**The College's New Assistant**

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**The Contract**
Yumi Yama had no idea how she was in this mess. She was now facing the prospect of going to jail for ten years or more, or she was to sign a contract created by the Dean to take on a lot more duties in the college, many of which she didn't know yet, and live on college grounds. The Dean had found a brick of cocaine in her bag after he was alerted by students that she was dealing drugs in college. This was all a grand setup, of course. The Dean was simply a pervert who had been waiting for a chance introduce some new cruel and embarrassing teaching methods to the college, and now he had engineered his chance. Yumi had never even tried pot. She was a very hard working student.

Most of her life she lived in Kyoto, a city known for its beautiful surroundings and even more beautiful women. She was no exception. Her father was Japanese and her mother was Brazilian. This gave her the fine facial features of an Asian, and the breasts and booty of a South American. She had large eyes without a epicanthic fold, and a small straight nose going down to small but full lips. Yumi stood at 155cm or 5" 1' weighing only 45kg or a touch under 100 pounds. She had perky, teardrop shaped 30DD breasts and a 24 inch waist flaring out to a 35 inch ass. A perfect hourglass figure. The Brazilian genes also made her beautifully smooth skin a little darker than the average Japanese. Today, as with all days, she was covered in baggy, dowdy clothes to hide her body. This stemmed from her conservative nature. She was hoping to save herself until marriage, which sounded old fashioned these days, but it was something that she felt strongly about. Most of her friends in Kyoto were were also quite conservative. Given her beauty, she had had the pretty, popular girls try to befriend her, but she had no interest in what did for fun or how they acted. She tried to avoid them as much as she could by hiding in the library with her studious friends during lunch.

"Well, Yumi, what's it going to be? The police station..." he paused letting it sink in, "or our new college assistant position? You know what they do to beautiful 19-year-old girls in prison don't you? I've heard the asian fetish is very popular too." the Dean chuckled at this thought. He had spent 20 years changing this private college to become what he had dreamed. Introducing hand spankings on the teachers lap, students sitting in the corner wearing dunces hats, students shackled in stocks all as punishments for relatively minor transgressions. The college had become known as a strict place of learning that produced results using humiliation as a deterrent. He couldn't wait to get her to sign the contract. It basically said she must do whatever any lecturer tells her to do for the next two years. Of course, she was not aware of all the details as it was written in legalese, while her reading of English was good, she was no lawyer.

"Ok Sir, I sign it, please no police!" She begged in slightly stilted English, her spoken English was good but not native by any means, and signed the contract sealing her fate.

"Miss White," the Dean called out to the adjacent room, "Please scan and file this contract. Yumi has agreed to join the College Assistant Program." he beamed.

"Oh that's great news!" she said excitedly. She was a solid, but not fat, woman. She had big permed blonde hair framing a kind face and small green eyes.

After that she went back to her office with the document. The Dean opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a bag. This was Yumi's new uniform.

"We will notify your parents of your role and the details of it, and you will be able to call them in a few days. Here, put this on now. You are to wear this at all times unless instructed otherwise by your lecturers or me. I'll turn around to give you some privacy, you can change here."

Yumi gingerly withdrew the contents of the bag. She found a small white blouse, a small red check pleated skirt, a lacy g-string and bra set, a pair of white stockings, two red ribbons, two garters and a pair of red 4 inch heels. She stared at them for a minute, not wanting to comply with the Deans order. He sensed she wasn't doing anything and barked, "Hiyaku Yumi! Hiyaku!" which means roughly "hurry" in Japanese. She jumped at his tone and quickly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing a large beige sports bra hiding the real size of her enormous breasts. She then peeled off the bra and her breasts bounced forth. Her nipples instantly grew under the cool air conditioning in the office. Hurriedly she put on the lacy demi bra, after much rearranging she just barely fit her nipples under the cups. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror to her right. The bra really pushed up her assets and presented them as if they were resting on a shelf.

She looked a little slutty. She was horrified and hoped that the blouse would help conceal her breasts more. Pulling together the sides of the small blouse she managed to fasten the three buttons. Her breasts showed a deep cleavage the first button appearing just north of her sternum and the last hovered over her navel. She could see the lace from her bra peeking out past the fabric of her blouse. Next she removed her knee length skirt and baggy beige panties and quickly pulled up the g-string. The back string disappeared deep in her ass crack and the front just covered her unshaven, but neat, pubic bush. Very quickly she put on the skirt, trying to remove the g-string from her view and her mind. She had to balance between pulling it down far enough to cover her sweet labia and high enough to cover the g-string. Her long silky legs seemed to go on forever wearing this skirt. Eventually she got it to cover the g-string and her pussy, but if she bent over it would ride up showing a good piece of her sexy round ass cheeks. She really had a perfect ass, Brazilian but not a bubble butt.

"I'm finished Sir" she announced, forgetting about the heels and stockings.

The Dean turned around and said "Finished? Oh no you are not, come here!" he demanded, she jumped again at his harsh tone and walked quickly to him. He ordered her to sit on his desk and pulled the front of her blouse up.

"Sir!" she cried, she was met with a slap on the ass. "Oww!" she cried again.

"NEVER question me Yumi. You are my employee now. You will do as I say or be disciplined, OR, we will march you down the police station with the cocaine I found on you..." he threatened her.

He then pulled the front of the g-string down and saw the jet black hair. Yumi just inhaled sharply biting her tongue, she tried to grab her g-string but her hand was quickly slapped away by the Dean. "Hmm... this will have to go." Reaching into his drawer again he grabbed an electric shaver and some instant wax strips. Yumi was blushing, she had never cut her pubic hair. He pulled the g-string off her and started cutting the hair from her, after a minute it was all gone. Next he plaited her 22 inch long hair into two pigtails, tying them off with the red ribbons. Then he grabbed the pigtails and put both them in her mouth so the ends were sticking out either side.

"Bite down on these, the wax will hurt...", He warned her. Yumi's eyes were wide, worried and welling-up with tears, . The Dean applied a strip from the top of her vagina to her bellybutton. RIP! A muffled shriek came from Yumi, the hair worked pretty well to silence her however. He continued doing this until she was bald. Luckily she didn't have much hair to begin with. After that he rubbed some baby lotion onto her red pussy, teasing her clit a little, pretending it was an accident. Yumi felt her cheeks flush and her heart rate increase with this manipulation. She had once or twice rubbed herself against a desk but never had she had a man touch her there! She was so confused, feeling trapped but feeling a stirring of passion as well. He then pulled the g-string up her legs making sure to wedge it in her pussy making a cute camel toe. Next, the Dean removed her shoes and socks and slowly rolled the stockings up each leg then placing the garter around the top and folding the end over the garter. They came to within three inches of her pussy, so they would just be hidden by the skirt if she was standing straight up. Finishing off the outfit he pushed her feet into the red "Dorothy" style heels.

"There! You look beautiful my girl!" He proudly exclaimed.

Yumi stared numbly at herself in the mirror. How could she go to class like this? She looked like every man's sexual fantasy. She did look amazing, and incredibly slutty. This was something she MIGHT, possibly one day roleplay with her future husband, but not wear as a uniform in front of classes of horny 19-year-old boys (and girls).

"Sir, please how I can go like this?" She pleaded with him.

"Now Yumi, you remember what I said about speaking back? Don't make me put you over my knee before your first class! You might be embarrassed now, but you'll be more embarrassed after a stiff spanking. Oh, one more thing," he said, pulling a large name tag from his pocket. It said "Yumi Yama" in big letters, then "College Special Assistant" under it in smaller letters. He pinned it to her blouse just above her left nipple.

"There, now it's official. You are College property now. Remember this is your job for the next two years, don't start it on a bad note. First class is English I believe, run along sweetheart." He said condescendingly.

It was starting to sink in for Yumi now. She was in a bit of a daze, not wanting to believe this was her fate. Using all her strength she was able to stop herself from crying. Strickfield College was in England while her parents were in Japan. So it would not be easy for her to run away to them and try and get help to leave this situation or explain it to the authorities. Furthermore, no other student would mention the going-ons at the school. Every student had to sign a Non Disclosure Agreement about the teaching methods at the college. They claimed it was their intellectual property, and seeing as though they had never had any serious complaints about the quality of education, it seemed to be working. She tried to put the image of her new uniform out of her mind as she left the office and walked to her classroom.

At the beginning of each class, her new role was explained to the students. They all thought her outfit was very strange and extremely sexy, but no one questioned it. Instead they enjoyed her embarrassment and the eye candy her body provided. She helped out the teachers with writing on the whiteboard, handing out study material and using the computers for information slides. She was finding it ok, except of course her state of undress. Unfortunately for Yumi, this would be the easiest day she would have in her new role. At the end of the day she went back to the Dean to see what new embarrassment awaited her.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 02**

**Beauty Routine**
"Ah you are back! How was your day?" The Dean asked, knowing that it would have been difficult, he was making fun of her.

Now that she had time to recall it in her mind, she realised how terrible it was. While she was in class she retreated into her mind, into a trance-like state, ignoring the absurd reality. It was the only way she could deal with such a surreal situation. "Are you kidding!? It was terrible! The students were constantly staring at me and saying gross things about me!" she protested.

"Yumi, I don't like your tone... do you want another spanking? In time you will grow to like this. It's jut because you look so beautiful and they don't know how to express themselves. Take it as a compliment anytime you here some call you a 'hot piece of ass' or 'sexy slut'. If you can do this you'll have a much better time. You will never be in danger in my college, you will of course have to do everything the teachers tell you, but the students will not touch you or they will be dealt with harshly and then expelled. It's 4pm and it's time for you to start you beauty regime. Miss White?" he called out, she came through his door a moment later.

"Yes John?" she said.

"Please take Yumi to the private bathroom and give her her beauty routine." He told her.

"Gladly John! Come on young lady!" Miss White said cheerly to Yumi. She had no choice but to go with her. They walked through a door she had never seen before which lead to a hall and finally through another door to the bathroom. She looked around, everything was immaculately clean and blinding white. The tiles and sink were made of italian marble. There was a toilet with a custom bide fitted to it and a shower with a large shower-head next to the toilet. In the centre of the bathroom was a deep claw-foot bathtub with gold taps. Before preparing a hot bath for Yumi, Miss White took off all her own clothes.

"Miss! What are you doing?" Yumi asked with a start.

"Oh Yumi I don't wish to get my clothes wet! It's nothing you haven't seen before, we are both girls." She then turned on the water in the bathtub and adjusted the knobs until the water temperature was just right and sprinkled some bath salts in the water. "Now lets get you undressed..." she announced. She slowly took out Yumi's ribbons and ran her fingers through her hair. This felt nice to Yumi, kind of comforting, in a motherly way. She then got down in front of her feet and removed her shoes, then the garters, and rolled down her stockings neatly and put them on the counter next to the sink. Next she removed her blouse and skirt. Yumi was quite tired from all the attention and stress today, Miss White could see it in her face.

"Oh you poor dear, you look exhausted!" She sympathised.

"I am Miss, it was a long day, I've never worn shoes like this before and everyone looking at me made me nervous and angry" she lamented.

"Well don't worry, today we have a two hour treatment for you, this being your first day. Every other day will be 45 minutes to an hour. Today you get a full body massage, you will receive one per week. We want to ensure you are glowing with beauty all the time! I mean, you are stunning already, but just to keep you at your very best!" She said.

Yumi thought this must be the only good part of her new job. She had never really spent much time on herself in this way, apart from a birthday spa treatment from her mother, which she very much enjoyed. It was still a bit strange seeing Miss White in the nude but she had a nice body for a woman of 38. Now Miss White removed Yumi's bra and felt the weight of her breasts bounce out.

"Whoa sweetie! I wish my breasts did that!" She said placing the bra on the counter and then grabbing underneath her boobs and gently raising them up and down. "These are real? My god, are these D's?" She asked.

Yumi felt a bit strange having a woman her mothers age feeling her breasts like this, but she looked at Miss's breasts and saw they were maybe B cups or large A cups, so it wasn't unexpected for her to be interested in the DD cups Yumi possessed.

"Err.. they are a.. uhh double D cups Miss" Yumi stammered trying not to insult the woman's own meagre assets.

"Oh they feel so firm but soft! I'm so jealous darling!" Miss White said. Then she leaned in and gave her a kiss on the cheek and stroked her hair. "You are just so sweet and adorable! I want to adopt you!" She joked. Next she slid the g-string off her hips and placed it with the other articles of clothing. The bath was about 10" from full now so she turned off the water. "Ok, hop in!" She ordered.

Yumi got in the bath. The water felt amazing on her body after a long day mostly standing at the front of the class. Miss White grabbed a loofah sponge and wet it. Then she squirted a generous amount of body scrub onto it and began to scrub all over Yumi. "Just lie back and relax and let Miss White look after you sweetie" she cooed. Yumi did lie back and close her eyes as Miss White gently scrubbed her whole body. Next she shampooed and conditioned her hair. She would repeat this every third day. After she rinsed the hair it was lovely and silky. Yumi drifted off for about 25 minutes, which was what Miss White had wanted to soak her muscles for the massage she was about to perform. "Ok darling, wake up" she whispered in her ear. "Oh.. I didn't realise.. ahh what happened?" Yumi said while coming out of her groggy state.

"It's ok dear, you were just relaxing. You're all clean now, just shower off, dry and meet me next door." Yumi watched Miss White leave the room, after she towelled herself off, through a different door that led to room that was also all white, lit by candles and emitting relaxing sea sounds with a black massage table in the middle of the room. Yumi rinsed off and dried herself with the plush white towel that was hanging on the rack with another smaller towel, then wrapped it around her body above her big tits. She then wrapped her hair in small towel and walked next door. Miss White ripped the towel off her body, Yumi was a little shocked, then she slapped her on the ass saying "Yumi, up on the massage table!" Yumi jumped a little with the fresh sting on her ass and let out a little squeal. "Hehehehe sorry sweetie, I couldn't resist!" Miss White apologised laughing mellifluously.

For the next hour Yumi was treated to a slow sensual massage. Miss White was using a vanilla moisturising cream that was designed to use for massage. It made the skin very soft to the touch but firm and tight. She even got on the table straddling her ass and played with Yumi's luscious flesh.

Miss White had grown to love beautiful girls, she was married, and she had had 14 threesome with younger women and her husband. It started as a way to make their sex life more exciting, and it worked really well. So now they did it every year for her birthday and his birthday. Yumi was so relaxed it was heaven to her. She forgot about everything for the moment and just surrendered to the bliss. Again she fell asleep. She was woken about 30 minutes later to Miss White asking her to turn over. Miss White again straddled her, still fully naked, sitting on her with her pussy touching Yumi's. The 19 year old was too relaxed to kick up a fuss, and she naively thought that Miss White was just doing this because she didn't want to dirty her clothes. Miss White spent considerable time massaging her tits, pulling and rubbing the nipples in her fingers.

"This is actually a little known Chinese technique" Miss White lied.

"Oh ok", Yumi said breathlessly, she was getting a little aroused from it. Miss White saw this and decided to back off a bit. She wanted it to be a slow and gradual conversion to full slut for the girl. Yumi had to love it, beg for it, and learn how to be a good little sex slave. When she moved back to Yumi's legs, Yumi again got sleepy and nodded off. She awoke Miss White combing and blow drying her hair. After she was finished she whispered in Yumi's ear softly. "Yumi, put on your nightie" Miss White handed her a short, pink nightie made out of a stretchy slim fitting satin and a satin g-string. The nightie was slightly transparent and hugged her body beautifully. She then lead her through another door connected to the massage room. It was a large room. She saw a bed, a 60" LCD TV, a small desk and a telephone with just one button, but no computer.

"You can use the phone if you need something from me or the Dean, but it's lights out at 10:30pm. You must get your beauty sleep, being special college assistant is an energetic job. You will get a wake up call at 7am when your day begins. We have morning yoga, which you will do in your room with me and then you will eat breakfast and get dressed for class. For your safety, the door at the end of the hall will be double dead-bolted as well as the one other door that leads outside. There will be video surveillance to make sure you are safe in the unlikely event of a fire. Ok, you can watch TV or study now. Dinner will be brought to you in one hour. Bye bye!" Miss White leaned in and gave her a small kiss on the lips this time before she left. Yumi felt a little weird being kissed on the lips, but she again didn't think much of it, given Miss White's affectionate demeanour.

Yumi turned on the TV and looked for a movie or documentary. All she could find were reality TV shows featuring slutty girls and guys trying to seduce each other, sexualised music videos, a station featuring swimsuit models, another one showing only Asian girls in bikinis and to her great surprise, a soft-core pornography station. When she reached that station she quickly flipped back to the reality TV station. She watched it for about ten minutes then thought it was too stupid to continue. Then she turned her attention to study. Later she had her dinner, then gave the reality TV another chance. It wasn't so bad, some of the girls were pretty, they just had no class. She went to bed and tried to forget about the day. The next morning she woke up feeling very refreshed and did yoga in her nightie for 40 minutes with Miss White. Although she was naturally quite flexible, Miss White's body was much more malleable. "Don't overdo it sweetheart, you will get better" Miss White reassured her.

The next two weeks went on like this. She was getting used to the uniform now, because I guess, she had to. And by the end of the second week, the students weren't making as many comments and the stares were less obvious. She was of course, a very welcome addition to class. Her skin and hair had gotten smoother and more beautiful from the constant moisturising and hair treatments. Yumi was getting used to her predicament, she didn't love it, but she could deal with it in her own way. She wasn't aware however, that the teachers had decided it was time to push her humiliation and slave training further.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 03**

**English Class**
She arrived at the doorway to her English class and for once chorus of whistles and cat calls didn't greet her. Just a few remarks like "Hey sexy baby", "I love you Yumi" and some winks from some of the bisexual and lesbian girls. Most students were talking amongst themselves.

"Ok, ok, students, quiet please. Yumi, come up the front here and stand next to the whiteboard. I need you to help me by taking notes."

Yumi could feel all the eyes watching her. She smiled awkwardly and walked to the blackboard slowly.

"Ok Yumi, today we are studying etymology, or the origin of words. I want you to write at the top of the board the word 'Punk'," he continued. Yumi reached up but not too high as she didn't want her skirt to ride up. "No Yumi, the TOP of the board, we need plenty of space to add more beneath it!" Mr Spicer scolded her.

"Sorry Sir,", she offered meekly and then reached right to the top of the board. She could feel the skirt slowly rise up, about two inches of her beautiful ass was hanging out now and the blouse was riding up until just the bottoms of her bra cups could be seen from the side. She also felt all the whispering of the students behind her.

"Very good Yumi," Mr Spicer praised, "Ok class, anyone want to guess what 'punk' meant before it was used to describe the music genre?"

A few students offered guesses but they were all wrong.

"Well, the first use of it was 'rotten wood used as tinder', later it would mean 'a criminal or hoodlum, a worthless person, a prostitute or harlot', and also as 'inexperienced young person; a novice'. In prison parlance it means, well, ahem," Mr Spicer cleared his throat, a 'passive homosexual'," A few students giggled.

"Sir, does that mean, like, when a man lets himself get banged by man in prison to get protection?" One of the cheekier girls, Kate, asked the teacher.

"Hmm, well I don't like you using such language, but yes that could be the slang definition of a 'punk'," He replied.

Mr Spicer got up and walked over to Yumi and whispered in her ear "You might have been a punk in prison, Yumi, but you made the right decision. You will not be an 'inexperienced young person' soon enough," He said, winking at her out of view of the rest of the class. Yumi eyes went wide with shock, she then tried to compose herself and pulled awkwardly at her skirt, trying to get it over her sexy ass again.

"Have you got all that Yumi?" he asked her.

"Sorry Sir, please more time!" Yumi replied. She was hurrying to write what he had said down. "Uhm Sir, I forget last sentence?" Yumi said sheepishly.

"Yumi, I wish you would try to keep up. I said 'In prison parlance 'punk' means a 'passive homosexual'. Please, write quickly, we will wait for you to finish," He said cruelly. Yumi rushed to write it down, she must practice her English writing more she thought to herself, she wanted to avoid trouble.

"Ok, lets try a word game," He said, "Lets see if Yumi can guess the word I am describing... if she does, she can take a seat for the rest of the lesson, if not then she must stand facing the class with this book on her head to help her try harder next time.

"Be aware, this should be a warning for you, yes we will be extra strict with Yumi as per the terms of her assistant role, but this is as much a lesson for you too. This college demands excellence of its students," he warned.

"Ok Yumi. Here is the clue. If my needs are satisfied there is no 'sense of nullification'. It has eleven letters." he asked. The riddle was confusing to Yumi. Given her level of English she thought it careless for Mr Spicer to talk in such a confusing way. The feeling she was experiencing was actually the answer to the riddle.

"Any ideas Yumi? I'll give you until the count of five," he teased her, "one... two... three,"

Yumi wanted to sit down and not have to perform stupid and humiliating physical acts in front of the class, but she was well confused by the riddle. Then suddenly, she had a moment of eureka. She thought of an eleven letter word that described what he had asked. "Is the answer, 'achievement?'" Yumi offered proudly.

"Oh, that was a very good try! No sorry, it's not that... three... four," he continued, "aaaand five!" He said finally, "Last chance?" Yumi looked dumbfounded. "Ah well, the word was 'Frustration'. I bet you are feeling frustrated now?" He said, knowing that he had made the clue purposefully vague.

The class laughed at her. Yumi felt defeated and knew she had another fifteen minutes of standing with a book on her head.

"Ok well, your punishment is you have to balance this dictionary on your head for the rest of the class. If you can't manage at least five minutes without dropping it, I will have to give you a new punishment," he said as he placed the heavy book on her head.

"This will also help your posture, it was a very popular punishment in schools many years ago. Now put your hands behind your back and clasp them please," He ordered her.

This made her push her chest out far in front of her, mashing her breasts crudely against her blouse. The strain was too much for the garment and the top button flew off and ricochetted off a geeky girl's desk in the front row.

"Ahh!" Yumi gasped, she wobbled a little but managed to keep the book in place. Again, the students chuckled quietly. For the next few minutes Mr Spicer turned to write on the whiteboard. While he was doing this, Sam, from the back row, shot a few spit balls at her. She grimaced trying to tell him with her eyes to stop it. He kept shooting them, a few bounced off her large pushed up tits, one hit her stomach, and then one got her in the eye.

"Itai!" She cried out, reverting back to her mother tongue. She dropped the book immediately and it hit the ground with a thud.

"Yumi! I'm disappointed in you!" Mr Spicer exclaimed, not knowing what had caused her to drop it.

"Hmm, you aren't doing so well today are you? You are supposed to be helping me with class, not hindering my teaching. You will learn what this job entails eventually. Maybe I'll put it to a vote. Class, I'll give you three options." Mr Spicer began, "First option, no punishment. Option two, is for Yumi to write out lines of 'I must concentrate more in class' on the board until the end of the lesson, and the last option is Yumi shall receive ten spanks." Mr Spicer told the class.

"Ok, vote by raising your hand. Who votes for option one?" Only two girls and one boy, who was in love with Yumi since he first saw her, raised their hands.

"Hmm, well, only three votes, I guess we can rule that one out. Option two?" He asked and was met with a show of about five hands. These were the students who had some interaction with Yumi and might have one day called themselves her friends, but at the moment, they'd only known her for a few weeks.

"Ok, five votes for option two. And finally, option three," he asked the class. The other fifteen hands shot up quickly. As you might expect, most students wanted to see a beautiful girl humiliated. Young women love to see a pretty girl suffering because they are jealous. No girl in the class came close to approaching Yumi's beauty. And young men love to see her humiliation because, well, it sounded really sexy to watch a babe get spanked.

"Sorry Yumi, I thought maybe the class would have more sympathy for you," he said winking to the class. This elicited a chuckle from the students. "Come here and lie across my lap," He said as he took a seat in the chair that was in front of his desk.

"Please Sir... must I have to?" Yumi begged him.

"Yes... and don't make me say it again. Quickly!" He said coldly.

"But Mr Spicer, please why not you do this after class?" Yumi pleaded her English faltering.

"No, you understand that humiliating punishments are a staple of the teaching methods at Strickfield College. We believe it to be most effective," Mr Spicer said, "and you should count yourself lucky, this time I won't add to your punishment for that little outburst. Now I've had enough, come here Yumi!" he barked at her, fed up with her stalling.

The class was looking on in anticipation. They knew this college had some strange ideas, but was he really going to spank her in front of the class? Yumi slowly walked to him, got on her knees and lay her stomach across his lap. Mr Spicer grabbed her skirt and flipped it up over her ass. Now everyone could see her lovely tanned round globes.

"Class, please observe that I have bared her rear to make the embarrassment worse. Although this is the first spanking four weeks into the year, don't think I won't make it more regular. If any of you misbehave or don't give me 100% attention and commitment to your studies, you'll find yourself in the same situation," He said while resting his left hand on the small of Yumi's back.

"Grab your ankles Yumi, and count each stroke out loud please followed by 'thank you Sir'" He ordered her.

Yumi was blushing all over. She couldn't believe what was happening. She felt a queasiness in her stomach. As much as she wanted scream out for him to let her go, she feared what would happen if she did. Why didn't she run away from this whole situation? Well, a young woman dressed as she was running around the streets probably would be a whole lot less safe than here, she pondered. She figured they would catch her and take her to the police if she tried to escape anyway.

She bent her knees and moved her heels towards her backside so she could reach her ankles. The first spank came down softly. She almost forgot to count it.

"1!" she blurted out quickly, the spank didn't hurt but her humiliation shot up five times as bad as it was before the spank.

"And the rest Yumi?" Mr Spicer asked. She totally forgot to say "thank you Sir", lost in her own thoughts. "Err... 1, thank you Sir" she corrected herself.

-Whack!- The next one was harder. "2, thank you Sir!!" she shouted louder this time.

"3, thank you Sir!" The next spank Mr Spicer raised his hand and left it in the air longer, Yumi squinted anticipating contact on her rump, but the timing was slower than the other three. Eventually, his hand came down, but instead of hitting her firmly he just placed his hand on her ass and left it there for a few seconds.

Yumi cried out "4, thank you.. Sir," She was confused and almost more freaked out by this, rather than a proper spank.

The class found this all quite amusing and giggled a bit. He raised his hand again, this time spanking her quite hard.

"Owwwww!," Yumi squealed. She released one hand from her ankle and went to rub her backside.

"Yumi, what do you think you are doing??" Mr Spicer asked incredulously. He continued, "Grab your ankle again, please... Now we will have to start again. However, my hand is tired from that last one, so I will allow the best student to continue for me," He pretended to think about who to choose, but he knew straight away who he'd pick.

"Sasha, please come to the front and give Yumi ten hard spanks," He said.

"Sir, are you sure this is ok? I don't want to hurt her," the demure girl said. She was a small blonde haired girl with small green eyes and a very thin figure. Lucky for Yumi, she wouldn't be able to do much damage to her already red bottom.

"Yes of course it's fine Sasha. Please come up now," Mr Spicer ordered. Sasha slowly walked up to the front of the class.

"Grab that chair and put it next to me, here on the left. Sit down and spank her when you are ready," He told her.

She did as asked then bent down to Yumi's ear and whispered, "I'm sorry Yumi". Yumi was glad for this one moment of being treated like a person and not an object.

She had found Sasha to be a sweet, kind and smart girl in the few weeks she had known her. "Yumi, don't forget to count again," Mr Spicer warned her.

Sasha began with a spank from her small hand that Yumi almost didn't notice. "1! thank you.. err Miss" Yumi improvised.

"Please Sasha, try to spank her harder," Mr Spicer asked. She hit her with about double the force now. -Slap!- "2! Thank you Miss!" Yumi cried out.

This was almost a worse humiliation in a way, because Sasha was a girl her age treating Yumi like a bad child that needed to be punished. Sasha raised her hand again and brought it down with a little more force. -SLAP!- Her buttocks produced a sharp cracking sound now.

"3! Thank you Miss!" Yumi shouted a little too loud this time. There was a nice hand imprint on her lovely round ass now.

"Be sure to alternate cheeks Sasha," Mr Spicer reminded her. Sasha went for the other cheek this time, leaving a small hand print on it as well.

"4! Thank you Miss!" she blurted out. -Slap!- The hand came down again on the left cheek now.

"5! Thank you Miss!" Yumi said. Even with her small hands, the slaps were starting to add up now. Yumi could feel the warmth rising off her ass and the blood pulsing through it.

The embarrassment had made her face a bright red and she was just wishing for it to be over. She thought back to happier times in Kyoto with her parents. She was never allowed to dress provocatively then, never wearing a skirt higher than her knees, and never showing any of that large, heaving cleavage. Always, her blouses were buttoned up to just below her neck. She did attract attention from boys, but not as much as the girls who caked on makeup and dyed their hair orange (as it's hard to dye Asian hair blonde).

-Crack!- She was ejected out of her thoughts as another hard blow landed on her right ass cheek.

"6! Thank you Miss!" She cried. The pain was getting to her now, she thought she might let out some teas soon, but she bit her lip and resolved not to give in, not in front of all these students. -Whack!-

"7! Thank you Miss!" she yelled again.

"Really give it a bit of 'oomphf' for the last three please Sasha," Mr Spicer urged her.

Sasha felt as though her spanks were already hard enough as her hand was red now. Sasha felt awful doing this to Yumi, but she didn't want to defy her teacher, so she did as he asked. -Smack!-

"Ahh! Uhm- 8! Thank you Sasha!" she whimpered, hoping that using the petite girl's name would persuade her to hit her softer. No such luck... -Crack!-

"9! Thank you Miss!" she said defeated. -Smack!- This one was very loud, and like a whip cracking.

"Aahhooooww! Te- te- ten, tha- thank you Miss!" she whimpered on the verge of tears.

"Very good Sasha, you may return to your seat now!" Mr Spicer thanked her.

Sasha got up and touched the back of Yumi's head kindly, and whispered again, "I'm so sorry Yumi! Please forgive me?"

Yumi whispered back, "It ok... I know it not your fault."

Mr Spicer placed his hand on Yumi's exposed back, not letting her move as he said, "Now students, as I said earlier, this is what happens when you don't pay attention and give 100% in my class," He said.

Then, lowering his head to Yumi's ear, he whispered softly, "I guess you did manage to help me teach today after all! What do you say Yumi for your punishment?" He asked her cruelly. Yumi had no idea what he meant, then she realised she was to thank him for the punishment.

"Thank you for punishing me Sir," she whimpered almost inaudibly.

"Good girl, now get up and take a seat," He told her.

For the next 15 minutes she tried to ignore everything and take notes, but her ass was red and tender and her mind was racing. She felt so humiliated, and she realised now that her panties were wet. She knew this meant on some level she was excited by it. Yumi had remembered hearing the slutty girls back in Kyoto talk about "getting wet" for some Japanese Idol, the name for a pop star in Japan, in this case, a young man.

Yumi shifted in her seat trying to find the least sore part of her ass, but it was a futile exercise. While the teacher's back was turned, a few boys grabbed at her pigtails and tried to throw things in her cleavage. Things like erasers and pen caps, and made a game of trying to fly some paper planes into her cleavage. She mouthed for them to please stop but they just laughed.

It was clear to the class now that she was on the lowest rung, they felt as though she was a plaything for them. They don't know why she had volunteered for this job, but they were getting ideas of how to exploit her and they dreamed of fucking this dream girl. Finally, the bell rang, signalling the end of class.

"Good work today class," Mr Spicer announced, "Yumi, I hope you will concentrate more in future. Sorry I had to teach you a lesson you wouldn't soon forget, but I it was for your own good."

Yumi found it hard to see the good in it, she would have to try harder next time and not talk back. She almost forgot to reply to Mr Spicer but then she said sweetly in her slightly broken English, "Thank you Sir, I know you try to help me. I want to be good student."

The rest of the day was pretty much the same as yesterday. She just had to wait on the teachers. She was lucky to avoid punishment for the rest of the day. The instructions had got around to the rest of the teachers that they were to go softly on her for the reminder of the day, as the calculated plan was to push her limits slowly.

She went back to the Dean and was bathed by Miss White and had vanilla moisturising cream applied to her whole body. Tonight, she watched the big breasted Japanese girls in bikinis. Some of them had even larger boobs than her. She thought the girls were really pretty and cute but she didn't think running around in a bikini for the camera was something she could do. They seemed to be happy with all the attention and Yumi wasn't loving her lack of clothing just yet, not to mention the spanking and humiliation. Tomorrow however, her outfit would get smaller and sexier.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 04**

**Art Class**
As Yumi arrived at art class, she could feel everyone staring at her. Her breasts were practically falling out of her top as, though she was given a new blouse for today, it had been altered to have only two buttons holding it together, like the top yesterday had become after losing her buttons. It was open to below her sternum showing half of her bra and full deep cleavage of her wonderful 30DD cup breasts.

Today she had life drawing. The teacher, Ms Pennyworth, was 28, only six years out of University herself. She had short red hair and a thin frame with long legs. She had sharp fine features and wore large brown framed glasses. She was fairly plain looking, but not unattractive. She was a no nonsense sort of teacher and believed in developing skills in Art, rather than focusing on concept. So she was indeed very passionate that students spent a lot of time life drawing.

Ms Pennyworth eyed Yumi hungrily as she walked in, breasts straining at her blouse, skirt resting just below the tops of her lacy stockings and hair bouncing in long pigtails to the side of her head. She was the sexiest Asian girl, or possibly any girl, Ms Pennyworth had seen. Ms Pennyworth was jealous of girls like Yumi with her naturally buxom chest, smooth tanned skin and beautiful face. Meanwhile, Ms Pennyworth had to be content with her freckled white skin and 30A cup chest. She celebrated inwardly at the thought of ordering Yumi around. She was going to take her down a peg or three and enjoy doing it.

"Yumi, please come up on the stage for me," Ms. Pennyworth told her.

Yumi walked nervously to the centre of the room and stepped up onto a two foot high stage that was two metres squared in area. The stage was surrounded by three tungsten lamps that were currently switched off. As she climbed the high step, she wobbled a bit and was steadied by Ms Pennyworth.

"Oh easy now! It's a bit awkward in your heels, be careful Yumi," She said. Of course, she didn't want Yumi to hurt herself before she had fun with her. There was a wooden chair in the middle of the stage with a bowl of fruit on it.

"Today class, we will do a more interesting study for life drawing. Yumi will be our model," She began, "As something a little more fun, we'll use the cliched example of fruit in a different way today. Yumi please pick up the bowl of fruit and sit on the chair with the bowl placed on your lap."

Yumi did as she was asked. Once the bowl was resting on her lap she tried to pull her skirt down as best as possible and keep her knees together. Even though she was the centre of attention, this wasn't so bad. The hardest part would be sitting still for so long without getting tired, she thought. Ms Pennyworth walked around the class slowly inspecting the students work. Most of the boys spent a lot more effort drawing Yumi than the fruit, specifically, her gravity defying breasts complete with deep cleavage. Ms Pennyworth stopped at one girls easel.

"Wow Kristal, you've done a great job here!" Ms Pennyworth praised the girl, "This is some great attention to detail!"

"Well Miss, Yumi has a really pretty face so it's really enjoyable to sketch," Kristal explained, "I think Japanese girls have such cute features."

"Indeed, Yumi is a very pretty girl. We are lucky she has offered her service to the school for the next two years," Ms Pennyworth continued, "We'll spend five more minutes of this pose then move on to a new one."

Yumi was embarrassed by the women talking about how pretty she was, as she had always hid her charms from other people, and now everyday she was exposed to everyone around her in the most explicit of ways. It was slowly dawning on her just how sexy her beautiful body was. Her legs began to spread a little with the weight of the bowl and her thighs becoming tired from keeping her knees together. Ms Pennyworth noticed this and walked to her side and gave her a little backhand tap on her thigh.

"Careful Yumi, hold the original pose just a little longer please," She asked, "We'll do some more 'open' poses later."

Yumi didn't really want to know what that meant. She kept her legs together for the next four minutes until Ms Pennyworth told the students to stop. She did a final walk around the class to view the sketches. Kristal had put even more work into her sketch, detailing Yumi's large chest and slim, long legs. She'd drawn a little heart in the corner with her name signed inside it. It was fairly obvious she had a crush on Yumi. Ms Pennyworth grabbed the drawing and held it up for the class to look at.

"Students, please look at the level of detail Kristal has put into her work. This is really fantastic stuff!" She said proudly holding the paper. She turned to Yumi now, holding the sketch two feet from her face. "Isn't this great Yumi?" She asked.

"Ahh yes Miss, bery good, I am flatter," She said cutely.

"Well, I'd say you are 'flattered', but definitely not 'flatter'," Ms Pennyworth joked. A few of the students understood her joke and laughed. "Ok, as promised, new pose. Pass me the fruit Yumi," She said. Yumi obliged her. Next, Ms Pennyworth pulled Yumi's legs apart and began to pose her. Moving her ass closer to the edge of the seat and placing her arms behind her grabbing the back of the seat, she then pushed her chest down and forward and grabbed her chin between her thumb and index finger turning her head up to face the students. The pressure on her shirt increased a lot until it was too much. -Pop-! Another button burst off her blouse rolling under the students feet never to be seen again.

"Miss! My shirt!" Yumi cried out.

"Yes, it seems your gifted body is trying to destroy your shirt... hmm," She teased her, "Only one button left, that won't do."

Ms Pennyworth then instructed Yumi to sit up again. When she moved unfortunately the shift caused her large breasts to defeat the struggling last button. Now her blouse flew open but with Ms Pennyworth standing in front of her, none of the students could see her sweet lacy demi bra. The teacher then grabbed the bottom corners of the blouse and tied them together in a knot, which forced her tits up and out of the blouse. This was far worse than when she still had a button keeping it together. Now it was really all on display. Her areolae half peeking out of her bra and her now hard nipples were threatening to pop out.

"There! All fixed!" Ms Pennyworth announced seemingly happy with her repair job. Yumi thought it was a joke, this showed much more of her breasts, why did she even leave her with her blouse at all? Ms Pennyworth continued moving her around posing her as she was before she made her blouse alterations. The tops of Yumi's light brown areolae were pointing toward all the students in the class, framed with white lacy half cups. Her eyes were pointed upwards at a 45 degree angle, looking at a point on the ceiling. This was better than having to look at the students as she wouldn't have to see them staring directly into her deep cleavage.

Ms Pennyworth had also spread her legs out wide and perched her butt on the edge of the chair so now her skirt was not covering her g-string. Everyone could see straight into her crotch, and would also see that her little pussy covering had wedged into her lips. Yumi wasn't aware of how deep her camel toe was as she was posed to look at the ceiling. She started thinking about how slutty she must have looked to the class. It was so at odds with the person she really was. Some of the boys were trying to "rearrange" their pants. Yumi had given them hard erections. Kristal was staring deeply at Yumi's neck and her supple lips.

"Miss, I can't really see the subject so well in this light," Kristal complained, "Can we turn on the tungsten lamps please? I think it would really help my sketching," She asked.

"Hmm yes, that's a good idea. No point having these lights here if we don't use them," She said as she walked around the stage, flicking each light on, "Ahh! Much better! The tungsten lamps really bring out the brown in your eyes Yumi."

"Thanks Miss, that is much better," Kristal beamed seeing Yumi brightly lit up like a lingerie model. She was much hotter than any girls she'd seen recently in a "lads magazine". There was really no escaping how exposed she was now. Every inch of her smooth tan skin was lit up from all angles. It really was a spectacle. Those tight pants of the boys in the back of the class were getting tighter.

"Students, I have to do something in my office, I'll be back in a few minutes. Please keep sketching the subject," She said, slightly objectifying Yumi. With that she walked down the hall to Yumi's right and disappeared into a room.

Yumi could feel the heat from the lamps all over her body now. After two minutes she began to form beads of sweat. It was a strangely warm day to begin with and being so close to the lights was making the area around her over 33 degrees celsius. Another two minutes in and she felt a drop of sweat roll down her forehead, past her nose, which made her twitch it cutely, then down her neck and cleavage finally taking a right turn down her large orb resting at her nipple. Over the next two minutes she felt several drops running down her face and ending at her breasts, so much so that the top of her lacy cups were beginning to become a little transparent. Of course she had no way to see this, as she was looking up and ahead. She felt a sweaty itch all over her body, and her silky skin had become shiny and wet.

The students began to notice this commenting quietly amongst themselves that she was getting hot, and joking that she must be loving the attention to sweat like that. Some of the sleazier guys stared at her and did a "cocksucking" face simulating a dick going into his mouth. Lucky for Yumi, the college had a strict no phones in class policy, so none of the students could take photos of her slick with sweat, her bra becoming increasingly transparent with each minute. However, the college was recording everything on cameras placed in the classroom as they did with every class. They said that it was so they can help the teachers monitor student attention remotely, and use it as evidence in case of disputes.

Ms Pennyworth came back into the classroom. She looked at Yumi and said, "Are you a bit warm Yumi?"

"Yes Miss, I sweat a lot! Can I have towel please?"

"Hmm I'll wipe you down, I don't want you to move from that pose just yet. I'll turn off the rear lamp as well if that helps."

She then switched off the rear lamp and walked over with a damp towel. She had used it earlier this morning for her shower and she had not washed it for a while. Ms Pennyworth started roughly wiping over Yumi's face and along her arms then down her legs, taking time to rub it across her sweaty camel toed crotch. She then came up to Yumi's breasts spending a lot of time wiping them and jiggling them around. All this movement caused Yumi's one centimetre long nipples to pop out, the bra cups still stayed in place however.

Yumi had the taste of dirty towel in her mouth, she wasn't aware that it had been rubbed on the teachers wet pussy earlier today. Ms Pennyworth got a kick out of that, and she dreamed of a time when she will be able to shove Yumi's face down into her pussy.

"Ok, we'll see if that helps you sweetheart," The teacher said with a little sass, "Stay in this pose for a bit longer then we'll try one last one if we have time."

She then started walking around the class again and she began to give advice. "Please note all of the curves on the subject, the full breasts, the round buttocks and long legs. Try to draw the VOLUME," She emphasised, "Not just the shapes, students!"

To further illustrate her point, she walked over to Yumi and traced her breasts with her fingers, "See the curves here, see how the light reflects of these globes," She said as if talking about a couple of ripe melons. Yumi blushed so much that her ears were lit up with red. She'd never been so objectified before. It was like she didn't matter at all, but everybody was staring at her. Her humanity was not important, all she was there for was to be a learning aid, a hot model to make it more fun for the students. This idea felt so bad to Yumi, but at the same time, it was a little exciting to know she could affect peoples emotions this way.

"And see the lovely line of the thigh from the knee to the crotch," Ms Pennyworth said this time sliding her whole hand slowly along the length and then flicking her hand up over Yumi's now deep camel toe. Yumi twitched as she felt the teachers index finger brush against her wet lips. "Oh Yumi, I think you are still sweaty my dear!" She exclaimed in mock surprise, "Let's get this off you then!"

As she said this she undid the knot holding her shirt together. Yumi spoke out a little too loud, "Miss! Please no, I'm fine!"

"Yeah, take it all off her Miss!" Hayden called out. He was ignored by the teacher who was more outraged by Yumi's lack of co-operation.

"Yumi, don't be ridiculous! I can see the sweat covering you! We don't have any fans in this class today and I won't have you becoming dehydrated or some other health risk developing!" Ms Pennyworth shouted mildly angrily at Yumi while pulling the shirt behind her and down her arms to her hands that were gripping the chair tightly. She then pried her fingers off and remove the blouse altogether and reattached her hands to the chair. Next she unfastened Yumi's skirt which wasn't covering her crotch, but now this meant her luscious arse was exposed as well. Yumi wanted to protest but she knew it would only be met with more shouting or even worse, a spanking.

"Now as we have only twenty minutes left, you can hold this pose for another ten. Is that not too much for you, Your Highness?" She chided Yumi. The class laughed loudly at this. A lot of the laughter was nervous. The kind of nervous a young man with no sexual experience shows when in the presence of a beautiful girl. The students knew it was life drawing, but so far they'd never drawn a person. Let alone a smoking hot babe in a tiny demi bra and g-string, wedged deep in her pussy, complimented with stockings, high heels and two sexy red bows at the top of two schoolgirl pigtails.

"Yes Miss, s- s- sorry," Yumi stuttered, unable to believe she was in such a state of undress. And also she was unable to believe she was growing to like the nervous, sickening and exciting feeling of being in a completely helpless situation. She had rules with her family, but they always let her do what she wanted. She was never forced into anything, she was just encouraged to always try her best at what she wished to pursue. Now, all autonomy had been taken away from her. She had no idea what would be expected of her next, she simply had to obey. She finally realised it would be impossible to continue her studies again. That was not her place in this college anymore, she was simply a tool to be used how the teachers pleased. It was liberating, terrifying and overwhelming.

Yumi was starting to feel the pain of being in the same pose for over fifteen minutes now. She desperately wanted to move. Ms Pennyworth came over to her again and wiped her all over with the damp towel, mopping up the sweat from her silky Asian skin. When she got to her neck Yumi couldn't help but drop her head down hoping for the young teacher to massage her. Ms Pennyworth could sense her pain.

"Ah I'm sorry Yumi, you must be feeling stiff now," She said sympathetically, "Change of plan class. Stop your current drawing and start a new one. This one will take us to the end of the class for today. Yumi, stand up straight and stretch for a bit."

Yumi didn't need to be told twice. She leapt up from her chair, her big titties bouncing violently in her half cups, in fact they bounced out so that now both her condom size areolae were two inches above the lace of her bra. She was so busy stretching she hadn't noticed yet. She also didn't notice the hushed gasps of the students in the class. After another ten seconds of stretching she bent her head down to stretch the back of her neck and then she saw her nipples pointing back at her.

"Eeee eeah! Hatsukashi!!" She cried out in her native tongue. She then quickly squished her massive mammaries back into her bra cups. The class let out a loud belly laugh now that seemed to ease the sexual tension that was thick in the air. Ms Pennyworth even joined in the laugh before speaking again.

"Now now, yes it is amusing that Yumi is so sensitive about her body. Yumi, after all this is life drawing! We haven't even got to the nude classes yet! You have nothing to be ashamed of, we are all adults here, and you have a lovely body. A great subject to study for improving ones drawing skill," Ms Pennyworth said, in a bit of an attempt to calm the sexy half naked girl.

"Ok one last pose," The teacher said grabbing Yumi's right arm and draping it over her head so she was touching her left ear. Then she put her left arm behind her back with her wrist resting on the top of her right ass cheek. Next, she bent down between her legs pushing her ankles out making Yumi stand with her feet an arms length apart. Ms Pennyworth then stood up exhaling strongly onto her g-string as she ascended then again surreptitiously grazing the back of her hand against Yumi's pussy. Yumi pulled her hips back involuntarily. "Please Yumi, stand still!" Ms Pennyworth reprimanded her and gave her a swift slap on the arse.

Yumi's breathing was getting a little laboured. She was still getting hot from the lamps and also from the attention on her. All of the students staring at her, and now she was looking back at them which made it worse, had really driven her anxiety and embarrassment to new highs. All of this made her heart beat faster and in turn, heat her body up.

"Hmm, it needs something else... ahh!" Ms Pennyworth had an idea. She walked in from of Yumi and gently pulled the sides of a g-string down until the creases between her thigh and groin came into view. She kept pulling them down until her clitoral hood was just covered by the top of the panties.

"There, that's better. It adds some more interesting lines to the subjects pose," She announced triumphantly.

Yumi was now very much aware of her shaved mound and could feel the lace against her love button. She noticed the gaze of most of the students staring at her silky triangle, the dirty thoughts obvious in their expressions. The bottom of the g-string was still wedged in her lips, so the area of the fabric covering her pussy was a tiny triangle about eight centimetres long by five centimetres at the top tapering down to a one centimetre section between her pussy lips. Yumi's heightened awareness made her feel the blood pulsing through her body in her pussy which was getting warmer and wetter at her being a public spectacle. Feeling so powerless and undressed was a powerful emotional state that Yumi was getting to know more intimately. Once again, Yumi was pouring in sweat, so much that she had begun to breath through her mouth. Ms Pennyworth noticed this and walked over to her with the dirty towel.

"Awww you poor thing! You are drenched Yumi!" The Art Teacher feigned shock, "Lets get you cooled down."

She walked over to the fridge in her office, grabbed all the ice cubes and wrap them in a small cloth she had in her desk draw, and leaving the towel on her chair. She walked back out to where Yumi was standing and she said, "Yumi, this will be a little cold but we need to cool you down a little."

With that she started at Yumi's forehead and moved the ice bundle across her face and up and down her neck. "Eeeeeeeiii!" Yumi cried involuntarily.

"Ssssh! Don't be a baby! I'm helping you young lady!" Ms Pennyworth chided her. She continued to rub the icy cloth over her chest and shoulders, down in the deep valley of her tits and finally over her nipples. She spent about 30 seconds here trying to get those half inch long pencil erasers to stick out further. Yumi was making a soft shivering noise but tried her best to be quiet, she didn't want to make her situation worse. The fabric was now sopping wet as the bright lamps had melted the ice inside. Now her bra was also soaked through, her pinkish-brown nipples were easily seen through the lacy white half bra cups. Yumi did feel cooler for a moment, a small breeze that was blowing through the classroom hit the sweat and ice water on her body. Her nipples were in more danger of popping out again with the weight of the water in her bra and extra hardness of her cute flesh buttons.

"How's that feel Yumi? Better?" Ms Pennyworth said staring at Yumi giving her a look that made her realise only one answer was expected.

"Yes Miss, it better now. You don't have to anymore do this." Yumi not so subtly replied hoping to stop her from making any more of her skimpy white lingerie semi-transparent.

"Oh but I do! I haven't got to your back or legs yet. We can't have you passing out on us." Ms Pennyworth insisted. With that she walked around behind Yumi and rubbed the leaking cloth in long quick strokes up and down her back. This gave all the students a chance to see Yumi's rock hard nipples poking underneath the see through white lace on her big cinnamon tits. Yumi heard a cough come from the very back of the class. She looked over to see Bingwen with his hand pushing his 4.5 inch member in a vain attempt to make his erection go away. He looked back at Yumi and then quickly turned away and blushed furiously. Yumi felt sorry for him. It's not his fault that she was almost naked glistening wet and sexy as hell in his classroom. Once again she was reminded of the power of her fantastically sexy body combined with her naïve innocence, and how it could turn boys into a quivering mass of nerves.

Ms Pennyworth was now circling over Yumi's firm round ass, making a point of wedging the cloth into the crack. Yumi squealed as she felt the icy water make contact with her rosebud.

"Yumi! Please, what did I tell you?" Ms Pennyworth said loudly at her, not quite a shout, then she gave Yumi a nice hard spank on her ass. The water made it sting a lot more than usual.

"Ooooww!" Yumi let out, then quickly she apologised, "Ahh I sorry Miss! I be quiet now!"

"Very well then," Ms Pennyworth said, satisfied with the apology, "I need to do your stomach and legs now. You must be a lot cooler now, but I may as well finish up what I was doing." She offered as some kind of lame reasoning to continue soaking the girl in ice water, all for her own enjoyment of course. It was a funny thing to see the poor girl squirm in front of the horny teenagers. It would make a great video for the teachers to laugh at later. Of course, this humiliation of Yumi would become a game amongst the teachers, each one trying to outdo the others.

Ms Pennyworth rubbed the ice cloth over her stomach in circles, circling down past her crotch and then continuing in long motions over each of her thighs, eventually coming back up the middle right up to her crotch. When she got her she resumed with small circles, right over her now slightly erect clit.

"Uuggnnaaahh! Miss! Itai! Itai!" She cried, the ice water sensation too much for her. This was a girl who had yet to play with herself, the feeling was confusing, painful and arousing all at once. Her mind was getting foggy with the tingle in her sweet triangle. Ms Pennyworth decided she had had her fun for the day.

"Ok Yumi, sorry I guess it was a little too frigid for you huh?" She joked, although it went straight over Yumi's head. She had never heard of supposedly prudish girls being described by oversexed guys as frigid.

"Ok class, I think that is enough for today. Please thank Yumi for being such a good model." The teacher asked the students. In a loud roar of clapping the students emphatically showed their appreciation for the asian goddess, half naked and wet in front of them. Yumi found it strange, but this really made her feel relieved. She felt happy that she was able to help the class but she still felt used and humiliated. All of the students lingered around until Ms Pennyworth insisted they move on as she had things to do. After they had left Ms Pennyworth spoke to Yumi who had forgotten to move from her pose, like she was in a trance.

"Yumi, you can get down from there now and stretch. Be careful it's wet, and so are you, so come here I'll dry you my dear." Ms Pennyworth said with the tone of a concerned Auntie. Yumi slowly stepped off the stage, being extra careful not to put a foot wrong. Unfortunately, her heel was wet from the water on her stockings and she slid forwards into Ms Pennyworth's arms. She instinctively hugged the teacher to stop from hitting the ground. Her double D's bounced out of her bra pushing into Ms Pennyworth's stomach.

"Whoa, slow down, buy me a dinner first slut!" Ms Pennyworth joked to Yumi. This came as a big shock to Yumi. She never expected those words out of her mouth.

"But er.. sorry Miss.. I ah," Yumi stammered feebly.

"I'm just joking sweetheart," The teacher clarified, "Now let's get your big titties back in that bra and dry you off in my office." Ms Pennyworth grabbed the bra and pulled it up over Yumi's giant tanned orbs and shoved them into the cups before shaking them around a bit to make sure they wouldn't come out again. Then she pulled her quickly by the hand into the office where she roughly towelled all over her body. She might have been a bit too vigorous as she ripped the stockings.

"Hmm, seems these stocking are ruined, whoops... no matter, I've got just the thing for it," She said confidently reaching into her top desk draw and pulling out two small white ankle stockings, "Here, aren't these cute?"

She removed Yumi's red sparkly heels and rolled off her laddered stockings. She then dried her legs thoroughly, enjoying touching her smooth long silky legs, and put on the small white ankle socks. They were thin and had a small lacy trim just above the ankle. They were a little at odds with the rest of her outfit, more girly than sexy. Ms Pennyworth then let her put on her top, which now could only tie in the front, pushing up more of her juicy breasts. She then put on her tiny skirt, which had been altered during the class by Mr Dobrev in the adjoining class. To her horror, Yumi realised that the skirt had a slit cut up each side! Now, if the wind blew, her skirt would instantly flip up revealing her little white thong. Just another thing of which she had to be careful.

"Good work today Yumi. You know, I always thought you were a stuck-up bitch, but now I know that you're a very good little girl," she said patting her on the head, "Keep being good and you will make me happy sweetie. Now, next art lesson you are going to be naked, I mean, you basically were today anyway!"

"Oh Miss honto?" She said exasperated.

"I don't speak that language silly... But what did I just say? Be a good girl and I won't have to be a mean old teacher. No more of that back-talk, if you object to any of my instructions in our next class, you will be in big trouble missy! You think being spanked in class was bad? Yes, I heard all about that... I will do worse." Ms Pennyworth warned her seriously.

"Y.. y.. yesss Miss." Yumi said shaking like a leaf.

"Ok sweetheart," Ms Pennyworth said as she leaned in and kissed Yumi straight on the lips, "Go to your next class, pretty girl."

Yumi quickly walked away to her next class, feeling a bit weird and gross about the intrusion on her mouth. Ms Pennyworth laughed to herself thinking how well she played with the poor girl. The next class would be a lot more fun, she had many more humiliating ideas to try on the sexy college assistant slave.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 05**

**The Animal Exercise**
Yumi was on her way to her next class, which was Business Skills for Artists, when she was saw the Dean approaching her.

"Ahh glad I caught you! I see you've made some alterations to your uniform?" He asked quizzically.

"No Sir, not me, I not do it," She said in her cute Japanese accent, "It was teacher."

"Well I like it, of course the teachers are free to edit your uniform as they see fit for their class requirements. I trust you have been helpful and well-behaved?"

"Yes Sir, I'm good girl!" She said anxiously hoping to be left alone.

"Lovely. Ok, well I think you know by now that your role is more important than your regular class schedule. You may be instructed to go help in another class when a teacher needs an assistant," He began, "In fact, consider your studies over. You are in your 3rd week now, if you do as you are told, we will give you your degree at the end of the two years regardless, but you won't be studying anymore. Your job is your life. I know this may come as a shock, but if you don't like it, well, we can still call our friends at the police station."

This didn't really come as a shock to Yumi. She had not been given a chance to study at all in the last few weeks. All her time was taken up by being the teacher's dogs body. Writing words on whiteboards, handing out papers, cleaning classrooms and sometimes just simply standing at the front of the class holding up props for teachers.

She was saddened that she wouldn't get to study for her degree in Fine Art. She always wanted to become a painter. As a creative, quiet soul, painting suited her and she knew she could have been a success at it. Well, maybe she still could after she has done her time, she thought. But she wouldn't have learnt any more skills than when she arrived at College. She was to learn a new set of skills now, how to be sexy, how to obey and how to love being the centre of attention.

"As you know, here at Strickfield, we cater mostly to the Creative Arts; Film and Television, Fine Art and Performing Arts. But we also have new departments on this campus for Medicine, Law, Biology and Chemistry. You may be needed in any of these classes as well," Dean Roberts continued, "Now, you are to come with me to a Performing Arts class. Hiyaku Yumi, you are already late!"

He said as he grabbed her hand walking fast Yumi had to almost jog to keep up with him. She was much better in the heels now, having worn them for two and a half weeks, but she was still worried she might take a step wrong. After a minute they had arrived at the large black auditorium. Yumi dressed in white and bright reds would stand out like a sore thumb in this space.

"Here is your Special Assistant Mr Wells, ready to help," The Dean announced loudly as they arrived. All the students immediately turned to check out the beautifully and busty Asian-Brazilian. Some of them obviously liked what they saw, the rest of them, being aspiring actors, were trying to act unconcerned by the sexy scantily clad 19 year old.

"Thank you Mr. Roberts, we were just about to start the Animal Exercise," Mr Wells said, "We can use someone who has no acting background for this exercise, so Yumi will be perfect."

Yumi looked around the classroom and saw that all the students were wearing black t-shirts and shorts. Mr Wells said this was to remove distractions and allow the students to focus on the character, the student becomes a blank canvas.

"Ok Yumi, if you can please go and change. Here is your outfit," Mr Wells said, "You can go behind the screen over there. No underwear, stockings or shoes thank you Yumi," He said quietly to her.

Yumi was handed a small bag and she walked over behind the vertical screen that was black with pink sakura petals on it. She reached into the plastic bag and pulled out a black seamless sports bra and a pair of tiny black boy shorts. Yumi looked at them closely and thought at least she would be wearing more than she was in Art Class.

She removed her damage skirt and buttonless blouse, and then her little lacy g-string and lacy demi bra, heels and lacy ankle socks, and she then pulled on the boy shorts. They were smaller than she thought, they wedged deep up in her ass, curving around the top of her cheeks showing most of her full tanned globes and there was about one inch of material either side of her pussy in the front. These were clearly the smallest boy shorts that existed. She didn't realise it, but there was a small hole cut out of them in the back, just above her asshole, maybe one centimetre across.

Next she put on her bra. It showed deep cleavage and didn't cover all of the sides of her massive breasts, and about two inches peeked out the bottom of the bra. She tried to adjust it as much as possible to cover more, but it simply wasn't big enough to cover her big titties. To her horror, she could see the material was slightly transparent when it was stretched by her massive mammaries. Her nipples were tenting in her sports bra. She slowly and self consciously walked out from behind the screen.

"Ah wonderful, gather round students," Mr Wells said, "Yumi, the reason I want you to help with the exercises today is because you have no experience acting, so I want to show the class what an untrained interpretation looks like," he explained to Yumi and the class.

Yumi didn't really understand why she needed to be in this class at all. How could she possibly help? She had no idea about acting.

"Ok Yumi, so basically we are going to watch as you try to imitate different animals. Try to imagine no one is here and just do what comes naturally," Mr Wells announced to the class and Yumi, "We'll start with an easy one. Show me what an Elephant looks like."

"Err uhm... ok Sir," She muttered. Yumi was trying to think about how an Elephant moves. She felt so stupid in front of everyone. She bent at the waist and dangled her right arm in front of her holding it at the elbow with her left. She moved slowly back and forth, her large breasts swinging pendulously from her chest.

"That's good Yumi, but what noise does an Elephant make?" Mr Wells asked Yumi.

"Bbbbrrrrriiiiiiiiiitt! Brrriiiiiiiiiit!" Yumi sounded through her lips while she raised her arm up. She felt even sillier now.

"Great, very good Yumi!" Mr Wells encouraged her, "Now show me a cat."

Yumi struggled with the idea. She started licking the back of her hand and meowing. Next she put her hands up on her head to simulate ears. Mr Wells interrupted her.

"That's not bad Yumi, but I want to see how a cat moves, get down on all fours," Mr Wells commanded.

Slowly Yumi got onto her hand and knees. She started crawling slowly around in a circle, in a kind of rigid manner, making some soft meowing sounds. Yumi looked up to see the students looking at her smiling, trying not to laugh. She felt like the butt of a joke crawling around in think spandex shorts that were wedged deep in her ass and deep in her pussy. Yumi also thought she could feel a slight breeze on her asshole, that didn't make sense so she put it down to her anxiety, being in front of the class like this, but it felt so real.

"Yumi, a cat is a bit more graceful than that... here let me show you. Just loosen up a bit and sway your hips a little," he suggested to her. Yumi tried to relax and sway her hips but she was still lacking confidence. Mr Wells bent down to help Yumi. He grabbed her hips, Yumi let out a little noise surprised by his touch, and then he started rhythmically moving her beautiful ass side to side. "See, like this Yumi, like a cat." A lot of students were trying not to laugh now.

Mr Wells got his mouth very close to her ear and whispered, "Yumi, come on, forget yourself, just let go of your inhibitions. Try and get a pat from some of the students. You need to do this better or I'll be forced to punish you right here."

Yumi tried harder to embody a cat. Following Mr Wells instructions, she crawled over to the first row of students and rubbed her face against a girls leg.

"Pppppuuuuurrrrrrrrrr..." She hummed through her tongue.

"Awww nice kitty!" the girl said sarcastically while stroking her head.

Yumi felt like she was getting it now. It was a pretty silly and she felt a bit embarrassed but it was still fun once she got into it. Ignoring the tiny stretchy clothing she was wearing, it all seemed pretty innocent. Mr Wells was impressed with her performance.

"That's it! That's a pretty kitty!" he teased, "Ok now lets try a dog. Dogs are always trying to get pats and get attention from their masters. Think about that while you are acting as a dog, Yumi."

"A dog Sir?" Yumi asked.

"Yes Yumi, I want you to run around on hands and knees, bark, pant, play and do all the things a dog does," Mr Wells told her, "I almost forgot, to help you get into character we have some ears, a collar and a tail."

Yumi was dreading having to wear these things but she tried to be optimistic and think of it as a game. Mr Wells put the ears on her head, it was a plastic U-shaped thing, similar to novelty cat ears. Next he fastened the black silver studded two inch wide collar around her neck. She noticed it had a silver bone tag on the front, she didn't get a chance to read it, but if she had she would have seen the name "Yumi" engraved on it. It also had some thick rings on it for which to attach a leash. She felt more silly than humiliated, it was all pretty innocent at this stage.

"Ah and now for the tail, the finishing touch" Mr Wells began, "Hmm, will need a lubricant to attach it properly."

Yumi thought that sounded strange. She was too naïve to think of the perverted idea Mr Wells had in mind for her. The next thing she knew she was presented with a rounded inch and a half wide rubber arrowhead attached to a foot long furry black tail, in front of her mouth.

"Yumi, please take this in your mouth and spit on it as much as you can," Mr Wells said sternly.

"Sir? What is it for?" She said nervously.

"It's for your dog costume, now hurry up, you are wasting my time, girl," He said quickly whilst slapping her arse and pushing the rubber appendage into her mouth.

"Mmrrrhhpppphhh!" Yumi blurted out accepting the plug into her mouth. She licked it as much as she could but the teacher shoving to the back of her throat caused her to cough up a lot of saliva and phlegm onto the rubber end. Mr Wells withdrew the rubber tail and inspected it.

"Ok, that's good," He said as long strands of spit dripped off it. Now he went behind Yumi and grabbed her thighs with his left hand and wiggled the rubber end of the tail through the spandex boys shorts and into her little rosebud. "Ok Yumi, this will feel a little uncomfortable, get ready."

"uuUUUUnnnnnaaahhaaaggg!" Yumi cried out, she had never felt anything so strange or uncomfortable in her life. She was being sodomised by a teacher in front of a class of 19 year old students, all of whom were now deeply interested in the sexy barely clothed girl in front of them. About half of the students were wincing at the act they were witnessing. Yumi had balled her hands up into fists and had her eyes and mouth wide open not making any sound, but you could hear the pain she was feeling. Mr Wells continued twisting and moving the rubber tip in her asshole until finally it stretched over the arrowhead and closed around the part that was half the width of the bulb at the end. It was firmly in place now. Yumi felt relieved but humiliated as she had about two and a half inches of rubber snugly wedged inside her butt.

"That looks great, a proper little puppy now! What do you think class?" Mr Wells asked.

There were murmurs from the students, most of them agreed that she looked the part. One girl, Susan, spoke up.

"Mr Wells, I think she looks like a dog, but does she act like one? Can she wag her tail?" Susan was being cruel, she knew the pain she just endured, being no stranger to anal sex herself, she could remember the first time she was penetrated.

"Ah good question. Yumi, show me a happy puppy, tail wagging, begging for pats," Mr Wells said.

Yumi slowly rocked her hips side to side causing the tail to flick from left to right. She could feel the end moving inside her. It wasn't sore so much, but it felt weird like she needed to go to the toilet. This was the most embarrassing thing to happen to her ever. It was no longer silly or cute, but downright humiliating and bizarre. "Sir I don't feel good..." She said weakly, "It feels funny."

"Yes, I understand it might feel strange, but what good is a dog without a tail? And this way it is an extension of your body so you can be much more expressive with it," He reasoned with her, "And besides Yumi, dogs can't talk. I'll play the part of your master. Imagine I have just got home from work, you've been at home all day by yourself, how would you greet your owner?"

"I would-"

"No talking! You are a dog. Show me how a dog gets excited to see its master, remember what I told you before, be a good dog," He warned.

Yumi felt trapped. She had to play along or she feared what might happen to her. This was a new level of submission for her. Forced to act like a stupid dog happy to see her owner return home. She went deep into her imagination and tried to forget she was in front of the class, of course it was impossible. Yumi was going to be the best damn dog she could, she's a creative girl after all, if this was the way she could express herself then she was going to do it well. She turned to face Mr Wells then put on a smile, raised her eyebrows and began to bark. "Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof!", she shouted excitedly, then she let her tongue hang out of her mouth and began panting.

"Good dog Yumi! Who's a good girl? Who's a good girl?" He said taking a seat in the chair behind him, he began whistling and slapping his thighs beckoning the puppy to his lap. Yumi obliged, scampering over on her hands and knees, her full breasts, round ass and tail bouncing around deliciously. A couple of students laughed, some commented that her performance was really good and sexy as hell. Yumi kneeled before the teacher and reached up with her hands placing them on his lap making a digging motion. Mr Wells pushed the back of her head into his lap squashing her big tits onto his knees and causing more of her flesh to spill out of her sports bra. He began patting her head and speaking calming "ssshh, good girl" words to Yumi. She stopped barking and began panting and licking his leg.

"Good dog, there's a girl, good dog," Mr Wells calmed her, "Well students, as you can see, the animal exercise is a great way to really feel the character. Yumi has done a great job and she has no formal acting experience, now she a sweet puppy in my lap."

"Sir, you should make her fetch!" Brad suggested as a joke.

"Yes, that's a great idea Bradley! Does anyone have a ball?" He asked. Nobody genuinely thought he was going to take up the suggestion. The class was silent for ten seconds until Jasmine, who played tennis, remembered she had one.

"Sir I have one in my bag, let me get it for you," She said jogging off to her bag. She came back with the ball eager to see if he would call the students bluff and actually make Yumi fetch like a dog. She threw the ball to the teacher and he caught it. Yumi was just lying with her head and tits in his lap hoping he wouldn't go ahead with it. Mr Wells grabbed her pigtails with his left hand and guided her head gently off his lap. Then, he pulled down on her hair, turning her head up he held the tennis ball under her nose.

"See the ball? See the ball Yumi?" he said in an excited tone, "Ok, get the ball!" He threw the ball about ten metres to the wall where it bounced off and rolled back until it was about five metres from Yumi. She looked at him dumbfounded for a few seconds.

"Go get it! Go on girl!" he implored the puppy Yumi. She still was in shock, so Mr Wells bent forward and gave her a firm slap on the arse shouting, "GET the ball!" as he did. Yumi was snapped back into her puppy performance and turned and scurried on hands and knees for the ball. Luckily the floor was covered in a shock absorbing thick foam, like you would see on a gymnastics floor, so her knees weren't damaged or grazed at all. When she reached the ball, she went to grab it with her hand.

"Dogs can't pick up things with their paws!" Susan called out scornfully.

Yumi paused, no wanting to do what was clearly expected of her. She whimpered just like a sad puppy might for a moment, then she opened her mouth and bent down her head and attempted to bite the tennis ball. The first attempt she couldn't lift it off the ground. The next she lifted it three inches then dropped it. Finally after another two attempts she held a little more than a third of it inside her mouth. Her drool had coated half of the ball and she was getting tired from all the running around. She slowly crawled back over to the teacher.

Mr Wells grabbed the ball with his left hand and patted her on the head with his right, saying "Very good dog, good dog, you look tired puppy." Yumi was indeed tired.

"Eeeeeewww you got the ball all slimy!" Mr Wells said chuckling. The class chuckled along with him. "I've left you some water in the far corner of the auditorium Yumi. Thanks for your help, I'd like you to remain acting as a dog for the rest of the class. The rest of you, try acting as dogs, walking around, 'talking' to other dogs. You've all seen a good demonstration so you should have plenty to go on. If you want to really explore this further, try to act as a particular breed of dog. We'll see if anyone can guess which ones at the end of the class. Susan!" He called out, "Come here and take the puppy for some food and drink. She is tired." Susan walked forward to claim her sexy half Asian puppy as Mr Wells pulled a red leash from his pocket and clipped it to the front of the collar around Yumi's neck.

"Here, walk her to the corner and let her eat and drink," He told Susan, "Yumi be sure to eat your food and drink your water now. Dogs don't get to choose when they eat dinner."

Yumi couldn't believe it! This was way too much, it had gone beyond a game or an exercise now. Forced to eat from dog bowl in front of the whole class, she was mortified, but also felt that familiar feeling of a slight arousal. She was being dominated completely, treated like an animal, and all in public! It was crazy but she couldn't believe she might be enjoying this sick treatment. She felt hot and flushed, and at the same time, she felt pressure building on her bladder, as before running into the Principal, she had a long drink from one of the water fountains on the college grounds.

Susan grabbed the leash, "Come on Yumi!" she said tugging at it causing Yumi to lurch forward on her hands and knees. Susan purposefully lead her through the throng of students, most of which patted her on the head, back, ass and grabbed her tits. After two minutes of being groped by the students she emerged from the crowd feeling hotter than ever. It felt so naughty to be treated as nothing more than a sex object, she never knew this feeling before. Yumi was in fact, hot and wet now. After another minute they made it to the food bowls. There was one full of water and the other had some chocolate chip cookies, thankfully, of the human consumable variety.

"Eat," Susan barked at her.

Yumi slowly lower her head into the big bowl and picked up a biscuit, feeling so degraded eating like an animal. At the same time she felt that helpless feeling again, even more than before, and this almost felt right. After a life of doing what she wanted, it felt easy to be told what to do. She forgot about everything she was thinking and just focused on the delicious cookies in front of her. They had a strange aftertaste, but it wasn't unpleasant. The more she ate the more she wanted, and pretty soon all eight cookies were gone.

"Finished? Good girl!" Susan said in baby voice and patted her hair then rubbed her hand under her belly and up to her tits where she gave them a firm squeeze.

"Drink!" Susan said. Yumi shooked her head that she didn't want to. Susan looked around to make sure she wasn't being watched and grabbed Yumi's tail moving it back and forth saying again "Drink bitch! That's what we call female dogs in English!"

"Oooowww! Ooowwww!" Yumi howled at the tail being roughly pulled. She felt so completely dominated now. She was about ready to give up any self-determination. Here she was being walked on a leash by a girl her age and having her asshole interfered with as well. It was both a nightmare, and becoming more and more a living fantasy. She didn't drink much and after a few moments she lifted her head and spoke to Susan.

"I'm finished Susan, can you let me go now?" Yumi whispered weakly.

"You have got to be kidding?!? Didn't you hear Mr Wells say 'remain acting as a dog for the rest of the class'? Also, again, dogs don't talk!" Susan said smacking her hard on the ass three times saying, "Bad dog!"

Yumi of course, did here that, but she was hoping Susan would cut her some slack. No such luck. Now she was disciplined as a stupid puppy that couldn't learn simple things.

"Let's go back to the class now Yumi," She said pulling hard on the leash, and walking so quickly that Yumi had to jog on her hands and knees the thirty metres back to the group of students.

"Susan, you may as well play the role of a dog owner. Your scene is you are at a dog park and your puppy is very popular with the other dogs, the rest of students, they all want to meet this puppy, as dogs are social creatures," Mr Wells said.

"Ok Sir," Susan agreed, "Come on girl!" she said again walking Yumi into the group of 'dogs' that were crawling around barking and playing. Immediately, one of the male students, a pimply-faced fat guy, crawled over to Yumi, sniffing her face, then to Yumi's great surprise, licked her lips! He kept licking them and Yumi had to turn her body away from him. Unfortunately for her, that meant that he was able to bury his nose in her pussy, which had created a two inch wet spot on her boy shorts. The student stuck his nose in and began sniffing and lapping up the juices. This is after all, what a dog would do.

"Aaaahhh! Please Susan?" Yumi pleaded, she looked up to Susan who only returned her glistening puppy dog eyes with a look of utter contempt and held her leash shorter, stopping her from getting away from the other 'dog'. Yumi, not knowing what else to do, started barking madly at Susan. This seemed to be what she was waiting for.

"Shoo! Go away you!" She shouted at the student, pushing his head away from her hot leaking pussy, "Shoo! Get out of here!" She then pulled Yumi away from the bold student and shot him and evil look. The student, Sam, was scared of this girl as she had a lot of influence with the College Rugby team. He knew he would get a beating if he defied her. Besides, he was really happy to just be able to lick that sweet Asian pussy. He got a great view of her silky smooth ass and lovely full tits as well. A picture that would stay in his mind forever. Needless to say, he had a strong erection now.

Susan walked her puppy around the floor and over the next fifteen minutes every one of the students came over to Yumi, some by themselves, others in groups of two or three. The other 'dogs' would mouth her body, bite her tail, sniff her crotch and try to get her to do the same back. Yumi made some token effort to reciprocate, but she was just trying to run down the clock until it was time to go back to the Deans office.

As Susan was talking to Mr Wells, she had her back turned to Yumi, two girls came over and started barking at Yumi and pushed her onto her back. One girl was sitting on her stomach with her hands on her massive breasts tugging at her bra, and licking her full pink lips and cheeks, while the other had her hands pushing down on her thighs between her legs and biting at her boy shorts, trying to pull them off, and licking her pussy that was now half exposed. Yumi was moaning in pleasure, but she didn't want to lose control so publicly. She tried to buck the girl of her stomach but she weighed ten kilos more than her, not to mention the weight of the other girl holding her thighs down. Yumi's pussy was leaking like a faucet now.

Mr Wells looked over Susan's shoulder and said calmly, "Susan, I think you should see to your 'dog'."

The girls happened to be friends of Susan, so she was in no hurry to stop them playing with Yumi. "Ah they are just playing Sir!" she joked to Mr Wells.

"No, I think that's a little too much Susan," He said in a deep and serious voice.

"Ok, sorry Sir," Susan relented and she gave the two girls a strong frown shaking her head. They understood her and got off Yumi. The girl on her stomach gave her a big deep tongue kiss before she got off her. Poor Yumi was panting, too exhausted and aroused to move. She was confused and betrayed by her body, left craving more, but feeling a great shame at getting so turned on by the actions of the two popular girls.

Yumi turned over after lying there for a minute getting her breath back. Her rosebud felt a little tender now, having the tail jammed in their for the last thirty minutes.

"Ok students, good work today. Next class we will try acting as humans," He said and the students laughed. Mr Wells walked behind Yumi and slowly pulled out the tail with a squelching pop sound.

"Aahhhhh" Yumi let out in relief. She rubbed her little butt ring trying to soothe the pain she felt. Mr Wells removed the ears and unhooked her leash. He then unbuckled the thick collar.

"You can get changed back into your clothes now Yumi. Thank you for your help today," He said sincerely.

"Ahh ok Sir, thanks," She replied awkwardly.

She slowly got to her feet, stretched, and walked behind the screen to change into her clothes. She looked around and found her heels, socks, skirt, g-string and blouse, but her bra was missing. Before she took her clothes off she walked over to Mr Wells to enquire about her bra.

"Sir, where my bra?" She whispered to him.

"No I haven't, it should be there," He said, when actually he had taken it, "I'll ask the class"

"No Sir that's-"

"Class! Have any of you seen Yumi's bra? She seems to have carelessly misplaced it,"

He shouted to the students. Everybody said no, or shook their heads. Yumi felt so embarrassed and regretted asking him.

"Well, I guess you'll have to go without, Yumi. Now hurry up and get changed," He ordered her.

She returned to the screen and put on her clothes. She was gradually losing more and more of her clothing. A faint shadow of her nipples could now be seen under her blouse without the extra layer of her bra. Yumi was glad to be returning to the Deans office now, she would ask if she could get her skirt fixed, and a new bra, but she knew this was very unlikely to say the least. After a few minutes she was satisfied that she had done as much as she could to cover up and began to walk back to the office.

It was time for her bath and beauty treatment, she was looking forward to it today, she had had a rough day and just wanted to relax. She had grown very comfortable with Miss White. She was a very sweet woman and didn't appear to take advantage of her like all of her teachers. The plan for Yumi for the rest of the week was to go easy on her, and just have her assist the teachers and not be the centre of attention. Next week however, her humiliation would be intensified yet again. When she was almost at the office, she became painfully aware of her need to pee.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 06**

**New Underwear, New Experience**
Yumi was about 100 metres from the office and her bladder was large and full. She really needed to go. She ran as quick as her legs would carry her in high heels to the Deans office. She ran inside and called out to the Dean.

"Excuse me Sir, I need bathroom!" Yumi said urgently.

"Really? How badly?" the Dean teased her.

"I really need go now Sir!!"

"Hmm well, mine is broken right now, so I can't let you use it. I'll tell you what, you can go in this water jug," he said picking up the two litre glass jug that was on his desk.

"Sir, I can't!" Yumi shouted shifting her weight from foot to foot.

"Well then, I guess you'll have to run to the other side of the college grounds, that's the closest one. Miss White is out, picking up some things, and she has the only key to your room, so you can't use that one either." He said.

Yumi could feel a little trickle escape her g-string and dribble down her leg. She knew she couldn't hold it much longer, and her mind was foggy, she wasn't sure why. She could see no choice but to take up the Deans offer. He was probably lying about the toilet being broken, but she couldn't challenge him about it, the situation was urgent.

"Ok, give me jug Sir please," she asked.

"Good, you can go here, take off your panties and squat here," he order her.

"Sir! Please no!" she begged him.

"You know, I could just let you run to the other side of college. Or you could piss yourself right now on my carpet, and then you'd have to clean it up of course," the Dean said.

"Ok I do it."

Yumi grabbed the jug and placed it on the ground. She pulled off her g-string and squatted over the jug. Instantly and copiously, the urine followed from Yumi naked lips. There was a tinkling noise from the pee hitting the inside of the empty jug. It kept coming thick and fast. The pitch coming from the jug was getting higher the more it filled up. After another 20 seconds the stream stopped. Yumi exhaled a long breath. The Dean handed her a tissue to wipe herself. After she had wiped she began to put on her g-string again, but the Dean interrupted her.

"Ah no Yumi, give me those. We've decided you won't be wearing these anymore. We have something else for you now. It's a little more slim but will provide you with all the cover you need," The Dean said. He opened his top draw and pulled out a tiny C-shaped white lacy thing. Yumi had no idea what it was or how it worked. "This is a C-string Yumi. You'll notice there are no side straps, so it's quicker to put on and off. Lift up your skirt."

Yumi had already shown her pussy to the Dean, but it didn't make it any easier to show him again. She held the front of her skirt up, revealing her cute bald lips. The Dean approached her with the C-string and put it between her legs then reached through her legs behind her and grabbed the end. He then pulled it up to fit between the dimples at the top of her ass. There was a little triangle at the end, each edge was about three centimetres long. The rest of it, which was about the width of her little finger, was hidden between her ass cheeks. In the front the other end stopped just a few centimetres past her clitoral hood at was about three of Yumi's finger wide. It was topped with a row of cubic zirconias. This was a particularly small C-string. She realised that the C-string matched her bra perfectly, only, she didn't have a bra anymore. It was crazy how it just held on to her body.

"Very nice," The Dean complimented her, "This is much better than a G-string, much less hassle to get on and off, and it looks a lot better."

"I guess so Sir," Yumi lamented. She felt practically naked wearing it. It actually was fairly comfortable, which is not the case for C-strings generally, but this one was made to a very high standard.

"I see you've lot your bra Yumi," the Dean said, "I don't have another bra for you, but we do have some white lacy nipple covers for you."

The Dean reached into his pocket and pulled out two three inch wide convex cones made of a stiff lace. On the tips of each was a small circle that when rotated would tighten the nipple clamps on the inside. In this way they could be attached to Yumi's stiff dark pink buds.

"With these on you won't have to worry quite so much about future clothing mishaps," The Dean explained to her, "Ok, take off your blouse, let's see how these look on."

Yumi didn't bother arguing with him over it, she had resigned to pick her battles from now on. She was becoming accustomed to being ordered around. She undid the knot in her blouse and peeled it off her shoulders setting it down on the Deans desk. The Dean stepped forward and grabbed her nipples rolling them in his hands. Yumi let out an involuntary sigh as the Dean worked her nipples until they stood out almost two centimetres from her breasts. Next her got one of the nipple covers and placed it over her left breast then spun the fastener down until Yumi yelped, then he turned it back a half turn. He did the same with the right breast.

"That looks fantastic Yumi! I don't want you to wear your blouse anymore with these... but I suppose you will have to for the time being. You can keep them on for now while you are waiting for Miss White, don't bother putting on your clothes as you'll be having a bath soon," the Dean said.

What did that mean? For the time being? She didn't really understand that phrase. Yumi felt so exposed now. Standing in front of the Dean wearing only a couple of nipple covers, a very narrow C-string and her shiny red heels and cute lacy socks.

"Sir, when can I go to my room? My head feels dizzy and.. and I feel a bit weird," Yumi said.

"Miss White should be back any minute now, you can lie down on the couch and relax. Maybe you'll feel better," the Dean told her.

Yumi was feeling the effects of the chocolate cookies she ate in the last class. They had been laced with a powerful aphrodisiac that was affecting her thinking. She felt her pussy heating up and becoming itchy, her breathing had increased in pace and she was having trouble concentrating on anything for too long. The Dean of course knew what had happened to her in Drama Class. It had all been planned at the end of last week.

"Yumi, are you feeling ok?" The Dean asked.

"Hmm, ehhh hmm yes, daijoubu," She struggled to find the words, saying the work for 'ok' in Japanese.

"Yumi... don't you want to feel good?" The Dean asked trying to gauge how much the aphrodisiac had affected her.

"Hmmm Sir, ehh hai, ah I guess, yes..." She drifted off, her attention shifting to the feeling between her legs.

The Dean decided to push it further, "Wouldn't you like to feel much, much better?"

"aaahhhh yeeesss..." Yumi said, not able to hide her arousal anymore. She felt like touching herself. Absentmindedly, her hand wandered down to the C-string and she rubbed it.

"Does that feel better, sweetheart?" The Dean asked.

"ooohhh aahhh yes, yes Sir" she managed. Yumi was lost in a haze of pleasure now. She felt so alive, she'd never touched herself before and she had no idea that a little spot in her pussy could make her feel this way. Just at that moment Miss White walked into the office.

"Oh my Yumi, I love the new look!" Miss White said loudly with a wide smile and bright eyes.

"huh, mmmm ahh hi Miss," Yumi mumbled, lost in her horniness.

"Well, come on, let's get you in the bath!" Miss White said full of enthusiasm and grabbed her hand that was in her crotch and pulled her off the couch. Yumi was snapped back to reality but she was still extremely turned on, and a bit dizzy.

"Ahhh whhaaa Miss...?" Yumi mumbled as she was pulled through the door, down the hall and into the bathroom. "Miss White, I feel hot, my head dizzy and... my.. my.. manko..." She was rambling now. She slipped into Japanese again, 'manko' was the word for vagina. Miss White knew she had eaten the aphrodisiac and smiled.

"Tell me Yumi, what's wrong with you?" Miss White teased her.

"My.. my.. it's hot and itchy," Yumi had never used that word before.

"Your what? Say it Yumi. That is your pussy. Please call it by it's correct name. Now, tell me. What is wrong with your pussy?" Miss White laboured the point.

"My.. my.. pu..see is hot and itchy Miss. I don't know, I want touch it." As the truth left her lips, Yumi was shocked at the words, the arousal was overtaking her mind and body.

"Oh, so you are horny? Well do you want me to help you?" Miss White asked.

"Ahh no, it ok Miss, please can I be alone?" Yumi pleaded.

"No Yumi we have to wash you and give you your beauty treatment," She wasn't going to let Yumi get off by herself.

"But I too dizzy-"

"No you are horny Yumi, you want your pussy played with..."

"Ahh no Miss, I mean, ahh, I horny but please by myself," Yumi struggled to communicate.

"Look, this is stupid Yumi, come with me next door," Miss White said authoritatively pulling her by the hand to the massage table in the next room, her C-string still clinging on well, and her little titty cones bouncing on the tips of her tanned boobs.

"Lie down on your back here," Miss White said patting the massage table.

Yumi jumped onto the table lying on her back. Miss White was searching under the desk for something when Yumi felt something tighten around her wrist and heard a ratcheting sound. Before she knew it Miss White had both her hands in her hands and pulled them behind her head and under the table. She felt something tighten around the other wrist now and she realised it was a padded handcuff.

"Ahh Miss nani kore?? Ah what is it?" She said a little panicked.

"Oh nothing, just something to make sure you don't go anywhere," Miss White explained.

Yumi wondered what Miss White was planning, while at the same time the lust between her legs was escalating. She started rubbing her thighs together to try and get some relief, however, it was useless. Her clitoris was crying out to be touched, sucked and fucked. Miss White had moved to her feet now, leaving her heels and socks on, she secured Yumi's ankles to the legs of the table. In just few moments she had been shackled to the massage table.

"Miss, please! I in pain now!" Yumi cried, not wanting to say it out loud. She was begging for some sexual release. That aphrodisiac was strong!

"Hmm yes sweetie? You want Miss White to rub your little pussy?" Miss White said.

"...ahh.. uhm.. ahh.. y- y- yess yess please Miss! Please help!" Yumi finally relented.

"Oh splendid! But, because you took so long to come clean about being horny, my love, I'm going to let you sit and think about what you really are for a while. You are a beautiful young woman who likes to be seen, who likes sex, and people love you, when you are... sexual," Yumi didn't realise, but Miss White was going into an NLP (neuro linguistic programming) script. This was designed to put suggestions into Yumi's mind. Not strictly mind control, but pretty close, "Because good girls love to be happy, good girls love feeling good, deep inside..." She let the words linger in Yumi's subconscious.

"ye- ye- yessss, I good girl," Yumi managed to say through her mind fog and hyper arousal.

"Very good, you are doing well. I have to go speak to the Dean for a while," She said. She unscrewed the nipple covers and put them in her bag, along with the C-string that was a bit damp from Yumi's leaking pussy. After that, she pulled out a small cylindrical object from her handbag. Next she walked around in front of Yumi's feet. She pulled out some white fabric tape from her bag and ripped off a six inch strip and attached the three inch cylindrical object in the middle of the strip, then she stuck it onto Yumi's lower stomach, with the cylinder over her clitoral hood.

"There, now this will help you realise what you truly are Yumi," She said. Yumi couldn't concentrate much on her words as her mind was only thinking of release at the moment. A trickle of juice was leaking out of her pussy, and she was just staring off into the distance at the ceiling. Suddenly, she felt a buzzing sensation on the outside of her pussy. She looked at Miss White and saw what appeared to be a small remote control in her hand.

"I'll be back In five or ten minutes... you just lie back and relax sweetheart."

And with that, she left the room, leaving the door open as she left. Yumi felt so much more turned on now. She started moaning as she felt a warm intoxicating feeling spread from the outside of her pussy down inside her and along the inner lips. She was thrashing about, clenching her perineum muscle and her sphincter, bucking with her hips, ostensibly trying to get away from the device. In truth, she wished it was pushed deep inside her. After three minutes, she couldn't think why she was here. All she could think about was the pleasure pulsing through her body. It felt like she was building up to something, something she didn't understand but she knew innately, that is was good, and right.

Back in the Deans office Miss White was talking to the Dean about general office things that had to be organised and asking what was the plan for next week. She then started telling the Dean how she had left Yumi handcuffed to the massage table.

"Yeah Marcus, the little sex aid we put in the cookies really seems to have taken hold of her completely. I see a change in her, it looks like she's finally beginning to want it."

"That's great news April," Marcus replied, "I can't wait to accelerate this project and start monetising it. Well, it's good to take our time and enjoy it as well."

"I agree. I've never seen a hotter Asian with such amazing breasts! Of course, I've had a couple of Asian girls before, but she really blows them out of the water," Jane gushed.

"You'll be able to use her as you wish soon enough Jane. And you already get to see her every afternoon, as per our agreement. But don't forget, I get to break her in... if I so choose."

"Yes yes, I wouldn't take that away from you!" Jane said laughing.

"Hmm sounds like someone is getting close to losing it," Marcus said referring to the loud moaning, verging on yelling he heard coming from the massage room.

"I knew she would be very orgasmic, a lot of people say Asian girls are easier to get off," Jane opined.

"It was certainly my experience in Japan. They like a western man who knows how to take control. After I did, they were pretty much putty in my hands," Marcus said thinking back to some great memories.

"Oh, I didn't realise you had been there?" Jane responded.

"Yeah, I was there for six months, teaching English in Waseda University. That's where I got my taste for Japanese girls. That campus had a lot of beautiful girls, although, I must admit, none quite with the amazing body of our little girl!" Marcus beamed proudly.

"Aaahhh! Ooohh aaahhhheeeeii uuhnnnn uh AAAAAAAANNGGHHH!!"

Loud screams of joy interrupted their discussion about the submissive sexuality of young Japanese college girls. It was of course, Yumi reaching her climax from the remote control vibrator that was buzzing away on her hot wet love button. The screams kept going after she had clearly come. Miss White excused herself saying she better turn the vibe off as Yumi would be far too sensitive now. She ran down the hall and through the bathroom to the massage room.

-Click-. Miss White switched off the vibrator and Yumi's cries subsided. She was breathing heavily and her eyes had rolled back in her head. Miss White could only imagine the bliss she was feeling. After another 30 seconds Miss White started talking to the physically spent girl.

"Hello sweetie... how do you feel?" Miss White asked.

"hhhuuuaa hhaaa hhaaaa," Yumi was still breathing heavily, "Iiiiiee feeeeel guuuuuood Miiiihhhsss." She said breathlessly, the muscle between her asshole and pussy was twitching, and her legs shook a little.

"Yes, that was great wasn't it? That was just what a good girl needs. A beautiful girl like you needs, to experience that pleasure, it's what she really, needs, everyday, to feel whole," Miss White said, leaving longer pauses the more she talked. Yumi was in a suggestive state. She was still buzzing from the first orgasm she'd ever had, and her rational brain had not switched back on yet.

"In fact, if you don't get this pleasure, everyday," Miss White said again, repeating the key words, "It will build up, deep inside you, until you can't stand it. A good girl needs to be looked at, a good girl shows her body, and, a very good girl, is very sexual."

Miss White didn't want to push her luck anymore, she felt this was enough NLP for today. Yumi still had the whites of her eyes showing, but she was slowly coming around. Her pussy and legs had all but stopped spasming.

"Huh... what you say Miss White?" Yumi asked, realising Miss White was talking moments earlier.

"Nothing Yumi, you've been a, good girl, today," She said slowing on the key words again.

"Ahh thank you Miss, I not know what wrong with me before. I'm tired now," Yumi said.

"We can run a bath for you later sweetheart. Let's get you off that table and into bed for a while," Miss White said as she unlocked the handcuffs from her feet and hands. She placed them under the table. Then she leaned over Yumi's flat stomach and looked at the little vibrating bullet stuck to her groin. She toyed with the idea of leaving it there and giving Yumi a buzz while she was sleeping, but she didn't want to risk scaring the girl during her sleep. No, there would be plenty of time to get her to that stage later.

"This will sting a little sweetie," She said, "I'll rip it off on three... one, two- RIP!"

Yumi didn't expect it and as a result it didn't really hurt her. She was still glowing from the orgasm anyway so she didn't pay much attention to it. After having five minutes to calm down, Yumi began to think about what just happened. She felt amazing. Now she knew what those girls back in her classes in Kyoto were talking about. Actually, none of those girls had felt it that well. Mostly, they had inexperienced young men trying to please them, but blowing their load in less than two minutes. Yumi had been imprisoned on that table for fifteen minutes, while being excited with a powerful aphrodisiac, unable to get away from the little device humming directly over her erect clitoris.

All of her preconceptions about sex were being disrupted. She was always told to wait until marriage. Certainly, no one had told her how great it can feel. Her father didn't want her to see boys until she had finished College. Her mother wasn't as strict, and she tried to convince her husband that she should be able to see boys during her studies. Her parents actually still had a lot of sex. But most of the time, they would visit a love hotel, a hotel in Asia just for sexual encounters, on their way home from a night out rather than risk Yumi, or their parents, who also live with them as is Japanese tradition, hearing them at home. Reflecting on all of this, Yumi realised she felt a warm fuzzy glowing all over her body. She felt completely at peace. She would sleep well.

Miss White was a little disappointed that she wouldn't get to taste Yumi's love juice today. She didn't want to wear the girl out too much. Yumi would still be coming to terms with all these new feelings, Miss White thought it best to let Yumi deal with the new suggestions she had place in her subconscious. Best for Yumi to get some rest.

She would wake her in a few hours to bathe and moisturise the pretty Japanese girl. After that Yumi would eat dinner, and watch some more of the cute Asian girls on her television. Yumi found herself comparing their bodies more and more to her own. She was pretty proud of her body now, the body that she covered up most of her life. After the new experience today, she might even be curious to switch over to the naughty pornography channel. Maybe she'd have a really quick look, that's all, a very quick look, she told herself.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 07**

**Anatomy Class**
Nothing much happened for the rest of the week and on the weekend Yumi was allowed to practice some painting. The Dean said it was a reward for her good work during the week. She was happy to do something creative again, it seemed like an eternity since she had done any painting. She found herself painting a self portrait, using the large mirror on her wall. After six hours she had a pretty complete picture. Admiring the work, she thought she looked a little older, and a little less innocent. Maybe she was growing up. She certainly felt more womanly after the orgasm last week, although technically, she was still a virgin.

Over the weekend she watched more of the soft-core pornography channel on her television, and found herself imagining being the star of the videos. The ones she liked were the ones with two girls playing with each other, just kissing mostly. They looked so cute and pretty, Yumi couldn't help but admire them. She wondered what it would feel like to make out with one of these super pretty girls.

It was Monday morning and Yumi was just finishing eating her breakfast after her yoga class, when Miss White appeared in her room holding her uniform.

"Yumi, I've made some adjustments to your uniform. The Dean and I thought it would make sense to take out some material from the sides of your skirt, seeing as though you don't wear a g-string anymore we can show your hips. It just makes the line of your leg continuous," Miss White reasoned to her. Yumi was nervous about how much of her skirt was left. She held up the skirt in front of her and saw that there were two wide gaps on the side of the skirt wear Mr Dobrev had cut the slits earlier. Bridging the wide gaps were two little ribbons that tied together in a bow. This two knots would be the only thing keeping her skirt on her body. It also posed the problem that if anyone should pull on the ribbons, her skirt would fall away in an instant.

"Well, come on! Show me what it looks like sweetie!" Miss White said.

Yumi knew what was expected. She took off her sleepwear and put on her C-string then she put on the skirt. Miss White watched Yumi's big tits bouncing around delightfully while she was struggling to cover her skin with the skirt, and was amazed at how perky they were for such large assets. Indeed, Yumi's mother still had amazing breasts at age 42. It was clear she inherited this gene. When she got the bows tied Yumi was left with the entire sides of her hips showing. They had really gone to town on this skirt. She was left with two nine inch wide flaps. It was extremely lewd, and so very sexy.

"Wow, that looks much better! See how long your legs look now?" Miss White said pointing at the large mirror on the wall. Yumi was suddenly aware of her massive tanned breasts proudly jutting out from her body.

"Ah Miss can I have shirt?" She asked a little shy in front of the older woman.

"Yes you may, we also made an adjustment to this," Miss White said, "As you can see we removed the sleeves and cut off a few more inches from the bottom."

Yumi looked in abject disappointment at the skimpy blouse. Her entire stomach would be on display, and the blouse only just covered the bottoms of her big jugs. She still had no buttons on it of course. She was also denied a bra and was told to wear the nipple covers instead. Studies have shown that women who don't wear bras actually have less saggy breasts. This was the basis of the new rule regarding Yumi's dress code.

"Now we can see your beautiful shoulders Yumi. You should let everyone see your lovely body. A good girl loves to show off her body," Miss White said repeating the same commands from yesterday to Yumi.

"Yes, a good girl does," Yumi repeated back to her absentmindedly, she didn't know where that came from.

"Ok sweetheart, put on the rest of your clothes and go to the Medical Department. Dr Goodman is waiting for you," Miss White told her, "She has a very important class to teach today, so must be on your best behaviour. I don't want to hear any more reports of you disobeying your superiors."

"Yes Miss White," Yumi said quietly with her head bowed. She had no idea of the difficult day she had ahead of her.

Miss White kissed Yumi on the lips and said goodbye. Yumi was used to being kissed by Miss White now. She had warmed to it, initially being revolted by it, but now it made Yumi feel like Miss White really cared about her. She quickly put on the socks and heels and her nipple covers trying to cover them with her blouse, but she was unsuccessful. Half of them were showing. Nothing could be done about it, so she made her way to the class.

She walked into the classroom and was greeted offhandedly by Dr Goodman. She didn't seem at all bothered by Yumi's attire. Dr Goodman was a 55 years old and tall with a medium build. When she heard about the contract Yumi had with the school, she immediately thought of a lot of class experiments she could do that wouldn't have been possible before. Today would be the first of many. The students on the other hand were trying to be professional, but couldn't help gawking at the Brazilian-Asian bombshell. Everyone thought she must not be wearing underwear as they couldn't see any panties covering her hips, just a front and back flap.

"Class, as you know, we will be studying physiological responses to touch and temperature in the human body today. Yumi will be our test subject. I think it would work best if you all form a semi-circle around the chair that Yumi will be sitting in," The Doctor said pointing to a white chair in the front and centre of the classroom. It had four arms coming out with straps on them for securing a persons limbs. Yumi had a sinking feeling in her stomach. Dr Goodman handed Yumi a towel and told her to take off all her clothes the small store room connected to the classroom. She went to the room and removed her clothes then wrapped the towel around her body. It was just long enough to cover her breasts and barely cover her pussy. However, she wasn't sure she would be covered sitting in the chair.

"Ok Yumi, hop up in the chair. For your safety, we will secure you in the straps," Dr Goodman said. Carefully Yumi climbed up in the chair which was about three feet off the ground. She was worried the towel would fall off, but it held at the moment. Dr Goodman pulled her arms in the straps and fastened them. She then pushed the chair arms back so Yumi's hands were over her head. She pressed some buttons under the arms and locked them in place. Yumi's towel rode up her thighs until her pussy was just peaking out. This was about to get much worse as Dr Goodman grabbed her feet and strapped them into the lower arms of the chair. She spayed them out and moved them so that her feet were high in the air and bent at the knees. She felt so humiliated and completely exposed. Her pussy was presented to the twenty students clear as day, and the exposure was making Yumi a little wet. She imagined what she must look like to the students and she had the thought that "a good girl shows her body" and "a good girl needs to be looked at." She couldn't think why this came to her mind, but she felt compelled to follow this inexplicable advice.

"Right, so the first thing we will study is the effect of temperature," Dr Goodman said, "I need two people to hold these bowls of water for me and a third to hold this metal bucket." A girl and a guy stepped forward and held each of the bowls. Another girl was given the bucket and told to crouch down next to Yumi's crotch holding the bucket under her pussy. "Now bear in mind, this doesn't work on everyone, but we'll see if Yumi reacts," she said unstrapping one of her hands. She took Yumi's hand and dipped it first into the warm water, then after a short time she dipped it in the cold water. Yumi felt her bladder releasing, she tried to clench her muscles to keep it in, but it was no use. Yumi let out a little squeak as she felt the piss flowing out of her. The urine hitting the bucket made a noise like a drum. She regretted the large amount of water she drank after yoga this morning, now it was all coming out of her. She wanted to crawl up into a ball and die. Twenty students looking straight at her peeing pussy was much, much worse than peeing in front of the Dean.

"Ahh there it is! So as you can see, this trick very much works on Yumi!" Dr Goodman joked. The students laughed. Yumi went bright red, and the pee kept coming. A full thirty seconds passed before she stopped. "Now if you look at the colour of her urine, you can tell how hydrated Yumi is. Hers is a nice almost clear colour so this means she is very well hydrated." Some of the students leaned in to examine her piss. Yumi felt so embarrassed. She felt like an animal in a cage, just there for peoples amusement.

Dr Goodman asked the students to tip the bowls in the sink and return to stand with the others. Dr Goodman then refocused her attention to Yumi.

"For the next demonstration, we won't be needing this," she said as she ripped the towel from Yumi. This was enough to make Yumi squeal out in shock, which in turn made the class erupt into the laughter. "Ok ok, calm down class, this is just a body, I'm sure you've all seen a naked woman before." That was true for most of them, but they had not seen one as stunning as Yumi. Her tits sitting high on her chest, and her pussy lips slightly parted and everything on full display to the students.Yumi looked through her long tan legs to see twenty sets of eyes drinking in her nakedness. She started getting hotter with the attention. She felt that helplessness again, which, more and more turned her on. Here she was strapped in a chair, completely naked and her pussy was getting wetter.

We will take some measurements with the callipers, I'll do the first ones, then I'll get one of you to double check them," she said grabbing the callipers and grabbing Yumi's left breast holding them to her nipple. She called out, "10 millimetres wide by... 11mm long." Next she went to her clitoris and measured it. "And the clitoris is 4 millimetres across and only 3 millimetres long. Make sure to measure just the part that comes out of the clitoral hood," She said as she handed the callipers to Joe.

Joe's hands were shaking as he reached out to touch Yumi's breast. After some fumbling he measured the nipple, stuttering a little as he called out the measurements. "ahh.. thir-thirteen millimetres wide and.. and.. fif-fifteen long." Then he moved to the clitoris, he breathed in Yumi's fragrance deeply. He was shaking so much he accidentally pinched the callipers against her clit. Yumi yelped and jerked her body. "S- s-s-ssorry Yumi!" he apologised.

"Please be careful Joe, that is a very sensitive part of the body," Dr Goodman urged him.

"S-s-sorry Doctor," he said shakily. "5 millimetres wide and.. 5 millimetres long."

"Ok thank you Joe," Dr Goodman said, "There was quite a discrepancy between our measurements. Why do you think that could be class?" There were some blank faces then Jen asked the question.

"Is it because Yumi is getting turned on Doctor Goodman?"

"Yes, very good, that is exactly it. It would seem that more than being embarrassed, Yumi is turned on by being naked in front of you all," Dr Goodman stated, "We will now try some manual manipulation of her sex organs and see if we can get her nipples and clitoris even larger. I think it would be best if two boys helped with this, as they are more likely to get a better physical response from Yumi." She picked out two of the better looking guys in the class. Yumi closed her eyes as they approached. Dr Goodman told her to watch what they were doing. The boys grabbed a nipple each and worked them between their fingers, pulling and flicking them softly. Yumi felt like a toy doll, and this treatment was getting her hotter. She started moaning quietly.

"You can see Yumi is enjoying this a lot. Look at the liquid coming from her vagina, this is what a woman's body does to prepare for sex. This is natures lubricant students. Now if I rub here with my fingers you'll see a much bigger response from Yumi," Dr Goodman said as she crouched in front of Yumi's slick pussy , so as to not obstruct the view for the students, and started slowly rubbing her clitoral hood.

"Ooooooohhh, oooohh, aaahhhhh," Yumi started moaning loudly now. Everyone was staring directly at her pussy now. The doctor continued for another minute then stopped. Yumi's hungry twat was bucking trying to reach the doctors hand. "Yumi is in a much more heightened state of arousal now, students. You can see the involuntary movements of her hips here. We will take another measurement now. Yumi was whining like a spoilt kid now. She was so frustrated that Dr Goodman had stopped.

"aaahhhh hhuuunnnnn" she cried out wishing for more.

"Sit tight Yumi, I know you are frustrated but you are here to help the class learn. We need to take more measurements now." The doctor explained.

She told the guys tweaking her nipples to join the others now, and measured them again. "11 millimetres wide by... 16mm long." Then she moved to her dripping pussy. "6 millimetres by.. wow, 10 millimetres! That's a great improvement in size, but I'm sure we can make the clitoris even larger." She said excitedly, "We are lucky to have an experimental device today. It has been developed right here at the College, our plan is to take it to market eventually, but we need some field tests. Yumi will be one of the first to try it."

Dr Goodman pulled out a small black felt bag from her jacket pocket, she was wearing a long white coat. She open the small bag and tipped out two items into her hand. She put the bigger item back in the pocket and held up the small one.

"This is the 'exciter charm'," She began, "This will help us study how much simulation a subject can take before orgasming." The object was made of stainless steel and was a small thick ring. It had another ring inside two larger outside rings which when twisted against each other, would cause the inner ring to get smaller. In this way, it could be attached to Yumi's clitoris.

She continued talking about the science behind the device. "It runs on a small fuel cell battery and has a tiny wifi chip in it. We've managed to make it only 15 millimetres wide and 10 millimetres long. By using powerful Neodymium magnets to generate the vibration we have been able to make it very small. Before attaching it, I will need to dry the area around the subjects clitoris."

Yumi was extremely nervous about how she would react to the device. She had only just had her first ever orgasm last week. Dr Goodman got a small cotton cloth and began to sop up the pussy juice all over Yumi's lips. After a minute she had it all dry, but Yumi was still so turned on that she continued getting wet. Dr Goodman gently tucked the cloth between her outer lips. Yumi was still painfully turned on. Even being referred to as a "subject" made her hot. In her foggy mind, she loved being looked at like a sex toy, all these students closely studying her body was driving her mad. She just wanted the Doctor to touch her again so she could come. She knew how terrible this sounded to her, but her body was betraying her rational mind. Her conservative nature was being eroded day by day.

"Try to get in a bit closer, I will show you how we can attach the device. The clitoris can still get a bit bigger and with the 'exciter charm' on Yumi, it should cause it to swell even more. The clitoris like the penis is full of erectile tissue and actually goes deep into the body," Dr Goodman said. She used her gloved hand to swab the clitoral hood and glans. Next she carefully placed the device over both the clitoral hood and glans and slowly tightened the ring over them. "Yumi, how does that feel? Not too tight?" Dr Goodman asked.

"Ahhh it ok Doctor Goodman," Yumi said softly.

"Ok," Doctor Goodman said turning the ring again. She pulled on it to test how well it held. It was on well. It had an adhesive very similar to the kind that is found on strapless pushup bras. "Now Yumi, you are not to tamper with this. This is for medical purposes, and you must not interfere with the testing phase of this device. Do you understand?" She asked. Yumi nodded her head that she did. She could feel the pressure of the ring on her sensitive button, making her aware of her clitoris at all times. It felt interesting to have it on. She was scared she might lose control when it became activated, and not being able to take it off the teachers could active it wirelessly whenever they wanted. She really was a sexy doll to be played with now.

"Ok, now that the 'exciter charm' device is secured, we can continue with our study of the female sexual anatomy. I'm going to put it on the lowest setting to begin," She said as she removed the remote from her pocket and clicked on the power button.

"Aaaaahhh.. ooooh ooh," Yumi moaned gently. It was much stranger than the bullet vibrator she had last week. The device was attached to her clitoris and the magnets were shaking it around, rather than buzzing on top of it. It felt weird to Yumi, but also very enjoyable.

"As you can see, Yumi's body is responding well to the device. So we will go to the next level. There are eight intensity levels on the exciter charm," Dr Goodman said clicking the plus key on the remote. Instantly, Yumi felt her clit being shaken more violently. This seemed like a big jump from level one.

"Eeeeeeeee! Ooohh! Ahhh! Aaaaaawwww!" Yumi moaned louder than before. Her hips were gyrating a little in her chair.

"Ok as you can see class, Yumi has some involuntary movements again. This is indicative of a higher state of arousal. We might try to ask Yumi some questions, she may not be able to answer," The Doctor said, "Yumi, look at the clock on the wall in front of you, what is the time?"

"Aahhhhh! Nani?" She said 'what' in Japanese, "Aaahhhh, ooooohh, I not... aaahhh, I.. not know," Yumi struggled to understand the question. She saw the clock, but couldn't concentrate on the numbers. Her mind was only concerned with feeling more pleasure.

"On other test subjects, we didn't have such a strong response. This suggests that Yumi is more sensitive than other women, and may be 'multi-orgasmic'. Many women have never achieved even one orgasm in their life, but I would guess that Yumi is capable of more than one in a session. Now, students, let's take a five minute break. Go outside, get a drink, go to the toilet, and meet back in here at 9:55. We will continue with the demonstration then," Dr Goodman said. The students filed out, a lot of them not wanting to go, but Dr Goodman insisted. All the while, she left the device whirring away at Yumi's clitoris.

"You are doing very well Yumi, I bet you've got a lot of those students very horny!" The Doctor teased Yumi who was away in her own world, "This device can keep going for up to 48 hours, thanks to the fuel cell."

"aaaahhhh whaa... huuh forty.. eigh- aahhhhhh ooooh!!" Yumi repeated back to the woman.

"hahahaa oh that's cute!" Dr Goodman said amused at poor Yumi's predicament. She took off her glove and ran a finger from Yumi's head right to her stomach. It was slick with sweat. "Hrmm, I'll get you some water, you're really sweating a lot. Yumi, you've been a very good girl today. With your help, I think we'll be able to sell a lot of these devices. Maybe we can do some in-store demonstrations."

Yumi really had no idea what the Doctor was talking about. It was all a blur of sounds, inside Yumi's head all she could think was "come".

Dr Goodman returned with a bottle of water, putting it against her lips, she paused the device for a moment and said "Drink up Yumi". Yumi was catching her breath and taking big gulps of the water. "Ahh that's a good girl, almost done," The Doctor said tipping the rest of the bottle into her mouth. As soon as the water was gone, she turned the device back on. This unexpected reprieve made it even more shocking when the Dr Goodman turned the device back on.

"I think you need another increase..." Dr Goodman said.

"AAAAHH!! HHAAAAA AAAHH Oooh Oooohh!" Yumi cried trying to cope with the level three intensity. A moment later the students returned to the classroom.

"Wow Doctor Goodman, she is really going off now!" Ben said watching the buxom Asian gyrating and twitching in front of him.

"Yumi is experiencing level three on the exciter charm now. I would say she is close to climax. How about we put it up to level four?" She asked the students. They all were interested to see when Yumi would orgasm and gave their encouragement to torture Yumi even more. "Who thinks she will climax at level four?" She asked and about one third of the students put their hands up. "Who thinks level five?" About half the class put their hands up. "And what about six or higher?" The rest put their hands up.

Doctor Goodman clicked the plus button again, raising it to level four. Yumi cried out loudly, she was thrashing about now. Her eyes had rolled back in her head and she couldn't remember her name. After another minute, she came screaming, "AAAaAaAAIIIIIEEEEEAHHHHHHH!!" Doctor Goodman didn't turn off the device straight after, and Yumi started squealing, "Off! Turn off! Off! Please!! Aaahhh Off!". She left her to cry out for another five seconds before switching the device off. There was a small puddle of juices under Yumi's ass now and she was shining in the light from a film of sweat covering her entire body.

"I guess the fours won," She laughed, "Did you see what happened?" The class wasn't sure what she meant, "Well, I didn't turn off the device after her climax and she became too sensitive. It can be a painful experience after orgasm to be stimulated even more. Yumi can rest for a few minutes."

Yumi was still recovering when she heard the Doctor say she can rest for a few minutes. What did that mean? Did she have more planned for this class? Yumi got her breathing under control after five minutes, the orgasm that rocked her body was more powerful than the one yesterday.

"Now that Yumi has had a chance to rest we can try level five," Dr Goodman said.

"Doctor please no! I too tir- Naaahhhhagg! AHH AHH AHH!" Yumi yelled, she was interrupted mid-sentence by Dr Goodman switching to control onto level five.

"As you can see Yumi is still highly aroused," The Doctor continued, "Given her current state I don't think it will take long to see another climax."

Yumi was bucking wildly trying to shake the device off, but it held fast and buzzed away driving her crazy. Her cries got louder and louder until after another five minutes she screamed out and came hard. So hard she lost control of her bladder and shot piss up into the air, thrusting her hips off the chair. She managed to get some pee on the pants of the students closest to her. Yumi lay there with her eyes rolled back again, pussy spasming with some more piss dribbling out of her.

"Eeewww! She's such a dirty bitch! The slut squirted on my jeans!" Amber, a tall rich blonde girl complained, "She can pay for my dry cleaning!"

"Now Amber, it's hardly Yumi's fault. She was just testing the device. It's not her fault she is so easily aroused," The Doctor placated Amber, "And don't ever use that language in my class again or I will have you ejected," Dr Goodman warned.

Amber had a sour expression on her face. She was jealous of the Asian-Brazilian girl's beautiful body and she was genuinely angry about her jeans. She had a clique of fellow bitchy rich girls that she ordered around as her minions. She might have to find a way to get back at Yumi.

"So I hope you all learnt something about the importance of the clitoris today. It is essentially the organ that makes reproduction appealing for women. As you have witnessed, arousal of this organ, can be quite powerful indeed," Dr Goodman said looking over at Yumi, "Ahh, she seems to have gone to sleep. There's one more thing we have to check, the size of her clitoris."

Dr Goodman unscrewed the charm from her clitoris which was now swollen. She gently pull it down off the girl's pussy, the sticky gel stretching and releasing from the clitoral hood, and set it on the desk behind the chair. Then she took the callipers and measured the clit. "Well, it seems to have gotten larger. We now have 8 millimetres across and... let's see.. 16 millimetres long. That's a full 6 millimetres longer and two wider." Just then Yumi woke up.

"What happen?" Yumi asked, temporarily forgetting she had dosed off.

"Nothing, you've been a good girl helping us with the demonstration today," She whispered in Yumi's ear, "Ok class, that's it for today. See you on Thursday."

Yumi was so tired she passed out. The Doctor simply let her sleep in her chair while she cleaned up the mess Yumi made. The test run of the 'exciter charm' was a huge success. She might become very wealthy with these. She could see these being used in all sorts of manner, for many industries. They could be used for fun or equally as a kind of disciplinary tool. And now she had captured the whole thing on video. She had been filming since the start of the lesson of course. This would be fantastic to be able to show investors the amazing reaction Yumi had to the device. She was also sure that seeing a really hot girl like this naked and coming twice wouldn't harm her chances at landing an investor.

The Dean came in the classroom after Yumi had been sleeping for fifteen minutes.

"Hi Gloria, how did it go? She looks tuckered out!" he said.

"It went really well, you can watch the video if you like," She offered.

"I most certainly will, but maybe later. I might get Yumi to watch it with me."

The Dean bent down between Yumi's legs looking at her receding clitoris.

"Can I see the exciter charm Gloria? I want to try and put it on," He asked.

"Sure. Here you are," She passed him the device and the cloth she used to wipe her before, "Make sure you dry the hood and lips first to get a good hold."

The Dean did as she suggested. Taking his time to gently wipe her. Yumi mumbled in her slumber but she did wake up. Next he slipped on the charm and screwed it tight. Again Yumi mumbled and moaned a little.

"Well, we better get her out of your hair Doctor," He said.

"Ahh she was no trouble at all. I really had fun testing my little device. I think we both with make a lot of money. I have to thank you for giving me a loan when everyone else said I was crazy. There hasn't been enough research into female orgasms," Gloria said as she passed him the remote, "Don't go too crazy with it, I didn't push it over level five, and she really went nuts on that setting."

"Ok, duly noted. Now I'll just wake her up, the fun way..." The Dean said switching on the device at level two.

Yumi woke with a start, seemingly coming out of a dream she blurted out, "I good girl!"

"Ahh welcome back! Yes, you were. The Doctor is very happy with your performance. But we have to be going, it looks like someone needs a shower," He said referring to her sweaty, pee soaked body, "I'll get you a towel." He unstrapped her from the chair and then walked to the store room and found a towel. Upon returning to the chair he let Yumi dry herself and get dressed.

"Now Yumi, you know you are not to remove the exciter charm. It is your special jewellery from this point on. And you can guess what will happen if you don't behave," He said holding the remote up.

Yumi understood how completely she was imprisoned now, she wanted to fight it, but she couldn't deny it did feel great when she came. She was growing to love being looked at more and more, and every time someone said she was a "good girl" she got a warm happy feeling inside. She was bit by bit surrendering to being a slave, in spite of herself. Life could be much more simple for her, only having to think about her next orgasm, never needing to make any decisions. The Dean was impressed with her progress, but there was still a long way to go.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 08**

**More Art Class**
Given Yumi's level of exhaustion from the Anatomy Class, she was allowed the rest of the day off. She slept for a few hours then woke up and studied the new attachment on her clitoris. Pulling it back and forth she realised it wasn't going anywhere, besides, she knew she would be in a lot of trouble if she removed it accidentally. She played with it a little more, contemplating her fate. How long would she have to wear this? Could she ever get used to it? It all seemed so surreal.

More than ever, she felt her life was planned out far in front of her by other people. She just kept telling herself to make it through the next two years, but it had only been five weeks and she already felt like she was changing into someone else. She wished her Daddy was here to save her, but if he knew how she had defiled herself, and in public, would he want to save her anymore? Why hadn't she fought back more at the beginning, he would ask. How could she let herself get in this hopeless and ridiculous situation and lose such face?

Yumi wanted to stop thinking about it, so she turned on the television and zoned out for the next few hours. After watching two hours of reality TV she was so mind-numbingly bored she turned over to the channel showing the Asian girls in bikinis or "Japanese Idols" as they were known in Asia. She was more attracted to them than the last time she watched them slowly smile and blink at the cameras, or run along a beach, breasts bouncing up and down and side to side. Yumi imagined kissing them softly and she wondered what their pussies looked like.

She shocked herself, actually hearing her inner thoughts say "pussy". Now she was more curious about the soft porn channel. She switched to the channel. Sitting on her bed wearing only her nightie, she watched the girl in the video rubbing her twat with her little fingers. Yumi's hand went down to her own pussy mimicking the motions of the girl on the screen. She slowly rubbed over the device attached to her clit, it felt so good, the weight of it pulling on her sensitive nub. She started getting wet. At that moment she heard footsteps on the tiled floor of the bathroom. "Oh no! Must be Miss White!" she thought. Yumi fumbled with the remote but managed to find the reality TV station again. She pulled down her nightie and sat up trying to look alert but casual.

"Good evening sweetheart!" Miss White beamed, "I've come to give you a pedicure. I thought a nice ombre red and pink would be lovely!" She grabbed the chair that was in front of the small desk and put it down in front of Yumi. She put the case of pedicure tools on the plush carpet beneath her and pulled Yumi's hand toward her lap.

"Oh, your hand is wet?" Miss White said puzzled.

"Err it is?" Yumi replied.

"Yes... what's that smell?" Miss White looked at Yumi's hand and pulled it up to her nose and sniffed it, "Sweetheart, have you been masturbating?"

"N- N.. No! No I not!" Yumi said.

"It's ok darling, don't feel ashamed. It's normal that you'd want to explore your body... your.. beautiful... body," She said slowly, "A, good girl, loves being sexual."

Before she had time to think about what she said, Miss White leaned in and kissed her. Yumi wasn't upset this time. It actually relaxed her. Why shouldn't she explore her own body she thought.

"Let me help you sweetheart," Miss White said, "Take off your nightie baby."

"Uhm Miss White?" Yumi questioned the older woman.

"It's ok sweetheart, let Miss White show you something," She said, "Now take off your nightie and lie down."

Yumi was interested to see what she would do. She decided not to fight the request and pulled garment over her head and slowly laid back on the bed.

"That's a good girl, I'll show you what a woman can do..."

With that statement, Miss White climbed on the bed and lowered her head in between Yumi's legs. She started kissing the insides of her thighs, then moved up to her belly. Yumi wiggled a little and made a shuddering noise. The older woman kept going up to her breasts finding her left nipple and sucking it hard.

"Oooooohhh!" Yumi cried out, not used to the feeling and still quite tense at having a woman twice her age savouring the taste her body like a sweet treat.

"Just breathe Yumi, lie back and let Miss White take you to a lovely place, a good girl loves being pleasured and you're a very good girl sweetie," She said reinforcing the training she had given previously to the busty Asian. She continued kissing up her body until she locked lips with her. Yumi felt so bad letting this woman ravage her, and she really wanted her to kiss her other lips however. Miss White broke her kiss and then stuck her first two fingers in her mouth.

"Suck them like a lollipop," Miss White said.

Yumi did as she was told and after a few moments the Dean's personal assistant removed her fingers and kissed Yumi deeply. At the same time she rubbed Yumi's love button whilst grabbing the exciter charm and moving it back and forth. Yumi suddenly was overcome with pleasure, and she was associating the kiss with this pleasure on an unconscious level. She had a burning desire now, deep inside her, she wanted to scream out 'fuck me', but she couldn't admit it, and she had the feeling they were saving her virginity for something else anyway. After having all of these clitoral orgasms, Yumi now felt she needed something inside her. She didn't know why, but she was sure it would feel even better. Gone were her notions of no sex before marriage. She had an itch that needed to be scratched. Miss White kept up her assault on Yumi's orifices, and had now moved her mouth to Yumi's aching pussy. She made an 'O' with her lips around the magnetic pleasure device on the horny girls glans and started flicking her tongue across the exposed bud furiously. Yumi yelled out in ecstasy. Then Miss White stopped without warning.

"ooohhhhhhhwwwwwaaaa..." Yumi cried like a little girl being refused her favourite toy.

"Sorry Yumi", Miss White said, "I have to do those nails now." Miss White smiled a wide crescent moon at her.

"Aaaaahhhh but Misss, aaahhh I.." Yumi struggled to come up with a reason for the woman to continue, "I feel, I, ahhh want more..."

"What is it sweetheart? Tell me Yumi," She encourage Yumi.

"I feel, ahhh... muzukashii... uhh I want to..." Yumi blathered.

"Sorry Yumi, you had your chance to beg me PROPERLY, but you didn't. Now you can wait until another day. We are going to paint your dainty little fingernails now."

Yumi was flabbergasted. She felt cheated but she wasn't yet ready to beg the woman to make her come after just one minute of teasing. She still thought that she had to maintain a facade of being a chaste woman, even though the primordial part of her brain was telling her the exact opposite thing. What would people think of the studious, over-achieving Japanese student if she acted on these base urges? She would lose face, and that was not a proper thing to do. Her father would be mortified. Maybe he could forgive her being blackmailed, but not if she grew to accept it and became a slut.

"Ok Miss," she said dejectedly.

"Why don't you call me sister?" Miss White suggested, "It's a little more affectionate wouldn't you say? And since none of your family is here, I would love for you to think of me as someone who cares deeply for you. There are also many things I must teach you, just like a good big sister should."

"Ahh ok... uhm- sister," Yumi complied.

"Good girl, such a good girl my little sister is," Miss White said patronising the girl, "Ok we can begin now." Miss White got to work soaking, then cutting and cleaning Yumi's skin. After that she cut and sanded the nails. Yumi had kept them only about one centimetre longer than the tips of her fingers. She found that if they were too long, they got in the way.

After about 20 minutes Miss White had painted and lacquered Yumi's nails and buffed them to a nice shine. It would really set off her outfit nicely. Miss White kissed Yumi goodnight and left her to do as she pleased in her room, but she did explicitly tell her, no masturbating, as a punishment for not being more vociferous in regard to her desires earlier. She didn't watch porn tonight, as she wanted not to tempt herself. So she just read a book and had an early night. She had a long Art Class tomorrow.

The next morning Yumi finished the large glass of milk she was given every other morning and straightened her uniform, adding the nipple covers last. The milk seemed a little chalky, the Dean had explained it was because of a mix of amino acids and protein powder. It also had some ingredients that would cause her to start lactating and a birth control substance that didn't interfere with the lactation which the Dean failed to mention. It would take about six weeks to fully kick in. Her breasts had grown maybe half a cup size in the five weeks she had been drinking the milk. She had thought her nipples had been sore lately but she put it down to the nipple covers.

Yumi left her room and walked the two minute walk to the Art Building. Along the way she was stared at by girls and boys alike. Wearing only her ten inch square flaps skirt, C-string, nipple covers and her sleeveless blouse with no buttons that left her front and back from the bottom of her tits down showing, she was the spitting image of a porn star. She got a bit of harassment from the students on the way. Students were calling out and whistling at her, trying to stop her on her way to class.

"Yumi, you are so beautiful!" Said a girl named Paris.

"Come work for me Yumi, be my sexretary!" Yelled Zack from her anatomy class.

"Hi Yumi, I love the outfit!" Jim said, he walked over to her and continued harassing her, "You are almost naked so you may as well not wear these tiny clothes baby."

"Sorry I go to class," Yumi said trying to avoid him.

"Aww you don't have to run away, I just want to admire your uniform honey," He said as he put his hand on Yumi's thigh and slowly moved it up to her ribs. Yumi shuddered at his touch. Jim was a jock, a rugby player. That's what gave him the confidence to touch Yumi. He was used to getting the girls he wanted, but Yumi, he was about to discover, was untouchable. The Dean was standing nearby and out of sight and was watching what was happening.

"Please I need go class," Yumi pleaded.

"There's plenty of time for that, I want to have a look at these cute nipple decorations," Jim said pulling at her nipple covers, "They are really on good and tight! So sexy little girl! And show me... what's under this skirt? You like that showing everyone that, don't you?" He pulled up the front flap revealing the tiny C-string cupping her sex. She was starting to get that helpless horny feeling again. Her body just stiffened and she couldn't move. That was when the Dean decided he was going to intervene.

"Stop right there! Get your hands off her!", He bellowed, "Leave Special Assistant Yumi alone! She is not to be harassed by any students. Anyone found harming, bullying or interfering with Yumi in any way, will be expelled from the College permanently." The students who were surrounding Yumi froze upon hearing this, and Jim stepped away from Yumi and quickly apologised for touching the College's property. That's what she was after all, just a tool for teaching and whatever else the College wanted to do.

"Thank you Sir," Yumi said to the Dean.

"No problem Yumi. Your work here is much appreciated and we do not want you to feel uncomfortable or in danger," The Dean said incredulously.

"Yes Sir, thank you Sir" Yumi replied.

"Continue to class now, you will not be bothered again," The Dean reassured her.

She felt better now knowing that she had the protection of the Dean, but found his statement about her not feeling uncomfortable quite insincere to put it mildly. She felt nothing but uncomfortable most of the time, until of course her arousal took over and she couldn't think about anything any more. Yumi continued on to Art Class and she arrived with no more interruptions one minute later.

"Glad you could join us," Miss Pennyworth joked about Yumi being only three minutes late.

"Thank you Miss," Yumi said not realising the sarcasm dripping in her voice, Japanese often missed sarcasm, especially in a second language.

"Ok Yumi, let's get started. You can undress now," Miss Pennyworth said. Yumi looked around for somewhere to do that, she knew today she would be modelling nude, but she still wanted a screen or room in change behind. Miss Pennyworth saw her confusion and added, "You can undress on stage please."

Yumi was shocked she was being told to do this. "Miss! Please no, can go to your office?"

"No, you cannot. There's really no need for that, and you've wasted enough of my, and the students time, already."

"But I," Yumi began before Miss Pennyworth walked up to Yumi and pulled on the knot holding her top together freeing her huge (and growing thanks to the beginning of her lactation) tits. "Miss!" Yumi whined. Her protest was met with a slap on her beautiful round backside, and Miss Pennyworth saying, "Da me Yumi-chan!" in Japanese meaning 'stop it Yumi' with the suffix 'chan' which is reserved for children or people close to the one saying it. The Dean had taught the teachers some Japanese words, so that they could use them to have more emotional control over the sexy Asian girl. Yumi said sorry and let the teacher continue. Miss Pennyworth tossed the shirt aside and pulled slowly on a bow on one side of her skirt, and dramatically let it drop on the ground.

"Oh, this underwear is quite interesting Yumi! Very creative!" She said as she slid it off her silky skin. Next she unscrewed the nipple covers, but not before trying to pull them off first. This elicited a little squeal from Yumi. Miss Pennyworth let her have the heels and socks and left her hair in the cute schoolgirl pigtails. "Now that wasn't so bad was it?" Miss Pennyworth asked rhetorically, "Get up on the stage and put your hands on your hips and push your chest out," She ordered the naked girl.

Yumi stepped up on the stage carefully and did as she was told. She felt nervous and her breasts looked even bigger in this pose, but not anywhere near as bad as being strapped into the chair with her legs splayed pointing as a class of 20 horny students. Looking around the room she saw wide and bright smiles on most of the students, except the girls who were jealous of her beauty and sexiness.

"Now Yumi, hold this pose for ten minutes," Miss Pennyworth said, "And then we will try something a bit more creative and traditional at the same time." Yumi wondered what she meant by this. More creative? Traditional? She only thought it could be some way to increase her humiliation. She knew that was the object of a game the administration of the College were playing that was cruel and humiliating. And yet, she was finding herself becoming turned on, more and more by this game. New and creative ways of displaying her like a sex toy, a model, a plaything. Being so completely helpless and objectified made Yumi intensely aroused now. She never realised it before because she was never in this situation. But now her body reacted so much to her embarrassment and exposure. It just felt so good to be used in this way, she finally admitted to herself, she was completely ashamed at this. She was an object of desire to be used by others, however they wished, to enjoy themselves. It was clear to her now. This was her life.

Yumi looked around the class again. She saw the joy she was bringing to the students and this along with her exquisite humiliation made her feel a bit better. Look at my tits and my hairless pussy, am I pretty? I want to be a good girl, she thought. I am here to serve all of you. I am just the poor College Assistant. Yumi felt her nipples get hard and she was sharply aware of the weight of the exciter charm hanging on her sweet pink button below. She was pure fantasy, sex candy.

Finally, ten minutes had passed. Miss Pennyworth walked around the room.

"Wow, I'm very impressed with everyones progress! It seems as though you are all really studying the model closer and putting it to paper very well. Great work everyone. Next we will try something a little unorthodox, but that's what we do here at Strickfield College," She said with a chuckle, almost not believing the liberties they could take with such a fine young piece of mixed race ass.

"Yumi, I want you to put your hands behind your back and put your wrists together," The Art Teacher said. This seemed like a strange pose to Yumi, but she did as she was told like a good girl, no point upsetting her again. Miss Pennyworth grabbed a length of red rope from her desk and put the two ends together halving the length. "What the hell is happening now!" Yumi thought. Miss Pennyworth made a single column tie around her wrists, one of the most basic and useful bondage ties, then she wrapped the rope around the top third of her arm just below her shoulder. She continued around the front of the torso and under Yumi's massive jugs and around the same spot on the left arm tucking it under the first rope extending from her wrists.

"Ah Miss? Nani- er What is..?" Yumi trailed off.

"Yumi, are you a good girl?" Miss Pennyworth said, "Or do you want to be a bad girl?" Miss Pennyworth held the rope with one hand and clicked a small device in her pocket with the other. She had turned the exciter charm onto level one. Yumi jerked her hips immediately.

"AAAhhh! I good girl Miss!" She shouted.

The students laughed at this bizarre act by Yumi. They had no idea the little piece of jewellery on her pussy was being used to vibrate Yumi's clitoris. The magnets meant the device was a lot quieter than a regular electric motor.

"Good, that's the right answer, don't make me ask you again sweetheart," Miss Pennyworth warned as she clicked the charm off again. Yumi was relieved she wasn't going to lose control in front of the class again, but at the same time, she was disappointed. If her pleasure gave pleasure to the students, she should be made to come in front of them. Miss Pennyworth continued on with the rope wrapping it quickly around her body in a complex pattern that ended up enclosing Yumi's tits in red rope artistically and forcing them out further in front of her. After all six metres of the rope had been used, she tied off the rope behind Yumi's back. She couldn't move her arms now but she was not in any pain. It was like she was being hugged by the soft red rope.

"Class, this is what the Japanese call 'Shibari'. It's a way of restraining prisoners that was used hundreds of years ago. It also happens to look quite beautiful," Miss Pennyworth began, "As you can see, Yumi's arms are completely restrained, but she is not in pain, are you Yumi?"

"No Miss, I ok," Yumi answered truthfully.

"Now I could attach other ropes to her as well. The practice of tying people naked is a more recent variation on traditional Shibari. Back hundreds of years ago, the authorities would lead a prisoner through the village tied up like this as a humiliating punishment for their crime... but as I said, not nude like Yumi," She said and the whole class laughed a little with her, "This is the artistic application of Shibari and it has become quite popular today. Ok Yumi, I'll put this towel on the ground then you can kneel on it with your knees about two feet apart please."

Miss Pennyworth folded the towel in half lengthways and then laid it on the floor of the stage in front of Yumi. She motioned to Yumi assume the position. Miss Pennyworth held her rope from behind and guided her to kneel on the towel. When Yumi was kneeling she tapped the insides of her thighs.

"Yumi please spread a little further..." She told her.

Now Yumi had her knees spread and had her back straight with her breasts pushed out in front of her to keep her balance. She was utterly helpless in this position and it was causing her pussy to light up like there was a match under it. She could feel a little drop from her wet pussy rolling slowly down her thigh. Yumi looked at Kristal who just stared straight back at her and slowly looked down her body then up and again and mouthed

'I love you' at her. Yumi gave a nervous smile back, so confused by her own arousal she didn't know what else to do. She couldn't move and she could hardly blame the girl for enjoying seeing her tied up like an christmas present. She was just worried she might have given Kristal false hope, Yumi wasn't a lesbian after all.

She looked across to the back of the class and saw Bingwen this time with his hand in his pants just touching himself, trying to disguise it as 'adjusting' his little package. This was literally the fantasy of his dreams. A stunning big-titted Japanese girl tied up in public! He watched many pornos like this, where the 'student' was somehow persuaded to pose naked for the class then things escalate. When he looked back and saw Yumi staring back, he froze and withdrew his hand. He knew he would never get a girl like that, and now that she'd seen him he felt like an even bigger loser. A few of the students near him saw him as well, but nobody said anything, they would like to be doing the same thing but had more restraint than the perverted student.

"Ok, I think that is just about enough time on that one," Miss Pennyworth announced, "I'll need four strong lads to help me in a minute."

The request was ominous for Yumi. She would have to see what cruel fate awaited her. She wondered how it could get worse, but she knew she shouldn't, as it invariably did. Miss Pennyworth walked in front of Yumi with two more red ropes and started to tie one around her right leg. She tied her around the top to the mid thigh with three bands of doubled up rope. They were joined together and two long pieces of rope were left. She did the same with her left thigh. Miss Pennyworth looked impressed with herself.

"Right, Noel, Bingwen, Jack and Hayden come up here and help me please," She asked. Three of the guys jumped up immediately, but Bingwen remained behind his easel nervously hunched, hiding his erection.

"Ahhh Miss, can someone else do it?" Bingwen asked.

"Well seems like you were happy to see Yumi earlier, I thought you might like to get a closer look..." Miss Pennyworth teased, she knew the reason he wasn't moving, "But ok then. Kristal, can you help me?"

"Sure Miss, it will be my pleasure!" Kristal replied keenly. While the students were coming to the front of the class, Miss Pennyworth tied a rope to the ropes around Yumi's wrists and forearms at the back. Now she was ready to make a much more interesting pose.

"Jack, please grab the stepladder. I'll need you to thread the ropes through the pulleys in the ceiling," She said. He did as asked. Jack climbed three of the stairs and the Art Teacher began handing him the ropes one by one. Yumi now understood what was happening. She couldn't believe this was possible! That she would be suspended by ropes, naked, in her Art class. Technically, it wasn't porn, it was bondage. But for Art. So therefore, ok? After a few minutes all the ropes were threaded and Miss Pennyworth had a student holding the end of each rope. There were various points on vertical beams throughout the classroom with metal hitching brackets. No one had really paid any attention to these before.

"Ok, we are going to pull slowly and evenly on the ropes students. Then once I say, and ONLY then, you will tie the rope off on the respective hitch I have instructed you towards," Miss Pennyworth said. She pulled her rope first raising Yumi off the ground. It was a really weird feeling, being pulled up and feeling the pressure on her chest and upper arms. It really drove home the point that she could do nothing. She was being lifted onto her toes now stretching to stay touching the ground. This was the point when Miss Pennyworth told the other students to pull. Suddenly, Yumi's legs pulled out from beneath her but her torso stayed in the exact same spot. She felt like she thought a puppet must feel, if it were a beautiful, naked human girl.

She tried to keep her legs together as they were being pulled up and out to her sides, now at ninety degrees, her pussy opening up like a flower in the morning sun. Miss Pennyworth pulled her rope again raising the girl a further foot off the ground as the other ropes kept pulling her thighs out to her sides into almost a side-split, her thighs formed a straight line with her arse and they were open to almost 180 degrees in front of her. Her calves were pointing down, she was still wearing her red heels and cute frilly white socks, which matched the rope and her newly painted nails very well. Miss Pennyworth lowered her rope a little, forcing Yumi to lean towards the class, her breasts hanging but also being pushed out by the ropes tied around them. Miss Pennyworth stopped when Yumi was tilted at about a 60 degrees angle.

Yumi had never felt more exposed, even in Anatomy Class. This was worse. Still she couldn't help but feel hot about how crazy and creative this exposure was. Here she was hoisted up four and a half feet in the air, legs spread, tits bound, arms bound behind her back and completely naked. Her pussy was getting wetter by the second and she was sure she would start dripping like a leaky faucet soon. She was prone to any sort of attack on her body like this. If Miss Pennyworth wanted to fuck her with a dildo right now, she could. Yumi's will was not her own, and never would be again. This reluctant surrender made Yumi so aroused she couldn't think about anything else.

"Ok students, please tie off you ropes now, this is the pose I am after. How does the subject look?" Miss Pennyworth asked the class, referring of course to the exquisite, exotic and extremely erotic Asian schoolgirl posed beautifully in the air. Kristal started clapping and was soon joined by all the other students clapping and whistling. "Wow, yes well thank you, I assume you are clapping for my Shibari skill?" Miss Pennyworth joked, "Yumi, seeing as though you don't need to hold this pose at all, you should be ok for the next 50 minutes. This will allow the students to get a really good one or two sketches in," She explained to the captive girl.

"Ahh... so long time Miss! Hazukashiiiiii!" She wailed, saying 'embarrassed' in Japanese.

"I already told you I don't speak Japanese. And I told you I didn't want to hear any outbursts. Maybe I should make you only speak in Japanese if you keep wanting to use it?" Miss Pennyworth said, "What do you think class? Good idea?" The class agreed with her.

"Ok Yumi, you can speak only Japanese in my class now. I might not understand you, maybe some of the students will, but if I hear you speak English now, you will be punished."

"Errr y- Hai!" She almost let out a 'yes', but then switched to the Japanese word for it instead.

"Very good, I think we all know that one, probably best that most of your words are that one," Miss Pennyworth suggested.

Yumi had lost all decisions now. Tied up and not allowed to speak in English. She had really been transformed into a pretty doll to be played with and not heard. She could feel her juices dripping down into the crack of her arse and dropping from her little brown starfish.

"So students, this is quite an interesting pose and one that you would not normally see, but we will doing a lot more Shibari with Yumi in class. I have completed an intensive two month course, and suspensions are my favourite. The body looks beautiful when it is weightless like this. As you can see the inner lips are presenting now. This is a sign that Yumi likes showing herself in front of you all. Isn't that right Yumi? Answer truthfully..." She said.

"H-h-ha Hai, Sensei..." Yumi stuttered, shaming herself even further. Her Teacher was now her Sensei.

"Miss, I'm glad she likes to be our model, I really love to draw her," Kristal said staring hungrily into Yumi's eyes.

"And you've done some great work Kristal, I think you should show her at the end of the lesson."

"Ahh Miss I don't know, I wouldn't want her to think I did a bad job trying to get her likeness..."

"Well Kristal, feel free to walk to stage and take a closer look. But, no touching ok?" Miss Pennyworth said.

"Oh really Miss? Thank you that would be so, uhm, helpful!" Kristal said, trying to find a word that wasn't 'awesome' or 'hot'. Kristal left her easel and immediately and walked underneath Yumi's head, which was six feet from the ground at the moment. Kristal was about 5'6" so she could almost walk her face straight into Yumi's big, hanging, firm tits. First she looked straight into Yumi's eyes intensely. Although Yumi could move her head, she felt paralysed at that moment. Kristal leaned in closer right near her ear and said out loud, "Oh, you have such cute ears," then she said in a whisper, "You are so god-damn sexy Yumi, I want to lick that soaking wet pussy of yours. I'll be really good to you baby."

Even though this was a girl saying it to Yumi, she felt a shiver of anticipation go up her spine. If nobody else was around she could only imagine how this young lesbian would take advantage of her. She felt so aware of how small and fragile she was in this situation. Kristal crouched down and got really close to her open pussy. She saw the pussy juice coating her lovely lips and inhaled the sweet and ever so slightly fishy aroma. Kristal looked up at her breasts, it was a very interesting angle of the silky smooth orbs, then she ducked under her and looked at her arse. She had a big V shape formed between the tops of her ass cheeks. It emphasised her full round butt in a very delicious way. She followed her curves up to her tiny waist and up her sleek back. Kristal felt like a girl on her birthday getting so close to a sexy and naked Asian-Brazilian that she would give anything to fuck.

"Did that help you get an idea of the form of the subject, Kristal?" Miss Pennyworth said subtly asking her to return to her easel.

"Yes Miss, thank you so much. And thank you Yumi, you've really helped me with my Art. I owe you one!" Kristal said with a wink and returned to her place in the classroom.

"Yumi are you feeling ok? No pain or numbness?" Miss Pennyworth asked.

"Iiieeehh, daijoubu," Yumi replied, translated to English she said, "No, I'm ok".

"Ok, good girl. I think you might need some water though. You're losing a bit of hydration I can see," She said looking at her leaking pussy, "I'll get you a bottle of water." She went off to her office and returned a minute later. She had a one litre bottle of chilled filtered water.

"Yumi, open your mouth," Her Sensei said opening the bottle, "Here it comes..." She tipped the bottle up into her mouth slowly. Yumi swallowed, she had drunk about 300 millilitres when she didn't want any more.

"Mmmmhhhff," Yumi said trying to stop Miss Pennyworth pouring the liquid into her mouth.

"Drink, drink up Yumi," Miss Pennyworth said unrelenting with her torrent of water. Yumi was struggling to keep up with the water and a little spilled out of the corners of her mouth and ran down her front finally dripping off her asshole. She wriggled in her bonds from the cold water. By the end of the bottle she was in a little pain and her stomach was a bit bloated.

"Are you ok Yumi?" Miss Pennyworth asked after she had almost water boarded her with the bottle.

"Chotto byoki desu, Sensei..." Yumi said she felt a little sick.

"You'll be ok Yumi, it's just water," Miss Pennyworth replied.

Yumi had been strung up for about 15 minutes now and her neck was getting sore holding her head up. She began to lower her head a little, then she just let it hang.

"Oh Yumi, please keep your head up, you must maintain the same pose," Miss Pennyworth admonished her. Yumi tried to hold her head up again but she could only manage for a minute or two before she relaxed her neck again.

"I have an idea to help sweetheart..." Miss Pennyworth said. Grabbing another shorter rope from her desk draw she came back walked behind Yumi pushing her chest against Yumi's round bubble butt so she could reach Yumi's long pigtails. First she tied a knot around both the pigtails with the rope and then she began to plait the two pigtails with the rope in between them. She kept going until she had all 22 inches of her hair tightly plaited with the rope and tied a knot around the end. Next she got the stepladder and climbed up three steps then she took the other end of the rope and tied it to the rope that was attached to her arms so her back and the two ropes formed a triangle. Now her head was looking straight ahead at the students. Another piece of her freedom was taken. The feeling of the pulling on her hair was erotic to Yumi. It was only adding more fuel to the fire in her pussy.

"That should make it easier for you, sweetie," Miss Pennyworth, "You don't have to worry about holding your head up, the rope does it for you, so relax now." Yumi could only move her head backwards now, but that was very hard to do anyway, and she could move her feet and calves. She felt a great pressure in the her bladder now. She had been on display for over twenty five minutes now and the water wanted to get out. This need to pee further exacerbated her feeling of helplessness and further aroused her. Her pussy was tingling so much now from the exposure, the lack of mobility, the anxious feeling of needed to piss and pressure on her hair at the base of her head. It was all driving her crazy and was about to get worse.

"Hmm I want to make another adjustment," Miss Pennyworth began, "It would be nice to see your legs straight out. I'll get some more rope."

She went to her desk again and returned with two ropes that were half the thickness of the other ropes, only about six millimetres in diameter. She started to weave one of the them through her toes on her left foot, finishing at her big toe. Then she pulled the rope to one of the ropes holding her left leg up and tied the smaller rope to it. Now her leg was straight and bowing upwards slightly. She did the same with the right leg. Yumi couldn't move at all now. The pressure on her toes just made her that much more aware of how totally powerless and paralysed she was. Of course this made her wetter. Her juices had formed a little puddle about the size of a small pancake under her.

"That's better, you look like a work of art my dear girl!" Miss Pennyworth complimented her, "What do you say?"

"Ahh.. arigatou gozaimasu Sensei," Yumi muttered.

"Sorry I didn't hear that..."

"Arigatou gozaimasu Sensei!" Yumi said louder now.

"For those of you who don't know, she said 'thank you teacher'. Learning some Japanese as well today!" Miss Pennyworth joked.

"That's great Miss! I've always liked the sound of Japanese," Kristal's gay friend Candice said.

"Yumi are you still feeling ok? No numbness?" The Art Teacher asked.

"Hai, daijoubu Sensei," Yumi responded.

"Good, only ten minutes of class left now," Her Sensei said, "Let's end it with a bang, shall we?" She whispered into her ear.

Yumi could only give Miss Pennyworth a worried expression. The teacher quietly switched on the exciter charm that was screwed snugly onto her clitoris onto level one. The charm was actually very quiet due to the magnets it used instead of a regular electric motor. And if you didn't look closely you might not notice it moving on the lower settings. Yumi let out a little shriek. She would have to try very hard to hold her pee now. She tried to think of something besides her burning desire to give in to the pleasure.

"ooohhh, ooooh," Yumi quietly cooed.

"Yumi what's wrong? Please try to control yourself, it's distracting to the students," Miss Pennyworth said as she click the device up to level two.

"Aahh, eeeiiiii, aaah, oooohh oh," Yumi moaned louder now, losing the battle against her body.

"Yumi, please, what has gotten into you? You are enjoying yourself too much, if you could see the mess underneath you..." Miss Pennyworth scolded her, "Class, is Yumi distracting you with all this noise?" She asked the 19 year olds, as Yumi was getting lost in her pleasure and her vision clouded to a single point. She wasn't mentally present anymore, she was just wiggling in ecstasy in her bonds, suspended four and a half feet in the air and loving her terrible exposure. The class pretending to be annoyed responded that Yumi's moaning was very distracting indeed.

"Ok then, I've asked you nicely, yet you continue to defy me," Miss Pennyworth said, "I shall report this to the Dean. But for now, bite on this," She said producing a seven centimetre dense rubber ball, she had to push it in her mouth hard pushing down on her jaw and causing Yumi's hair to pull on her head.

"Iiiitthhhii!" She garbled, trying to say the Japanese word 'itai' meaning 'pain'.

"Shush silly girl!" Miss Pennyworth said reaching behind her and smacking her beautifully round arse. She got the ball past her teeth and then she produced some gaffer tape, ripping a five inch piece off and taping it over her mouth. The moaning was much quieter now but still audible. "That ought to help you settle down."

In fact, it did the opposite. With Yumi unable to open her mouth or move her body at all and being painfully aware at all the shocked stares from the class, she felt so close to coming. Miss Pennyworth acted like this was the most normal thing in the world, and walked around the class looking at the students' work. She gave advice on drawing this naked vision of sex. Telling Carl to pay attention to the way the rope pressed into Yumi's thighs and breasts, and explaining to Candice to shade in more of the light cast on Yumi's perfect ass. Yumi kept wriggling in her ropes becoming more turned on and really, really needing to pee. Miss Pennyworth excused herself from the room saying, "I think Yumi is about to have an accident."

She returned with a bucket and a thin strand of rope. She tied the one end of the rope to the rope closest to her pussy a few inches from the fold in her butt cheek, then threaded the other end through a hole at the top of the right side of the bucket, then through an identical hole on the left side and under the other rope near her pussy on her left leg. What resulted was a three litre bucket suspended one inch under her weeping pussy. She really was a sight to behold. With the bucket in place, somewhere in the back of Yumi's confused mind, she thought this made it ok to piss in front of the whole class. Miss Pennyworth jacked up the level on the remote to four. Yumi instantly started thrashing about and crying out through the tape and ball gag.

"Mmfmffmmrrrrppphh!! mmmmmrrggh! Mmmfffppphh!! uunnnnrrrrrrr, UURRNFF MRRFFF!" She hummed.

"I'm not sure what's gotten into Yumi class, but I guess this wraps up our sketching today as she can't stay still. I honestly think our subject finds this exercise very pleasurable and rewarding."

As she was saying that, Yumi let forth with a strong jet of urine. Her pussy was pointed towards the stainless steel bucket and the sound of it hitting the bottom was competing with her own guttural sounds and screams. Miss Pennyworth decided to punish her even further and put up the exciter charm to level five. Yumi's eyes were wide and her screams were louder. She was almost bouncing on the ropes, her piss coming out in a wave pattern splashing around violently in the bucket. This kept going for another twenty seconds as Yumi emptied most of the litre of water from her system. She felt as though she were about to faint when Miss Pennyworth spared her and switched of the clitoral charm ring. The whole class was dead silent, and in shock and awe at what they just saw.

Yumi was breathing heavily through her nose her eyes shut and body exhausted. Drops of cum were dripping like honey from her hot pussy into the bucket. Some of the urine had spilled out of the bucket and grown the puddle beneath her. The smell of her pussy juice and piss permeated the room.

"Well, that was interesting... I'm not sure what happened to Yumi, but she appears to have 'got off' on today's lesson," Miss Pennyworth said obviously lying through her teeth. The students embraced plausible deniability, all of them just glad to see such an erotic scene in their class. Wishing they could tell their friends from other Universities about it but understanding they each were subject to a Non Disclosure Agreement, the artists would have to be content with the fact that they can relive the memory over and over in their heads.

"Class, please thank Yumi for her generous help with today's class," Miss Pennyworth asked.

The class applauded and whistled as they had earlier. This was the most entertaining class ever. Miss Pennyworth signalled the end of class and let the students shuffle out, of course they didn't want to leave but Miss Pennyworth assured them next week there would be another similar lesson. In the back of the class, poor Bingwen had come in his pants and was trying to cover his crotch with his bag. Everyone knew what had happened and thought it was hilarious. He would be teased incessantly for it. Before she left, Kristal took her sketch to the stage to show Yumi who was still suspended and gagged.

"Yumi, this is my drawing of you. I hope you like it!" Kristal said. Yumi inspected it. She was still getting her breath back, but when she saw the sketch a little "mmmff!" sounded beneath her taped mouth. It looked so strange. The picture was very well done, she imagined it was very accurate. It shocked Yumi so much to see herself like that. Her tits looked huge, her pussy was open and wet and her legs spread wide. Seeing herself like this really excited her.

Yumi nodded awkwardly backwards and used her eyebrows to signal her approval.

"I guess that means you like it?" Kristal asked.

Yumi nodded again. Kristal left with a spring in her step, happy she impressed the Asian-Brazilian goddess.

"Good work Yumi, I told you to not defy me, you did pretty well today but you still haven't fully understood that you need to do one hundred percent of what I ask, when I ask. I know I was a little cruel teasing an orgasm out of you, but I think you really loved it. You are developing into a great slut, sweetheart." Miss Pennyworth said close to her ear.

She was right, Yumi was lost in the afterglow of her orgasm. She really did love the cruel exposure and sexual torture she was dealt. There was no point in denying it anymore. Yumi thought, "I just want to be the best living doll I can." Finally accepting her next two years she was to endure. Miss Pennyworth ripped off the gag and pulled out the ball. Yumi sucked in some deep breaths and licked her lips.

"Awww relax now my love, you were a good girl for me today," Miss Pennyworth doing her 'good cop, bad cop' routine, "You make me happy when you obey. You look so beautiful in these ropes. I hope you liked it?" Miss Pennyworth asked, "You can speak English again darling."

"Hai, eh, ahh yes Miss Pennyworth, I afraid I like exposing. I not know I like this, but I get horny I can't stop." Yumi said out loud to her teacher, not just to herself anymore, after truly accepting her nature.

"Oh very good girl! You like to make people happy, your body is a gift to us sweetie. Remember that, you will enjoy life more if you accept how you really are. We know you are a people pleaser and so far you are doing a very good job. Are you ready to learn more sweetheart?" Miss Pennyworth asked.

"Yes Miss, thank you for teaching me Miss," Yumi said instantly feeling a warm glow inside herself. She felt great for doing what the teacher wanted, and for her orgasm and public exposure. It was like the feeling you get from doing a good deed like helping an old lady with her groceries or walking a blind man through a busy street he's never been to. It was to Yumi, the same feeling. It was now linked to her altruistic heart. Doing good deeds like letting the teacher use her to demonstrate an orgasm, or being tied in the Shibari way. It was submitting her body to whomever it was to be lent, for whatever purpose.

"Good girl, now I'll get you down, but first I'll dry your body and mop up this sticky mess under my horny little girl!" Miss Pennyworth said playfully. Her initial thoughts of Yumi were different now. She no longer saw her as a snobby girl, but rather as a kind and gentle girl that wanted to help everyone she met. She was really growing to like this sexy Asian girl. Miss Pennyworth dried the College Assistant off with a towel and soaked up the fluids under her with the same towel. Next she carefully undid the ropes, letting Yumi down bit by bit, eventually she was back standing on the stage. Yumi inspected the rope marks on her body.

"Don't worry, the marks will fade in an hour or so," Miss Pennyworth reassured her. Yumi was allowed to dress again and go on her way. She was now excited to know what fate awaited her, what would they come up with next she wondered.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 09**

*Yumi is given a cucumber, has an encounter with the police, and she becomes a model for the Dean's friend.*

**The Lingerie Store**
Yumi felt good but a little fatigued at the same time as she walked back to the Deans office for an early lunch as she had no class to go to now. So far she had always eaten lunch with the Dean. She was walking back along the same path she had walked to Art Class. It was lined with thick trees and green grass. There was nobody around at this time as they had all gone to their next class. Yumi would have been late had she had a class to attend.

"Well, look who's all alone and under-dressed!" Amber, the girl who Yumi had accidentally got her pee on in Anatomy class, said. Amber and two of her friends had appeared from behind the large trees to ambush her. Yumi suddenly felt anxious and nervous.

"Hi Amber, sorry I wet you," Yumi offered an apology.

"Oh that's ok, I've gotten over it now sweetie!" Amber lied, "I just wanted to say hello and have a look at your skirt. You don't mind, do you?"

Yumi knew this was a ruse, but she thought co-operating was better than trying to stop the three bigger girls. "No, it ok."

"Good. Hmm this is very sexy, I wouldn't mind one of these skirts," She said lifting up the flap, "I like how it shows all of your thighs," She said while rubbing her other hand on the girl's hip. "In fact, I'm going to borrow it!" Amber nodded to her friends standing either side of Yumi and they grabbed her arms as Amber pulled both the bows holding Yumi's skirt together. She then snatched the two flaps that made up the skirt away from her. Yumi squealed for them to let her go, but the girls held her firmly. There was something worse to her about having her clothes taken by a bitchy popular girl rather than a teacher. And she didn't want to be half naked out in the open like this, in a class seemed strangely more appropriate, even if it was in front of twenty students.

"I hope it fits me! But really, I'll need a top to go with it... it's a pity I can't use yours, though, it's ruined," Amber said and received a confused look from Yumi.

"My top been changed by teacher," Yumi said, "It still ok."

"No, it's falling apart," Amber said as she pulled out a pair of scissors and cut up from the bottom of the blouse to the side of the knot, causing her almost E cup tits to bounce out wildly, the conical nipple covers whipping side to side on her erect nubs. "Let me check the back," Amber said signalling the girls to turn her around. After Yumi's back was facing Amber, she pulled on the blouse with one hand and cut up the fabric then roughly pulled the two halves off her body completely. Yumi was standing on the path running between the Administration building and the Visual Arts building wearing only two tiny nipple covers and minuscule C-string underwear. "Just as I thought, it was ripped there as well," Amber said laughing.

The girls twisted her arms up behind her back forcing her to bend at the waist. Amber said she needed a spanking to learn not to get her love juice all over her fellow students.

"Sorry Yumi, I guess I was still a little upset about you squirting all over me. I'll only give you three spanks," Amber told her.

"No! You can't, I tell Dean!" Yumi said.

"I don't care if you do, I'll just deny it. Now count for me or I'll keep spanking you until you do," Amber extended her hand out to her side and stepped in while swinging her hand onto Yumi's beautiful little bubble butt. -WHACK! It was the hardest spank she had ever felt.

"Iiiiiiiiiitttaaaaaiiii!!" Yumi shrieked at the top of her lungs.

"Are you forgetting something?" Amber asked rhetorically.

"Ah... one!" Yumi corrected herself.

Amber took her time with the next one, building up Yumi's anticipation of the punishment. Finally, after a minute of teasing and saying "here it comes" only to not spank her, a cracking spank hit Yumi on her already sore arse.

"Iiiiiiiiiitttaaaaaaaaaaaiiii!! Two!" Yumi shrieked louder this time, she was sure she would be heard in the furthermost corner of the College. For the last one Amber spent about three minutes rubbing Yumi's luscious bottom, whispering taunts in her ear and teasing her when she finally smacked Yumi for the third and final time, she was greeted with an unexpected guest.

"What the HELL is going on here!!?" The Dean yelled behind Amber. Her two friends released Yumi and ran away, "Don't think you can hide, I know who you are girls!" He shouted after them. Yumi slowly stood up and rubbed her raw bottom. The Dean had a hold of Amber's ear and was pulling it up.

"Ow ow ow!" Amber whined.

"Oh, this doesn't feel nice? I'm sorry, I'll stop now. Amber Du Pont, you are to leave the College and never return. You time here is over. I warned everyone that this is what will happen if you harass Yumi. She is a very, VERY important part of our teaching method here at Strickfield. You are lucky I don't press charges on her behalf."

"Sir! Please! You can't do this!! I'm sorry," Amber begged, she turned to Yumi and addressed her directly, "Yumi, I'm really sorry, please forgive me?"

Yumi was still in pain, and still almost naked. Yumi was not interested in forgiving Amber, yet she did feel a small amount of pity for her. She knew the girl must have been jealous of her, why else would she be so cruel?

"Hmmm... let me think about it. In the meantime, you are suspended. Myself and the other teachers will decide if you are allowed back, pending some appropriate discipline, naturally. Now get out of my sight, and my College!" The Dean commanded her, "Yumi come with me dear, I'm sorry I wasn't there to stop this happening. We will have to think of an alternative arrangement to ensure your safety. Let's go to my office, I'll get Miss White to treat you with some cream to take down the redness."

He held her hand tenderly and walked back to the office with her. Even though she was completely exposed outside of a classroom, when she held the Dean's hand she felt calm and cared for. The Dean called for Miss White and she rushed into the Dean's office.

"Oh, my poor dear! We cannot let students treat you like that! Horrible creatures they are! Come with me, your big sis will look after you."

Miss White took her hand and led her into the massage room. She helped her onto the table and began to gently massage the cream into Yumi's hot ass. She could feel the warmth from the stinging spanks radiating off her round cheeks. After a few minutes, she let Yumi get off the table and she gave her a big, long, wet tongue kiss. She held Yumi against her mouth a little too long and Yumi's was running out of breath. Miss White released her from the kiss and Yumi breathed in urgently.

"Oh my little girl, I just love you so much, don't want to see this happen again! I'll talk to the Dean about getting you a security guard, maybe some of the students we can trust," She reassured Yumi, "I have to go to the shops for some things now. I'll leave you with the Dean. Goodbye sweetheart!" She said walking out of the room. Yumi realised she was still in her nipple covers and C-String and wanted to wear something else. She went to her room and found all of the other sets of her uniform gone. She went to the Dean's office to ask him what she was to wear.

"Sir, where my clothes?"

"We have another uniform change for you Yumi. Something that represents the College a little better," The Dean said ominously, "I think it will be a little more comfortable for you." He reached into his drawer and withdrew a small bag. He tossed it to Yumi and told her to get dressed. Yumi didn't have any idea what to expect. She looked inside and pulled out one piece of clothing.

She found a white leotard, that was almost a swimsuit. The material was stretchy and dangerously thin. She was not given any underwear, she knew this meant she was not to wear the ones she had on. Yumi undressed quickly and and pulled on the leotard. She some trouble pulling the straps over her now 32E breasts but eventually fit them in. The front of her leotard came up from her crotch in a four inch wide strip and flared out just at the base of her breasts and around to her back wear it joined another four inch wide strip that narrowed down to her bubble butt becoming less than an inch wide in her arse crack, and went up her back splitting into two thin straps running over her shoulders and joining the front piece at her nipples. Running around her waist and over her bellybutton was a two inch wide red belt. The buckle was white.

This meant most of her stomach and back were bare and her legs and ass were completely naked. Over her sternum the College coat of arms was stitched in. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her legs looked like so very long and the cut of the leotard made her tits look almost comical. She still had the bows in her hair and the red heels on. Her tanned skin looked amazing against the white of the leotard.

"Yumi I've got a special exercise for you to do. I expect after one week you will have mastered this exercise. That is all the time we have budgeted for anyway. It may seem silly now, but it is crucial to your job. The Dean handed Yumi an inch wide, eight-inch long cucumber. Yumi was puzzled. What was she supposed to do with this she thought. "You will try to push this as far down your throat as you can. No doubt, you will feel a tickle in the back of your throat, and your throat will gag and may want to vomit. As soon as you feel this, back off and try again in a few moments. We have added some instructional videos as a new channel to your TV, so you can get some more tips about how to do it. One that I've heard works is gripping your left thumb with the fingers on your left hand," The Dean explained to Yumi. She had an idea of what this training was for, but couldn't believe it would be true.

"Sir, what exercise is for?" Yumi asked.

"You will find out later this week. But for now, I need you practice this before breakfast, lunch and dinner, for 30 minutes each time. This is your top priority, so be a good girl and become adept at this and you will be duly rewarded," The Dean told her.

Yumi thought they were training her to become a drug mule, and this would help with swallowing packages of drugs. She knew that the Dean must have some dealings with criminals, how else would he have obtained the cocaine to plant on her in the first place? If this were true, she would have to refuse, she would not become a drug smuggler for him, whatever the consequences.

"You will be given a slightly thicker cucumber each day until Friday when I expect you can rest a nine inch long and 2.5-inch wide cucumber in your throat without gagging," The Dean said. Yumi thought that sounded impossible. How much did they want her to smuggle? She would try her best with the exercises and play along, but there was no way she would go ahead with swallowing the drugs. It was too dangerous, indeed, she would surely die if one of the packages broke in her stomach.

"I try my best, Sir," Yumi answered.

"Good girl, that's all we ask," The Dean encouraged, "Ok, well go to your room and practice, switch to channel 9 to watch the instructional videos."

Yumi took the cucumber to her room and realised how big it looked in her little hand, it was amusing and reminded her just how petite she is. She turned on the TV to channel 9 and found a woman in her fifties wearing a smart suit with long brown hair tied in a loose bun holding a large cucumber. She was giving tips on how to relax the throat muscles before starting the exercise. She tried the breathing method recommended by the woman, she felt more relaxed after only a minute of this. Finally, she tried to take the cucumber in her mouth. She managed about four inches before she felt the tickle at the back of her throat, then she pulled back and breathed again. She tried again with the same result. It was slightly less weird feeling as she knew what to expect.

She kept on like this for about fifteen minutes when she remembered the tip the Dean suggested. She gripped her left thumb tightly with her fingers and slowly tried again. This time she got a bit more of it in. Maybe five inches this time. This progress made Yumi feel more confident and proud of her work, so she tried to get it even further down. She could hold her breath pretty well, so she could try pushing the cucumber down without breathing for a good minute. She had acquired this skill from her time on the swim team back when she was 14. This time she relaxed when she felt the tickle on her throat and she managed to get it a full six inches down. "Wow," she thought, "I'm pretty good at this!" Yumi lost track of time and realised she had been practicing for almost an hour. She was trying hard to be a good girl for the Dean, as a result she was engrossed in the exercise.

Yumi lay on her bed watching television for the next hour. She was watching the soft porn again and didn't feel as naughty for it this time. She felt a stronger attraction to the Asian girls and Caucasian girls in the lesbian-themed movies. Yumi imagined herself in the Asian girls' position and imagined the white girl as Kristal. "Where did that come from!?" she thought. Well, she was pretty, but it was curious for Yumi to realise she might like girls. But maybe it was because the only sexual experiences she had had to date, had all involved women.

She started thinking about the Dean, wondering what he looks like naked. He was a tall man in his early forties, handsome in an unconventional way, he had a large bumpy nose, as well as a slight speckling of grey hair in his short facial hair and throughout his thick head of hair. Yumi considered that she thought about what it might be like to feel a penis inside her. Of course, most girls think about this far earlier in life, but she was very sheltered from these things. Knowing how good the evil exciter charm felt, maybe a stiff cock would be even better. Again, she surprised herself, letting her imagination ponder these dirty things. It was now around 2 pm and her lunch was delivered to her room. After she had finished eating she wasn't sure what to do next. She was never told too far in advance what she would be required to do. It turned out that she was to leave the College for the first time in five weeks.

The Dean entered her room to find Yumi watching porn again. His rubber soled shoes gave no warning of his arrival.

"I see you found the most interesting channel?" He teased Yumi.

Yumi fumbled with the remote and said, "I just saw it, want find other show!"

"Sure, ok sweetie!" He said with a wink, "Anyway, we have a special trip for you planned. You will get to leave the College for a little bit, but you must be on your BEST behaviour, or you will be straight back to your room and punished, or worse... Of course, you won't be able to wear that in public, so we have another outfit for you," The Dean said producing another small bag and handing it to the nervous and aroused Asian babe. Upon emptying the bag, she saw a tiny pair of white cutoff jeans and a tiny crotched white crop top. There was also some white sandals, a silver necklace with a heart on it, and a small egg shaped object. There was no underwear.

"Get changed, I expect you to be ready after I take a piss," He said matter-of-factly.

She unbuckled the belt, peeled off her thin leotard and pulled on the shorts first. Her ass cheeks spilled out the back and the shorts rested about two inches up from the crease of her cheeks. The cut of the shorts meant that it stuck in her ass crack as well. In the front they wedged up in her pussy and there were no pockets and only a thin three inch waistband joined to a zippered piece forming a T-shape again about three inches wide. Next she put on the tiny crop top. It had half centimetre holes throughout it which meant her tanned skin showed through. The thin straps over her shoulders held the top only slightly below the bottom crease of her massive tits. Then she put on the sandals that were decorated with some fake diamonds on them. She thought they looked really cute. Lastly, she put on the necklace. She had no idea what to do with the egg.

"Good girl you dressed quickly. Did you realise what the egg is for?" The Dean asked.

"No Sir, I not know."

"I'll show you," The Dean said walking towards her. He took the egg from her and stuck his finger in her mouth pulling her jaw down then he pushed the egg into her mouth, "Lick it."

Yumi rolled her tongue around it as best she could. After a few seconds the Dean took it out of her mouth. He undid her shorts and pulled them down to her knees and told her turn around and bend over. Yumi was nervous about what she knew was coming. With one hand he spread her cheeks apart and the other he stuck his finger in her asshole moving it around a bit. Yumi let out a little noise from shock more than anything. The Dean then slowly pushed the egg inside her rectum. There was a little ball, maybe one centimetre in diametre attached to a string that was attached to the end of the egg. This would be used to pull the egg out later. She was told to pull up her shorts now.

"Sir what that thing?" Yumi asked.

"This will make sure you behave in public. We are taking you out for a bit and don't want you to get any naughty ideas. With this remote," The Dean said holding up a little flat square object, "I can administer a little electric shock. The rectum has a lot of nerve endings, so you won't want to feel this."

Yumi was scared by this device. But she thought that the Dean would have no reason to use it. She was a good girl now.

"Sir, I be good. No need shock!" Yumi reassured him.

"I'm sure you will Yumi. That is just a last resort measure if you don't co-operate completely. Today I'm going to take you and Miss White to a lingerie store. I thought a very beautiful girl could use some very beautiful underwear," He said. Yumi felt shy hearing the Dean say this. He thought she was 'very beautiful', that really made her feel good. She again thought about what the Dean would look like naked and how big his penis is. She felt a little flushed and tried to put the thought out of her mind.

"Thank you Sir," She replied.

"Well, you will have to model them for the store in exchange for the lingerie," He added. So that was the catch. She would still be working after all.

"Ok sweetie, I'll call Miss White then we can go," The Dean said abruptly. A few minutes later Miss White was ready to go and they made their way to the Dean's car. Of course, it was a convertible. It was a brand new 2015 BMW 4 Series. Yumi guessed the Dean made a lot of money. Who knows what income streams he had besides his role at the College. Yumi was told to get in the back seat, Miss White rode shotgun.

"Do you like the car?" The Dean asked.

"Yes Sir, bery nice."

"We'll 'open her up' a bit on the highway," He said. Yumi didn't really understand this idiom but she guessed he meant drive fast as it was a sports car. The roar of the engine vibrated through Yumi's body as the Dean revved it high. This turned her on. The sheer power of the car was sexy. The Dean pulled out of the garage and turned onto the highway. The college was about 10 kilometres from Cambridge, a fairly affluent city. The Dean floored the accelerator and after a five seconds he had hit 100 kilometres an hour. He kept going and soon passed 150. Meanwhile, the friction of the air on her crop top had pushed it up over Yumi's large melons. She tried to hold the crop top down.

"Yumi, put your hands on your thighs," The Dean ordered. He saw the effect the wind had on her in his rear view mirror. Yumi unwillingly obeyed. Her top returned to its position sitting atop her big tits. Her nipples were erect from the cool of the wind. They kept driving for a few minutes when the Dean noticed a Police car following him with its lights flashing but no siren sounding. He immediately slowed down and pulled over. Yumi's top was still not covering her big assets.

"Yumi, pull your top down now!" He barked at her. She complied. The Policeman made his way to the expensive car.

"Hello Sir. Any explanation for why you were in such a hurry?" The cop asked. He glanced at the beautiful girl in the back seat a little too long.

"I'm sorry I was driving so fast, well it's a humiliating story really... I was trying to get to a clothing store quickly because this bad girl has no underwear. She has a nasty habit of tearing off her undergarments in public. It's very embarrassing for us and we just want her to be a little more modest. She's been flashing cars along the way as well, it's very distracting. We always tell her she could cause an accident! " The Dean explained.

"Hmm, it's probably best she is covered better than that. And yes, it is very dangerous to be doing that to the other motorists. This is a conservative community and they wouldn't take to well to, well, frankly, very pretty girls like your daughter getting around half naked," The man whose name tag said Officer Chris Warwick said.

"Oh, she's not our daughter, she's a friends daughter. Her parents asked us to look after her while they are out of town for a few days. She needs a lot of supervision. Ever since she turned 18 last year, she's been a real little tramp. Her parents are at their wits end."

Yumi was feeling betrayed, outraged and so impotent at the moment. The Dean was so cruel to be saying these things about her! Even so, this impotence to say or do anything, made her aroused. She had a feeling of butterflies in her stomach again, but she really felt like she should say something before the Dean slandered her more. She was ok with being the college plaything, but to be presented as a slut to an officer of the law was another thing altogether.

"Sir! That not true! I good girl, not tramp!" Yumi protested.

"She does this too, she'll try and plead the innocent. But don't take our word for it, look at her top and shorts! She cut them herself, and feel free to check if she is wearing underwear," The Dean said to the increasingly nervous officer.

"R-R-Really? -ahem-!" The Policeman said regaining his composure, "Ah well, if this is the case I best substantiate these claims. Move over to the side of the car towards me, Miss," He said. Miss White had turned around to watch. She was trying hard to maintain a serious and disappointed face, inside, she was loving this humiliating experience that Yumi was going through. Yumi slid over along the back seat and Officer Warwick was presented with Yumi's huge tits spilling over the side of the car barely contained by the tiny crotched woollen top. The officer grabbed the top with two hands and pulled it up over her breasts. Yumi squealed ever so quietly.

"Yes, it does seem like she is missing a bra... well, I could write you up for speeding and also indecent exposure, this top is tiny, and the shorts are more like underwear, but I guess she could be wearing a bikini in the back of the car, which is almost as revealing and that is perfectly legal; so this outfit is borderline. I do understand your concern Sir, and Madam, so I'm going to let you off with a warning. Do not speed again, I clocked you at 145, or I will give you a ticket. And you know I could take this one in for indecent exposure as well. Be sure to cover her up A.S.A.P," Officer Warwick said gravely. He was of course letting them off because he was given a look at a stunning girl's amazing boobs. They were probably the best pair he'd ever seen. Realising he was sporting an angry erection he quickly marched back to his car and drove away.

"Phew! That was a close one!" Miss White said with a huge smile on her face. Yumi looked dejected. "Aawwww don't be sad Yumi! You just made that cop's day!" Well that was probably true Yumi thought.

"Good work Yumi. You got me out of the shit then. I don't have many points left on my licence. Luckily, we didn't have to offer anything else from you to get let off!" The Dean said laughing. The Dean pulled out onto the road again and continued to Cambridge at the speed limit. He also let Yumi hold her top down, as he didn't want to get her arrested for flashing her tits. They made it to an upmarket shopping centre on the outskirts of the city. Pulling into the car-park Yumi saw some youths staring at her, jaws open. Hot girls dressed like this wasn't a common sight around here. The Dean parked the BMW in a spot that was about 80 metres from the entrance. Yumi could see the same youths milling around waiting for the trio to walk past them.

"Ok, let's go shopping!" The Dean announced. They got out of the convertible and walked to the entrance. The group of seven guys stood and tried not to obviously stare at Yumi, but their hormones got the better of them. They were freshers at University, all of them 18 years old. As they passed the boys a few of them wolf whistled. Yumi felt butterflies in her stomach at being so scantily dressed in such a large public place. She held her hands over her nipples as they could be seen through the holes in the knitted top.

"Got a few admirers there sweetheart?" Miss White teased, "When you are my age you will pine for those days!" She said dolefully.

"Miss White, you are a fit old bird to me," The Dean said winking at her.

"Hahaha, you are too smooth Marcus!" She said a little more upbeat.

They walked inside and felt the stares on them. Mostly, of course, on the almost naked half Asian temptress. It was just before the end-of-work rush, so the customers were mostly new mothers and old folks. The women pushing prams looked disgusted, but the husbands next to them looked at Yumi longingly, lustfully, like a lion eyeing it's prey. One woman slapped her man for being too distracted by the scantily-clad beauty. Yumi was in the middle of the Dean and Miss White as some small measure of protection. They kept walking through the shopping centre attracting more glances as they went and a group of teenagers followed them at a distance, still whistling and cat calling her however. After a minute they arrived at the lingerie store. The Dean was approached by a fat short woman.

"Ahh lovely to see you daaaarling!" The woman said to the Dean as she stood on her toes to kiss him on the cheek. The Dean obliged her by bowing his head to give her access to his cheek.

"Hello Felicity! So good to see you again? It's been what, a year?" The Dean asked.

"Yes I think so!" Felicity replied excitedly, "Hello Jane, how have you been?"

"I'm great Felicity! Can't wait to see some of your new products!" Miss White beamed.

"Yes, I've got some exclusively crafted pieces by a local designer under licence for my brand, Intimately Felicity. We hope to get them out to more stores. And is this sweet little thing the girl you told me about?" Felicity said.

"Yes, this is Yumi, can't wait to see what outfits you have for her," The Dean said.

"Wonderful! She has a damn fantastic body, I can't wait for her to model for us!" Felicity gushed.

"Sir? Moderring?" Yumi said mispronouncing her 'L's. She usually didn't do this, but the thought of modelling for complete strangers made her nervous, and she messed up her words when she was nervous.

"Of course Yumi. Felicity has agreed to give you some lingerie for free in exchange for a fashion show of her stock. Go with her now and she will explain everything to you," The Dean explained.

"Oh, do I have to Sir, but people here in public..." She replied meekly.

The Dean looked at Yumi unimpressed and he activated the lowest level of the shocking egg in her ass.

"Iiiiitaaaii!" Yumi squealed.

"What did we talk about before Yumi? I make the decisions for you, the sooner you understand that the better," The Dean said.

"Awww you poor thing! I guess it can take a while to train them huh Marcus?" Felicity said.

"This one was being a very good girl, but she's not been shown in public yet, I guess she is having some trouble with that," He said as if she wasn't there. Yumi was standing there rubbing her asshole trying to relieve the sting in her rectum. It felt fine after twenty seconds as it was only the lowest setting. Kind of like licking one of those old rectangular 9 volt batteries.

"Ok beautiful, come with me," Felicity said pulling Yumi to the back room by her little hand. They entered the room and Yumi saw 3 sets of lingerie hung up on the wall as well as two collars, or chokers, with with one leather leash next to them.

"These are the outfits you will try on. Go from left to right. You will put on the lingerie and walk into the middle of the store and stand there. You will wait for instructions from the potential buyers. Your job is to make the buyers love these products so much they will want to order lots of them. So whatever they ask, you will do," Felicity said, "If they want to touch the fabric or test the construction of it they will have full access to the lingerie as you wear it. Is that understood Yumi?" She asked.

"Yes, err- Miss," She said unsure of how to address her.

"You may call me Madam, sweet girl," Felicity corrected her.

"Yes Madam."

"Well, sit tight, we still have five minutes before the potential buyers arrive... you may as well change into the first outfit," Felicity told her, "Also, don't dawdle between changes, it should only take a minute or two."

Yumi looked at the lingerie on the left. It was a black lace bustier with a small thong and stockings and suspenders that went over the thong around her full ass. The bustier was tight and pushed her breasts up high, her nipples only just contained by the material. It was made of a high quality silk. She was also given a pair of five inch black stilettos to go with the lingerie. She was a little unsteady on the heels but she felt she would get the hang of it. After a few minutes Felicity came back in the room.

"Darling, the buyers are here now, please come out. Be sure to swing your hips when you walk out and then stand in the middle of the room with your hands locked behind your head. This will make it easier for the buyers to inspect the lingerie," She told the teen beauty. Yumi felt very nervous walking out, it seemed more public to be in the middle of a shopping centre lingerie store than in her College. She slowly walked out adding a sexy accent to each step that drew attention to her perfect ass. The buyers were all men, except for one woman who looked about 30 years old. They were seated on a circle of chairs about four metres in diameter. A few of the men failed to hide their surprise upon seeing Yumi. She was incredibly hot and they'd never seen a model like her. She was perfectly suited to lingerie modelling as she had great tits and arse. Most of the buyers were able to remain composed however, they were professionals in the lingerie business.

"Gentlemen, and lady, this is our new model Yumi. Isn't she gorgeous? She wearing a teddy designed by Carla Addario, a local designer originally from Italy. She knows how to create beautiful pieces that really compliment a body great like Yumi's, I'm sure you'll agree," Felicity said.

Yumi was standing with her hand behind her head and as looking at the men who were all wearing suits and staring at her body intently. Some were making notes on their tablets. She slouched a little and the Dean called out to her to stand up straight. One buyer was going to take a photo when he was quickly discouraged by Felicity.

"Simon, photos are not allowed at this time, you are invited to look, and touch, and then you may decide to purchase. You understand," Felicity told the middle-aged man.

"Yes, sorry, it slipped my mind. Well actually, I would like to take a closure look. Can the model come over here?" The man asked.

"Sure. Yumi, please walk over to Simon so he can inspect the garment."

"Yes Madam," Yumi replied lacklustre.

Yumi did as she was asked. She stood in front of Simon feeling like a dumb mannequin. Simon reached up and rubbed his hand slowly over her stomach and up to the bra cups.

"Wow, this feels so good! Very nice material. Let me see how strong it it," Simon said.

He grabbed at the teddy where the two bra cups met, pulling Yumi back and forth. Yumi was tottering on her heels and then suddenly she made a misstep and fell backwards onto Simon's lap.

"Well the material certainly is solid, but the model is a bit unstable!" He joked. Yumi had her naked ass cheeks pressed into Simon's crotch, she could feel his hard-on pushing into her firm round buttocks. Yumi went to get up but Simon pulled her back onto his lap saying , "Wait a minute missy, I haven't looked at this thong yet."

He reached down with his left hand and grasped both sides of the front triangle of the thong pulling it up into Yumi's pussy lips.

"Oooh," Yumi said unable to stop herself.

"I guess this silk feels nice to wear as well," Simon said, "Well thank you sweetie, I will definitely be ordering these."

Yumi was let up and she was instructed to walk to each buyer to let them prod and pull at the lingerie in an apparent effort to judge whether they too, wanted to order the lingerie. After ten minutes everyone was satisfied they had a good look at the garments. Two more of the eight buyers agreed to place an order.

"Thank you Yumi, please go and change into the next outfit," Felicity said. Yumi walked slightly wobbly to the back room and looked for her next lingerie. She saw the red demi-bra and thong with red fishnet stockings hanging on the wall. Quickly she stripped out of her black teddy and put on the thong and stockings then squeezed her big tanned tits into the demi-bra. She finally managed to get her nipples under the fabric without them popping out soon after. She had a pair of red platform heels to go with the outfit. They were even taller than the last heels at six inches at the heel and two inches at the toes. She rolled on the stockings and put on the heels. Carefully, she walked back out to the room full of buyers. She assumed the position in the middle of the ring of chairs.

"Oh, didn't you see the choker I had for you?" Felicity asked Yumi, "No matter, I'll get it now." Felicity quickly went back to the room and grabbed the red choker with white diamantes and clipped it around her neck. It was purely decorative. "There we are! Beautiful!" Felicity said proud of designer's work.

"Can I see that choker?" The female buyer asked.

"Certainly. Yumi please bend forward in front of Kate so she can see the choker," Felicity told the sexy model.

Yumi bent at the waist keeping her back straight and turning her head up so the choker was at Kate's eye level. Kate reached out to touch the choker and stuck her finger under it. She found it to have a little give but was snug on Yumi's neck. Yumi's breasts meanwhile were threatening to spill out of her cups.

"Hmm how about this bra? Looks a little small for her?" Kate said cupping both her tits from underneath and heaving them up and down, "Ahh yes, this is a lovely bra and feels nice but it's no match for these big boobs!" Kate said as Yumi's breasts popped out of the demi-bra.

"Ahh Miss no!" Yumi shouted, more shocked than upset, but still her hands covered her breasts. She was aware of how much her tits had grown and also the effect of the lactation drugs on her nipples. They felt a little sore and they had gone a slightly darker shade, still a nice hue and not too dark though. Just then she felt another small shock in her ass from the egg. She squealed and then apologised to Kate.

"Sorry Miss Kate, take time to look my lingerie," Yumi said putting hands back down on her thighs.

"That's ok dear. You have remarkable breasts sweetie, I wish I was so lucky! Now turn around for me I want to look at the stitching on the back of this thong..." Kate ordered the obedient college girl. Dutifully, she complied. Now her tits were exposed to the rest of the buyers in the circle. She noticed some tenting in their pants and some of them didn't even try to hide their stiff members, wearing their erections as a testament to Yumi's smoking hot sexuality. Yumi felt herself getting turned on again. Her massive breasts were pushed out sitting on top of the bra towards the hungry men. The helpless feeling of being toyed with in public returned, she oscillated between wanting her pussy rubbed to orgasm and wanting to hide under a rock. But it was steering more towards wanting to orgasm in front of all these strangers. Exposure seemed like a drug that she was getting hooked on.

"Hmm yes, this is nice," Kate said sawing the thong against her pussy, "But you've soiled this one a little, I don't want to pay for this one! Hahaha!"

Yumi turned red upon hearing that she had gotten the thong wet with her juices. This only made her get wetter of course, she was stuck in a feedback loop of arousal and humiliation. One feeding the other she would have to stand their at Kate's mercy until she had decided she was finished with the beautiful horny teenager.

Kate slapped Yumi on the ass and said, "Ok, I'll buy 200 of these." Yumi was allowed to put her breasts back in the bra but the other buyers followed the same routine as Kate had and one by one exposed her breasts all over again. The whole time the Dean looked on silently with a wide smile on his face. At one point he winked at Yumi, this made her stomach jump. It reminded her that all of this was part if his transformation plan for Yumi. When would it end and how far would it go? She had no idea how depraved this man was. After another ten minutes of this game and three more orders later, she was allowed to go and change into the final pieces of lingerie.

"And Yumi, don't forget the collar!" Felicity called out to her. Earlier, Felicity had retrieved the leash and planned to put it on her while she stood in front of the buyers. Yumi looked at the last outfit on the wall. It was nothing more than two black three inch discs with tassels and and a micro thong that must have been about two inches wide. It would be lucky to contain her pussy lips and even if it did, the exciter charm would be obvious beneath it. Yumi couldn't believe this was all she was given. She sighed to herself and put on the joke of an outfit. Her breasts looked even bigger like this, the tassels accentuating her nipples. They screwed onto her sensitive buds tightly, she could feel each step stimulating them more. After they were on securely, she tied on the tiny thong, having to move it up and down and adjusting it side to side to get it just right. When she took a step it wedge into her pussy however, so she may as well not have bothered trying to get it to sit in the correct spot. Next she put on a two inch thick black leather collar. It had silver studs all over it and one thick D-ring at the front. The last thing she put on was a pair of clear heels with a six inch heel.

"Hurry up Yumi!" Felicity called. At that moment she felt the charm whizz to life. It was at a nice buzz, she guessed it was on level one. It was enough to make her feel like rubbing her button, but not too much that she couldn't block it out. She would have to try hard to ignore it, but it was possible. Yumi was breathing faster now as she made small steps through the doorway, she was trying to swing her hips but it only exacerbated the feeling on her clitoris.

"Wow! This is very 'cabaret' I suppose you might call it, Felicity?" Tom, one of the older buyers joked.

"Do you want her to twirl those tantalising tassels, Tom?" Felicity offered, impressed by her own silly alliteration.

"Hmm, that might be asking too much of the poor girl..." Tom said feigning concern for the practically naked girl.

"Nonsense! Yumi, twirl those tassels please!" She order Yumi.

"Ah Miss Felicity? I.. I.." Yumi stalled becoming more embarrassed and wet being told to do such a lewd action. She was basically being asked to be a stripper, well, she was already naked, now they wanted the dance.

"Yumi! Do as you are told," Felicity said at the same time the Dean zapped her with another low level shock, he didn't really like using it, but she was still questioning the requests she received.

"OooooKK!!" Yumi yelled as she was shocked mid-reply. She awkwardly leaned forward and rolled her shoulders from her right to her left. The tassels started bouncing around wildly but after a few seconds they settled into a circular motion and her large tits jiggled after them hypnotically. After what seemed like an age, it was only thirty seconds, she was told to relax.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Felicity said approaching the sexy cabaret amateur, "The leash! Ever since that silly book came out recently, things like this are becoming more mainstream," She continued talking as she clipped the leash onto the thick black collar, "You probably couldn't take her for walk in the park, but you can do it around my shop. Yumi get on all fours. I heard you did a great dog impression a couple of weeks ago!"

Yumi felt so small now. Being order onto all fours in front of complete strangers, wearing almost nothing. She was clearly the lowest of the low in this room. All the while the heat in her loins had been steadily growing for the last few minutes. Her mind was getting foggy. This treatment was definitely feeling good. What kind of slut would let herself become a sexual plaything for strangers? She once was a proud, albeit, timid Japanese girl. Now she was reduced to performing for the amusement of perverted people. All of this seemed to be imprinting on her subconscious. She pondered that when she was aroused, embarrassed and humiliated, the most enjoyable thing for her to do was keep going down the rabbit-hole. She wanted to be told what to do, submitting just felt... right. As she realised this about herself she replied to Felicity's command.

"Yes Madam!" She said, short of breath but with more enthusiasm.

"Now, who wants to try this leash first?" Everyone's hand went up. She had them eating out of her palm now. She picked Kate for the honour.

"Oh this is a bit kinky Felicity! But why not I suppose," Kate said taking the leash, "Do you really sell many of these?"

"Well, we do alright, you might want to be discreet about it, maybe put them in a back corner of your shop. Ok, give it a good tug and take her for a little walk, I think you'll be impressed with how much control it gives you."

Yumi's G-string was soaked now and the top of her inner thighs were shining with a sticky slickness of pussy juices. She was being led by a leash on all fours around in a circle of men whose shoes and pants were the only thing she could see. Their formal attire contrasted with Yumi's nakedness made her all the more aroused. So much in fact that she started moaning. She could feel the exciter charm's weight swinging down on her clit with every impact of her knees on the short knit office carpet.

"Ooohh... ooohh... mmmm..." She cooed softly. Seeing Yumi drifting off into her own world of pleasure, the Dean thought he would have some fun. He turned the charm up to level three. Instantly, Yumi stopped and started bucking her hips. She was crawling next to Tom with another buyer, Doug, closer to her wet pussy. He quietly extended his foot until his shin was about four inches from her dripping faucet of a hole.

"Yumi, are you ok? Are you sick?" Kate naïvely asked before realising what was happening, "Oh, you're getting off on this aren't you? You sexy little minx! Have you guys ever seen a model lose it like this before guys?" She asked finding Yumi's unfathomable horniness very amusing.

"No, I mean, I fucked a few of them after a show, but I've never seen them act like a dog in heat like this!" Jim, a 26 year old man who had just opened his first store, joked.

"Distinguished guests," The Dean bellowed from a few metres behind the circle of buyers, "What you are seeing is another test run of a high-tech sex toy, or really, control device, something like an anti-chastity belt I suppose, that my College has developed."

The buyers all sounded surprised and intrigued by the news. This was quiet a bizarre fashion show they were experiencing, but nobody seemed to mind. The girl seemed to be quite happy now, oblivious to the fact that she was bucking her pussy against the right leg of Doug. He just looked down at the girl with a smile that wouldn't go away. This would make a great story for his mates, they'd probably never believe it however. The buyers had noticed something strange about her pussy but most of them guessed it the silver bulge was a piece of jewellery.

"Now, watch as Yumi comes for you," He said as he raised the level to five.

"IIIIEEEEEEEEEAAAYYYAAAAAA!!" Yumi screamed then collapsed onto her breasts her beautiful arse still raised in the air. Her pussy was twitching and her whole body moved in small spasmodic jerks. The Dean turned it off immediately after she came.

"That was amazing!" Kate was the first one to say as she dropped the leash and clapped five times, "Bravo! Where can I get one?"

The men looked on in shock, their faces red with arousal, all except the two youngest men. All had hard cocks after seeing this.

"Well I need to go to the bathroom, to ahem, try and calm down. What the fuck was that?" another buyer, Brian, said everyone in the room as he walked off shaking his head in disbelief.

"She a very impressive girl isn't she?" The Dean said to the group, "I'm sorry Kate but we aren't selling them yet. I thought it might be fun to show it to you because we are, in fact, looking for investors. If any of you are interested I'll leave my number with you."

"I'd be a buyer, but I don't have the sort of capital to invest unfortunately. I'm sure it will be a great success, especially if you get that stunning girl to advertise it!" Doug said looking at his wet trouser leg.

"I'll see what I can do, this might be something I could be involved with," Kate said, "Here's my card."

The Dean texted Kate his phone number and said he would call her when they have more details finalised.

"I'd love to offer you gentlemen, and the lovely Kate of course, another show, but Yumi is tired and needs to be taken home." The Dean explained.

"So, do any of you want to order any of these pieces?" Felicity asked. All the people in the room laughed hard, it seemed to break the sexual tension that was thick in the air. Most of them did put in orders, but only small ones as these items were fetish items.

Yumi was still lying motionless with her cute bum in the air. She was in a world of her own barely aware of the conversation going on around her. She was panting with her cheek pressed against the carpet. She came so hard she didn't remember where she was right now. Why was she here? Slowly reality came back into her mind as her breathing calmed. That's right, she was here ostensibly to get new lingerie, but that had not really happened yet. Instead she was used as a sexy treat to sell lingerie to a group of mostly middle-aged men. She felt so bad to have become this depraved, to crave this treatment. But it wasn't her fault, she couldn't help being so turned on, it was in her nature.

She wanted much more now. She wanted to be fucked by a hard cock. She wanted to feel what it was like to be filled up. The Dean could do it couldn't he? He was her property after all. Her pussy still tingled from the literally, mind-blowing orgasm she experience a few minutes earlier as she dreamed about being used more by the Dean. The Dean who awakened the extremely sexual being within her. She drifted off into a dream consumed with thoughts of what was to come next. She didn't know it yet, but the exercise with the cucumber would help her with her next task. She might find it 'hard to swallow' the outrageous job they had lined up for her.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 10**

**Food Court and the Dean's announcements**
Yumi was in an R.E.M. state imagining her Father coming to see her at College. In her dream she was wearing the new leotard the Dean had given her. She felt nervous about what he would say. She wanted to tell him she was sorry.

"Oto-san, atashi wa mōshiwakearimasen," Yumi said shamefully.

"Yumi-chan, daijoubu desu ne! Anata wa mada watashi no chīsana on'nanokodesu," Her Father told her it was ok, and that she was still his little girl.

"Ima atashi wa shiawasena," Yumi replied that she was happy.

This made Yumi feel warm inside. It was like a big hug letting her know that even though she was well on her way to becoming a total wanton slut, her Father still forgave her and saw her as his Daughter. However, she was now rudely ejected from her imagination by Felicity slapping her on the backside.

"Yumi wake up. You were really out of it!" Felicity said, "It's time to leave. You can get changed here, my store is still closed to the public for a little longer. I've given the Dean the items you wore today as payment for your modelling services today. Thanks for that, you did a great job sweetheart. Hopefully we'll see you again soon!" She said and then pulled the virtually naked girl off the floor and gave her a kiss on the lips. A knock sounded on the roller-door. The store had been closed for the fashion show. It was Miss White. She had missed most of the show as she slipped out to shop for some things that would be used later for something herself and the Dean had organised for Yumi.

Felicity told Yumi to change in the back room. She unscrewed the tassels and took off the thong and tall heels. She was happy to get the tassels off her sensitive nipples. It was a total mystery to Yumi why her nipples felt so sensitive now. Slipping off the thong she then pulled up the obscenely small shorts, little more than a denim bandage over her pussy and half covering her tanned ass. Still, it felt modest compared to the thong. She put on the tiny crochet crop top adjusting it until it came almost to the bottom of her teardrop E cups. Finally, she removed the heels and put on her pretty little sandals again.

"Ready to go?" Miss White asked, "Ahh you forgot this one," She said unclipping the leash and taking off her collar. She put the items in a bag along with the rest of the outfit.

"Yes... Sister," Yumi remember the name Miss White wanted to be called.

"You two have become close, I see," The Dean remarked.

"Well I feel like she is my baby sister, and I get to play dress up with her everyday!" Miss White said as happy as a clam, winking at Yumi.

"Is that right? Do you like to dress up Yumi," The Dean asked.

Yumi thought about all the times she was stared at lustfully by the teachers and students alike, and she felt a pang of desire, a shiver of humiliation and that helpless, damsel in distress feeling again.

"Yes Sir, I like dress up for sister and you," She said honestly.

"Well that's good that you realise how much fun it can be now. We won't disappoint you, there will be plenty more opportunities for dressing up and playing naughty games over the next couple of years," The Dean told her, "Right now, I think we need to get a little snack to eat. We'll go to the food court."

Yumi knew there would be many teenagers milling about the food court. As they approached she saw that it was, indeed, very busy. There were at least one hundred students eating and chatting loudly. As Yumi got closer to them, she saw teenagers looking at her then with wide eyes nudging their friends to look in the direction of the virtually naked beauty as well. They were about to sit down and the noise in the area had died down to whispering and quiet talking as most of the people in the food court were staring at Yumi. She was a sight to behold. Never before had a girl so stunning, so sexy come into this busy shopping centre so barely dressed. Yumi wasn't accustomed to over one hundred people staring wide eyed at her. At the College the stares weren't as obvious, they had all been told to behave and treat Yumi as if she were just going about her teaching assistant job. A very strange and ridiculously sexy job, but most of the students at Strickfield College were respectful nonetheless. There was one small round table, as luck would have it, in the middle of the crowd. The three of them sat down and the Dean began to speak.

"Yumi, I think you should eat something healthy. Miss White, could you please go to the juice bar over there and get Yumi a banana, the biggest you can see, and a cup of yoghurt but tell them you don't want a spoon. Also I'd like a cheeseburger meal and get whatever you want to eat too," The Dean asked Miss White.

"Ok Marcus, yeah, I think it's best you stay here with Yumi," She said glancing at some of the more menacing students. Strickfield was an extremely private and exclusive College, so there was little chance of anyone of knowing that Marcus was actually the Dean of Strickfield College. He rarely left the College grounds and when he did it was for high society events, not shopping.

"Sir, how long will we be here?" Yumi asked, a little nervous but also giddy from all the attention of the crowd.

"Yumi, you should know better than to ask such questions!" The Dean replied angrily, "We will be here as long as I please. I know you are eager to to get back to College and watch those cute big titty girls but you will have to wait until I'm ready. Is that clear?"

Yumi thought about what he said. It was true, she found herself wanting to watch the pretty Asian girls on television more and more. They were so cute and sexy bouncing around for the camera and kissing each other. "Yes Sir, sorry I ask you, not happen again Sir," Yumi capitulated.

Yumi scanned the food court. She saw mostly teenagers gawking at her as well as a few fathers trying to steal a glance under the jealous eyes of their wives. Many of them being admonished for looking at the "attention starved slut" as she was referred to by one. Students were taking photos on their camera phones to show their friends later, or to use for something more personal. The Dean had taken the extra precaution of wearing a hat and glasses to disguise himself, not that there was any chance of him being recognised. Yumi looked around and saw disgusted looks on the faces of the new mothers in the food court and lust and longing in the faces of the husbands. She felt a guilty pleasure in knowing that she was turning these men on while their wives were enraged at their interest in her. They would give anything to have Yumi alone in a room for half an hour to do with as they please. Hell, most of them would only need two minutes.

"We have some big events lined up for the College soon. You can really make a difference. One in particular is a creative fundraiser. You will be participating in it," The Dean explained to Yumi.

"Yes Sir, I'm glad to help," She responded, her English better than usual. She had learned not to ask questions.

Yumi daydreamed about what the fundraiser could be as the Dean's attention was on his phone checking emails. Maybe it was another lingerie show, but surely not in front of the whole College? Or perhaps he had some kind of bikini car wash in mind like she had heard of in cheesy American movies. She really had no idea but she had a strong feeling it would involve her being in a state of undress, and being aroused. The idea of being used as a toy for the purpose of raising money for the College made her insides twitch with delight. She had forgotten about the staring teenagers and family men, consumed by her thoughts of being a College commodity, when Miss White returned making bubbly, happy sounds. She never seemed to be in a bad mood.

"Well you two, here's your snacks! I didn't get anything except a mineral water, I could stand to lose some weight, hahaha!" She joked.

"Thank you Miss White, please feel free to steal some chips from me," The Dean offered. He then went on to explain how Yumi was to eat her healthy snack, "Yumi, you'll notice you have no spoon. This is because I want you to use the banana as a spoon. You should dip the banana in the yoghurt then see how far you can get it down your throat. A banana is softer than a cucumber so you will have to be careful not to break it. You must finish at least half of this yoghurt using this method before we leave."

"Ahh yes Sir. I will try my best," Yumi said realising how strange and lascivious it would appear to the rest of the people in the busy food court. She peeled the banana leaving some of the peel still attached to use as a grip. Carefully she dipped the banana into the yoghurt. A lot of the teenagers in the crowd had moved a little closer and were now transfixed by this bizarre display. Yumi pulled the banana out of the cup, opened her mouth and slid the banana in slowly, trying not to spill yoghurt on herself. As she pushed the banana in, yoghurt collected at the sides of her mouth. When it eventually touched her throat she coughed a little, more from the shock of the cold yoghurt than the tapered end of the nine inch long banana. A few globs of yoghurt fell onto her thin top.

"Ah Yumi, you've got some on you, hold still, I'll get it out before it stains!" Miss White said, genuinely concerned about her tiny crochet crop top. She pulled at the top dragging Yumi towards her and causing her big tits to fall out the bottom. Several people in the crowd gasped as her delicious orbs were freed. Now everyone was paying even closer attention to the beautiful Asian-Latina girl. Miss White lowered her head to the top and began sucking the yoghurt out.

"Mmmm strawberry, this is tasty!" Miss White said sucking away at her top, seemly unfazed by the fact that the teenagers 32E breasts were bouncing about uncovered in a busy food court, "Maybe you'll spill some more for me?" She joked, half serious. She released the top and it sat on top of Yumi's erect nipples. The air was cool and the cold yoghurt had amplified the effect the air had on them. Yumi readjusted the top with her left hand and withdrew the banana with her right. She tried to lick all the residual spit and yoghurt from the banana so that went she dipped it in the cup again it would pick up the most yoghurt possible. Stirring the banana in the cup she tried to get a lot of yoghurt clumped on the the banana. A small mound was stuck to it now and she returned it to her mouth. Unfortunately, it fell off just before making it in her mouth and began dripping off her chin and onto her top, seeping through to her breasts again.

"Oh dear Yumi, you are really making a mess," The Dean teased her, "You'll have to be more careful, we can't have you ruining your clothes like this."

"He's right sweetheart," Miss White agreed, "Let me help you again..."

This time Miss White started at her face, kissing the excess yoghurt from Yumi's full red sexy lips and then softly mouthing and licking the yoghurt from her delicate chin. She followed the trail of thick yoghurt down to her chest sucking it out of her top. Miss White's head was positioned in between her huge milky tits for all the horny teenagers and sexually repressed men in the crowd to see. The gasps and voices were louder now with some boys calling out "No way!" and "Awesome!!", all the while camera phones were snapping away. Several husbands were being dragged away reluctantly by their wives. They would most likely never see something as sexy and exhibitionist as this outside of porn. But that couldn't compare to the beauty of an innocent 19 year old like Yumi having this happen to her in reality. She was not an actor, this was her life. Her life had become a sexy movie in which she had been cast as the star, the love interest and the sex appeal.

Yumi was aroused by Miss White eating the yoghurt from her. It was so suggestive and libidinous of her to treat the teenager this way in public. Yumi imagined herself naked and covered in food for anyone in the food court to come and eat off and a soft moan escaped her lips. Once again, she was shocked at the depravity and creativity of her thoughts. Her initial reservations about being so under-dressed in front the crowd of lustful teenagers were quickly dissolving. This was not to say that she didn't feel completely embarrassed, she just recognised that this made her hotter so she welcomed the uncomfortable and nervous feelings. Miss White finally finished sucking the yoghurt off her and let her get back to the next mouthful.

"Yumi, the deeper you push the banana the quicker you will finish the yoghurt then we can go home," The Dean said.

"Yestthh thiirr!" Yumi said with the banana in her mouth. She had managed to get it about five inches down to her throat but she hadn't tried to push it any further. She extracted the softening banana from her throat and coated all of the seven inches of unpeeled banana in yoghurt. This time she pointed her mouth at the ceiling and slowly guided the banana into her wide open mouth. Again, she dropped some yoghurt onto her top right between her tits which had become more uncovered with her head craned upwards.

"This won't do," Miss White declared, "Stay still Yumi, leave the banana there and put your hands straight up. I've got something that a messy baby like yourself could use."

Yumi did as she was asked. Her top inched over her nipples now and a thin river of creamy yoghurt was dribbling down to her belly button.Miss White hoisted the top over the banana and her head. Yumi had to concentrate to not bite down on the banana, as she knew the Dean would be upset with her if she ruined her "spoon". At this point loud whistles were coming from all around the food court. The Dean wasn't sure if this was a good idea and warned Miss White.

"Jane, I'm not sure this is such a wise idea, we may attract too much attention..." The Dean said.

"Well, I just don't want her to stain her crop top, this was quite expensive Marcus," She said, "I've got her this bib, it seems like the big baby needs it!" Miss White said with a laugh as she put the top on the table and tied the small bib around her neck. It sat precariously on her breasts, just covering the nipples but leaving plenty of flesh on the sides visible. After she tied the bib, Miss White began sucking the yoghurt off the top and dipping it in her soda water to get it clean. All the while Yumi had her head in the air with the banana lodged a full seven inches in her throat. She had gotten very good at suppressing her gag reflex. She hadn't gagged once. A strange feeling of pride came over her. She was happy to see her progress and hoped the Dean would be impressed. As if reading her thoughts the Dean spoke to congratulate Yumi.

"Good girl Yumi! You are doing an excellent job. I see you have progressed well at keeping objects down your throat. You are ready now for our special job. I'm so proud of how well you are doing," The Dean commended her. Yumi cracked a little smile upon hearing this. She bent her head down to withdraw the banana again and she was greeted with the face of a fat woman wearing glasses with her arms crossed and a look of contempt on her face. Yumi put the banana into the yoghurt cup and carried on sucking the yoghurt off it. She didn't know who this woman was, and she had been given a task by the Dean. It was more important to carry on with that. The fat woman's skinny husband was looking awkward standing behind her. He managed a pained smile at the smoking hot teen girl.

"Just what the HELL do you think you are doing you little big titty slut?" She began yelling at her. The senior schoolboys about five metres away started laughing out loud at this and were calling to the woman to "leave the girl alone!" and positing "you are just jealous fatty!" The woman didn't respond as she was too consumed with rage to even be aware that they were speaking.

"This is a family place you can't be simulating oral sex here, wearing tiny rags for clothes! Have you no shame?!" The fat woman asked. The man behind her looked at Yumi as if to say "I'm so sorry, you poor beautiful girl". He would have been more than happy for her to continue eating her food in this peculiar manner.

"I'm sorry you were offended Ma'am," The Dean began, "But our niece has a mental disorder that affects her inhibitions. She has no idea of social norms. We have tried taking her to doctors but there doesn't seem to be a cure. If we don't let her do ask she asks she acts out and becomes even worse. Once I left her for five minutes in a restaurant while I went to the toilet, she ripped off all her clothes and we found her crawling under the tables trying to, ahem, give oral sex to the patrons. Women too." The Dean spun a crazy lie to try and placate the furious woman, but she wasn't having it.

"Rubbish! The father must be a terrible parent! I want you to get out of here you perverts! Security!!" The woman screamed. The security guard who was about thirty metres away at the entrance of the food court had, of course, witnessed the whole act. He slowly shuffled over to the woman.

"What's the problem Miss?" He asked blithely while staring at the stunning almost naked Yumi.

"Please escort these perverts out of here, they are not welcome and I'm pretty sure they are breaking the law," She said.

"Well, the girl is dressed very strangely, but I'm not sure it is against the law, Miss, I'm not a lawyer," He countered.

"I demand to have them out! Look at her! She is a dirty slut, I don't want children to see this and get the wrong idea about how they should act in public!" She shrieked.

"Sir, the girl has a mental illness, we are just trying to deal with it as best as we can. It's better if people don't treat her differently than anyone else," Miss White said.

"Bullshit! You are lying! She's a fucking slut!!" The woman screeched.

"Miss! Please I'll ask you to mind your language and your volume!" The guard said to the fat lady.

"Get them out!! Get them out now! I'll have your job!!" She wailed. The guard seeing this was getting nowhere shrugged at the Dean and Miss White. He certainly wasn't offended by the poor girl, who as far as he knew, couldn't help her behaviour.

"It's ok Sir, we'll leave. But I want you to know Ma'am, you have been very intolerant today and I only hope you can feel the pain of dealing with mental illness. I mean, I didn't call you a fat cow or anything? Why must you be so cruel to my niece?" The Dean said with a very slight and sly smile.

"I'm not fat!" the indignant woman shouted, "I have a glandular problem!" Her husband behind her rolled his eyes. He knew it wasn't true.

"Well there you are! Something you can't do anything about. But still, I never told you to stop eating, or that you should get off your arse once in a while did I?" The Dean said insulting the hysterical woman, without actually saying these things directly to her. The woman was fuming now and almost on the verge of tears.

"You asshole! How dare you say that to me!" She yelled.

"No I said I didn't say these things, I think your body is fine, Miss," The Dean teased.

At this point the husband spoke up. "Rachel, you know that you don't have a medical condition. You really just need to stop eating so mu-"

"Fuck you! Shut the fuck up you bastard!" She pushed the skinny long-suffering man, "And you slut! Put on some fucking clothes!!" She screamed as she slapped Yumi in the face. Yumi was shocked, she spat the banana out and coughed. She was hurt, but in a way she expected it from this fat, ugly and old woman. She felt sorry for her, and more sorry for the husband. She would never know what it feels like to have over 100 people stare at you, wishing they could fuck your brains out. Yumi had that kind of effect on people, men and women alike. This bitter woman would only ever experience the opposite. Yumi smiled at her, knowing how much more sexy she was. She felt a little bad for thinking of the woman in such negative terms, but she relished the guilty pleasure of being so much more desirable than this nasty woman. Yumi reassured herself that the woman was mean and deserving of derision. And after all, she had been slapped in the face by this large woman and had not retaliated. So she was indeed extremely gentle and tolerant of the vile woman.

"Ok, that's it!" The guard yelled as he grabbed the fat woman's hand and twisted it behind her back and then turned her to grab the other hand quickly zip-tying them together.

"Sir, Ma'am, Miss," He said addressing the Dean, Miss White and Yumi, "Would you like the press charges?"

Knowing the trouble it could cause, The Dean quickly replied that they wouldn't press charges. The Dean added that he hoped violent people would be kept out of the shopping centre in future. The security guard replied that she would be banned.

"I think we will leave as well, that's enough drama for today. Yumi my dear girl, are you ok?" The Dean said softly. He was truly upset about the violence Yumi had experienced. He never intended for this to happen and he wished he could have slapped the woman back. But he didn't hit woman. Sure, he transformed one into a horny wanton slut, but never would he use violence, even against this angry and violent woman.

"I ok Sir," Yumi said rubbing her face.

"Oh Yumi, I'm so sorry, I feel responsible for this, I shouldn't have removed your top. I just couldn't bear to see an $80 top ruined!" Miss White apologised, "I'll make it up to you my lovely niece." Naturally she went along with the Dean's lie.

"Ok... ahh auntie," Yumi replied.

"If you like, you can slap her back," The husband said to Yumi, "Sorry bad joke... I'm so sorry for my wife's outburst, young lady." The man was not normally this courageous around his wife. She was much bigger and more aggressive than him and would often hit him when she was angry, but she was safely in restraints now.

"Aahh that ok Sir. Not your fault," Yumi replied.

"Wow, you are a really forgiving girl!" The man said, "Once again, so sorry for this!"

"ok, let's go," the guard said to the fat lady and he pushed her along. She was still ranting about Yumi and how she should be let free, she wasn't the dirty, almost nude, whore in a shopping centre full of families. The teenagers all cheered when they saw the woman being marched out of the shopping centre. How dare she lay a finger on such a gorgeous girl who was giving them all a great show they collectively thought. As the Dean lead the Yumi and Miss White out of the food court towards the exit the cheering and whistling continued. Yumi forgot she was still wearing the bib as it flew up and flashed her beautiful tits to the crowd. The cheering increased in intensity at this and Yumi gave the teenagers an awkward smile and held the bib over the front of her big boobs.

"Quickly, we better get out of here before it turns into a riot!" Miss White said. They were followed for a while by teens with their camera phones but eventually stopped following as the trio left the shopping centre and extra security guards intervened. They arrived back at the car and quickly got in and drove away.

"Miss White, can I have top back please?" Yumi asked.

"Ok, but it is a little wet still, the breeze on the way back should dry it though," Miss White said handing her the crop top. Yumi went to put it on over her bib but Miss White scolded her, "Yumi! Take off the bib first, you have yoghurt on it!" Yumi quickly undid the bib and slid the top over her head. She squealed a little at the cold wool touching her skin. Her nipples instantly grew and as she wore the top they poked through the holes. The sun was almost setting as it approached 6pm. Yumi felt the air grow cooler and her nipples poked through her top even more. As they started driving on the highway, however, the top quickly flipped up over her tits.

"Yumi, hold your top down to dry it out. Also, it would be very embarrassing to be pulled over by the same policeman on the way back!" Miss White joked.

"Yes Sister, sorry" Yumi replied. For the next ten minutes she dried her top with the cool wind. Her nipples were feeling very sensitive from the harsh air thrashing against them. She wanted to cover them with her hands but she had to keep holding her top down. She felt a great relief when they pulled into the College car park. They were "home" now. Or at least it would be her home for the next 99 weeks. They got out of the car and walked along the path that lead to the administration building. Upon entering the Dean's office Miss White called to Yumi to have her bath and she told her that she would be getting an extra long and gentle massage today to make up for her shocking treatment by the obese lady at the food court today.

"Sweetheart, I'm so sorry she slapped you! I've had a word with the Dean and he has agreed that we will not let anyone touch you like that again," Miss White placated the girl, "Any trips outside of the College will be accompanied by a bodyguard. You don't have to worry about that happening again. Inside the College we will issue strict new rules to all students about their interactions with you. I'll run you a bath now."

Miss White filled the bath tub and when it was full, just as she had done every time she bathed Yumi, she stripped off her clothes too. Miss White undressed Yumi as she insisted she do before each bath. Miss White then unscrewed the exciter charm and placed it on the bathroom counter. She would be free of the device until the morning when Miss White would put it back on for her. Then Miss White gently pulled out the shock egg in her ass with a pop. It felt good to have it out. Yumi slowly got in the bath. She felt the stress of the day melt away from her toes all the way up her body to her neck then her head as she submerged for twenty seconds and reappeared smiling a big, bright and beautiful smile.

"You look just glowing my little one!" Miss White gushed, "I'll never get over how pretty you are sweetheart..."

"Thanks Sister. Too kind! I not so pretty!" Yumi said in typical Japanese false modesty. It was ingrained in Yumi from a young age to be humble. Just like the vast majority of Nihonjin, Japanese people in English.

"No you really are my dear, and so sexy. Now let your big sis get you clean, sweetie!" Miss White said as she soaped up the loofah and began to gently scrub Yumi. She took her time cleaning her body then giving her a long scalp massage as she shampooed and conditioned Yumi's 23 inches of thick black hair. After the bath, Yumi was treated to an extra long three hour full body massage. Yumi felt like she was floating on air as she went to bed and easily slipped into a deep slumber. Miss White gave her a long kiss on the lips goodnight.

"Goodnight beautiful little sister. Sweet dreams," She said turning off the light and leaving the room.

The next morning after her yoga and breakfast Yumi was called into the Dean's office. She was dressed in her new uniform as she approached the Dean, which consisted of a belt and a tiny swimsuit-like garment that left her ass and sides completely exposed.

"Ah very good, dressed and ready for the day!" The Dean praised her, "This morning I'm giving a speech to most of the College. Of course some students won't attend but then they will be missing the exciting news of the event that is to come. Now I'll need you to do a very special job. You will be helping me with my pre-speech jitters. Believe it or not, but I still get a little nervous talking to 500 students. It doesn't sound like much, especially for a College, but it feels like a lot more when everyone is staring at you up on the podium."

"Yes Sir!" She replied, unaware of her task, knowing and delighting in the thought of serving her College and her Dean. Yumi was a little surprised at his uneasiness in giving speeches. She always thought of the Dean as a strong and confident man. It was sweet to see that he was subject to the same insecurities as the rest of us. She was determined to help him in any way she could.

"Miss White will take you to the auditorium shortly where you will be taken to your 'post', as we say in English," The Dean said, not really explaining anything, "The students will arrive about ten minutes later then I'll be there in another five. Ok, now off you go Yumi," The Dean finished signalling Miss White to take her to the auditorium. It was still about 15 minutes before any classes started so there wasn't any students in the College yet. They walked into the empty auditorium after Miss White unlocked a staff only entrance in the back. She was lead from the backstage to the main stage where the curtains were drawn. Looking out past the stage she saw hundreds of seats. The house lights were on and the whole place was quite dimly lit. In the centre of the stage was a podium. It was quite deep and Yumi thought she could see something inside it.

"Ok Yumi, clothes off now!" Miss White said as if she was told she'd won some money.

"Honto? Err sorry sis?" Yumi asked, expressing her disbelief in Japanese.

"Yes Yumi. Don't worry, the students won't see you, you will be hidden, and the doors are locked so no one can come in yet. So get to it!" Miss White said with more urgency this time.

Yumi was confused but she undressed anyway. She knew it was her place to do as she was told she just had no idea what was expected of her yet. She undid the belt and peeled off the tiny stretchy outfit.

"You can leave the sandals on sweetheart," Miss White interjected, "Ok now come with me." Miss White took Yumi's hand and walked her to the podium.

"This is where the Dean will give his monthly news. We have some exciting events coming Yumi. One is a fundraiser and you will be a very important part of it. Now, put your hands behind your back," Miss White ordered the confused, naked 19 year old.

"Ahh.. uhm, ok Sis," Yumi said knowing that she had been out of line to question Miss White before. She had treated her so well last night and Yumi had been like a misbehaving little girl to not do as she was asked straight away.

"Good girl, don't worry sweetheart, you will be fine. You have a big job to do today, and we really want you to try your best. The Dean will be so happy if you can help him give his speech today," Miss White said as she tied a short red rope around her wrists in a two column tie. Yumi could feel her heartbeat increase. She was naked and bound in this big empty auditorium. She could imagine the stares of 500 students on her as she stood with her big jugs pushed out in front of her.

"Ok Yumi, now crouch down and sit in the chair just there," Miss White said as she pointed inside the podium. Yumi now realised there was a small leather chair in there, despite the small size it had a back and headrest with a gap near the base and the back of the chair didn't seem to be attached to the base. She had no idea why there was a chair inside a speaking podium. She innocently thought maybe it was so someone could sit in there and say things to the speaker to help them with questions from the audience? She had another thought as to why it was there, the correct assumption. So she could suck dick. Yumi carefully crouched down and leaned backwards into the chair. Her bottom was only about ten inches off the ground and her knees were up against her big milky tits and the back of the chair was pitched forward considerably. She had about ten inches of space on the outside of each of her knees.

Miss White leaned in over the top of her and fiddled with something behind her, then she grabbed a rope hanging on the inside of the podium next to her right leg, and wrapped it around her thigh softly but firmly three times and tied it off on ring on the inside of the podium from which it was anchored. She did the same to an identical rope on the left side. Yumi tried to lean forward but her arms were fastened to the back of the podium. Her huge breasts were now pushed forward and hanging between her legs.

"There! Perfect!" Miss White said inspecting her captive mixed-race girl, "The Dean will be talking here. He needs something to take his mind of his nerves. So, what we want you to do is practice your cucumber swallowing today sweetheart, but on the Dean's penis. Think you can do that little sis? Be a good girl and help the poor Dean with his nerves Yumi."

"Yes Sis, I do good job!" Yumi replied. She was so shocked that they had escalated her duties this much but her pussy was agitated just being tied up in here. It was so fantastically dirty to be naked and hidden in a podium, waiting to suck on the Dean's penis. The Dean's big cock. She thought it must be big. Yumi couldn't helping daydreaming about it. This was making her more and more aroused thinking about having her mouth used by a hard dick. All these naughty, perverted thoughts were flooding her brain and she loved it.

"Now of course, there is a microphone above you, so you will have to try to be quiet," Miss White explained, "Nobody can see you from the side of the podium, only the Dean will be able to see you. Do a good job Yumi and we will give you a nice reward. Bye bye and be a very good girl this morning!" As Miss White left her bound inside the podium, she turned on her exciter charm to level one. She did this for two reasons; To make it a little tricky for her to be silent; and to get her to link her own pleasure to sucking cock.

"Bye si- Aaaahh!" Yumi jumped at the feeling of the exciter coming alive. She had not felt it since yesterday afternoon. Without hesitation, her body started getting wet. Then she heard the sound of students filing into the auditorium. What if someone came on stage and saw her here? She bit her lower lip to stop from making anymore noise, though it would have been impossible for her to be heard over the loud din of the rowdy students. She had no idea how much time had passed as she was only focused on the whirring device gripping onto her erect clit. The noise of the teenagers seated in the auditorium continued for several minutes then suddenly it died down to about half the volume. Yumi saw the Dean's pants as he came and stood leaning against the podium. Her nose was now touching the fly of the Dean's cotton slacks. She heard two taps on the top of the microphone echo throughout the large space.

"Students, please, quiet down," The Dean began, "We have many things to discuss this morning, and I need your full attention as I'm speaking." The Dean carefully and surreptitiously moved one hand in front of his pants. He could feel Yumi's hot and quick breath against the back of his hand. He had yet to see Yumi tied up in front of his groin, but feeling her breath started filling his dick with blood. Of course he didn't actually have any nerves talking in front of the assembled students, he had been doing this for years. He unzipped his fly and then reached into the front opening of his boxer shorts and fished out his increasingly turgid cock. Yumi was giddy with excitement feeling it brush against her full lips. She licked them quickly to lubricate his entrance. This was it. This would be the first dick she'd ever tasted.

Unable to use her hands, she greedily sucked his member into her hot mouth. She felt the Dean's rod get hard and long filling up her small cavity. She didn't really know what to do as she started swirling her tongue around the cock as best she could. Soon there wasn't much room for her tongue to move so she just opened wide and rested the tip of her tongue behind her bottom teeth.

"STUUUdents," The Dean almost shouted the first part of the word as he tried to focus his attention away from the warm wetness engulfing his erection. He got his feelings under control and continued, "I have had some concerns about the conduct of certain individuals towards Special Assistant Yumi Yama the last few weeks. One girl has already been suspended until further notice." The Dean pressed a button on the top of the podium. All of a sudden Yumi felt her head being pushed forward on the Dean's big cock. The chair was moving! She managed to suppress her surprise and just opened her throat like she had been practicing on the cucumber and the banana yesterday. She felt the firm warm glans descend down her mouth and towards the back of her throat. She shifted her neck slightly to allow it to continue down her throat cutting of her airway. The machine pushing the headrest forward held it there for about two seconds then receded into the podium again.

"Yumi has an important job here and needs to be respected. She is part of our experimental teaching methods that we are pioneering here at Strickfield and she must not be interfered with in any way!" The Dean slapped his hand on the top of the podium which seemed to be for emphasis to his words, but actually it was in response to the feeling of his hard rod being buried deep in Yumi's tight throat. This caused Yumi to suck his cock hard as she inhaled in shock of the noise above her. The Dean continued issuing his warning and outlining the severe punishments that would result from any infractions of his rules.

"OOook!?" The Dean said a little too loudly. The students mumbled out an "ok".

"Good. Then the next item I want to talk about is litter in the cafeteria..." The Dean carried on. The mechanical headrest was pushing Yumi back and forth quite slowly in five second round trips. She was pushed so close to the Dean that his cock went deep into her throat stopping her breathing for two seconds out of every five, so she had gotten into a rhythm with her breathing. She loved the feeling of being filled up. Her body and her breathing was being controlled by an eight inch rock hard cock pistoning into her throat. And in the background she could hear the booming voice of the man attached to the stiff dick giving orders to the students. It was so arousing to be this man's personal fuck-toy, hiding in a podium completely helpless and used as he pleased.

"So be sure to clean UP after yourself!" The Dean continued emphasising "up" as Yumi took him deep in her throat, "Ahem, excuse me students I'm a little unwell this morning. I have slight fever and a cold," He covered for his outburst. Yumi's pussy was dripping now, the buzzing of the exciter charm was keeping her on edge and having a cock ramming into her throat only made it more intense. The Dean turned a dial on the top of the podium which sped up the headrest movements to two seconds per rotation. Yumi could taste the salty pre-cum oozing out of the Dean's cock, she didn't mind the taste actually, it was almost "umami", the name given to the fifth basic taste by the Japanese. It translated to "pleasant savoury taste". Spit was dribbling out of her mouth and running down her chest between her large tits, soon it would mix with her own juices below.

She had been sucking his cock for a good ten minutes now and wondered what it would be like when he came. Maybe that little bit of pre-cum was all he would produce, she had never actually seen a cum shot before so she wasn't sure. All the porn she had seen so far was lesbian.

"Next item on the agenda is College medicals. Free check-ups will be given this month to ANYone who wants one, ," The Dean coughed to mask the shortness in his breath, "Excuse me." Yumi was happy to hear that he was at least slightly excitable as she sucked harder on his rigid member. The Dean again sped up the machine to one seconds revolutions. Yumi had to breath quickly in between every few insertions but she was very doing well. The Dean was becoming flushed, but none of the students could possibly think that Yumi was underneath him giving a vigorous blow job and as such accepted his explanation of a cold. Yumi longed to touch herself. She had begun moaning quietly in appreciation of her predicament. The Dean was loving the vibration on his cock and suddenly thrust himself forward slightly, not enough for anyone to notice, except Yumi of course, who was in the middle of taking his penis in her mouth. Now it was pushed deep down her throat and she felt his pubic hair on her little nose. She gagged a little at the intrusion but managed to calm herself and regain her composure.

"Ok students, now for something a little more fun and, well, a bit risqué," The Dean said alluding to what was to be announced,"But we are all adults here so I would expect you all to act mature. We are staging a 'slave auction' in two weeks. Of course the 'slave' part of it just means the candidate will have to go on a date with the highest bidder, nothing more, we do not condone prostitution. THIS is ALL JUST," The Dean said loudly letting the wonderful feeling on his cock get in the way of his delivery again.

He continued, " for fun and completely voluntary. There will be prizes for the highest priced slaves of the night, both male and female, " The Dean was needing to clear his throat and cough more to hide his arousal and imminent ejaculation now. Miss White, in an attempt to give support to his "sickness", came up to his side and asked if he wanted some water. He said that he would like some. She returned shortly with a glass and he took a sip and returned it to her.

The Dean continued, "We will be accepting entrants today, anyone can apply, although be warned, you will be required to wear either lingerie or a bikini to enter and bidding will be open to select members of the public and College benefactors," The Dean only had a little bit more to say luckily, as he was having trouble maintaining his composure. He turned up the dial to a quarter second. Yumi gripped tightly with her lips around his cock as her mouth was penetrated four times per second. The Dean knew he wouldn't last much longer.

"So EVERYBODY do YOUR PART AND help raise LOTS OF MONEY FOR OUR GREAT COLLEEEGGGEE!!" He yelled and stretched out the last word and at the same time he banged his fist on a red button on the top of the podium, and raised his other fist in the air. Given the tilt of the top surface of the podium nobody could see any of the buttons or the dial controlling the mechanical headrest inside it. The red button pushed the headrest fully forward and stopped it from oscillating. Yumi relaxed her throat as his hard cock spurted hot semen down her throat. She swallowed it, having no way to spit it out. Her swallowing milked even more cum from the Dean's dick. The students cheered finding his enthusiasm somewhat compelling and uncharacteristic. To Yumi, she imagined they were cheering for her.

The Dean wiped his brow and joked, "Sorry, I got a bit carried away, I think this fever is filling me with school spirit!" The students laughed at his lame joke and just thought he had a "dad moment".

"Ok that's it, you can go to your classes now, please, sign up there's a computer just in front of this podium. Thank you students," The Dean said. Yumi was still pressed up against the Dean's pubic hairs, she could feel him softening in her mouth. The Dean pushed the red button again and she was released from her position. Her head retreated from his groin and she cleaned his cock as it withdrew from her mouth. She leaned forward as best she could to lick all around his head and shaft getting all the spunk of his member. The Dean was quite sensitive from having just ejaculated and was coughing a bit as she cleaned him.

The Dean plopped his cock out of her, wiped it on her face and put it back in his pants. He gave her a quick smile and pat her head then pulled down a blind that was attached to the roof of the podium in the inside. He pulled it all the way down and clipped it to a holster on the bottom. "Miss White will be along for you later," He whispered to her. She was in almost total darkness as she heard his footsteps get faint. He had left the exciter charm on and Yumi badly wanted to come. She was panting from the energetic workout her mouth just received, and also from the constant buzzing on her hard nub that was drowning in her own lubrication.

Yumi heard more footsteps this time behind her. A few students were walking to the table to sign up for the "slave auction". The podium was about two metres away and one metre higher than the table, so she was able to hear their conversation clearly.

"Well honestly, I think I can even raise more money than any girl in this!" Jake a rugby player and part-time model said confidently, "Look at these guns!" He flexed his biceps at the other three girls and one guy waiting to sign the volunteer list.

"Whatever dude, you are so fucking full of yourself," His friend from high school, Maria, originally from Spain, said as she slapped his bicep, "I'm just doing it because my father will be pissed off but he won't be able to say anything as it's for a 'good cause' hahaha!"

"I really hope that hot chick Yumi is going to be in it! Shit, she is so damn smoking!" Trent, who actually had a more muscular body than Jake, said unable to contain his optimism, "No offence girls, but she's easily the hottest girl in College."

"She sure is!" Jake agreed.

"Pfft! Just because she's Asian with big tits, right?" Jade said with transparent covetousness, "I've made over twenty men crazy for me so far, she doesn't know how to seduce men... I'm not intimidated, I'll raise double her paltry price." Jade boasted with bluster but she wasn't fooling anyone. Her friends could feel her self-doubt in her voice.

"I think she pretty and has a great body," Jill added.

"Yeah you've got to admit she is pretty, she got lucky in the genetic lottery," Keisha, a Haitian girl with a big booty, said, "Still, I don't care, I know I won't get the most I just want to see the reaction to my twerking!"

"Yeah I'm just doing it for a laugh," Jill concurred.

"We all better smash the gym in the next two weeks though," Trent said, "I'll give you three some tips, I won't even charge you," He said with a wink. The five of them signed their names and walked off to their first class. Yumi was excited to hear their private conversation, especially how attractive the majority of them found her. She really fed off the attention. She was definitely turning into another person, a slutty, horny, sexy little thing. Yumi thought to herself, she was really going to work hard in the slave auction, of course, she would be in it. The Dean undoubtedly created it just to showcase her body. And she wanted to win it badly. A few minutes later, Yumi heard footsteps, sharp ones on the wood of the stage. The blind was drawn up.

"Hello little sis! The Dean told me you did a great job of calming his nerves! He really loved it sweetheart. Seems you learnt how to deep-throat really well!" Miss White said. Yumi had never heard of this before, naturally, but now she had a name to give to her new dirty talent. She wondered what other sex tricks she would learn, that one was exciting and made her feel like a real sex object.

"Let's get you out of there," Miss White said untying her binds and helping her off the chair. Yumi stretched and yawned for a good minute. She had been couped up in that small space for a good twenty minutes. Miss White handed her the new uniform she was given and Yumi put it on. She looked very "cosplay" in this outfit. Especially with her pigtails and red ribbons. Her super powers would be making men wish they were single and getting their dicks rock hard. "What did you think Yumi? Was it fun?" Miss White asked the teenage girl with her lips and chest crusted in dried cum.

"Yes Sister, very good, I love Dean penis fill me!" Yumi said as she jiggled in joy. She was becoming more wanton every day, "Big Sister, I want come now!" She whined like a petulant child.

"Aww such a good girl," She said emphasising the key trigger words again, she would be due for some more NLP soon, "but, you should call it a cock, sweetie. Penis is so... clinical. Cock is what girls who love sucking them say. So what does a good girl say?" Miss White said ignoring her request and then looking at Yumi with a raised eyebrow.

"I love suck cock, sis," Yumi indulged her, "Please I come?"

"Very good! Awwww I'm so proud of you! Oh, is that little thing still going?" Miss White said. Yumi nodded as she pouted. Miss White continued to tease her, "Awww poor girl, well I don't have a controller for it I'm afraid. You'll have to wait until later sweetheart..." Miss White kissed her on her pouty lips and drank in the disappointed look on Yumi's sweet, beautiful face. It was priceless. She was completely broken and powerless to her own base urges now. She knew she should correct her broken English to "I love to suck cock" but she found it too cute to hear her speak that way. After seeing Yumi desperately yearning to come, Miss White knew her own chance to exploit the girl for her sexual fantasies wouldn't be too far away.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 11**

***Thermometers and Milking in class***
Yumi's pussy was dripping as she was being led by Miss White to her next class, which was back in the Medical Department. The charm was still buzzing away on her clitoris making her want to come badly. Yumi was stared at along the tree-lined path towards building C by a handful of students that were on their way to class. After the Dean's serious tone this morning, nobody was brave enough to harass her, especially with Miss White holding her hand. They entered the classroom to find Dr Goodman standing in front of her large desk casual pacing back and forth explaining what the students would be learning this morning.

"Today I'll be teaching you a few methods of taking the temperature of a patient. Ah, our Special Assistant has arrived. Thank you Jane," the Doctor said. Miss White nodded at Dr Goodman and told Yumi that she was to return to the Dean's office after class then left the classroom.

"Yumi, come sit on the desk my dear," The Doctor instructed her. Yumi did as she was told. As she sat on the desk the tiny leotard wedged deep into her pussy pushing against her clitoral device. She let out a little noise of arousal.

"You ok, sweetie?" Dr Goodman asked, winking at Yumi. She knew the device was on level one, as the remote she had was in range of the wifi chip, so the exciter charm relayed her remote the information. Dr Goodman did not turn it off however. Yumi was frowning in frustration. Her lips were almost pouting again but she managed to force a weak smile back at the Doctor.

"Ok students, gather round the front of the class please," The Doctor told the students. Within a few seconds 20 students were standing a couple of metres from Yumi drinking in her beautiful body with their eyes.

"The first method we will try is measuring from inside the armpit. This is the least accurate and I frankly never use it, but I'll just demonstrate it for completeness. Lift your arm Yumi," She said putting the glass thermometer in her smooth nook. Yumi was instructed to hold it there for a few minutes while Dr Goodman carried on talking about how the thermometer worked. After this time she removed it and read the reading.

"Hmm, 36.9 degrees... this is a little high as a reading from the armpit will be about half a degree lower than the body's core temperature. The average body temperature is 36.8. There are a few reasons why this might be the case. Anyone want to guess?" Dr Goodman asked the students.

"Maybe she is sick?" Joe answered.

"Yes that would be one reason, but I think Yumi is fine. Are you sick Yumi?" The Doctor said.

"No Miss, I ok," Yumi said a little breathlessly.

"She's not sick but it seems something else might be affecting her..." Dr Goodman suggested.

"Could her heart rate make her hotter, Miss?" April, a chubby redhead asked.

"Yes, that would increase body temperature. Let's have a look and see if her heartbeat is faster than normal," Dr Goodman said. She put the earpieces of the stethoscope she was wearing in her ears and pressed the cold metal head against the top of Yumi's left breast. Dr Goodman looked at her watch and counted in her head.

"Yes it seems her heart is beating a little fast at between 85 and 90 beats. Why do you think that is? She not sick, and given her outfit, probably not hot either." The Doctor posited.

"She's just horny as usual Miss," Jen said, repeating her answer from the last class she had with Dr Goodman.

"Is that correct Yumi?" The Teacher asked.

"Yes Miss, I horny, my pussy is itchy! Kimochi!" Yumi blurted out quickly, saying that she had a good feeling in her mother tongue. A good feeling but it wasn't enough. Yumi didn't care that the students would think she was a slut, she longed desperately to come.

"Yumi, we have to demonstrate the other methods of taking your temperature, please try to control yourself dear," The Doctor said feeling playful with the poor wanton teenager, "Now open your mouth and lift your tongue. The reading will be taken from your mouth."

Yumi had a pathetic pleading look on her face as she received the thermometer under her tongue. Dr Goodman told her to keep her mouth shut for a minute as she clicked the remote in her pocket turning the exciter charm up a notch to level two. She had endured the device grabbing and shaking her hard button for at least forty minutes now. Yumi grunted through her closed mouth. Dr Goodman simply shot her a stare that told her she better not dare open her mouth. Like the good girl she was, she kept it shut and tried ignore her terribly aroused state. The teasing Doctor left Yumi with the thermometer there for the next three minutes while she explained that this was the most common use of a thermometer and how the next one was thicker but didn't say where she would use it. Dr Goodman removed the thermometer and read the measurement on it to the class.

"37.4 degrees, slightly higher than the last... Seems Yumi is even hotter. Well, just one more to try students. Yumi, take off your leotard now, I don't want it getting in the way of our next demonstration,.. you can take off the sandals too," The Doctor said without and noticeable change in tone.

"Yes Miss," Yumi said knowing she would only be more turned on with her meagre coverings removed. She stood up and unbuckled the belt and shrugged off the stretchy uniform. Her pussy was slick with her juices and the silver device shined in the harsh light of the classroom.

"Ah I didn't know your were still wearing the device!" The Doctor lied, "The mystery has been solved class. It seems Yumi has really taken to the exciter charm my colleagues and I developed. Well, thank you for you endorsement Yumi!" The students chuckled and fixed their eyes firmly on Yumi's dripping slit. Yumi responded to the attention by getting even wetter.

"Ok sweetie, get up on the table on your hands and knees please," The Doctor ordered the buxom beauty. She climbed onto the table and did as she was told. She was all too aware of the weight of the little metallic vibrating ring attached to her sex. Dr Goodman nodded her approval but walked over to Yumi to make an adjustment. She pulled her hands to the left edge of the desk so her arms were flat. Then she turned her head to the right so she was looking sideways at the students. Finally, she moved Yumi's hands around behind her to grab onto the back of her knees. She was quite the sight. Her ass raised in the air, deliciously inviting, like she was an animal on heat presenting. Her big tits squashed and spilling out from under her chest and her beautiful pouting face pushed against the table looking back into the eyes of 20 horny nineteen year olds.

"There, this pose should help with the next demonstration. I'll just lube up this thermometer..." Dr Goodman said slathering the inch thick anal thermometer in vaseline. To add some more humiliation to Yumi's current plight she said, "Yumi, please reach up and pull apart your bum cheeks,"

"Y-Y-Yerss Merss," Yumi managed to mumble out with her cheek pushed against the white powder-coated metal desk and her body longing for release. Yumi leaned back so that her arse cheeks were sitting on her heels then she lifted her hands to reach her buttocks and slowly separated them.

"I know this is uncomfortable Yumi, but we need your anus in the air more so I can show the students what I'm doing here. Put your arms back and hold the edge of the desk, Yumi. Jen and Joe, come up here and help me," Dr Goodman said as she pulled Yumi's bum high into the air so her thighs were perpendicular to the table. Her cute rosebud was as high as it could go. Yumi felt pornographic in this pose. She would really let them do whatever they wanted to her, she just wished she could come. It was her very important duty as she saw it now. She could think of it as she was helping educate these young doctors who in the future would save peoples lives. There was no shame in that. But in reality she wasn't really thinking about that. She was thinking that she was a slave to her emotions. She would do anything for the Dean and the teachers, because of the masochistic pleasure she got from being on the edge of coming from their cruel sexual games. A good girl does as she is told, Yumi thought.

"Ok guys, stand either side, Joe come around the other side of me. Put on these gloves," Joe and Jen put on the latex gloves with a snap, the sound increased the anticipation in Yumi's body. Her heart was beating faster and she could feel some pussy juice making long ropes from her slit. She knew the two helpful students behind her would be able to see it and smell it. She heart fluttered at the thought that very soon she would have something shoved in her ass in front of the whole class. Hopefully, Yumi thought, the Doctor would turn up the exciter charm and play with her love button.

"Now each of you put a hand on her cheeks and gentle pry them apart. Gather round students, watch how I insert the thermometer into Yumi's anus," Dr Goodman said as she pushed the cold glass tube into Yumi's little ring.

"Eeeeeiii!" Yumi yipped at the cold intrusion. She reflected on how it felt far more humiliating to her than the dog tail she wore in Drama class. Probably because she was completely naked, had the tiny vibrator buzzing her into a frenzy and her ass high in the air with 20 students crowded around her and craning their necks to get a closeup of her breached asshole. She could see the bulges in the pants of a few boys standing closer to her head. She wondered what their cocks would look like if they unzipped and let them hover in front of her face. Yumi was shocked at how much she wanted to suck cocks now. One cock in her mouth and now she had an insatiable taste for it.

"Now with this particular model, you want to to get it in a good three or four inches. How does that feel Yumi? Not too bad?" The reprobate Doctor said.

"Ahh Miss.. I.. come?," Yumi said incoherent and not answering her question.

"I'll take that as a no then," The class chuckled at her comment, "Ok now we will leave this one in for a few minutes." As Dr Goodman talked about the anus having a lot of blood vessels in and thus good for taking a temperature, she clicked on the remote in her pocket stealthily, raising Yumi's pussy jewellery up to level three.

"Ooooohh hhhuunnn oooh," Yumi mumbled.

"I'm sorry students, I hope Yumi's noises aren't too distracting. It seems the device she is wearing is making this fun for her. I would turn it off but I don't have the remote for it. Well, at least it makes it more enjoyable for Yumi," The Doctor offered as a lame explanation. At this point everyone knew that she was lying, and of course nobody cared. It was all a bit of a game. Yumi was there to be used as a fun teaching aid. She was a beautiful toy of the College. It made the lessons more interesting and studies have proven that the more entertaining a class is, the more information is retained. It was with this justification they saw it as completely reasonable to bring a sexy mixed-race girl to the brink of orgasm in public. The doctor started absentmindedly playing with the thermometer in Yumi's ass as she spoke. Twisting it, pushing it in and out and moving it side to side. All this made Yumi moan more. Not so much from the feeling, it was still a strange feeling to her, but because of how exposed and violated she was in this position.

"Ok, Tom, can you come up here and read the temperature?" Dr Goodman asked.

Tom walked over to the edge of the desk and leaned over Yumi's gorgeous ass. It was so much sexier from this view. Tom could imagine entering her tight ring and grabbing her firm rounded arse cheeks and just thrusting hard into her.

"37.7 Miss," Tom announced.

"Very good, indeed, Yumi is a bit warmer. It looks like we might need to cool her down a little," Dr Goodman said, "Tom can you please fetch me the rolled up towel I have put in the fridge?" She said pointing to the bar fridge next to the store room door. Dutifully, the student retrieved it wondering what the Doctor would do next. He handed her the frozen rolled-up travel-sized towel. Dr Goodman unrolled it and some soft cracking sounds emanated from the melting towel.

"Yumi my dear, this will be a little cold, but it will help get your temperature down. I am demonstrating to the students how they can treat a high temperature. We'll have you stay there and keep the thermometer in to monitor the change," Dr Goodman said clinically.

"Uhnn, Yeers Missh," Yumi managed to say. She was in a daydream and had closed her eyes now just focusing on the pleasure and trying to imagine how dirty she looked with her ass in the air, penetrated, and her pussy leaking its juice onto the table. Yumi resumed her soft moaning after answering the Doctor.

Dr Goodman then draped the towel over her back causing Yumi to jolt her body a little from shock.

"Sorry sweetie, you are doing a great job. Good girl!" Dr Goodman reassured the buxom beauty. Yumi had not been able to focus on anything much the Doctor had said but the words 'good girl' seemed to permeate into her mind and trigger something. Her hips started making small circles now becoming more aroused at the Doctor's words. A few of the students noticed this and giggled at Yumi quietly calling her a horny bitch under their breath. Yumi wasn't even aware she was doing this. She was too overcome with pleasure to realise her lascivious actions. Dr Goodman continued talking about how an ice bath may be beneficial to athletes but it is definitely effective in lowering temperature.

"Let's check again and see if this has made any difference..." Dr Goodman said, "Let's get someone else to check this time.. Ahh Amy, can you come up here and read the thermometer please?" Amy was a shy girl who had been sent here by her parents in the hope of making her come out of her shell a little more. She slowly and daintily walked up to the desk putting Dr Goodman between her and the gyrating naked girl. She nervously kept looking at Yumi then quickly staring back at the floor.

"Come on Amy, she won't bite! You'll have to see a lot of naked bodies and some much less pleasant stuff as a Doctor," Dr Goodman said as she thrust the girl behind Yumi's upturned ass with a thermometer sticking out of it. Amy tried to follow the LCD panel on the side of the thermometer with her eyes to read it, but it was moving in little circles making it impossible for her. "You'll have to stop her from moving, I find that a little slap helps," The Doctor offered.

"M-m-Miss a s-slap?" Amy said tripping over her words. Without warning Dr Goodman grabbed Amy's wrist and delivered a firm sharp slap to Yumi's glistening arse.

"Yumi, please be a good girl and keep still for a moment!" Dr Goodman added.

The words drifted into Yumi's mind somewhere and she uttered, "Yerrsh Meers," her face still mashed against the table now with a little pool of dribble in front of her lips.

Amy leaned in to read the thermometer and Dr Goodman told her, "You may as well remove it now." Amy took in a quick breath of shock. "Go ahead Amy..." the Doctor said impatiently. Amy reached out slowly with a shaky hand and gripped the end. Someone from the class called out at that moment with the intention of further unnerving the timid girl. She lunged forward and sank the thermometer almost all the way into Yumi's willing rosebud.

"Eeeeeiii! Oooh!" Yumi cried as she received another three inches of the thermometer in her asshole. Amy had turned bright crimson now and quickly pulled the tube out of Yumi's rectum. There was an audible squelching pop sound as it slid out. The poor medical student stammered as she read the temperature.

"Thir-thir-th-thirty eight Dr Goodman." Amy said and quickly placed the thermometer on the desk. She glanced over at Yumi's anus that was closing up again. Amy couldn't believe the level of exposure this Asian bombshell was willing to endure for the purpose of helping her College. It was quite amazing but also disgusting to Amy.

"Very good Amy, you can join the others now. Well it seems that an icy towel is not enough to cool down Yumi. I guess the charm she is wearing is too effective at raising her temperature... sorry I don't have a remote to stop it and conduct a less biased test, but I'm sure you have all learnt how to take a temperature," Dr Goodman walked around to the front of the desk and looked down at Yumi's big tits that were squashed and spilling out from under her rib cage. She noticed some damp patches. It was a peculiar sight.

"Yumi please sit on the edge of the desk now, I want to check something," Dr Goodman said vaguely. Yumi got up slowly, she was a little stiff from hold that uncomfortable position for the last 20 minutes. She swivelled on her sweaty bum and put her legs over the edge closing them tightly whilst trying to rub them together against her electronic clitoral jewellery. She had a pained expression on her face having been being stimulated for almost an hour by the evil device without being able to release, just kept on the edge of ecstasy. Dr Goodman leaned in and looked at her nipples. They were a little darker than she remembered and were topped with a single drop of milk each.

"Just as I suspected. It seems the pressure of her breasts against the desk has expressed some milk. You might be in luck students, I can try to teach you about milk ducts. Lets see if she has any more left," Dr Goodman said in a cold and objective manner, "Now, the first thing to do before expressing breast milk is to massage the breast. Yumi's breasts are obviously quite large so I might ask one of the girls to help me with this... my gosh Yumi, what size are you?" Dr Goodman asked, uncharacteristically surprised by the size of them.

"aahh aaaah I'm 32DD Miss," Yumi replied in her hazy state. She so desperately wanted to come. She was well beyond caring that she was naked in class, her clit was swollen and she felt like she needed to pee again. Yumi knew she was close, she just needed a little extra push.

"Hmm that can't be right, I think you've grown. One moment students, I'm a little curious to see..." Dr Goodman drifted off as she retrieved a tape measure. Quickly taking it around Yumi's chest just below her huge mammaries, it measured 27.5 inches, she made a mental note of the measurement. Then she measured around her nipple line spilling the tiny milk drops onto the tape. Yumi's over bust measurement had ballooned to 38 inches. She did some basic arithmetic and figured out Yumi's size.

"I knew it!" She said triumphantly, "Yumi, you are now a 32F! Remarkable!" There was some quietly awed chatter from the students. Not only were her tits massive, they held a fantastic tear drop shape. This discovery would just further incense the jealous girls in her class. Thankfully, Amber was not in her class today as she was still suspended due to her behaviour towards Yumi.

"Jen, please help me with the milk expressing demonstration," Dr Goodman said. Jen giggled as she bounded towards the table, excited to play with the sexy girls big titties. "Ok Jen, if you can stand on the left side of Yumi and using your left hand, just start to softly massage her breasts, but don't go close to the nipple or areola," The Doctor instructed her as she did the same with her right hand on the other side of Yumi.

"Yes Miss," Jen said trying to suppress a juvenile smile on her face. Yumi sat up a little straighter thrusting her chest into their hands. "That's it Jen, we'll do this for a few more minutes," Dr Goodman said as she talked about this also being a good thing to do in the shower to check for breasts tumours.

"Ok now we can begin to express the milk. Jen, position your fingers over the milk reservoirs on Yumi's breast. You might want to use two hands for these big ones. I think your hands are a little small to hold it in one hand.

Put your left hand under the breast and put your right hand in a "C" shape above the nipple. You've got that now Jen?" Dr Goodman asked the girl handling Yumi's ample tit flesh.

"Err yes Miss, I've got it now," Jen answered.

"Ok now put your thumb below the nipple about one inch and your first 2 fingers one inch above her nipple directly in line with your thumb," Dr Goodman continued with her instructions.

"Ok Miss, like this?" Jen held the breast presenting it with her left hand and gently positioning her left hand for milking.

"Very good, that's it," The Doctor praised her. She had the right breast ready to go as well, "Ok now this is the fun part. Before you apply pressure, lift her breast with your left hand. Ok, good, now apply pressure inward toward Yumi's chest wall. The pressure should be gentle and firm, but don't squeeze the breast at all. Don't stretch the areola, as this will make it more difficult to express the milk. Press your thumb and index finger directly back into the breast tissue, into the wall of the chest Jen. Hopefully not too confusing?" Dr Goodman joked. At about this time, the timer that Dr Goodman had set to increase the exciter charm to the next level, had triggered level four. Yumi started moaning loudly now and had open her legs and was pumping the air in front of her with her hips.

"Some women find milking enjoyable, we haven't even really started but it looks at though that is true with Yumi," Dr Goodman teased getting a laugh from the students. "Ok Jen, start expressing!"

Simultaneously, they pressed inward on her F cup tits. Two little dribbles of milk tricked out of her nipples. The two women kept going and could see the dribbles transforming into a stream. After a few more pumps two giant jets shot out towards the students. The students gasped and giggled, some made disapproving noises, but most seemed to be entertained by the spectacle. The crowd had parted in the middle as Yumi's milk was squirting out between one and two metres. Yumi liked the feeling of the milk shooting out of her erect buds. Her nipples seemed to be very sensitive and only added to the fire in her pussy.

"Miss, is it ok to drink it?" Jen asked.

"It's absolutely fine, breast milk is full of a ton of nutrients actually. But the idea of breastfeeding beyond a certain age doesn't sit well with most people," Dr Goodman said as they both kept pushing the milk out of Yumi's big udders, "Ok now try rolling around the breast."

Doing this motion caused even more milk to come out, the ground in front of Yumi was now speckled in white drops. A couple of boys watching the show joked to each other that they would love to have Yumi as their own personal cow for their morning coffee and cereal. Naked in the kitchen with a bell around her neck. Of course, they would use her for breeding as well.

"Hey Kirsty, dare you to drink it?" Jen said taunting her friend.

"Eww gross! No way!" Kirsty answered her kinky friend.

"We all did at one time in our lives," Dr Goodman said, "Look, it's really nothing to worry about, it's actually healthy." Jen did something that shocked everyone next. She took Yumi's breast and shoved it in her mouth and sucking the milk she was expressing straight down her throat. This was too much for Yumi. She screamed out as she came the sucking on her nipple was the little kick she needed to push her over the edge.

"Yyeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiaaaaahhh!" Yumi shrieked Once again, she was unable to control her bladder. It seemed she was definitely a squirter. Her pussy started spasming squirting out little erratic jets of cum and piss. Dr Goodman quietly stopped milking her for a minute and covertly turned off the device.

"Oh whoops, I didn't realise she was so sensitive!" Jen laughed at Yumi's display.

"Wow, you lesbian Jen!!" Kirsty yelled at her.

"Ok everyone, please calm down! Yes, Yumi has lost control of herself but that happens for some girls with nipple stimulation. Now Jen, you should have asked first. I have half a mind to punish you for that behaviour, but there is nothing wrong with drinking breast milk. Now for the sake of science, can you explain the taste?" Dr Goodman asked Jen.

"Hmm, it wasn't too bad. Kind of sweet and creamy, a bit like the milk left at the bottom of a bowl of cereal I'd say," Jen explained to the class. Yumi was still in the throes of her orgasm so her thoughts were scattered, but when Jen sucked her tit she felt a massive wave of humiliation wash over her. It was so crazy to be used like that in public. She had been rubbed, penetrated, tied up, gagged and spanked in public but there was something especially perverse and erotic about having her own milk sucked from her swollen tits.

"Tom, please get a clean beaker from the back room. I need you to hold it in front of Yumi's breasts for me," Dr Goodman.

"Yes Miss," Tom replied. He returned a moment later waiting in front of Jen and Dr Goodman.

"Ok just hold it in the centre of Yumi's breasts," The Doctor said guiding his hands to move the beaker a few inches below and in front of Yumi's squirting nipples. "Jen, try to aim into the beaker."

Yumi was beginning to breath slower now as she sat in a puddle of her own cum and urine. Since her breasts really started to swell in last week, her nipples had become much more sensitive and sometimes felt quite sore. She was thankful to have the relief of having her nipples massaged. Yumi stared at the one litre beaker that was slowly filling with her own sweet white nectar with quiet awe at the functions of her beautiful body. The beaker was sounding soft tinkling noises as each new stream of milk hit it.

"It's really flowing now, we've got about 100 millilitres now. Let's see if we can get to 300," Dr Goodman said optimistically. As her and Jen kept milking Yumi's massive literal milk jugs she talked about the animo acids and vitamins found in breasts milk and how strange it was that humans drink the milk of other animals but find it distasteful to drink human milk. Another ten minutes and Yumi had run out of milk.

"Ok well, it looks like she is empty. Let's see..." Dr Goodman said as she took the beaker from Tom, "..we've got about.. 355 millilitres there. Not a bad yield. Yumi, I will need to monitor your milk production over the next few weeks ok?"

"Ah ok Miss, you milk me?" Yumi asked.

"Yes, you will need daily milking. It might not be me doing it everyday but you will find your breasts begin to hurt if you don't express milk daily," Dr Goodman explained, "Now, who is intrepid enough to try some fresh milk? Only if you don't mind Yumi..." Dr Goodman said.

"It ok Miss. Please try it," Yumi said, happy to let the students try her milk, fulfilling her role as College Special Assistant always willing to help the teachers and students. Dr Goodman looked at all of the faces of the medical students. Most of the girls had their faces screwed up in detest at the idea of drinking her warm milk, but a lot of the boys looked happy to try it. For some of them it would be a vaguely sexual thrill knowing they were imbibing something produced by the busty beautiful Brazilian.

"Can I try it Miss?" Joel asked.

"Sure, just take a small sip and pass it on," Dr Goodman said handing him the beaker. He tried it remarking that it did indeed taste sweet and creamier than cow milk. He passed it on to the next guy who was eager to drink milk that was only a few minutes ago in the breasts of the smoking Asian. After a few minutes about a third of the class had tried it. They handed it back to Dr Goodman who noticed there was still about 150 millilitres left. She had a small sip.

"Mmmm, very good. I'll save the rest of this for my coffee," Dr Goodman said with a sly smile. She then put the beaker in the fridge after covering it with a piece of cling wrap. "Well students, that about all we have time for today. I trust you all learnt something today?" She was answered with a chorus of students saying that the class had been very interesting. "Thanks for your help Jen, and Tom."

The students left the class and Yumi sat on the desk awaiting instructions from Dr Goodman. Her breasts felt much better now and she was still high from her orgasm.

"Good girl Yumi, you are really performing wonderfully. It's great to have you to help in class. It just makes it so much easier to teach the students, they really pay a lot more attention when you are here. Now, what should we do about this mess? There's urine and ejaculate all over the floor. Wipe yourself off with this towel then clean up that mess for me sweetheart," Dr Goodman ordered her.

"Yes Miss," was all Yumi could say. Now she was being told to do manual labour as well. She was a very clean and organised girl normally so she wasn't unhappy about cleaning. It was her mess after all. She had just been such a horny slut that she dirtied the floor. This was the pay off for her orgasm she reasoned. Yumi stood up and first wiped off her breasts then sopped up the wetness on her ass, pussy and legs. Then she got on her knees to wipe the front of the desk following it to the floor and getting onto all fours rubbing over her juices in big circles. Dr Goodman was doing something in the back room as Yumi cleaned. Five minutes later Yumi bounded to her feet announcing, "Miss, I'm finish!"

"Good girl. You can get dressed now and see what the Dean wants you to do next. Thank you for today," Dr Goodman said. Yumi put her stretchy little leotard back on and fastened her belt around it. She put on her sandals back on, said goodbye to Dr Goodman and began her walk to the Dean's office. Yumi was taking her time strolling along the path back to the office and she noticed a group of art students having a picnic on the grass.

"fwwooooot wwwwooooo!" one of the boys in the group whistled at her. Yumi found herself stopping and waving at them instead of continuing on. They took this as an invitation to approach her. Two girls and two boys got up and walked over to surround her.

"Hello pretty!", Zoe, a tall blonde girl said to her, "Do you want to be our friend?"

It was a loaded question. Yumi would never say no in this situation. Her Japanese upbringing meant that she would always hide her true feelings if it was deemed impolite by society. It wasn't that she didn't want to associate them, but she had to go to the Dean's office.

"Sorry, I have go to Dean, nice to meet you, let' be friends later," Yumi replied turning to leave again.

"Wait wait, don't go so quickly!" Ben, a weedy nerdy guy with dreadlocks, pleaded with her, "Stay and have a beer with us!"

"I little busy sorry," Yumi apologised.

"Awww come here sweetie," Vanessa who is a short curvy brunette with curly hair said, "We wanna play!" Vanessa grabbed at the back of her leotard stopping her from escaping.

"I just love your outfit baby, looks so good on you," Zoe said rubbing her arse and stroking her hair.

"I sorry, I really have to go," Yumi begged again.

"We better let her go guys, you heard what the Dean said. If he finds out we were messing with her..." the last of the group, Dave, warned them.

"Ok, but first-" Vanessa said as she stepped in front of Yumi and pulled her head into her own and planted a long, deep kiss on her mouth. Yumi felt the girl's tongue thrust into her mouth swirling over her tongue and sucking softly on her lips. As Vanessa was doing this she grabbed Yumi's left breast with her hand. Meanwhile, behind her, Ben had developed a hard erection and was pulling Yumi's arse into his groin, wedging his tented fisherman pants into her ass crack. Yumi was bent forward now with her lips still locked with the curvy brunette. Yumi had to admit to herself, she liked being grabbed against her will like this. She found herself pushing back onto the clothed cock wondering what it would feel like if it were jammed into her pussy.

"Come on guys!" Dave said pulling his dreadlocked friend away from her after a long thirty seconds of the pair molesting her.

Yumi gasped as Vanessa let go of her. She had not breathed as she was in shock about the whole situation.

"Mmmm you taste good, come back and play with us soon Special Assistant Yumi!" Vanessa teased her and gave her a firm slap on the ass sending her on her way again. Yumi made it to the Dean's office without any more interruptions.

"How did the class go Yumi?" The Dean asked.

"It ok Sir. I come again and Doctor milk me," She replied not mentioning the students that harassed her on the way to office. She didn't want to get them in trouble.

"Excellent, happy to hear you're producing milk now. We've been giving you a something that causes your breasts to lactate. Hopefully you can produce a litre a day. It would be a nice treat for us teachers to have in the morning," He continued, "Yumi, today I'm going to teach you how to ask for something, and how to give your superiors their due respect. You are going to suck me again, but not until you've asked me very nicely for my cock. If you don't, then you won't get any more pleasure from any of us, and your new role will be a janitor, working long hours in dirty baggy clothing and your face will be covered. Nobody will be attracted to you again. Is that understood?"

Yumi certainly didn't want to clean toilets for the next two years and the Dean was right to think she loved the attention she received in her role. She had definitely warmed to it through the constant training and discipline. She was also very keen to suck the Dean's big dick again. She would continue to debase herself further and further.

"Yes Sir, I ask you nicely," She surrendered to the Dean.

"Ok, Yumi, do you want something from me? If you want to suck my hard cock all you have to do is ask..." The Dean asked.

Yumi felt a giddy flutter in her stomach upon hearing the Dean's question. The tables were turning. Now it was her who was expected to beg the Dean for her objectification. She did indeed want to suck his big eight-inch cock but at the same time she didn't want to appear completely shameless.

"Err aahhm yes Sir... can I suck c- cock?" She blurted out, her nervousness causing the last unfamiliar word to stick in her throat.

"Come on you can do better than that! Try again. Ask me NICELY Yumi-chan," The Dean said. Yumi felt like she was being chastised by her Father when he added "chan" to her name. It's the Japanese suffix for children or close friends. The Dean was her daddy now. He was her Master, she was his slave. Yumi tried again.

"Please Sir, I can suck you cock?" She said meekly.

"That's better, but I don't believe you want it," The Dean said as he sat in his chair and pushed away from his desk leaving a one metre gap between him and the desk. Yumi was standing a few metres in front of his desk shifting her weight awkwardly, not knowing what he was planning. "Ask me again, this time try to seduce me."

"Please Sir, I want big cock, please let me suck for you cock! I want it! I love it!" Yumi said quite loudly.

"That's the spirit! Good girl," The Dean said unbuckling his pants and pulling them down to his ankles, "Now, get on your hands and knees and crawl slowly over her and get your treat, Yumi-chan."

This was so terribly perverted. Here she was in the Dean's office barely dressed smelling of sex and begging to suck his cock. And now the Dean wanted her to crawl over like an animal and suck him. Yumi was getting wet at this request. She kneeled down and fell onto her hands. She could only just see the Dean's smiling face peering over the desk. Slowly she started walking on hands and knees. Her breasts were swaying back and forth and after only a few steps one breast sprung out of it's tiny covering. Yumi was close to the desk now, about half way along her journey.

"What do you want Yumi-chan? Tell me," The Dean asked her again.

"Sir I want cock, big cock sucking. Love sucking cock Sir!" Yumi said continuing on crawling, now with both tits freely swinging. She eventually crawled all the way around to in front of the Dean's chair and was now looking straight up between his bare legs staring in wonder at his big hard weeping cock. He had his hands on the armrests.

"Oh you've fallen out of your top. Lets get that silly thing off," He said pushing her back to sit on her legs he unbuckled the belt and quickly stripped her of the tiny leotard. He then used the belt to tie her hands together with them bent upwards toward her neck. "So you want this?" He said grabbing his dick and waving it in her face.

"Yes please Sir I want," Yumi said.

"Really? Are you going to be a good girl and keep sucking me as long as I say?" He teased her.

"Yes Sir, I want suck cock, I good girl, good uhm cock-sucker!" Yumi said improvising.

"Very well then, let's see how good you are. Start sucking sweetheart," He said rolling his chair slightly forward and pushing his thick head into her little mouth. Yumi stretched her lips over the warm cock-head and took in the first four inches, swirling her tongue all around. She felt great to have something in her mouth again, and she was so happy to be serving the Dean in this intimate way. The Dean reached in his left pocket where he had a remote for her clit machine and turned it onto level one. Yumi made a little noise feeling it come to life. "Oooh that's a good girl, you've learnt well, when you feel sad or lonely you can suck my cock like a dummy sweetie. You feeling good now?" The Dean asked her in earnest, he could see the change in her attitude from the start of her service. She really seemed to be getting off on her treatment.

"mmmnnnh aaah yyyrrrnnss shhhrrr," Yumi mumbled over his cock.

"Suck it like a dummy, like the thing that is put in a baby's mouth to shut it up," He explained.

Yumi didn't know the word "dummy" but now she understood what he meant. She started sucking the head in short, hard mouthfuls the Dean stroked her head and repeated "good girl" over and over. After a few minutes of this the Dean said, "Ok time to show me how deep you can take my cock Yumi-chan," and he pushed down on her head gently inserting his full length into her. Yumi was caught by surprise and pulled back from his cock. The Dean pushed again more forcefully and leaned over her and gave her a hard slap on her arse. She squealed into his deep rod.

"Bad girl Yumi! Pay more attention please!" He admonished her. Yumi felt regret instantly, she was a silly girl not obeying and relaxing her throat when the Dean wanted to use it. She doubled her efforts holding her breath and pushing the head of his cock past the back her throat. It sat there for about ten seconds then she swallowed around it sending a wave of pleasure through the Dean's body. Yumi heard the door open behind her.

"Ah there you are!" Miss White chimed bursting into the room. She saw the Dean's state of undress and leaned over the desk saying, "I can see you are busy, hello Sis," she said winking at the girl whose face was pushed up against the Dean's groin, "But you've got that 12 o'clock with the people from Provocative Parties now. Shall I send them in?"

"Ah yeah, one moment," The Dean said, "Yumi, scoot back under the desk and continue, don't take me out of your mouth ok sweetheart?" Yumi just mumbled with the cock deep in her throat and shuffled slowly back as the Dean rolled his chair forward. Once again Yumi would be sucking cock while the Dean spoke to others. It gave her a wicked thrill to have her mouth fucked in public, but hidden.

"Ok, I'll send them in now?" Miss White said raising her eyebrows at the Dean.

"Sure I'm ready," He said, "Yumi, be very quiet, but keep being a good little cock-sucker." He stroked her head once and pushed his chair the last six inches under the desk. Miss White disappeared back into her office and told a man and woman they could enter. The pair walked in and greeted the Dean.

"Hello Marcus! How are you?" The woman who appeared to be the more senior of the business said.

"I'm very well Kim, excuse me but I won't get up. I've damaged my ankle recently and it is still very painful to stand on," He explained.

"Ah sorry to hear that, no bother," She said reaching over the desk and shaking his hand. His legs were hidden beneath the desk so she couldn't see that he wasn't wearing pants. The man shook his hand after her and then they both took their seats. "So how did it happen?" she asked.

"Ah I was going for a jog and sprained it, no exciting story unfortunately," He lied.

"Well you could have lied and told me you did it in some heroic act," Kim joked. She was a tall Chinese woman with amazing legs. Highly intelligent and driven, she had started her business creating unique parties with an adult entertainment skew. Some of the things she allowed at her parties could be described as prostitution but none of the party goers, usually men on a bucks night, ever complained or reported it. And technically, what she did wasn't prostitution. She was herself a beautiful woman with amazing legs and small but perky B cup breasts. She had a small, flat face with pretty features and wore her hair in a short pixie cut. It didn't hurt to be attractive in the entertainment industry. The man sitting next to her was a Senior Account Manager called Jacob. He was responsible for making sure the clients were not only satisfied, but were completely happy.

"So, what do you think of the photos I sent you?" Marcus asked Kim.

"Yes, they were fabulous! Exactly what we are looking for," Kim said excitedly, "I think we could bundle your asset with up-sells and make a lot of money per party, of which you would receive a percentage as per our rate card, and even use the asset in some corporate events."

"Great, that sounds perfect," Marcus said, "I'm interested to see how creative you can get."

Yumi wasn't sure what they were talking about, or who these people were. What she did hear under the desk, was a lot of words she didn't understand. And to compound matters she had the buzzing of the exciter charm and her duty to concentrate on. Best to just ignore it and try to do her best while not arousing any suspicion to the Dean's guests.

"I trust you'll be attending the auction next Friday?" Marcus asked.

"We wouldn't miss it for the world! I might even make a bid myself," Jacob said.

"Haha, I don't think that would be a good idea Jacob..." Kim said putting him in his place.

"Yeah, perhaps you are right, but it would be nice,"

"What about a date with me instead?" Kim teased him.

"uhm- well, er- sure, of course!" Jacob stammered.

"I'm just messing with you Jacob! Hahaha" Kim replied.

"Better listen to the boss, mate," Marcus added.

Jacob nodded nervously. He was usually very confident with clients, but he always seemed to wilt under the commands of his beautiful Chinese boss. There was something about her that broke his will. Whether it was her tenacity, great looks or fearlessness, she never failed to unnerve him, however he really enjoyed working for her.

"We still have a bit more work to do to get our 'contractor' trained up. So I think the earliest we could start would be after the auction. Is that ok with you?" Marcus asked.

"Yes, that's fine. We have some events planned that could utilise our shared asset. We'd prefer you to complete the work so it goes off without a hitch. For example, we have a private sales party that would be a perfect first job," Kim said, speaking about Yumi as if she were merely a commodity.

"And after that we have lots of possibilities for promotional spots for alternative clubs and events," Jacob added.

"Yes, the opportunities are endless really," Kim said, "I hope you will train more contractors in the future, Marcus." Kim said.

"I haven't really given it much thought. This one was kind of a personal project, but we'll see," Marcus told her.

Marcus looked down at Yumi as he went to get something from his draw. He took this moment to grab the back of Yumi's head and pull it all the way into his hairy crotch. This time Yumi was able to take the cock in her throat smoothly. Her throat was now blocked and she had to hold her breath. The Dean held her there as he rifled through his draw pretending he couldn't find something.

"Hmm, it's in here somewhere.. where is that damn stick?" He muttered. Still holding Yumi against his pubis she was starting to think he should release her soon as she had been holding her breath for about 20 seconds now. Finally, the Dean "found" the USB stick he was looking for and released the oxygen starved girl. Yumi tried not to make any noise but she drew in a breath of air fairly loudly. The Dean was still looking down at his draw which was open directly above Yumi's head as she made this noise.

"Are you ok?" Kim asked hearing the choking noise coming from the Dean's general vicinity.

The Dean faked a few more coughs, "Ahem, -cough, cough- sorry, must have been some dust aggravating my throat." Yumi had caught her breath again and the Dean closed the drawer and shifted his pelvis forward ramming his cock down her throat again. Yumi was careful not to cough and just went back to sucking like a good slave. She sped up her rhythm now and was trying to get the Dean to come, trying to make him have trouble talking, as a small payback for cutting off her oxygen. It was a pretty lame revenge as the meeting was now pretty much over.

"Oh, -cough, cough-, ahh, thanks for meeting me today, ahh," The Dean said having some trouble trying to speak to Kim with his cock being sucked hard.

"Ahh no problem, best to meet in person to discuss. We'll be in touch later... do you need a glass of water? You seem a little flushed?" Kim said noticing his arousal.

"Hmm? AH no I'm fiiiine thanks Kim," Marcus said unable to calm himself.

"Ok, whatever you say... I won't make you get up, don't want to cause you any trouble standing," Kim said reaching over the desk to shake his hand. Jacob did the same and then they let themselves out. After they left the Dean looked down at Yumi who was furiously trying to suck his cock as fast as she could, and he then reached in his pocket pulled out the remote control and clicked her clit charm up to level three.

"mmmmrrrrmmmmpphhh!!" Yumi garbled. She was really working her abdominal muscles now trying to speed up.

"Do you need a hand there sweetheart?" The Dean said as he grabbed the base of her pigtails and started pulling her head onto his cock faster than she could do herself. Yumi was moaning loving the feeling of being face-fucked by the strong man and loving the terrible teasing of the clitoral attachment keeping her on the edge of orgasm. After a minute, the Dean pulled her head off his dick and stopped the exciter charm. Yumi was confused. She reached forward with her neck trying to get the cock back in her mouth but the Dean moved it away from her. Yumi had a puzzled look on her face and she kneeled trying to rub her pussy on the carpet beneath her.

"Yumi- STOP!" The Dean bellowed at her. Yumi immediately stopped moving and stared into his serious eyes. "Do you want to come right now?"

"uuunnnnghh yes Sir, I want come so bad! I horny now! So horny! Pleeeease!" Yumi pleaded. She found that she had grown to love the feeling so much that when it was taken away she felt absolutely tortured. At this point, she would do anything to have her charm turned back on to a higher speed and have the Dean's cock in her mouth.

"Ok that's better. Are you looking forward to serving me and anybody else I tell you to over the next two years?" The Dean asked.

"Yes Sir, I do anything! Please I come now?!? Please help!" Yumi was frantic. She had been left high and horny. Her brain couldn't think of anything but release.

"Yumi, we think you've been performing well, but we have spent a lot of our time and capital on you and will be spending more as well. So we've borrowed a lot a capital, but now we need to transfer that liability to you. It will go towards paying for your training, clothing, trips, etc. Before we can continue, I need you to sign some papers. We need you to let us be your legal agent. That, or we make an anonymous call to the Police. I think they might find you prostituting with drugs in a hotel somewhere, but who really knows?" The Dean threatened Yumi.

"Regal agent, Sir?" Yumi asked puzzled still distracted by her arousal, she didn't understand what he meant by "legal agent" it was a term she didn't know. All she understood was that her pussy was on fire.

"Yes, we've decided that we need to be able to make all the difficult decision for you, so you won't be bothered by it," He explained, "That's ok with you, yes?" He turned on her exciter charm to level three as he said this.

"Eeeehhhh yaaaaahhhh oooohhhh ooooh" Yumi squealed in ecstasy.

"Sounds like you approve..." The Dean said. He buzzed on the intercom on his desk, "Miss White, please bring in legal documents."

"Ok," Miss White replied. She came in a moment later with the papers. "We will look after you, Sis, don't worry your pretty head!" She beamed.

"Yumi, do you want to sign?" The Dean asked as he turned off the exciter. Yumi was owned already, this was just making it legally binding. She was going mad with desire and wanted to come.

"But Sir, I adult?" Yumi asked.

"Not in your home country, not until next year. So we can make decisions for you until you are 20, then we will review whether we will continue to be your legal agent after that time," The Dean said.

"I not sure Sir," Yumi said unsure of what this meant. It meant that her guardian would be the Dean. He would be able to make financial and legal decision for her. The Dean turned the charm on again and waived his still-erect cock in her face. Yumi let some drool out of her mouth. She was mortified her lust was manifesting in such a visceral and physical way, but she couldn't help it.

"Just sign it Yumi, then you can suck on your dummy again. Wouldn't that make you happy, sweetheart? Be a good girl and you'll be rewarded, I'll make you feel great," The Dean urged her as he switched off the exciter charm. Yumi sat on her heels yearning for release for the next minute while the Dean continued to turn the charm off for ten seconds then on for a count of four seconds. Finally Yumi cried out.

"I do it Sir! I want cock! I want come, I sign!"

"Good girl," He said putting the papers in front of her and giving her a pen to sign. Yumi had to steady her hand before signing and she was shaking a little from the build up of sexual energy. Her fate was now sealed. She would become a part of many of the Dean's business interests, and she was certain to turn a handsome profit for him and the College. The Dean turned the charm back onto level one. He stood up and push his chair away.

"Yumi, you want your dummy? Come get it," He said taking a step backwards. Yumi missed the feeling of a cock in her mouth. She crawled after the Dean and then tried to reach with her hands for his engorged member.

"Ah uh ah,"He said condescendingly waving his index finger in front of her face, "No hands. You reach with your mouth only."

Yumi tried again as the Dean walked slowly backwards. She managed to kiss the head of it but couldn't get her mouth around it. She crawled faster and stretched her body upwards to his crotch and sucked on the last two inches. Immediately it popped out of her mouth.

"Oooh that was close!" The Dean praised her, "Good girl, try again."

The next time Yumi got four inches of it in and she sucked hard to keep it in her mouth. She felt a perverse pride in her feat.

"Well done sweetie, you earned your dummy! Now follow me and keep it in your mouth. If it comes out you will be punished," The Dean warned her sternly.

Yumi felt like a total owned whore. She was being led with a cock around the office and she loved it. She had just given up more of her rights to the Dean. Just when she thought she couldn't feel any more helpless and out of control, the Dean introduced a new level of degradation for her.

"Oh one more thing, I almost forgot the best part!" The Dean said pulling a piece of black cloth from his pocket, "So you really are led by my cock." He squat down in front of Yumi so she could keep sucking him and tied the black cloth around her head covering her eyes. It would be much harder for Yumi to keep the dick in her mouth. This was crazy, but so intensely exciting. The Dean stood up again and Yumi stretched her neck and her arms under her to follow the hard hot rod in her mouth.

"Very good girl, you are a well-trained slut aren't you?" The Dean asked.

"Mmmmrrrmmmff," Yumi replied that she was. Being blindfolded made her more aware of her tortured clit. She needed to come soon or she thought she might lose her mind. She wanted to rub herself but if she tried she would fall flat on her face and lose the cock in her mouth. She tried to talk by opening her mouth wider but the cock was too thick, so it came out all garbled.

"ssshhhiuurrg, eeeiiggh mmmommm mooo ggguuhm rreeeiigh."

"Hahaha, that's so adorable sweetheart! I think you want to come, yes?" The Dean teased her. Yumi nodded her head emphatically being careful to keep four inches in her warm wet hole. "Soon sweetie, you be a good girl and do your job first." Yumi was crawling along following the Dean's movements, trying to rub the top of her thighs together desperately trying to get herself off. The Dean led her to the door to Miss White's office. He knocked on the door.

"Miss White, are you free?" He called through the door.

"Yes Dean, there's no one here," She replied.

"Please lock your door and open this one, I'm coming in. I have something to show you," He replied.

Miss White walked to the door that connected the rest of the College and locked it. Then she went to the door the Dean was standing behind with his little cock-sucker attached and opened it.

"Ooh! What's this? Teaching Yumi new tricks?" She asked suggestively.

"Yeah, watch this, she's getting good," He said, "Let's do a circuit of Miss White's desk, Yumi, come on!"

He led her quite quickly around Miss White's desk. Yumi had to move fast to stop the cock popping out of her drooling mouth. Her tits and ass were bouncing around deliciously, Miss White was getting turned on seeing the blind-folded beauty in this hopeless state. A perfect cock-sucking slave. Miss White clapped at the perverted display.

"Wow! Good girl, Yumi!" Miss White gushed as she bent down to stroke Yumi's head, "That's so impressive the way you followed his cock! I'm proud of my little Sis!"

Yumi felt so dirty and overly aroused but she also felt an inner peace at having performed well. Miss White stroking her head reinforced her position as a College property to be used solely for enjoyment. These completely subservient and sexual acts mixed with her own agonising arousal was a feedback loop. She would have a physical reaction instantly to being ordered around as a slave. Now she would begin getting wet without being touched or excited. In addition to her constant training, and unbeknownst to her, since the last week the Dean had been playing NLP messages in her room at a low volume after she was asleep. Her submissive nature was being intensified even as she slept.

The Dean's cock was feeling pretty amazing right now, he was almost ready to blow in her mouth, but he held off. He had to ask Yumi a serious question.

"Yumi we are going to go to your room now, Miss Whit will join us as well," He said. Miss White smiled as she wasn't sure if the Dean would invite her.

"Let's go now Yumi-chan!" The Dean announced in a honeyed, patronising tone. Yumi mumbled over the Dean's cock as she followed him through the door back into his office and then through another door that led down the hall. Miss White was following closely behind Yumi as the Dean walked backwards. It took about three minutes for them to reach Yumi's bedroom. When they got there the Dean quickly pulled out of her mouth. Yumi's mouth was left wide open with a large string of spit spilling onto the floor.

"Sorry Sir! I make mistake!" Yumi said having lost the cock in her mouth. She wondered what her punishment would be.

"No, it's ok Yumi, I did that on purpose. But you are a good girl for apologising so fast," He reassured her, "I need to ask you; Do you want to come now?"

"Yes Sir! Yes, I come please! I want come! Please Sir!" Yumi begged hysterically.

"Ok, but I don't know, I don't know if you really want to," He said cruelly, turning off her exciter charm.

"Aaaaaahhh Please Sir! I do anything! Please I come!! Help me!" Yumi continued shouting.

"Well, I think you already will do anything... Do you want your Master to take your cherry?" The Dean said to the still blind-folded beauty.

"Eh? I not know 'cherry'? What mean Sir?" Yumi said puzzled.

"It means, your virginity sweetheart. You want your Master to fuck you? Should I ask your Daddy if he wants me to fuck his little girl?"

Yumi had a sudden sick feeling in her stomach when he mentioned her Father. She felt like this was all wrong. Despite wanting cock so badly, and previously thinking she didn't care about waiting until marriage, she was overcome with an overwhelming feeling of wanting to honour her parents. "Oh! Sir I must pure for marriage! Please my parents, please no!" Yumi could think of nothing she would love more, but her Father and her Mother would be profoundly ashamed if she wasn't a virgin before marriage.

"Oh that is a pity! Well, I'm afraid I can't let you come then. This is really disappointing Yumi. I thought you would do anything for me? I'll just have to fuck your pretty face then, you'll have to enjoy swallowing my cum instead," The Dean tormented her.

"And what do you think your parents will think about you coming in Felicity's Lingerie store?" Miss White asked the tortured teen.

"Honto?" Yumi said in her native tongue, completely caught by surprise. She didn't realise that everything was being filmed. She knew that sounded pretty naïve at this point. They had her totally under their control.

"Yes Yumi... should we send them an anonymous video? Neither myself or the Dean are in the video, it seems as though you just did that lewd modelling work for money. Will they be happy to see their daughter doing that kind of thing?" Miss White ridiculed her helpless slave.

"Please no! Father won't like! He will shamed! He lose face! I sorry... I.. I do it!!" Yumi begged dramatically.

"Oh so you do want your Master to make love to you now? So indecisive Yumi-chan!" The Dean mocked her, "Well, I still don't believe you. I will only give you this gift if you really, really want it sweetheart."

Yumi thought seriously about her predicament. If she didn't do what they wanted she would shame her family when they saw the video of her. If she did, then she wouldn't have to tell them that she was not a virgin. She really had no choice but to let the Dean take her.

"Ok Sir, I do it, please no tell Father!" Yumi begged.

"He doesn't have to know. But Yumi, you need to ask me nicer than that. Sounds like you don't want my big hard cock in your pretty pussy?" The Dean told her.

"Sir please give me big hard cock, I want it, I need cock Master!" Yumi pleaded. She really meant every word of it too.

"That's better. Tell me, who's pussy is that?" The Dean asked.

"ahh, it your pussy Sir! All me belong to you," Yumi admitted. She was understanding how completely owned she was now. Every inch of her body was owned by the Dean and the College.

"That's right Yumi-chan. Tell me again what you want..." The Dean asked while he pulled her onto the bed and lay her on her back. He then straddled her chest sitting on her big tits. As she was about to speak he inserted his cock in her mouth.

"I want fuuugghmmmff-" Yumi struggled to speak as she accommodated the thick intruder. Meanwhile, Miss White had crouched between her legs behind her and grabbed the clit vibrator with her fingers and started to lick the tip of her clitoris. "MmMMmMmMFFF!" Yumi wailed.

"Is that nice sweetheart?" Miss White asked happy to finally suck the girl's pussy.

Yumi responded by bucking her hips into Miss White's mouth. The Dean was fucking her mouth hard, pushing in all eight inches of his manhood. Miss White increased her intensity on the beautiful slave's hot button.

"I'll tell you what, if you can resist an orgasm for the next two minutes I will fuck you. If you can't then we will think of another way for you to lose your cherry. However, we won't make it easy for you..." The Dean said not slowing his rhythm for a moment. He looked at his watch and said, "Annnnd the time starts.. NOW!"

Yumi tried to push away all of the wonderful feelings in her body but it felt futile. She wanted to come more than anything else. Her mind was foggy and she couldn't think of anything, just pleasure. After thirty seconds the Dean produced the remote control to her exciter charm and smiled as he switched it on to level four. Instantly, she was screaming into the cock filling her mouth and wildly bucking her hips. Miss White clawed her nails into Yumi's full and round arse cheeks holding her down. It felt weird to lick the buzzing motor but she continued, further adding to Yumi's agonising struggle to not come.

The Dean was about to blow in her mouth as his strokes became rapid. Yumi still had another 45 seconds to last but it was hopeless. She screamed loudly as she came. This pushed the Dean over the edge and he came into her mouth. Yumi was gargling on the cum as the Dean slipped his cock out of her. Miss White was lapping up Yumi's pussy juice like it was a quickly melting ice-cream cone. She was even making sounds to show how tasty she found it. Yumi was twitching as little spurts of cum shot out of her hot pussy.

"Swallow it all down like a good girl," The Dean ordered her, directing the cum that spilled on her face into her mouth with his index finger. With his left hand he turned off the exciter charm.

Yeeesss.. sir.." Yumi said into between ragged breaths.

"Now clean my cock," The Dean said slowly and purposefully, "Get under the skin, be sure to get all the cum off Yumi-chan."

She paid special attention to her task, swirling her tongue around the shaft and head. More semen was leaking out of the Dean's still turgid cock. She swallowed it down as a good girl should. Yumi felt disappointed that she wasn't able to last the full two minutes without coming. At least she still had her virginity but she, of course, realised it wouldn't last. Now it might be someone else that gets to fuck her first. Surely the Dean would want to take her for himself she thought. Yumi wished that he would, she would be careful to be a very good girl for him and beg him to be the one to take her cherry.

"Sis, you've really made a mess down here... So cute the way you squirt so much! I'll clean you up with a bath," Miss White said. She left the Dean and Yumi to run the water for Yumi's bath in the bathroom next door.

"If only you could have held on a little longer, now I'm afraid we will have to add your virginity as part of the auction," The Dean lamented.

"No Sir! Please no! I want you take my pussy! Please!" Yumi cried, still exhausted from her orgasm.

"You will do as you are told... Do you want me to send that video to your Father?" The Dean blackmailed her.

"No Sir! But how I sex stranger?" Yumi begged.

"Ok, I've had enough of this. Put your ass in the air and your face on the bed," The Dean commanded Yumi.

"Sorry Sir..." Yumi said as she raised her ass in the air for him. He turned the vibrator back on to level three and started spanking her ass hard.

"Count each one and then say 'thank you for correcting me, Sir'" The Dean said.

Yumi was jerking her body violently from the vibrator and from the spanks hitting her wet arse. She felt like she might come again, and quickly. She managed to count all ten spanks without forgetting to add 'thank you for correcting me, Sir'. After he was finished, the Dean used his tie to bind Yumi's wrists behind her back. Next, he turned up the charm to level five. Yumi screamed as she was overcome with another orgasm. She couldn't hold on to her bladder and again started pissing all over her bed.

"I've set it to go off at random intervals, anywhere between one and three minutes, for 20 second bursts. You can stay like that for the next half hour while you think about what you said to me. It should serve as a reminder what happens to bad girls who don't do as they are told, Yumi-chan." And so it was, Yumi was left face down and unable to get up, with her own pee pooling at her knees, being teased by a tiny machine shaking her clitoris for the next 30 minutes as she waited for Miss White to clean her hot, dirty and incredibly sexy body. She was becoming exhausted, her eyes had rolled back in her head from the intense pleasure she was feeling and her body was a twitching mass of sensitive nerves.

The Dean gave her a firm slap on the ass as he left her. Yumi wondered who would win her virginity next week. This was the most helpless she had ever felt and she loved it, but she was still scared at the idea of being fucked for the first time by someone she had, most likely, never met. She just had tell herself that it was all part of her duty as Special College Assistant. She was doing it for the College, and her Master, the Dean.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 12**

Yumi is used as a live milk jug, has all her clothes and a weekend away with her auctioned, and finally gets her virginity taken.

The Slave Auction

Yumi passed out from exhaustion before the 30 minutes were over. The bath water was a little too hot, so Miss White did a few things in her office for an hour and then went back to the unconscious girl, removed her clitoral vibrator from her sopping wet pussy and untied her hands. She carried Yumi in her arms into the bath which was now at a good temperature. Miss White began to soap up the tired girl as she began to stir.

"Where I am?" Yumi said in a state of utter confusion.

"Don't worry yourself dear, your Sis is looking after you now. Do you remember what happened?" Miss White asked.

"Uhmm I ahh... I come?" Yumi guessed.

"Yes, you did, quite a few times sweetheart. You made a big mess of your bed. I have put them in to be cleaned," Miss White informed her.

"Ahh hazukashii!" Yumi said she was embarrassed.

"That means you are hungry?" Miss White asked.

"No, embarrassed Sis!" Yumi said.

"It's nothing to be embarrassed about my dear! So don't worry, ok?" Miss White reassured her.

"Ok Sis," Yumi agreed, "Sis?"

"What is it Yumi-chan?" Miss White answered.

"Is Dean mad at me?" Yumi said with a quiver of upset in her voice.

"Oh sweetheart, he's not mad, just a little disappointed. He expected you to be more obedient by now. You must do as he says without hesitation. Don't you want to be a good girl for the College? Good girls get rewarded Yumi," Miss White explained.

"I not want stranger fuck me Sis!" Yumi said looking as though she would burst into tears, "I want Dean please!"

"Well you missed your chance for that. Now you understand how important it is to follow orders. Maybe if you are extra nice the Dean will change his mind."

"Honto? I hope, so!" Yumi was filled with a new hope. She vowed to herself to perform above and beyond her duties. She wanted the Dean to be her first rather than some unknown man. Miss White continued washing her for the next 30 minutes. She untied her hair and washed it, massaging Yumi head as she did. Yumi felt so relaxed she drifted off to sleep again. Sometime later, Miss White rinsed off Yumi, dried her hair and led her into the next room to give her a full body massage and moisturise her tight teenage body. Miss White decided that Yumi needed some more NLP training as she was not completely submissive yet. She left Yumi on the massage table as she searched for her iPod in her desk draw. She returned to the room and spoke to Yumi.

"Yumi-chan, listen to this track, try to relax and think positive thoughts. Let your mind be open, sweetheart," Miss White said.

"Yes Sis," Yumi said politely.

Miss White covered her ears with the large over-ear headphones and straddled Yumi's ass. She squirted a generous quantity of moisturising cream onto the smooth tan skin of Yumi's back. As she began massaging Yumi's ears were saturated with almost indiscernible messages of "A good girl obeys her master, A good girl wants to please the Dean" among others, which gradually became louder over the serene music that was playing behind it. Yumi was absorbing the messages into her subconscious as she melted into the massage table. Her worries over who would take her virginity were floating away as she realised she would simply do as the Dean instructed.

It was around 3pm when her massage was over. Yumi was given some time to be alone in her room. Her sheets and mattress topper were replaced by Miss White. They had prepared her bed before Yumi moved into the College with a rubber sheet under the layers to protect the mattress from bodily fluids. Yes, they planned every last detail. After all the excitement today, Yumi was a little bored. She was beginning to think that not only did she enjoy it, but she was addicted to humiliation. The NLP session she had just had with Miss White also reinforced this belief. She tried to not think about coming again and had a nap. A few hours later she awoke to eat her dinner. The Dean came in to inform Yumi of a change in plans.

"Hi Yumi-chan, Miss White and I have been talking, and we decided to give you a break until the Slave Auction. You will be able to use the next week and a half to paint or study if you wish. Everything else will continue as normal. Of course, you will be limited to your room and some time outside each day, but definitely no sexual pleasure or exposure in front of students and teachers. We want you to think about what you did earlier," The Dean elucidated Yumi.

"Ah Sir, no College work?" Yumi asked unsure of what the Dean was saying.

"No Yumi, you will paint, study English, do your morning Yoga, receive your daily milking and eat breakfast, lunch and dinner. Anything else you want to will have to be cleared by me. The next week and a half will be quiet time for you to reflect on your attitude and your commitment to your position. You will not come unless I treat you. You will also practice posing in front of your mirror to prepare for the auction and we will get Mr Wells to teach you some of his dance class. It will help drive up your auction price if you can entice the bidders."

"Yes, Sir," was all Yumi could say as she tried to come to terms with the thought of possibly no release of sexual tension for the next 12 days. She didn't know if she could last. Yumi had an idea that she was being constantly filmed now, so she thought if she tried to pleasure herself, the Dean would know. Going from never masturbating and hiding her body to constantly begging to come and wearing nothing or barely anything at most times, in only a few weeks, had really confused Yumi. She didn't know who she was anymore. Was she a slut or simply a victim of her situation? If she was a victim why didn't she resist more? Was that even an option for her? It was hard to know, but she knew she wanted to come again, and it was only six hours since she had last orgasmed.

Over the next 12 days, Yumi struggled to stick to the Dean's orders. She was caught masturbating three times. Her punishment the first time was 20 spanks. For each subsequent infraction her punishment doubled. Her last spanking was 80 hard spanks to her full, rounded ass. She received a tiny fraction of enjoyment from it, but she realised it wasn't as much fun without anyone to witness it, and it got fairly painful after the first ten. She knew she was an exhibitionist and only wanted to make people happy by showing them her body, even thought she still felt a little uncomfortable and shy, exposure and humiliation was what she realised made her feel alive. This is where her College Assistant role was a perfect excuse to get the attention she now desperately craved. The Dean always knew she would grow to love her sex slavery. He had a sense for these things.

It felt like an eternity she had to endure without release. She didn't get much painting done as she found herself fantasising about being naked in front of the class, with the Dean ploughing her from behind and calmly explaining to the students that Yumi was a beautiful asian slave to be enjoyed and used for many years to come. In her fantasy, he spanked her as he deeply penetrated her and Yumi just looked out at the stunned faces of the students and all she could hear was her own screams of joy.

Friday morning of the night of the College Slave Auction had arrived, and Yumi was excited, anxious and incredibly horny. Yumi was on a high knowing she would be displayed for all the College and selected citizens of Cambridge and surrounding villages. To further frustrate the teenage siren, the Dean had even made her dress in casual, conservative clothes for almost a fortnight. Yumi had a backlog of desire that needed to be satiated. She would make sure she was the sexiest girl at this auction. She had to get the highest price or she would feel like a terrible failure. The Dean had not allowed her to orgasm once during her time in exile these last 12 days. It was a deliberate plan to make her extremely horny for the auction. There would be some rich men attending and he wanted to get as much out of them as possible for the opportunity to spend 48 hours with Yumi. He was sure they would go into a bidding frenzy for the busty, Brazilian-Asian bombshell.

The Dean entered Yumi's room as she was just finishing her yoga for the morning. She had a slight sheen of sweat over her body that was encased in her new tiny sports bra and miniature boy shorts that wedged deep into her ass and pussy.

"Good morning Yumi! Are you ready for tonight?" The Dean asked.

"I think so, Sir," Yumi said.

"You think so? Please, a little more enthusiasm... Well this morning we are going to do something a little different. Instead of your regular milking by Dr Goodman we will have you in the staff room for fresh milk," The Dean explained.

"Sorry Sir, yes I'm ready! Oh... fresh milk, Sir?" Yumi questioned, her English a little better.

"Yes, fresh from your nipples sweetheart! Won't that be fun?" The Dean teased.

"Yes... Sir," Yumi said unsure about being a living milk jug for all the teachers.

"Hurry up now and get changed, the teachers are waiting."

The Dean stood in the doorway as Yumi quickly changed into her tiny leotard, belt and sandals. Miss White had plaited her hair last night and affixed the vibrator to her clitoris this morning, so she didn't have to worry about doing that now. The Dean held her hand and led her back to his office and then next door to the staff room. He directed her to sit on a space on the counter next to the jug of percolated coffee. Next he pulled her hands behind her and and pushed her elbows together, then he used a pair of padded handcuffs around her arms slightly above the elbows to pin them back and thrusting her swollen tits out in front of her. The Dean pulled a blindfold from his pocket and tied it over her eyes, then pulled her knees apart so she would be more stable on the countertop. For the final touches, he put some large headphones over her ears and connected an iPod to it which was cued to play the same relaxing music and NLP messages she heard yesterday, and then he placed a two by four inch wooden plaque between her F cup tits which hung from a thin silver chain around the back of her neck. The wood had the word "Milk" burnt into it in a script typeface. It was produced by one of the students from the Visual Arts department.

"I have ensured that you will not be able to hear or see the private conversations of the staff. We often discuss course work here and I wouldn't want you to be privy to that information," He said.

"Oh ok, Sir," Yumi replied. With that he pressed play on the iPod and put it on the counter behind her, then he pulled the thin band covering her nipples down leaving her tits bare and easily accessible. The Dean poured himself a cup of coffee then he held the hot cup under Yumi's right breast and squeezed around the edge of the nipple. Yumi's tits were painfully swollen with milk, she moaned at the groping. She guessed it was the Dean, but she would have no idea who was milking her massive milk jugs soon. The milk shot out in the jet missing the Dean's cup and instead shooting over his shoulder. He pulled her shoulders forward more so her breasts dangled down in front of her and he tried again, this time angling the nipple towards his cup. Yumi's milk penetrated the coffee in his cup and after three squirts he decided he had enough.

"Mmmm! No sugar needed, this is sweet enough!" The Dean said to himself. Yumi was grateful for the brief respite of pressure on her breasts, but she found herself wanting to be fully milked now. It was a terrible tease to leave her without draining the rest of her milk. She liked the massaging on her sore nipples and hoped the other teachers would make themselves a cup of coffee soon. Her wishes were answered as Dr Goodman, Ms Pennyworth, Mr Dobrev and Mr Spicer entered the staff room. Of course she had no idea for whom she was perched on the counter waiting to provide fresh milk. The teachers chatted among themselves praising Dean Roberts for his fantastic idea. Dr Goodman was the first to get a coffee. She stood in front of Yumi eyeing her dripping nipples.

"She looks fit to burst!" Dr Goodman commented, "I bet she's got at least half a litre in each."

"Well, that's good, I like to have two coffees to start my day... don't want her to go dry on me," The Dean replied.

Dr Goodman held her cup under Yumi's nipple and grabbed her tit with her left hand squeezing and pushing the soft flesh. Yumi moaned softly, more from the shock of not knowing when her milking would begin. Milk began to dribble out but it missed the cup instead hitting Yumi's thighs then pooling on the countertop, just in front of her camel-toed pussy. Dr Goodman adjusted her aim and didn't lose a drop from the next milk spurt. She squeezed out three more and decided she had enough sweet milk in her coffee. She stirred it with a teaspoon and had a sip.

"Mmmmm! I don't need any sugar with this now. Yumi is sweet enough!" Dr Goodman commented unaware the Dean had made the same hackneyed joke. She was serious however, the natural sweetness was enough to compliment the bitter coffee.

"Ok, I need to try this," Said Mr Spicer. He poured his coffee then began squeezing Yumi's breast roughly. Yumi shrieked out in shock and a little pain, although she was aroused as well from the feeling of utter helplessness, as well as the complete objectivity displayed toward her. The Dean had found yet another creative way to exploit Yumi's innate humility.

"Woah! Slow down there Jack! Gently, like this," Dr Goodman said as she guided Mr Spicer's hand in the correct technique for expressing milk.

"Ah yeah, that's working pretty well now," He said, "This makes for a much more pleasant morning ritual!"

Mr Dobrev laughed and added, "What great udders she has, sorry if I offend you ladies..." he said in a slight Russian accent.

"I'm not offended, but I wouldn't compare a girl as beautiful as Yumi to a cow," Ms Pennyworth said. She had always found Mr Dobrev to be a crude individual, but she had learned to deal with his abrasive manner while working in the College's Visual Arts department as a matter of course.

"Sorry... of course she is very pretty, not a cow, but she does have awesome tits!" Mr Dobrev admitted.

Ms Pennyworth just rolled her eyes at the man thinking how most men are so childish.

"Yes, ok Igor, please move aside, I would like to make a coffee too," Ms Pennyworth said pushing past him. She poured a cup leaving a lot of room for milk. She liked a sweet, milky coffee. Ms Pennyworth put her cup on the counter between Yumi's thighs, pushing it up against her pussy. Yumi twitched at the feeling of the warm ceramic against her wet lips. Ms Pennyworth smiled as she curled her fingers over the top of Yumi's breasts and pointed her nipples toward the cup squeezing them down to the light brown areolae. Milk squirted over the cup and along Yumi's thighs. While gripping Yumi's nipples, Ms Pennyworth looked at the mess she had made on the bound, blindfolded and ear-muffed beauty.

"Whoops! Let me clean that up..." Ms Pennyworth announced as she bent her head down and licked from halfway down Yumi's right thigh to the fold between her leg and groin.

"Ooooh! Ahhh," Yumi cooed involuntarily.

Ms Pennyworth did the same on her other thigh. She liked the taste of the milk and decided to drink straight 'from the bottle'. She shoved the busty Asian's left tit in her mouth sucking it hard.

"oooohhhaaaaahhh! Ohh, kimochi!" Yumi was shocked at how good it felt having the mystery mouth on the end of her swollen breast. She thrust her chest out eager to be sucked dry by the Art Teacher.

Ms Pennyworth meanwhile was loving how wanton the girl had become. She was not the same girl she knew a few weeks ago. Yumi was well on her way to becoming a total whore. Ms Pennyworth imagined what other perverted things she could do with the beautiful teenager in her Art class as she sucked deeply on her milk-engorged jugs. The first mouthful Ms Pennyworth swallowed. After some more long powerful sucks, she had another mouthful. She removed the sweet teat from her mouth and moved her lips to kiss Yumi. The horny half Brazilian parted her full lips to allow the teacher to spout her own fresh milk into her mouth. Yumi swallowed so as to avoid coughing on her warm breast milk. She actually found herself enjoying the flavour, as well as the strange objectification of her person, which didn't seem to matter anymore what form it took. As long as she was being used her body reacted sexually.

The other teachers just looked on as Ms Pennyworth did as she did with the hot body in front of her what she pleased. They were amused at her actions. Feeding Yumi her own fresh milk was entertaining. The other teachers would have to dream up some more perverted ways to humiliate the girl as per the unspoken game they were all playing with her. Finally, Ms Pennyworth resumed her attempts at milking into her cup of coffee with greater success. After another minute of milking, she had filled her cup and left the human milk jug and sat at the table with the others.

"So, how is the new milk? Dr Goodman tells me it's got a bit more fat in it," The Dean asked the teachers.

"It's good! I prefer it to soy or cow's milk," Ms Pennyworth raved.

"Yeah I think this should be a regular thing," Mr Spicer said, "She needs to be milked anyway, why not get it fresh?"

"I agree. She seems to like it anyway," The Dean said as he walked to Yumi and squeezed hard on her erect nipples.

"Ooooohh, aaahhhmmmmmm," Yumi mumbled.

"Dr Goodman, can you please finish Yumi's milking and then take her to Mr Wells class?" The Dean asked the Doctor.

"Of course. Looking forward to seeing her tonight," Dr Goodman said. She walked to the table and took out the electric nipple pumps she had been using for Yumi the past week. "Anybody else need another coffee before I start?"

"I want a coffee," Mr Dobrev called out urgently. He really just wanted a chance to feel Yumi's big luscious melons in his rough hands. He poured a cup and placed it in between Yumi's thighs. The cup slid for a moment on the juices that had pooled under the teenager's groin. The Dean had not switched her exciter charm on, so the leaky pussy was the result of just having her nipples sucked whilst being bound and blindfolded. She really couldn't help herself anymore. Yumi had a definite physiological response to being tied and used.

After five minutes of Mr Dobrev squeezing and pulling the large breasts not really trying hard to get the milk in the cup, with Yumi moaning and leaking more pussy juice the whole time, Dr Goodman asked him to finish so she could complete her daily milking. She guessed there was probably another 700 millimetres in Yumi's bulging boobs. The teachers left the staff room to prepare for their classes and Dr Goodman got to work affixing the nipple pumps to Yumi, She had used the extra large bottles as last time she had to change the smaller ones twice, then turned on the exciter charm to level two, just to cruelly keep Yumi closer to orgasm. Dr Goodman took off the headphones Yumi was wearing and spoke to the girl.

"Yumi my little milk-maid, I'll be back in fifteen minutes to check on your milking," Dr Goodman then left the busty, horny teen perched on the countertop moaning for release. Yumi looked down at the milky residue between her thighs and saw her damp panties. She suddenly felt the exciter charm kick into a higher speed. It must have been remotely triggered, she didn't realise that could happen. This discovery further cemented Yumi's feeling of servitude to the College. Now she could be forced to orgasm anywhere there was an open wifi connection. She had no idea how it worked, but it would automatically look for new open connections. It could even connect to a password protected network via an application that interfaced with the device. Another feature was that it could be scheduled to go off at any time of the day. A feature she would discover later.

Yumi was now involuntarily rolling her hips forward and back, trying hopelessly to rub her hot pussy. Dr Goodman had only been gone about five minutes but it felt like an hour to Yumi. After another five minutes she felt the charm get faster again. It must have been on level four now. Normally this would be enough to make her come but the NLP she had been listening to had embedded a command that she was not to come without permission. Yumi of course had no idea about this as she was thrashing around on the countertop, crying out in ecstasy her whole world focused on coming but not being able. Her huge breasts were bouncing in every direction with the milk bottles struggling to keep on, the feeling of them pulling on her nipples adding to Yumi's all over excitement. The door opened suddenly to show Dr Goodman entering the room with a large smile.

"Oh sorry sweetie! Did that little exciter charm speed up? I bet you want to come, huh?" Dr Goodman said mockingly.

"Aaannnngghhhh YES YES MISS! Ahhhhhh oooohhhh aaahhhhhnnngg ooohhh ohhh I want come!" Yumi begged, feeling as though she needed an extra push to get her past the point of no return.

"Hmm, normally you come very quickly on level four... I wonder why not this time?" Dr Goodman teased.

"Wakarimasen Sensei! Aaaannnnnhghhggg!" Yumi expressed her bewilderment in her mother tongue as she did in times of extreme emotion.

"Oooooh," Dr Goodman exclaimed loudly, "That's what it is! You have to ask me for permission now. We couldn't have you in control of your orgasm sweetheart. Ask me nicely now Yumi."

"Please.. AAANNGGGHH, please can I, oooh ohh ooohh, come, Miss?" Yumi asked.

"No sorry, Yumi, not yet," Dr Goodman replied coldly and switched off the device.

Yumi was so disappointed as she sat there panting with a frown on her face. She was actually moaning and felt like crying. Her eyes had welled up and Dr Goodman noticed it.

"Yumi, calm down darling, you'll have a chance to come soon, I promise," Dr Goodman said gently patting her head in a rare display of empathy, "Now let's get you cleaned up and off that counter."

Yumi's blindfold and handcuffs were removed and Dr Goodman wiped her down first with a damp tea towel then a dry one. The Doctor covered her nipples with the straps of her leotard and helped her off the countertop. Yumi was still upset from having been denied her orgasm. She really felt like a prisoner now. To have gone 12 days without orgasm and to be denied again this morning was making her a little crazy. She felt like she wanted to scream and hit Dr Goodman, despite her gentle nature. Why didn't she just say yes? It was so incredibly cruel of her to leave her on the edge like that. Yumi was led to Mr Wells dance class.

"Ahh good morning Yumi!" Mr Wells beamed, "Today we'll continue on with the routine you've been learning over the last week or so." It was a small class that included the other girls and boys that signed up for the auction. In all, it was a small class of nine including Yumi. The dance they had been learning was in preparation for the auction. It was a short dance based on the style of the famous K-pop artist, Hyuna. She is a beautiful Korean woman known for her very sexy ass-shaking video clips. The rest of the class were dressed in loose fitting clothing except for the girls who were wearing spandex shorts.

"Yumi please get changed," Mr Wells said, "Just do it here, the girls have seen it all before, and well, I'm gay, so don't be worried about me!" Yumi had only just calmed down from her milking session earlier and she knew getting completely naked when there were two muscular males in the class would ramp up her arousal once again.

"Sir please can I go behind screen?" Yumi asked.

"Oh alright, but hurry up!" Mr Wells said and gave her a little slap on her arse.

Yumi was given her outfit which consisted of a tiny pair of boy shorts and a small sports bra. She quickly stripped off her leotard and pulled on her shorts first then the bra. The boys watched her silhouette in the screen as she changed, laughing and teasing the other girls in the class, saying they must be jealous of Yumi's hot body. After some adjustment, Yumi had her big tits inside the small bra. There was a lot of flesh poking out the bottom and the side of the tiny garment, but it would have to do.

"Ok, everybody in positions," Mr Wells told the class. Yumi was in the front and centre with three girls on each side of her in a triangle formation and the two guys were at the back of the group. The dance was choreographed to keep most of the attention on Yumi. The other girls were not exactly happy about having to support Yumi, this but the dance was a condition of the participating in the "slave" auction. Mr Wells turned on the iPod connected to the PA in the auditorium and Hyuna's "Ice-Cream" filled the space. He started calling out directions to the students shouting for them to "make it sexy", "more energy" with particular attention paid to Yumi, she was the star of the show after all. The performance ran for only one minute. It was a kind of introduction to the auction to whet the punters appetites.

"Ok, great," Mr Wells began, "Just one thing I picked up on.. Jill and Keisha, it seems like you aren't touching Yumi in the part where she pushes her butt out and pushes her breasts forward, it needs to look like she is getting slapped on the bum, so please, actually hit her. And Yumi, when you feel them spank you I want you to pull your butt in a little and jerk your shoulders up. It should look like you are surprised. Jill, swap places with Jade please, I think she will be better for this part. Ok, now from the top..."

They went through the dance again and again over the next 30 minutes. Mr Wells standing at the front encouraging them to make the ice-cream licking actions exaggerated and lascivious. A dirty and wicked grin spread across Jade's face as she realised the part where she got to spank Yumi six times was coming up. She still harboured resentment towards Yumi as she was indeed, as her friends suggested, jealous of the curvaceous girl. The chorus of the song started and Jade spanked her once per lyric, hard, in time to Hyuna's sexy voice oozing out the words "Ice Cream". Yumi reacted to the spanks perfectly, jolting her shoulders up and bouncing her huge tits wonderfully. She was pouting seductively as she was spanked again another two times a few seconds later and then a final two a few seconds after that.

"That's it! Perfect," Mr Wells congratulated the girls.

The girls continued dancing. The routine finished after about another 20 seconds with her knees spread two feet apart, her ass in the air and her head in her hands with her elbows on the ground framing and squashing together her mammoth mammaries. The two girls at the front to either side of her, Jade and Keisha, had a foot resting on each of Yumi's sweaty arse cheeks. They had bare feet now, but tonight they would be wearing three inch pointed heels.

"Great rehearsal everyone. Do that tonight, and there will be a bidding frenzy," Mr Wells said, "One more thing, Yumi, get that arse up a bit higher and really push your chest out."

"Yes Sir," Yumi said as she followed his instructions. Her sports bra sprang up over her nipples as it strained against her flesh. Yumi felt it happen but wasn't able to adjust her top as her hands were supporting her head.

"Whoops!" Mr Wells laughed, "We'll have to make sure that doesn't happen later." He told the class to think sexy thoughts, and that they were to return to his office one hour before the auction as they would be dressed and made up for the auction tonight. Yumi was finally free to adjust her top. Her dark nipples were very sensitive and she was inadvertently arousing herself just trying to get her tight little bra back on.

"aaaiiieeehh!" she gasped as she dragged the stretchy material over her swollen nubs. The rest of the students chuckled quietly at this. Miss White entered the class and addressed the students.

"Hello Class, are you all excited for the fundraiser?" Miss White asked.

"Yeah Miss White, can't wait to see how much I can get for these guns!" Trent said flexing his biceps.

"Great Trent, you are certainly in great shape. Ok well, good luck students! Come with me Yumi," She said taking the girls hand before she could change, "We need to do you beauty treatment." Miss White picked up Yumi's tiny leotard and thanked Mr Wells on her way out.

Yumi was led back to her bathroom and treated to an extra long bath, thorough waxing with depilatory cream and a long massage. In all, Yumi was pampered and prepared for four hours. Miss White prepared another NLP session, this time focusing on making her more comfortable with sex, whether it is oral, vaginal or anal. She was allowed to have a nap for a few hours after the session and had her dinner when she was woken. Miss White combed her hair out after dinner and was taken back to Mr Wells to be made up for the auction.

"Ok Yumi, tonight we will have you dress in your original uniform," Mr Wells said, "With a few alterations. Firstly, we have decided to give you these metal nipple caps and a matching one for your exciter charm. Let me show you how it works. Take off your clothes now."

Yumi was a little apprehensive as the dressing room she was in had the other girls from her class all seated in front of mirrors having make up applied and their hair done. The boys were in another room being prepared.

"But Sir, you will see me naked.." Yumi's voice trailed off.

"Sweetheart, I told you I'm not into girls," Mr Wells said clearly annoyed with her stalling. Yumi pulled on the straps of her outfit uncovering the tiny sections of skin that had been hidden. She stood in front of the six girls who were smiling as they eyed her body and the teacher who looked at her without expression, wearing only her sandals. Mr Wells pulled on Yumi's nipples a little hard and pulled her towards him.

"Iiitaai!" Yumi cried stumbling forward.

"Oh sorry, just need to get these hard," Mr Wells said flicking his thumbs over her now stiffening nubs. After the initial shock she couldn't help but start to get turned on. Droplets of milk were leaking from her and increasing the chill factor from a fan. "Ok, this is looking good."

He reached into his pocket with his right hand and held a small chrome plated top-hat shaped steel disc about five centimetres across. He unscrewed the cylindrical centre tube to reveal a split column beneath protruding from the disc. It flared slightly. Inside the column was a thin rubber tube.

"Now stay very still, I don't want this to pinch," He said sliding the disc over Yumi's left nipple then carefully pulling her nipple through on the other side. Her nipple was sticking out about one centimetre past the end of the split column. Next he took the tube he had unscrewed and slowly screwed it onto the column. Yumi felt rubber gently hug her nipple then a little later she felt the end of her nipple flesh squash into the end cap. The rubber was gripping her tightly now and she felt pressure on every part of her nipple. The small nipples tubes extended two centimetres from her breasts. She looked down at the jewellery and saw a small half eye hook on the end of the tube.

"How's that feel? Should be snug," Mr Well asked pulling on the cap gently.

"Ah yes Sir it ok," Yumi replied. She looked down at her breast which was stretching out in front of her and enjoyed the sensation of every part of her nipple having stimulated. She realised this was another point of control on her body. Mr Wells did the same on her other nipple and then he produced the next part of Yumi's outfit.

"Now you might have noticed the groove around your exciter charm... that has been designed with a purpose in mind," Mr Wells retrieved another piece of jewellery from his pocket. This time it was a spring loaded metal ring that could be squeezed to make it larger. Mr Wells squeezed the ring and fitted it over Yumi's exciter charm. He released his grip on the ring and it fit into the groove that went around the circumference of the charm. He had two silver chains each with clips at each end and a ring in the middle of the length. He clipped these to her nipples and then to each grip on the ring attached to her vibrating device. The two rings in the middle of the chains rested to either side of her petite belly button. Yumi wriggled at the tension on her clitoris and nipples. It felt so good to be dressed up this way. They were the perfect ornaments for her delicious body. She wondered if she would have to wear these all night. How would she dance with this attached?

"This is what we will attach to you for the winner of the auction. There is another light chain that attaches to these two rings," Mr Wells said fingering the rings, Yumi yipped quietly at the simulation, "But for now I'll disconnect the chains, it would be too dangerous to dance with these attached." Thank goodness for that, Yumi thought as Mr Wells undid the chains.

"Ok now for your makeup," Mr Wells said.

"Sir? No clothes?" Yumi asked perplexed.

"Yes of course you get clothes! But I'll just apply a bronzer to your body first," He said picking up a big soft brush and dusting over her body. He made sure to get under her big titties and deep in her ass crack with the brush. Yumi would shine on stage like a golden beacon. She was sure to raise a lot of money for the College tonight. After a few minutes she was ready for her clothes. Compared to her recent outfits, her school uniform was almost conservative. She was dressed in the same bra, blouse, skirt and stockings that she wore that fateful day a couple of months ago, that started her on her journey to becoming a wanton slut. Her shoes however were stilettos and not a solid heel, and they were a more expensive brand than the other girls' shoes. She was well along the way now to being completely submissive, but the Dean felt she still had some reservations that needed to be eroded.

The only other differences in her outfit, was a shiny chrome sequinned six inch long by four inch wide loincloth that had no back, and her stockings. The other girls weren't given them. A silver chain ran around her hips to hold the loincloth in place. She would have to be careful to make sure it covered her pussy. Mr Wells applied some eyeliner and bright red lipstick to Yumi, her skin was so smooth and flawless she barely needed any powder for her face. As a final touch she was given two diamond earrings, about five millimetres in height, with the initials "SC" formed in tiny diamonds. They were for Strickfield College, but could easily mean something else. It was a kind of branding for Yumi. Another reminder whose property she was.

"Wow, you look amazing my dear!" Mr Wells gushed, "You are ready for the auction. Ok students, time to get out there." Mr Wells slapped Yumi on the arse and she led the students out onto the stage.

"Please put your hands together for our Auctionees!" Dean Roberts announced over the PA.

There were around 500 people seated in front of the stage, they all started applauding as Hyuna's "Ice Cream" blared over the speakers. Yumi's eyes went large with nerves and excitement at seeing all the spectators eyes follow her across the stage. There were a lot of rich and important people in the front three rows. Yumi could guess they were rich by the way they dressed. Being dressed like a slutty schoolgirl in front of powerful people ignited her arousal. This was by far the most people she had had staring at her at once. She wanted to win the auction more than anything. The applause died down as the students started their dance. Yumi had learned how to move well in her 4" heels in the last week, the other girls already had no problem with it, most them had studied some dancing in the past.

Mr Wells was off to the side of the stage making big gestures with his hands toward the dancers, encouraging them to smile more by putting his index fingers to the corners of his mouth and pushing up. He also thrust his chest out to show Yumi how to present her breasts to the audience. She complied with his requests adding more sexiness to the steamy routine. At the part where the girls spank her ass the crowd got very excited, cheering and wooing loudly. The girls made sure they gave Yumi three of their very best spanks. Finally they finished with Yumi on her elbows and knees with her high ass providing a foot rest for Jade and Keisha's pointed heels. Most of the crowd was out of their seats clapping emphatically, the rich guests in the front rows were wearing grins that wouldn't soon disappear.

"Great job guys! Please, everybody, one more round of applause for the auctionees!" The Dean said. The crowd clapped for another ten seconds and finally resumed sitting. "Ok, we will auction each participant separately according to a random draw. We will begin by auctioning the clothes and then the right to take the 'slave' for the weekend." The Dean explained. It was random, except for the fact that Yumi would be the last one.

"Miss White, will you please pick a name from the box?" Dean Roberts said pointing to the box atop the speaking podium in front of him, at the side of the stage.

"Sure. Ok let's see who's first..." she said unfolding a small piece of paper, "..it's one of the boys, first on the auction block is Trent!" Trent tried to cover his nerves by flexing his arms as he walked to the front and centre of the stage. The others were quietly sitting in chairs at the back of the stage until they were called. Trent was wearing trousers and a long sleeved shirt. The girls were wearing basically the same clothes as Yumi, but they were less revealing than Yumi's outfit. Mr Wells had insisted that the boys also wear thong underwear. Yumi was the only one wearing a half-loincloth.

"Introducing Trent. He is a 20 year old student of Law, he weighs in at 94 kilograms and is 183 centimetres tall. Isn't he hot ladies?" Miss White said. The women and girls in the audience responded in the affirmative, cheering their approval. "We will start the bidding with his shirt. Who will give me £10?" Immediately, a student held up her paddle. Everyone who registered for bidding was given a paddle with a number on it. "We have ten do I have 20?" Another student held up their paddle. After another 30 seconds the price had gone up to £50. None of the students were bidding after this. One of the wealthy women in the front row had made the £50 bid. She won and was asked to come up to claim her prize.

"Trent, stand still as Miss.." Miss White said.

"Just Chloe", she answered.

"Ok Chloe, take your shirt!" Miss White said vivaciously.

Chloe slowly unbuttoned the shirt from Trent. She was a woman in her forties with an average build and a pleasant face. She looked excited as she saw his chest reveal. Trent didn't find the woman attractive but his breathing increased a little at the taboo nature of being undressed in public. Chloe finished unbuttoning the shirt and pulled it out of the shorts it was tucked into and slid it off his arms.

"Thanks sweetie!" Chloe said letting her gaze linger on his chest for a few moments before returning to her seat.

"The next item for auction is Trent's shoes and socks. They are a size 11," Miss White announced, "Do I hear £20?" Chloe started the bidding and was soon followed by a man shouting "£50!". He actually wanted the shoes for himself to wear. It was understood that all the outfits were brand new as it stated in the catalogue the attendees were given along with their paddle. This way they would know more about the clothing they were bidding on. As it turned out, the clothing was good quality gear. This way the punters could bid on the clothes and wear them themselves or give them as gifts to friends or family. Nobody else was that interested in the shoes so the man won the item. He opted to let Trent take them off himself.

"Next item, Trent's trousers. Let's start the bidding at £10. Do I hear 10?" Miss White continued with the bidding. There was a lot of competition for this item amongst the women. After about five minutes the sale price of £100 was reached. The winner was a woman who was a very successful real estate agent in Cambridge. She had a lot of fun taking off Trent's trousers. She feigned accidentally touching his cock through the small thong underwear as she removed them. Trent felt a stirring in his crotch but managed to stop himself from getting a full erection.

"I wish I could take this one as well..." the woman said, pulling on the front of the thong snapping it against his lower torso.

"You can't bid on this Miss, I would be naked, in front of everyone!" Trent said with a tinge of worry.

"What a shame, maybe I'll win you for the weekend!" the woman replied as she walked off the stage.

"Now, for the man himself. You will be bidding on Trent himself. The winner will have him as company for the entire weekend. He will be required to do any reasonable task you ask. Such as, mowing your lawn, doing the dishes, any household jobs. Maybe you would like a butler for your party? This is what you are bidding on. What else you two do, is up to you. If you need a date, or more, it's none of our business, so long as consent is involved," Miss White told the audience. The not-so-subtle hint was that they can have sex with their slave, so long as the slave is willing.

"Do I have £100? A small amount to pay for a weekend with a handsome slave man!" Miss White said. Six paddles shot into the air, attached to the hands of five women and one man. Bidding quickly escalated. Within three minutes the bid was at £600. Another two minutes it was at £900. Trent was smiling at the amount of money he was commanding. Another 30 seconds of bidding and Trent was sold to a fat woman who inherited oil money. She had a beautiful face and a lot of confidence. She was eyeing her prize fiercely. The final price for Trent was £1150.

"Number 102, please come forward and collect your slave," Miss White said over the PA. The woman walked to Miss White, she was given a collar and a leash.

"You may claim your slave now. Put this around his neck and take him with you. We will charge your card for £1150 later tonight," Miss White said quietly to the woman.

"Hello Trent, we are going to have a lot of fun this weekend!" the woman said fastening the collar around Trent's neck. She tugged on the leash connected to the collar and Trent started walking, following her off the stage. The audience applauded the first sale of a slave. Trent realised his fate sinking in as he was lead out of the auditorium. He had no idea what was in store for him this weekend. It was a little exciting. He found himself attracted to his "owner". She was in her late twenties and despite being larger than his typical girlfriends, he liked being in a powerless position for once. She was very confident and this turned him on. Trent tried his best to suppress his erection, but he was at full mast by the the time he left the auditorium. His short-term owner noticed this and turned and gave him a squeeze on his hard cock.

"Aaahh!" Trent exclaimed.

"Somebody's excited! Don't worry big boy, I'll be nice," She said as she led him through the car park, wearing nothing but a thong, to her Mercedes.

Back in the auditorium the next auctionee was being drawn from the box.

"Ok, the next one to be auctioned is... Keisha!" Miss White said. The voluptuous black girl stepped forward and took her place in the centre of the stage. "Keisha is a dance student and measures 160 centimetres tall. She says she is proud of her full bust and backside and loves to twerk to Lil' Jon," Miss White continued.

"So, who will give me £20 for her blouse?" A few students raised their paddles. Soon the bid was at £40. The final price for her top was £60. A student who had a crush on Keisha won the blouse. He came forward and nervously unbuttoned her blouse.

"Are you having fun Tom?" Keisha teased the guy. She knew he had a crush on her and found it sweet and funny at the same time, "I'm happy you won actually, you are a sweet guy," she whispered at him. Tom was comforted by this and delicately removed her blouse. She was left with a lacy white bra that had trouble concealing all of her 36D bust.

"Thank you Keisha, you are very brave to do this, and I think you are really beautiful," Tom said earnestly.

"Aww thank you Tom!" she replied.

Tom smiled at her and returned to his seat with her blouse. When he was sure she wasn't looking, he held it to his nose and deeply inhaled. He was in love with her and knew he should have saved his money to win her for the weekend, but he was confident he had enough to win.

"Next up, Keisha's skirt. It is a wool cotton blend," Miss White said, "Let's start the bidding at £20." Keisha made a point of pushing her ass out to show off her curves. She even did a bit of twerking as she told her friends she would. The crowd laughed, but this really got the bidding going. Her skirt sold for £115 to Mr Murphy, one of the most wealthy men in Cambridge. He was a stockbroker and loved to win. He was hoping to take at least two of these girls home with him. He especially hoped to win the exotic beauty with the noticeably smaller outfit. She was stunning. Mr Murphy was called up to get his skirt. He removed it then slapped Keisha on the arse gently. Nobody except Miss White saw it, she looked at him with a smile and raised eyebrows. Keisha had an open mouth and wide eyes, not expecting the man to be so bold.

"You, are next baby," Mr Murphy whispered in her ear. Keisha was a bit turned on by this. Mr Murphy was in his late thirties. He had a tall muscular build and just a little grey hair at his temples. He was an attractive man and Keisha had always had a preference for older men. He winked at her and returned with his garment.

"Last item is the four inch stilettos. Do I hear £40?" Miss White asked. One of the female students ended up buying them for £70, which was about retail price. She went to the stage and took her new shoes and promptly left the auction. She was only there for Keisha's shoes.

"Now we bid for taking Keisha for the weekend. Let's start at £100," Miss White announced. A heated bidding war started between Tom and Mr Murphy. The stockbroker was determined to win her and had driven her price up to £1,500. Tom had £2,000 to spend, his parents were well-off, but they wouldn't be too pleased knowing what he spent his money on. He knew he had to put up all his money.

"2,000!" Tom shouted.

"I have £2,000 from Tom. Is anyone able to better that?" Miss White asked.

"You really want her?" Mr Murphy asked the student.

"Of course... but I can't bid anymore than this," Tom pleaded with Mr Murphy.

"Hmmm, sorry but I want her... £2,500," Mr Murphy said, cruelly outbidding Tom. Tom looked defeated.

"Any more bids?" Miss White asked.

Tom shook his head while looking at the ground. He had been beaten. The thought of keeping his £2,000 gave him little comfort. Mr Murphy walked onto the stage with a beaming smile. He was handed the collar and leash and he put it around Keisha's neck.

"Let's go beautiful. Do you like yachts? Because we are going to a party on mine," He said. Keisha smiled broadly upon hearing this. She would enjoy her weekend. Rather than take her straight to his car he had her sit in the empty chair next to his.

"Ahh, aren't we going?" Keisha asked.

"Not yet, I need to get some friends for you," Mr Murphy said.

"Can you buy my friend Jade?" She asked him, flashing her puppy dog eyes at him.

"Ok, I will, just for you my little darling," Mr Murphy replied.

Miss White went back to the box and drew another name. This time is was Jake. One woman who took particular interest was Mrs Wright. She was a 72 year old divorcee. She had done very well out of the divorce settlement with her husband who owned a chain of roast chicken stores. Her eyes lit up when she saw the short rugby player step up to centre stage. After 15 minutes she had bought his shirt, shoes, pants and him for the weekend. She paid a total of £2175. Competition was fierce as he was the last boy to be auctioned. Now, there was six girls left.

The next girl to be chosen was Jade. Mr Murphy would try to purchase her for Keisha. Maybe he could get them to perform some lesbian acts for his amusement.

"Jade, please step forward," Miss White said, "Jade is an Art student here at Strickfield College. First we will bid on her blou-"

"How about I give you £3,000 for the clothes and Jade for the weekend?" Mr Murphy interrupted.

"err, well, this is a little unusual... can anyone beat Mr Murphy's offer? Do I have £3100? Anyone? First call... £3,000. Any better offers? Second call... nobody?? Third and final call, £3,000... no more offers? SOLD! To Mr Murphy," Miss White said banging her hand on the podium. The Dean was seated to the right of the podium. He had a clear view of centre stage. He was happy with how much money they had raised so far. £9150 and still five more girls to go. He was sure Yumi would fetch a much higher price than the next four girls.

"I'm sending Keisha to collect her," Mr Murphy announced as he removed her leash. Keisha walked nervously to the stage and took a collar and leash from Miss White. "I haven't even bought you dinner yet!" Keisha said as she put the collar around her friend, trying to break the tension. Jade let out a little giggle. The petite girl wasn't too bothered that it was her friend collaring her. She had some mixed feelings about her sexuality and thought about kissing Keisha in the past. Now here she was being claimed as a slave by her on behalf of an rich older man. Keisha went to lead her off the stage when Mr Murphy yelled out.

"Uh ah aahhh!", he waved his finger, "I paid for the clothes as well, so kindly remove them and hand them to me."

Keisha looked over at Miss White for guidance, she simply nodded her head for Keisha to do as Mr Murphy asked. Jade looked into Keisha's eyes. Gone was her defiance and arrogance, she was just happy that her friend would be the one to undress her in public. Slowly Keisha unbuttoned Jade's white blouse and draped it over her shoulder. She studied her friends B cup breasts encased in a white lacy bra. She looked so cute, nothing like her usual overconfident self. Keisha knelt down in front of her petite friend and examined her slim milky thighs for a moment before unhooking Jade's skirt at the side. She let it fall to the ground as she was presented with a tiny lacy white thong inches from her face. Keisha thought she noticed some dampness in Jade's crotch, but she let the thought pass as she continued down her legs to her shoes. She delicately lifted each foot out of the heels and held them in her left hand. Keisha stood up and asked Jade if she was ok. Jade said she was fine.

Keisha led Jade by her leash off the stage and pushed between two rows towards Mr Murphy. Along the journey both girls experienced groping of their tits and asses. Ostensibly, this was all accidental, with many attendees apologising for the touching. They eventually reached Mr Murphy's seat. Keisha took her seat and Jade was left standing in front of the handsome man looking for her own.It's ok sweetheart, you sit on my lap," He said as he pulled her down onto his crotch. Jade could feel his cock getting hard under her ass. This was so bad. In her mind she was tough and the whole auction seemed much more innocent. But she had to come to terms with the face that public humiliation made her a little uncomfortable.

Miss White read the next name selected from the box.

"Next is.. Jill! Please come forward Jill, give her a hand people!" Miss White said trying to move the proceedings along after the last sale. Most of the audience clapped politely. Jill stepped forward and gave a little curtsy as a joke.

"Very good. Ok, Jill is studying to be Dancer as well. She likes the Mighty Boosh, drinking and.. uhm, sausages," Miss White said with a confused look. The crowd wooed and cheered at her sexual innuendo. Jill put her hand to her mouth and raised her eyebrows in mock shock. The audience was loving her antics.

"Ok let's start at £20 for the blouse," Miss White said. A few bids later and Jill's blouse was asking for £40 . Bidding seemed to slow a little. Jill gave the audience a sad face which roused the attendees into bidding again. She was a plain girl with an average figure so she didn't expect to get a high price for her clothes. Her blouse was sold for £60. Her skirt gained a bit more and sold for £85. Jill pretended to be embarrassed covering her body with her arms and gritting her teeth. The audience laughed again at this. Her red stilettos went for £80. She had a pretty small foot and the student who bought them had been looking for a good pair in a size four for some time without success.

"Who wants to bid for a weekend Jill? She is pretty entertaining, a bit of a joker as you can tell. Let's start it at £120." Miss White said. Very quickly men were fighting over her. The bidding went up to £775 before a short chubby, but not fat, man won. Jill looked upset when she saw who had won, but started laughing when he came up to collect her. She was just joking with him and he was quite enamoured with her light-hearted attitude.

The next three girls' clothes and weekend "leasing" raised £1,895, £2,560 and £3,550. The last girl Maria, was a beautiful latino with flawless skin, a great body and big brown eyes. The total tally was a staggering £18,155 with the sexiest girl yet to be auctioned. Dean Roberts was more than happy with the result.

"Ok, now, last but certainly not least, Yumi! Please step forward, sweetheart," Miss White said. This was her chance to show the other girls how much she was worth. Yumi walked to centre stage swaying her hips with each step. The audience was whistling their approval. She looked amazing in her smaller outfit. Yumi felt so excited, never before had she had such a large audience all staring at her hungrily, wanting to see more of her sensuous body. Yumi's desire to please seemed to kick in with all the attention. She stood with her feet a little more than shoulder width apart and pushed her chest out and bent over apparently to check her shoe. She fiddled with her left shoe a little then slid her outstretched hands slowly up the length of her leg to her thigh, pushing up her skirt so just a little of her sequinned loincloth showed. The audience went wild, whistling, shouting and clapping. They were eating it up. Yumi felt herself getting turned on when her exciter charm came to life. It felt like it was on level one to her, just a little something to warm her up.

"Wow! Ok we can see Yumi is getting into the spirit, and she really knows how to work a crowd!" Miss White said excitedly, "Ok, I think we can start bidding on her blouse at.. hmm £40?" As soon as the words left her lips ten paddles shot into the air. The bid was up to £80 in an instant and kept going. After a minute it had reached £150. People were getting carried away bidding far above the value of the item, but it also meant they would get the opportunity to undress her and get a close up look at those marvellous breasts encased in a lacy demi bra, which was clearly worth something.

"150, can I have 160?" Miss White asked.

"160!" Bingwen, the awkward boy from Yumi's Art class, raised his paddle.

"170!" A man in the third row called.

"200!" Bingwen replied.

"£200, any more?" Miss White called, "First call for 200..."

"210!" the man from the third row called again. Bingwen looked in his wallet before deciding to proceed.

"215!" Bingwen shouted.

"215, first call... 215 any more? 215 second call... I have 215 from Bingwen, can I get 220? 215, final call... 215... aaaand sold!" Miss White slammed her hand on the podium, "To Bingwen. Come up here and collect your prize, you've earned it!"

Bingwen walked as fast as he could without running to the stage. His heart was beating furiously as he approached Yumi. He stood in front of her frozen for a few moments.

"Go on Bingwen, take her blouse off, we need to continue the auction," The Dean interjected.

Bingwen glanced at the Dean quickly then looked back at Yumi's ample chest. He was too nervous to look at her face. His small cock was quickly stiffening as he reached out shaky hands and started to unbutton her blouse. The first button was half way down her cleavage and straining tightly against the fabric. He undid it and the blouse sprung open and revealed some of her bra. Bingwen was breathing harder upon seeing this. He kept going unbuttoning the next button, now he could see the front clasp of her bra. Finally he undid the last button and watched as her top flew open. Yumi thought Bingwen was so sweet how nervous he was in front of her. It made her realise how beautiful and sexy she is, she decided to reward him a little more.

"Thank you Bingwen. You help college so much. So sweet!" Yumi said and gave him a big hug. She felt his hard cock poking into her inner thigh. She smiled knowing she made him so hard. She realised him and push her chest towards him letting her blouse fall off her arms. Bingwen crouched down to pick it up. He put it to his face and deeply inhaled, then immediately became embarrassed realising he was doing this in front of the College and distinguished guests. Then he looked down and saw he had a small wet spot of pre-cum on his shorts.

"Thank you so much, you are so beautiful Yumi!" Bingwen blurted out quickly before running back to his seat. A few students giggled at his awkward display. As he sat down Bingwen relaxed and was totally enraptured thinking about his experience with Yumi.

"Well that has set the bar high for the next item, Yumi's skirt. Let's start at £50," Miss White said. Yumi was shifting her weight on her feet and putting her hands on her hips while leaning forward, her big breasts threatening to fall out. The bidding was frenzied, reaching £200 very quickly. Yumi was getting more and more aroused with the attention on her. She had her mouth slightly open and was breathing heavier. The vibration of her clit jewellery was making her want to come again. Another minute had passed and the bid was at £320. No students were bidding anymore it was just the rich men in the front rows. They didn't really care about the price. Most of them were friends of the Dean's from University. They were happy to help out his College.

"£330, do I have 330?" Miss White asked the horny bidders.

"350!" came a call from the front row.

"350, anyone for 375?" Miss White said.

"400!" Another man also in the front row called out.

"Wow, 400, from the man in the white suit. Do I hear 425?" Miss White asked, "Sir, the man in the white suit has outbid you, do you want to stay in?"

The previous bidder hesitated for a moment before declaring, "I'm in. Let's see... £500." There was a hushed awe from the audience. The man in the white suit just smiled and said, "He can have it."

"First call, £500... any more bids? Second call for 500... can anyone do better? Final call... £500... sold! To the man in the Hawaiian shirt. Please collect your item," Miss White said, slightly shocked that Yumi's skirt raised £500. The man in the Hawaiian shirt was quite obese, bald and in his early fifties. He slowly pushed himself off his chair with the aid of a walking cane. He made his way to the stage where the Dean reached out to give him a hand up the steps.

Without haste, he made his way over to Yumi. He spent a good thirty seconds examining the girl before handed Yumi his cane. He then grabbed her hips, and in a forceful motion, twisted her around so the side with the hook holding her skirt together was facing him. Yumi made a small yelping sound feeling the chrome sequinned material brushing against her vibrating love button. Her breasts jiggled in her half bra pushing the top hemisphere of her shiny nipple covers out of the bra. The two centimetre posts clung to the inside of her lacy bra. The man unhooked the skirt and whipped it off her in a swift motion and pushed it into his pants pocket. He then turned her back towards him and knelt down to inspect her pussy covering holding it between his forefinger and thumb rubbing it slowly. The back of his hand touched her damp outer labia. Yumi twitched.

"How much for this one?" He called out to Miss White.

"Hahaha," Miss White laughed, "Oh I'm sorry Sir, but that is not for auction today."

"That's a damn shame! I would love this for my girlfriend! She'll have to settle for the skirt I guess," He lamented. He asked for his cane back from Yumi and tried to get up off his knees. It's not easy for a 160kg man to do. He put his weight on the cane but his grip slipped and he lurched forward planting his sweat face square into Yumi's pretty pussy covering. Yumi squealed, then apologised and asked for someone to help the man. The Dean jogged over to the her and heaved the man to his feet. He wasn't so sure the man accidentally slipped at all, and thought he was purposefully pushing his face into her tight pussy.

"Oooh ahh thank you Dean!" the man said, "I'm not as agile as I used to be back in Uni!"

"Haha that's ok Jim, lay off the fish and chips a bit, mate!" The Dean said patting him on the back, "Thanks for helping my College, I'll remember this. Please Yumi, thank Jim for his contribution."

Yumi was still shook up from having her crotch mauled by the rotund man, but she knew her place was to do anything she could for the College.

"Thank you so much Sir! Very kind!" Yumi said bouncing on her toes.

The man just smiled at her sleazy manner and said "My pleasure, baby." He slowly waddled off to his seat licking his lips trying to taste Yumi's essence. Now Yumi stood in her demi bra, chrome sequinned loincloth, stockings and heels. Almost completely exposed becoming hotter by the minute. It had been 15 minutes since her pussy vibrator started moving, and now she felt it go to level two. She started involuntarily moving her hips in small circles. She tried to disguise her arousal by moving her hands and doing a slow dance.

"Do we have any music for Yumi?" Miss White asked the technician responsible for audio and lighting at the auction, "She looks like she wants to dance again!" The audience chuckled at this as the technician looked on his laptop for some music to play. "I'm serious, can we just put on some R&B in the background, just a low volume please." He nodded and started Spotify then went to his favourite R&B playlist. The auditorium was filled with Ginuwine's "Pony". Yumi heard it and continued dancing with more abandon.

"Thank you Paul," Miss White said, "Now up for auction, Yumi's shoes and stockings. Pure silk stockings and the shoes are genuine Louboutins, retailing at £250. Let's start the bidding at £200 then." Five women shot their numbered paddles in the air. Quickly bids were being called out, increasing by £20 each time. Soon the shoes and stockings were fetching £340. The shoes Yumi wore were actually fairly rare and the wealthy women knew it. Yumi was feeling the R&B now, her parents had never listened to such music, preferring to listen to Japanese classical artists. Yumi loved the strong beat and the high vocals. She had never really listened to this sort of music as she associated it with the slutty girls who generally made fun of and excluded her. The music spoke to her body and made her want to gyrate more. The men and boys in the audience had noticed her more provocative dancing and supported her with cheers and whistles.

"430, do I have 450?" Miss White asked.

"465!" A young woman who was a partner in a law firm called out. She had been trying to buy these shoes online but had no luck so far. She was determined to win.

"465! can I get 480? Anyone for 480?" Miss White asked.

"490!" The man in the white suit called out.

" 490 from the man in the white suit, can anyone do better? Do I hear 500?" Miss White asked.

"£600!" The lawyer shouted out. The man in white chuckled and shook his head. He decided not to get between a woman and her shoes.

"600! Any more? Sir would you like these beautiful shoes from our beautiful model?" Miss White tried to pull him back into bidding. He shook his head again. "600, first call for 600... second call for £600... it's a good deal for these shoes, anyone else? Third and final call for 600... sold! To the woman in glasses in the second row! Please come and get your new shoes and stockings!" Miss White was overjoyed she had sold the shoes and stockings for around double the retail value. The woman could hardly contain her excitement walking with a bounce in her step onto the stage. She knelt down in front of Yumi's vulva and lifted her left foot. She slipped off the shoe, admiring it for a moment before moving to the right one. She looked at Yumi's delicate toes painted with bright red nail polish. She had the same size feet as Yumi, but the sexy student's feet looked much more alluring than her own.

She now turned her attention to the stockings. They began just two inches below Yumi's weeping entry. She slid her hands up either side of Yumi's left leg feeling the smooth silk under her palms. Yumi exhaled deeply, enjoying the soft hands rubbing her. The lawyer brushed Yumi's labia with the back of her hand and pushed up the sequinned loincloth to expose part of her pussy to any keen observers in the audience. Slowly she roll down the stocking being careful not to catch her fingernails on the fabric. She placed the rolled up stocking in the left shoe. She did the same with the other leg, causing Yumi again hasten her breathing, enjoying the woman's gentle touch. Yumi's whole pussy was coated in a thin sheen of nectar. She longed for release.

"Thanks for the shoes pretty girl!" The woman said and kissed Yumi on the forehead before returning to her seat. Yumi stood swaying to R&B in front of 500 people, more than half of them horny men, clad only in a six by four inch covering over her bald pussy and a demi bra that only just held her nipples in. It was an amazing sight. As little as she was wearing, the auction was not over. She still had one more item to go.

"the next item for auction won't be a weekend with Yumi as your 'slave'," Miss White said making air quotes with her fingers. The crowd murmured disapproval, "Don't worry, we will get to it, but the next item for auction is this lacy demi bra, suited for the more adventurous woman. Maybe one of your wives would like it, gentlemen? Who will give me £80?"

"100!" came the call from a well-off student.

"Oh, no mucking about there Shaun!" Miss White said.

"120!", said the student seated next to Shaun, his best friend Tyson. Shaun was surprised by his friend's bid, but given the sale price of the other items Yumi wore he knew that neither of them would likely win anyway, so he held no animosity.

"150!" Shaun countered.

"Are you going to let you friend win Yumi's bra? Remember, you get to remove it yourself..." Miss White teased the boy.

"Of course I won't," Tyson barked back, "£200!" Tyson looked proud of himself, although he secretly didn't want to win, he could afford it, only just, but it was a bit of a waste of money he thought.

"Hmm... I'd love to win, but it's too rich for my blood mate!" Shaun said slapping his friend on the back.

"First call for 200... surely someone else wants this bra?" Miss White asked incredulously.

"Second call for 200... any-" Miss White started when she was interrupted.

"300!" The man in the Hawaiian shirt called out.

"Make it 350," The man in the white suit called out.

"How about 375?" The man in the Hawaiian shirt countered.

"Great! 375 to Jim," Miss White said, "Any more gentlemen, and ladies, of course.."

"£400!" The white suited man replied.

"£500!" Jim shouted.

"675!" Mr Murphy entered the bidding.

"Thank you Mr Murphy! The bid is £675. All for a very good cause, supporting one of the finest Colleges in England. Who really wants this bra?" Miss White asked the audience. The auditorium was silent except for the quiet background music "Blurred Lines" by Pharrell Williams, Yumi was still gyrating to the song.

"No more bids? 675... first call... 675.. second call... 6-" Miss White was ready to call it.

"£750!!" Isaac, who was a tech multi millionaire, shouted.

"Thank you Mr Feinstein. 750, can anyone do better?" Miss White asked, "750, first call... 750, second call... 750, no more bids? Seven fiiifty... final call... 750 sold! To Mr Feinstein. Please come and get your garment."

Isaac clapped his hands together and jumped out of his seat. He leapt to the stage and fell in love with Yumi.

"Oh my, you are a very, very pretty thing," He whispered into Yumi's ear.

"Thank you Sir, I hope you happy with purchase," She replied in a cute and quiet way.

"Absolutely! Let me undo this sweetie," He said grabbing the clasp in the front and pushing them together. It actually took a little effort to squashed her huge breasts together more than they already were mashed up against each other. Yumi's massive mounds bounced apart, her bra flicked to her sides and fell down to her elbows. Her breasts topped with the chrome-plated metal caps stood at attention defying gravity. They were now 32F.

"Wow, magnificent!" Isaac said putting his hands under her breasts and lifting them gently, "What are these?" He said sas he pulled on the chrome posts sticking out of the centre of her nipple covers.

"Ahhh!" Yumi exclaimed, her nipples still super sensitive, "They cover nipples, not allow to show here Sir!"

"I love it! Very pretty! My oh my, you are so beautiful!" Isaac was completely besotted with her, "May I kiss you?"

Yumi looked at Miss White and the Dean for directions. The Dean walked over to see what was happening as he was out of earshot of the conversation.

"What's the matter Yumi?" He asked quietly. Their conversation was hushed.

"I wanted to give her a little kiss, she's so beautiful!" Isaac gushed.

"Yumi, don't you think a man who contributed so much money to our College deserves it?" He said giving Yumi a stern look.

"Ahh, Sir?" Yumi looked unsure but when the Dean raised his eyebrow she knew what was expected. She was here to benefit the College after all. She was owned by the College and the Dean had her power of Attorney, "Ahh ok Sir" she replied and leaned in, pushing her metal nipple covers into Isaac's chest and gave him a quick kiss on the lips. As she tried to pull away, Isaac held the back of her head and sucked on her lips longer. After a few seconds he let her go.

"Thank you Yumi, you've made my month!" Mr Feinstein left the practically naked girl sitting back on his chair and taking a few surreptitious sniffs of his new bra.

"We have now reached the last auction item for tonight. A weekend with the lovely student you see before you. She will go with you from 9pm tonight until 9pm Sunday. What do you think that is worth? Remember, what she does is up to Yumi's discretion," Miss White said as she gave a sly glance to Dean Roberts, of course Yumi would have to agree to most requests, "But she must obey orders such as cleaning, cooking, running errands and the like. Let's start at £600. Do I have 600?" Half of the men in the first three rows put their paddles in the air. Within one minute the bid was £2,750. Yumi kept gyrating on the stage. She had already won the auction and she felt a pang of pride that she was so desired. Her total was almost £5,000 and it didn't look like bidding would soon end. The Dean had told a few of his friends that Yumi would definitely submit to their requests for sex, so with that in mind the punters bid.

"Do I hear 3,000?" Miss White asked.

"3,500!" The man in the white suit shouted. As soon as the words left his mouth another bid came.

"4,000!" It was from a well-dressed Japanese man. He was in England for some meetings in London before he returned to Tokyo.

"Great! Thank you Tanaka-san! Anyone else want to challenge? A beautiful woman doing your washing and cleaning you house for the weekend must be worth more than this!" Miss White joked, again looking at the Dean and this time winking.

"Fifty-five hundred!" Mr Murphy shouted quickly followed by Isaac Feinstein.

"£6,000!" Isaac was on the phone at the time, talking to his accountant. Apparently he had some troubles with cash flow recently, as his money was tied up in purchase orders, "I can go to what??" he spoke into the phone.

"£6,250" the man in the white suit said calmly.

"£7,500" Tanaka-san followed.

"7,500, is that all? Don't let this item slip away, she is a great housecleaner, I have it on good authority!" Miss White said, "She is also skilled at ironing and makes for an extremely polite server."

"£8,000!" Isaac shouted then aggressively whispered into the phone, "Look Alan, I don't really care to be honest!"

"Ten.. thousand," Tanaka-san said slowly. The audience grew quiet.

"£10,000... this is more like it. Still, not too much for a good cause and great company is it? Anyone care to bid more?" Miss White said.

Isaac Feinstein swore at his phone and hung up. Unfortunately he had received bad news about his finances and would not be able to bid anymore.

"£10,250" Mr Murphy bid the minimum increment.

Mr Tanaka looked at him and smiled and said calmly, "£15,000"

The rest of the men wanted to win her and some didn't know about the secret conditions of the auction. Mr Tananka did. Nobody else wanted to bid now however. They figured a high priced escort would be just as good as Yumi. In their minds it wasn't worth £15,000 to fuck a smoking hot babe, even if it was for a "good cause". However, Tanaka-san had some deals to close and he knew a girl like Yumi would be perfect in swaying negotiations. Negotiations worth millions, so the cost to him was negligible.

"£15,000 from Tanaka-san!! Can anyone better that bid?" Miss White waited a few seconds then continued, "First call, 15,000... second call.. 15,000... third and final call... 15,000 for a weekend with Yumi.. no more bids?? Sold! To Mr Tanaka for £15,000! Please come and collect your prize."

There was a huge round of applause, cheering and whistling after Miss White's hand slammed on the podium.

"Thank you everybody for a great auction, I'm just getting the tally now.." Miss White looked over at the Dean who had been keeping track of the sales. He walked over and whispered in her ear. She spoke into the microphone again, "We have raised £35,220 for the College! This is a great effort and will allow us to continue to improve our teaching! Thank you and goodnight."

Mr Tanaka walked to the stage taking slow deliberate steps. Miss White stopped him before he walked to Yumi.

"Tanaka-san, we have a unique leash for 'slave' Yumi," She said unravelling the chains for Yumi, "Come with me, I'll show you how it works." Yumi had stopped dancing as the music had been turned right down but she was slightly twitching at the stimulation of the exciter charm. Suddenly it switched off. Yumi pouted. This teasing was so incredibly frustrating.

"Yumi this is Mr Tanaka. You should call him Tanaka-ue. Look at me, telling you about Japanese!" Miss White laughed, "Ok, let's get these connected." Miss White showed Tanaka-san how to clip the chains to her nipple caps and down to her exciter charm. She moved the loincloth aside when she did this, giving Tanaka-san a clear view of her sweet quim. She had rivulets of glistening juices running down the first few inches of her thighs. He unconsciously nodded thinking about all the things she would do for him, and others, this weekend. Yumi knew that adding "ue" (pronounced "ooo eh") to the end of someone's name denoted a person of a much higher status than the speaker. He had paid £15,000 for her so naturally he was a very important person. Yumi knew she must do her best to satisfy his whims and wishes.

"And then finally, there is the lead which gets attached to these two rings here," Miss White said clipping the end of the thin lead through the two rings in the middle of the chains near her belly button. She then handed the other end which had a three inch ring on it. Tanaka-san put his first two fingers through it and lightly shook it.

"Iieeee yaaah!" Yumi shrieked.

"Ahh subarashii! Kore wa tanoshii desu yo!" Mr Tanaka told Yumi he was having fun.

"Hai, sou desu... Tanaka-ue," Yumi replied agreeing with him. She knew that was the response he wanted.

"Ok, let's go," Mr Tanaka said.

"Ahh sorry Tanaka-san, terribly sorry, but we need to do a final debrief with Yumi first before you take her. It's 8pm now, I promise we will have her back to you before 9pm. If you'd like to come with me, I've prepared some snacks for you and your assistant. We also have some 18 year old Yamasaki for you."

"It is no matter, thank you for your hospitality. I am pleased to join you," Mr Tanaka said and gave a small bow. Miss White handed the lead to the Dean and both parties went separate ways. Miss White to the library and Dean Roberts and Yumi to his office. Yumi was careful to keep up with the Dean as she felt every shake of the chain pull on her nipples and her excited nub. She had not come for a long time, almost two weeks. Every time she was teased it was driving her mad. Little did she know that the NLP she had been receiving was also limiting her ability to come. She needed permission to come now.They walked into the Dean's office and the Dean led Yumi through the bathroom and the massage room to Yumi's room. As they enter Yumi feels her vibrator start. The Dean had switched it on with the remote in his pocket. It was at level three.

"Ooohh oooohh aaahh! OoOOoh!" Yumi cried out. After 30 seconds of watching Yumi squirm, shaking her chains in the process which just amplified the sensations that were rattling her body, the Dean switched off the exciter charm.

"Hello Yumi, I haven't spoken with you for a while," The Dean began, "I've missed you! Have you missed me?"

"Ahh yes Sir, I do," Yumi responded.

"Do you really mean that?" He pressed.

Yumi searched her feelings. She really did miss him. He was very important to her. She just wanted to make him happy because in turn, she would be happy. She wouldn't be pleasured unless the Dean was satisfied.

"Yes Sir, I really do. You make me happy. Please Sir, want to come, so long time no coming!" Yumi begged.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. But I told you, you would lose your virginity to whomever won you in the auction. Is that what you would like Yumi-chan?" He asked her.

Yumi really didn't want to lose her virginity to the 50 year old Japanese man. Losing it to a stranger sounded revolting to her. She wanted the Dean's beautiful eight inch cock in her pretty vagina. At this point she would do just about anything to avoid being fucked by Tanaka-san first.

"Nooo Sir! Please, no want him take my virginity!!" Yumi pleaded.

"What do you want then? Because in less than one hour I have to give you to him. And you know, he paid a lot of money to the College. And as the College's Assistant it is your duty to do what is good for the College. That means keeping our donors happy, Yumi-chan," The Dean explained to her.

"Please Sir... ca-can can take my vir virginity?" Yumi felt so depraved asking him to take her virginity, but she felt as though she was obeying her desire, and that was the correct thing to do. She needed to fully embrace her sexuality.

"Hmm.. I'm not sure. No I don't think I will. What will you do for me?" The Dean said trying to feign disinterest. He just wanted to push Yumi to her limit. Almost two weeks of no orgasms after having a few a day, she must be going crazy. He turned on the vibrator again.

"Sir please -ahh- no!! I want -oohhh, ahh- you take me! Aaahh ooOOh! Please, what can I -oohh- do?? Please Sir!" Yumi was shouting now and bouncing on her bed she was seated on. She still had the chains attached and the lead was on the ground in between her legs.

"You want me to fuck you Yumi-chan? Is that it?" The Dean said again delighting in her sexual anguish.

"YESS!! I -aaahhh! I want YOU to FUCK ME SIR!!" she was yelling and twitching wildly now. The Dean had upped the level one more. Normally this would be enough for her to come, but she had the thought embedded now that she couldn't unless the Dean, or a nominated party, said she could.

"Very good Yumi. Ok, well there is something you need to do for me first," The Dean said, "I want to change your contract. Now you know, I am your legal agent, I have power of attorney over you, but I wish to extend your term to five years. We can just say that you took a lot of post graduate courses. I have the revised paperwork here."

Yumi's mind was blurry with craving for hard cock, but she understood what he wanted. She was conflicted, but her lust for the Dean's dick was greater than her reservations about being College property for three extra years. Five years didn't sound like a long time, but five more minutes without a cock inside her seemed like an eternity. The Dean switched off the exciter charm again. Yumi stamped her feet on the ground and screamed out in frustration. She had reverted into a petulant child again. She didn't know why she couldn't come but coming was what she so desperately needed.

"So do you want to go meet Tanaka-san now?" The Dean asked her.

"Please Sir, fuck me, fuck me!! I want you, I sign me five years to you!" Yumi shouted, "I want cock now Sir!!"

Yumi said all the dirty English words she had learnt in the last few weeks. She really didn't want Tanaka-san to "pop her cherry". She hoped this would be enough to get the Dean to fuck her.

"Ok, that's a good girl. Sign here," The Dean said passing her a pen to sign the new contract, "I'll get Miss White to sign it as a witness." Yumi quickly scribbled her name on the paper and started clawing at the Dean's belt.

"Woah, woah! Slow down there!" The Dean said grabbing her hands, "I told you before, ask nicely."

Yumi was becoming more and more frustrated, she was so close to ecstasy but she had to obey the Dean's rules. Only then would he reward her with her first fucking.

"Sorry Sir... Please Sir, can you fuck me?" Yumi said as calmly as she could.

"That's pretty good, but I want you to call me Master when it's just us or if Miss White is here. In front of anyone else, just call me Sir," The Dean told her.

"Please Master! Please fuck me Master! I want your cock, Master!" Yumi said eagerly.

"Yes, Yumi-chan. I will now take your cherry. Don't worry sweetheart, I promise you will like it," The Dean said softly, "Now lie back on your bed."

Yumi did as she was asked and the Dean began removing the chains, then the nipple covers, then her exciter charm. He put them on her desk and undid his belt and removed his pants and underwear then took off his shirt . Yumi was breathing quickly in anticipation. The Dean knelt on the bed in front of her his stiff cock sticking out at 90 degrees to his body. Yumi was focusing on the bulbous head intensely, this was the moment she had been longing for, at least for the last three weeks. The Dean leaned forward onto his hands and put his face in front of hers. He leaned in and kisses her softly. Yumi felt as though this was the sweetest thing that had ever happened to her. His lips were soft, she felt at ease and at the same time a twinge of electricity through her body. He kept kissing her and massaged her breast, then he kissed on her neck and nibbled her ear. Yumi felt so loved in the moment. The Dean continued down her body, kissing along her stomach to her silky mound. He kissed all around her lips drawing out her anticipation even more. Her pussy was trickling sweet liquid now. The Dean tasted it and Yumi jerked her hips. He licked up and down the length of her widening slit and flicked his tongue over her clitoral hood. Yumi twitched side to side and pushed her lips in his.

"Fuck me Master! Fuck me please!" Yumi couldn't contain her impatience.

Without speaking the Dean sat back on his knees and then held his eight inch rock hard dick and pushed the large head slowly into her hot wet slit. Yumi opened her mouth wide.

"Ooooooohhhhhhh! Oooookiiiii!" She said in shock at how big it was. The Dean very slowly moved in her, only with the first three inches. Yumi felt full and stretched, but not too sore, just a little uncomfortable. The Dean grabbed her thighs and put a little more of himself in her. Yumi was moaning, she felt the thick head rubbing against her inside. Her honey pot was stretching with arousal to accommodate the Dean's girth. She was starting to really enjoy it. The Dean kept slowly moving in her for a few minutes gradually going deeper until he had almost all of his large cock inside her. He speed up his pace and Yumi started making noises in time to his thrusting.

"Oooh ooh oooh oooh kimochiiii!" Yumi revert to her native tongue to express her enjoyment. Her brain was beginning to turn off, she was surrendering to the cock filling her up.

"That's it Yumi, relax and enjoy your Master's cock!" The Dean told her. He still wasn't going all the way in, he felt it would be too much for her right now. He didn't want to fuck her cervix, she might enjoy that in time, but it was all about her pleasure tonight. Yumi was crying out louder now. The Dean put his thumb into Yumi's open mouth then he rubbed it on her love button while he continued thrusting six and a half of his eight inches into her. Yumi had closed her eyes now and pushed her head back and arched her spine. The Dean grabbed her ankles and pushed her feet to her sides and he increased his pace again. He had been fucking her for about fifteen minutes now and he was waiting for her to orgasm. Yumi was screaming out now completely oblivious to her surroundings, all she knew was the feeling that had spread from her pussy to her whole body. The Dean started thrusting even faster he couldn't hold on much longer. Yumi was shouting hysterically now and her cavity started to clam down on the hard intruder. The Dean had not fucked anyone so tight and incredibly gorgeous for a long time. He drilled her as fast as he could for the next thirty seconds before Yumi's love tunnel spasmed on his cock and he exploded inside her. They both cried out in orgasm.

"Aaahahhhhhhhhhhh!!" Yumi now realised what she was missing. She was on a high, not fully aware of her surroundings. They were both breathless and the Dean lay on Yumi with his dick still inside her softening. He gave her a few tender kisses.

"You are so beautiful Yumi, I'm so happy to be your Master," The Dean said in rare moment of vulnerability. He truly did like the girl and this was by far the best experience he had had with a virgin. They stayed like that for another minute.

"Thank you Master, I feel so good. I love it! I want make you happy Master," Yumi said quietly.

"Such a good girl, you please me very much Yumi. I'm happy you are mine," The Dean said.

"Thank you Master," Yumi said again in a daze. The Dean pulled out of her, and he noticed only a tiny amount of blood. She was extremely aroused before they made love and he was careful not to rush. He helped Yumi to her feet and then he washed her. Returning to the room they laid on the bed for another ten minutes. The Dean got dress and looked at the time on his phone. It was 8:51pm. He quickly put her exciter charm, nipple covers, chains and loincloth back on. She was still shoeless so he put her sandals on her feet. She was ready to go now. Yumi had a huge smile on her face. Her wait had been rewarded with a feeling more amazing than anything she had experienced until now. She was a little sad to go with Tanaka-san but she was open to the possibility of more sex. She wondered if all men were are skilled as the Dean.

"How do you feel Yumi-chan?" The Dean asked her.

"I feel amazing Master. Want to do again with you!" Yumi thought she might be in love with her blackmailer, her Master, her Dean.

"Good. I have high hopes for you Yumi-chan. You will become my perfect slave, you'll see," The Dean said, "Remember, you are to make our wealthy friend happy. I want you to do everything he asks."

"Yes Master, I will," Yumi replied.

He told Yumi to put on some more lipstick then he walked her to the library guiding her by the thin chain lead. He entered the library to find Miss White laughing and flirting with the Japanese businessman.

"Oh welcome back Dean Roberts! Did you get everything sorted with Yumi?" Miss White asked with a cheeky smile.

"Yes Miss White, Yumi understands the rules of this weekend. She is more than happy to go with Tanaka-san," The Dean replied.

"Great news! I'm sure she will have a good time with Tanaka-san, he's such a funny man!" Miss White said playfully punching Mr Tanaka in the arm. Mr Tanaka smiled and looked at Yumi.

"It has been an absolute pleasure April-san. I look forward to seeing you again," Mr Tanaka said politely.

"Don't be too long, and look after our favourite student please!" Miss White said.

"Don't worry, she will be cared for very well," Mr Tananka said as the Dean passed him the lead. Yumi gave a small smile to the man. They had not properly greeted each other yet.

"Douzo yoroshiku onegaishimasu, Tanaka-ue," She said she was pleased to meet him in a formal manner. She added a bow as it is the custom in Japan.

"Yoroshiku, Yumi-chan" He said he was pleased to meet her too, "Thank you Marcus-san, I will speak with you tomorrow and tell you how the weekend is progressing."

He turned to Yumi and gently tugged on her lead and said, "Ikimasshou!" telling Yumi they were leaving now.

"Goodbye Ma- uh, Sir! Goodbye S- Mi-Miss! See you on Sunday!" Yumi stuttered, almost calling her superiors the wrong names in front of Tanaka-ue. She thought "I'm just a silly sex crazed girl!". She would have to be more careful in future. Yumi was still basking in the afterglow of sex as she was led to Tanaka-san's Lexus. She couldn't wait to do it again.

**The College's New Assistant Pt. 13**

Mr Tanaka opened the back door of his modified rental Lexus and helped Yumi in. She felt the cool leather against her bare ass and back and it was shocked her a little. Mr Tanaka walked around to the other side of the car and got in the back seat with Yumi. Yumi was rubbing her arms with her hands.

"Gomen nasai, samui desu ka?" Mr Tanaka thought she looked cold.

"Hai, samui desu, Tanaka-ue," She replied.

"Please turn on the heated seats Ian," Mr Tanaka told the driver.

"Yes Sir. Would you like me to turn on the stereo?" Ian asked.

"No that is fine, but please close the privacy screen," He asked.

"Of course Sir," Ian said as the whirr of the mirrored glass divider closed the opening between the front and back of the car. It was custom stretched Lexus, modified by a boutique rental company in London. It was stretched one and a half metres longer than the usual Lexus LS. Extra seats were added, the centre console had been removed, and a seat inserted in its position. There was also a bar and television added. The back of the car could now seat seven adults comfortably. Yumi began to feel better with the heated seats warming her up.

"Tanaka-ue, doko ni iteimasu ka?" Yumi wanted to know where they were going.

"London desu," Tanaka-san replied, "Yumi, I want you to speak in English from now on. You need the practice and all of my associates will be speaking English."

"Yes Sir, Tanaka-ue," Yumi politely answered.

"It will take about 90 minutes for us to get there, we might stop for some food on the way, at petrol station or restaurant. Don't worry, I have something you can wear." Tanaka-san told her, "Ok, let's get that chain of you for now."

Tanaka-san unclipped the chains and put them in his trouser pocket. He opened a small drawer under the small table that formed part of the bar and took out a small black nightgown. He held it up in front of him. It was made from a slightly sheer silk. It was very short ending just below the bottom creases of her ass cheeks. It had two spaghetti straps and a deep V-neck. Yumi realised this was the "something" that she could wear. It wasn't much, but it was better than being paraded into a petrol station with less than 30 square inches, or less than the handkerchief area of coverage she was wearing now.

"You can wear this when we stop, but at the moment I would like to see your beautiful body," Mr Tanaka said reaching over and stroking the side of her face. Yumi was charmed at Tanaka-ue's tender gesture, and felt a pang of desire at his words.

"Yes Sir, you won auction, I do what you say," Yumi meekly replied.

"Very good Yumi-chan," He answered.

"These are fascinating!" Mr Tanaka said pulling on one of her nipple covers, "Does it hurt?"

"No Tanaka-ue, it feel pressure, not hurt, only when pull too hard it hurt," Yumi said.

"Ok, I won't pull too hard if you come when I lead you. It is a good tool to keep you obedient. You want to be a good slave, yes?" Mr Tanaka posited.

"Yes Tanaka-ue, I be good slave. I am yours for weekend. I happy to serve you Sir," She said fully embracing her role. She started to feel aroused again from the words Tanaka-san was saying. She was at his mercy completely. Being taken to a new city where she knew no one, she had to do as he said or risk being punished, or perhaps worse. It was a totally helpless feeling, and very erotic.

"Mmmm, you are so very sexy, I love your okii oppai Yumi-chan," He said massaging her big breasts, "And your smooth manko is beautiful," He told her as he rubbed her pussy.

"AhhhHHhh! Hai, thank you Tanaka-ue!" Yumi yelped.

"I want to give you some fun new experiences this weekend. Your Dean tells me you love to be used as a sex doll?" Tanaka-san teased her as he turned on her exciter charm to level one.

"Eeeeiiii ahhh, ah yes Sir Tanaka-ue! Please use as you wish! Ahhh!" Yumi blurted out. Mr Tanaka was still playing with her swollen tits; he noticed some milk leaking out of her nipple caps. He began to unscrew the one on her left nipple.

"Hmm let me see, I would like to try some of your fresh milk sweetie," He told her.

"Yes Sir, help self! IiiiiaahhHHH!" Yumi shrieked feeling Tanaka-san roughly suck her nipple completely into his mouth.

"Mmmmmm so fresh and sweet!" Mr Tanaka said gleefully. He sucked on her breast for another five minutes before screwing her nipple cover back on and then starting on the right breast. He sucked on the right breast for five minutes as well. Finally, he announced that he had his fill.

"That was delicious. Let's have a stronger drink now," Mr Tanaka said pouring two small glasses of very strong Umeshu, Japanese Plum Wine, "Drink it all down Yumi, you are to swallow everything I give you," He said with a sly wink. Yumi understood his meaning and blushed a little. She felt electricity in her love tunnel thinking about the humiliation she was to face in London. Yumi drank the Umeshu. She had never tried it before. She had only drunk beer, and only one small bottle. This tasted a lot better than beer. After about ten minutes, she started feeling hot. She looked into the mirror privacy screen and saw her face had turned red. She was starting to feel very tipsy. The alcohol mixed with the little device whirring away at her clitoris, made for a powerful combination. She started making small grinding motions with her mound against the seat.

"How do you feel, Yumi-chan? Looks like you are enjoying the drink?" He said watching her sexy movements.

"Aahh yes Tanaka-ue... very tasty, I feel good inside!" Yumi said.

Mr Tanaka then suddenly turned off the device.

"Huuh?" Yumi said slowly as she sat up in her seat and looked at Tanaka-san.

"I think you should try to get some rest now my dear. You will need all your energy in an hour when we arrive in the city," Mr Tanaka told her.

Yumi was disappointed as again, she wanted to climax, but she was feeling sleepy from the small amount of strong plum wine she quaffed.

"Ahh Ok Tanaka-ue," She said sleepily. Yumi slumped in her seat getting ready to drift off to sleep.

"Yumi, put your head down here," Tanaka-san said patting his thighs. Yumi did as she was told and had gone to sleep less than a minute later. She was tired from all the orgasm teasing she had endured today. Mr Tanaka absent-mindedly groped her breast, patted her ass, and rubbed his right hand over her body as he checked emails on his phone with his left. Mr Tanaka felt his erection grow under Yumi head and thought about how good it would feel to put it in her mouth and young, almost virgin, pussy.

They arrived in Soho about 80 minutes later. Mr Tanaka gently roused Yumi from her slumber.

"Yumi-chan, we are here. Please put on your nighty and this coat," He said to Yumi handing her the nightgown. After she put it on, he handed her and equally short white coat with two large white buttons. She put it on and they exited the car. Looking around Yumi saw a few sex shops and some pubs. She imagined it was a dangerous area, and she was right. A large black man got out of the front passenger seat and motioned for Mr Tanaka and Yumi to walk in front of him down a narrow road. Although it was only 10:30pm, a few men dressed in suits, stumbled drunkenly down the footpath.

"Oi, sweetheart! Come with us! Hey Dad, can your daughter join us for a drink?" One of the men shouted at the three. His friends thought this was hilarious. Wade, the large bodyguard didn't find it so amusing.

"Alright lads, looks like you've had enough, maybe call it a night, yeah?" Wade said in a slight cockney accent. He stood between Mr Tanaka, Yumi, and the drunken men.

"Oooo are you, ya ugly prick!" The man who shouted at Yumi said. He then made a wide hook punch at the 6' 5" tall man. Wade easily swatted the inebriated mans fist away and then grabbed tie with one hand twisting it around his hand until the man was having trouble breathing.

"I said, you've had enough for tonight so get out of our way and you'd best fuck off back home mate!" Wade said quietly and calmly to the man.

"Sorry mate, just let him go, he can be a real wanker when he's drunk," One of the less drunk men said quickly.

"Ok boys, this is a rough part of town, you're mate might come across less friendly guys than me if not lucky," Wade warned them as he released his grip on the choking mans tie.

"You're right mate. We'll put him in a cab," The apologetic man looked at Yumi and Mr Tanaka and continued, "Sorry for our stupid friend, hope you have a good night."

Mr Tanaka simply nodded at Wade while Yumi was standing stiff behind him holding the lapels of her coat. The sudden snap of violence had scared her a little and she grabbed Mr Tanaka's hand a little tighter.

"Let's go Yumi-chan, Wade" Mr Tanaka said. Wade gave the men a stern nod as the trio walked away. They walked for another minute or so and turned down a smaller street continuing until they reached a Japanese restaurant. It looked reasonably upmarket, which was strange given the location. Wade stood next to the entrance as Mr Tanaka led Yumi into the restaurant. There was a beautiful Japanese woman standing behind a podium. She smiled broadly upon seeing Mr Tanaka.

"Ahh Tanaka-san! Great to see you again! How long has it been? Six months?" The woman, named Hiroko, asked him.

"Yes, I think that is right. Good to see you Hiroko. This is my guest, Yumi. You can call her Yumi-chan," He replied.

"Hello Yumi-chan! Let me take your coat," Hiroko said as she walked to Yumi's side.

"Yes it's quite warm in here, you must be hot with that on. Let Hiroko take it for you," Mr Tanaka told Yumi.

"Yes Tanaka-ue," Yumi said as she started to unbutton the coat. She felt like the nightgown she was wearing was far too skimpy for this restaurant but deferred to Tanaka-san's wishes without protest.

"That's rather formal Tanaka-san!" Hiroko said playfully. She was born and raised in London so she wasn't as respectful as a native Japanese would be to Tanaka-san. She knew the language but had not experienced much of the culture. Mr Tanaka realised that the "ue" suffix was quite formal but Yumi was to call him that to emphasis that he was her Master.

"Yes it is, but she insists on calling me it. She's a little old-fashioned I guess," Mr Tanaka lied.

"Oh ok, I see," Hiroko said. She peeled the coat from Yumi's shoulders and couldn't help but exclaim when she saw the sheer nightgown, "Wow! This is a beautiful, ah- dress you are wearing Yumi! Well, you are beautiful too," Hiroko thought it was more like lingerie than a dress, but she didn't want the shy girl to feel awkward.

The truth was that rich clients like Mr Tanaka could walk a girl in here naked and Hiroko would not question it. This was the reason the expensive restaurant was in a shady part of the city. It catered to wealthy men with a penchant for sexy women and fetish desires. Although Hiroko knew most of the customers by name, some used pseudonyms; she was sworn to secrecy about what happened here. She was often tipped generously to ensure her confidentiality, and sometimes she even participated.

"Thank you Hiroko-san," Yumi meekly reply. Hiroko hung the coat in a closet against the wall and attached a numbered clip to it. She handed Mr Tanaka a laminated card with the same number written on it. Hiroko took a moment to examine the sheer nightgown appreciating the deep V shape, down to just above her navel, Yumi's nipples were just covered by the material, and she was showing a vast amount of cleavage under and between her breasts. Letting her gaze wander down to the bottom of the outfit, Hiroko saw that it was trimmed in black lace ending just below the bottom crease of her ass cheeks. She noticed that Yumi didn't appear to be wearing a bra, but just some small shiny discs. She also noticed a metal mesh triangle covering her bald pussy. One could imagine a very provocative celebrity wearing something similar to her ensemble, but nowhere near as scant. The petite girl's large breasts and round ass amazed Hiroko. She was definitely jealous of Yumi's body, but would never lower herself to being half naked and an escort for the older Japanese businessman.

"Let me show you to your table, follow me please," Hiroko said walking with a subtle swinging of her hips. They passed several small rooms constructed with shoji walls; a traditional paper wall, and tatami floors made from rice straw. Finally, they came to a large room at the end. The floor was sunken and a long table was placed in the middle of a depressed rectangle in the floor. The table was raised about two-thirds of a foot above edge of the floor, making it just over two feet from the floor of the pit. There was a gap of about half a foot between the edge of the table and the floor dotted with square thin cushions. Yumi saw ten cushions. She wondered if all the seats would be filled tonight.

"Thank you Hiroko-san, I will call for you later," Mr Tanaka said.

"Thank you Tanaka-san," She replied as she left the room sliding the paper door closed behind her lithe body. She was tall for a Japanese woman, at 5'10, her narrow face framed by shoulder length hair. Her chest was much smaller than Yumi's, probably a B cup. She had small eyes and a straight narrow nose. She had the figure and face of a model.

"Yumi, please take off everything and lie down on the table," Mr Tanaka said offhandedly.

"Yes Sir, Tanaka-ue," Yumi replied wondering what was about to happen. She did as she was told then looked at Mr Tanaka and back down at her clitoral jewellery, "Er, I need help to re-"

"You can leave that on, you didn't think I'd want you to remove that, did you?" Tanaka-san interrupted her raising his bushy eyebrows, "Dr Goodman assures me it's waterproof, which is great in light of what I have planned."

Yumi was having visions of being covered in raw fish with her pussy being used as a soy sauce bowl. It wasn't far from the imminent reality. Yumi walked to the table, crawled on it, and lay on her back. She glanced at the door nervous about a complete stranger walking in and seeing her like this. Being at the College she had gotten somewhat used to all the students and teachers seeing her naked or almost naked. However, strangers seeing her naked still made her shy and nervous. She found it extremely arousing, but simultaneously she wanted to run and hide under a rock somewhere. Mr Tanaka walked to the far end of the table and picked up a red rope that was in the pit. Yumi's eyes went wide for a minute knowing what was coming next. Mr. Tanaka started wrapping the rope around Yumi's legs at her knees and made a lattice down to her ankles where he tied them in a thick two-column tie so her ankles wouldn't rub together. Next, passed the rope under the table to the other end where he attached it to her wrists in another two column tie and took up the remaining slack in the rope, leaving Yumi a little bit of wiggle room so her circulation would not be impinged.

"Now Yumi, my guests will be arriving soon, but I want to surprise them. You are to remain perfectly still and quiet. To help you with that, I'm putting this ball gag on you," Mr. Tanaka said pushing a heavy rubber ball into her mouth and fastening the strap behind her head, "I'm blindfolding you as well, just for fun." She was totally powerless now.

Yumi watched the paper door slide open and saw Hiroko standing at the entrance with a large thin wooden box made of the same wood as the four-foot wide table she was tied to. It looked to be about the same length as the table with two crescent shapes cut out of each end.

"Here's the box you asked for, we've made it to your exact specifications Mr. Tananka," She said as Tanaka-san helped her lower the box over Yumi, making sure to line the ropes up with crescent holes in the box. "I think she will make a lovely surprise for your clients!"

"Indeed. Yumi, don't worry you will be ok in there, just relax and be quiet," Mr. Tanaka said.

"Yes sir Tanaka-ue," Yumi answered from the darkness that surrounded her. Yumi closed her eyes and wondered how long she would be in the box. She felt like nothing more than an object now, it was crazy to think she would be revealed, tied to a table, gagged and blindfolded, to ten strangers. A few minutes later she heard several men entering the room and Mr. Tanaka greeting them. They were all English men except for one. Yumi felt herself get wet as the men sat down at the table, just one foot away from her hidden naked body. She struggled to remain quiet as her pussy jewellery buzzed away gently still on level one. The presence of strangers near Yumi was making her hot. She could hear them talking but couldn't quite understand them. She reflected on how absurd her predicament was, tied to a table, writhing and always on the edge of orgasm. It was a very strange life to live, but now she couldn't imagine going back to her old life, having agency over her actions. Being a slave to the Dean felt like she had found her place in life. Over the next hour, the clients consumed five courses of sushi, sashimi, okonomiyaki, takoyaki, ramen, as well as many beers, and in turn the banter became more rowdy. A few of the men started flirting and teasing Hiroko, she took it in good humour and gave it back to them as good as she got.

"So, gentlemen, are you ready for dessert?" Mr. Tanaka asked the clients.

"I'm pretty full, don't know if I can eat anymore," Paul, the accountant of the group, replied.

"I think you will really want to try this dessert, trust me Paul," Mr. Tanaka said and called out "sumimasen" loudly, signaling Hiroko. A moment later she arrived carrying a tray with a few small soy sauce dishes full of chocolate sauce and a large bowl of mochi squares covered in sesame seeds. She put the tray on the table. "Ok Hiroko, please help me with this box."

Mr. Tanaka and Hiroko lifted the box off the table to reveal Yumi who was rubbing her legs together slightly trying to stimulate her pussy more so she could come. However, after her last round of NLP she found it very hard to come without being told. The clients went wild upon seeing her, loudly whistling and banging the table.

"Yeah... I think I could fit in some dessert after all," Paul said smiling broadly.

"I thought you might change your mind," Mr. Tanaka said chuckling.

Yumi was still in darkness, but she felt the light coming through the blindfold a little. She was writhing in pleasure from the exciter charm that had worked her up into a painful need to come. The noise from the clients reminded Yumi of how sexy and slutty she must look to them, her hips making small rhythmic circles and thighs struggling to rub against each other in their bonds. Her ass was sitting in a small puddle of her own juices. Yumi was wrestling with the last fragments of her conscience. She desperately wanted to come, but she'd never even seen these men, and to do so in front of them would confirm her feeling that she was a simple slut, that was only useful for entertaining the sexual fantasies of anyone she was told to. Why had she let it go this far she thought, only a girl who really wanted to be used by anyone would do that. She must a slut she thought. Suddenly, she felt cold objects being placed on her nipples, between her tits and down her silky stomach.

"Stay still Yumi-chan, be a good girl for me!" Hiroko said in a baby voice to the gagged and blindfolded girl. She gave Yumi a little slap on inner thigh to enforce her command. Yumi stopped moving instantly and tried to calm her ragged breathing. Hiroko continued placing the frigid mochi squares down her thighs and then put the soy sauce dishes fill with chocolate sauce after every seven or eight mochi. When she was finished she was adorned with six dishes of chocolate sauce and around 40 mochi squares.

"Let's get this ball gag off you..." Hiroko said softly into Yumi's ear and undid the strap holding the rubber ball in her mouth. She used a hot towel to wipe away the saliva from her lips, chin and neck. After this she massaged Yumi's jaw. Yumi moaned in satisfaction. Her jaw was quite sore from being locked open for the past hour. At the end Hiroko leaned in for a quick but passionate kiss. The men roared their approval.

"I bet you are dying to see who's here, huh Yumi?" Hiroko said.

"Err, yes Miss Hiroko," Yumi said as quiet as a mouse.

Hiroko pulled at the blindfold letting the bright light flood Yumi's eyes. She squinted her eyes tightly and then blinked slowly letting her retinas adjust to the bright room. She lifted her head forward to see her body covered with now warmer and slightly tacky mochi. She looked at the men around her, all of whom were smiling and joking with each other. Finding poor Yumi's situation so entertaining. They delighted in her bewildered and pained expression. It was a mixture of humiliation and wanton craving, but something else showed on her face when her eyes locked with Mr. Ueno − revulsion. He was an obese Japanese man with a sickly, evil visage. His teeth were yellowed from smoking, his eyes had puffy dark circles and his skin was covered in large liver spots. Yumi had never seen a man as ugly as this man she thought. She was still desperately on the edge of orgasm but the thought of Mr. Ueno touching her scared and repulsed her.

However, she accepted now, on a deeply personal level, that her only purpose was to obey the Dean, or whomever the Dean would have her obey. Whether that meant lying naked as a human dessert plate or being fucked in the mouth, pussy and ass in front of a thousand people, or indeed, being used by this man she found utterly disgusting, it was her duty to obey. The NLP and the clitoral stimulation were keeping her painfully on the edge of orgasm as she listened to the men in the room talking about her body.

"Ok gentlemen begi-" Mr Tanaka started to say as he was interrupted.

"Sorry Sir, I forgot one thing..." Hiroko hurried out of the room and returned a few moments later holding a chocolate ball about one inch and a half in diameter. She moved between to men sat halfway down the table, reached over the table and inserted the chocolate ball into Yumi's leaking entrance.

"Eeeiiiiii!" Yumi squealed, shocked by the cold chocolate ball. She saw what Hiroko had shoved in her and knew this meant her pussy would be licked soon. Yumi's mind raced with thoughts of being able to come after her long and unbearable teasing.

"Don't drop the chocolate ball, or you will be punished!" Hiroko whispered to Yumi.

"Ok, dig in gentlemen! Dessert is served!" Mr Tanaka said loudly. The clients started picking at the pieces of mochi with their chopsticks, Yumi twitched from the tickling all over her body. Seeing her reaction, they increase their attacks. The men were laughing like schoolboys having a great time playing with the sexy human dessert tray. Yumi wriggled and involuntarily laughed. She was at the height of her frustration. Why wouldn't they fuck her already, she thought. Yumi watched as Paul leaned over her left breast and begun to suck, lick and nibble on her sticky nipple.

"Mmmmm! Her tits are tasty..." Paul muffled with a mouthful of Yumi's sweet flesh. Upon witnessing Yumi's breast being mauled, Graham on the other side of the table leaned in and took her other breast in his mouth. Yumi starting moaning louder, then she closed her eyes and focused on trying to release. It wasn't working however; she was still painfully on edge.

"Who likes chocolate truffles?" Mr Tanaka asked, "There's a good one in her little box, get into it before it melts."

Mr. Ueno leaned over the end of the table, roughly grabbing Yumi's buttocks and lifting them up a little while putting his mouth over her dripping slit. He sucked the chocolate truffle out of her. After he had eaten it, he plunged his tongue into her hole and vigorously licked the melted chocolate out. Despite her aversion to the man, she heard herself begging for more.

"Motto, motto! Kimochiii!" Yumi cried, expressing her pleasure at being ravished by the grotesque man in her native language.

"Slut like my tongue eh Tanaka-san?" Mr. Ueno paused his assault on her pussy to say.

"It looks that way. Is it good Yumi-chan?" Mr. Tanaka teased.

"Huh, er, ohh Hai- yes Sir! Motto more!" Yumi uttered in a confused mix of languages. Mr. Ueno paused a little longer and dug his hands into Yumi's soft but firm arse cheeks. She yelped from the pain but cried out for him to continue sucking her mound. Mr. Ueno moved his tongue up to her clit and began licking the small area that showed at the end of the exciter charm. After two minutes of Mr. Ueno flicking it, Yumi looked up at Mr. Tanaka with tears welling in her eyes.

"Please Sir, I want come!! Please!" Yumi begged the man who simply looked down and smiled at her. He switched the exciter charm up another two levels to level three. Yumi was bucking her whole body as most of the men at the table licked and sucked on all parts of her body. Mr. Ueno had changed from using his tongue to fingers. He was massaging her g-spot as best her could with her moving so much. This continued for another three minutes until Yumi again looked at Mr. Tanaka begging for release. She couldn't make any words now, just grunting her desire at him instead.

"Come, Yumi," Mr. Tanaka said quietly. At that point, Yumi screamed and curled her pelvis into her stomach releasing a stream of sticky fluid all over Mr. Ueno's hand and forearm. Yumi was panting with a big smile on her face, her body still jerking and spurting out juices. Mr. Tanaka quickly turned off her pussy jewellery.

"What do you say Yumi-chan?" Mr. Tanaka said looking at her and raising an eyebrow.

"Thank you for let me come, Tanaka-ue!" Yumi gushed.

"That was awesome, Tanaka!" Dave, one of the older clients, said, "This little slut is amazing. Does she give head?"

"If you wish, Dave. Let's have some more beers and Yumi can give you a nice blowjob," Tanaka said.

"Hey, I want in on that too!" Jim said. He was followed by all the others asking for the same service, except three clients, who were terrified that this might get back to their wives.

"Ok then. Sumimasen!" Mr. Tanaka called out and Hiroko came bounding through the door.

"Hai!" Hiroko replied. Mr. Tanaka muttered something to her and she went over to Yumi and gave her a thorough wipe down with a damp cloth. Yumi twitched her body as she felt the cloth pass over her sensitive nipples and clitoris. After a few minutes she was finished. Hiroko untied Yumi and she was allowed to step off the table. She then cleared the table and wiped it down. Yumi moved her arms and legs around, while Hiroko cleaned and brought out beers and hand towels, before she was told to crawl under the table. Yumi knew she would have to perform some blowjobs soon. She was nervous about it, she'd so far only sucked the Dean's cock. The thought of sucking Mr. Ueno's penis made her ill, but at the same time she felt bad for thinking this. It was her duty to please him, so she would do it despite hating the sight of the man. She was just a silly little girl with orders to fulfill, she thought to herself. The studious, self-driven former Yumi was disappearing more each day.

Mr. Tanaka was sitting at the head of the table with his legs spread when he said to Yumi, "Back up to me and sit on your heels. Then put your arms behind your back."

Yumi awkwardly crawled backwards stopping when her feet touched the wood of the pit between the Mr. Tanaka's feet. She sat back on her feet and tried to straighten her back but she found her head would touch the underside of the table. She needed to remind a little hunched. She wondered which cock she would suck first and if it would be bigger than the Dean's eight inch monster. As she was pondering the thought of her second cock, Tanaka-san began to wrap some soft red rope around her arms, forcing her to hold her elbows. Yumi wobbled a bit as she tried to keep her balance. Hiroko came back to the room with a little gold bell and handed it to Mr. Tanaka.

"Gentlemen, we will now drink some more Asahi's and discuss business. If you feel you need assistance from Yumi after her beautiful dessert display, you may ring this bell under the table and Yumi will scoot over to your seat ready to take your request. You may use her how you please, but no slapping, pinching or choking. If you feel as though you need her permission, you may ask her, she will comply. Isn't that right Yumi?" He asked calling down to her.

"Yes Tanaka-ue!" Yumi said quietly. She was still getting over her orgasm trying to get her breath back. As the beers arrived on the table Mr. Tanaka asked, "Who would like to ring the bell first?" Mr. Ueno wasted no time and told Mr. Tanaka he wanted to feel Yumi's pretty mouth on his cock. Mr. Tanaka tossed the bell to Mr. Ueno and he held it under the table at the opposite end and gave a loud ring. Yumi began crawling on her knees towards the bell. The ground was covered in forgiving tatami mats so it didn't hurt her knees. She had to be careful not to bump her head. She watched as the man lowered his trousers and underwear to his feet. A small, bulbous cock appeared between his hairless legs. It looked sad and pathetic to Yumi compared to the Dean's beautiful cock. Yumi considered that she had just thought about the Dean's cock as beautiful. She would be so happy to suck it instead of the foul member that was now in front of her face.

Mr. Ueno looked down to see a little head with long plaits tied on either side appearing before his groin. Yumi looked up to see an ugly face smiling down at her. She did her best to not look disgusted. She had a job to do and new that her performance would be reported back to the Dean.

"Start sucking," Mr. Ueno barked. He offered her no assistance. Yumi stared at his dick for a moment before she leaned into his thighs and gobbled the cock up using her tongue to help get it in her mouth. It was about two and a half inches long flaccid. Quickly it began to grow as Mr. Ueno groaned quietly. This was the hottest woman that had ever sucked his dick. Despite his wealth, he'd never had a girl this beautiful sucking his cock before. Yumi tasted the salty precum, which mixed with the unwashed flavour of his penis to create a horrid cream in her mouth. The cock in her mouth began to quickly grow to its full length of five inches. It was tiny compared to the Dean's s dick. Even though she hated Mr. Ueno's penis she found it easy to take it in, she just had to ignore the taste. Mr. Ueno was getting close to climax after another two minutes so he grabbed Yumi's head by the base of her pigtails and started bouncing her head up and down on his ugly cock. He let out a loud "iku" to signal that he was coming. Yumi felt a large amount of cum fill her mouth, some went down her throat and the rest of the putrid salty liquid she tried to stop from swallowing. It filled her mouth as Mr. Ueno pulled out of her. Yumi wanted to spit it out and simply looked up at Mr. Ueno with watering doe eyes waiting for permission.

"Misete!" he grunted at Yumi to show him the semen in her mouth.

Yumi opened slowly being careful to stop it from running out of the sides of her mouth.

"Sugaeee! Nomu," he ordered. She hesitated for a moment, so he squeezed her nostrils closed. Yumi quickly swallowed then breathed in ragged breaths through her mouth.

"iiiiiieee ne!" Mr. Ueno commented that she was good as he released her nose, "Soji" he asked her to clean his cock. Yumi felt as though she disobeyed him before so she wanted to make it up to him. She sucked and licked the residue from his now soft cock. She heard her inner monologue say, "A good girl does as she's told". She felt a comforting satisfaction wash over her feeling as though she had done her job well. Mr. Ueno passed the bell to the left, to a tall man named Vincent. He was a little shyer than Mr. Ueno and continued drinking for a few minutes before Paul hassled him to hurry up or pass the bell along. He rang the bell under table and Yumi shuffled over to him. A moment later he looked down to see Yumi's pretty face looking up.

"What I can for you Sir?" Yumi asked sweetly. She thought he looked like a kind man.

"Oh hello sweetie, you are so pretty! Are you sure you want to do this? You aren't in any trouble?" he asked her genuinely concerned as to why this beauty was degrading herself so completely. This was, by far, the most insane dinner he had ever been to. Despite his reservations he found himself getting rock hard.

"No Sir, this my job, I love make you happy. Please let me help?" Yumi implored him. At that point she felt the exciter charm whirr to life, this time on level two, "ooooOOOh!"

"Are you ok?" Vincent asked.

"Yes, I ok, feel –ahh- better now..." Yumi replied feeling herself getting turned on more and more. It had only been about fifteen minutes since her last mind shattering orgasm. She felt a stronger need to suck cock now and she wanted to make this "nice" man happy.

"Please Sir, I want suck you cock!" Yumi blurted out. A few of the men beside him who were witnessing the exchange laughed, one adding that Vincent should help the poor little thing.

"Ok sweetheart," Vincent said pulling his pants to his ankles. His six-inch cock sprang free and rested on Yumi's chin. Without missing a beat, Yumi slurped up his cock, giving him a wet and noisy blowjob, all the while humming and groaning from the effect of her pussy vibrator. Vincent pushed his pelvis into her face more saying "ohh you're a good girl, so good at sucking cock!" quietly while patting her on the head. After a few minutes, Yumi slowed down and leaned with most of her weight onto his rigid pole, swallowing it into her throat. She held her breath for a few moments letting Vincent appreciate the tightness around his cock head. She backed off and repeated this again, and it proved to be too much for Vincent. As his cock was deep in her he painted the back of her throat with cum. Yumi swallowed without hesitation this time, happy to take his seed. She was a good girl, like he said.

"Thank you sweetheart... would you like something to drink?" Vincent asked as he grabbed a glass of beer and held it to her lips. Yumi nodded her head that she did and gulped down a few large sips. She let out a little burp and Vincent could smell cum of both men waft towards him. After returning the beer to the table he patted her on the head and told her how good he felt. Yumi thought it was nice that he said so. She felt a little pang of warmth inside from his compliments. Vincent passed the bell to his left and the next man wasted no time in using it. It continued on around the table for another hour until it came to the last man sitting to the right of Mr. Ueno. Yumi had been offered more beer as she sucked most of the remaining clients, a few decided not to make use of her plump, cock-sucking lips, so she was feeling a little light headed. She hadn't eaten anything since before the auction, except for six loads of cum. The last man to use her was Tim Johnson. A fitting name as Yumi would soon find out.

"Come here baby..." Tim said as he saw a head bob in his direction. Yumi was having more trouble keeping her balance now and she fell straight into Tim's crotch.

"Wow, you are eager huh?" Tim joked. He cradled her cheeks with his hands and pulled her head up. He pulled until her shoulders were above his thighs and her cum-stained tits were resting in his groin. Yumi's face had cum dried all around her lips, cheeks and chin. She was a mess. "Before we start, let me get that face cleaned up," Tim said and he rubbed one of the little rolled up wet towels that Hiroko had place on the table at the start of their drinking session after dessert. Yumi felt like when she was a little girl and her mother would wipe of mess from her face after eating. It was a small gesture that made her feel some affection for the man. He then continued down her front lifting her big tits and wiping them down thoroughly. Tim spent a good amount of time rubbing her nipples and Yumi who had been at the mercy of her pussy jewellery for the last hour, moaned softly from the contact. Finally, he had finished his cleaning job and took off his pants, pushing Yumi back slightly to drop them to the ground. His cock stood hard and erect.

"Ohh!" Yumi gasped.

"Yes, do you like it?" Tim teased.

"It so –ah- so big Sir!" Yumi said, truly in awe. It was even bigger and wider than the Dean's. It must have been nine inches long and fatter than Yumi's delicate wrists. The whirring of the electric motor on her clit and the recent fondling of her breasts heightened her arousal, as did looking at Tim's impressive cock. She had just sucked six cocks, but they were all only between four and six inches long. She felt so dirty, so slutty, but so hungry for that dick. Something deep inside her knew sucking it was linked to her own pleasure. She was going to choke on this cock; she would choose cock over air for this man. Yumi felt it was the ultimate feeling of helplessness. Being tied and having her face impaled on a huge penis.

"Are you ready for it?" Tim taunted her.

"Yes Sir, please I want suck cock! It's my job Sir!" Yumi implored him.

"Good girl," Tim said as he pulled her pigtails back and lean forward to shoehorn his stiff white pole into her open wide mouth. Yumi felt the corners of her mouth stretch as he slowly pushed the head past her teeth. She tried to calm her breathing but it was hard with the charm buzzing away and her nervousness about being able to take this cock into her throat. Tim pushed harder now and Yumi garbled something desperately. He then pulled her head off his cock.

"What was that baby?" Tim asked.

"Please, slower Sir! Mouth too dry!" Yumi begged him.

"Here, suck down some more beer, love," Tim said putting a glass of Asahi to her lips. Yumi swished some around her mouth and then took some deep breaths. Tim let her relax for a moment.

"All better now?" Tim asked.

"Thank you Sir," Yumi said as went back to stuffing the huge member in her mouth. The beer did help her get the cock down easier. After a minute she had about five inches of it in and was tickling the back of her throat. She got her breathing into a rhythm and was able to keep up the pace at which he was pulling on her pigtails.

"Ok baby, ready for the rest?" Tim said.

Yumi wiggled her head slightly to say she was ready. Tim pulled her down into his wiry pubic hair and Yumi swallow hard on the massive cock head.

"Oooh fuck yeah!" Tim groaned as her throat muscles constricted around his cock like they were milking it. Tim held her there for a moment before pulling it back and resting it on her tongue. Yumi managed to breathe around the oral intruder for a few seconds before he repeated the action a few more times over the next four minutes. Yumi's whole world at the moment was concentrating on using her throat to massage this man's cock. She felt totally owned now. She was a slave to this cock. He was stopping her breath and she could only just try her best to satisfy him. It was incredibly erotic. Just then she felt her exciter charm kick up a notch. Mr. Tanaka had raised it to level three. She started screaming but nothing much could be heard with her throat and mouth blocked by a big hard dick. Her eyes bulged and she looked up at Tim hoping he would release her, but he was looking at the ceiling as he began to come. Yumi was panicking for air as she swallowed his jets of cum as quickly as possible. Tim looked down and was snapped out of his climax upon seeing Yumi struggling to breath. His hands were still gripping her pigtails so he pulled them away from his cock quickly. Yumi coughed and spluttered on his tumescent but quickly deflating cock.

"Sorry baby, I got a little carried away there! Are you ok?" Tim apologized.

"Hai- yes... S-s- -cough- Sir," Yumi said between ragged breaths.

Tim gave her a few minutes to recover letting her rest her head against his naked thigh. Yumi reflected on how she was bound and full of cum, resting her head on a man thigh under a table. It was really insane how it had come to this, and how she realised that she loved being used this way. Five minutes later when her breathing was under control, her arousal was increased when, again, Mr. Tanaka clicked the exciter charm to level four. She was on the razor edge of her next orgasm. As her arousal was ramped up, she had the thought that she should finish her job before she was allowed to come. It was the result of some NLP that she had assimilated. It seemed to make a lot of sense to her.

"I.. I- I clean- co-cock for you Sir?" Yumi asked wantonly.

"Oh, of course, love," Tim said. He was feeling really relaxed now, but noticed a tightness somewhere else. As Yumi tongued the penis into his mouth, it began to grow again. She quickly and sloppily licked and sucked it all over while constantly moaning and rolling head around and bouncing it off Tim's stomach. Meanwhile, the pressure from his bladder and from Yumi pushing her head against it started a trickle from Tim's cock. Yumi started to taste something tangy and tasting of beer seeping out of his cock.

"Oh I'm sorry Yumi, I can't stop it!" Tim said to her. Yumi didn't know what to do but swallow the piss coming out. It was that, or become covered in piss. Yumi didn't know how to feel about it, it was probably the most degrading thing that had happened to her so far, but she felt an unexplainable compulsion to drink it. It seemed like her duty, her "place" to do it. Tim managed to pinch his pelvic floor muscle after five seconds. Yumi finished swallowing the pee. She had skillfully avoided spilling any of the half a cup or so of hot yellow fluid that came out of Tim. He withdrew his penis and helped Yumi up to sit next to him.

"So sorry about that I couldn't stop it, I really need to take a piss now," Tim said as he hurried off to the toilet. Yumi sat at the table with all the clients staring at her, smiling widely and praising her efforts. Yumi was still panting and moaning on the edge of release. She was wriggling and rolling her hips on the small cushion beneath her arse. Her bladder had also become full with all the beer, cum and Tim's pee accident. She was sweating all over.

"Pl-p-please, Ta- ta- tana- Tanaka-ue, m-m-may- I come?" Yumi stuttered.

"One moment," Mr. Tanaka getting up and walking to Yumi he untied her arms and told her to crawl on all four to the centre of the table again. She did as she was told with a thrusting motion in her hips, like she was trying to fuck the air. Mr. Tanaka slapped her inner thighs until they formed a wide triangle with the tabletop.

"Sumimasen!" Mr. Tanaka shouted again. Hiroko scurried back in the room this time with a large clear glass bowl. She placed it carefully under Yumi's dripping wet pussy. Yumi stared at Mr. Tanaka with a deep frown looking like a wounded animal moaning and asking again, "Please Tanaka-ue I come now?"

He clicked the exciter to level five and said, "Come for us Yumi".

Instantly, Yumi started bucking her hips wildly inward and piss and cum gushed out of her, into the bowl and some around the bowl. She was screaming loudly and making tight fists while continuing to gush fluids. After another fifteen seconds she was still thrashing and screaming but she was empty of cum and urine. Mr. Tanaka chuckled realising he had forgotten to turn off the charm. Dr. Goodman warned him about this. Yumi then fell to the side of the bowl lying next to it on the table. Her big breasts pushed up against one another presenting them to half the table. She passed out from the exertion. Two massive orgasms each building for over an hour was enough for her tonight.

"Woah... is she ok?" Paul was the first to speak.

"I've been told she's highly orgasmic, sometimes it's a little too much for the sweet little thing, so she will have a little nap. So, gentlemen, how did you enjoy the meeting?" Mr. Tanaka asked smiling like a Cheshire cat. The clients laughed, clapped and cheered for him, even the ones who didn't get a blowjob, they were still completely turned on by the school assistant and had never seen anyone so sexually explosive. Yumi was out like a light breathing through her cutely squashed lips with no idea of the clamour around her. The guests and Mr. Tanaka talked for the next five minutes, none of them really wanting to leave, but they all said their goodbyes and left Mr. Tanaka with her. After this Yumi came to consciousness and pushed herself up to sit on the table.

"Hello sleepyhead!" Hiroko said as she leaned in and gave the groggy and confused girl a big kiss on the lips, "Lets clean you up sweetie."

Hiroko lovingly and slowly washed her body with a soapy wet towel, going over each arm, leg, breast and the rest of her, washing then drying her skin. After fifteen minutes she was finished. Hiroko then helped the exhausted girl attach her nipple jewellery, pussy cover and put on her skimpy nightgown. Hiroko then left the room and quickly returned carrying a small leather card.

"Mr. Tanaka, your bill," Hiroko said extending the bill to him and bowing at the same time.

"Origatou gozaimasu," Mr. Tanaka replied. In Japanese fashion, he put a wad of notes in the leather card and handed it back to Hiroko. She led them out to the reception where Yumi was given her coat. Wade was waiting at the door ready to take them back to the car. He had been invited to join them, but he had his own strict policy about work, which wouldn't allow him leave his post as a guard. The night had pushed Yumi hard, but she felt she had done a good job and the Dean would be happy with her. She felt a giddy satisfaction in pleasing the Dean, even though he wasn't there, she was rented to this man, Mr. Tanaka, and that meant by extension, she was doing this all for the Dean and the school. Mr. Tanaka commended Yumi on her work tonight, calling her a very good girl, and adding that she helped him with some important business. She glowed and smiled at this, she was so happy to please him. Mr. Tanaka said that he would have a reward for her waiting at the hotel tomorrow morning for her.