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.

Part 2Fri Jul 21, 2006 20:1886.142.158.198

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.