**Tara's Ordeal**

by friarjohn99

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.11**

Tara knelt there, tethered to the railings as the students gathered around her, ogling at her beautiful naked body, the straightjacket damp with the spilt water, the strap tight between her legs becoming more painful as the already sensitive skin was rubbed raw by the soaking material.

Hanging her head in shame as they all joked and discussed what they would do with her, she heard mention that the Dean had offered $10,000 dollars to the group who came up with the most imaginative use of their volunteer, any group, team, sorority or faculty could enter.

Tara still was unable to speak, plead her case, some of the plotters had been her classmates and team mates, yet now they had all been tricked in to despising her, they genuinely believed she had cheated and stolen the exam papers, devaluing their own work and risking the reputation of the University.

She was becoming increasingly aware of the building pressure in her tummy, forced to drink all that cold water, the tight strap pressing cruelly against her bladder as she continued to kneel naked whilst her future was being openly discussed as though she was just a toy, a plaything for the rest of term.

Tara was getting desperate, even hoping that Suzy would reappear, at least she could then try and get to the washrooms, but there was no sign of her and the pressure was becoming unbearable, there was no escape as the crowds of amazed onlookers kept gathering around, no one dared touch her, though many were keen to do so, her beautiful toned body so blatantly exposed.

Gritting her teeth and squeezing he eyes shut Tara sobbed in desperation as the first spasm came, she fought against it but with a wail of despair she began to let go, first a trickle then as her body gave in the liquid started to flow, a gush leaving her body but splattering everywhere, the tight strap between her legs causing her pee to go everywhere, the hot liquid soaking through the material, to cries of “Gross”, “Ewww” as the onlookers witnessed Tara debasing herself as she slumped down on the stairs, a pool of liquid gathering around her.

Suddenly she opened her eyes as she felt a soft hand on her cheek, nervously opening her eyes, expecting it to be Suzy and expecting to be punished, but Tara blinked, seeing it was Meg, a girl from her Law class, it was the first kind face she had seen since the whole hideous ordeal had begun.

Meg was a sweet girl, overweight and a bit of a loner, Tara had always thought that Meg had a crush on her but right now she would take any kindness she could get. Meg knelt down close to tara and whispered.

“I don’t know what’s going on, that bitch Suzy has old everyone not to help but this is too much, wait here a minute, I promise I’ll be back in a moment”

Pathetically grateful, Tara meekly nodded as Meg went into the refectory and headed for the kiosk, leaving tara slumped, the straightjacket soaking wet and mess all over her thighs and tummy, her poor tender pussy stinging where the pee had soaked into her raw tender skin.

Meg reappeared carrying a small bag began to un do the ball gag, tara gasping for breath as her lips were free of the horrible rubber constriction, then untying the leash from the rail she gently helped Tara up and half carried over to a clean grassy area and laid her down.

Tara lay on the grass, the students still gathering round, whispering how pissed Suzy will be as Meg had Tara sit up and she started trying to undo the straight jacket, unbuckling the arms, the blood rushing to Tara’s hands as the circulation started to flow. The wet jacket was almost off then gingerly Meg undid the bottom strap, carefully trying to extricate it from between Tara’s legs, soaking wet and deeply embedded she nervously dug her fingers in to Tara’s pussy and eased out the wet cloth before slipping the jacket off leaving Tara totally naked.

Tara was in a daze, grateful to be relieved of the horrible, cruel garment but also acutely aware that she was now lying naked, exposed on the grass just outside the student refectory, covered in sweat and her own pee, terrified that Suzy would reappear and apprehend Meg.

Meg had a kind of dazed expression on her face as she produced a packet of wet wipes and proceeded to wipe Tara clean, she took hold of Tara’s ankles and lifted her long legs, wiping all around her bottom and pussy, wiping her clean like a dirty child, then she produced a tub of salve and very gently began to rub it over tara’s red raw pussy lips, the cold cream soothing the red hot pain of the chaffed skin.

Tara lay back on the grass letting Meg soothe her, the cool balm soothing the pain, she closed her eyes, blocking out the fact that there were hundreds of watching students and letting her legs drop wider, her poor pussy had been stretched, pummelled and abused all day, the soothing cream was the first kindness she had been shown since the ordeal had begun, she shyly smiled up at Meg, thanking her for taking the risk of helping her when no one else had.

Closing her eyes and lying back on the grass tara felt the cold soothing balm starting to work, Meg Lifted her legs higher, lifting Tara’s bottom off the ground, like a child having it’s nappy changed as she caressed between Tara’s bottom cheeks, rubbing cream into the crack, also raw from the wet cloth, the stinging subsided as she once more gently lowered Tara’s legs, parted them and applied more lotion to her tender shaved pussy.

Tara slowly became aware of another sensation as megs fingers continued to rub, nervously moving inwards, shy to touch Tara’s most delicate places but edging closer, her little finger rubbing Tara’s labia, a tiny finger nail subtly poking inside, the lotion lubricating the fingers as they dipped inside.

Without realising it Tara had started rotating her hips slightly, lifting to meet the invading digit, a heat building inside her as Meg stroked her fingers along the crease of Tara’s tender pussy, her dreams being realised as the naked captain of the swim team, her long legs splayed wide, gratefully accepted her ministrations.

Tara arched her back, imploring the fingers to dig deeper, her audience forgotten as she felt the flutterings begin, little shocks passing up her inner thighs, her tummy trembling as Megs fingers speeded up, quicker, her nails scraping, teasing tara’s engorged clitoris, the memories of the days humiliations, the degrading nakedness, suddenly Tara started bucking wildly as her orgasm flowed through her, clenching and unclenching her buttocks as she lifted her gyrating hips off the grass, a tiny part of her aware of the audience, she was being utterly degraded in public and she despised herself but somehow Tara had never felt so alive in her life.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.12**

As Tara’s orgasm subsided, she sensed a change amongst the onlookers, the cheering, jeering had stopped, there was complete silence, shyly she opened her eyes, to be face to face with the Dean of the university.

“Meg Davis, stop that immediately” he bellowed “This student has opted to be punished by the university rather than the police so anyone caught helping her will be expelled” there was a collective gasp amongst the students.

“However, in this instance I shall be lenient, you are on an official warning, one more indiscretion and you will lose your place here”.

Tara looked up at poor Meg, she was the only person to show her kindness and now she risked being chucked out, Tara tried to reach out but suddenly collapsed back on to the grass as an electric shock buzzed through her, causing her to cry out, more in shock than pain.

Lying naked, spread-eagled on the grass, her body glistening with sweat after Megs kind act had turned her world upside down, Tara could only look on as a smiling Suzy came up to the Dean and held is hand.

“I want you all to listen up, Tara Jones has admitted cheating and theft, we kindly offered her the option of campus law or jail, she has opted for our law, my god daughter Suzy Vaughan has generously donated her time to be the liason mistress, this means you need to apply through her to have access to Miss Jones”

Tara stared at Suzy, standing there like butter wouldn’t melt, the Dean was her god father, no wonder she had such an easy ride, the best rooms in college, captain of the cheerleaders, it all made sense.

The Dean continued, “I’m looking forward to hearing what challenges lie ahead for Miss Jones and hope that she will learn contrition, but I need to remind everyone that whilst this is a punishment it is also an opportunity to learn so I want your tasks to be based on learning, about the human body and mind, finally I want to remind you all that whilst this is a punishment and miss Jones certainly deserves to be punished, but she is still a member of this institution and must be treated as such, humiliation stays longer in the mind than pain, I do not want her physically harmed or mentally scarred, punish to chastise by all means but base cruelty will not be tolerated”.

With that he strode off, leaving Suzy to take Tara’s hand and lift her to her feet, naked, her pussy and thighs still slick from Megs soothing balm, Suzy re-attached the collar and leash and led Tara to the washrooms, closing the door on the following crowd of students.

“Stand there, assume the position” quickly Tara remembered her earlier instructions and stood up straight, feet apart, her hands behind her head, her back straight and chest out, her pussy thrust forward and buttocks held tight.

“Good girl, you remembered “ sneered Suzy as she proceeded to quite roughly wipe tara clean with some paper towels, her sensitive skin once more being rubbed as the remnants of Megs cream were removed from her naked pussy and ass, Suzy ordering her to turn round, bend over and spread her cheeks as she wiped the sticky cream away.

Finished, Suzy threw the towel in the bin, “Ok, it’s been rough, this is your first day and there’s a whole lot more to come, I want you to go to your room and have a good night’s sleep because tomorrow your ordeal will begin in earnest. The requests have been piling in, every sorority, every sports club and every faculty has been coming up with ideas, you’re going to be a very busy girl” laughed Suzy, giving her a playful slap on the behind.

“I know my cheerleaders are very excited to see you, even your friends in the swim team have plans, so savour tonight, report to me tomorrow morning at seven prompt, and we’ll let the fun begin”

Suzy then took Tara’s leash and led her back out of the washroom and out on to the steps of the refectory, almost the whole student body was there, every single one of them looking at the beautiful, tall, toned captain of the swim team, naked as the day she was born, her pussy shaved and her head bowed in shame.

Suddenly Suzy slapped her on the ass “Go, run, run as fast as you can to your room and I’ll see you in the morning”

Like a deer caught in the headlights Tara stood there, in shock, then another hard smack on her rounded ass cheeks sparked her to life and she bolted, naked through the crowd, as fast as she could run, her breasts heaving her thighs pumping as she raced for her room, the crowd parting to let her through, cheering at the sight of her bouncing rear as she turned the corner, desperately trying to shield the tears in her eyes and much worse, the glistening sheen on her pussy lips as once more she couldn’t fight against the new sensation of pleasure that her utter humiliation seemed to be arousing in her.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.13**

Tara rose early; terrified of being late for Suzy she crawled out of bed and stumbled into the bathroom. Gazing at her naked reflection she pulled up to her full height and assessed what she saw, tall, toned and beautiful, she had one of the best bodies’ on campus, she should be proud to show it off.

Yet at the same time she dreaded what lay ahead, displayed to anyone who cared to order her to display herself, every inch of her body had already been ogled by the staff and students, every boy and girl had witnessed her abject humiliation and looked on as she debased herself before them. They had seen her hidden charms, they had giggled as she was punished and perhaps most shameful of all they had laughed as she lost all self-control and wantonly orgasm’d in front of them.

Even now, thinking about yesterday’s ordeal’s Tara could feel herself becoming wet, yet it was the most embarrassed she had ever been and she knew that somehow today she would escape, as a law student she could wriggle out of the contract issue and no career was worth this abject humiliation, she would tell Suzy the game was over and leave the University.

Quickly showering but desperate to be clean all over, inside and out, tara had the water piping hot as she roughly scrubbed herself with abrasive soap, all traces of yesterday washed away, her fingers delving deep in her ass and pussy, not for pleasure but for hygiene, she was determined to finish this but deep down knew there would be difficulties ahead.

Showered, she donned her swim team tracksuit with a hooded top and stepping out of her room pulled the hood up and started jogging to Suzy’s.

Even at this early hour there were quite a few students around, mostly fellow joggers enjoying the bright Summer morning, with her hood pulled tightly Tara kept her head down and passed several groups of runners without anyone noticing, her strong legs keeping up a good steady pace.

“Jones, Tara Jones, I know it’s you, stop right there”

Tara froze momentarily, she recognised Brad’s voice, he was jogging with a few of the other Jocks and must have crept up behind her.

“I would recognise that ass anywhere” he joked, as in a split second impulse Tara bolted off.

Fit as she was Tara was quickly over taken and with a sob she ground to a halt as Brad and his cronies encircled her.

“Well that wasn’t a very clever move” puffed Brad, “you know as well as we do that you should have stopped immediately, now I’m afraid I’m going to have to tell Suzy that you’ve been a naughty girl”

Tara cringed; she didn’t know if it was more humiliating being described as a “naughty girl” or that she was now at Brad’s complete command.

Seeing there was a commotion a number of other joggers began to gather round, seeing it was Tara an excited gaggle of voices started up, talk of challenges and tests, but Tara tried to shut them out and stared pleadingly at Brad.

“Strip, take everything off and present yourself as you have been instructed” he ordered.

Tara looked at him in disbelief, her day had barely started and already she was unable to resist, unable to shield her modesty as he stepped towards her.

“Now, or we’ll do it for you”, Tara saw the football players advance as one, Brad only too keen to assist.

“Ok, Ok “ she cried, unzipping her top and slipping off her jogging pants and sneakers, left standing in just her white sports bra and panties, her lightly tanned skin even more exposed in contrast to her underwear.

Brad just stood there, his hand outstretched as with a whimper of defeat Tara peeled off her remaining garments and surrendered them to him, then quickly trying to conceal her nakedness, one arm shielding her firm breasts, her other hand cupping her so recently shaved pussy.

Before she could move Tara yelped as Brad smacked her hard across her still exposed bottom, “You know what to do, girl”

Realising she had no choice, with an anguished sob Tara clasped her hands behind her neck, parted her long legs and arching her back, pushed her hips and chest forward, on perfect display to the gathering crowd.

Brad had witnessed her original debasement in the professor’s office but this was his first time with Tara without Suzy watching his every move.

“Looks as though you need a little fitness training, that little burst of speed sure didn’t get you far”

Brad started running his hands all over Tara, egged on by his team mates he squeezed her calves and thighs, like assessing a prize cow he patted her firm buttocks, making her flinch.

“Stand still while I examine you girl, I know we’re only meant to use for helping us with our studies, well let’s call this physical studies” he laughed, his strong hand encircling her proffered breasts.

“Now drop and give me twenty” immediately Tara dropped to the ground, grateful to be marginally less exposed as she began to perform the push ups, her toned body rising and falling rhythmically.

“All the way down” she felt the cold sole of Brads’ sneaker on her back, her large breasts squashing painfully against the cold path, her nipples hardening as they brushed the ground.

“now up and give me twenty star jumps”, mortified but helpless to resist, Tara leapt up, throwing her arms and legs out wide to the obvious amusement of the onlookers, her magnificent breasts bouncing her thighs spread wide, the taut sinews in her inner thighs stretched as she performed the degrading task.

“And twenty squat thrusts” Tara closed her eyes, knowing how she must look, her face red with exertion, her ass and pussy spread wide as she strained to appease him, she could feel the crisp cold air on her open lips, her buttocks spread painfully wide, her secret, most private places on crude display as she performed the most basic of exercises, but totally nude.

“Stand up” he ordered, Tara stood up, trying to catch her breath, her chest rising and falling, her toned tummy pulled inwards as she automatically assumed the position, the crowd applauding her efforts.

“P-please, I-I’m going to be late,” she whimpered, realising that Suzy would undoubtedly relish a reason to punish her.

“That’s your problem princess” taunted Brad “You purposefully tried to avoid being noticed and then you tried to run from me, “grasp your ankles , now” he ordered.

Knowing she had no choice, Tara did as she was ordered, her legs apart, she bent over and did as she was told, mortified as she pictured how she must look, her thick brown hair pulled back, revealing her slender neck, her breasts hanging down, still sucking in deep breaths from her exertions but most acutely aware of her parted legs, her rounded ass cheeks slightly parted as she bent over, her pink labia visible to all behind her, no hair to shield her open pussy from view.

Her whole body suffused with shame jolted as Brads large hand swooshed down, almost lifting her off her feet, her bottom on fire as five more quick blows resounded, a loud “slap” as hard flesh hit soft flesh, Tara’s face contorted with shame as she was publicly spanked, then being pulled to her feet, her hands rubbing her smarting red cheeks, a tear in her eye as the laughter rang around her.

Still in shock Tara was completely caught off guard when Brad hoisted her naked body up, over his shoulder like she was a child, her red bottom in the air, her chest hanging down and her pussy pressed hard against his broad shoulder, her legs kicking out feebly as he stated to jog along the path.

“Can’t have you being late for Suzy” he joked as Tara struggled not to fall, the rhythm of his running pressing his muscled shoulder hard against her naked mound, the warm movement causing her tummy to flutter, the utter shame of her position, her nude body bouncing along the path, the friction against her sensitive labia causing her to close her eyes and grit her teeth, fighting off what may happen to her increasingly out of control body.

Bouncing along like a rag doll, her hips pushing into his shoulder, her exposed buttocks involuntarily clenching Tara began to lose control, when suddenly Brad stopped, Tara, momentarily confused, continued gyrating, grinding her pussy against his muscled shoulder when all of a sudden, to her absolute horror, someone took hold of her hair and lifted her head up”

“Your late” said Suzy icily, then Tara cried out as a grinning Brad Dumped her naked, shaking body, unceremoniously onto Suzy’s doorstep.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.14**

Tara slowly stood up, hesitating briefly she reluctantly assumed the position expected of her by Suzy.

“Thanks for dropping her off” giggled Suzy “See you at the Dean’s drinks party tonight” she waved Brad and his friends off then losing the smile she turned to the naked, trembling Tara.

Gripping her by the ear and pulling her into her college rooms Suzy was obviously furious.

“When I tell you to be here at seven I expect you at seven, not half past”

Tara new there was no point protesting, if Brad hadn’t stopped her she would have been on time, but Suzy was clearly in no mood for excuses.

“The coffee and cups are through there, I take mine black and Lucy takes hers white now hurry up” ordered Suzy giving Tara a hard slap on her behind, sending her scampering to the kitchen area, Tara gasped in shock, she hadn’t realised that Suzy had a roommate, Lucy was a pretty, diminutive Japanese American girl, a second year art student like Suzy, she giggled as she watched the tall, naked swim team captain searching desperately for the cups, milk and coffee, clearly keen not to make Suzy any angrier.

Suzy and Lucy sat at their kitchen table whilst the naked Tara rushed about, eventually placing the steaming mugs on the table, and with a warning glance from Suzy she once more assumed the degrading posture, her breasts, pussy and ass pushed out for the amusement of any onlooker.

Tara stood still as the two girls drank their coffee, both reading the morning papers, ignoring the quivering naked girl standing beside them.

“Come” ordered Suzy, hardly bothering to look in Tara’s direction, she held out one hand, “Here” she commanded a little more forcefully, nervously Tara edged forward until she was standing next to Suzy’s chair.

“Keep coming” Suzy’s voice has a hard edge to it as she continued to read the paper and still held her hand out, with a groan Tara edged closer still, until Suzy’s outstretched fingers brushed against her naked mound, the backs of her fingers grazing gently against Tara’s sensitive skin.

Tara squeezed her eyes closed in shame as she felt Suzy’s hand stop, “You haven’t shaved, you lazy, filty slut” she said quietly, still reading her paper and otherwise ignoring Tara, her soft hand resting on Tara’s pink fleshy mound.

“Dear oh dear, what are we to do with you” she continued, still not even bothering to look at the naked captain of the swim team, standing there on display, her hips thrust forward for inspection, a totally demeaning position, whilst Suzy, her young, blonde tormentor continued to slurp her coffee.

Tara was aware of Lucy watching her every movement, a huge wide eyed smile on her face as she watched the third year law student being totally dominated.

Tara drew in her breath, trying desperately not to move an inch as slowly Suzy’s fingers wandered lower, across her pale silky flesh and down, her finger tips brushing across the sensitive lips, gently easing them apart, tickling slowly up and down as with a groan of defeat Tara felt Suzy’s triumphant little digits slide up inside her wet pussy, her arousal obvious as Suzy withdrew her glistening fingers and showed them to a giggling Lucy.

“So you liked being draped over my boyfriend’s shoulder you dirty slut, you get off on other peoples boyfriend’s do you”

Suzy put down her newspaper and turned to look at her trembling captive, her whole body shaking with fear , not knowing what the cruel girl would do next, then Suzy stood up and stood behind her, edging Tara closer to the table until to her dismay she found herself pressed against the edge, Suzy manoeuvred Tara so that the sharp wooden corner of the table was pressed into her groin, her long legs positioned either side as the cold, hard wood pressed against her sensitive pussy, her already engorged clitoris rubbing against the grain, mercilessly.

“Don’t you dare move” ordered Suzy as she sat back down and opened up her laptop, “Lucy and I have spent a lot of time working on your behalf and all you do is swan about naked” laughed Suzy, cruelly firing up the computer, smiling as she purposefully jiggled her knee under the table causing it to vibrate against Tara’s most sensitive place.

Tara could only stand there, pressed up against the tables as a smiling Suzy opened up Facebook, “Look, you’ve got your very own page” giggled Suzy as Tara could only look on in utter horror as pictures of her naked submission blurred before her tear filled eyes, even as she was looking a number of messages pinged in, “this is great” laughed Lucy.

“As you know, we’ve offered your services to the college, and you’ll, be delighted to know how popular you are”

Suzy opened a new message “Ewww! That’s gross” she laughed turning the screen so Lucy could share the joke, “Some of these guys are just deviants” continued Suzy as she continued to bounce her knee against the table’s edge, aware of the effect it would be having on Tara.

“You should be thanking us, we are filtering the requests, some groups on this campus are truly weird, we’ll pick and choose your appointments, but if you misbehave or let us down we might just let them all have a go”

Terrified, Tara shook her head, frightened to speak, less she be spanked again she just stared wide eyed as the requests kept flooding in.

“Here’s one from the track cyclists, they want you to join them for an afternoon session” Tara liked cycling, it could be worse, “But they want you naked” , Tara groaned, “And there will be no saddle” laughed Suzy as Tara blinked in disbelief, in fact, continued a gleeful Suzy “as an experiment they want to replace the saddle with a dildo and monitor your reactions” Suzy and Lucy collapsed laughing as Tara could only blink back tears of shame”.

Tara was growing ever aware of the constant vibration against her clitoris as Suzy Kept nudging the table and against her will she couldn’t get out of her mind the shameful spectacle of her naked body, shiny with sweat as she sped around the velodrome, her toned, tanned body bent over the bars of the speeding bike, her breasts bouncing and legs pumping as the crowd cheered her on, the dildo deep inside her being driven deeper as her body ground down on it.

then opening her eyes wide Tara almost collapsed across the table as she was brought to a shuddering orgasm, the hardness of the table becoming slippery with her juices as her mind and body betrayed her in front of the two younger girls, her tummy heaving, her buttocks clenching and unclenching as she let herself be swamped by the uncontrollable surge from between her cruelly parted lips.

“Well that was quite a show” smirked Lucy as a crestfallen Tara began to straighten up, only to receive a sharp slap from Lucy, who took hold of Tara’s neck and bent her over the table, her soaking pussy still painfully pressed against the corner.

“No one gave you permission to get up” barked Suzy, “we’ve still the small matter of your tardy time keeping and your distinct lack of personal hygiene, you have bristles and obviously have not shaved, you will be punished and then Lucy will attend to you, we’ve a busy day ahead”

Nervously Tara lifted her eyes as Suzy turned the computer screen towards her, “Tara’s Day,1” she read.

Tara suddenly thought she could take no more, no more shame and humiliation, spankings and ritual degradation and was about to tell Suzy so, she could stuff this torture and the University and the Dean could go ... themselves, she was just about to blurt it out when Suzy clicked open another window and pressed play.

Tara could not believe her eyes as there in black and white was clear footage of her entering the offices of Professor Green, it was clearly her, in her grey tracksuit, early yesterday morning pulling her hood up as she entered the building, the picture cut to the inside of Green’s office, the hooded figure could then be seen rummaging through the draws and removing sheets of paper, the picture then cut to the grey track suited figure emerging from the building, her hood back, Tar’s pretty face clearly visible.

“This is a set up” she wailed, knowing that she had been completely and utterly outsmarted, she really was caught, it was either this humiliating treatment for the rest of term or five years in jail, she rested her head on the table and wept, momentarily forgetting her naked state, her breasts squashed against the table, her rounded buttocks quivering as she wept, knowing she was theirs.

**Tara's Ordeal CH.15**

“We have a full day ahead” said Suzy getting up and moving behind the prostrate, naked Tara, her chest heaving her full breasts pressing against the table, her tender pussy still pushed up against the hard wooden corner.

“First off we’ve got a lecture in the law faculty, you must keep up with your studies’ after all” laughed Suzy.

“Some hot shot lawyer who used to study here, it’s a talk about achieving your dreams, blah blah” yawned Suzy.

Tara hated the fact that Suzy and her arty pals derided the more hard working students, “we don’t all have rich mummies and daddies to support us” she thought, her large brown eyes trying to see what Suzy was up to.

“Then my friends in the art department have booked you for the afternoon which will be fun, wont it”

Tara yelped as her exposed buttocks received a sharp slap, the shock causing her to thrust forward, the table once more rubbing unforgivingly on her already tender pussy.

“And this evening we are lucky enough to be invited to a drinks reception at the Deans house, where the lawyer lady is to be the guest of honour, so it,SLAP, should, SLAP, be an, SLAP, exciting, SLAP, day for all of us” finished Suzy.

Tara squirmed, her bottom on fire after the quick succession of sharp smacks on her bare behind, whilst simultaneously horrified that the automatic grinding into the table had elicited her to come a second time, her shame now complete before her two tormentors.

“Anyway, you’ve had your punishment for being late and for failing to maintain your person, which Lucy can quickly remedy then we can all jog over to the law faculty” said Suzy gaily, as though she didn’t have a care in the world.

Lucy then gently took Tara by the elbow and led her to the bathroom, her light sing song voice chattering away as she told Tara to stand in the bath and assume the position, which automatically she did.

Then Lucy took the shower head and rinsed Tara’s poor pussy clean before very quickly and skilfully lathering and shaving the few stubborn bristles that had appeared between Tara’s legs before bending her over, asking her to spread her cheeks so she could finish the job and then pat her dry.

Tara felt pathetically grateful, though she had just been totally naked before a complete stranger and been washed and shaved in the most humiliating manner, somehow because it was done with kindness it didn’t feel so bad, maybe she could get through the term after all?

Ordered to stay in position in the hallway Tara stood there whilst Suzy and Lucy pulled on their tracksuits and trainers, she flinched momentarily, then regained her composure as Suzy fastened the dog collar and attached the leash, then opened the door, pulling the naked swim team captain after her.

The three of them broke into a brisk jog, Tara semi shielded between Suzy and Lucy, her large breasts swaying in the cool morning air her bare feet slapping down onto the tarmac pathways as they headed across the campus.

Tara tried to ignore the wolf whistles and lewd comments from fellow students as they continued their journey, the two cheerleaders were fit but Tara easily maintained the pace, concentrating on the running and trying to forget that she was completely naked, her nipples hardening in the crisp morning sunshine, her long legs keeping up a steady rhythm.

Mortified as she was, to be tethered on a leash, held by Suzy, she was also grateful as Suzy fended off the approaches and comments of their fellow students, slapping away a groping hand, telling the huge basketball players they would have to apply through the facebook page as they tried to grab a squeeze of Tara’s tight behind as they jogged on past.

Eventually they came to the lecture rooms, hundreds of Tara’s fellow law students were milling around, she tried to melt into the background but at five ten, naked and beautiful, it was impossible, but once more Suzy and Lucy shielded her from the worst of it, Tara tried to keep her eyes on the ground and shut out the total embarrassment of her situation.

Suzy led her into the auditorium and they sat halfway back in the middle of the row, Tara yelped as a playful hand pinched her behind as they squeezed past some already seated students, grateful to sit down, her most private places not so openly displayed but jerked back to reality as she tried to cross her legs only to feel a sharp pinch on her inner thigh, “Legs wide apart” hissed Suzy. With a tear in her eye, Tara could only obey.

As the students settled there was some movement at the end of their row as everyone started to stand to allow someone through. Tara looked as a smartly dressed young women approached them, pecked Suzy on the cheek and sat down on the other side of Tara.

Leaning across, Suzy chatted to the women, largely ignoring Tara, the lady was Suzy’s elder sister Mary, an ex student who now worked in New York, with the guest speaker. Tara then jolted as unexpectedly Mary gently cupped her exposed breast, her thumb brushing Tara’s prominent nipple before complimenting her sister on her taste, then the lights dimmed and the Dean addressed the audience.

"I am delighted to welcome back one of our many successful alumni, she has gone from strength to strength in New York and is now one of the youngest prosecuting attorney’s in the state, please welcome Amy Larson".

Tara sat bolt upright, forgetting her nakedness for a second as her half sister strode confidently onto the stage, she hadn’t seen her for years, blonde and beautiful she was strikingly similar in build and looks to Tara, their mother marrying two very different men, Amy’s father had been Scandinavian whilst Tara’s was all American, but with some Spanish ancestry way back, hence the dark thick hair and very lightly honeyed skin.

Tara was sure Amy wouldn’t be able to see her so far back and was hugely grateful as the lights dimmed and Amy spoke eloquently and passionately of her days at College and her life in New York, it all seemed so high powered and glamorous That the students were transfixed, Tara thinking all the more how she just had to get through this and graduate.

After Amy wound up her speech there was a question and answer session, she handled it with confident ease, only appearing to stumble slightly, her bravura slipping when Suzy’s sister stuck her arm up and asked “Would you say all your experiences here at College have helped shape you into the girl you are today”

Quickly regaining her composure she replied quickly, “Most definitely, and thank you for asking the question” she appeared to slightly dip her head in deference to the questioner, causing Mary and Suzy to giggle quietly, before the lecture was over and everyone started to drift outside, once more Suzy shielding Tara from the worst of the obvious attention her beautiful, naked body was provoking.

“See you at the Deans later” called Mary, heading off towards the backstage area, as Suzy tugged gently on the leash, “Ok you, it’s my turn now, we’re off to the art department, and they’ve got all sorts of fun things lined up”

And taking hold of the leash she led the naked girl across the lawns towards the college art department.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.16**

Tara followed Suzy into the large white building that housed the arts faculty, standing naked as the students went about their work, they seemed slightly less engrossed in Tara’s nudity than the other students on campus, maybe they are used to seeing nude models everywhere, thought Tara.

“Ok she’s here” called Suzy as she led Tara into a large bright studio, there was a huge canvas on the floor and a number of students were milling around, they all new Suzy and she chatted amiably to them and ordered Tara to wait until she was instructed what to do.

Standing, nude and vulnerable in the centre of the white room she could only watch as they bustled about, picking up pots of brightly coloured paints, then a short girl with thick spectacles and a white lab coat walked up to Tara and looked her up and down, running her fingers slowly all over Tara’s exposed body, turning her around, making her lift her arms above her head, then lifting her feet, it was as if she was being assessed, then the girl smiled, nodded at the others and promptly threw half a pot of bright yellow paint all over Tara.

Tara shrieked with fright as the cold paint slid over her, dripping from her jutting breasts, pooling around her. Then a young man followed suit and before Tara knew what was happening they were splattering her with paint from every angle until she was covered from head to toe, her nude body like a multi coloured mannequin.

Then the girl ordered Tara to lie down on her back and before she could react the girl had taken hold of her ankles and proceeded to drag her naked body across the great big canvas, her body skidding across the canvas, the thick oil paint aiding her slippery journey, then one by one they took turns in skidding Tara’s naked , paint covered body backwards and forwards across the giant canvas.

Someone flipped her over on to her front and the fun and games continued, taking her hand someone spun her around, the friction of the canvas on her chest and hips making Tara giggle, a weird sensation as she was treated like a rag doll as they competed with each other to spin her the fastest, it should have been absolutely humiliating but Tara couldn’t help herself as she slid to and fro, the paint covering her nakedness as she slid across the floor, to the laughter of the students.

“Ok everyone we’re nearly done with our masterpiece” laughed Suzy, “The dean has said we can hang it in the dining hall so we need to make sure it’s signed”

She then had Tara stand up, her body covered in sticky paint as she tried to catch her breath.

Suzy led her to the corner of the canvas where an area had been left clear, to her confusion Tara was then ordered to sit down, Suzy then knelt before her and took hold of her ankles and forced her legs as far apart as they would go, whilst pulling the confused girl forward, before hauling her back on to her feet.

Proudly Suzy announced that now the picture had been signed they could hang it in the dining room, Tara stared at her uncomprehending, until she followed Suzy’s gaze and gasped in shame.

There, clear as day was the perfectly clear outline of her ass and pussy, every line and crease outlined by the paint against the stark white canvas, but worst of all, and obvious to every single person in the room was a darker stain, her pussy lips had been spread obscenely wide by Suzy pinning her legs so far apart, and in the centre of her minutely detailed open pussy was her own juices, seeping into the canvas, the proof of her capitulation would be on open display to the whole university as the picture hung proudly in the refectory.

“Joey, Ellie, can you take her through to the sluice room, we need her cleaned up before the next part of the session”

Tara was meekly led through to a white tiled room with a small drain in the middle, it was where they washed off the excess clay, paint and other materials used by the class, the two young artists unwound the hose from the wall and told her to stand over the drain, they were a bit nervous, in awe of the third year swim captain.

Suzy poked her head round the corner “Assume the position, now” she barked, causing Tara to jump into position for fear of being spanked again, her buttocks still smarting from earlier.

Joey held the hose whilst Ellie, a tall African girl, with skin like ebony picked up a brush, chastened by Suzy they set to their task, the cold water being sprayed all over Tara’s naked, paint covered torso whilst Ellie stepped closer and with an apologetic shrug started to scrub the paint off.

Joey was having fun playing the cold jet up and down Tara’s captive, splayed body, the sharp jets of water like little pinpricks as he toyed with her cold erect nipples, her breasts flattening with the strong pressure of the water, meanwhile Ellie told her to part her legs still further and scrubbed the stiff brush over Tara’s buttocks, then moving underneath she caused her to squeal as the rough bristles played over her sensitive mound.

Tara was ordered into all sorts of humiliating positions as they endeavoured to get all the paint off, bending over and holding her buttocks apart as the hose was used to clean off every last drop of paint from every hidden crevice.

Suddenly the water was turned off and Tara stood there shivering in the silent room, just the drip of water and swoosh as the last remnants disappeared down the drain, her body pink from the scrubbing, covered in goose bumps in the cold room, then Ellie wrapped her in a big white towel and dried her off, Tara, scarlet with embarrassment as once more she was treated like a baby, towelled dry and then led back out into the studio.

The canvas had been removed and replaced with a sort of tray, a bit like a shower tray, Tara was told to stand in it and once more assume the position.

Suzy came in, dragging a trolley with some sort of heated container on it, the students gathered round.

“OK guys, now’s our chance to show the college what we can do, and Tara here will be remembered for years to come by all visitors to the campus and generations of students for years to come.

Suzy approached the nervous model, Tara was beautiful, she was statuesque, her figure the envy of every girl on campus, so now was the time to immortalise it.

She flinched as Suzy produced what looked like a small paint brush but it had a warmed rubberised solution on it, “You must keep absolutely still or this may burn” chuckled Suzy as she applied the solution to Tata’s exposed tummy.

“This is a quick setting rubber resin, we are preparing a mould of your beautiful body and from that we will create a life size statue, the dean already has a place on campus for it, now stay still” she ordered again as Tara flinched as the hot liquid was brushed over her inner thighs, the brush stroking along her outer lips, every single nook and cranny being covered, the rubberised solution being pressed deeply between her buttocks, the statue would leave absolutely nothing to the imagination.

For two exhausting hours Tara had to stand immobile as the students fussed around her, she then had to endure the rubber “suit” being peeled off, her naked skin feeling cleaner than ever as she was totally Exfoliated, not a single body hair remained.

Suzy informed her that it would be a day or so before the gran unveiling but she was sure it would certainly be life like, Tara was mortified with shame to think of generations of students to come, all looking at the perfect replica of her naked body.

“Well done everyone, I think the art department has excelled itself, our willing volunteer will no doubt enjoy seeing her painting and statue, I’m sure she’d like to thank you all personally”

With a sharp slap on her bottom Tara leapt to attention, “T-thank you everyone” she mumbled quietly, only to receive another slap across her lovely rounded cheeks, “Thank You” she shrieked, her bottom stinging, glowing almost as red as her cheeks as the shame of being a naked plaything for her fellow students hit her once more.

“Put these on, we need to get to the Deans party, you certainly don’t want to be late” laughed Suzy as she handed Tara a bag of clothes.

Tara couldn’t believe it as she slipped on the tight black skirt and silk blouse, then slipped on the black stilettoes, no underwear but after the last couple of days this was a complete surprise.

“We don’t want to upset all the wives at the party so you can cover yourself up”

Tara was pathetically grateful as she followed Suzy from the arts faculty, clothed and without her collar she felt elated as she trotted along, trying to keep up with Suzy on her high heels.

Walking up to the Deans door Tara could hear that the party had started, limousines on the drive and the sound of chatter and glasses clinking.

“Best behaviour young lady” chided Suzy as she adjusted Tara’s skirt slightly and rang the bell.

The door was opened by a smartly dressed women, “Suzy, delighted you could make it and I see you have brought your new friend” The Deans wife kissed her and looked Tara up and down appreciatively.

“leave your coat there and you’ll find drinks in the drawing room, but there’s a bit of a crowd” chuckled the Deans wife.

Suzy handed in her coat and led Tara trough to the drawing room and they started to weave their way through the crowd, then Tara’s jaw dropped, she couldn’t believe her eyes as Suzy pushed her to the front of the small crowd.

Standing behind the drinks trolley was Amy, she was expertly dispensing drinks to the guests, but what shocked Tara to the core was that her half sister, who had earlier been so smartly dressed as she addressed the law students, was now totally naked, except for some bunny ears, white shirt cuffs and a pair of very high heeled black shoes, like Tara’s.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.17**

Tara gasped, shocked by what she saw, Amy was beautiful, tall, composed but naked apart from wearing half of a playboy bunny girl outfit.

The pointy ears and the starched white cuffs looked smart, but the total absence of any other part of the costume meant that her naked body was completely on display to the waiting guests as they crammed around her asking for drinks, there seemed to be a particular demand for ice, which necessitated Amy turning round and bending from the waist to get some from the machine.

Tara was rooted to the spot, until Suzy rudely brought her round with a sharp smack to her behind, “well what are you waiting for, can’t you see she needs help, but first you’ll need to get dressed properly” said Suzy as she thrust a carrier bag into Tara’s hands, “Go and change in there” she said pointing towards the ladies’ room.

Tara brushed past a couple of girls who were waiting, her black skirt and silk blouse from earlier helping her to blend in with the other guests, they chatted briefly and let Tara jump the queue as her needs seemed more urgent.

Once in the bathroom Tara peered into the bag and her heart sank, it contained an identical outfit to Amy’s, she wished she could climb out of the window and run away but she knew she couldn’t, so with a sinking heart she peeled off her skirt and top and put on the ears and cuffs, keeping the high heels on.

Looking in the mirror she saw looking back at her a beautiful, dark haired girl, her breasts high and firm with light brown aureoles and darker nipples, she sucked in her toned flat tummy and admired her cleanly shaven mound, she should be confident but still the thought of being naked, on display to a room full of strangers filled her with shame and embarrassment.

With a deep breath she unlocked the door, eliciting a gasp and a giggle from the two girls as they witnessed the transformation from the demurely dressed girl from a minute ago to the naked bunny girl tottering on her high heels who now entered the room.

There was a tinkling of a knife against a crystal glass and the hubub of conversation ceased and the Dean turned to address the room.

“Ladies’ and gentlemen, thank you very much for attending tonight’s little soiree and I’m sure those of you who attended this morning’s law lecture will have been most impressed by our former student Miss Larson’s words” there was a polite murmur of agreement.

Tara felt more awkward standing, dressed as she was, in the middle of the room so she nervously made her way over to where Amy was standing by the drinks trolley; Amy shyly smiled at her, the brash, confident legal hotshot from earlier seemed altogether different now.

“We have an excellent evening’s entertainment lined up and I would especially like to thank Mary and Suzy Vaughan, my lovely god daughters for bringing their “girls” with them” he chuckled, lightly.

Suzy and Mary stepped into the centre of the room and accepted the applause whilst Tara and Amy sheltered behind the drinks Trolley, their nakedness partially obscured, until to Tara’s dismay they were beckoned to the front of the room.

Suzy approached the girls and, announced to the room, “We are two very lucky sisters” she began “to have found two such dumb sisters”, there was a ripple of amused chatter.

“When Mary told me of her exploits at College a few years ago I could never have dreamt in my wildest dreams that I would be lucky enough to follow in her footsteps, to have one thief in a family is bad but to have two is downright naughty” There was a cheer from the crowd as Suzy held up Tara’s hand, like a boxing champion.

Tara’s face was scarlet with shame as Suzy went on to explain how she had ended up here, naked, before a room of strangers, she then was doubly shocked to learn that it was exactly the same set up that had ensnared Amy two years ago.

Amy and Tara stood with their heads bowed in shame as their tormentors explained to the room what they had done and how they had risked the reputation of the College, a Tear trickled down Tara’s cheek as she sensed the party goers turning against her and her sister.

“However, tonight is about fun, so let’s get the party going and I’m sure between all of you we can think up some fun challenges for our two eager young ‘Volunteers’”

With a sharp smack to their bottoms Tara and Amy were sent back to the drinks trolley to serve cocktails, it was uncanny how physically similar they looked, both five foot ten, with firm breasts and long legs, Amy’s Blonde hair, blue eyes and paler skin was the only difference, and with no pussy hair between them, it remained the only difference.

“Ok you two, we’d like to martinis, shaken, not stirred” grinned Suzy, watching the two naked girls begin to prepare the drinks, “We’ve passed the hat around for ideas, it’s sister against sister and the winner will be sent home early, now get shaking those martinis”

To Tara’s horror she realised it was yet another mortifying set up as she and Amy began to shake the cocktails, the whole room turning to watch as in unison the two barmaid’s added the crushed ice, then holding the cold silver mixers began to shake’em, painfully aware that their breasts were wobbling and shaking , like cartoon jelly’s, much to the amusement of the onlookers.

Tara dared not speak to Amy but she was desperate to find out how she had ended up here, she noticed the slim bracelet on her ankle and guessed like her own, it was capable of delivering a sharp shock if she stepped out of line, she gulped, remembering the pain and indignity of losing control of her body as the current was zapped through her.

“Right ladies and gentlemen” announced Suzy “We are now ready to start the fun, bets can be placed on either girl though it’s hard to tell the difference between them, so before the first challenge please feel free to come and assess them”

Tara and Amy were ordered out from behind the trolley into the centre of the room and told to assume the position, both naked and exposed they could only sand there, eyes ahead, as the guests started circling them.

Tara gasped as hands started running all over her, squeezing her buttocks running up and down her parted thighs’, she could see Amy getting the same treatment, the previously haughty lawyer being judged like a slave at auction.

The wondering hands were becoming more invasive, cupping her breasts, people commenting on her muscle tone as if she were a racehorse, a female professor looked deep into her eye’s while she blatantly ran a finger up and down Tara’s exposed pussy lips before slipping a finger inside, then Tara almost jumped out of her skin as she felt someone else easing their hand between her buttocks, then slapping her as she tried to clench them together, defeated, humiliated she had no choice but to surrender as the probing finger found it’s target, she gritted her teeth as it teased around her hidden bottom hole before forcing it’s way past the tight ring of muscle.

Tara heard Amy suddenly draw in her breath as she was doubtlessly being similarly invaded and shamed so publicly, by so many people.

“OK everybody, now you.ve had a chance to check them over, wagers are being taken, first challenge is which girl can pick up the most chocolate buttons and bring them back to their mistress” Suzy then upended a bag of sweets on to the hard wooden floor, the round chocolates bouncing and rolling to all corners of the room.

Tara and Amy stood there, confused until they both received a short sharp shock through their ankle bracelets, suddenly Amy dropped to her hands and knees and Tara watched, momentarily confused as her half sister picked up one of the chocolate with her lips and crawled over to where Mary was sitting and like an obedient puppy dropped it into her lap, her beautiful pert bottom waggling as she crawled over to pick up the next one.

With a quiet wail of defeat Tara dropped to her knees and followed suit, trying to shut out the laughter and cheering as she scuttled about her bottom in the air, her large breasts swaying as she moved, desperate not to receive another shock and also desperate not to lose, the promise of leaving the party early suddenly a prize very much worth winning!

Amy was a couple of years older than Tara but no less fit, she probably belongs to some swanky New York gym, thought Tara jealously as she struggled across the polished floor, dropping the chocolate coins into Suzy’s lap.

It was hard work, a sheen of sweat forming on her tanned back and shoulders, her jaw aching as she struggled to pick up the coins, aware that Amy was pulling ahead, Tara doubled her efforts, trying to forget how she must look , her pink labia, shiny with sweat as she scuttled onwards, then Mary called out .

“Finish, Amy’s won!”

Tara dropped, exhausted to the floor, her naked body heaving for breath as she saw a smug smile on Amy’s face as Mary patted her on the head and much to the amusement of the crowd then fed her a chocolate treat , like rewarding her little pet.

Meanwhile Suzy looked furious, she beckoned Tara over and stood up, holding a chocolate button up in the air.

“lazy dogs don’t get treats, unless they work for them” there was laughter from the room as a dejected Tara knelt there, not sure what to do next.

With the sharp heel of her shoe, Suzy placed it on Tara’s trembling exposed buttock and forced her down onto her tummy.

“Roll over little doggy, let’s see if you deserve a treat”

Poor Tara had no choice as she then had to follow Suzy’s commands, still totally naked except for her bunny ears, cuffs and stiletto’s she was put through her paces.

“Roll over” , Tara felt totally humiliated as she rolled onto her back, then she had to suffer the further indignity of having her tummy tickled before eventually being told to sit up and beg, the crowd cheering as she managed to catch a chocolate button in her mouth, before Suzy tired of the game, like a petulant child and ordered her to stand back up and once more assume the position, the two naked competitors , their chests rising and falling, trying to catch their breath, looking on helplessly whilst their next challenge was discussed.

“Everybody outside please” called Suzy, ushering the chatting, laughing guests out into the balmy summer evening. The Deans house had a large rear garden, with a pool and several large trees.

“It’s very simple, each competitor must remove their costumes and dive into the pool, swim two lengths then run the length of the lawn and climb to the top of that beech tree, the first one back down is the winner, now GO”

Tara wasn’t to be caught out a second time, kicking off her shoes and slipping off the ears and cuffs as she sprinted to the pool and dived in, to the cheers of the onlookers she sped ahead of Amy, her hours and hours of swim training paying off, her mind in turmoil as she swam, all those training sessions and yet here I am swimming, stark naked, like a performing seal.

Ahead of Amy , Tara sprinted along the lawn, the soft grass beneath her feet, reaching the base of the tree just before Amy as the crowd gathered round, Tara had strong fingers and finding a purchase hoisted herself up, searching for a foothold as she rose up.

“Great view” shouted someone, and Tara cringed inwardly, suddenly aware how obscene it must look from below, her legs stretched apart as she sought out another foothold, her pussy lips spread widely apart, her buttocks crudely parted, her chest pressed up against the thick trunk of the tree as she rose ever higher.

With a delighted yelp, ever the competitor, Tara touched the top of the tree then passed a defeated Amy on the way back down, winning by so much that Tara looked up at the unfortunate Amy as she struggled higher, AS Tara went scarlet with embarrassment as she realised how she must have looked from below seconds earlier.

“Tara is the winner” announced Suzy and they then had to watch poor Amy climb down and to everybody’s amusement , then witnessed Mary ordering the hapless lawyer to bend over and clasp her ankles and receive six sharp smacks on her quivering buttocks, her face suffused with shame and anger as she glared at Tara, silently vowing revenge.

Once more standing to attention, both naked girls, one with a smarting bottom, could only look on as to much hilarity Suzy and Mary pulled a small round plastic paddling pool out of a garage and to their growing apprehension they watched as Suzy emptied a large bottle of olive oil into it.

“Oh god, please no” thought Tara as Suzy smiled mischievously, “for tonight’s last contest, with both competitors on equal points, we have the deciding round, last chance to put on a wager, contestants, step into the ring”

Suzy had both girls step into the paddling pool, then she and Mary took great pleasure in emptying a bottle of oil over each naked contestant. Tara shut her eyes as she felt Suzy’s small oily hands rub all over her body, catching her breath as Suzy cupped her sex, smearing oil all over her fleshy mound, rubbing the cold oil deeply between her buttocks and over her large thrusting breasts.

Tara wanted to run away but couldn’t, she was going to have to wrestle her equally naked half sister, this is ridiculous, she thought but suddenly Amy lunged at her, knocking her off balance and before Tara could react she found herself pinned to the floor of the small ring, the oil worked as she wriggles and slithered out of Amy’s strong grasp and Tara managed to climb on top, trying to smother her half sister, who kicked and writhed beneath her, her eyes spitting fury.

The crowd clapped and cheered on their favourite, one minute Tara was on top then Amy the next, slithering, grunting and panting with effort as it proved nearly impossible to pin their opponent down.

Suddenly Amy switched Tactic and quickly sat down, somehow trapping Tara’s flailing legs under her arms, Tara was on her back, her head inches from Amy’s pussy, but she was bent double as Amy readjusted her grip, pinning tara legs under her armpits she was free to abuse Her wriggling half sister as she pleased, the crowd cheered, like Roman gladiators as Amy began to spank Tara’s exposed buttocks, then, egged on by Mary she started toying with Tara’s defenceless Pussy and ass, spread cruelly wide as she was pinned in the most humbling position imaginable.

Tara was aghast, Amy was playing to the crowd, giggling as she dipped her oily fingers in between Tara’s outstretched legs, a cruel glint in her eye as she began teasing and flicking Tara’s oiled slippery clit, her fingers delving ever deeper, probing Tara’s open pussy lips, her thumb pushed deep into Tara’s puckered ass.

Tara began to buck, she realised Amy’s game, she tried to fight but was hopelessly pinned as her pussy was violated, a butterfly rhythm building inside her as Amy’s fingers thrummed her engorged clitoris, even in front of all these people, the Dean and half the senior staff of the college, Tara had no reply, she surrendered to the inevitable, closing her eyes and gritting her teeth as her climax erupted through her.

Bucking wildly, uncontrollably, her hips thrusting violently upwards, Tara caught Amy off balance and somehow, her pussy still on fire with pleasure, she managed to dislodge her and suddenly Tara was on top, unsure of how it had happened Tara seized her moment and pinned an exhausted Amy to the floor of the slippery pool.

“..7.8.9.10, we have a winner!” Tara couldn’t believe it as she was lifted up, the victor, to cheers and clapping she was hailed the victor, Suzy holding her hand aloft like a boxing champion.

“Go and get dressed, then you are free to go home” she told a still shocked Tara, “Though I still want you report on time tomorrow morning, you have a swim meet and your old team mates are certainly looking forward to seeing you, meanwhile your half sister will help us enjoy the rest of the evening”

Tara could only look on as Amy, defeated, naked and covered in oil was led towards the house by a furious looking Mary, her bottom still red from her earlier spanking, Tara could only imagine what the night ahead would hold for Amy, what trials and tribulations awaited her, but sympathetic as she was for Amy's plight, tara slipped on her dress and blouse and ran like the wind all the way across campus, not stopping till she reached her room and locked the door behind her.

Apprehensive about what tomorrow would bring, what new humilations and trials lay ahead, but at least it was her swim team mates, surely they would go easy on her!

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.18**

Waking early, determined not to give Suzy any excuses to punish her, Tara got up and had some toast and pulled on her tracksuit and prepared to leave, just remembering at the last minute that there was something she had forgotten to do.

Going back into the bathroom, she removed her tracksuit bottoms, shorts and briefs and ran her long fingers over her naked mound, sure enough there were a few tiny bristles, almost invisible but enough to get her into trouble, feeling foolish as she was alone, Tara still blushed as she looked at her reflection in the mirror, naked from the waist down as she applied some shaving gel and then very carefully slid the razor across her smooth, wet pink flesh.

Satisfied she was clean she headed off to Suzy’s, keeping her head down and her hood up she made it across campus without being pulled up by Brad or any of the other jogger’s passing by.

Knocking on the door, Tara was let in By Lucy, Suzy’s half oriental roommate, “We’re having our breakfast, you can bring us our coffee” and she gave Tara a playful slap on her behind, sending her scampering into the kitchen before they could think of anything else.

Placing the steaming mugs on the table Tara then adopted her customary position, legs apart, eyes to the front, hands behind her head and her chest sticking out, even though she was fully clothed it was still embarrassing having to present herself in such a way in front of the two girls, who were largely ignoring her whilst having their leisurely breakfast.

“You did well last night” began Suzy “poor Amy was kept on her toe’s all night, I don’t think she’ll be able to sit down for a week” she laughed.

“Mary’s taken her back to New York, we may go and see her soon, take you off campus, but don’t worry, your ankle bracelet works just as well off campus, just ask Amy”

Tara’s heart sank, somehow it was awful enough being naked and humiliated down here, but the thought of facing similar ordeals in the big city filled her with dread.

“Anyway, come closer and let me have a look at you”

Tara shuffled closer, remembering the previous morning’s instructions she obeyed quickly, desperate to avoid giving Suzy any reason to punish her.

Tara drew in her breath and stood motionless as Suzy took hold of her tracksuit bottoms and pulled them down to her knees, followed by her red running shorts, and to Tara’s dismay, her white cotton briefs.

Despite her previous ordeals Tara blushed furiously as she stood before Suzy, naked from her tummy button sown to her knees, whilst her fully clothed “Mistress” leant in close to examine her, so close that Tara could feel her warm breath on her recently shaved, sensitive flesh.

Inwardly proud, Tara stood silently whilst Suzy ran her fingers across her naked mound, “Well done, you’re a fast learner, now turn around” ordered Suzy.

Crestfallen, Tara did as she was told and followed Suzy’s instruction to, “part her legs wider, bend over and spread your cheeks”

Flinching as she once more felt Suzy’s warm breath on her, this time on her most sensitive area, crimson with embarrassment as she heard Lucy giggle as she maintained the hideous, shameful position.

“Oh dear, of dear, not as clever as you think young lady, Lucy please pass me your tweezers”

Tara stayed absolutely still, not sure what was happening behind her until she suddenly felt a sharp stinging pain, causing her to stumble forward, “Hold still you silly girl” barked Suzy, giving Tara a sharp smack on her behind, then she resumed plucking the few stray hairs that Tara had missed earlier.

Another sharp smack and Tara was told to stand back up, her bottom stinging and her face bright red.

“Clearly we are going to have to do this every morning until you can be trusted to do the job yourself, do you agree”

Knowing it was useless arguing Tara bit her lip and mumbled “Y-yes Mi-mistress Suzy” every bone in her body wanting to run away and leave the college and the cruel people behind, but knowing she couldn’t do it, she would just have to cope and the get her life back.

“Right, you’ll be delighted that your old friends at the swimming club have asked for your help today” Tara nodded meekly, and lent to pull up her dishevelled clothing, only to receive a smack across her toned thigh.

“Stay as you are until told otherwise, a little lesson in humility will hopefully serve to remind you of your predicament young lady”

Tara immediately returned to the expected position, with her pantie’s, shorts and trousers still at half mast, her naked charms on full display to Suzy and Lucy, somehow the fact that they were both fully clothed making her nudity so much more humiliating.

“You are to go straight to the swim club, Astrid is expecting you in ten minutes so I’d hurry up if I were you, you are to do exactly as she says, in my absence she will have charge of you until you return here, give her this and bring it back later”

She pressed the key ring into Tara’s outstretched palm, “Astrid knows how to use this so I would play along if I were you” Tara, wide eyed, stared at the innocuous looking key ring remembering the sudden pain and humiliation it could bring with it, the ankle bracelet ready at any time to release an electric shock, nothing too severe but enough to make you avoid it at all costs.

Suzy leant forward and gently cupped Tara’s exposed sex, Tara flinched, “I hope they’re not too harsh on you, I want this back in one piece” she giggled, gently patting the soft pink flesh before ordering Tara to pull her trousers up and run to the pool, where Astrid would be waiting.

Tara ran to the pool, once more evading her fellow students and faculty staff, conscious of not being late and getting off to a bad start.

Astrid had been Tara’s vice captain of the swim team, they had once been close but she was pissed when she had been looked over for the captaincy and had even asserted that Tara was “too close to the coach”

For her part Tara had tried to be a good captain, but you could never please all the people when you are picking a team so she couldn’t tell what reception she was going to get from her old team.

“You’re late” barked Astrid, Tara welled up, the whole team stood with Astrid and it was obvious she had turned them against her.

Immediately snatching the key ring Astrid ordered “Drop and give me twenty”

With a groan of exasperation Tara did as she was told, resigning herself that any thoughts of being treated leniently by her old team mates were misplaced, Astrid was obviously determined to make her time with them a “Challenge”.

Tara stood up, slightly out of breath and faced the team, “Stand properly” barked Astrid and before she could even assume the position Tara yelped as she received a sharp electric shock, she then quickly assumed the desired pose.

“We have a swim meet against Jones College, we’re a girl down so unfortunately we need you in the team, just to let you know that we have been shown the film of you stealing the exam papers, so we’re a little upset with you, what do you say?”

Tara looked at the steely glint in Astrid’s ice blue eyes and apologised instantly, not wishing to make her any angrier.

“The bus is coming soon so we need to get ready, lose the skanky clothes”

Tara stood there, not understanding, then with a dejected air she knew what was expected and began to remove her clothing, slipping off her sneakers and tracksuit bottoms.

“Quicker, or do you need some assistance” hissed Astrid, moving towards her.

Tara hurriedly peeled off the rest of her clothes, once more naked and ashamed, the twelve boys and girls of the swim team drinking in her nakedness, Astrid’s eyes roaming all over her body as she stood once more on display in the cold changing room, stark naked whilst everyone around her gathered up their kit, commenting on their nude former captain, the boys ogling her naked pussy and ass, her firm breasts on open display where before all they could do was imagine what their skipper would look like naked, well now they knew, and they liked what they saw.

“Everyone out, on to the bus” called Astrid

The team started to troop out, tracksuits on and kitbags ready, Tara looked at Astrid, her heart sinking.

“That includes you sweet cheeks” and she gave Tara a hard smack across her bottom, making her literally jump on to the bus, totally naked but desperate not to be smacked again or worse.

“You sit up front with me” ordered Astrid, patting the seat next to her, giving Tara no choice but to obey.

Tara sat down in the vacant aisle seat and tried to cross her legs, only to receive yet another painful slap and be told “keep those lovely thighs apart, a foot apart, for the whole journey”

Tara closed her eyes in shame as she complied, her open pussy on display, her rounded breasts visible to any passer-by, she smarted as she looked up to see the bus drivers eyes in the mirror, loving what he could see, the hairless ripe peach of Tara’s pussy there on view whenever he looked in his mirror.

Tara knew she had no choice, her mind in turmoil as the team bus pulled away, she was now off campus, but totally naked and at the mercy of her ex vice-captain, she dreaded to think what humiliations lay ahead as they got closer to Jones College and there opposing swim team.

Swinging through the gates Tara was appalled to see a waiting reception committee, “put this on” ordered Astrid, passing Tara a large quilted coat, just as the bus pulled up and they started to disembark.

“Hi guys, your changing rooms are over there” said the opponent captain, a striking Hispanic girl as she led them to a white tiled changing area, “we’ll see you poolside in twenty minutes and may the best team win”

Tara’s team started to strip off and change into their costumes, somehow the usual flashes of nudity felt different, the boys and girls in separate rooms but they knew each other well and there was no hint of shyness as they got changed, but somehow, because it was natural for them, Tara felt different as she was told by Astrid to remove the coat, leaving her once more, toatally naked.

“Here’s yours” she said, passing Tara a flimsy white costume, the whole team now wore white, with blue and white baggy tracksuits, so Tara at least felt she wasn’t being singled out.

Delighted to be able to cover up, Tara soon changed her mind as she tried to squeeze into the costume, it was far, far too small.

“Hurry up everyone, let’s get out there and win this for the college” called Astrid, dragging a panicking Tara behind her as she struggled into the tight white swim suit. The costume was way too small, her large breasts barely contained but worse was the thin strip of stretched fabric disappearing between her ass cheeks and the leg holes that came halfway to her armpits, her pussy was only just covered, thank god she was shaved, she thought dejectedly, and no tracksuit.

Standing poolside, trying to shield herself from the other team, Tara could hear Astrid saying to the other team that she was a last minute pick so unfortunately had no tracksuit, they laughed it of.

“Poor her”, ”How embarrassing” , “rather her than me” were a few of the comment's she over heard, as well as “Check that ass” “nice tits”

Tara cringed with shame as both teams seemed to be making fun of her predicament, she was just desperate to get started and get in the water.

Tara’s race was announced and she stepped up on to the start block and waved to the crowd as the other competitors had done already, then she turned crimson as the cheers turned to whistles and laughter as she came up on the big screen as the commentator announced her.

“Looks as though she left her suit in the dryer too long, let’s wish her luck.”

There was a cheer but Tara wanted to die with shame as a magnified image of her appeared on the screen above the pool, her beautiful body stuffed into a child’s costume, the sooner she could get in the water the better.

The bell went and the race began, Tara swam like her life depended on it, determined to win, help the team and hopefully get them on side, her lithe powerful body sliced through the water and she won by a clear margin, the crowd cheering her victory, her costume and situation briefly forgotten.

As she climbed out of the pool Tara sensed the cheering get even louder, as the other swimmers donned their tracksuits she was steered towards the winner’s podium, where she was joined and congratulated by the second and third placed swimmers.

Swept away as the cheering got louder Tara momentarily forgot her troubles and with a huge grin waived to the audience, the cheering and hollering buoying her up, getting more and more raucous.

Then she looked up at the screen and her world collapsed, her swimsuit was almost completely transparent, the flimsy white material hugged every intimate curve on her body, her teammates seemed fine, but her costume was obviously different.

Up on the large screen her shaven pussy lips were outlined in explicit detail, her puffy pink labia clearly visible as the wet material clung to every crease and line, her slit, a dark line, her dark nipples as visible as if she had been completely naked, she had been tricked, as the whole of Jones College’s student fraternity enjoyed her absolute shame and embarrassment, to her utter dismay Tara could see and hear even her own teammates laughter ringing in her ears as the winners medal was placed around her neck, the opponent’s coach whispering in her ear, out of view of everyone else, “I gather we’ll be seeing a lot more of you later, if that’s possible”, he sniggered…..

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.19**

Tara could hear the cheers from the crowd as she followed her team mates back to the changing rooms, desperately conscious that the last view the crowd had of her was the perfectly clear vision of her pert ass cheeks, completely on show through her extremely high cut, virtually transparent swim suit, one ass cheek with a perfect red hand print where their opponents coach, Joe Johnson had playfully smacked her ass as she stepped down from the podium, to a huge cheer from the watching students.

Once in the changing room Tara was unsure what she was to do so rather than risk further punishment immediately assumed the position, burningly conscious of her skimpy, see through costume, her pussy and breasts clearly visible to the other girls in the swim team as they milled about, chatting and celebrating their victory.

As the girls began to strip off their swimsuits it felt odd for Tara as she was for once the only one with any clothes on, the teammates all new each other well and were free and easy in their nakedness, as Tara had once been.

Astrid walked up to her, tall and blonde with the same toned swimmers physique as Tara and the other three girls in the team, “you can take that off now, I think the fans got a good eyeful, don’t you?”

Tara blushed and meekly nodded, realising how she must have looked to the whole crowd as well as the other swimmers and coaches, she was scarlet with shame as with some difficulty she peeled off the tiny wet swim suit and placed it on the bench.

She flinched as Astrid traced a long finger along the bright red mark where the tight elastic had dug so painfully into Tara’s skin, from the v of her groin, high up over her hip, she winced as Astrid dragged her long red nail along the itchy scar, then gasped as she let the fingers trail back down the scar, down to her pussy, where she gently traced the sharp nail over Tara’s exposed pussy lips.

“Ok girls let’s hit the showers” called Astrid “Tara, you can join us after you’ve tidied up in here, but we haven’t got long as Coach Johnson wants to show us their new state of the art sports labs, which are opening today”

She slapped Tara’s still damp bottom and sent her scurrying about the room, picking up the wet towels and tidying up her teammates clothes, thinking to herself that last term she had been captain, popular with the team and coaches alike, a happy third year law student with her whole life ahead of her and now here she was, stark naked at the beck and call of her old team mates, with a resigned sigh she flung the last of the towels in the basket and nervously made her way to the showers.

Astrid was at the far end so Tara chose a shower in between the other girls, one of them, a beautiful Californian girl called Cindi whispered to her “Jesus Tara, what the hell happened? I can’t believe you’d do anything as dumb as to break into the Deans office”

“But I didn’t, it w-was a total s-set up” whispered Tara, desperate for her friend to believe her and spread the truth, but before she could say another word she yelped out loud her body shaking as she dropped to the floor, in an instant it was over but the stinging sensation radiating up from her ankle assured her that it was an electric shock, from the innocuous little ankle bracelet.

She looked at Astrid, but she didn’t have the key ring with her, she stared up at the beautiful Cindi who looked scared and confused as she saw her ex captain sprawled naked on the floor of the shower, helpless and exposed, “Sorry, she whispered, I can’t help you, we need our places at College and I’ve heard about Meg nearly being kicked out for trying to help”.

Tara could only stare, unbelievingly as her ex-teammates and friends turned their backs on her, all suddenly busy washing their hair as Astrid approached.

“Get up off the floor you silly girl, stand up and get under the shower, we need you nice and clean for later”

In a daze, Tara climbed unsteadily to her feet and obeyed Astrid, yelping as she received a stinging slap across her wet breast, for not assuming the position quickly enough.

“Girls, can you give me a hand, we need her cleaned up, she’s representing the College later and we don’t want this lot to think we’re skanks” laughed Astrid as she proceeded to run a bar of soap over Tara’s toned tummy, sliding up between her ample breasts, teasing her light brown nipples with the hard slippery bar.

Tara’s large almond shaped eyes widened in apprehension as the other girls joined in, Cindi looked at Tara pityingly but like the others knew she had no choice as she filled her hands with gel and cupped Tara’s naked sex, her soft hands working up a lather whilst other hands washed her back, slippery foamy suds being rubbed over her bottom, fingers slipping between her cheeks, hands working up and down her soapy thighs as they cleaned her up.

Then Astrid cruelly turned the shower head onto poor Tara, the strong jets of water stinging as she aimed it at her most sensitive places, her breasts pummelled by the power of the water as she watched the soapy suds disappearing down the drain.

Tara was then ordered to stand on the cold wet floor of the showers while the rest of the team enjoyed their leisurely showers, looking at them, all beautiful in their own way, all toned from swimming, Tara envied them their freedom as she stood there like a penitent slave, she even envied them their trimmed pussy’s , not something she’d noticed before but being totally shaved her pussy was on constant open display, theirs were trimmed but still offered some privacy, Astrid’s blonde pubes were scant, her pink labia just visible but Cindi and Jasmine were darker, their private places protected from prying eyes.

“Time to go” said Astrid, bringing Tara out of her reverie with a sharp smack to her bottom, “we’ve got to get changed and ready for the drinks reception in the new sports lab, you go and see if the boys need a hand”

She shoved a protesting Tara out of the door of the girls changing rooms, she yelped with surprise as she then literally bumped in to Coach Johnson in the corridor.

“Well well, this is my lucky day” he smiled, good looking for sixty he had been a ladies man in his day, now he coached the swim teams and ruled the sports department with a rod of iron.

He held Tara at arm’s length, looking her naked body up and down, as if assessing her physically; “Yup, very nice indeed, you’ll do” he chuckled and gave her a playful slap on her behind.

“Is this where you’re looking for?” as he held open the door to the boys locker room.

Just then Astrid emerged, dressed in her tracksuit and took hold of Tara’s ear, like a naughty school girl, “It’s OK coach, you know what girls are like, this little tramp just can’t stay away from the boys” the coach chuckled “I guess not” and wandered off.

Tara was desperate not to have to go in but standing out in the corridor, stark naked was even worse, what if someone came along?, she was dragged through the open door by Astrid who announced, “Boy’s, as promised, here’s you’re winner s prize” she laughed a she closed the door behind her, leaving Tara naked, trembling, in the boys locker room.

The room was exactly the same as the girls changing room but the atmosphere was totally different, there was singing coming from the showers and much laughter and macho posturing.

Terrified, Tara snuck into the farthest corner thinking “I’ll wait it out, if they don’t know I’m here it could be OK” no sooner had the thought gone through her mind when her hopes were dashed.

“Tara, how good of you to join us” , it was Sean, he had once asked Tara out on a date and pursued her remorselessly but she had snubbed his advances, he was too pushy by far, too arrogant, he thought he was king of the campus back at College.

Tara backed away, immediately she felt a low level warning buzz around her ankle bracelet, shocked “what the hell” thought Tara, realising that somehow, someone knew what she was doing. With a sob she followed Sean into the steam filled showers.

The four guys stopped singing their ribald team songs and turned to stare at their gorgeous ex-captain as she meekly followed Sean, her sleek tanned, hairless body, wet with water as she stepped under the hot showers.

Shyly Tara glanced at the four naked swimmers, their hard bodies glistening in the cascading water, she wasn’t a prude but was utterly shocked to find herself in such a masculine environment, the room smelt of testosterone as they joked and joshed with one another, a ball of nervous energy in the small white tiled enclosure.

Shamefacedly, Tara was transfixed, it was like the United Nations, Sean was tanned like her but Albie was originally from Ghana, his skin the colour of ebony, his muscles sleek on his superbly chiselled torso, then Lars was of Scandinavian descent, tall and blonde whilst finally Chai was half Chinese, but still tall and lean, her ex-team mates were equally assessing her naked beauty, though to be fair they had already seen her naked whilst she had often wondered what was hidden in their sleek tiny swim trunks.

“I think I need a hand over here” beckoned Sean and Tara’s heart sank as he saw the glint in his eye as he ordered her onto her knees and handed her the soap.

“Don’t make me have to ask nicely” he joked “I would hate to have to tell Astrid you haven’t been behaving, I’ve seen how nasty she can be and what she would do to that beautiful ass of yours, now help me wash, I’m too tired after all that swimming”

He stood, arrogantly with his legs apart, his hips jutting towards Tara, who was desperately trying not to look at what was right in front of her, “Now” he barked, causing the terrified girl to jump and with a dejected, humiliated sob she slowly started to rub the soap over his thighs, praying he wasn’t expecting more, when yet again the familiar tingle of the ankle bracelet told her otherwise as with a quiet sob she tentatively reached under his ball sack and slid the slippery bar of soap around his groin, his sharp intake of breath told her that was exactly what he was after.

Knowing that she had no choice, Tara gritted her teeth and tried to switch off from her actions as nervously she held his shaft in her small wet hands, she immediately felt it begin to harden as she smoothed the soap bar along its underside, feeling it swell further as her fingers brushed over his sensitive tip.

Soon Tara was moving along the line, all of them demanding her services, kneeling on her naked haunches, water cascading over her as her hands rubbed and washed, teasing the suds around their hardening cocks, knowing it was utterly wrong but knowing she had no choice, but worse than that growing more aware of the heat between her own widely parted thighs as she continued to follow their instructions like a circus act keeping all the plates spinning she found herself moving up and down the line, her hands swiftly stroking and caressing her ex-teammates as they thrust themselves towards her.

Sean urged her on, taking her small hand in his, guiding her movements as she started to slide her fingers to and fro along his rigid shaft, his breath shortening, as was Tara’s as the enormity of what she was doing began to hit her, her hands on two different guys, losing track of who was who as she slid along the tiled floor somehow desperate to give them fulfilment, then her eyes widened with shock, acceptance and understanding as her own desires built inside her, and she felt Sean’s strong hand behind her head, pulling her towards him, her muted half protest unheard a she parted her lips willingly her full red lips parted as she leant forward, ready to give pleasure and receive it.

“Owwww” wailed Tara, more in shock than pain as a stronger current passed through her, flipping her backwards on to the cold wet tiles; she had come seconds from giving Sean a blow job! What the hell was she doing? She thought.

Then, opening her eyes Tara gasped as she saw Astrid looking down at her, fully clothed in her tracksuit, she switched the water off “Sorry boys” she laughed, though I hate to see you left hangin’, did this little floozy do this to you?”

Tara lay there, naked, spread-eagled on the floor while the four crest fallen guys tried to shield their rampant nakedness from the team captain.

“Well since she’s got you all riled up” joked Astrid “it’s only fair that she helps you finish the job” then turning to Tara as she cringed with embarrassment on the floor.

“Draw your knees up and drop them apart” she barked.

Unable to resist, Tara did as she was ordered, totally ashamed as she spread her beautiful long legs, mortified as her bald glistening pussy was obscenely on view to the guys, all four of them hard as rocks as they ogled her naked, splayed body.

“Well come on” giggled Astrid “from what I saw when I came in you were only too willing to help out your team mates, you can’t leave them like this, we’ve still got the sports lab demonstration and these poor guys will not be able to concentrate”

Tara lay there, unsure what was expected of her, terrified as Astrid knelt down beside her and took her gently by the hand, “come on. Do you want me to get you started” she said, her voice becoming gentler as she guided Tara’s shaking hand downwards, guiding it inexorably to her open, glistening pussy lips, Tara gasped as she realised Astrid’s’ intentions but was powerless to resist as her fingers were pressed against her own moist pussy, in front of a very eager audience.

Slowly Astrid removed her hand from Tara’s as Tara closed her eyes and gave in to the inevitable and slowly, gently, she started caressing herself, trying to shut out her surroundings as she let her senses take over, her fingers delving deeper, her buttocks grinding on the hard, cold floor as her hips started slowly gyrating, a steady slow rhythm as her finger tips brushed her clit, ignoring her surroundings, the guy’s at the back of her mind as she bit her lower lip in building anticipation as she rubbed her flat palm over her sensitive labia, butterflies building in her tummy as her fingers strummed gently on her sensitive bud.

Dimly aware of the animalistic grunts, the sound of flesh on flesh, hands pumping hard, Tara’s passion grew, naked, exposed, humiliated and shamed, she had never felt more aroused in her life as her orgasm washed over her, her body glistening with sweat, her hair a tangled mess as she writhed on the floor with pleasure, a second wave of pure lust rushing through her as she gave in to her most carnal desires, then slowly she subsided, sinking down on to the floor, her face suffused red with sheer embarrassment as all that echoed round the shower room were the final sounds of exertion and ecstasy and the definite salty aroma of the evidence of her team mates pleasure.

Opening her eyes Tara could see the look of utter exhilaration in Astrids as the four sheepish boys shuffled out of the shower, then Astrid turned the shower on full and tossed Tara a bar of soap.

“Clean yourself up, believe me you’ll really want to make sure your super clean, inside and out” she then left a bewildered Tara to wash, her mind in absolute turmoil as she wrestled with what was happening to her, a bright, beautiful, well-adjusted law student, who deep, deep down, appeared to take the greatest possible pleasure from being humiliated, stripped and forced to do all kinds of shameful acts, but the proof was there, she could still feel the tingling between her legs as a small, private orgasm rushed through her as she re-lived her total and utter surrender.

**Tara's Ordeal Ch.20**

To her immense relief Tara was allowed to wear a white towelling dressing gown as she was led across to the new sports science block.

When they arrived there was already a huge amount of students and academics in the building, the first thing she noticed was that the main gym was more like a science lab, there was as many computer terminals, lights and screens as there were state of the art gym equipment.

The second thing Tara noticed was that three of the walls were mirrored and the fourth wall was entirely made up of large plasma display screens.

Astrid and the rest of the team joined in the melee, champagne and canapés to launch the new facility, whilst a very nervous Tara was taken gently by the elbow and Coach Johnson guided her up to a small platform, where he joined her before calling for silence.

Soon the hubbub died down and everyone turned to face him.

“Ladie’s and gentlemen I would very much like to welcome you to our new state of the art sports science facility, we will be demonstrating what we do and how we do it, and we are very lucky to have a volunteer this evening who has agreed to be our guinea pig, please welcome Miss Tara Jones whome some of you saw swimming against us this afternoon”.

There was a round of polite applause as well as some good natured cat calls as the name of their rival University was mentioned, there was a hundred year rivalry as to which was the top state college, they were going to love watching one of the “enemy” being put through their paces.

“Without further ado I’d also like to introduce Professor Si Miller and his assistant for this evening Miss Jane Willis, who’s a first year sports science student and has kindly volunteered to assist this evening.”

Tara watched as a young man in his early thirtie's stepped forward, accompanied by a very pretty young blonde girl, petite with huge blue eyes, a shapely figure, but hard to tell as she was partly swamped in the big white lab coat she was wearing, they looked more like doctors than sports coaches, Tara thought warily.

The two scientists stepped up onto the podium and before Tara knew what was really happening, Jane politely asked her to remove the dressing gown, having no choice, Tara meekly obeyed, devastated to once more be naked before a whole room full of strangers as well as her former teammates.

Professor Miller was miked up so the whole room could hear as he talked them through the demonstration, he was keen to put on a good show, many of the biggest donors were in the room and they wanted to see where their money had gone.

“As with all sports we aim to make this a drug free environment so before we continue we need to carry out a quick test, I will ask our volunteer to provide us with a sample of urine”

Tara couldn’t believe that for the second time in a couple of days she was going to have to perform such an humiliating act in public and looked on dismayed as Jane provided a small plastic cup.

Jane, somewhat nervously asked Tara to part her legs and squat slightly whilst she held the cup up against the bottom of her naked pussy.

Tara knew she had to comply and somehow, deep down didn’t want to embarrass Jane any more than necessary, concentrated and managed a slight trickle, gasping as she heard a ripple of laughter, looking up she saw her pussy and the small cup blown up on the huge plasma screen.

As Jane wiped Tara clean, Miller announced “It is essential that the stream is witnessed to ensure that there is no possibility of tampering” as his assistant then put the half- filled container on the small trolley she had brought up onto the platform.

“As you will see, this is not just a gym, it is s scientific sports research area where we can maximise our athletes potential, we will now proceed to position all the necessary body sensors so that we can get accurate readings as to how her body and mind react whilst various exercises are undertaken.”

He then asked Jane to start applying the small black circular patches to Tara’s naked skin, Tara was asked to stand with her legs slightly apart and raise her arms, she then started to stick them on, on her arms and legs, over her heart and to Tara’s dismay onto her nipples and just below her tummy button.

“These patches will record electronic pulses given by our volunteer as she undergoes her exercises; her body functions will be recorded and displayed on the screens over there and we can then work out the most effective programmes for our athletes, now we need to insert the internal devices, then we can begin.

Tara looked aghast as young Jane revealed two shiny metal objects on the trolley and then proceeded to pull on a pair of white latex gloves.

“These devices will record our volunteer’s internal mechanisms; they record heat build-up in the muscles which can be displayed on our screens so we can monitor muscle groups internally and externally”

Tara was stunned as she realised what their intentions were, she looked out pleadingly, only to see Astrid with a wicked grin on her face, nonchalantly toying with the key ring, letting Tara know what would happen if she didn’t cooperate, with a quiet sob she turned to face Jane.

“My assistant will firstly insert a probe into Miss jones’s vagina” said Miller very matter of factly whilst to the obvious pleasure of the audience poor Tara was once more ordered to squat slightly whilst the young student gently parted her labia and slowly inserted the slim metal tube, Tara gasped as the cold metal was pushed higher, Jane’s finger inserting the tube as high as it would go.

Sliding her finger out, as Tara was then asked to bend over and grasp her ankles, her beautifully tanned, rounded cheeks on show to the whole, appreciative room.

Tara bent over, nervous as Jane produced the second probe, this one was slightly different as it had a slightly bulbous bit near the end, she could only watch, grateful as she saw Jane applying a little gel before Tara felt Jane’s fingers gently parting her trembling buttocks before adding a little more gel to her tightly puckered anus.

There was a collective gasp as poor Tara had no choice but to stay still as Jane gently twisted the greased metal rod into her back passage, pushing it up to her first knuckle and then tugging it slightly, Tara was mortified as her sphincter automatically tightened around the invading digit as Jane slid it out from between her exposed bottom cheeks.

“Now were ready to begin” announced Miller, who to Tara’s huge surprise suddenly gave her a smart smack on her round bottom cheek.

He then gestured to the plasma screens and there was the digital outline of Tara’s body a large red area showing on the screen, it displayed the heat given off by by her slapped buttock, there was a fainter red glow from her brain and heart, the cooler areas on her body still showing up as green and blue, depending on their respective temperatures.

Tara was then led off the platform and asked to step onto the treadmill and set off on a steady pace, the crowd gathering round, watching the beautiful, nude ex swim team captain, clad only in a pair of white sneakers as she began jogging.

Setting off at a steady jog Tara felt in her element, desperately embarrassed at her naked state but confident of her fitness as she settled into the tempo.

Her firm breasts swaying uncomfortably, the sticky circular patches attached to her chest bouncing up and down, every embarrassing movement reflected in three walls of mirrors and a wall of monitors, cameras capturing every movement as a sheen of sweat appeared on her beautifully toned back, her taut buttocks caught on the monitor as a trickle of sweat disappeared between her bottom cheeks.

“If you look at the monitors you will see how we are recording the changes in body temperature”, the red areas on the screen getting more apparent as her muscles heated up.

Tara was then asked to use the Swiss ball, a large rubber ball, used for suppleness and muscle stretching exercise’s, to her utter horror she was instructed to lean over backwards, her hands and feet on the floor, her naked body arched, her pelvis pushed upwards and her legs apart, Tara’s face was scarlet with shame as she realised how she must look, her body stretched in such an obscene way, her naked pussy wantonly exposed, her firm breasts hanging down towards her beautiful slender throat as she struggled to maintain the position in the middle of the gaping audience, her lower back muscles glowing red on the screens.

“Again you can see the different images and heat recordings as different muscles are used” said Miller, eventually helping Tara off the ball and over to the exercise bike.

Tara stood next to the bike, her body covered in a shiny sheen of perspiration as to her consternation Jane attached a white material cover over the black rubberised seat before ordering Tara to mount up.

Immediately Tara was acutely aware as she sat on the seat that her two internal probes were pressed up further inside her, beginning to peddle she felt them moving inside, her pussy and ass strangely full as the metal tubes were manipulated internally, pressing up against her inner, sensitive flesh.

She was trying to hide any outward signs of unwanted pleasure as the moving objects stirred her tummy, the familiar tingles beginning to develop.

Tara pedalled onwards, her thighs pumping, listening to Professor Miller explaining in great detail the changes happening in her body, all of it being recorded and displayed on the screens, he seemed to be indicating the increasing red areas as her body heated, the blood pumping through her sweat covered naked torso.

Ordered to dismount, Tara gratefully climbed off the static bike, her thighs trembling with the effort, her chest heaving as Jane adjusted some of the black electronic nodes on her body, the sheen of sweat necessitating some re-adjustment, Jane then removed the white seat cover, with an embarrassed glance to Professor Miller and a look of sympathy for Tara as it was patently obvious that the dark stain of liquid in its centre could have only come from one place.

To Tara’s utter dismay she knew it was her own juices, once more fighting the growing realisation that somehow her body was betraying her, naked, humiliated and exposed, like a performing animal she was entertaining these people and somehow her body, if not her mind was enjoying it.

Finally an exhausted, naked Tara was placed on the multi gym, on her back, her feet placed in the footrests she was then shown how to straighten her long legs, pushing against increasingly heavy weights, straightening then bending, her knees pushing up to her shoulders before pushing back against the increasing weight, her feet pushing hard against the footrests.

Tara was painfully aware of how she must look, each time her knees were forced back, her ass and pussy spread wide, her pussy lips opening and closing like petals, the whole room enjoying the view as more weight was added by Jane until with a cry of defeat Tara could push no more, her feet forced right back, her body almost bent double, her parted knees up past her shoulders, her most private places cruelly stretched apart, her flushed, beautiful face peering up between her doubled up thighs.

She couldn’t move a muscle, pinioned by the weights pressing against the soles of her sneakers, her sex like a ripe open peach as her parted knees were pushed back almost to her ears.

Tara was more astonished that the audience didn’t try and help her, the conversation continued as though she were just an amusing exhibit, her beautiful naked body, contorted in such an obscene way was just another exhibit.

Largely ignored as the waiters and waitresses continued serving out drinks to the audience, snippets of conversation that Tara could hear but not see, her eyes fixed firmly on the ceiling, desperately trying not to think of the image she was creating.

The final indignity was when someone even rested there champagne glass on her taut upturned bottom cheek, as though she was no more important than the furniture, one of the waitresses balanced their tray as she went to collect empty glasses, she momentarily locked eyes with Tara then tutted, as if in disapproval, “what had they been told, did they all really think she deserved to be treated this way?”

Tara could hear a slight change in the general chat as Professor Miller directed people to look at the infra-red screens, to look at the body heat patterns, emitting from their volunteer, she heard gasps, giggling and outright laughter, confused, she managed to turn her head to the wall of screens.

There, for the whole room to see was the computer images of her naked body, the red, green and blue images of how her body was reacting to her work out, her heart and muscles radiating heat, but there as plain as day, the darkest red heat, translated into computer images on the screen, was her pussy, her whole abdomen glowing red, the hard metal probe inside her giving away her innermost secret, her insides on fire as her abject humiliation continued.

She tried to resist, tried to think of other things but it was impossible, her pussy was on fire, her insides flipping like butterflies as she envisioned her naked, splayed body, there for the amusement of a room full of strangers, she hated herself for it but was unable to fight against the agonizing truth, her beautiful, toned, naked body was just there for the amusement of others and somehow this was turning her on more than anything in her life, the heat building inside her was proof of that.

Suddenly, Jane started to remove the weights and Tara nervously managed to extend her legs before being helped to her feet, shyly glancing up at the screen, everyone on the room also looking at the screen then at her trembling naked body, the red on the screen getting darker as the inexorable flutterings built in her tummy.

There was a round of amused applause as Jane led the naked girl up to the small podium and began to peel off the little black sticky patches, then her face scarlet with embarrassment, Tara was asked to part her legs so Jane could remove the final two probes, Tara squeezed her eyes shut, knowing what lay ahead as much to the amusement of the whole room the slim shiny metal object slid out of her soaking wet pussy before Jane could reach it, glistening with Tara’s juices as it clattered to the floor.

Then just when Tara preyed that things couldn’t get any worse she was ordered to bend over and once more clasp her ankles as Jane crouched down behind her.

Gently she parted Tara’s round bottom cheeks and started easing her fingers in-between, the sheen of sweat lubricating the tight passage, Tara clenched her teeth as once more her insides rebelled, what should have felt like utter humiliation was having the adverse effect, her naked body bent over, her long parted legs shaking as her sensitive bottom was violated by Jane’s small latex clad fingers as she delved in to retrieve the metal tube bedded deeply inside.

Tara’s whole body began to shake, her buttocks clenching involuntarily as Jane’s exploring fingers wiggled inside, Tara gave up the struggle as her knees buckled and her orgasm crashed through her, oblivious to the spectacle she was making of herself as her sweat coverd body writhed in ecstacy to the cheers of the whole room, her naked body reflected in the huge mirrors, the infra-red images showing the red hot centre of her body as her insides boiled with physical release.

Slowly coming round to her senses, Tara coyly opened her eyes, her public wild abandonment forgotten, once more naked, vulnerable and appalled at her lack of control she gazed up to see Astrid looking down at her with an amused smirk.

“Up you get you naughty girl” she chided, then held out her mobile phone, on which she had recorded Tara’s whole descent, “There’s a text for you from Suzy”.

It read.

“Hope you are behaving yourself, see you tomorrow at seven sharp, the cheerleaders can’t wait to see you, they have a whole day of fun planned”

Love Suzy xx.