Tanya’s Awakening

 Tanya opened her eyes slowly, and wondered why her head was pounding. She

 seemed to be in a small, cube-like area, with a single light source shining on

 her. From nearby, a voice was droning on.

 Where was she? What had happened last night?

 Slowly, the details came back. She had been socialising with some of her

 fellow tutors. One of them had dared her to try a little of a foreign

 alcoholic beverage, that she couldn’t remember the name of now. She had only

 had a little, but it had really knocked her for a loop. Leaving her friends,

 she had staggered around the campus of the University where she worked for

 quite some time, before finding a nice quiet place to get some sleep.

 Suddenly coming fully awake, she realised where she was. This was a lecture

 hall: more precisely, one of the cupboards which lined the walls of a lecture

 hall. It would usually contain books, but at the moment contained only her.

 The voice coming from outside the cupboard was a lecturer; in fact, she

 recognised the voice of Professor Nuttsfield, the head of the English

 department. Her department.

 This was embarrassing, to say the least. Tanya, 28 years old and in her first

 year at this university, was a tutor: her job was to support the efforts of

 the lecturers by advising small groups of students, and setting them exercises

 to do. She hoped to one day gain a promotion to the position of lecturer

 herself if she impressed. Staggering out of a cupboard in the middle of a

 lecture after getting drunk the night before was highly unlikely to impress!

 She must stay put for the moment, and hope that no one happened to expose her.

 When everyone had left, she could discretely come forth. Listening to the

 professor’s words, she recognised that he had nearly finished the lecture. She

 began to stretch herself, in anticipation of making her move.

 She was an attractive woman, copper haired and pale skinned, with a face that

 remained pretty and youthful with the passing years. She was happy with her

 breasts, which were large and fairly firm, but her backside was a cause of

 concern for her. It was always above average size, but whenever she put on any

 weight it seemed to go straight to her buttocks, expanding them still further.

 Recently, she had had trouble fitting into some of her jeans and dresses.

 That was not a problem at the moment, however, and she was wearing nothing on

 top of her knickers.

 The skirt which she had had on last night was gone! So, for that matter had

 her shoes and socks. But what could have happened to them?

 Abruptly, the memory from last night of her mumbling to herself about her

 clothes being too tight returned. She could vaguely recall taking them off

 before she went to sleep.

 If she had been embarrassed by the thought of being discovered before, it

 appalled her now! She was wearing brightly coloured knickers with yellow

 flowers on a pink background. These were now fully exposed; not really the

 attire of a serious academic! As she heard the lecture conclude and the

 students get up to leave, she was terrified that one of them might jostle

 against the doors of the cupboard, which were slightly ajar. But, thankfully,

 they trooped out without disturbing her, and the room grew quiet.

 Slowly, very slowly, she nudged the doors open and glanced around. The coast

 seemed clear. She got out and looked around her. The pounding in her head was

 fading rapidly, but she had other problems. How was she to get out?

 But then, amazingly, she saw her skirt bundled up against a wall. She must

 have taken it off just before she got into the cupboard! Relieved, she grabbed

 the garment, sat in the front row of seats, and started to smooth out the

 folds in it. She didn’t know where exactly her shoes and socks were, but being

 bare footed on a spring day like this wasn’t so out of the ordinary. Her house

 backed onto the campus, and she could get replacements from there quickly

 enough.

 “Ah, Tanya, can I help you with something?”

 The voice almost made her yelp with alarm. Professors Nuttsfield had suddenly

 appeared from behind the lectern, where he seemed to have been crouched whilst

 organising his notes into his bag. He was an intelligent but rather absent

 minded old man who had inevitably earned the nickname of “the nutty

 professor”. He approached her now while she tried to think up a good response.

 “I wanted to talk to you about one of my students …”

 “Really? Well it will have to wait until later; I’m in a bit of a rush. What

 are you holding?”

 “A dress,” said Tanya automatically. She stole a glance at her knickers, safely

 concealed behind the desk for the moment. How could she explain the fact that

 she was sitting there holding her own dress? An alternative occurred to her.

 “I just found it. One of the students must have left it”.

 “What a curious thing to forget. Well, reception is on my way. I can hand it

 in there”. Taking the dress from her grasp, he walked to the exit.

 “But … but …” sputtered Tanya, but she couldn’t think of what to say next. The

 professor strode unhesitatingly through the door, taking her garment with him.

 Going over to the door herself, she peered through the small window set into

 it, and saw a glimpse of his retreating back. Reception was at the other end

 of the building, and there were plenty of people milling about. What was she

 going to do next?

 Abruptly, she realised that she had more pressing concerns, because a number

 of students were heading for the lecture room. The next lecture was just about

 to start! She scurried back towards the cupboard, but realised that she didn’t

 have the time to get there.

 There was only one alternative. The back row of the lecture theatre was split

 by a large support beam. She ran along so that this was between her and the

 door, and scrambled over the backs of the seats, just in time. She huddled

 with her back against the beam: in this position, she should only be noticed

 if someone looked along this half-row of seats.

 She had a nerve wracking few seconds, as the students took their places. A few

 actually walked past her row without looking around. Eventually, they had all

 settled into position, and the lecturer began speaking.

 Tanya closed her eyes and exhaled as quietly as she could. She still had

 serious problems, but at least the immediate crisis had been averted. She

 could hide in this spot and wait out the lecture.

 When she opened her eyes again, a young woman was standing over her, smiling.

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 Tanya almost yelped with alarm. Another student had arrived late for the

 lecture! But she felt even worse when she recognised the student.

 It was Emily, who was in Tanya’s own tutor group. 18 years old, an elegant

 brunette, she had been a major critic of her tutor almost from the first

 lesson. Any time that she got a grade in a test that she wasn’t pleased with,

 Emily decided that Tanya’s tutorship was to blame. Recently, she had been

 making comments which plainly implied that she thought her tutor had only got

 her position because of her good looks. Now, chance had placed Tanya

 completely at her mercy.

 She did nothing out of the ordinary at first, taking her place, bringing her

 paper and pens from her bag, and beginning to take notes. Just when Tanya was

 daring to hope that she had misjudged the younger woman, a scrap of paper with

 something written on it was passed over to her.

 The message read: “Take off your shirt and give it to me. Or else”.

 Emily wanted her to expose herself still further. The only other option was to

 let the student point her out to everyone. She had a slight preference for the

 first option on the face of it, but what if Emily just kept on ordering her to

 strip, until she was naked? Perhaps she should stand up now while she was

 still half decently clad.

 The brunette seemed to guess what she was thinking, because another note

 appeared: “I won’t ask you to take anything else off”.

 Could she trust Emily? The young woman was a spoilt brat, but was she a liar?

 She considered her psychology. Emily seemed to think of the world as a story

 in which she was the heroine: if she lied outright, it would be hard to

 maintain that high opinion of herself.

 Before she could change her mind, she worked off her shirt and passed it to

 the other woman, who instantly stuffed it into her bag. Her bra, large by

 necessity, had the same design of yellow flowers on a pink background as her

 knickers, which were now her only other garment. Emily smiled at her, enjoying

 her embarrassed state. Then she put her hand up to get the lecturers’

 attention.

 Tanya could only look on in terror, but Emily merely asked some trivial

 question about the subject, and thanked the man for his response. She grinned

 at her tutor, pleased with herself for tricking her. Then she spent several

 minutes simply writing more notes. Tanya, struggling to maintain her

 composure, was just starting to think that her student may be finished with

 her when another note appeared.

 This one read: “Turn around, get on all fours and stick your bum up in the

 air”.

 Tanya was confused. Was she going to be spanked? Surely that would make too

 much noise. But she didn’t have much choice. She did as instructed, thrusting

 her bottom towards Emily. Bending over like this made her buttocks both bigger

 and tighter; it was truly a humiliating display. She glanced anxiously back

 behind her to see what was going to happen next.

 Emily took a large blue marker pen from her bag, and Tanya had no doubts about

 what was to happen next. She was surprised, however, when her student casually

 reached over and yanked her bright knickers up into a wedgie, and had to stifle

 a gasp.

 With much of the garment having slipped between her ample buttocks, she was

 displaying almost all of her bottom to Emily. It was a large canvass, on which

 the young woman could probably have had room to write an essay of reasonable

 length, but her ambitions were rather more modest than that. Tanya felt her

 scrawling two large words, and craning her head around was just about able to

 make out the word “Bimbo” on her right buttock, and “Tart” on the left one.

 Both were written in large, clear letters, and would take quite some time to

 wash off, she guessed.

 Throughout the rest of the lecture, Emily glanced with delight at her

 handiwork more than once. Tanya didn’t want to risk annoying her, so she held

 the pose. As the lecture concluded, her student had one more surprise for her.

 She reached into her bag and drew out a digital camera. While the other

 students were making a lot of noise putting their notes and pens into their

 bags, she snapped a quick photograph. Packing her own bag, she gave one more

 triumphant grin to the unhappy Tanya, and then strode out of the lecture

 theatre. Tanya was soon alone again.

Part 3Fri Jul 21, 2006 20:2086.142.158.198

 She didn’t want to think about what had just happened for the moment, as she

 had more pressing concerns. She was stuck in this room wearing only her

 underwear, the only exit leading into a crowded corridor. Or was she? She

 suddenly noticed a small door near the front of the lecture theatre. She

 didn’t know where it went, but she found it to be unlocked and knew that she

 had to give it a try.

 She stepped out anxiously into a small corridor, well aware of her exposure.

 All seemed quiet, and she crept along while trying to think up a plan.

 Obviously she needed to find a way out of this building. Then she could run

 across a field and reach her house at the edge of the campus. She had a key

 hidden outside and could use it to let herself in.

 If she could just find a window, then she could clamber out through that.

 Instead, the corridor brought her to a door, which she cautiously opened.

 She found herself in a small room dominated by a water tank, which provided

 heat for the building. There was a desk, a mirror and some chairs, but

 otherwise the room was sparse. The only other exit was a door in the opposite

 wall … from behind which, she now heard voices.

 Someone was coming! She looked frantically around for a hiding place, and soon

 found that the space underneath the tank was the only available option. She

 scrambled into position just as the door opened, but there was barely room.

 Her large bottom proved a tight squeeze, and she felt her knickers slip to mid

 thigh as she pulled herself along.

 Two men entered, janitors presumably, and started some discussion about their

 work. Tanya wasn’t concentrating much on their talk, because she had more

 pressing concerns.

 The tank was switched on, and it was giving off a lot of warmth. She was

 sweating freely all over because of her close proximity to it, but while she

 was able to at least keep most of her body from touching the hot metal, her

 backside was pressed up firmly against it, and there was nothing she could do

 about it.

 A scalding pain grew in her rear end, and she knew that she couldn’t stay in

 that position for much longer. But the idea of scrambling out and showing

 herself to the janitors was so unappealing that she hung on for a few more

 desperate seconds. Just when it seemed like she could stand no more, the two

 men abruptly left the room.

 Suppressing an exclamation of relief, she scrambled out the way that she had

 come, leapt to her feet and clutched at her throbbing bottom with both hands.

 She was afraid to make any sort of noise that might bring the janitors back,

 and let out only the occasional squeak as she danced from foot to foot.

 Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, she realised that she was quite a

 sight. She was sweating all over, and dirty as well; she seemed to have picked

 up a fair amount of grime and dust. Her breasts were bouncing in her bra, with

 both nipples periodically peeking into view. Her knickers were rolled up around

 her thighs, and the curls of her rather thick coppery pubic hair were exposed.

 Turning around, she found that her hands were covering only parts of her

 buttocks, which were shining like searchlights; she half suspected that they

 might glow in the dark. It was many minutes before she regained enough calm to

 think about her next move. Even then, she found that pulling her knickers back

 into position hurt her backside, so she left them at mid-thigh for the moment.

 When she was eventually ready to leave the room, she encountered another

 surprise. For reasons she could not guess at, the janitors had locked both

 doors. She was trapped! Was she going to have to call for help?

 But then she noticed something of interest. A large square tile was missing

 from the ceiling. Might she leave that way?

 She was certainly willing to try. She used the chairs and desk to get high

 enough to reach the opening, and then managed to hoist her self upwards, with

 a bit of straining.

 Looking around, she found herself in a space that was narrow without being

 cramped. This was like another room in many ways, with the wooden squares that

 had been the ceiling now representing her floor. The only exit was a

 rectangular opening in one wall, and she made her way towards that, carefully

 testing each square to make sure that it could support her weight. The squares

 were unusually strong for ceiling tiles, and just about did the job.

 Arriving at the opening, she found that it lead into a squarish, metallic

 airshaft. She clambered inside and felt fresh air washing over her. She turned

 over and pressed her round bottom firmly against the cool metal of the shaft.

 Soothing cold shot through her buttocks, and she even smiled slightly as she

 felt the pain fading away. After a few restful minutes, she was ready to do

 some exploring.

 The air shafts proved to be a rather elaborate network. They stretched out

 before her like something out of a suspense movie. There were numerous exits

 that would take her to rooms or corridors, but she had to get over to a side

 of the building first. It was difficult to get her bearings in this strange

 environment, but she set off in what she thought was the right direction.

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 As she went along, she passed many large fans that were whirling around behind

 grills, providing the cool air. It was quite soothing, but after a while she

 found herself in a short stretch of the shaft, with a fan pointing right at

 her. She had to really make an effort to move against the wind which was being

 directed at her. Her hair was whipping about all over the place, and she was

 sufficiently distracted that she didn’t notice her knickers being blown off

 until she felt them slipping past her ankles.

 Turning, she saw the bright garment go shooting back along the shaft, and

 slipping through a grill at the other end. The grill was firmly fixed, and she

 wouldn’t be able to get it off without a screwdriver.

 She turned back, and managed to turn a corner away from the full force of the

 fan. She almost laughed when she saw that her bra had been blown off her

 breasts, which were now swinging freely. As she rearranged her remaining

 article of clothing to cover her broad nipples, she considered her situation.

 Really, it hadn’t changed all that much. If she could get back to her house

 without encountering anyone, then it wouldn’t matter whether she was wearing

 her underwear or was stark naked. Now she just had a little more incentive not

 to get caught.

 She set off again, and eventually found herself at an entrance into the space

 above a room. This one had voices coming from it: the voices of one of her

 tutorial groups.

 She had almost forgotten that she was meant to be taking a class right now!

 Her first impulse was to find another way, but then it occurred to her that

 there was a room just next door to her classroom which was always empty. If

 she could get to that, than she could easily clamber out through a window. The

 only problem was that she would have to go across the ceiling above her

 tutorial group to get there.

 Before she could have second thoughts, she set off. She was careful, of

 course, to test each ceiling tile carefully before putting her weight on to

 it, and to move slowly so as not to make too much noise. She heard the

 students chatting in the class room, and wondered whether Emily had showed up.

 The spoilt brat would be thrilled if her tutor came crashing through the

 ceiling wearing only her bra. But she made it almost to the little space

 between rooms without problems.

 Her eagerness got the better of her at this point. She didn’t properly test

 the next tile before moving onto it, and it abruptly gave way. She shrieked,

 but was able to grab the top of the wall. With a struggle, she pulled herself

 upwards.

 While she was doing this, she heard excited shouts from the room. She knew

 that every student in there would be looking at her ass: big, round, still

 glowing a little from her encounter with the tank, and sporting Emily’s

 graffiti. She suspected that she was giving them a few flashes of her private

 parts as she struggled up the wall, as well. Eventually, she was able to roll

 forwards onto the first tile above the next room … which promptly gave way as

 well.

 She shouted in alarm as she fell into the room and landed hard on her backside

 – as if enough hadn’t happened to her bottom already that day. But she had no

 time to nurse her wounds, because the students would be rushing into this room

 at any second. Looking around, she found the room empty, as expected. There

 were two doors, one closed and one open. But most importantly, there was an

 open window right next to her, which she was through in a flash. She found

 herself in a little area of trees which had been grown to make the campus a

 more attractive place. She got behind some cover and looked back to see the

 students rushing into the room that she had just left.

 She had had a bit of luck, she realised. She had knocked the window closed in

 going through it, and there was another door which was open; the students

 assumed that she had gone that way. She noticed the grinning Emily amongst

 them, but could afford to forget about her for the moment. She had a chance

 get safely back to her house.

 It was raining outside, which surprised her somewhat but was most welcome as

 it meant that not many people would be about. She eased herself through the

 trees and bushes until she was looking across a field to her house, about 200

 yards away. The coast was almost clear. There was only a small group of people

 dashing through the rain, perpendicular to the path that she would need to

 take.

 As she waited for them to pass, she rubbed herself clean with rain water. It

 felt great to get rid of the accumulated grime of her experience. Rubbing her

 backside had little effect on the writing, but did restore it more or less to

 its original colour. Looking up, she found the coast clear. As she prepared to

 make her dash for home, she suddenly felt quite daring and exhilarated. Almost

 before she knew what she was doing, she had stripped off her bra and stashed

 it between two bushes. Totally naked now, she ran out into the open.

 It was a thrilling experience. The wet grass felt great as it caressed her

 bare feet, the rain soaked her all over, and she seemed almost to be in her

 own world. She enjoyed the rhythm of her unfettered breasts and buttocks as

 they bounced around in all their natural splendour. She felt liberated and

 beautiful, and was almost disappointed to reach the fence of her back garden.

 Climbing swiftly over it, she retrieved her key and let herself in. Safely

 back inside, she collapsed naked onto her couch, and let her fingers do a

 little exploring as she relived her experience.

 Later that day, she set about trying to cover her trail. She rang up Professor

 Nuttsfield, and said that she had had to go home with a sudden headache, and

 that she was sorry that she had forgotten to cancel her class first. He

 accepted her explanation easily enough. She spent the evening scrubbing away

 at the insulting words that Emily had scrawled on her buttocks, and eventually

 her backside was as pale and unblemished as usual. Then, at night time, she

 went on an expedition to retrieve her clothing.

 She didn’t want to have to ask reception directly for her dress, but

 fortunately, it was one of the areas of the building that she had keys for, so

 she could retrieve it by herself. She got her bra back from the bushes, and

 even climbed back into the air shafts with a screwdriver to recover her

 knickers: she didn’t much like the idea of leaving her underwear lying about

 the place. As an extra bonus, she remembered discarding her shoes and socks

 against a wall of the English building, and found them still there.

 There was plenty of talk about the almost naked woman who had been seen by a

 tutorial group around the college in the next few days. Most of the evidence

 pointing towards her being that woman had been taken care of, but there was a

 rather significant loose thread. Emily knew exactly what had happened, and had

 a picture to prove it.

 As the weeks following the incident turned into months, Emily did nothing out

 of the ordinary. She attended Tanya’s classes, and subtly insulted her

 tutoring skills as usual. It was as if nothing had happened. But Tanya guessed

 that she was merely awaiting the right moment to make her move …

Part 5Fri Jul 21, 2006 20:2286.142.158.198

 Nearly a year had passed before the inevitable happened. Tanya came home one

 day to find an envelope awaiting her. There were two large pictures and a

 message inside.

 The first picture was just as she had expected: a copy of the one that Emily

 had taken of her in the lecture theatre. It showed her on her hands and knees,

 clad in her pink and yellow underwear, with her backside thrust upwards. The

 words “tart” and “bimbo” were clearly readable on her buttocks. The picture

 also showed her face, so there was no denying that it was of her.

 The second picture was a surprise: a close up shot of her naked bottom. She

 was momentarily confused, before she realised that Emily must have taken this

 one when she had crashed through the classroom ceiling. She had evidently used

 the zoom on her camera, and had managed to get a detailed and nicely framed

 picture. Her buttocks, sporting their familiar graffiti and glowing a little

 from her earlier experience, dominated the picture. However, they were spread

 apart so as to show her pussy as well, framed by her coppery pubic hair. She

 had opened up a little: her inner labia could be seen, and her clitoris, which

 always protruded slightly beyond her hood, could also be glimpsed. Even her

 anus was on display. Of course, the writing on her bottom, taken together with

 the other picture, conclusively showed that this picture was of her. If the

 two snaps were released onto the internet, she would be utterly humiliated,

 and sacked from her job soon enough.

 The message read: “I thought I had better give you a hint of what will happen

 if you don’t do as I say, hence the pictures. The two of us will meet up

 outside the English building on Friday, at 4am. Thanks to your inept

 tutorship, I’m behind with my grades, and need a top score on next week’s

 test. The two of us are going to sneak into Professor Nuttsfield’s office and

 take a look at his answer guide. Make sure that you acquire all the keys we

 need. Get this right and I may get rid of those pictures. – Emily”.

 Tanya considered. She wasn’t at all confident that Emily wouldn’t keep on

 making her do things like this. She needed a way to break her student’s hold

 over her … and she knew just how to do it.

 Just after 4am on the Friday, the two women met up by the building. They had

 both slept a little before hand, and were ready for action. It was exactly a

 year ago, at this very time, that Tanya had been stumbling drunkenly about the

 campus, about to get herself in a lot of trouble.

 There was no one else about, but Emily drew her tutor to one side of the

 building, a little bit away from the lights which lit the walkways of the

 campus. The younger woman had dressed in tight jeans and a blue shirt for the

 occasion.

 “I’m so glad that you could make it,” she said with a smile. “First things

 first; a little rule. You will address me as “miss” throughout our little

 escapade, and obey my instructions without question. Do you understand?”

 “Yes, miss”, mumbled Tanya.

 “Very good. Now, take off your clothes.”

 Tanya had been expecting something like this, but she wanted Emily to believe

 that she was one step ahead of her, so she feigned surprise and made a show of

 being reluctant as she stripped. Before doing so, she put the professor’s keys

 on the ground: she had actually managed to pickpocket them from him earlier

 that day. Soon, she was standing naked before her student. Her appearance at

 29 was much as it had been at 28, with one major difference. Ever since her

 streak, she had been feeling much more confident about her body, and had taken

 to sunbathing on her roof in the nude. The result was an impressive all over

 tan.

 Emily was regarding her with amusement, but with something else as well. There

 was an intensity about the way she was looking at her: Tanya knew that she had

 had boyfriends, but guessed that she was bisexual. She suspected, however,

 that Emily herself did not realise that. Tanya was covering her breasts and

 pussy with her hands and arms, but not for long.

 “Hands at your sides, no covering up”. She did as she was told.

 The younger woman reached forwards and bounced her bare tits a little. She

 nodded in approval.

 “Very impressive. I wouldn’t mind if mine were like this. But of course, it

 was these that got you your job, wasn’t it?”

 “Yes, miss”.

 “You prefer the natural look when it comes to pubic hair, I see. Personally, I

 like to keep myself a bit better groomed, but to each their own.” She then

 gestured for Tanya to turn around by twirling a finger. She laughed out loud

 as her tutor’s large tan buttocks were presented to her.

 “What a bum! I’d forgotten how massive it really is. I’m impressed that you

 can fit through doorways!” She gave Tanya’s bottom a few playful spanks, and

 giggled as it swayed from side to side.

 Tanya had to struggle hard to restrain herself. Her new found confidence in

 her body had led her to actually rather enjoy her status as a callipygian

 woman, but having this spoilt brat treating her backside like a new toy was

 hardly acceptable. While she was not particularly strong, her rival was a

 pretty weedy looking woman, and Tanya felt pretty confident that she could

 beat her in a fight right now. But what would that accomplish?? Clobbering her

 taunter might feel good for a moment, but the pictures would be on the

 internet the next morning. No, she had to wait for her moment.

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 Emily abruptly ordered her to get moving. She picked up the keys herself as

 they walked to the front entrance.

 “I’d better carry these. If you need to use your hands for something, you’d

 have nowhere to stick them. Well, I suppose that a couple of places spring to

 mind!” Chuckling at her joke, she gave Tanya a couple of pinches on the

 backside. Tanya said nothing: she kept her head bowed in mock defeat and

 prepared herself to make her move.

 They used the keys to open the building, and then went up some stairs to reach

 the professor’s office. Unlocking it, Emily ordered her naked tutor to stand

 guard while she searched the place.

 “Now, where might that nutty professor keep his answer guides?”

 “They’re in that cupboard over there, miss” said Tanya truthfully, stepping

 into the room and pointing.

 “Why, thank you. It took you nearly two years, but at last you give me some

 useful advice”.

 As Emily reached eagerly into the cupboard, Tanya made her move. Earlier on

 that day, she had managed to sneak into the office and conceal a small digital

 camera amongst the papers on the professor’s desk. Now, she grabbed it,

 pointed it at Emily, and gave a sharp whistle. Emily automatically looked

 around at the noise, and Tanya took a picture of her; a most incriminating

 picture, clearly showing the student’s face as she grasped the answer

 guidelines. Emily was totally surprised by this turn of events, and stood

 there with her mouth comically open.

 “Now the tables are turned”, said Tanya decisively. “I’ve got you right where

 I want you: if you don’t do exactly as I say, then I can see to it that you’re

 never allowed in any University again”.

 “You won’t dare to release those pictures while I’ve still got mine of you!”

 returned Emily, but her voice trembled slightly, and she didn’t sound entirely

 convinced.

 “I would rather those pictures came out than go on any longer with you having

 this hold over me.” While Tanya wasn’t entirely sure whether that was the

 truth or not, she looked her rival firmly in the eyes and said it with total

 conviction. There was a brief battle of wills, before the weaker willed of the

 two women was defeated.

 “All right!” said Emily in frustration. “Please don’t show anyone that

 picture; I couldn’t stand my friends knowing that I was a cheat. You can put

 your clothes back on, and I will delete those snaps of you.”

 “I will decide what you will and will not do,” responded Tanya in a voice like

 granite. “Firstly, let’s even things up a bit. Take off your clothes”.

 Emily looked appalled, and her mouth opened in protest. Tanya was implacable.

 “If you aren’t as naked as I am in the next minute, then I won’t give you

 another chance”.

 That got Emily moving. The brunette slipped off her shoes and socks at high

 speed, and her tight jeans and shirt soon followed. Clad in only her white bra

 and a matching thong, she looked hopefully at her tutor, but the older woman

 simply stood with her hands on her hips and waited for the strip to continue.

 Sniffling slightly with tears, she removed her underwear with trembling

 fingers, and stood there stark naked, covering up as best she could.

 “Hands at your sides, no covering up”, said Tanya, mockingly echoing Emily’s

 words from earlier. The young woman resignedly put her hands at her hips, and

 Tanya appraised her. Her delicate facial features matched the rest of her

 body, really. She had pale skin, and was rather thin; by no means anorexic,

 but she must do almost no exercising, and she seemed to have very little

 muscle about any part of her body. A weakling both psychologically and

 physically, she decided. Her breasts were also rather small, although they

 were a pleasing enough shape. The pubic hair around her pussy was very short;

 she must have shaved it fairly recently and it was only just growing back.

 Repeating Emily’s finger spinning gesture, she ordered her cringing student to

 turn around. Regarding her rear view, she found more of the same. Her hips

 were not especially broad, and her bottom was quite small for a woman, but it

 was still very feminine; curvy and soft, adjectives which could also be used

 to describe her whole body.

 She now turned her attention to the young woman’s clothes. Her plan had been

 to put these on herself, but she soon realised that that wasn’t practical. The

 jeans and the shirt were both too small for her to squeeze into, and the bra

 couldn’t come close to holding her much larger breasts. The thong was

 stretchable, and she might have put that on, but it had been small even for

 Emily. Tanya was honest enough to acknowledge that it would simply slip into

 the crack of her much larger backside and give her more annoyance than

 coverage.

 Should she go back outside and retrieve her clothes? She didn’t have unlimited

 time, and preferred to get on with what she wanted to do. Being fully clothed

 while the other woman was naked helped to increase her dominance of her, but

 she realised that even with both of them nude, there was no doubt as to who

 was in charge. Emily was openly crying now, and looked totally defeated. Tanya

 silently congratulated herself on taking her own recent experiences with

 substantially more character. She put all of her clothes into her bag, and

 opened a window.

 “W-Wh-What are you doing?” stammered the student, turning around in alarm.

 “You can get them later … if you do as I say”. She dropped the bag out of the

 window without hesitation, and walked back over to the other woman. “We’re

 going to go for a little walk. You walk ahead of me, and follow my

directions”.

 “Where are we going?”

 “Never you mind about that. Just get walking.” She abruptly gave Emily’s

 little backside a sharp slap. “Move!”

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 With a yelp, the student started forwards. Tanya directed her through the

 door, and along several corridors. They made for a strange pairing as they

 walked; it was doubtful whether this building had ever witnessed a stranger

 sight than these two very different women wandering through it in all their

 nude glory. There was Tanya; with copper hair and tan skin, large breasts and

 larger bum swaying as she walked with her head held high. Ahead of her was

 Emily; brunette curls and pale skin, her smaller tits and backside merely

 jiggling, creeping nervously along the corridors, as if she expected to meet a

 crowd of people at any moment.

 Tanya had brought both her camera and the keys along with her; she used the

 latter when they had reached the computer room, and in they went. She turned

 on the power, and started up a computer. When it was ready, she told her

 student to delete the pictures from her personal files. Emily did so at once,

 which aroused her suspicions.

 “Do you have other copies of these? On your computer at home, perhaps?”

 “ … No.” But she had hesitated for too long before saying it. “All right, all

 right: yes. I can delete them as soon as I get back”.

 “I’m afraid that I just don’t find you very trustworthy at the moment. But I

 have an alternative.” She brought the camera up and snapped a picture of the

 naked student. “As long as we both have these embarrassing pictures of each

 other, we can enjoy a stalemate. Now, pose exactly as I tell you to …”

 Brushing off Emily’s complaints that she only had two pictures of her tutor,

 Tanya proceeded to take a number of photos. From behind and in front, spread

 wide and bending over, the by now sobbing young woman was made to strike a

 number of poses which left little to the imagination. With enough material to

 launch an adult website or two collected, Emily connected the camera to the

 computer, and set about saving the pictures. She had just finished sending a

 copy of the pictures by email to her home computer, when they both heard

 voices coming from outside.

 Suddenly reminded of their exposure, the two naked women rushed to a window,

 and saw a couple of janitors outside; the same two, in fact, who had nearly

 caught Tanya in the act a year ago. She had lost track of time; it was nearly

 morning and they had turned up to begin their duties for the day.

 While the prospect of being caught was a concern, both women were more

 bothered by what the men were holding. One of them had the bag with Emily’s

 clothes in it, while the other was holding Tanya’s bundle of clothing, which

 he put into the same bag as they watched. Grumbling about student pranks and

 saying something about handing in the bag at lost property later, the janitors

 entered the building.

 Tanya felt a strange calm come over her, as she planned out what they would

 have to do. She moved back to the computer quickly, but without panic.

 “What are you doing?!” wailed Emily. “We have to get out now”!!

 “Shut up, and try and think a little. We have to leave this room exactly as we

 found it. Otherwise, people will guess that someone was using this room

 without permission. They can find out that it was us with an audit trail, and

 we could be in a lot of trouble. But you go on ahead if you like.”

 Unsurprisingly, the younger woman didn’t dare to venture out alone. She paced

 nervously about the room while Tanya took care of matters. After what seemed

 like hours but was less than five minutes, she was locking the door and they

 were ready to go. She took a moment to put the keys and the camera in a

 cupboard of a nearby classroom, where they should be safe until she could

 collect them tomorrow. Then the two women made their way furtively to the

 stairs, every impact of their bare feet on the floor seeming to echo around

 them as they listened for the janitors.

 Reaching the ground floor, they heard voices nearby. Peering around a corner,

 they saw the men; both middle aged, one tall and one stocky. They were near

 the main entrance, cleaning the floor. They couldn’t reach another part of the

 ground floor, because they didn’t have the right keys, but there was no way

 that they could sneak past the men.

 The two nude women exchanged glances, and Tanya pointed to a classroom door

 which faced them. To reach it, they would have to step across a broad

 corridor, fully exposed to the janitors if they were looking in their

 direction. But if they got into that classroom, they could escape the building

 through a window, and make their way across the field to Tanya’s house.

 Emily shook her head, and looked terrified. But Tanya had had just about

 enough of her panicking; they were, after all, in this position because of

 her. If she wouldn’t follow then she could find her own way home.

 Seeing that the men were momentarily looking the other way, she gave her

 trembling companion a firm slap on the behind to try to get her moving, then

 sprang forwards across the corridor. A few swift steps brought her to the

 class room door … which was firmly locked.

 Almost without hesitation, she switched direction and tried the nearest other

 door, which swung inwards obligingly. But the momentary delay had been too

 much; she heard exclamations behind her as she charged into the room. Now she

 would have to be quick, to get out before the men reached the room. She was at

 the window in seconds, and swinging it open. She almost screamed when she

 noticed someone behind her, but it was only Emily, who had followed her after

 all.

 With little dignity but plenty of speed, she scrambled through the window, and

 then turned as Emily tried to do the same. But the weedy woman got stuck half

 way across, arms and legs flailing wildly as she tried to get purchase, her

 backside sticking straight up in the air.

 Looking past her companion, Tanya saw the door open, and the two men burst

 into the room. Unsurprisingly, they stopped in their tracks, their gazes drawn

 to the wriggling buttocks and exposed privates of the panicking student.

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 Tanya had a choice to make: she could shove Emily back into the room, and that

 would provide more than enough distraction for her to make her getaway. Just

 leaving her struggling where she was would accomplish the same thing. But she

 couldn’t quite bring herself to do it. Reaching upwards, she pulled the

 smaller woman roughly through. The two tumbled on the grass for a moment, then

 scrambled up and raced along the wall, faces turned away from the building so

 that they could not be recognised. The janitors arrived at the window just in

 time to catch a brief (but welcome) glimpse of two bare and highly feminine

 bottoms before the women turned around the corner of the building.

 They went around another corner, and then made the familiar 200 yard dash

 across the grass. Even though her bouncing breasts and buttocks slowed her

 significantly, Tanya was in better shape and soon pulled ahead. As she had

 done a year ago, she found the experience exhilarating and thrilling. There

 was no rain this time, but an early morning breeze swirled around her,

 caressing her naked skin. All the worries and concerns of the past few days

 retreated, as she gloried in the freedom of the experience.

 She might have enjoyed it even more, if not for Emily whining behind her. She

 complained of having a stitch, between gasps for air, and told her tutor to

 run slower. But Tanya had no intention of doing so. She reached the fence well

 ahead of the other woman, scrambled over it quickly and sprinted to her back

 door. She opened this, and stepped inside. Of course, she had an impulse to

 close the door and shut the annoying brat outside, but she had other plans for

 Emily. She left it open and jogged upstairs.

 It took quite a while for the nude student to stagger up to the fence,

 scramble clumsily over it, and reach the back door. She collapsed as she

 entered the house, and lay on her back, exhausted. After a while, she saw

 Tanya walk past her to the door and shut it. The other woman was now fully

 clothed.

 Even while they had both been naked, Tanya had dominated Emily with her

 stronger personality. Now, crouching nude and exhausted in the house of her

 respectably attired tutor, the younger woman felt even more meek and helpless.

 “Give me something to wear”, she said, in a voice that she tried to make a

 strong command but which sounded timid and weak even to her ears.

 “Follow me,” responded Tanya, her face unreadable, and she walked away,

 heading for her living room. Hopeful that she would be given some clothes,

 Emily obeyed. Once they were both in the room, Tanya seated herself and almost

 casually pulled Emily across her lap.

 “What are you doing?” gasped the student in alarm.

 “Fairly obvious I would think. I’m going to give you a spanking.”

 “But I’m 19!!”

 “Then this should have been done a long time ago. You have got to learn to

 take some responsibility for your actions; no more blaming other people. You

 might have got us into a lot of trouble today, and now you’re going to be

 punished.”

 “No, no, I’m sorry! You’re right, I won’t do it again! I’ve been a spoilt

 brat; I should never have blamed you for my mistakes. I won’t do it again!”

 Tanya smiled. The younger woman was babbling, trying to say anything to avoid

 her spanking, but she wouldn’t truly learn her lesson unless she received it.

 She placed a hand on the student’s round, pale bottom, which was upturned in

 her lap. It felt as soft as it looked. Then she began to firmly spank her

 rival.

 Emily screamed as the first few blows landed, and had to be told that her

 punishment would only go on for longer if she didn’t keep quiet. Thereafter,

 she sobbed and yelped from time to time, but it was nothing that would bring

 the neighbours around, so Tanya let it go.

 As she warmed her students’ backside, she felt the faintest tinglings of

 arousal. She was pretty much totally straight, but this rather extreme

 situation was having some effect. But this was as nothing next to the young

 woman laid across her lap. Her suspicions of bisexuality were all but

 confirmed by Emily’s plain arousal. Her pussy had flowered open, her inner

 labia pushing outwards; her hardened clitoris was plainly visible, and she was

 so wet that it was actually dripping onto the carpet.

 A new plan struck Tanya, and she pulled the confused young woman to her feet.

 She stood there breathing heavily, pinkish spots visible around her breasts,

 face, hands and numerous other places. She was obviously very close to orgasm.

 Her hands hovered around her pussy as if she was struggling to keep from

 finishing the job. It was hard to believe that this was the same woman who had

 been giving her orders not so long ago.

 Stepping behind her, Tanya smoothly gripped Emily’s right hand with her own

 left hand, and brought it to her student’s back in an arm lock. Emily tried to

 hit out at her with her left hand, but it was a token effort in truth. She

 pushed the defeated young woman forwards at the waist a little, and, reaching

 between her legs with her own right hand, she found her clitoris, and began

 stroking it lightly. She was not going to allow Emily any way back from the

 edge of orgasmic release.

 Emily moved to pull away, and Tanya was able to steer her through the house,

 towards the front door. The helpless young woman abruptly realised that she

 was to be put out into the street, stark naked. Her arousal was making it

 difficult for her to think straight at this point, but she managed to gasp out

 a few words.

 “No … not naked … give me something to wear … anything …”

 “Anything?” Tanya grabbed a broad brimmed hat from a stand by the door, and

 placed it on the hapless student’s head. “Happy now?”

 She opened the door, and then gave Emily’s throbbing pussy a few hard rubs:

 more than enough to send her over the edge, she judged. She shoved her through

 the door and slammed it behind her. The young woman’s juices were flowing

 before she even hit the floor.

 None of Emily’s previous orgasms had prepared her for anything like this. It

 seemed to go on forever, in wave after wave. She moaned unashamedly, not

 caring where she was for the moment. When the effects of it started to fade,

 she took stock of her situation.

 There was very little space between Tanya’s front door and the paving stones.

 She was lying on her back on the pavement, nude save for the hat, with her

 legs spread wide apart, and both hands thrust into her pussy. She was being

 watched with amazement, by several students on their way to the university for

 the morning’s lectures, including one group who she knew.

 As humiliating as her situation was, there was one saving grace: the hat,

 which Tanya had put on her for a joke, had tilted forwards and was hiding her

 identity. The student house where she lived with a few others was not all that

 far away; perhaps she could make it back there without people knowing who she

 was?

 Scrambling unsteadily to her feet, she set off, holding the hat in place with

 both hands. She was still exhausted from her earlier run, as well as her

 orgasm. Weak kneed and bent forwards at the waist, she staggered through the

 crowd. Their mood had by now changed from surprise to amusement, and found her

 glowing backside - evidence of her recent spanking - particularly funny. Many

 of them gave her spanks on the rear as she ran past them, but fortunately none

 of them thought to knock her hat off. They would hardly have believed it to

 find that the aloof young woman they knew from classes was the one scampering

 almost naked through their midst now.

 Tanya watched from a window as her rival got past the main group of people and

 continued on home. Then she turned away, no longer interested. She had to get

 ready for next week’s tutorials, and she did so secure in the knowledge that

 things would be different between her and her troublesome student from now on.

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 She was right. Emily made it home okay; numerous people saw her, but none

 recognised her. She, too, had a key hidden outside to let herself in, and she

 was able to creep to her room without meeting any of her house mates. She

 spent most of the rest of that day nursing her spanked bottom, and providing

 her privates with nursing of a different sort as she relived the events of the

 day.

 She eventually got the courage to return to her lessons and tutorials, but

 gave Tanya no more trouble. She was timid in the sessions, and much more open

 to accepting criticism and advice. While she was never at the top of the

 class, her grades improved and she eventually finished the course with a

 respectable score. She also took with her a new found knowledge of her own

 sexually submissive characteristics, and would have fun exploring those in the

 future.

 Tanya had managed to retrieve the camera and keys without much difficulty, and

 she sneaked the keys back into the professor’s pockets just before he unlocked

 his door the next morning. The janitors, of course, were telling stories of

 having seen a couple of lady streakers, but they didn’t know who they were.

 She was in the clear.

 Emily’s new found docility in class really boosted Tanya’s confidence, and her

 own performances improved: enough that she was one day made a full lecturer.

 She, too, had found something out about herself, namely that she enjoyed the

 thrill of streaking. She would often go to some secluded park or field, and

 enjoy a nude dash through nature.

 She also started her own little tradition. For as long as she worked at the

 university, she would clamber, stark naked, over her garden fence once per

 year, and streak around the campus. She was marking the anniversary of two

 days which, although quite frightening at the time, had changed her life for

 the better.