justify lynchings simply because they looked the wrong way at a white woman. Not cool."  
  
"Oh, shit," said Stella. "I didn't mean it like that, I just was..." She trailed off, thinking she'd done Kenny wrong for a second time that day.  
  
"Making yourself the star. Which is something I generally approve of," said Nikki. "I think we all know the person you fucked as an outstanding student-athlete. Nothing to be ashamed of there."  
  
Stella caught Flora's expression again. She expected Flora to chime in on Nikki's lecture with something about intersectionality, but Flora just gave her a meaningful look that seemed to say, "Get with it. You can do this."  
  
"So," Stella continued. "I got myself, as Nikki said, an excellent student-athlete, and fucked him out on the quad. We were just there, doing our own thing, but somehow we attracted a bit of attention. Officer Sanborn kept them all under control, though. And god, was his cock hard!"  
  
Everyone giggled, which gave Stella confidence.  
  
"I was doing him cowgirl, so everyone could see everything going on. He has really good control, too. 10 out of 10, would recommend to my friends. Am, in fact." There, doing him a solid. Although I hope to make it up to him in person.  
  
There was more laughter at that, and Stella felt in her element again.  
  
"Anyway, once we had an audience I started thinking about how everything would look, like Nikki was talking about in the blowjob class the other day, and so ..." She gestured at her tits and her face. "So I asked him to come on me, as the grand finale. And then the bell rang out that it was time for class."  
  
"And so you ran here, covered in cum," said Nikki. She had that shrewd look on her face she had when she was testing people, and Stella recognized it. Others withered under that look, but Stella had a well trained bravado instinct.  
  
"That's right!" she said, arching her back. "All over my face and tits. Didn't even stop to lick any off." She lifted her right breast and took a lick. It probably would have been a sexier move before the cum started drying, but she hammed it up anyway, licking her lips.  
  
"Thank you, Stella. You may be seated." Nikki pointed to an empty seat near the front of the class, next to Flora. "You may wash after class."  
  
Stella went to her seat, feeling decidedly underdressed and overexposed, although she tried to fake like she didn't care. It certainly didn't help that sitting down left her facing the two strangers, who seemed to be staring at her.  
  
"How many of you would enjoy having sex on the quad?" Nikki asked.  
  
"In daylight, or at night?" asked Rachida.  
  
Nikki laughed. "Let's say just before class."  
  
Several hands went up. Stella guessed it was less than half.  
  
"I'm not saying for sure, but it just might be an assignment at some point," Nikki said. "Jeni, I think you had a story for us?"  
  
Jeni, a slender, freckled redhead, nodded and got up. "It's not as wild as Stella's, I'm afraid, but it was a big deal to me..."  
  
Stella leaned over. There were people she'd rather ask, but Flora was closest. "Who are the old people in the corner?"  
  
"Grups? Never mind," Flora whispered back. "Observers. They are here to help us get comfortable with being..." Flora stopped, and looked up at Nikki.  
  
Nikki had set the flapper end of a riding crop on Flora's hand, and was holding it like it was scepter. "Pay attention to your fellow slut when she's talking, Flora Alicia."  
  
Flora winced. "I'm sorry. Sorry Jeni!"  
  
She has a riding crop? It must have been on the desk behind the laptop and stuff. And the middle name treatment. Stella never thought she'd be sticking up for Flora, and yet she found herself saying, "I'm sorry. My fault, not Flora's."  
  
"I'm aware," said Nikki. She turned back toward the front. "Please continue, Jeni. You had his cock in your mouth..."  
  
Jeni giggled. "Yes ma'am. I had his cock in my mouth, and then suddenly I just really wanted him to cum. It was funny, because I've never been -- I mean, definitely not my first blowjob, and if I'm going to do a job I like doing it well and finishing what I start. Guys like it when I swallow, and it's less mess."  
  
Definitely less mess, thought Stella.  
  
Jeni continued. "But I never actually looked forward to the ending, or the taste. But this time I did, and it was really fun. I think doing it with people last time really helped, and seeing the enthusiasm everyone gave it. I felt really proud to be a slut, not just like I was doing the thing I had to do to keep a boyfriend, you know?"  
  
"That's lovely," said Nikki. "I'm so proud of you."  
  
"Then when I was done, he said he noticed something was different. Good different? I asked him. And he said yes. So I told him about class, and he got all jealous and told me I was never to suck another guy's cock again."  
  
Stella glanced at Nikki, but Nikki just raised her eyebrows.  
  
"So," said Jeni. "I dumped him. I'd been seeing him for six months."  
  
Nikki walked back up to the front. "Need a hug?"  
  
Jeni smiled and shook her head. "Don't need one, but I'll take one."  
  
Nikki smiled back and embraced her. "Thank you for sharing."  
  
Jeni smiled. "This group gives me courage. And ma'am, you'll find my release form on your desk. I'm ready to embrace my inner slut."  
  
Many of the girls, including Stella, had filled out release forms, allowing Nikki to put photographs or videos of them up on the big screen in front of the Student Union. Nikki had topless photos of everyone, and so the girls who had signed appeared in a slide show twice a day. "That's amazing and awesome," Nikki gushed, as Jeni went back to her seat.  
  
"How many of you would have dumped him?" Nikki asked.  
  
Stella raised her hand. Flora did too. Maybe it was unanimous, as Nikki was giving an approving nod.  
  
"We really can't be held back by men, can we?" said Nikki. "Men are awesome, but sometimes they seek to control us when their minds get filled with archaic, patriarchal points of view. Now, let's discuss the book I assigned."  
  
Oh yeah, that. The Ethical Slut. Stella's mind drifted back to the quad, the people watching, and the look on Albertina's face just before Kenny jizzed all over her. She paid just enough attention to the rest of class, a little surprised they weren't doing more for the "observers." But maybe talking about being sluts was boundary pushing enough. If she knew Nikki, she'd push it more the next time, and the time after that.  
  
After class, she filed out with the rest of the students, almost forgetting she was covered in cum. She was surprised to see Kenny standing there, and from the look on his face, he was surprised about something too.  
  
"Wow, didn't want to wash off my cum, huh?" Kenny asked. "That's so cool."  
  
Well, not exactly. But I'll let him think that.  
  
"I was thinking," Kenny said, "you and me, maybe we could be a couple, huh? Go steady?"  
  
Stella smiled. "Honey, you're handsome, skilled, athletic, intelligent, and a great fuck. You shouldn't be settling for just one girl. I mean, look at all these lovely --" she just about said ladies, but decided to use Nikki's word instead as she gestured around her, "sluts. I just put in a good word about you."  
  
"But... well, no girl has ever said that to me before."  
  
"All sorts of girls. And I want to do things with lots of different guys, too. All kinds of guys. All sorts of cocks."  
  
"You know that once you go bla—"  
  
Stella put a finger to her lips. "Kenny, you don't need that line. I will fuck you again. In the meantime, have some fun, 'kay?"  
  
"You want to fuck all the guys, or something?" Kenny said.  
  
"Nothing wrong with that," said Nikki, who was standing right behind her. Stella didn't know how long she'd been there, but she noticed guys tended to just stare at her and agree when she said stuff, and Kenny was no exception. The combination of being old enough to be their mother but super sexy and slutty at the same time seemed to catch them in a state between lust and deference.  
  
"Some of the girls, too," said Stella. "Like..." She turned, hoping whoever she spotted would play along, at least for Kenny's benefit.  
  
"L-l-like Flora here," she said.  
  
"Well," said Flora, "I guess that's one way to fuck the patriarchy. Let's go, Stella." Flora put her arm around Stella's waist, and now it was Stella who had no choice but to play along.  
  
"Y'know," said Stella, as they left Kenny behind with the rest of the class. She was confident that he'd find someone to have some fun with, at the very least. "I always thought 'fuck the patriarchy' meant doing the whole football team."  
  
"You did not think that," Flora said.  
  
"Okay," Stella agreed. "I didn't. But it's funny, isn't it?"  
  
"Almost as funny as the old joke about how many feminists does it take to screw in a lightbulb."  
  
"Uh, how many?"  
  
"That's not funny!" said Flora, in a mock offended voice, and both girls laughed.  
  
"Thanks for playing along," said Stella. The two beautiful half-naked coeds were attracting attention as they walked outside Tolliver Hall, but at least they had enough distance now that no one could hear them talk.  
  
"Who was playing along?" said Flora. "Want to hear another joke?"  
  
Stella blinked. "Um, okay."  
  
"How many feminists does it take to screw in my room?" asked Flora.  
  
"How many?" Stella asked reflexively, as they walked across the quad.  
  
"I think two, but we can find out. I am going to ask you to wash up first."  
  
"Uh, good," Stella said, about the washing up, and then realized she maybe should have responded to the other part.  
  
"Have you ever done it with a girl before, Stella?"  
  
"Um, no," she said.  
  
"Me neither. Something to talk about next class, hmm?" Flora kissed her on the cheek, in a spot Kenny had missed, and they walked together quietly after that, but Stella had the odd sensation that her cheek stayed warm where Flora had kissed it.

**Slut Class Ch. 06 - Slut's Revenge**

"So, we've been spending a lot of time talking about how to be a slut." Nikki stood up in front of class wearing a skirt suit, with a blouse that was unbuttoned to show off her surgically enhanced breasts and her lacy black bra. "But today we are going to talk about who to be a slut with. But first, as usual, I want you to share your own experiences."  
  
The observers weren't there today, which was evidence that today would not be hands on. Jeni Cartwright raised her hand. Generally, slut class had been good sexy fun, and she'd learned a lot about herself. She hated to be a downer, but she still wanted to share.  
  
"Jeni?" Nikki asked. "Is this about what you told me earlier?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Ah, good. Together, I hope we can help you out. I want you all to think of ways you can help Jeni."  
  
Jeni moved to stand next to Nikki. "So, I mentioned that I broke up with my boyfriend last time. Well, he's been trying to get revenge, in between trying to get back together with me on his terms. He wrote my name and number on the walls of several bathrooms around campus, calling me a slut and a whore and saying I give free blowjobs."  
  
"Pretty sure whores don't give freebies, that's sort of the point," remarked Nikki.  
  
"Yeah," said Jeni, feeling herself blush. "You've taught us not to be ashamed of those things, but well... whore is inaccurate. Anyway, I've been getting heavy breathing calls, abusive calls, people who think that just because I like sex I'll want sex with them. It's making it hard for me to be the happy slut I want to be."  
  
"How do you know it was him who wrote your name on the walls, Jeni?"  
  
She had already gone over it with Nikki, so that question was for the benefit of the class. "Somebody texted me a picture of the graffiti. I was with Harold for six months; I know what his handwriting looks like."  
  
"Thanks, Jeni," Nikki said. "Anyone else have something to share? Stella?"  
  
Stella bounced up as Jeni walked back. Her boobs bounced too. "Had a hot lesbian experience," she said. "Also, an MMF threesome."  
  
"Good experience?"  
  
"Yes, to both." Stella kept looking over at Flora as she talked. Stella and Flora hadn't gotten along since the first day of class, so Stella was probably taunting Flora about something.  
  
"Anyone else?"  
  
Rachida raised her hand. "I gave two different guys blowjobs within an hour of each other."  
  
"Did they know about it?"  
  
"None of their business, really," said Rachida.  
  
"Fair enough. Used to be, in the days before STIs were all curable, it was important to know what your partner was doing with who, but now it's different," Nikki said. "You girls are lucky to be growing up now. So, my lovely fellow sluts, who should a slut fuck?"  
  
"Everyone?" asked Stella quickly.  
  
"A little too broad," Nikki said. "Wouldn't be much of a class."  
  
"Whoever we want to, regardless of gender identification or ethnicity," said Flora.  
  
"A better answer, although I'm not sure your 'regardless' actually changes anything from 'whoever we want to.'" Nikki wrote 'People we fuck' on the whiteboard in front of class, and under that 'whoever we want to.'  
  
Jeni had concluded that Flora was a good person, but she still seemed to need to compete for the 'best feminist' award. Still, while she once seemed uptight, now Flora rarely even bothered to wear a shirt, preferring lacy bras that showed off her toned stomach and lovely brown breasts.  
  
"People who know how to please us," said Rachida.  
  
Nikki wrote 'people who are good at it' on the board and then crossed over to the other side and wrote 'People we don't fuck.'  
  
Abby pushed Karen's hand up, and Karen pushed her away and pulled it down.  
  
Nikki laughed. "Abby, do you have something for Karen to say?"  
  
Abby blushed.  
  
"Come on, now, Abby, if it's fine to put your friend on the spot, you can't complain when it's your turn."  
  
"She told me something the other day," said Abby.  
  
"Hmm?"  
  
"She'd fuck whoever you told her to."  
  
Karen mumbled something.  
  
"Is that true, Karen?" asked Nikki  
  
Karen glared at Abby, and then said, softly, "Yes, ma'am."  
  
There were giggles all around. "Some people find Dominant/submissive relationships where they don't decide to be super-hot, and that can definitely change who you want to fuck," said Nikki. "Karen and I do not have such a relationship negotiated, however. Negotiation is very important if you're going to give authority to another person. We'll have a class on such relationships later, and we'll try to figure out where on the Dominant-submissive spectrum each of you lies." She wrote 'D/s' up on the board. "Now let's talk about the other side. Who don't we fuck?"  
  
"Smelly people," said Stella.  
  
Nikki translated this to 'Poor hygiene.'  
  
"Relatives," said Valerie, making a face.  
  
"Uh-huh," said Nikki, and wrote that down. "Family relationships are so complicated that it's really difficult for real consent to be there on both sides."  
  
"People we're not attracted to," said Flora.  
  
Nikki wrote, 'People we are not attracted to' up on the board.  
  
"Anyone else?" asked Nikki, looking right at Jeni, who had been happy to be quiet.  
  
What was it Nikki wanted her to say? "People who call randomly after seeing your name on a bathroom wall?" She guessed.  
  
There were giggles, and Nikki said, "That's very specific. What I have in mind is really the flip side of what Flora said—'People who are not attracted to us.' You would think that people who don't like us wouldn't want to have sex with us. But studies show that many people, especially men, love porn—a shock, I know—and would eagerly fuck a porn star, and yet if you ask them if it would be okay for their sister to do porn, or their partner, or anyone they know, their answer is no way. In fact, the same men who want to fuck a porn star, often would dump their girlfriend if they did porn or fucked another man."  
  
"It's the patriarchal double standard," said Flora.  
  
"Right?" Nikki said enthusiastically. "Many men love the idea of sexually free and powerful women, but they don't want the women they know to be sexually free."  
  
Nikki turned to write on the board, 'slut shamers.'  
  
Jeni raised her hand, and spoke after Nikki acknowledged her. "Harold used to love porn. Even when we were monogamous, he insisted on a special 'Riley Reid exception.' I knew he wouldn't have a chance, so I said sure."  
  
"This is the same guy who insisted you not give blowjobs to other guys," Nikki said. "Can we all show Jeni some solidarity on this one?"  
  
A bunch of the class said, "Yeah!"  
  
Nikki wrote 'Harold' on the board, which started a lively conversation, where the girls dished out the gossip, both good and bad. Before the class ended, Jeni had a list of people to avoid in her notebook, and a few recommended guys as well. A year ago, she had thought that if you met someone who you had chemistry with, you kept them to yourself, and didn't tell other women for fear they'd steal your catch away. But the longer the list grew, the more people wanted to share. There were plenty of guys to go around, and why settle for just one?  
  
"Next week, short skirts, no panties, and bring your favorite sex toy," Nikki said as class ended. "And if you're the one person who hasn't given me a release yet, consider bringing that to class as well."  
  
Jeni knew who that was about. There was a slide show that sometimes appeared on the big screen in front of the Student Union. The last time she had watched, it showed topless pictures of all the girls but one: Gina, a quiet girl who rarely spoke, and attracted little attention to herself. Still, she'd always done the assignments as far as Jeni could tell.  
  
"Jeni?" Stella was standing in front of her, breasts barely contained by her tight white crop top and black bra. Flora was standing next to her.  
  
"Hmm?" asked Jeni.  
  
"We have an idea to help you."  
  
"Um, okay... tell me?"  
  
Flora and Stella filled her in.  
  
"Wow. In public?" asked Jeni. She thought about it for a moment. "You're right. It's just the thing. Let's do it."  
  
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The next day Jeni spotted Harold walking across the quad, as she had expected. He had an eleven o'clock class. Stella and Flora stood thirty feet away for immoral support.  
  
Jeni had chosen her outfit carefully. She wore the tight black T-shirt and snug jeans that Harold had told her looked sexy, even though she'd mostly moved on to more revealing looks. Stella and Flora were going to attract far more attention, as neither of them were wearing shirts at all, just lacy underwire bras—black for Flora, red for Stella.  
  
Jeni went to her knees, just off the path that Harold was taking, immediately in his frame of view. She would have been on the path, but the grass was much better on her knees than the gravelly path, and the point wasn't for her to suffer.  
  
Harold spotted her, as planned, and kept walking toward her. Hopefully, he'd think the position was penitential. Of course I won't suck any more men's cocks, Harold. Only yours. You're the only man for me. Something like that. As he got closer, his look of confidence grew.  
  
From her right, she could just catch Ian McSweeney walking toward her across the grass. Ian was Flora's boyfriend—super smart, more than a bit of a nerd.  
  
"Hey, Jeni," said Harold with a swagger.  
  
"Hi, Jeni," said Ian, in the same calm voice he always used.  
  
"Oh, hi, Harold," said Jeni, making a moment of eye contact before pivoting slightly to turn toward Ian.  
  
Ian unzipped his pants, and his cock sprang into view. It was already half-hard, and even half-hard, it looked like more than a mouthful. Jeni was about to find out. She wrapped her lips around it and started bobbing up and down, looking up at Ian with her wide green eyes.  
  
"Uh." Harold stood there with his mouth open, watching his ex-girlfriend give Ian head in the middle of the quad.  
  
What was the word Harold had called Ian once? A geek. He was always dishing little remarks about other guys. The world was a competition to Harold, whether it was beating people at squash or who had the hottest girlfriend. And apparently one couldn't win the hottest girlfriend competition unless one owned her sexuality completely.  
  
Ian's cock hardened in her mouth. She wanted to peek at Harold's expression, but she also wanted to make it clear she was completely focused on Ian and his cock, and she couldn't do both. Fortunately, Flora had her phone and was recording it all.  
  
"Hey, that girl's taking pictures of you," said Harold, apparently finding his voice.  
  
Jeni just kept sucking as Harold went past her. "What do you think you're doing?" Harold asked Flora angrily.  
  
"Hi handsome," said Stella.  
  
With Harold's eyes not on her, Jeni watched the tableau unfold. Stella's red bra barely contained her DD breasts. She sauntered up to Harold, whose eyes predictably went downward to take in the two fleshy demi-globes so well displayed, and he stood there staring while Stella placed one hand on his shoulder, and then a hand on the other, each act deliberate and melodramatic.  
  
"I want to get revenge on Jeni. That bitch. I hear her name and number's all over the bathroom walls." Stella's hand moved from shoulder to chest, and then further down. "I bet she could see if I sucked your cock, right here. You know I'd do it, right? You watched me fuck on the quad the other day, I saw you."  
  
"I—I—"  
  
"I bet she put it there herself. Who else would, right?" Stella said. "C'mon, whip it out. You want it between my tits?" Stella squeezed her boobs together and winked at Harold lasciviously.  
  
People were stopping to watch, naturally. Flora pivoted the camera to show Harold and Stella. Harold hesitated, then unzipped.  
  
"It's kinda small," Stella exclaimed.  
  
"What?" asked Harold. As far as Jeni could tell, Harold was pretty average in the cock department, but she stifled a giggle at the comment, and realized she wasn't paying nearly enough attention to the blowjob she was giving.  
  
"It's okay," said Ian. "You can make it up to me later. Or not, if you don't want to."  
  
Jeni smiled thankfully to him and turned her head to watch Harold and Stella, holding Ian's cock in her hand and stroking it absently.  
  
"I'm having second thoughts," Stella said.  
  
"What the fuck?" asked Harold, his dick waving in the breeze and slowly deflating.  
  
"I bet you wrote your ex-girlfriend's name on the bathroom walls yourself." Stella's normal voice was loud and brash, which Jeni thought was annoying usually. But right now, and with Stella projecting, it was hilarious. There had to be fifty people or more who could hear her, and all the small campus news would spread quickly.  
  
"Oh my god," said Flora. "He did what?"  
  
"Wrote his ex-girlfriend's name and number on the bathroom walls!" Stella shouted, as if Flora was having difficulty hearing her the first time.  
  
"Wow, why?" asked Flora.  
  
"Because he's happy to get head from the biggest slut on campus," Stella said, referring to herself, "but apparently that's not okay for his girl, and that's the puny, pathetic, passive aggressive way this double-standard limp dick gets revenge."  
  
Jeni blinked. Stella was going off script, but she had to admit that at the moment limp dick was accurate, and with him standing in front of two half-naked beautiful co-eds, too.  
  
"What the heck," said Flora, "I mean, that's so twentieth century. My boyfriend's over there getting his cock sucked and I'm happy for him. I told him that if Jeni wants to suck his dick, he shouldn't pass that up."  
  
Jeni hastily stuffed Ian's cock back in her mouth, as she felt eyes turn back to her, including Harold's. She peeled up her shirt, flashing her own braless chest at the crowd, and used every trick she'd learned from the class on giving dramatic blowjobs.  
  
"Oh, now his cock's twitching. No wonder he wrote her name on the wall. He tells her he wants her to be faithful, but he gets hard watching her give another guy head."  
  
"I--" sputtered Harold and hastily reached for his zipper. "Ouuuuuuch!"  
  
Jeni was not up to the challenge of laughing and giving head at the same time. Even Ian was smirking as Harold zipped up too fast and too carelessly.  
  
"You'll have plenty of chance to watch her, Harold," said Flora. "Look on the screen."  
  
The big screen in front of the student union showed Jeni eagerly sucking some anonymous cock. A press of a button from Flora, and Nikki uploaded it.  
  
"You can't slut shame us," Stella said. "The only thing you can get is crossed off the list of who we sleep with. A list that includes almost everyone but you."  
  
Not quite the way Jeni would put it, but Stella was Stella. Harold had apparently got zipped up. He ran. The old clock on Merrill Hall chimed eleven bells, so if he was still heading to class he'd be late.  
  
Ian took a step back and zipped up. She protested, but he said, "I know that was just for show, Jeni. It's okay."  
  
"I—I was kinda distracted, but your cock is pretty tasty."  
  
"Then let's do it sometime when the point isn't to get back at Harold," Ian said, offering a hand to help her to her feet.  
  
Stella and Flora walked over, and the crowd dissipated.  
  
"Puny, pathetic, limp dick?" Jeni asked.  
  
"I extemporized," said Stella.  
  
"Factually, it never got all the way soft," said Flora, "and it never really got all the way hard when he was watching you."  
  
"Pretty sure that's not what people will say they saw," said Stella. "As someone who has had her name and number put on bathroom walls before, I kinda took out some of my frustrations there."  
  
"So now what?" asked Jeni. "I kinda feel I have unfinished business with Ian here, but I don't want to take away from you two having couple time."  
  
"Us two?" asked Flora. "You mean me and Ian, or me and Stella?"  
  
"You and Stella?" asked Jeni, looking back and forth between the two girls.  
  
"Hmm," said Stella. "I mean, I guess we could." She winked at Flora. "I mean, you weren't too bad the first time. On one condition."  
  
"Condition?" asked Flora.  
  
"Well, we didn't have an audience last time," said Stella.  
  
"We're not going to do it right here in the quad," Flora retorted.  
  
"No, silly. My dorm room. Ian, Jeni, you guys come too. We'll give Ian a show."  
  
Jeni looked between them all, and they all looked at her. It seemed all of them were down with Stella's plan.  
  
They helped me out, she thought. I should help them. And then, as that thought faded, she realized she wanted to. She'd been having many new experiences lately, and she wanted to keep that up. "Let's do this."  
  
Jeni's phone buzzed, and Flora handed it back to her. It was a text from Nikki.  
  
"The custodians tell me they've scrubbed your name and number from all the bathroom walls. You are a sexy, gorgeous slut, and I'm so proud of you."  
  
The others were already heading toward Stella's dorm, and Jeni ran to catch up. Flora had one arm around Ian's waist, and one arm around Stella's, and she wasn't sure what side to be on.  
  
"Over here," said Stella, motioning her. "Let her have Ian to herself for a moment, before you give him head again."  
  
Stella's arm went over her shoulder, and Jeni put her arm around Stella as well. It had been hard to make friends while in a relationship with Harold. Walking together across campus was perfect with her new friends was perfect.

**Slut Class Ch. 07 - Show and Moan**

"Thank you, Stella and Flora, for sharing." Nikki Love sat on the edge of her desk in front of the class, wearing just a black bra and a short black skirt, seamed stockings and heels. Stella and Flora walked back to their seats, a study in contrasts. Flora was dressed like Nikki, in a black bra and skirt combination. Stella, on the other hand, had a ripped Harley Quinn T-shirt that barely covered any of her large breasts, cut-off shorts that showed off an inch of bare cheek, and tennis shoes. At the beginning of the semester, Abigail would have sworn the two would be mortal enemies, and yet they just got up in front of class and shared that they'd slept together.  
  
A man and a woman in their thirties sat in chairs to the side of the desk. Their names were unknown. Nikki had brought them in a few classes back as a silent audience for everything that went on. Some classes they were there, sometimes they weren't. The girls referred to them simply as the observers.  
  
Abigail's heart was pounding. Don't call on me. Don't call on me.  
  
"Abby? I believe you have something to share."  
  
Of course she called on me.  
  
"Go ahead," whispered Karen, a thin blond with straight hair. Karen was Abigail's best friend in class, but she also had a huge crush on Nikki, their professor. She'd do anything to please and probably figured Abigail should too.  
  
Abigail got out of her seat, because staying there would be more embarrassing than telling the class. So she walked up, knees shaking, and turned to face all the other girls.  
  
Before she could talk, Nikki spoke. "I think we all remember how Abby was on the first day of class. She's come an enormous way, and I'm so proud of her. Her skirt is showing off her long, lovely legs, and I really like the white shirt and black bra look on her. And I think you look good as a blonde, Abby."  
  
She'd bleached her hair recently, and she had to admit she liked it. Her hair had been an in-between shade, not quite brunette, not quite blonde. Now it was practically platinum, and Abby wondered if it was too drastic. As for her wardrobe, Nikki had been coaching her. She was showing more cleavage than she was comfortable with, but in a burst of enthusiasm she'd cut off all the top buttons from all her shirts. She'd had second thoughts about that, but she wouldn't buy a whole new wardrobe, knowing that Nikki would only encourage her to cut more buttons off.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Hi, Abby!" said several of the girls.  
  
It had been Nikki who had started calling her Abby, and it had caught on with pretty much everyone in class. Abigail thought of Abby as almost an alternate persona that was taking over. Abigail would never walk around campus dressed like this, but Abby totally would.  
  
"I, um, lost my virginity yesterday."  
  
She didn't expect anyone to be shocked, or disappointed. She was the only virgin left in class. The other girls had done all sorts of crazy things. She figured what was a big deal for her would be a big yawn for everyone else.  
  
Instead, someone started clapping, and everyone else joined in. "Woohoo!" "About time!" "You go, girl!"  
  
She blushed. Well, at least that's over. She started back toward her seat.  
  
"How was it Abby?" asked Nikki.  
  
She stopped. "Um, good, I guess."  
  
"Would do again?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Same guy, or someone different?"  
  
"Uh. I deliberately chose someone I wouldn't get attached to, just to get, um, over the hump."  
  
"Oh, so smart," said Nikki.  
  
Sure. It was your idea. Just like the way I'm dressed that you complimented earlier.  
  
"Did it hurt?" asked Jeni.  
  
"Um, not too bad. And not after the first few seconds."  
  
"How many times did he make you cum?" asked Flora.  
  
"Once," Abby said.  
  
"How many times did you make him cum?" asked Stella.  
  
"Also once." She hadn't anticipated getting the third degree.  
  
Her discomfort must have been obvious because Nikki seemed to take pity on her. "Well, we're all going to be cumming a lot more today. Abby, you can be seated. Does anyone else have anything to share or shall we get on with today's class?"  
  
Nobody raised their hands, and Abby made it back to her seat. Karen gave her a thumbs up. Class had made Abby feel vastly sexier, when she was out on campus or going into town for a restaurant. And yet, it was only in class, in the presence of the other girls, that she still felt plain.  
  
"You'll remember," said Nikki, "That I asked you to bring your favorite vibrator or dildo or whatever you use for masturbation into class. Hold aloft whatever toy you brought—or just your hand, if that's your favorite way to get off."  
  
Abby raised a small massager that fit in her hand. She didn't need more powerful vibrations, just her fantasies and "the pink thing" as she called it.  
  
"I see some of you brought things that plug in," Nikki said. "Take seats near the edge of class—switch if you have to—there are power strips that should handle all of you. Well, all of your toys, anyway. I don't think there's a power strip ever made that could handle the amazing energy all you sexy sluts have."  
  
It still weirded her out how casually Nikki used the word "slut" to describe all of them. Abby didn't feel like a slut, even though she did just have sex with a boy she wasn't in love with, and basically just because he'd asked her if she would and she wanted to get the whole virginity thing over with.  
  
She saw Stella plug in a big magic wand. Now Stella—Stella was a slut. Dressed like one, acted like one, banged the star of the basketball team in front of everyone on the quad. Abby was jealous of Stella, but she didn't think she'd ever be that open.  
  
Thinking about the word distracted her. They weren't just sharing the things they used so they could talk about them. Nikki expected them to use them. In class. With those two strange people watching.  
  
"Okay, girls. Panties off, if you're wearing them, and minus five points if you are. Today, you're going to become more comfortable with your bodies. Make sure to face our guests, and spread your legs nice and wide, that's good. Stella, Rachida, you all are such good sluts, nothing to be ashamed of. Your pussies are all beautiful. Abby, Flora, you girls too."  
  
"Want me to help you with your panties?" Stella asked Flora, in her usual loud voice.  
  
"Not wearing any, silly. Weren't you paying attention in class last time?" asked Flora.  
  
"Oops."  
  
Abby simply froze. She felt like everyone was staring at her. Certainly Nikki was looking at her steadily, tapping her fingers on her outer thigh, right on the bare section between stockings and skirt.  
  
"Legs spread nice and wide, that's it, girls." Nikki looked straight at Abby, who slowly spread her legs. She wasn't wearing panties, either, as Nikki had directed last class, although she'd been pulling at the hem of her skirt all day just to make sure she stayed covered. Now the observers could see everything. The woman was looking right at her, she knew it. Her hesitation probably attracted their attention. No. Look at Stella. Look at Karen. Come on, someone do something freaky and distract them. At least the man's view was blocked.  
  
"Start playing with yourselves, ladies." Nikki spoke in a soothing voice. "Nothing to be ashamed of. Beautiful pussies, sexy girls, you're going to cum so hard, and it's going to feel so good."  
  
The sound of vibrators filled the room, and Abby turned on hers, too. She followed directions, just to blend in. And maybe it would distract her from the observers.  
  
Nikki put on a small tripod on her desk with a video camera on top. She turned it on before stepping to the side.  
  
Almost all the girls had signed release forms letting Nikki use any pictures of them however she liked as long as it stayed on campus. As a result, their pictures were on a slide show displayed on the big screen outside of the student union, each of them totally topless. Sometimes there would be video clips, too, like the one of Valerie giving a glory-hole blowjob to some anonymous guy.  
  
She'd signed the form because she wanted a good grade, and she had the feeling that "Slut class" was going to be harder for her than Differential Equations.  
  
Concerned that she might get caught in view by accident, she stopped and scooted her chair to the left so she couldn't see the camera anymore through Valerie's back. As a result, she could see the man in front clearly now. Shit, he's looking my way. I can't do this.  
  
Nikki was at her side, and reached out for her elbow. Gently, she guided Abby's arm back into position. "Just feel the good vibrations, Abby. A good slut isn't ashamed of her pussy. Everyone's going to see it eventually."  
  
Everyone? Define everyone. But the moment the vibrator touched her clit, she spasmed. This can't be turning me on.  
  
Fuck, this is totally turning me on.  
  
At least she'd been fairly quiet about it. There was an unmistakably orgasmic loud moan from the front of class, as Nikki resumed her tour of the room. "That's it sluts, just keep cumming and enjoying the pleasure. I'm quite sure this is the only class where you get to have orgasms, so have all you can. Good girls. Stella, play with your own pussy, not Flora's. We'll get to explore each other in a class later in the semester, because even if you aren't into girls, a good slut should know how to put on a show. I didn't think I was bisexual until I started doing porn, and now I love doing it with women and men alike. That's good Gina, I can tell you're so close, go ahead and let yourself cum."  
  
Gina came with a loud scream.  
  
Imagine your audience naked, wasn't that supposed to work? Except that guy up there, I don't know, maybe, if he was naked he'd want to fuck me, no he wouldn't, he'd want to fuck one of the other girls, not me, but he's looking at me, maybe he would want to fuck me, oh my godddddddd.  
  
Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a red light. Nikki must have moved the camera.  
  
Fuck.  
  
"You're edging, aren't you Karen?" Nikki was still making the rounds.  
  
"Um, yes, ma'am." Karen was fucking herself with a big purple dildo.  
  
"That's not what I asked you to do, was it? What are you thinking about?"  
  
"I'm, uh, pretending I need permission."  
  
"Permission to cum? Does needing permission make it even hotter, Karen?"  
  
"Yes Ma'am."  
  
"Permission from whom?"  
  
"You, Ma'am."  
  
"So instead of cumming when I told everyone to, you're getting all hot and bothered by pretending I've told you not to?"  
  
Karen just nodded.  
  
"Will you do anything I tell you to?"  
  
Karen nodded again.  
  
"Give me your shirt."  
  
Karen lifted it off, revealing small, perky breasts.  
  
"Go out in the hall and finish out there. You can't come back in until you cum. I don't care who is watching out there."  
  
Karen's eyes widened. "Oh."  
  
"Do it," said Nikki. "Now. You know you want to obey."  
  
Karen ran, naked, outside, carrying the dildo with her.  
  
Nikki smiled. "I love all your sexualities. Everyone is different, and gets turned on by different things. I noticed some of you are really enjoying this exercise." She seemed to stare right at Abby, but then she moved on. "Flora? How is it going?"  
  
"Almost there, Nikki," Flora said.  
  
"Good girl," Nikki said.  
  
"I wish you wouldn't call us that," said Flora.  
  
Nikki leaned in. "Good slut," she said.  
  
"Or that," said Flora.  
  
"Good sexually empowered woman," said Nikki.  
  
"Oh yes," Flora said, her body visibly shaking.  
  
"Same difference, more syllables," Nikki said. "We're all sluts here." She walked up to the desk, and Abby prayed she was going to move the camera again. The vibrator kept buzzing away at her clit and she was pretty sure she'd come again soon, and she didn't mind doing it in front of the strange man anymore but she still wasn't so sure about the camera.  
  
"That's lovely Rachida," she said. Rachida was right behind Abigail. "I love the way you use the magic wand in little circular motions, that looks like it feels really good. Look around at each other, everyone. See if you can pick up some new techniques, or just enjoy perving."  
  
But don't look at me.  
  
"Jeni, I love the way your mouth moves while you get turned on. Are you thinking about...?" Nikki was still on the move.  
  
"Having a cock in my mouth, too, Dr. Love," Jeni said.  
  
"Thought so. Yummy!" Nikki looked up to the front. "I'm afraid the only man in here isn't allowed any relief during class."  
  
"Can I do him after?" asked Jeni.  
  
"Well, that's for you to negotiate," said Nikki. "And what are you thinking about, Abby?"  
  
Abby looked up at her. "The camera, ma'am."  
  
"Does the camera turn you on?"  
  
Abby shook her head. She was plenty wet, but surely the camera didn't turn her on. She was afraid of the camera.  
  
"It looks like it does," Nikki said, peering closer. "You're very, very wet Abby. You've come once already and I think you're really close to cumming again, aren't you?"  
  
Abby nodded, not trusting her voice.  
  
"Was the man who fucked you the first one who saw your pussy? Other than a Doctor?"  
  
Abby nodded again.  
  
"You're changing fast, aren't you?" Nikki asked.  
  
"Uh-huh." She was so close. She pulled the vibrator away.  
  
"The assignment, Abby, is to keep masturbating."  
  
Abby made a face and moved the vibrator back. "But... you won't show people, will you?"  
  
"Of course I will, Abby," Nikki said. "That beautiful blonde hair, your expressive face, your lovely legs... and your orgasms. They should all be seen. You're blossoming into the slut you've always had inside you, Abby."  
  
She formed the word no with her lips, but she didn't say it. She was only resisting because she was supposed to. She had an image of herself, shy, prudish, conservative. Virginal. But she wasn't that person anymore. She was a sexy blonde who had fucked and would fuck again when she got the chance. Her tits were on display to the whole campus twice a day in the slide show. Nikki had caused that transformation, and she was grateful. And now she wanted to make Nikki proud. Fuck Abigail. I'm Abby now.  
  
She spread her legs a little wider, slid a few fingers of her left hand into her pussy, and stared straight at the red light of the camera. She knew she was right on the edge, and it wouldn't take much more. She pressed the pink vibrator against her clit.  
  
"Oh fuck yes!" she yelled as she came, and her eyes slammed shut. "Oh my God I love being a slut. Oh yes!"  
  
She could hear the cries and moans of other girls as they played with themselves too, and she wasn't sure how much time had passed when she opened her eyes again. Nikki had moved away. Abby imagined there had been a smile of approval first, but if so she had been too busy cumming to see it. She caught her breath, but she didn't close her legs, instead idly teasing her labia and her clit with her fingers, and not caring who or what saw her.  
  
"Thank you all, class." Nikki said, from the front. "You're all very lovely, and I'm so proud of how far you've come, no pun intended. Next week we'll be talking about D/s, and I'll need some volunteers to help me with that. If you aren't working with me, expect to pair up."  
  
Karen was back in her seat, which meant she'd made herself cum in the hall. Karen's top was still lying on the teacher's desk. Not surprisingly, Karen's hand shot up the moment Nikki said "volunteer."  
  
She wasn't the only one. Abby might have volunteered herself, but she didn't want to compete with Karen. She didn't have the hots for the teacher like Karen, but she'd let Nikki guide her so far and she was eager to continue the journey.  
  
Nikki scanned the class, pausing briefly when her gaze came to Karen, and then moving on. She smiled. "Gina! Now there's a surprise. Can you meet me in my office after class to negotiate?"  
  
"Yes," said Gina.  
  
Unsurprisingly, Karen looked disappointed. The decision confused Abby until she thought about how Nikki had taken her under her wing. Gina was the one girl who hadn't signed the release form yet. Karen had demonstrated that she'd obey Nikki without question. It was Gina who had the most to learn from the exercise, just as Abby had needed more guidance than Stella.  
  
Most of the other girls were straightening their skirts and filing out. Jeni went up to talk to the observers. Karen walked toward Nikki's desk, and Abby went with her. Karen reached for her shirt.  
  
"What do you think you're doing, Karen?" asked Nikki.  
  
"Um, getting my shirt back?"  
  
Nikki shook her head.  
  
"No?" asked Karen.  
  
Nikki smiled and shook her head again.  
  
"You're going to keep it, Ma'am?" Karen asked.  
  
"Yes. I think you've been a good girl, and you deserve to show off your tits for the rest of the day."  
  
Karen nodded. "Yes, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am."  
  
"Abby?"  
  
"Yes?" Abby asked, almost adding a "Ma'am" herself.  
  
"I think you're ready for another button."  
  
Abby looked down at her shirt. If she unbuttoned one more, her bra would be showing. She looked back at Nikki, who was holding out a pair of scissors.  
  
Karen would be walking around completely topless, nipples exposed to the world. But Karen had been noticeably braless since the first day of class. Abby had always kept herself covered. She gave it a moment's thought.  
  
Then she took the scissors and cut off every button the blouse had. She handed them back to a surprised Nikki.  
  
"If something's worth doing, it's worth doing well, and completely." She was aware she'd heard the words at home many times. The same home that taught her to be ashamed of her body, but she tried to take the good from every experience and leave the bad. She spread the shirt wide, then bunched up the ends and tied them in a knot below her breasts. She knew you could see her nipples through the lace of her bra.  
  
"I couldn't agree more," said Nikki. "Very nice, Abby. Enjoy the afternoon, ladies."  
  
"Sluts," Abby corrected her, and turned and walked away. Karen rushed to keep up with her.  
  
"You've changed," said Karen.  
  
Abby laughed. "Fancy a stroll around campus, see who gawks?"  
  
Karen nodded. "I think... Ms. Love would be proud of us."  
  
Abby smiled. She didn't need Nikki's approval anymore to let her inner slut out. She could do it all on her own.

**Slut Class Ch. 08 - D/s Lesson**

Gina watched the students file into Slut Class. Normally, she slipped in with the crowd and sat unobtrusively in the back. She was increasingly aware she was the one girl in the class not on display on the big screen in front of the Student Union, where pictures of the girls topless, and sometimes doing something X-rated, were displayed to the entire student body.  
  
This time she was on display, although not on the screen. Nikki had directed her to arrive ten minutes early and kneel at the front of the room. She wore nothing but a black leather collar, one inch wide, from which dangled an O-ring, and black high-heeled shoes she could barely walk in. Her knees were apart, her hands behind her back, her back arched to accentuate her breasts.  
  
Next to her, also watching the students drift in, was a tall, muscular man in his forties. He wore leather pants and a black T-shirt. He stood with his arms crossed in front of his massive chest, radiating confidence. Occasionally he would correct her posture or her form, and she would do her best to meet his standards. Her legs ached. From time to time he would allow her to close her knees for a few moments, to ease the stress, but then he would order them open again.  
  
The other girls had dressed provocatively, as usual. Tops with deep necklines that hugged their curves were normal, as were short skirts and shorter shorts. There were a few bellies on display, and plenty of cleavage and bare legs.  
  
The original plan had been for Gina to submit to the teacher, Nikki Love, for the class demonstration. But after a few negotiations Gina admitted that while she loved the idea of submission, and Nikki was certainly a gorgeous woman full of confidence, women just didn't do it for her. That was when Nikki introduced her to Carter, the hunky man who stood beside her. They had been talking for the last three days, and Gina knew Carter was an experienced Master. He had a way of getting her to tell him things about herself she had never told anyone before.  
  
Nikki walked in right as the bell tower rang the hour, wearing a vinyl catsuit unzipped to her navel, and heels as high as Gina's, although Nikki walked confidently in them.  
  
"Good afternoon, class. You all are looking lovely today. I'm sure you've noticed that Gina is wearing a rather special outfit today. Today's class is about Dominance and Submission, a topic of particular interest to some of you."  
  
Gina looked at Karen Taylor. Karen wore a bright orange bandeau top, and black short-shorts. Everyone knew Karen had a massive crush on Nikki. Karen called her "ma'am" whenever she could and did whatever Nikki told her to do—even when Nikki had told her to go masturbate in the hall. She had volunteered to be part of this D/s demonstration and had looked daggers at Gina when Nikki selected her instead. Karen, intent on Nikki, ignored her.  
  
"A lot of what we talk about in this class is what we might call egalitarian sex. But all interactions with humans involve some sort of power differential. Men have power. Women have power. Both men and women can feel at an advantage or a disadvantage because of the perceived or actual power of their partners. And differences in class, education, ethnicity, body shape—the list goes on, but each of these things can affect who has more power in a relationship or friendship. You hear guys saying women are 'out of their league'—that's a power differential. When one person can afford to pay for an expensive date, and the other person can't, that's a power differential. So no matter what you are doing, you have to deal with power.  
  
"We put rules in place to deal with some of these power imbalances. Laws against incest. Laws against people over 18, and presumably with more power and experience, having sex with people under 18. Rules against employers dating their employees, or teachers dating their students. And yet a lot of people's fantasies involve these forbidden power imbalances: teacher-student fantasies, or boss-secretary, for instance. Some of these fantasies use the power imbalance, and some of them subvert it—either way, we find them hot.  
  
"The goal of BDSM, and the goal of this class, is to get you to think about the way power is flowing in your sexual interactions and make conscious choices about how you and your partner want it to work, rather than just accepting the power differentials that already exist. Some of you may be turned on by being dominant; some of you may be turned on by being submissive. Many of you may think you are neither, but there's an element of this in everything we do.  
  
"So, show of hands—if you had to choose, dominant or submissive, with no fence sitting, which would you decide. Everyone has to choose one. Dominants?"  
  
A few hands went up. Gina looked around and noted Rachida, Flora, and Veronica. Nikki raised her own hand.  
  
"Submissives?"  
  
Karen, Valerie, Jeni, Abby, and several others raised their hands.  
  
"Stella? A lot of us are a mix of both, but for right now, choose one."  
  
Stella made a face. "I just don't see myself that way."  
  
"Oh," said Flora, "You're totally not submissive."  
  
"Just because I don't do what you say doesn't make me a dominant," Stella shot back.  
  
"That's a really important point," said Nikki. "Some of us feel submissive with some partners, dominant with others."  
  
"And some submissives are brats," Carter said.  
  
Nikki laughed. "Want to define a brat for us? This is Carter Holton, by the way, class. He's been doing BDSM for most of his life."  
  
"Some people enjoy a relationship where the bottom actively needles the top to get him or her to do things," said Carter. "So the bottom isn't very 'submissive'—they are willful and disobedient, which gives the top an excuse to exert his control."  
  
"Is Gina a brat, Carter?"  
  
I'm so not, thought Gina.  
  
Carter shook his head. "Nope. She's a good girl." He patted her on the head. It was condescending, but she loved it. She wanted to nuzzle her face against his leathers.  
  
I shouldn't feel this way. Carter wasn't her fantasy man. She'd always had submissive fantasies, but they involved men in suits—business executives, or James Bond. Carter was a firefighter who Nikki knew from the porn industry. Her fantasy was suave and smooth; Carter was rough and scratchy, and a bit scary.  
  
"So," said Stella, "I could say I was a dominant because Flora says I am, but then I'd be submitting, so that would make me a submissive..."  
  
Nikki interrupted. "A good dominant isn't just an aggressive person, or a pushy person, although they may pretend to be. A good dominant wants to dominate someone who wants to be dominated. Some would argue that a dominant is serving the submissive by catering to their needs to submit."  
  
"Those people are wrong," said Carter.  
  
Nikki laughed. "Class, if the question appears on a test, the answer is that those people are at least partly right."  
  
Carter glared at her. Gina looked between the two of them. Nikki had the first kind of power she'd talked about—she was the teacher, so her truth won. Carter's power came entirely because Gina and he had negotiated that for the duration of the class she'd do what he said. They'd discussed her limits, and she'd given him the power to do anything within them.  
  
Not that she expected much to happen. It was class, after all.  
  
"Get up, Gina," Carter said suddenly. "I want to see you walk around the class."  
  
Gina got to her feet, feeling a little wobbly. His arm was immediately behind her waist, supporting her while she got her balance. The kneeling position had been stressful, stretching muscles in a way she wasn't used to. She started walking after a moment, aware that she was far less graceful than Nikki in the heels and finding that vaguely humiliating. Walking around naked and collared amongst her classmates was humiliating anyway. The heels forced her to take it slow.  
  
She wondered if they could see how wet it made her. She could feel it. She didn't think of herself as an exhibitionist, which was why she hadn't agreed to have her picture on the big screen. But being forced to display herself was totally hot. Especially if she pretended she didn't have a safe word. "Harmonica" was such a silly word, that it would be humiliating just to say it.  
  
Nikki kept talking while she walked around, but Gina barely paid attention. She'd heard most of it, anyway. There was something about spanking, blah, blah, blah. During office hours she'd gotten a crash course in consensual BDSM, and then she'd learned even more the last three days of talking with Carter. She wasn't thinking about that now. She was thinking about Carter's view. He wanted to watch her walk. Did he enjoy the back view, her hips swaying as she carefully balanced on the heels, her ass bouncing? Or did he prefer it when she was walking back toward him, her face framed by her long dark hair, her breasts jutting forward, the carefully trimmed landing strip of pubic hair pointing the way to her ever moistening slit? He'd told her "around" the class. She could take that to mean around the edges, but she walked up and down the aisles as she weaved her way through the maze of desks. She wanted to impress him, and not cut any corners.  
  
There was a bulge in his trousers. Maybe it was from looking at all the pretty, scantily clad co-eds. Maybe it was the near presence of Nikki. But his eyes were on her, and she liked to think watching her had caused that bulge. She walked back to him, feeling the heat of his gaze.  
  
Nikki was saying something about breaking into pairs to practice negotiating. Gina had been negotiating all damn week, first with Nikki, then with Carter. She'd negotiated for hours. She was so done with negotiating.  
  
Carter pointed down at his feet. She knelt where he pointed and reached for his belt. He cleared his throat and pointed again.  
  
But he's hard, Gina thought. Doesn't he want some relief? But she did as she believed he was directing. She kissed his boots, first one, then the other. Then she started licking them, the blood rushing to her cheeks. What would her classmates think? Nikki preached female empowerment and here she was in the front of class, licking a man's boots. She expected to taste dirt, but there was just the faint taste of leather. His shoes were at least as clean as the plates in the Dining Hall. But only he and she knew that.  
  
For a moment Gina fancied all the chatter behind her was about her, but then she made sense of bits and pieces of it. The girls were practicing negotiating scenes, debating who would be on top, and what sort of things would happen. Maybe they were all so busy they weren't even noticing her. That would be good. So why did that thought make her feel vaguely disappointed?  
  
"Gina." Nikki was suddenly crouching next to her. "Are you wet?"  
  
"Yes," Gina whispered, kneeling up.  
  
"Louder, for the classes benefit."  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Why? No one has even touched you."  
  
"This, doing this, turns me on. The fact that I don't know what he could do to me next."  
  
"You put lots of things on the menu for him to choose from, didn't you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"So much hotter than negotiating for exactly what you want, isn't it?"  
  
"Yes." Gina didn't want to talk about it. She wanted to get back to licking. Or better yet, sucking. His cock was inches from her cheek. She wanted to rub against it. She'd only have to move her head a little, but she couldn't bear it if he pushed her away. Humiliating her by displaying her body and her sexuality was hot. Humiliating her by rejecting her sexuality, not so much.  
  
"Mind if I keep demonstrating, Nikki?" Carter said.  
  
"No, not at all. Class, keep an eye out for the way Carter does things. It's far more carefully thought out than you might think -- oh!"  
  
Gina yelped, too. Carter had grabbed a big chunk of her hair and was pulling her up. It hurt her scalp, but she also noted that he didn't just keep pulling after he got some tension. "Up, girl."  
  
She stood up, and he kept a hold of her hair, maneuvering her toward Nikki's desk, then bending her over it.  
  
"It may look just barbaric and rough, but there's a right way to do things and a wrong way to do things," Nikki said, "And BDSMers figure out the safe ways to do fucked up shit. Carter knows the safe way to pull on hair—too rough, and you could end up giving someone whiplash."  
  
Oh, my mind has whiplash, even if my neck is fine.  
  
"Kiss the desk," Carter said, and Gina started kissing, wondering what was going to happen to her next.  
  
He patted her ass. It wasn't even a spanking, at first, but it got harder, until she could feel the stinging slaps and knew everyone could hear them. Around her, she heard more sounds of hands striking flesh. The girls were spanking each other. She wanted to look around and find out who was spanking who, but her directions were to kiss the desk, so she kept doing that, even as he spanked harder and she started yelping.  
  
"I do like a nice red bottom," Carter said.  
  
"Happy to please you," Gina said, hoping it wasn't too cheeky to say.  
  
"Oh, you do. You will."  
  
She felt a lube-covered finger touch her anus. He rubbed around the opening, then pushed inside.  
  
She'd said yes to anal when they negotiated. She'd thought that maybe after class there might be a date. She hadn't wanted to refuse him anything, under those circumstances. She hadn't thought he'd do it in front of class.  
  
Harmonica? She shook her head. She wasn't going to say it. She did sneak a peek, however, at her class mates. Abby was spanking Karen, while Nikki gave her pointers. Stella was spanking Flora. Rachida and Veronica had Valerie and Jeni facing each other and were taking turns walking around and spanking each.  
  
"If you can see them, you know they can see you," said Carter, leaning forward as he worked another finger into her ass. "I think you're ready for me now."  
  
A whole confused mess of thoughts went through her head—the anticipated physical sensation, her classmates watching, the scenes around her—and all she managed to say was, "Yes."  
  
"Go back to looking down," he said. "I want you to feel everything without distraction."  
  
She turned her head and let her lips touch the desk again.  
  
"Spread your cheeks for me." Did he say that louder, or did it just feel louder? How embarrassing it would be to do it, but it would be more so to refuse. She reached behind her and tugged on her butt cheeks. She could feel the air caress her exposed asshole. Then she felt his cock against it, resting for a moment, then pushing, slowly entering her.  
  
He'd asked her about condoms, but no one really needed to use those anymore, except for birth control. It was just another thing they'd negotiated. Now his hard cock was pushing bareback into her well-lubed ass, stretching her as it invaded ever deeper.  
  
She heard Nikki tell people to switch partners, or roles, or both, or something, but it didn't matter to her. She couldn't imagine Carter switching anything, especially with his hand on her back, pushing her down, her breasts flattening against the desk. His cock felt huge inside her. She wanted to look, to see if it was huge or just felt that way, but she couldn't. He was thrusting now, building a rhythm, and all she could do was hold herself open for him.  
  
"Play with yourself, girl, I want to feel you cum."  
  
She let go of her cheeks and reached between her legs. She was so wet, so horny. So full. She slid her finger in circles around her clit, and it didn't take long for her to give him what he wanted. Her body shook as she came, and his cock felt even bigger, even if it was just that her ass was clenching around it. Waves and waves of pleasure rolled over her, each reminding her of the invader deep inside her. She didn't remember ever coming so hard, or for so long.  
  
"Good girl," he said. "My turn."  
  
"Yes," she said. Who was she to object?  
  
"Tell me you want it."  
  
"Oh, I do."  
  
"Louder, for the audience." He held himself still.  
  
Or, right, the audience. She'd forgotten about her classmates for a moment, despite their voices and the slaps of hands on asses. "Fuck me," she shouted.  
  
He started moving again, fucking her hard. "Keep talking," he said, his voice raspy. His lust was evident, and maybe, like her own lust, it made him a little less in control. But that didn't mean he didn't control her.  
  
"Fuck my ass. Use me," she said. Her thighs banged against the edge of the desk with each thrust, uncomfortably. She didn't know how to tell him that, but she didn't want him to care, either. She wanted him to be so full of lust he'd just fuck her anyway, until he was sated.  
  
"Use my ass," she said. "Cum in me. That's what I'm here for."  
  
That's all I want to be here for, right this moment. Other moments would take care of themselves, but right now, right here, she just wanted to be used and be useful.  
  
He grunted. She knew he was pouring his balls out into her. She hoped it felt as heavenly as her own orgasm had, but it couldn't possibly. No guy ever got to cum for that long.  
  
To her surprise, another orgasm rolled over her. She could feel her body clenching and unclenching, and imagined her ass was milking every drop from his cock. She'd never cum without having her clit touched before, despite having guys try to find her G-spot. They were always so earnest, and here this man just took her and used her. A tear rolled out of her eye, and she panted from exhaustion. She felt him pull out and heard his zipper a moment later. Like that, he was fully dressed again, and she was a limp, naked, collared mess bent over the desk. She felt like she couldn't move. She could see her classmates again—Flora and Stella were 69'ing, which seemed off script, and Rachida had grabbed Karen's hair—but she closed her eyes before she could take it all in.  
  
"Nice demonstration, dear," Nikki said.  
  
She nodded and let herself drift off. At some point she lowered herself to the floor. Someone tossed a blanket on her, Carter or Nikki. Carter was there, touching her shoulder.  
  
"Come on, time to wake up," said Nikki, startling her. "Class is over, the next class is going to come in."  
  
She supposed she should want to get her regular clothes on, but it seemed a bother. Instead, she let Nikki and Carter help her up. "I'm okay," she said. "I can walk."  
  
"Make sure," Nikki said. "Take her to my office."  
  
Carter picked her up as if she weighed nothing. He carried her out the door, past the students in the hall. She didn't care. She felt wonderfully small in his arms. Her nakedness was irrelevant. Besides, they knew what class she was coming out of. Stella had fucked a boy in the middle of the quad, and they'd seen pictures of all the other girls at least topless.  
  
Carter set her in the chair for students in Nikki's office, and kissed her forehead. "Need anything?"  
  
She shook her head.  
  
Nikki walked in a moment later. "I've got her, Carter. Thanks. I think you have that thing to do."  
  
"Yes I do," Carter said, and left.  
  
What thing?  
  
Nikki set Gina's bag, with her textbooks and her clothes, next to her. Then she moved to the other side of the desk. "You seemed to enjoy that," Nikki said.  
  
"That was the best sex ever," Gina replied.  
  
"I'm glad to hear that. I thought you and Carter might work well together."  
  
"I suppose I'll never see him again," said Gina.  
  
Nikki shrugged.  
  
"He's a lot older than me. Maybe that's best."  
  
"More experienced people have a kind of power, don't they? Maybe you'd rather have a college boy and be on an equal footing."  
  
Not a chance, Gina thought. "It was strange, because not only did I cum hard, but I've never felt so much myself. Not while having sex. I've always had to imagine the boy I was with to be more in charge, more knowledgeable, than he really was. But I was all the way present for that."

"Entirely present. Entirely yourself," Nikki repeated.  
  
"Yes." A sudden thought hit her. "You didn't capture that on video, did you?"  
  
Nikki shook her head. "No."  
  
She was relieved and disappointed at the same time. Why would she feel totally against a simple topless picture and yet have an urge to show a video of her getting fucked in the ass to the whole school? It made no sense.  
  
"You want people to see the real you, don't you?"  
  
"None of the boys I've ever been with really have, you know?" said Gina.  
  
"If you want, kneel and I'll take a picture, and share it on the screen."  
  
Gina nodded. She slipped out the chair and moved to the floor. Her thighs still hurt from kneeling before, but she spread her legs anyway, exactly as Carter had directed. He'd probably never see the picture, but if he did, she wanted to make him feel proud.  
  
Nikki took a picture with her cell and then showed it to her. Gina's mascara had run a little, and there were indentations on her from the edge of the desk. But it was unmistakably the real her. The collar felt so right. She loved the feeling of belonging to Carter, even if just for a moment.  
  
"Give me the release form," she said. "I'll sign it."  
  
Nikki handed her the form, but told her, "Give it to me tomorrow. After you've had a chance to think about it. You're not in your right mind to decide, I suspect."  
  
Gina nodded. "I suppose I should put my clothes back on."  
  
"If you like," said Nikki.  
  
Gina got dressed. Black lace bra, thong, short red dress. Some sensible flats.  
  
"I suppose I should take the collar off, too."  
  
"For some people they mean something profound," Nikki said. "For some they are a fashion accessory."  
  
"I think I want it to mean something profound," Gina said, and reached behind her and unclasped it. She put it on the desk.  
  
"Keep it," said Nikki. "As a memento."  
  
Gina smiled. "Thank you." She knew she might need something to remind herself that it all really happened, and how it felt so right. She picked up the collar and put it in her bag. "I'll be going, now. I'll get that form to you tomorrow. Thank you, Dr. Love."  
  
"Just Nikki is fine."  
  
"Thank you, Nikki."  
  
"You're very welcome."  
  
She hoisted the bag over her shoulder and headed toward her dorm room. Out of habit, she pulled out her phone to check to see if she had any messages. There was one from Carter. Judging from the timestamp, Carter sent it right after leaving her. It must have been the "thing" he had to do.  
  
"Thursday, 8pm, wear the collar. There's a club some of us go to at the enclosed address. I think you'll like it. I'll be there. If you show up, your obedience is expected. Carter."  
  
Not exactly love and kisses, thought Gina. But love and kisses doesn't seem to be what I want.

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