**The Wanderings of Amy**

by EC

**Chapter 21 - Wendy's Collar**

Like Wendy, Burnside was dressed in a sweatsuit. Wendy was a bit surprised, thinking that Burnside would be in a fetish outfit and would whip her the moment she was through the door. However, the living room was perfectly normal. The only thing Wendy saw that indicated her upcoming ordeal was an open paper shopping bag sitting upright on the floor. She looked at the bag, then at Burnside.

"Get undressed. Put your clothes in the bag."

Wendy pulled off her shoes and socks, then her sweats and underwear. She put everything in the bag. Naked, with her hands at her sides, her heart pounding so hard she barely could breathe, she stood next to her clothes. She looked Burnside in the face. She did not dare look away.

Burnside took the bag to her own bedroom and locked it up in a trunk. She returned with a leather collar that had a lock on it. She put a key in the collar to open the lock. She held the collar out in front of her.

"Wendy, what does this collar mean?"

Wendy swallowed hard. "It... means that I must... do everything you tell me, Dr Burnside."

"... and if you don't?"

"Y... you'll punish me, Dr. Burnside."

"And you agree with that? You will obey everything I tell you, and accept punishment from me if you screw-up?"

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Good. Now you will kneel."

Her heart pounding even more, Wendy sank to her knees. Burnside stood behind Wendy and lowered the collar over her face. The collar closed around her neck and she felt the lock click shut. For the next four months this collar would be the only thing that Wendy would be permitted to wear, no matter who else was in the house. She would have it on constantly, only being allowed to take it off when she got cleaned up. It fit loosely around her throat, but for the time that she would be in this house the feel of the collar reminded Wendy of her position.

Wendy was desperate to get her first punishment over with. She felt that would break her tension, and at least give her an idea of what to expect. However, her first punishment would not be on her first day. Burnside surprised her servant with her next words. The professor directed her attention to a chair that had a folded bed sheet and an electric hair clipper on it.

"Take that sheet and spread it out on the floor next to that outlet by the door. Then, you will plug in that hair clipper and lay it on the sheet. Once you have done that, I want you to kneel on the sheet, facing the wall."

Wendy's heart pounded. She hadn't expected this. But she knew that Burnside was just testing her. Surly she didn't mean to... ?

Wendy did as she was directed. She knelt facing the wall. Burnside moved behind her, picked up the clipper, and turned it on.

"Wendy, before I joined the Navy, I shaved my head. I caught hell for it in Basic, but I did it because that's what the guys had to do. I did it to prove to myself, and to them, that I was no better and no worse than they were. I'm telling you this because I'm going to shave your head. I don't want you to think that I would force you to do something I wouldn't do. Now, put your hands out in front of you, palms facing up. Don't move."

Wendy gasped. She had expected to be severely punished. She had not expected to lose her hair. So this was it. With her hair gone there really would be no going back.

Burnside ran the clipper up Wendy's neck over the top of her head. She picked up the strand of fallen hair and placed it in the younger woman's trembling hands. Wendy felt the clipper slide up her scalp again, and Burnside laid yet more hair in the student's hands. As more and more of her hair moved from her scalp to her hands, Wendy struggled to stay still and control her breathing. Burnside finished with the main part of the job in less than a minute. As Wendy knelt with a shocked expression and her hands full of thick black hair, Burnside changed the setting on the clippers to finish. In less than five minutes Wendy's scalp was covered only by smooth stubble, less than an eighth of an inch in length. Wendy now felt much more naked, with her scalp exposed to the cool air of Burnside's living room. Without any warning, tears began to flow down her cheeks.

Burnside left her kneeling for a few minutes, to let the lesson sink in. Finally she directed Wendy to put her hair in the trash and to put the sheet in the washing machine.

Wendy then returned to Burnside and knelt in front of her. She still was crying. She felt ashamed about not being able to stop. The professor contemplated her with deep satisfaction. She had passed the first test as her servant.

"Wendy, I don't think you truly understood what it is to submit to another person. To submit means you will surrender whatever I choose to take from you. Submitting is about much more than just being punished."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Since this is your first day here, I want you to relax and get settled in. Enjoy it, because today is the only day that I will let you make any mistakes and not punish you. Starting tomorrow, I expect top performance out of you."

Burnside grabbed Wendy's wrist and ordered her to stand up. She directed Wendy to the dining room table. She had prepared breakfast for herself and her servant. Wendy stood at the table, waiting for her mistress to tell her to sit down. Burnside looked sharply at Wendy.

"Wendy, you need to seat me first. Then you can sit down."

Wendy looked at Burnside perplexed.

"Pull my chair back far enough to let me get between it and the table. Then move the chair under me as I sit down."

"Yes ma'am."

With an irritated expression Burnside looked at her servant, then spoke again.

"Wendy, I don't role-play. I think role-playing is stupid, and you and I are not role-playing anyway. You will address me as Dr. Burnside. You will not call me ma'am, or mistress, or any nonsense like that. You will address me just like you would in class. I will call you Wendy, just like I would in class. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Another thing. If you want to ask me something or tell me something, you will approach me, you will kneel, and then you will ask me for permission to speak. I don't want you running around the house blurting stuff out."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

Wendy's day was full of lessons. Burnside had very clear ideas as to how meals would be prepared and served, how the house would be cleaned, what the professor wanted for comfort throughout the day. There was coffee in the morning and tea in the afternoon. There was dinner. Burnside explained that on the days she was out she would call Wendy about two hours ahead of time to tell her what she needed to fix for dinner. There were recipe books on the counter that she would be expected to use. Any day that Wendy managed to stay out of trouble she would eat dinner at the table with Burnside after serving her and seating her.

Wendy now realized why Burnside had resolved not to punish her during the first day. With all the mistakes she made, she would have been punished non-stop. It would be hard to keep all of it straight tomorrow, when she faced the prospect of real punishment. At the same time, Wendy now understood that Burnside was not going to indiscriminately chastise her. On the days Wendy made mistakes, she would be punished. On the days she did not make any mistakes, she would not be punished.

Burnside told her servant that there would be three hours of study in the afternoon after lunch and three more hours of study at night. Each morning Wendy would kneel in front of her mistress and present her coursework from the previous day for the professor to review, before sending the assignments off to her professors. By the end of the first day Wendy realized how hard the professor planned to push her.

Wendy's duties included an hour of required exercises that Burnside had learned in the Navy, and still performed every morning before eating breakfast. Wendy would be required to exercise before serving dinner. She had her first exercise session that afternoon. On the first day, for a full hour, Burnside shouted at her servant while she performed military-style calisthenics. Wendy's bare breasts and bottom jiggled as the frightened, sweaty girl attempted to follow her mentor's instructions. The sound of Burnside's voice and Wendy's responses would have been all too familiar to anyone who spent time in the military:

"ONE... TWO... THREE.."

"One!"

"ONE... TWO... THREE.."

"Two!"

"ONE... TWO... THREE.."

"Three!"

"ONE... TWO... THREE.."

"Four!"

The first session ended with Wendy throwing up in the bathroom from being out of shape. The following day she managed not to throw up, on the third day exercising no longer made her sick.

At 7:00 p.m. the professor told her servant to get cleaned up. Wendy knelt while Burnside unlocked her collar. Involuntarily she rubbed her throat when the collar came off.

For the first time Wendy had a chance to see herself in the mirror. She was shocked by the change in her appearance. With her hair reduced to stubble, her breasts and shoulders bare, and a frightened, intense expression in her eyes, she hardly recognized the face staring back at her in the mirror. Wendy examined herself, still trying to accept the thought that the strange image was indeed who she had become.

After her bath Wendy's collar went back on. She finally saw her room after her bath. By this time she was exhausted. The room was furnished simply, with a single bed, a small book shelf with textbooks and art supplies, and a desk with a chair and an old computer and printer. Wendy looked at her mistress in gratitude when she saw the art supplies. Burnside continued with her day's instructions.

"If I don't have anything going on, you will be dismissed after 7:30. I expect you to study until 10:30. After that you may sleep or work on your art. I expect you to keep your door open at all times."

"Dr. Burnside, I request permission to speak."

"What is it?"

"Thank you for the art things."

"You'll need to thank Amy. She was the one who reminded me about your art."

Wendy pulled out her textbooks and reviewed the assignments until 10:30. She then pulled back the covers to get in bed. Suddenly she noticed a sturdy metal ring screwed into each of the thick wooden bedposts, close to the mattress. She wondered how long it would be before her wrists and ankles would be attached to those rings.

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Wendy made it through the next day without doing anything to warrant a punishment. Her first full day at the professor's house began when her alarm went off at 6:00. As she left her room to go to the kitchen to start breakfast, she heard a strange noise coming from Burnside's bedroom. It was a low mechanical hum accompanied with a constant tap-tap-tap and heavy breathing. Wendy peeked through the door open to see what was going on.

Wendy was greeted by a strange sight. Burnside was on a treadmill, completely naked except for a sports bra and running shoes. The incline on the treadmill was set at maximum and it was clear that the professor was exerting herself as much as possible. Perspiration was pouring down her body, and the sports bra itself was wet. The muscles in Burnside's legs and bottom strained and moved under her sweaty skin.

Wendy marveled at Burnside's body. For a person who was 41 years old, Burnside was incredibly fit and had a lovely athletic figure. There was nothing soft about Burnside's physique; her body was hardened and seemed to exert a powerful erotic energy. For the first time, Wendy suddenly felt an odd attraction for the professor, the first glimmering of sexual desire. She wished that she could stay at the door and watch her mentor perform her entire workout routine. She pushed that thought aside and headed for the kitchen.

At breakfast Burnside questioned her servant at length about her coursework and the studying she had done the previous night. Once breakfast was finished Wendy knelt in front of the professor and handed her two assignments she had worked on. She nervously watched as the professor looked over the assignments. Burnside handed one of them back to her, with the brusque comment, "this won't work, re-do it."

"What's wrong with it, Dr. Burnside?"

"I'm not going to tell you how to do your work, Wendy. I want you to start putting some effort into your classes and you need to find the answers yourself. That's one of your problems. You want everyone to feel sorry for you and hand you everything. That shit won't work with me. I will tell you what you did here is inadequate. If you don't believe me, try turning it in as is. But then, if I'm right and your professor gives you a poor grade, there will be hell to pay."

As she cleaned up from breakfast, Wendy's mind was occupied with the immediate problem of how to correct her deficient assignment. Later in the morning she would have a couple of hours to work on it.

Wendy dug through her books, eliminating possibilities of what might be wrong. Finally she figured it out. She felt oddly proud of herself as she made the corrections and printed the revised assignment.

As the day dragged on, Wendy's mind was kept occupied by the household chores, her coursework, and her exercising. There was no time for Wendy to contemplate gambling, how much she hated herself, or her desire to cut her throat.

Burnside spent the entire morning preparing lesson plans and sending e-mails to counterparts in Europe. Because Burnside was on her computer in the living room, Wendy had to wash the dishes by hand, instead of using the dishwasher like she normally would. After cleaning up and correcting her assignment, Wendy prepared lunch while Burnside got dressed in one of her teaching outfits. When the professor went out in the afternoon Wendy vacuumed the house. Burnside had told her that she hated the vacuum-cleaner noise and that Wendy could only use the vacuum cleaner when she was out. After vacuuming Wendy had enough spare time to draw a picture.

When Burnside came back she parked in the garage. Without saying anything she walked to her bedroom and came back with a pair of shower shoes. She dropped them at Wendy's feet.

"Put these on and get the bags out of the car. Put the food away and get started on cooking the chicken dish on page 34 of the green recipe book. Have dinner ready at 5:30." With that Burnside went back to her computer.

Wendy shivered as she went out in the cold garage to retrieve the groceries. She felt very strange taking things out of a car wearing nothing but shower shoes and a leather collar.

After cooking, exercising, eating, and cleaning up from dinner Wendy took her bath. She knelt for Burnside to put her collar back on. However, Burnside ordered Wendy to stand up and to go back out into the living room without her collar on. She ordered Wendy to put her hands behind her head and spread her feet. She reached out and ran her finger tips over Wendy's breasts. She massaged and pinched Wendy's nipples until they were hard. She ran her hand up and down Wendy's chest and stomach.

Wendy gasped. She was terrified. Oh God, she thought, sex with Burnside. She warned me. I accepted this.

Burnside noticed the look in Wendy's face. "You understand this was part of our agreement."

"Y... Yes... Dr. Burnside."

"I know this will be hard on you. Do your best."

Burnside's hands moved to Wendy's bottom. She stood in front of her servant and kissed her on the mouth.

"You're going to have to relax your mouth. Don't make me tell you again."

As best she could, Wendy relaxed her mouth. Burnside pressed her tongue past Wendy's teeth. She paused.

"Wendy, put your arms down. Keep them at your sides."

Burnside took Wendy's head in her hands and kissed her hard. Then she kissed Wendy's throat and the back of her neck. She moved behind her servant and took her breasts in her hands. Wendy shook slightly as she felt Burnside's hands squeezing her nipples and the professor's mouth on the back of her neck.

Burnside was becoming more aroused. She moved in front of Wendy and grabbed her bottom hard. Once again she pressed her mouth into her servant's mouth. Her tongue moved around Wendy's. Suddenly Burnside turned her attention to the girl's breasts. She sucked Wendy's nipples so hard they hurt. Burnside moved her face down Wendy's body. She knelt and kissed the insides of Wendy's thighs. Wendy, in spite of her terror, started to feel hints of arousal herself. Suddenly Burnside stood up.

"Undress me."

Wendy's shaking hands fumbled with the buttons of Burnside's jacket and she pulled it off. She knew better than to throw it on the floor. Holding the jacket, she knelt and looked at her mistress.

"Dr. Burnside... I request permission to speak"

"Wendy, lay my jacket and skirt on the back of that chair. Put my other things there as well. You can deal with them when we're done."

Wendy stood up and carefully laid the jacket on the chair. Next was Burnside's matching skirt. Wendy unzipped the back of Burnside's blouse and added it to the clothing on the chair. She carefully pushed Burnside's panty hose to her ankles. Burnside lifted her feet and her servant slid them off. Wendy's hands shook more violently when she fumbled with the hooks on Burnside's bra. Wendy glanced for a second at Burnside's breasts as the bra opened in the front. They were not the breasts of a young woman, but her mistress was way too critical of herself. They still looked all right.

One more item to go. Burnside wore standard black panties. There was nothing unusual about them. Wendy pushed the panties over the professor's bottom and slid them to her ankles. Again Burnside stepped up.

Burnside grabbed Wendy's wrist. She put her free hand on Wendy's back and pressed her body against her own. Burnside buried her mouth into Wendy's neck, kissing hard. She could feel Wendy's heart pounding furiously. That excited her even more.

Still holding Wendy by the wrist, Burnside led the trembling girl to the master bedroom. She pushed her onto her back on the bed and lay down on top of her. She grabbed Wendy's wrists and held them above her head. For a long time she kept her mouth buried in Wendy's. She pressed her pelvis against Wendy's.

Suddenly Burnside lifted herself up a bit to look her servant in the eyes.

"Wendy, have you ever been with another woman?"

"N... No... Dr. Burnside... I... haven't."

"Do you have any idea what you need to do?"

"N... No... Dr. Burnside."

"Alright. I'll show you."

Burnside buried her face between Wendy's legs. She knew exactly what to do to make Wendy climax. Wendy, in spite of her terror, experienced her first orgasm as Burnside's servant within five minutes.

Burnside jumped up and went to the bathroom to wash her face. She returned and lay on the bed next to Wendy.

"OK, now you know what to do. I don't expect you to be perfect this first time. I do expect you to do your best."

Wendy buried her face between Burnside's legs. For her first time she did not do badly. Burnside climaxed within a few minutes.

"Wendy, you did good. Now wash your face and kneel on the floor when you come out."

Burnside had decided to force Wendy to undergo another sexual experience tonight. She pulled out leather cuffs for Wendy's wrists and ankles, as well as a black scarf to blindfold her with, and her usual collar for her neck. Wendy looked nervously at Burnside when she saw what was in her hands.

As instructed, Wendy knelt. Burnside put the collar and blindfold on first, then Wendy's wrist cuffs. She joined the cuffs behind the girl's back. Burnside then took Wendy's arm and helped her to her feet. She put the cuffs on her servant's ankles. She grabbed four clips from her dresser and led Wendy back to the guest bedroom.

The previous night Wendy had wondered about the rings on her bedposts. Tonight was the first night out of many that her ankles and wrists would be attached to them. Burnside unhooked Wendy's wrist cuffs and ordered Wendy onto her bed on her back. She attached Wendy's wrists to the bedposts. She did the same thing with Wendy's ankles. Wendy was now spread and completely helpless.

Burnside spent the next hour sexually tormenting her servant. She traced Wendy's body with her finger tips and with her kisses, concentrating on the sensitive area between her legs. She kept Wendy close to orgasm, but did not allow her to have one. Wendy gasped and groaned. She pulled hard against her restraints. Wendy was being tortured as much as if she were being whipped.

Finally, Burnside showed Wendy mercy and let her climax. Wendy's voice cracked with desperation as her orgasm came. As soon as she finished Burnside unhooked Wendy's cuffs and took them off. She took off Wendy's blindfold.

Burnside took Wendy's hand and looked at her. Wendy was beyond exhausted. She barely could move. She was stunned by this experience. She was shocked by the control that Burnside had exercised over her.

Burnside had wanted another round of sex, but realized that Wendy was not capable of anything right now. Better let her sleep. Tomorrow was another day.

"OK, Wendy. I want you up at 6:00, my breakfast at 7:00. Good night."

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The following evening Wendy met the first out of Burnside's many lovers. For the first time Burnside gave her an option of turning down a request.

"I am going to have a guest over tonight and I am giving you a choice of how you want to handle it. You can either go into your room and study, or you can help me with him for a little bit, and then study or have the option of working on your art. That's completely your choice. Since this has nothing to do with improving your situation I am leaving it up to you to decide how you'd like to spend the evening."

Wendy's heart jumped into her throat. She was desperately curious to see what exactly Burnside did with her lovers. As a result, her choice was immediate.

"I'll do whatever you want, Dr. Burnside."

The evening began with Wendy shaving her pubic hair and getting cleaned up. She then exchanged her leather collar for a steel collar and steel cuffs for her ankles and wrists. Burnside, meanwhile, changed into the leather outfit that looked like a black swimsuit from the front but was cut very high in the back. For the second time that day, Wendy admired Burnside's shapely bottom and trim, muscular thighs. Burnside put on black stockings that came to her mid-thighs and black gloves.

The set-up was relatively simple. The professor took a comfortable armchair and placed it squarely in the center of the living room. She then pointed to a small spotlight mounted on the ceiling that was pointed at the area on the floor immediately in front of the chair. Wendy would dim the living room lights and activate the spotlight on cue. Burnside placed a small end-table on one side of her chair and a small bench on the other side. She placed two implements, a leather paddle and a leather switch, on the end-table. She set a small old-fashioned alarm clock and placed it on the table.

Wendy half-filled two small wine glasses. The amount of wine in each glass was very small. Wendy realized that its purpose probably was more symbolic than anything else. On cue, Wendy would bring the tray to Burnside.

Burnside's guest was a very nervous-looking young man in his mid-20's. Wendy opened the door for him, as Burnside sat in her armchair facing the door. She held up the alarm clock.

"You're late, Richard. I don't appreciate that."

"I... I'm sorry about that, Dr. Burnside. I got stuck at a couple of lights."

Wendy smiled to herself. She knew full-well that "sorry" was the worst thing Richard could say to Ruth Burnside.

"Don't tell me you're sorry. If you were sorry you wouldn't have done it. You would have planned your trip better. Instead you come to me with some lame excuse about the lights. You need a reality check. This is Chicago. Traffic is something you plan for."

Richard looked at the floor.

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Look up! What the hell do you think you're doing looking at the floor like that? Take some pride in yourself! Show me some backbone! You look me in the eye!"

Reluctantly Richard looked up.

"Now. You get your clothes off. Fold everything neatly and hand it to Ms. Li. Once you're done, you will kneel and thank her for taking your clothes."

Richard stripped, folding each piece of clothing with shaking hands. Wendy placed her hands out in front of her as she collected Richard's items. Once he was completely undressed, Richard knelt in front of Wendy and thanked her for taking his clothing.

As she had been previously instructed, Wendy simply turned away and dumped Richard's clothes into a trash can. The trash can was clean, but the symbolism of Wendy's action reminded Richard of his submission to Ruth Burnside.

"Now, Richard, come over here. Stand in front of me. Keep your hands at your sides."

Richard complied. Wendy dimmed the living room lights and turned up the spotlight. Burnside picked up the switch and tapped the palm of her hand with it.

"Now, Ms. Li, stand behind my chair and take a good look at our guest."

Wendy complied. She felt a real thrill seeing Richard standing naked and humiliated under the white glare of the spot light. He had a fairly attractive body and Wendy enjoyed looking at him. At the same time, she realized how tightly Burnside had choreographed the entire session. She knew the significance of every action, how to manipulate and control his emotions.

"This must be very embarrassing for you, Richard. To have to stand in front of two women... not wearing anything... and to have to just stand there, fully exposed, until I give you permission to move. I'd be totally humiliated if I were in your situation."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside... It's sort of embarrassing."

"Sort of? Well, we'll have to do better than sort of. Kneel"

Richard knelt.

"Now lean forward and kiss the carpet at my feet. Keep your lips to the carpet until I tell you to get up."

Richard complied. He was on his knees and elbows with his lips touching the carpet. His bottom was in the air and completely exposed. Burnside got up, walked behind him, and tapped his bottom with the switch. She signaled her servant to come around as well. Wendy stood next to Burnside, nervously looking at the switch in Burnside's hand and Richard's waiting bottom.

"How many minutes were you late, Richard?"

"Uh... seven."

"That's bullshit. You're just guessing. You don't really know, do you?"

"No, Dr. Burnside. I don't really know."

"So you were lying to me, weren't you? Telling me something that you really didn't know?"

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Well, then, I'll tell you how late you were. You were five minutes late. That's five strokes of the switch. But since you said seven, let's add another seven to that, plus another one for the lie. How many strokes is that, Richard?"

"Thirteen, Dr. Burnside."

"Excellent. Thirteen it shall be."

With that, Burnside struck Richard's upturned bottom viciously with the switch, waiting between strokes to let Richard feel each one and appreciate it. Richard jerked and gasped, but he managed to maintain silence throughout the entire ordeal.

"Now, stand up."

Richard stood up, wincing slightly from the pain coming from his bottom. Burnside resumed her position in the chair and Wendy resumed her position behind Burnside.

"Look Ms. Li in the eye. Explain to her why you were late. Take some responsibility for your actions, for a change."

"Ms. Li, I was late because I was irresponsible. I didn't plan my trip properly and... and I didn't plan for the traffic."

Wendy nodded slightly. Burnside tapped the floor with her switch.

"Kneel"

Richard went back on his knees.

"Stick out your hands."

Richard stuck his hands out and Burnside wrapped them with a pair of leather cuffs. She then clipped the cuffs behind the submissive's back.

"Ms. Li, please bring us the tray."

Wendy brought the tray with the wine glasses. She allowed Burnside to take one, and then took the other in her hand.

"Richard, last week you told me a bunch of stuff about your life that you are having issues with. My answer is that we will drink some wine together. That will mark the agreement between us. If you drink my wine, you accept my discipline. The wine may be smooth, but its aftertaste will be very bitter. Do you agree to drink my wine?"

"Yes."

"Ms. Li... would you please present Richard his wine?"

Wendy pressed the wineglass in her hand to Richard's lips. He drank, and in doing so committed himself to a night of punishment and submissive sex.

"Ms. Li, please take our glasses and the tray. And with that I will say thank you and goodnight."

Wendy was dismissed. She took the tray to the kitchen, quickly washed out the wine glasses and hung them up in the kitchen's wine glass holder. Then she slipped back through the living room, taking a quick glance at Burnside and her guest. He was standing, his legs spread slightly, with his hands chained to eyehooks in the ceiling. Burnside was quietly talking to him, as she held the leather paddle in her hand. She was massaging his penis with the other hand. He was blindfolded.

Wendy's role in the entire affair was finished for the evening. She returned to her room and shut her door. Once her door was shut, Wendy heard a loud CRACK... CRACK... CRACK that seemed to continue for a very long time. She thought she could make out Richard crying. Then there was relative silence for a while, and then faint groans. Wendy looked back out into the living room to notice that Burnside and Richard were no longer there; they must have gone into the professor's bedroom. From that room Wendy heard an occasional CRACK, and then more groaning.

Wendy closed her eyes and pondered the entire strange scene she had just participated in. What to make of it? Her emotions were in turmoil, from the sight of Burnside's trim, sweaty body in the morning, from the sight of the professor in her scanty black outfit, from the sight of Burnside sitting in her chair looking at Richard with a confident expression as she sipped her wine glass.

What excited Wendy the most, however, was how Ruth Burnside always seemed to control her surroundings. It was the control that Wendy found most appealing. Upon entering Burnside's house, Richard did exactly what Burnside wanted, as she drew him though a graceful choreography towards submission and pain. Wendy also knew that following the pain, Burnside would lead Richard into a world of erotic pleasure and release that few men ever experience. The cost of submission to Ruth Burnside was enormous, but the payback of pleasure also was enormous.

An overwhelming surge of sexual desire swept through Wendy. She was incredibly wet and felt that she would go crazy if she did not relieve herself. However, just as Wendy started to run her hands over her body, she realized that she could use her sexual energy for something far more useful. She set up her art supplies and drew several intensely erotic pictures over the next five hours. When exhaustion finally forced her to stop, Wendy set the pictures on her desk to look at them. She marveled at the best set of pictures she had ever drawn. All of the pictures she had drawn previously were mostly a product of fantasy and imagination. The latest batch was drawn based on real life. There was an extreme element of pleasure and eroticism in the drawings. The pictures were among the first out of many she would produce over the next several months.

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Wendy's first punishment came the following Saturday. Her offense was completely inadvertent, but at the same time fairly serious. In fact, it was something that, under different circumstances, could have landed her into serious legal problems.

Wendy served lunch to Burnside as usual, and seated her, as usual. The routine changed however, when the professor did not invite her servant to serve herself and sit at the dining room table. Instead, Burnside ordered Wendy to fetch her book "Wendy" and kneel with it in front of the living room sofa. Wendy knelt, totally perplexed and hungry from missing lunch, while Burnside quietly finished eating. Finally the professor stood up, and sat down on the sofa in front of the trembling student.

"Wendy, I need to discuss something in your book with you. Open the book to page 15 and tell me who you drew in that picture."

Wendy complied, and realized with mounting concern that the picture was one that showed her being punished by Ruth Burnside.

"Who is in this picture? Who did you draw?"

"You, Dr. Burnside."

"That's what I thought. Now please turn to page 23, and page 37, and tell me who is in each of those pictures."

"Y... you, Dr. Burnside."

"Wendy, I told you to turn to those pages. Now do it, and tell me again who those drawings portray."

Wendy complied. She knew that Burnside was about to make an issue out of the use of her likeness in some of her drawings. She began to get scared. Once she had turned to the pages in question she repeated, "T... the pictures are of you, Dr. Burnside."

"Wendy, do you consider me a public figure? Like a famous politician, or a movie star?"

"No, Dr. Burnside."

"Then you needed to get my permission to use my likeness in your collection of drawings. Your photographer friend should know that, and I believe I could sue both her and the publisher if I chose to do so. Instead, I drafted a letter that permits you to portray me in your art, and for your publisher to use my likeness for your project. I back-dated it. Please read it before I send it off."

Wendy, still kneeling, read the permission and looked up at Burnside.

"Thank you, Dr. Burnside."

"You have no reason to thank me. I don't appreciate the fact that you disrespected me enough to not ask my permission to portray me in your art. However, I won't take any action against you legally. Instead, you will pay me back with a switching. Go to your room, sit on your bed, and wait for me."

There would be times that Burnside would make Wendy wait for her punishments, sometimes as much as a day or more. Today was not one of those days. Wendy sat down on her bed, immobilized with fear, for only a minute or so before Burnside showed up with the leather cuffs and hooks from the bondage sessions, as well as a hard pillow shaped like a cylinder.

She put the pillow on the bed and ordered Wendy to lie over it on her stomach. The pillow was barely wider than Wendy's hips, so in no way would the edges cover Wendy's sides. Wendy's bottom now was high in the air and fully exposed. Burnside put the cuffs on Wendy's wrists and ankles and hooked them to the bedposts, forcing the younger women to spread her arms and legs wide. Burnside then sat on the bed next to Wendy and placed her hand on her servant's bottom. She caressed Wendy's bottom and studied it. This would be the last time for a week that Wendy's bottom would not have marks on it. The girl was shaking with fear, but was perfectly quiet.

Burnside got up and returned with a leather switch, the same one she had used on Amy and Wendy over a year before. Even though the implement was the same, this punishment would be very different than the Halloween switching last year.

To begin with, it would be much longer, well over an hour. There would be breaks so that Wendy could feel the full effect of her punishment. Burnside planned to concentrate the strokes on Wendy's bottom, but also planned to punish the backs of her thighs and shoulders. Burnside, always careful about safety, never struck a person on the lower back.

There would be far more blows from this punishment. Burnside planned to lay stripe after stripe on Wendy's bottom and thighs, placing them as close together as possible without crossing or overlapping them. At the same time Burnside would maintain her self-control. Wendy was under her care now. She would be punished carefully and methodically, with no risk of broken skin or blood. Burnside felt much more responsibility for Wendy than she did a year ago, which tempered her arousal at seeing the naked girl stretched over her bed.

Burnside stepped back and touched the switch to Wendy's right bottom-cheek. Wendy heard the whoosh of the switch and felt it make contact. Instantly the pain radiated from the stroke. It hurt every bit as much as it did the year before. Wendy's voice broke as she gasped. She tried to pull up, but the only thing she could move was her head. Burnside struck again. Again Wendy's voice broke with a gasp. She sobbed. The pain was horrible. How could she endure this session? She knew that it would be much longer than the Halloween switching, many more strokes. She tugged again at her cuffs. They gave her the answer. She would endure, because she had no choice.

Burnside struck again. Tears ran down Wendy's cheeks. She started to cry. Wendy was crying loudly by the end of the first ten strokes. Her body shook with sobs. She was not screaming like she did a year ago. Not yet.

Burnside moved to Wendy's left side. Ten strokes from the right, ten matching ones from the left. Burnside lay the strokes very close together, covering only the upper part of Wendy's bottom. The more sensitive lower part of Wendy's bottom cheeks and upper thighs would be for the next round of strokes.

Wendy was sobbing continuously at the end of the first 20 strokes. Burnside waited for the sobs to die down and for Wendy to get her breath back. The next series would be even worse, 20 hard strokes to the lower part of Wendy's bottom and upper thighs, 10 from each side.

Without saying anything. Burnside tapped the switch to the base of her servant's bottom. With the first stroke Wendy started sobbing again. Burnside went slowly, waiting 30 seconds between each blow. Burnside struck again and again, carefully aiming at the unmarked areas of Wendy's bottom. The girl started shrieking as Burnside struck the tender skin on the lower part of her buttocks. Wendy screamed for the first time when Burnside struck her thighs, just below her bottom.

Burnside changed sides. Wendy was sobbing loudly, her body shaking. Burnside measured distance again, and began the second set of blows from the girl's left side. Wendy started screaming so loudly that she made Burnside wince slightly. The professor's eyes reflected her excitement, but this time she managed to control herself. Burnside's hands shook, but she forced herself to continue laying on the stripes carefully, to avoid breaking Wendy's skin.

When Burnside finished the second set, the student had taken 40 hard strokes on her bottom and upper thighs. Wendy's bottom and upper thighs were completely covered with thin reddish stripes. She was shaking violently from her sobs. As traumatic as the punishment from the year before may have been for Wendy, in terms of severity it was nothing like this. Burnside only hit Wendy 15 times before the Halloween party. This afternoon Wendy already had 40 welts on her body, and Burnside was not finished with her. Burnside paused again to let her servant get her breath back and to feel this latest set of welts before beginning with the next set.

Like Amy before her in the Spring, Burnside noticed Wendy's beautiful thin shoulders. Wendy's shoulders now were Burnside's next target. Burnside laid her switch on Wendy's shoulder. Wendy, realizing what was about to happen, started screaming in panic. Burnside raised her switch and struck Wendy hard. Wendy's screaming changed slightly, from fear to pain. Slowly Burnside laid 20 blows, this time more irregular ones, across Wendy's shoulders.

Wendy's entire world had become one of intense pain. The welts in her bottom were burning more and more. There was nothing she could do about it; her hands were immobilized by the cuffs. Now Burnside was striking her shoulders, cruelly adding to the agony from her bottom. At that moment Wendy was in too much pain to think about anything, but later she would reflect this punishment was what she had envisioned in many of her drawings.

Burnside stopped again, and sat down on the bed close to her servant's face. Wendy's face was distorted by crying and the agony she was enduring. Her cheeks were wet from tears. Burnside waited for Wendy's sobs to die down. She placed her hand on the girl's upper arm and looked into her eyes.

"OK, Wendy, final set of strokes, on your legs. This time it will just be 10."

Slowly Burnside laid the final set of strokes on Wendy's thighs, five on each thigh. Wendy screamed again, although this time more weakly. Burnside realized that she was right about cutting the final set from 20 to 10. The girl clearly was worn out.

Wendy continued to sob for a long time. The increasing pain in her shoulders and legs began to match the pain from her bottom.

Burnside gently ran her fingers over the welts. Wendy would have these for quite a while, especially the ones on her bottom. Finally Burnside unhooked her servant's cuffs and took them off her wrists and ankles. Wendy buried her face in her hands. Her sobs became irregular and she started to hiccup. Burnside pulled the pillow out from under Wendy and left the room. Unlike the Halloween party punishment, today there was time for her to recuperate.

After she put the switch, pillow, and cuffs away, Burnside re-heated her servant's portion of lunch and poured her some juice. She took the food to Wendy, who still was lying face down on her bed crying quietly. Burnside set the food on her servant's desk.

"Wendy, try to eat as much of this as you can. You can take the next three hours to recover and rest. I have a guest coming over so I will need you to help me with dinner and serving, but that won't be until tonight"

Wendy continued crying and made no sign of moving. Burnside put a hand on her arm.

"Wendy, you have to eat, no matter what. You have to keep your strength up. Then you can sleep."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside." With that Wendy struggled off the bed to force herself to eat.

Wendy managed to eat most of her lunch. Then she lay back down on her stomach and cried until she fell asleep. Four hours later Burnside touched her servant's arm to get her up. She had decided to give Wendy an extra hour of sleep.

Wendy still was in considerable pain. Her welts had risen and darkened. She moved stiffly as Burnside ordered her to vacuum and clean the bathrooms. Burnside concentrated on finishing dinner for her guest while Wendy cleaned up the house.

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Dr. Jim Halsey was Burnside's co-worker, best friend, and lover. He had been Burnside's mentor in graduate school 20 years ago. Although he was 15 years older than Burnside, they shared many things in their lives. Like Burnside, Halsey had gone by his last name for so long that no one even remembered what his first name was. He was the only person who Burnside shared certain things about herself. Although Burnside always had numerous lovers, Halsey had been a stable presence in her life. He was the closest thing to a boyfriend since Burnside had been in high school.

Halsey and Burnside shared their love of fetish. Halsey was a switch. Sometimes he wanted Burnside to punish him, and sometimes he wanted to punish her. Burnside loved submitting to him. In her life Halsey was the only person who Burnside ever allowed to punish her. He was the person who always spanked Burnside at her Mardi Gras parties. It would never occur to anyone else in Burnside's life to try that with her.

Halsey, who in his suit looked so sophisticated in class, loved his leather as much as Burnside loved hers. On the days he topped with Burnside he wore different outfits than when he bottomed. Burnside and Halsey had experimented with almost everything that did not result in permanent scarring or injury. They had endured so much together during their sexual adventures that they trusted each other like neither could trust anyone else.

In spite of the long term nature of their relationship, Burnside and Halsey could never get married. They both were too self-centered and set in their ways to be able to compromise as needed for a marriage. Each had other lovers. The fact that they did not see each other every day kept their relationship fresh.

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Burnside dressed in one of her teaching outfits for dinner. She laid out her formal dinner sets for two people on the dining room table. Wendy was surprised by how elaborate the dinner was when she entered the kitchen. Just before her lover was about to come over Burnside ordered Wendy to shave her pubic hair and clean up. When Wendy was done Burnside replaced Wendy's leather collar with the metal one, with the matching metal cuffs for her wrists and ankles.

Burnside explained to Wendy the order in which the dishes would be served. During dinner, while not actually serving, Wendy would stand outside the kitchen door waiting at parade rest until either Burnside or Halsey needed something. She would bring it, then resume her position at the door. Once dinner was over, she would serve drinks in the living room. After drinks, Wendy would clean up the kitchen and put everything away. There would be food left over and Burnside told Wendy that she was to fix herself dinner and eat before going to bed. Once clean-up was taken care of Wendy could go back to her room. She would be allowed to close her door tonight. Burnside had one more thing to tell Wendy.

"I don't think Dr. Halsey will have anything to talk to you about. However, if he does address you or asks you a question, you will kneel in front of him and answer. You will look him in the eye. The same goes for me tonight. If I ask you something that requires you to speak, you will kneel before you answer."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"You will address him as Dr. Halsey. You will not call him 'sir' or 'master' or any bullshit like that. You probably know that already, but I just wanted to remind you."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

When Halsey came over Wendy took his coat and hat and hung them up in the hallway closet. He scanned his eyes over her body with a combination of curiosity and sexual interest. Whenever Wendy turned her back to Halsey her welts drew his attention.

Halsey was dressed the same way he would dress for class, in a dark business suit and tie. Burnside took his hands in hers and kissed him, then they sat down. Wendy served the elaborate dinner. When not serving or preparing the plates, Wendy took her position at the kitchen door. She listened to Burnside and Halsey gossip about mutual friends, their respective lovers, and co-workers. Every time Wendy moved in front of Halsey, she noticed his eyes scanning her body.

Burnside and Halsey moved to the living room for drinks after dinner. As Wendy served him a glass of wine, it suddenly dawned on Halsey that he recognized her.

"Young lady, now I remember you. You were at Ruth's Mardi Gras party, with that girl in the nurse's outfit."

Wendy faced Halsey and went to her knees.

"Yes Dr. Halsey, that was me. I was with my friend Amy." Suddenly the memory of that party pained Wendy. Her life seemed so carefree at the time, prior to her final gambling binges.

Halsey then asked Wendy a few questions about her life, and finally how she ended up in Burnside's house. Wendy was not happy about having to share her personal problems with a stranger. However, Burnside did not stop Halsey's questions and Wendy wondered why. It was obvious that Halsey's role in Burnside's life was very different from that of her other lovers and that she trusted him. Wendy also guessed, correctly, that Burnside wanted her to respond because she wanted Wendy to be able to describe her problems and express herself clearly. Finally, she answered.

"Dr. Halsey, I have a serious problem with gambling. I lost over $ 60,000 dollars last Spring. I felt so bad about it that I wanted to kill myself. The whole thing alienated me from my parents. Finally I asked Dr. Burnside to help me."

"Wendy's a talented artist," interjected Burnside. "She put a book out with her drawings over the summer. Wendy, get your book for Dr. Halsey please."

Wendy got up and pulled the copy of her book she had given to Burnside off the shelf where Burnside kept it. She handed the book to Halsey and returned to her kneeling position on the floor.

Halsey thumbed through the book after Wendy handed it to him. "Yes. I bought this last month. Now I make the connection. I thought I recognized you when I saw the photos."

"Yes, Dr. Halsey."

Halsey paused, then continued. "I want to congratulate you on your work. I never really liked those Japanese-style cartoons until I saw the ones you did. You have a true talent and I hope you're able to develop it. In other words, don't be so down on yourself. You've got something real to contribute to the world."

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After Halsey and Burnside went to the master bedroom, Wendy ate what was left over from the dinner and put the dishes in the dishwasher. Suddenly she heard loud classical music coming from Burnside's bedroom. Then, over the music, she heard a distinct CRACK!... CRACK!... CRACK!... Wendy wondered who was getting it.

She turned on the dishwasher and wiped up the counters. She turned her attention to the floor, which she decided to mop. By the time she was finished with the floor, the dishwasher was done. Wendy put everything away and went to her room.

The classical music was still playing, and now Wendy thought she could hear both Burnside and Halsey groaning. Oh well, she thought, none of my business what they're doing.

However, as Wendy entered her room she saw her art supplies. She laid out what she would need to make some color drawings and sat down. Her body protested in pain, but the pain fired her imagination, along with the classical music coming from Burnside's room. For the next six hours Wendy drew. Now Wendy was drawing from personal experience and memories, not imagination and fantasy.

**Chapter 22 - New Year's Eve**

Robert had to work starting on the 27th. A potentially huge case landed into his firm, a liability suit resulting from the collapse of some decorations at a discount store onto several customers shopping under them. A couple of children were seriously injured in the accident. The store quickly offered compensation to the families, but a consumer protection group decided to sue to force the store to comply with numerous safety rules. The families agreed, and the whole thing was headed for trial. Faced with the array of corporate talent they would have to confront in the courtroom, Robert and his two partners had to prepare their case to the fullest, along with the attorneys of the consumer protection group. Robert already had his thoughts on the appeals, as well as the upcoming initial trial.

Suzanne relaxed at Robert's apartment for three days after Christmas. While Robert huddled with his partners and the consumer protection group lawyers, Suzanne slept and spent time reading. Like Amy before her, she relaxed in the pool during Robert's time-share hours. She had not had the opportunity to swim in the nude or swim by herself for several years.

As much as she enjoyed herself after Christmas, after three days Suzanne was refreshed enough to want to head back to her apartment and get started with her next round of photography projects. The most important upcoming job was a shoot for a winter's clothing clearance ad to be posted at the end of January. This was a standard ad shoot, with very little artistic about it. Still, it would give Suzanne the opportunity to photograph Amy and Paul together in a wide variety of winter clothes in the snow.

Suzanne entered the apartment with Amy's presents from herself and Robert. When she entered her studio room she noticed the air mattress was gone. Wendy must have gone into that counseling that Amy had mentioned. Suddenly she remembered Robert's doubts and decided to ask Amy. Amy was in her room, looking at Burnside's lesson plans for the Spring. Suzanne knocked, walked in, and sat in the easy chair next to Amy's bed.

"Amy, you know Robert and I missed you for Christmas. How come you didn't come over? After Wendy left, I mean?"

"I just didn't feel like it. I don't know... I had to be by myself I guess... I'm sorry about not calling, but I was kind of depressed... I spent a lot of time going through your pictures. I tried to put everything back the way you had it, but you'll probably find some of your photos out of place."

Amy looked at Suzanne. She could tell that it was not the photos that Suzanne was worried about. Amy continued.

"I miss Wendy a lot. I feel bad about what she's going through."

"What is she going through, Amy? Robert told me that a program like what you described doesn't exist."

"No. She's with Dr. Burnside."

"Why?"

"She wanted to go there. She'll be at her house all spring semester. I don't know if you can understand this, but I'll try to make sense out of it if I can. After Halloween she approached Burnside and gave her a copy of your book. At that time she wanted Burnside to beat the crap out of her, as she explained it to me. She actually asked her to. At first Burnside refused. They talked for a while and they agreed that Wendy would be her servant over the Spring semester."

Suzanne was not livid, as Amy had feared. She just looked very distressed by the news.

"How could she do that? Amy, how could you let her? That woman's a psycho!"

Amy thought for a moment. She shook her head. How to explain this to Suzanne?

"Suzanne, remember how you felt last year the day after Halloween? When you lost your temper at me and asked Robert to punish you because you felt bad about wanting to punish me? Did that make any sense? But you felt better afterwards."

Amy picked up a picture of herself and Wendy from her desk and looked at it. Suzanne said nothing. Amy sighed and continued.

"Now, imagine living with that same feeling day after day, for a year. Not being able to get rid of it. Wendy was going crazy. She couldn't carry any money with her. She couldn't see her parents. She kept thinking that her great-grandmother's spirit was watching her and had condemned her for what she did in the Spring. She had no social life except for you and me. All she could do was draw. She wasn't getting any better."

"I thought she was. I thought because of her pictures... "

"That's what I thought too. Uh-uh. Take a look at this."

Amy pulled out a picture that Wendy drew just before Halloween. It was different from the Summer pictures, but for Amy much more frightening. It was a self-portrait of Wendy. She had a relaxed, happy look on her face. Her hand was next to her throat. There was an old-fashion straight-edge razor in her hand, the blade just beginning to cut into the side of her neck. Suzanne sat staring at the picture, realizing how wrong she had been about Wendy being less miserable.

"I found some others like this, if you want to see them."

Amy handed Suzanne the other pictures. There were six altogether, all showing Wendy's face relieved and happy as she was in the act of killing herself. Amy continued.

"She wasn't getting any better. She was looking for a release from her suffering. This must have been what she had in mind."

Suzanne handed the pictures back to Amy. She did not know what to say. At that moment Amy realized something else that was significant.

"You know, I now think it was very lucky that things went the way they did on Halloween. You know that both Wendy and Paul went with me to Burnside's party. Paul wanted to see if he could keep me from getting punished again, and I think he actually succeeded. But now I know why Wendy looked so disappointed when I went back in the kitchen with her Halloween outfit. She wanted Burnside to punish us and was upset when she realized it wasn't going to happen. The idea sat in her head for a couple of weeks after Halloween, and then she took the book over to Burnside. That must have been her last hope. It scares me, but now I think that if I hadn't been busted by Burnside over the grading, Wendy would be dead right now."

"Amy, she seemed so happy in December."

"Well, it wasn't for the reason you thought. I realized when I saw these pictures that she wants to die. What made her so happy was that she realized that her death doesn't have to be physical. I think she'll have an experience similar to what I had a couple of years ago. She will suffer a lot, and change."

"And you knew about this... "

"I knew about her plans. I didn't fully understand them until I saw these pictures."

"Amy, I still don't understand. I don't get it about you or Wendy."

"You never will. You can't. Wendy and I have this self-destructive flaw in our personalities. Robert's wife Tricia had it as well. You don't have it. Count yourself lucky."

Amy passed the picture of her and Wendy to Suzanne. For a long time they sat quietly, Amy at her desk, Suzanne in Amy's armchair. Amy thought about Burnside. She felt the need to defend her professor.

"You have Burnside wrong. She's not a psycho. In her own way she's actually a very caring person. She gave me two huge breaks that I shouldn't have had. I should have gotten expelled from college last year for the Internet paper. Because of Burnside I'm still here. Then I should have been fired for not grading all the term papers last fall. Instead, all I got was a sore ass. She won't be nice to Wendy in the normal way. I hate to think of everything she must be going through right now. But Burnside cares about Wendy, just like she cares about me. She'll do what she thinks is best for Wendy. Remember something else. Burnside made her wait six weeks before letting her go over to her house. She made Wendy think it over, and Wendy still went. She's there because that's where she wants to be."

Suzanne shook her head, but had no further comments. A self-destructive flaw. It obviously was true, but she could not understand the twisted logic Amy was presenting to her. All she could picture was Wendy's lovely body, covered with welts and whip-marks, and the tragedy that was happening to her pretty model and friend. Suzanne realized that perhaps Amy was right, however. Were it not for the suffering happening to Wendy now, maybe she would not be alive at all.

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Paul came back from Pennsylvania on the 30th. He had spent Christmas with his family, but would spend New Year's with Amy. Suzanne pounced on him the moment he rang the doorbell with the clothing ad project. Paul dismayed Suzanne by refusing.

"Suzanne I don't do ads. I'll pose for you, but I'm not going to pose for a corporation."

Suzanne did not understand Paul's refusal. She knew that he needed the money. She also knew that the only way that she could get the look she wanted from Amy was to have Paul there. Amy was not an actress and could not give a stranger the same looks she gave Paul.

Amy understood Paul and knew how to get him to pose. When Suzanne wanted to argue with him Amy squeezed her arm to shut her up. She remembered that Julie did not have the money to return to community college in the Spring and how upset Paul had been about that. She remembered all too well because Paul spent a half an hour lecturing Amy about the injustices of a corporate system that did not even let people study.

Amy whispered in Suzanne's ear, "I'll get him to do it. Just give me some time."

Amy and Paul walked back to the university. It was still brutally cold outside, but they were determined to get some exercise. They went to the gym to workout, then stopped for coffee on the way back. It was nice to just relax.

Amy still was depressed over Wendy. She talked to Paul about her friend, but had to give him a censored version of events to protect her privacy. Still, it was enough for Paul to know that Wendy was at Burnside's place for him to know what was happening to her. Amy talked about the self-destructive flaw in herself and Wendy, and how their personalities contrasted with Suzanne's.

Paul sighed. "Julie's the same way. She was able to raise her hopes when she started going back to classes. You can't imagine how depressed she is, now that she can't continue. She's worse than ever."

That gave Amy the opening she needed to change Paul's mind about posing for Suzanne.

"You know, for once you do have the chance to help Julie. You could help her, if you really wanted to."

"What do you mean?"

"Suzanne's offering you a nice opportunity with the clothing shoot. A lot of people would be very grateful to have the chance she's giving you. Maybe you don't have to take that money for yourself. But I think you should try to help Julie."

Paul struggled with the problem, although he realized the issue was settled. Whatever he felt about advertising, he did not have the right to deny his sister. She was horribly depressed and Paul was worried about her. Furthermore, he realized that Amy would think much less of him were he to pass up this opportunity to help. Amy was thinking about Suzanne, but she also was thinking about Julie. Paul sighed and agreed to pose.

"Oh well, so much for my thoughts on everything. I guess they own my soul just like everyone else's."

Amy decided to make sure Paul could not back out, and to make sure Julie got into her classes.

"I'll give you a cash advance for you to get Julie enrolled. You can pay me back after we pose."

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On the 31st Suzanne went back to Robert's apartment for New Year's Eve. They planned to have dinner and stay downtown for the New Year's celebrations, taking advantage of Robert's parking space at his office. After the celebration, they would return to his office and stay there until the crowds thinned out, thus avoiding the traffic jams leaving central Chicago.

Amy wanted to spend the night alone with Paul. She was in a very strange mood. She badly wanted Paul. She desperately wanted sex, but was depressed at the same time. They took a bottle of champagne that Suzanne had bought for them and with some cheese, fruit, and crackers they waited for the new year. Paul had suggested going to a party with his roommate, but Amy wanted to be alone with him.

About 10:00 p.m. Amy told Paul to stay seated in the living room and turned on the classical tune Bolero from one of Suzanne's CD's. She ran into her room and stripped. Naked, she came back out and danced, Paul staring at her with astonishment. She danced with passion and force, throwing her legs out and moving her body with the music. She closed her eyes and became one with Bolero. For a few minutes she even forgot about Paul, content to let the music take over and decide her movements. She put force and emotion into her dancing and started to sweat and breathe hard from her efforts. She had not allowed music to take her over like this since she had gone to her last rave, two and a half years ago. This was totally different from a rave. She had started dancing for Paul, but now was dancing for herself.

Suzanne's Bolero CD was the long version, but finally the tune ended and the spell was broken. Amy hugged Paul and kissed him with passion. He struggled to get his clothes off. He was totally aroused. Never had he seen a performance like that, and the girl performing was his own Amy.

Paul was hard from his excitement. Amy grabbed his erection and gently squeezed it. She knelt and took Paul's penis in her mouth, moving her tongue around the tip. She lightly kissed each of Paul's testicles and then stood up to kiss his neck.

Paul then moved his face to Amy's breasts and kissed each of Amy's nipples to make them even harder than they were already. He moved down her stomach to kiss the area above her pubis. He kissed her inner thighs and gently ran his tongue up her labia.

Both Amy and Paul were so aroused they could barely stand it. Amy dropped to the floor and pulled Paul on top of her. Amy squeaked with her high-pitched voice of passion and desire. She was totally wet. Paul entered her and thrust hard, the image of Amy dancing flashing through his mind. He would remember Amy's New Year's dance for a long time. Paul finished quickly, but he stayed in Amy as long as he could, thinking of her pleasure as he always did when they had sex. Amy had one of the best orgasms of her life that night, one that left her trembling and dizzy.

There was just enough time to clean up before midnight when Amy and Paul finished making love. Neither felt like getting dressed, nor turning on the TV. They opened the champagne, turned off the light, and opened the curtains. They sat together in the dark as they watched the clock flash to 12:00 and silently drank their champagne. They looked out the window at some fireworks way off in the distance. For a long time they sat quietly. Paul was as content as a person could be, but Amy's melancholy was returning. She could not stop thinking about Wendy. Suddenly she had a huge desire to suffer and cry. She sat for a long time, wondering how to get this awful feeling out of her system. Finally she broke the silence.

"Paul, I need you to do something for me. I'm going to lie across your lap. I want you to spank me hard, as long as you can. I want this to hurt, and I want to cry. I want to cry for a long time. I don't want you to get aroused, because right now that's not what I'm after. I don't want sex."

Paul, who had been sitting blissfully with Amy in his arms, was shocked by her request and by the sudden change in her mood. She was dead serious. She was asking a lot from him, because he had never spanked her for punishment and had never wanted to. Reluctantly he responded.

"Sure, Amy, if that's what you want, I can try... "

"Paul, this is something I need. I don't know why. But I need to cry. No matter how much I cry, I need you to keep spanking me. I'll tell you when to stop. Can you do that for me?"

"I can try. That's all I can promise."

Amy kissed Paul and lay across his lap. The room was dark, but there was just enough light that Paul could see Amy's figure as dark gray. He would not be able to see Amy's bottom change color.

Amy adjusted her position and spread her legs slightly to open herself up slightly more for her requested punishment. She grabbed a sofa pillow and moved it under her face. Paul rested his hand on her bottom.

Amy was grateful that the darkness of the room isolated her. She had thought about having Paul blindfold her, but the darkness in the room was enough.

"Paul, I'm ready."

Reluctantly Paul brought his hand up and landed a sharp SLAP! on Amy's right bottom cheek. He waited about 5 seconds, and landed another sharp SLAP! on Amy's left bottom cheek. With that Paul established his pattern, a sharp slap on alternate bottom cheeks about every 5-10 seconds. The loud slaps reverberated through the living room. For a long time there seemed to be no reaction out of Amy. Her normal arousal from being spanked was totally missing. Paul was spanking harder than he normally spanked Amy, but seemingly without results.

Amy closed her eyes and bit her lip against the increasing pain in her bottom. She was not enjoying this, nor did she want to. But she felt the need of an emotional release that only the experience of a good cry could give her. She desperately wanted to cry. She started to become frustrated that she couldn't. She started to wonder if Paul would need to use a belt or Suzanne's paddle.

Paul continued spanking, as Amy had directed. He hated doing this to her, but would continue until she ordered him to stop. Finally he heard a high pitched sob from her. Amy's body started to shake with sobs.

The loud slaps continued, as Amy's sobs also started to fill the room. As the pain increased in her bottom, Amy at last found the release she was looking for. All of the tension, stress, and sadness that had built up in her since Spring Break came out; the problems with Wendy, the troubles she had with Burnside, her on-going feelings of guilt over her father, the stress of her daily life. She cried loudly and continuously, the pain from the continuous slaps pushing her to cry all that much more.

Paul was very nervous about continuing. Apparently this was what Amy wanted, but he felt tremendously guilty about hitting her when she already was crying so hard. His arm was getting tired and his muscles beginning to cramp. He had been spanking Amy for well over a half an hour. He imagined her bottom must be completely red by now, although he could not see the color in the dark. How much more of this could she take?

Finally, Amy spoke, gasping between sobs.

"Paul... that... that's enough... thanks... "

He helped her up and she nestled against his side. She put her face and hand on his chest and continued to cry, with Paul nervously looking down at her in the dark. Amy sobbed for what seemed forever to Paul. She had been right, there was nothing sexy about this experience.

At last her sobs died down and Amy became quiet. Paul could tell by her breathing that she was going to sleep. He picked her up and carried her to her room. He laid her on her bed, then reached in her closet for an extra blanket to put over her. She was deeply asleep.

Paul was not tired enough to go to bed yet. He walked through the apartment back to the living room window, staring out at the dark neighborhood. For a long time he was content to just stand there with his bare body silhouetted in the window of the silent apartment. He wondered about Wendy and what was happening to her. Then he wondered about his own future. Political Science was not a very lucrative field. He already was in debt and that was getting worse. The upcoming photo-shoot with Suzanne would not help, because the money already was earmarked for Julie.

Paul wondered. How would he take care of Amy? What would the future hold for them? Well, no point in thinking about that now. The best he could do was to be there for her, to try to understand her needs, and to be as good to her as possible. With that he went back to Amy's room and slipped under the blanket with her.

**Chapter 23 - Wendy's Whipping**

Burnside almost immediately achieved her main goal with Wendy, to get her thought patterns away from what they had been over the past year. Wendy ceased to think about gambling. Her suicide fantasies totally vanished from her mind. Instead her life and thoughts consisted of pleasing her mistress, her correspondence classes, and her art. Wendy did not have time to think about anything else. Burnside forced her to focus her time and her energies. Wendy learned to appreciate her life. She learned to cherish the few free moments available to her and use them to their fullest. In a strange way she was happier then she had been in a long time. Wendy's life was very structured, with very clear rules and expectations. As cruel as Burnside may have been, she deeply cared for Wendy, and Wendy knew it.

Burnside punished Wendy much less frequently than the student had anticipated when she began her period of servitude. Partly this was because Wendy adapted well to serving her. However, it also partly was because of Burnside's attitude about punishment. Burnside believed that physical punishment loses its effectiveness if given too frequently. The victim becomes used to it and eventually becomes less afraid of being punished. There also is the fact that the body compensates for punishments given too frequently.

Burnside never punished Wendy over an area that had not completely healed from the previous punishment. She wanted to avoid toughening Wendy's body, but at the same time she wanted to avoid injuring her. For example, during the second week Wendy broke a glass pan lid while cooking. She immediate confessed to Burnside about the lid, kneeling and holding the two largest pieces in front of her. Wendy's confession resulted in a lighter punishment, 20 strokes across the fronts of her thighs with a riding crop. Wendy's bottom and shoulders were still marked from the first switching, and for Burnside would remain off-limits until the marks were gone. The only unmarked part of Wendy's body suitable for punishment at that time were the fronts of Wendy's thighs.

Burnside wanted her servant to fear each punishment as much as she feared the first one, which was another reason Wendy never received a severe punishment more than once every three or four weeks. Burnside never used the same implement twice. She forced Wendy to assume different positions.

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At age 41, Ruth Burnside had an insatiable sexual appetite. About half the nights Wendy was with her, Burnside had a lover over. In all Wendy counted a total of 16 lovers; 13 men and 3 women. Some came over only once, others came over several times. The majority of the lovers seemed to be in their 30's, although there were a couple of guys who appeared to be in their 50's, and one young woman who seemed not much older than Wendy. Burnside's lovers included two Blacks, a couple of Hispanics, a guy from Mainland China, and a young man who appeared to be from the Middle East.

The discipline sessions all followed the same general pattern, but there were variations. For example, the young woman seemed particularly embarrassed at having to undress in front of Wendy. Burnside forced her to focus on her submission by ordering her to spend a long time standing under the spotlight with her hands behind her head, while Wendy walked around her and carefully studied her body. When the guy from Mainland China came over, it was Wendy who issued Burnside's commands to him in Chinese. The Chinese guy spoke good English, but hearing the orders spoken to him in his native language added to his humiliation and sense of vulnerability.

Wendy never participated in anything beyond the initial part of Burnside's discipline sessions. She came out to take the submissive's clothing and serve the wine, and then was dismissed. When Burnside was entertaining, she allowed her servant to close her bedroom door. Wendy's reward from Burnside for participating in the sessions was that she could work on her art instead of studying. However, the sessions fascinated Wendy and she gladly would have participated even without the incentive of not having to spend the night doing her coursework.

Burnside made the rules very clear to both Wendy and her guests. Wendy was expected to perform her role in Burnside's discipline ritual and serve wine. She owed the guests nothing else. The guests were to respect the servant and not attempt to flirt with her or engage her in any conversation.

"If anyone who comes over here is ever disrespectful to you, let me know immediately. I want you to understand that to disrespect you is to disrespect me, and there will be hell to pay for anyone who tries it."

Burnside invariably punished her lovers. Wendy often heard the CRACK!... CRACK!... CRACK!... of a punishment coming from Burnside's bedroom once the living room portion of the punishment was over. Sometimes she heard crying or screams.

Wendy was under the impression that Burnside cared little for most of her lovers. They came over, gave up their clothes, had their wine, received a punishment, had sex, and were gone after a few hours.

During January Burnside entertained lovers about a half of the nights Wendy lived with her. During many of the nights that Burnside was not with guests she ordered Wendy to be with her. When it came to sex, Burnside was extremely demanding and often very cruel to her servant. Occasionally Burnside used sex as a means to punish Wendy instead of the constant whippings she had expected prior to coming over.

Burnside totally dominated Wendy's sexuality during the first month of her servitude. During their first few nights together the professor learned the physical vulnerabilities of the student's body, and then used those vulnerabilities to completely control her. It was through sex, much more than the physical punishments, that Burnside forced Wendy to become truly submissive to her.

Burnside especially loved to torment her servant by bringing her close to orgasm but not allowing her to climax. Wendy spent countless hours with her wrists and ankles attached to her bed-posts and her eyes covered while Burnside played with her body. For hours on end she pulled desperately at her restraints and groaned while Burnside lightly teased her between the legs with her fingertips and tongue. When Wendy was almost insane from arousal, Burnside unhooked her cuffs and led her back to the master bedroom by the wrist. Sometimes she threw herself on top of Wendy and pressed her pelvis against Wendy's. Sometimes she forced Wendy's face between her legs. Sometimes she ordered Wendy to arouse her with her fingertips. Sometimes she shoved her fingers up Wendy's bottom or vagina. Sometimes she forced Wendy to use her fingers on her. Occasionally she was merciful to Wendy and allowed her to climax.

During that time Wendy was desperate to draw. The urge to draw burned inside her, to the point that she often sacrificed sleep to create drawings. By the middle of February she had a sizable collection of top-quality artwork in her desk drawer. The drawings became Wendy's outlet for the responsibilities and torments she was enduring. The drawings themselves had changed from the ones she created over the summer. Besides intense suffering, the newest works also reflected intense pleasure.

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Wendy's work on her classes was one important part of her life while she stayed with the professor. Each morning, right after breakfast, Wendy knelt at Burnside's desk and held her correspondence work in front of her for the professor to review. She watched nervously as Burnside looked over her assignments. Burnside never corrected anything, but if she did not think that Wendy had done good work, she brusquely handed the papers back with the comment "This won't work. Re-do it." It was up to Wendy to figure out what needed to be corrected. Burnside was determined that her servant strive to do her best in her studies, and more importantly, to learn to solve as many problems as possible on her own. However, Burnside was not so cruel as to leave Wendy with no guidance with her studies. Wendy soon learned that during their breakfast or dinner conversations Burnside dropped hints about her work and how she could find the answers to her assignments. Wendy learned to listen carefully to the professor for any hints or tips that Burnside might be willing to give her.

Wendy learned the hard way not to try to slip anything past her mistress. At the end of January she needed to do a report for her independent study. She showed the report to Burnside along with some other papers. Burnside thrust the paper back in Wendy's face with the comment "Don't even think about turning this in! You will re-do it, and there will be no drawing until you have this report properly done!"

Wendy's drawing was her only outlet, so she desperately needed to get the paper out of the way and get back to her art. At that point she made a big mistake. She made a few corrections and e-mailed the paper to her accounting professor. The next day she received a response, a C+ on the paper. Then Wendy made another mistake, saying nothing to Burnside. She did not realize that Burnside had set her home Internet account to automatically copy all incoming and outgoing e-mail messages to her home and send the copied messages to her computer at work. From her office Burnside was able to review the entire correspondence between Wendy and her accounting professor. She downloaded and copied the paper and returned home with it in the afternoon.

Burnside said nothing to Wendy, but took out a whip and some wrist cuffs that were attached to chains. The implement was a thin buggy-style whip. The blows would sting, but the whip was not heavy and there was little risk of breaking Wendy's skin. Burnside would be able to hit Wendy many times with it, and even cross the welts, without much concern about injury. She laid the items on her dresser. This would be a long punishment, since Wendy had attempted to lie to Burnside by not telling her about her C+. However, Burnside was not planning to whip Wendy that night. Waiting would be part of her punishment.

It was significant that Burnside was not planning to do the one thing that truly would hurt Wendy; take away her art supplies. Burnside knew the importance of Wendy's art as part of her therapy. The loss of her art supplies truly would be a severe punishment to Wendy, but one, thought Burnside, that ultimately would not help her. Wendy would suffer for the correspondence course paper and not telling her what happened, but the suffering would be physical. Wendy's art was off-limits.

While Wendy was preparing dinner Burnside quietly slipped in her room and placed the downloaded paper on her servant's desk. Wendy would discover it after dinner and then would have to approach the professor about it. Burnside was pleasant during dinner and allowed her servant to sit with her. Wendy was cheerful, thinking she had outwitted the professor. After the meal Burnside sat down at her computer to work on an article for a professional journal she contributed to, while Wendy cleaned up from dinner. Wendy knelt at the bathroom door, as usual, for Burnside to take her collar off for her bath. She came out, knelt again for Burnside to put the collar back on, and then was dismissed.

Wendy's heart stopped when she went in her room and saw what was on her desk. Her hands shook as she picked up the paper. She looked out her door at her mistress, typing away at her article. Wendy stood immobilized in terror for a moment, but finally could not wait anymore. Shaking, she walked out and knelt next to Burnside's desk.

"Dr. Burnside... I... I... request... per... permission to... sp... speak."

Burnside said nothing. She was in the middle of a paragraph and typing furiously, not wanting to lose her train of thought. Wendy waited until she finished with the paragraph. Still ignoring her servant, Burnside said nothing. She thumbed through a book, found the quote she was looking for, copied it to the article and typed the reference footnote, and started the next paragraph. Wendy became more and more nervous.

"D... Dr. Burnside... I... re... request... permission to... sp... speak."

Burnside did not look up. She kept her eyes focused on her computer screen and with a cold, flat voice, responded, "I heard you the first time. Your problems are not the only thing I have to worry about in my life. I will finish this article, send it out, and then we will discuss your paper."

Burnside typed for another hour. Wendy did not know what to do. Should she get up, return to her room, and wait for Burnside to finish? Should she stay there, kneeling until Burnside was ready to talk? Wendy decided not to move. Her legs began to cramp from kneeling, but she was afraid to get up without being directed.

What un-nerved Wendy the most was that Burnside had not looked at her when she responded. With anyone else that might have seemed a trivial detail, but with Burnside it wasn't. Burnside was fanatical about looking people in the eye when she spoke to them. Wendy realized that she truly was in disgrace. Burnside had refused to even grant her the dignity of eye-contact.

The professor finished the article, ran spell-check, reviewed her footnotes to make sure she had properly cited her sources, logged onto the Internet and her publisher's account, and sent off the article. She disconnected, brought up her screen-saver, and finally turned to face her servant.

"OK, Wendy. Now you have permission to speak."

"You... you were right. I... got... a... 'C' on... this p... paper. I... I'm sorry, Dr. Burnside."

"Two things. First, you got a 'C+'. Don't sell yourself short. Second, don't tell me you're sorry. If you were sorry you wouldn't have done it, and you wouldn't have tried to slip this past me. Telephone operators and customer service reps say 'sorry', which is what you'll be if you don't pull yourself together. I expect you to take responsibility for what you do and not be 'sorry'. Another thing. You saw full-well that I was working on an article. Your problem was not urgent. I did not appreciate the interruption."

"Y... yes, Dr. Burnside."

"So... where do we go from here? I told you not to send that paper for a reason. It's shit, and you should be ashamed you wrote it. Had you turned that to in me, I would have given you a 'C-'. Then you thought you could trick me. Send it off and I wouldn't know. Worse, you deleted your correspondence with your professor so I wouldn't see it, after I specifically told you to NEVER delete e-mail messages on my Internet account. You deleted your correspondence to deceive me. Now, stand up and turn around."

Wendy stood up, momentarily grateful to relieve the cramping in her legs she was suffering from kneeling so long. Burnside scanned her back and bottom. There were no marks from the switching several weeks before. Wendy was ready for her second severe punishment.

"Now face me... OK. Where do we go from here?"

"I... I guess... you'll punish me... Dr. Burnside."

"That's true. That is what will happen. I will whip you tomorrow afternoon, when I have some time to punish you properly. Now get in bed. I want you up at 6:00, my breakfast at 7:00."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

With that Burnside turned back to her computer and typed her password. Wendy was dismissed.

Wendy returned to her room, terrified. A whipping. She was sure that Burnside meant exactly that; She faced being flogged with a whip.

Wendy got in her bed and quietly cried. It was terrible to have to wait like this. She would not be able to sleep much, if at all. She thought about Amy and Suzanne, about their freedom and how they must be enjoying this evening. She thought about her parents, and wondered what they would think if they could see her now. Why had she done this to herself? Why had she messed up her life like this? If she could only go back and undo everything she did a year ago, she could have a happy, decent life right now. Instead...

As much as Wendy's heart filled with regret, if never occurred to her to pick up her cell phone and ask Amy or Suzanne to come get her. This was her life now, the one she had chosen for herself. She had nowhere to go, nothing to do, other than her life here in this house. Tomorrow would be a terrible day, but somehow she would have to get through it.

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The following day started out normally, except that when Wendy went into the living room, she saw a pair of open leather cuffs suspended, about three feet apart, from chains attached to the ceiling. Wendy's punishment would not be until after lunch, but Burnside hung the cuffs as a reminder to her servant of what she would have to face later in the day. She also hung the cuffs in the morning to test Wendy's determination to remain in her house. Wendy had the entire morning to think about what she would face in the afternoon. Her cell phone remained in her room. There was plenty of time for Wendy to call Amy or Suzanne and leave if she so desired.

Wendy rushed into the kitchen to prepare breakfast. Burnside had not said anything about eating or not eating, so she fixed herself breakfast as well. However, Wendy did not feel like eating.

Burnside came out, already dressed for her early class. Wendy seated her, then looked at the professor, wondering whether to sit down herself.

"Wendy, sit down and have a good breakfast. You won't be eating lunch and I doubt you'll want dinner."

Wendy forced herself to eat. Burnside said nothing more. She finished and went out to her car, leaving the student to clean up.

Wendy tried to keep herself busy the entire morning, to forget about what she would have to face in the afternoon. She cleaned up from breakfast and cleaned the two bathrooms. Burnside had expected her to study, but there was no way she could concentrate.

Wendy sat at her desk and glanced at her cell-phone. She felt a fleeting temptation to call Amy and ask her friend to pick her up. The temptation was only momentary, however.

Wendy had entered into her agreement with Burnside at her own request. It had been her choice to be Burnside's servant. It had been her choice to attempt to deceive Burnside about the assignment. It now would be her choice to stay and accept the consequences of her actions. The thought of being whipped terrified her more than ever, but she would stay and face that fear. She realized this was the moment, the opportunity for her to face her terror directly and overcome it. She would conquer her fear and finally achieve the transformation in her soul that she so desperately wanted. At that moment Wendy felt more liberated than she had ever felt before.

Wendy filled the rest of her time that morning drawing a picture. Her emotional turmoil came out in the drawing. She finished the drawing and was contemplating starting on another when she heard Burnside's car pull into the garage. Wendy ran out into the center of living room and knelt on the floor. Her heart pounded as she glanced up at the cuffs hanging from the ceiling. Her eyes were wide with fear and she was shaking.

Burnside came in and glanced approvingly at her servant. Burnside was well-aware of the temptation she had given Wendy by leaving her alone all morning with the option of fleeing the house open to her. She had decided to test her servant because she had doubted Wendy's determination to fulfill her part of the agreement. Wendy, by staying in spite of her fears, had proven herself to her mistress. Wendy's determination to stay would in no way alleviate her upcoming whipping, but it would very profoundly change the relationship between the two women once the punishment was over and Wendy's welts had healed.

Burnside went to her room to change and pick up the rest of the items that she needed for the girl's whipping. Burnside changed into shorts and a sports bra. She wanted maximum freedom of movement and was not interested in dressing the part of a dominatrix. She took out leather cuffs for Wendy's ankles, a black scarf to blindfold her, and some short chains and hooks to attach Wendy's ankle cuffs to eye-hooks installed in the floor. She picked up the whip and carried everything back out to the living room.

Burnside laid everything in front of Wendy. She let her servant have a good look at the whip before picking up the scarf. Wendy's terrified eyes met the professor's. She was scared, and with good reason. Burnside folded the scarf, placed it over Wendy's eyes, tied it behind her head, and checked to make sure she could not peek out if she raised her head.

Wendy heard the rattling of the chains as Burnside attached them to a set of collapsible eyehooks in the floor. Burnside had several sets of these buried in the carpeting. They were barely noticeable metal squares, but each had a metal loop that popped up when needed and that folded down flat when not needed. There were several sets of the same type of eyehooks in the ceiling, drilled into the wooden studs through the ceiling drywall and easily capable of supporting a person's full weight.

Burnside then grabbed Wendy's arm and ordered her to stand up. She positioned the trembling girl under the suspended cuffs, lifted each of her arms, and wrapped her wrists in the restraints. Wendy was not suspended, but as soon as her feet were spread and attached to the floor she would have very little freedom of movement.

"Put your feet slightly more than shoulder-width apart."

Wendy complied, and felt the cuffs wrap around her ankles. She now was mostly immobilized, with her arms and feet spread. Burnside had access to every part of her body except the soles of her feet. Burnside knew what she was doing. Wendy would be able to move just a little, enough to maintain her circulation and not go numb during the punishment.

Burnside backed away to admire Wendy's attractive body. She resisted the urge to unhook Wendy and have sex with her before starting her punishment.

"Wendy, why am I whipping you?"

"I... I... t... turned in... a... a bad... p... paper... Dr. Burnside."

"That's not the main reason. Try again."

"I... t... tried to... h... hide it... from you."

"That's somewhat closer to the truth. I am whipping you because you tried to deceive me. Remember when I first punished you with Amy? I punished you two for the exact same reason I'm punishing you now. It wasn't that Marshall Plan paper that pissed me off. It was the deception. This is the second time you tried to deceive me. You will learn that trying to deceive me is not a good idea."

"Y... yes, Dr. Burnside."

With that Burnside picked up the whip. She planned to hit Wendy many, many times with it.

The first two strokes took Wendy by surprise. Wendy had expected to be hit on the bottom. Burnside knew that, and instead hit her across the fronts of both thighs. Wendy was shocked by how sharply the whip stung. The pain was somewhat sharper than Burnside's switch.

Wendy gasped and thrust herself backwards, only to thrust forward again when Burnside slashed at her bottom. Wendy screamed. Burnside laid three strokes across Wendy's shoulders and then three more on her bottom. Again Wendy thrust forward. Pain radiated over her body. She screamed again as Burnside lay a series of strokes on the fronts of her thighs. The professor stopped.

"Wendy, you are not showing any self-discipline at all. I expect you to stand still for this. Instead you're moving around like a ballet dancer. Stick your butt out and keep it out. If you don't, I know how to make this a lot worse."

Crying, Wendy shifted her bottom out.

CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... . Burnside laid a long series of strokes across Wendy's bottom and the backs of her thighs. She spaced the blows apart to let Wendy feel each one and appreciate it.

Again and again Wendy screamed. With every bit of willpower she tried to keep her bottom out, fighting her instincts to shift forward and attempt to escape that horrible whip.

As was the case for the switching at the end of December, Wendy's world was reduced to the pain being inflicted on her body. She was not conscious of anything other than her physical sensations. Her instincts demanded that she do anything, anything at all, to get this to stop. And yet she was able to resist the temptation to beg for mercy, knowing full-well there would be no mercy.

CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... . Burnside continued to lay the sharp blows on Wendy's bottom and thighs, leaving a mass of swollen reddish lines criss-crossing her tender brown skin. Wendy continued to do the one thing that Burnside permitted her to do, scream. Her blindfold was becoming wet from tears. Every so often Burnside paused, waiting for Wendy to stop screaming and get her breath back for the next round.

Burnside turned her attention to Wendy's shoulders. This time it was not important that Wendy stay in position. Wendy's shoulders were vulnerable, no matter what. Again and again Burnside struck Wendy's shoulders and upper back, until the mass of reddish lines matched the lines on her bottom and the backs of her thighs. Again Wendy screamed, thrusting her head back and forth, her face distorted with the pain and fear of what she was enduring.

The professor stopped. She noticed a couple of blood blisters on Wendy's shoulders. She had not broken the skin, but the blisters signaled to Burnside that she had to be more careful. She waited for Wendy to stop screaming and get her breath back. She positioned herself for the next portion of the whipping, across the fronts of her servant's thighs. Wendy's sobbing died down a little.

CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... . Burnside struck Wendy again and again across the fronts of her thighs. Wendy screamed much louder when Burnside carefully laid a series of marks on the insides of her legs, frighteningly close to her vagina. In her haze of pain Wendy realized that yes, Burnside was perfectly capable of whipping her... there.

Once again Burnside paused to let Wendy stop screaming and get her breath back. For a long time Wendy sobbed loudly, as she hung by her wrists. When her sobs died down Burnside spoke to her.

"OK, now you know what I am capable of. I haven't hit you there, yet. I will if you don't obey me."

Wendy, breathing in broken, frightened gasps, nodded.

"Get your butt out. Keep it out. You've had your warning."

Wendy thrust her bottom out as far as she could. She was terrified, much more so than before this punishment began. Now she knew real fear.

CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... .CRACK!... . Burnside laid another long series of strokes on Wendy's already punished bottom. The student screamed, but this time her fear of being hit... there... between her legs on the most sensitive part of her body, motivated her to stay in position. Again and again Burnside struck her servant's bottom and thighs, stopping only when she noticed several blood blisters among the mass of welts. Wendy screamed louder than ever.

For the last time during this session Burnside stopped to watch Wendy sob and slowly get her breath back. She noticed that the girl was hanging by her wrists and not supporting her weight with her feet. Burnside decided to end the punishment.

Saying nothing, the professor unhooked Wendy's ankle cuffs and took them off. She then put her arm around Wendy's waist and with her free hand struggled to unhook the wrist cuffs. Wendy was still sobbing as the second hook was released and her weight shifted into Burnside's arm. Burnside led the sobbing student back to the guest bedroom and guided her onto her bed on her stomach. Wendy was still in too much pain to be aware of much going on around her and was crying violently. Burnside took off Wendy's blindfold and for a while sat next to her on the bed to make sure she would be all right.

Burnside went back out into the living room, took the chains down from the ceiling and put everything away. Then she checked on her servant, who was still on her stomach, crying. She examined the welts on Wendy's shoulders and bottom. She had not broken the girl's skin, but in several spots she had come close. Wendy was crying more quietly now. Burnside decided to leave her alone, but check on her periodically for the rest of the day.

Burnside had a guest over later that night, but Wendy did not see him. Just before he came over Burnside left a glass of water on Wendy's desk. She still was crying quietly from the shock and pain of her punishment. Burnside knew that she was in no condition to do anything or face anyone. Before she left Wendy's room, Burnside had a final comment for her servant.

"Wendy, I expect top performance out of you for everything. I do not expect haphazard work and deception from you. Now you know what will happen if you don't take our agreement more seriously. Do you understand?"

Wendy sobbed. "Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Good. Try to drink some water and get as much rest as you can. You can keep your door closed tonight. Tomorrow we start fresh. I want you up at 6:00, my breakfast at 7:00."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

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The whipping was a turning point in Wendy's life and her relationship with her mentor. It was the closest Burnside ever came to punishing Wendy as severely as what was in her pictures. Now Wendy knew what it felt like. The experience was somewhat different than she had imagined, but every bit as intense. The whipping traumatized her for several days and that trauma was reflected in her pictures over the next several weeks.

Wendy's character changed after the whipping. Although she had adapted well to serving Burnside from the beginning, now she was determined to perform her duties in a way she had not prior to the end of January. Wendy became very diligent in all areas of her life; the housework, the meals for the professor and herself, her classes, her art. Wendy pushed herself hard.

Wendy's diligence extended to her sex life with Burnside. There was a passion in Wendy's sex drive that had not existed prior to the whipping. She was not passionate out of fear of another whipping. She was passionate because the whipping put a new intensity into her soul, an ability to do things 100%. Wendy now wanted all areas of her relationship with Burnside to be 100%.

On the nights they had sex, Wendy loved submitting to Burnside's kisses and caresses. Wendy treated Burnside with passion. There were moments when the student took control, pressing Burnside to the bed and covering her body with kisses and caresses. Wendy struggled to satisfy her mentor's sex drive as much as possible, to the point that Burnside looked forward to her nights with her servant. Wendy became an excellent lover. As a result Burnside lost interest in other people.

Burnside's sexual tormenting of Wendy did not stop. It intensified, as it became obvious that Wendy wanted to be tormented sexually as part of her relationship with the professor. Wendy grew to love the sessions of being restrained on her bed, helpless and at Burnside's mercy. As much as Burnside tormented Wendy during these sessions, she was determined to satisfy the girl as well. Wendy had orgasms with an intensity she never could have imagined prior to entering Burnside's house.

Burnside noticed the hurt in Wendy's eyes when she had other lovers over. Wendy became jealous of her mistress. Burnside could have used Wendy's jealousy to torment her further, but she cared about Wendy and had no desire to hurt her feelings. As the semester progressed she cut back on her other relationships to spend more evenings with Wendy.

The only exception was Halsey. There was no way that Burnside would alter her relationship with him, not for Wendy, nor for anyone else. Wendy understood and accepted it. She made every effort to accommodate that part of Burnside's life, serving Burnside and Halsey with 100% concentration whenever he came over.

When Wendy knelt and presented herself to Burnside in the performance of her duties, her eyes reflected a passion for her goal of pleasing the professor. There was an intensity in Wendy's eyes that unsettled Burnside, but at the same time pleased and gratified her. Wendy's servitude was in no way relaxed, and the threat of a punishment always remained a part of her life. However, it was that same threat that put passion into everything that Wendy did.

Burnside punished Wendy severely three more times that semester. There was a caning the week before Mardi Gras, with Wendy restrained to the leather bench. In the middle of March there was a flogging with a martinet. Finally, in the middle of April there was a strapping, similar to what she had received from Amy the year before. As harsh as those punishments were, none of them came close to severity of the January whipping.

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By the end of February, Burnside was beginning to think about the need to transition Wendy back to normal life. Her servitude was not even half over, but Burnside had to begin the process of slowly preparing her to face the outside world again. Amy would be instrumental for helping Burnside achieve her goal.

Burnside saw Amy in her office on a daily basis, but never had mentioned Wendy. She knew that was hard on Amy. Every time they worked together Burnside could see the question in Amy's eyes, what is happening to Wendy? Amy's question now would be answered, but not by Burnside. The professor decided that Amy and Wendy should begin to correspond as the initial step for Wendy getting ready to leave her house. For the first time in two months, Wendy would be allowed a link to the outside world in her personal life.

Burnside began by asking Wendy to give her the pictures she had drawn so far to turn over to Amy. She suspected that Amy's photographer roommate could get them published. Wendy handed Burnside a sizable stack of artwork. Burnside was a bit surprised, realizing how much sleep the student must have given up to make all these drawings. All of them, without exception, were excellent. Burnside's disdain for the arts softened when she realized the power that could come out in images such as the ones created by her servant.

That afternoon Burnside saw Amy in her office. She made some tea and passed a cup to her student aide. Then she spoke.

"Amy, there is a question you've had, and that you tried to ask me back in December. You want to know what's going on with Wendy. You'll get your answer, but not from me. I cannot tell you what's going on with Wendy. It's up to Wendy to tell you what she wants to."

The professor paused for a moment, collected her thoughts, and continued.

"I need you to start writing Wendy. Write her every day. News, gossip, poems, I don't care what. But write her. In three months she will come back out into the world. You're going to have to help her, starting now. Whenever she chooses to write I'll bring her letters back to you."

"Why can't I just e-mail her?"

"It's not the same. If you write her letters you'll be forced to put some thought into them. You can't do that with an e-mail. Another thing. You asked if you could see her. Right now my guess is you'll start seeing her sometime in about three or four weeks, towards the end of March."

Burnside then took out the pictures from her briefcase and passed them to Amy.

"I'm giving you the drawings she's done up to now. If your photographer friend can get them published for her I would appreciate it."

Amy laid the drawings on her desk and carefully looked at them. The element of extreme pleasure in many of the images surprised Amy. She knew that Suzanne would be very happy to see these and that they were headed for publication.

**Chapter 24 - Paul's roommate problems**

Paul and Amy accompanied Suzanne and one of her ex-classmates from the art department to Central Wisconsin for three days just before the Spring semester started. They rented a camper for Amy and Paul to change and warm up in, as well as a snowmobile and skis as props. Only Paul knew how to ski, and not very well. No one knew how to use the snowmobile, but Suzanne's classmate read the instruction manual and figured out enough to be able to turn it on and move it into place. Suzanne had chosen a location was that was lovely, with woods to one side and a frozen meadow sloping off to the other side. It would be hard for her as a photographer to concentrate on the clothes, since she was more interested in the winter beauty of the location itself.

Suzanne was a professional, however. She focused on her task at hand, using an attractive location and an attractive young couple to make the most out of the clothes. The message she needed to send was clear; buy these clothes and you will look like this couple. Suddenly Suzanne understood Paul's objections to advertising. Essentially she was using her camera to lie and she did not feel good about that. However, like Paul, she needed this session, to build her resume more than anything else. She pushed her doubts aside and started shooting, her classmate helping her with the lighting and changing film in the cameras.

The shoot itself was both fun and grueling for Paul and Amy. Over a three-day period they tried on 100 combinations of clothing. Still, they enjoyed much of their time over the three days. They romped in the snow and had a chance to be totally immature. Several times Amy put on the skis and invariably fell over, Paul having to help her up. Once she lost her balance and fell on top of him. They both fell into the snow laughing, with Suzanne firing away with her camera. These shots were genuine. Amy and Paul were a real couple, having real fun.

Many of the photos went into newspaper ads as soon as Suzanne had them developed. As she thumbed through the Sunday paper the following weekend, it gave Amy a very strange feeling to see herself smiling under the word "Clearance".

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At the end of February Amy began her correspondence with Wendy. She wrote about her photo shoot with Paul, how she was doing in her classes, and her observations with the university in general. However, mostly she had questions, how was Wendy doing, how did she feel, what was her life like, what was living with Burnside like?

Wendy tried to answer directly and honestly. Talking about her life was easy. However, she was unsure about her feelings. She did not mention anything about guilt or gambling.

Wendy did have some surprises for Amy in her letters. Amy had expected that Burnside would punish her friend almost continuously when she left her at the professor's house in December. That turned out not to be how Burnside treated her. The only punishments were for specific offenses, and just three major punishments so far, the most recent one being a caning just two days before Amy's first letter.

Amy cringed when Wendy wrote her in detail about the whipping in January. She realized, however, that the experience had been a turning point in Wendy's life. She had been traumatized by that punishment, but, Amy was under the impression that Wendy was glad to have endured it. She certainly seemed more focused as a result of having had that experience.

In spite of the professor's harsh treatment, Wendy wrote mostly kind things about Burnside. She struggled to please her mistress. Pleasing Burnside was a difficult goal, but, with enough effort, one that could be achieved. Wendy's efforts to please the professor intensified her feelings about everything in her life, including the professor.

Amy could tell that Wendy already had changed, just two months into her five-month sentence. The changes were reflected in her art, but also in her writing. Wendy was very direct in what she had to say. There was a boldness in her letters that Amy had not seen before. For example, she was quite open about her sexual relationship with Burnside. The professor was bi-sexual, and had brought that out in Wendy. She now felt a passion for her mistress, a development that disturbed Amy. What if Wendy could not let go in May? What then?

Amy wrote long, caring, almost poetic letters to Wendy. She had so much to say to her friend, how much she missed her, how worried she was about her. Amy's letters meant a lot to Wendy, much more than she was ever able to express.

Wendy was both scared and excited when she read the following lines from Amy:

"I am so much looking forward to the end of March. I will get to see you, because Dr. Burnside wants you to start going out again, and she wants me to take you! We will spend time together, like before! And then you will have your life back!"

Wendy had mixed feelings. She badly wanted to spend time with Amy. She was not so sure she wanted her life back. She still hated who she had been before her internment and felt very comfortable surrendering herself to Burnside.

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Amy struggled through the semester loaded down with Burnside's work. There were term papers, monthly tests, the midterms, and general counseling. The students initially saw Amy as more approachable than either the professor or Lisa Campbell, since she was only a couple of years older than most of the other undergraduates. She actually was younger than some of the students in the classes, the ones who had started their studies late.

Amy still had an innocent look about her, which in reality was quite deceptive. Her young appearance and small size made the students under-estimate her, especially the fraternity guys. Amy had been hardened under the tutelage of the professor. She developed the same sharp eye for detail and the same ability to quickly judge how honest the person sitting in front of her was. She expected respect, and was quick to dismiss anyone who did not give it to her.

Burnside spent a long time with her student teaching her how to identify plagiarized papers. She taught Amy tricks she had picked up over her years of teaching. She shared her vast knowledge of where plagiarized papers came from and who was most likely to use which ones. Burnside showed Amy the websites containing plagiarized papers and other methods undergraduates had for cheating. Most of them Amy previously did not know about. However, there was one website with several papers, including a paper about the Marshall Plan, that Amy was painfully familiar with. With a touch of sarcasm Burnside noted "I think you remember this one."

Amy realized that Burnside had a real fixation on academic cheating. Burnside was an expert on the topic, but, as she explained, there was no point in writing any articles about it. The information changed from day to day and any article about academic cheating would be outdated before it went to publication. Still, every day Burnside's e-mail in-box was filled with requests for assistance or advice from other professors, and even university presidents.

"It's a pity, because there is a lot of good information out there. It's too bad that people are using that information not to learn or enhance their own work, but instead to avoid working. They're just lazy and want to stay ignorant."

Term papers were due the week before Mardi Gras. Amy graded a mass of assignments over a five day period. Paul sat with her helping her, but this time in a way that would not get Amy in trouble. As she completed the grading on each paper Paul proof-read Amy's work to make sure she stayed consistent. He separated any papers that deviated from the standards set by Burnside and by Amy's own criteria for grading, for her to re-grade. At first there were very few that needed to be revised, but as Amy became increasingly tired there were more. Paul's help became especially important after the fourth day, when Amy started to make mistakes due to lack of sleep. However, all he did was point out her mistakes. Paul was able to provide her with crucial assistance by doing so, but it was up to Amy to make the corrections.

Amy identified several suspect papers that she needed to check before returning to their authors. She separated them from the other papers. There were six altogether. Amy expected to find half of the originals herself, and would have to check with Burnside about the others.

On the fifth day Amy graded a paper that had language that was disturbingly familiar. The paper had been turned in by Paul's roommate, Alex. However the language in the paper was Paul's. Amy recognized the writing because she had read many things Paul had written, and was well aware that Paul had a very distinctive way of expressing his views. He used a lot of the professional jargon from his field, but also a lot of the language used by the Dependency School of International Development that he so admired. Amy decided not to ask her boyfriend about the paper. She would get the answers herself, and if need be, talk to Paul later.

Amy prepared one of the dreaded empty manila folders with a post-it note inside for Paul's roommate. In the classes Amy and Burnside passed out the graded papers and a total of five folders. Burnside had determined that one of the suspect papers had been honestly written, after checking the language from the student's midterm bluebook, which matched.

In class Amy approached Alex, holding the folder up in the air. She felt bad, because she did not know if Paul was involved in his roommate's paper. But as she handed the folder to Alex, she saw his face go pale. They exchanged looks, She let him know that she clearly was irritated by the uncomfortable situation he had placed her in. Amy took the folder back for a second, and wrote on the post-it note...

"See me before you go to Burnside."

Later that morning Alex showed up at Burnside's office. Burnside was teaching another class so Amy had some time to be alone with Alex. He was very nervous, and with good reason.

"Alex, close the door and sit down."

Amy got right to the point as soon as Alex was seated. She waved the paper in the air.

"Alex, did Paul have anything to do with this paper?"

"Amy, I don't understand. Why would Paul... "

"Look, I am not an idiot! Don't even try treating me like one! This is Paul's language! I think I ought to know, since I'm dating him! Alex, I can assure you that YOU are screwed! That's not the issue! I want to know about Paul! How did you get this paper?"

"Paul helped me. He suggested that I take a couple of papers he wrote and use them to write my own."

Amy felt sick. If that were true...

At lunch Amy confronted Paul. At first he seemed confused.

"Alex asked me to lend him some of my papers. He doesn't do good term papers and admitted that himself. I thought he just wanted to see how a paper was supposed to be written. I told him to let me look at his paper before turning it in, but he said he had already given it to Burnside"

"Well, look at this. Is this your paper?"

Paul thumbed through the paper. Amy could tell that from his expression that he was genuinely surprised.

"Actually, parts of three different papers of mine are in this one. Yes, this is my work. All of it's mine. I sure as hell didn't think he'd pull this when I lent him my papers, though."

Amy was relieved. She had wondered whether Paul had helped Alex cheat. She could tell by his reaction that he had not. He was genuinely upset.

That afternoon Paul went back to his apartment and looked into the history files of the computer he shared with Alex. He knew enough about computers to be able to retrieve deleted files. Scrolling through deleted term paper files, Paul made a very unpleasant discovery about his roommate.

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Alex showed up later that afternoon at Amy's office. She glared at him with the exact same expression Burnside would have used. He fidgeted and looked at the floor. Amy got right to the point.

"Paul trusted you with his papers and you copied them and turned them in. Now answer, honestly. Is that what happened?"

"Yeah."

"So Paul didn't tell you to use his papers for the class?"

"No. He wanted to read over my paper before I turned it in. I didn't let him, obviously. I'm sorry."

Amy was hugely relieved. Alex had confirmed what Paul had told her. "You don't owe me an apology. You owe an apology to Paul, and one to Dr. Burnside."

"What happens now?"

"Well, under university rules you would be expelled immediately. If you talk to Dr. Burnside I don't think that's what will happen, although you might wish that it had... I think I know what she'll do, but I can't tell you because I'm not 100% sure. After you talk to her, talk to me again before you say anything to Paul."

"Please, Amy, do I have to talk to Paul about this?"

"Oh yeah, you got to tell him. He'll know, no matter what. You'll see why."

Amy paused, then, once again giving Alex the same harsh look Burnside would give him, added...

"I expect you to tell Dr. Burnside what you did and why you were caught. I expect you to tell her that I caught you because I recognized Paul's language in the paper. I doubt that telling her that will make your situation any better, but you need to take responsibility for what you did."

Burnside showed up before Alex left. Amy got up to leave, since she had a class to go to. She grabbed her backpack and turned to Alex. "You might as well tell Dr. Burnside now."

When Amy returned to Burnside's office, Burnside was by herself, thumbing through a couple of professional journals she had just received.

Amy wanted to know about Paul's roommate.

"Alex will be your responsibility. You caught him. I didn't."

"What do you mean, Dr. Burnside?"

"You will decide his punishment. What happens to him is entirely up to you. You can kick him out of school, do nothing, have him host the Mardi Gras party, whatever. I will support any decision you make."

Amy thought for a moment. She did not like being put on the spot like this, but she realized what Burnside was doing. Burnside wanted Amy to assume greater responsibilities to prepare herself to teach. It was not hard for Amy to figure out what Alex's punishment would be. Amy would switch him, and he would host Burnside's party in the nude along with Wendy. That was standard punishment for anyone who cheated in Burnside's classes. There was no reason why Alex should be any different.

"Dr. Burnside, I need to ask you two favors."

"Let's hear them."

"I need a copy of your discipline contract, and I'll put my name on it. And I need you to teach me how to use your switch."

Burnside brought up her file on the computer. Amy changed Burnside's name to her own and printed the following:

I, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, admit to having attempted to commit plagiarism on \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I have read and fully understand this university's cheating policy, and am fully aware of the consequences for committing an act of plagiarism under the student code of ethics.

In lieu of disciplinary action from the university administration, I, \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, freely and willingly choose to accept the disciplinary alternative offered by my professor's student aide, Amy Debbs. I understand that upon completion of the disciplinary alternative to Ms. Debbs' satisfaction, I will continue my coursework and no further action will be taken against me.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

Later that afternoon Alex came back for a third time, very nervous. Amy handed him the contract.

"Here's the deal. You sign this and do what I tell you, or you get kicked out under the student code of ethics. That's your choice."

"What's going to happen if I sign?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You are going to go to Dr. Burnside's house and take off all your clothes the afternoon before Mardi Gras. I'm going to punish you on the bare bottom with a leather switch. I'll give you 16 strokes, 8 on each side. That's standard for guys. Girls get 14, seven on each side. After that you'll serve drinks at a party in the nude, 'till about 4:00 in the morning or so. There will be about a hundred people there, including Paul. After the party is over you'll help clean up, then you'll get dressed and go home. You'll have two weeks to re-write the paper and then the whole thing will be forgotten. That's what will happen if you sign. Now, if you don't sign, I'll turn the paper over to Dr. Burnside, who will forward it with a report about your cheating to the dean. You'll be expelled sometime next week."

Alex stared at Amy, stupefied. He looked stricken. He was pale and his hands shook. He filled in the agreement, signed it, and handed it back to Amy.

"Amy, please, isn't there any other way I can make this up?"

"Sure there is. You can get expelled and then check the want ads for a job. That's your choice."

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Amy had to go to Burnside's house for the second favor, learning how to use the switch. Burnside decided to invite Amy for dinner. When Burnside saw a look of anticipation on Amy's face, she added that Amy should not consider this night one of the nights she would really talk to Wendy. The professor explained that Wendy's servitude would not be relaxed until after Mardi Gras, when Amy would start taking her out.

Going over to Burnside's house placed Amy in a very awkward position. She would see Wendy, and not see her, at the same time. In spite of the fact that Amy and Wendy had written each other almost continuously over the past two weeks, Burnside's servent would not be allowed to talk to her during the evening. She would serve Amy, just like she would serve anyone else. If Amy spoke to her, she would kneel and answer.

However, there was one important indication that Wendy's life would soon change. Burnside told Amy to bring a suitcase of her clothes. Wendy would be allowed out of the house in about two weeks, if everything was going well. She would be allowed to see her suitcase, and would know that her life would begin to return to normal shortly.

Amy went over to Burnside's house the evening before Mardi Gras. Wendy answered the door, standing behind it to not be visible to the street. She sadly looked Amy in the eyes, but did not say anything. It shocked Amy to have her friend right next to her, for the first time in nearly three months, and not be able to even say hello to her.

Even though Wendy already had written her that Burnside had beaten her much less than she expected, Amy was still surprised to see her friend's body with almost no marks on it. There were a few faint traces on her bottom from her most recent caning, and that was it.

Wendy's appearance had other surprises for Amy. Even though Amy knew that Burnside had shaved Wendy's head, it was still a bit of a shock to see her with short hair. Wendy's hair had since grown out somewhat, but it still was much shorter than she had ever worn it previously. The other surprise for Amy was her friend's physique. Wendy's arms and legs were muscular and toned from her daily exercise sessions, and Amy could see traces of muscle in her stomach. Wendy always had rather soft features, but nearly three months of brutal exercising had hardened her body considerably.

Wendy took Amy's coat and hung it up. She then gave a look of gratitude when she saw the suitcase. However, Burnside ordered her to take the suitcase to the master bedroom. It would be another two weeks or so before Wendy would be allowed to use anything in it.

Wendy then knelt near Burnside's favorite armchair, quietly waiting for her next set of orders. Her movements were quick and automatic. There was no hesitation, nor was there any modesty about being the only nude person in the room. She had been nude continuously for three months and by now was quite used to not wearing anything except her collar.

Burnside then ordered her servant to pull the leather spanking bench, or "horse" as she called it, into the middle of the living room. Wendy jumped up, quickly walked to a back room, and dragged the heavy piece of furniture into the living room. She positioned it close to a back wall, then resumed her kneeling position near Burnside's chair. Except for the glance she exchanged with Amy at the front door, Wendy seemed not to acknowledge Amy's presence in the house. Amy reflected that she would have to ask Wendy about that in her next letter.

"Wendy, I want you to finish getting dinner ready for me and Amy. Be ready to serve in 45 minutes."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

Wendy quickly got up and went into the kitchen.

Burnside then tied a large, hard sofa pillow to the leather bench, at the level where Alex's bottom would be tomorrow afternoon. She explained about positioning herself, how to swing for maximum effect and control, and how to hold the switch. She demonstrated several times, hitting the pillow hard. Amy followed Burnside's instructions as best she could, and struck hard at the pillow. She would be able to hit every bit as hard as the professor could hit, but with slightly less control. Burnside observed carefully what Amy was doing, repositioned her slightly, and had her strike the pillow again. This time was better.

"OK, trial run. Hit the pillow 16 times; eight on the left side, eight on the right."

WHUP!... .WHUP!... WHUP!... WHUP!... WHUP!... WHUP!... WHUP!... WHUP!... Amy struck hard, and struck well. There was no question that Alex would be no better off being punished by Amy than he would be by Burnside.

Wendy brought the plates out and a bowl of salad. She poured wine for both the professor and her guest, even though Amy was still a few weeks away from turning 21. She seated Burnside, and then Amy. She filled the salad plates and took her position near the kitchen door. Wendy stood at parade rest, her feet spread shoulder-width apart, her hands clasped behind her back, her eyes looking straight ahead.

This was a surreal experience for Amy, seeing Wendy like this. She badly wanted her to sit down at the table, but realized that until Wendy had her collar off that would not happen. She thought about what she would write tomorrow. She had so many questions.

Burnside chatted about the upcoming Mardi Gras party. She would have a total of three students hosting including Wendy, Alex, and a sorority girl. Burnside had decided to simply flunk the others, because they had given her attitude when she confronted them about their papers. Wendy would be serving drinks the entire night. Alex and the sorority girl would be fixing drinks in the kitchen. Amy was curious about Dr. Halsey and last year's birthday spanking.

"What happens if Dr. Halsey wants to spank you again, Dr. Burnside?"

"Oh, he will. He's done it every year for the last 17 years. It'll be 42 swats, as much as I wish it wasn't. I can't get away from my birthday, as much as I'd like to."

During the rest of the dinner Burnside talked about a wide range of professional issues, including her feelings about CNBC and the stock market, Europe, and scholarships. She moved to describing her vision of what she thought a capitalist system should be like. Then the wine went to her head a little, and her opinions became a bit looser. Burnside dismissed the current US leaders as idiots. As far as she was concerned, neither Bush nor Clinton, nor anyone in Congress, had any value as a leader.

"We are a dying nation. Any society capable of electing that idiot Clinton, and then right after him that pathetic corporate puppet Bush, deserves to die, and die quickly."

Burnside seemed to admire the Europeans much more. Amy said nothing. From what Paul had told her about France, it seemed to Amy that the Europeans were just as bad, or worse.

Amy got to see a different side of the professor, Burnside the idealist. This is totally bizarre, thought Amy.

Amy wondered about Wendy, as she quietly stood only a few feet away. What was going on in her mind right now, as she listened to Burnside pontificate about her vision of capitalism and her disdain of the country's leaders? Oh well. Another question for Wendy in tomorrow's letter.

Again Wendy's sad eyes met Amy's as she left Burnside's house. Amy felt sorry for her friend, knowing that she would be serving drinks all night tomorrow in the nude. She had chosen this fate for herself, however. She was here because she wanted to be here.

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Amy met with Paul late that night. She was not in the mood for sex, nor was he. They had not talked to each other since Amy had confronted Alex the first time. Paul was so infuriated with Alex that he was not speaking to him. They both had to talk that night, Amy about Wendy and Paul about Alex.

Amy started with describing the surreal experience she had at Burnside's table, listening to her professor lash out at Democrats and Republicans alike while Wendy stood, silent and naked, only a few feet away. Then she described her confrontation with Alex, and Burnside's tutoring her with the proper use of the dreaded leather switch.

Paul described what happened with Alex from his end. Alex at first told him a censored version of what had happened with Amy and Burnside. Paul responded by showing his roommate the deleted file of his paper on their computer. He made Alex watch as he brought it up on the screen. Paul printed it, then went through the computer's history files to find and retrieve Alex's other recent term papers. In doing so Paul let Alex know that he had found out that this had not been the first time Alex had plagiarized Paul's work. Alex went white as the deleted papers appeared. He printed the other papers. Then he simply got up and left the room. He had nothing more to say.

Paul did have a final comment.

"As far as I'm concerned, you can treat him like Lisa treated that frat boy last year. I don't care. I'm as pissed at him as you were with Wendy when she tried to steal your credit card."

Amy e-mailed Burnside later that night.

Dr. Burnside. Alex will get a bit more from me than 16 strokes from the switch tomorrow. He copied Paul's work several other times that he didn't know about. Paul is really pissed at him. - Debbs -

Amy, what you do to him is at your discretion. I told you that I will support whatever decision you make about his discipline. - Burnside -

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Amy, once again dressed in her nurse's outfit, complete with her accessories, arrived at Burnside's house early. As before, she was not wearing any underwear, in spite of the tendency of her short skirt to ride up around her hips whenever she moved about. She would constantly have to be pushing it down and readjusting it, but she could not resist the daring sensation wearing that skirt with nothing underneath always gave her.

Amy arrived alone, telling Paul to join up with her later. Wendy let her in, and again looked into her eyes with a sad expression. She already was wearing the metal cuffs and temporary tattoos of Burnside's servant uniform. Her pubic hair was shaved. Because Wendy's hair was still very short, Burnside made her wear a maid's cap. The only thing missing were welts on her bottom. Wendy had not cheated and thus Burnside had no reason to punish her. Amy had written her a long letter with her questions and laid it on her desk in the guest bedroom.

The sorority girl Burnside had mentioned was there as well, leaning against the leather spanking bench and crying quietly. Like Wendy she was naked, shaved, and wearing the cuffs and tattoos of the servant uniform. Burnside had punished her just before Amy came over. Amy glanced at her. She had the typical stupid-looking appearance of a sorority type, but at least she was smart enough to do what was necessary to stay in school.

Burnside had not changed yet; she was still in sweats. When Amy came out of Wendy's room the professor handed her a paper shopping bag for Alex's clothes. She then took Wendy and the sorority girl back to the kitchen to help with the food and drinks.

The doorbell rang. Amy opened it and faced Alex. Reluctantly he came in. Amy looked at him coldly.

"I have something to say to you. I talked to Paul last night. He told me about the other papers. You lied to me, and you used Paul. You're gonna pay for all that. Get your clothes off."

Alex reluctantly took his clothes off. Like Paul, he had an attractive body. He stood in front of Amy, trying to cover himself, while she stuffed his clothes in the paper bag. She motioned him to follow her to the bathroom. She picked up a razor and a can of shaving cream.

"Shave. All your pubic hair and what's on your ass. Get it off."

Alex looked at Amy with embarrassment, waiting for her to leave.

"I'm not going anywhere. I get to watch. Come-on. Get started."

Alex lathered his pubic hair. His hands shook as he started to shave. It was obvious that he would not be able to do it properly without slashing himself to bits. Amy rolled her eyes.

"Give it up, Alex. I'll do it. Put your hands on your head and put your feet apart... Now stand straight."

Alex gasped with embarrassment as he forced his hands behind his head. Amy turned on the bath water, and then shaved around the edges of his pubic hair, working her way towards his penis. She grabbed his penis, pushing it to either side as she shaved near the base. He grew hard from having her hands touch and massage him. Amy pulled the skin tight on his testicles and proceeded to clear the area around his scrotum.

"Bend over. Grab your ass cheeks and spread 'em." Amy lathered the area around his bottom-hole and quickly shaved it clean. Alex, bent over, his roommate's girlfriend shaving him, was sick from the embarrassment of what was happening.

"Alex, stand up and look me in the eye."

Alex stood up. He had a furious erection, adding to his humiliation. Reluctantly his eyes met Amy's. Amy stared at him coldly.

"I shouldn't have had to shave you and I don't appreciate it. There's no reason why you couldn't have done it yourself. And on top of everything else you're getting off on it. That's disgusting."

With that Amy directed Alex to finish cleaning himself off. He dried himself and Amy led him back into the living room, his penis still sticking straight out. She put the metal cuffs and temporary tattoos on his arms and legs, while Burnside, Wendy, and the other hostess watched. Amy clipped Alex's hands behind his back and turned him to face the three women, with his erection pointing straight at them.

"Alex, I put your hands behind your back because I don't want you trying to cover up. Now, when you are ready to behave and keep your hands at your sides, I'll take your cuffs off."

"I'll try, Amy. Please."

Amy unhooked Alex's cuffs. She turned to the sorority girl.

"What's your name?"

"Heather"

"Heather. Yeah, that name fits you. You look like a Heather. OK, Heather, get a pair of medical gloves and put them on."

Heather did so, quickly. Amy realized that Heather knew how to use medical gloves. It turned out that she was a pre-Med student. Suddenly Amy's plans changed. That was not good news for Alex. Amy asked to see Burnside in private.

Burnside sent the three hosts to the kitchen. Amy then asked if Burnside if she had another nurse's dress. Of course, responded Burnside, she often punished her lovers wearing nursing outfits. Amy asked Burnside to lend Heather a nurse's dress and for her to be able to wear it that evening. When Burnside handed Amy a dress and a matching cap and shoes, Amy told the professor the rest of her plans. Her idea included a huge break for Heather. Amy wanted her to be excused from having to serve in the nude. She would instead wear the nursing outfit at the party, in exchange for doing something truly wicked to Alex. When Burnside heard Amy's plans she was a bit surprised and very impressed. Oh, yeah, Amy looked so sweet and innocent. She wasn't.

Amy then took Heather into the bathroom. The girl's face lit up when Amy handed her the white dress.

"I can wear this? I don't have to be... "

"I'm giving you a break, Heather. Now you owe me. You, me, and Alex are going to put on a little demonstration for the benefit of the party tonight."

"Sure, Amy, whatever you want! Oh, thanks!"

"You still need to help with the drinks. But I'll need you and your medical expertise about half-way through the party."

Heather and Amy came out the bathroom; Heather now dressed in a standard nurse's dress. She was so relieved that she had forgotten about her recent switching. Alex and Wendy looked at her, wondering what was going on.

Amy suddenly realized she could make this even worse for Alex, and in doing so give Wendy a break as well. Her professor agreed, and sent Wendy into the master bedroom to put on a nurse's dress. Wendy, elated, rushed to Burnside's closet. It was the first time she was allowed to wear anything for almost three months. The dress fit loosely on her small body, but she didn't care. Wendy came out and stood next to Heather, both of them in white nurses' dresses with relieved expressions. Burnside stood off to one side, still dressed in her sweatsuit. Now Alex was the only nude person in the room. He would be the only nude servant at the party.

The next step was Alex's switching. Originally Amy had planned to paddle him as well, but with her new plans decided not to. She thought about giving him extra strokes with the switch, but again, with her new plans, decided to give Alex a "break". He would get his allotted 16. Then he could choose to get more, or accept an "alternative punishment".

Amy ordered Alex over the leather bench. She ordered him to spread his legs and grab the legs on the other side with his hands. She studied the backs of his testicles and his anus, thinking about the attention that secret opening would receive later that night, when the room was full of people.

Amy did not clip Alex's cuffs to the legs of the bench. She crouched in front of him, near his face. He looked at her, his eyes full of humiliation and fear. He was dumbfounded that Paul's girlfriend, of all people, was doing this to him.

"I'm going to start with 16 strokes on your bottom. A year and a half ago I took 14 strokes, in the same position, and did not get up or cry. I expect the same from you. I expect you to be brave, to be still, and to be quiet. If I have to hook you to this bench, I will double your punishment."

With that Amy stood up, picked up the switch, measured her distance, and tapped Alex's left bottom-cheek just above his thigh. She drew her arm back and swung sharply at Alex's bottom. The switch made its familiar whoosh and a reddish line instantly appeared at the base of the right bottom-cheek. Alex gasped and groaned slightly. This hurt far more than he expected. He never expected that Paul's girlfriend, of all people could...

The switch descended again, breaking into Alex's thoughts. He gasped again. The pain was brutal. How could he stand 14 more of these? Yet, if he moved, Amy told him he would get double, 32...

Amy tightened her lips and struck again, slightly above the first two strokes. Wendy and Heather looked at each other nervously. Wendy had endured punishments far more serious than what Alex was enduring, but it astonished her to see Amy punish someone every bit as cruelly as Burnside could. She flinched slightly every time the switch landed on Alex's bottom. Heather was equally surprised at the viciousness of Amy's strokes. Burnside watched her student with approval and pride. She had taught Amy well.

Amy struck Alex a fourth time. He gritted his teeth and gasped, making a real effort to hold back the tears. Amy paused to study the four lines marking the lower part of his left bottom cheek.

She changed sides, and laid the fifth stroke at the base of Alex's right bottom cheek. He grunted harder. Amy thought she heard "Oh fuck!" under his breath. She slashed again. He gasped yet again. She noticed dark droplets on the carpeting under Alex's face. He was starting to cry. Amy hit Alex two more times on the right, then stepped back to study her work. The last of her strokes were still rising and turning dark. Her subject had eight even strokes on the lower part of his bottom. He was breathing heavily, but making every effort not to make any noise. Amy felt for him, because she had done the same thing when Burnside had punished her, now more than a year ago.

"Alex, you lied to me about Paul. You could've fucked up our relationship, and obviously you didn't care. I don't appreciate that."

With that comment Amy struck hard, right in the middle of Alex's left bottom cheek. He grunted louder. Amy struck again, just above her last stroke. Quickly she laid on the two final strokes that completed the eight on Alex's left side.

"OK, Alex, just four more to go with this portion of your punishment."

Alex was in too much pain to appreciate the words "this portion". His knuckles were white from grabbing the bench. He was trying very hard not to scream or cry and make a fool out of himself.

Amy switched sides again and started on the final set on his right bottom cheek. Slowly she worked her way up his bottom with her final four strokes, enjoying the sight of the darkening lines and his flinching skin as it bounced from each stroke. Amy admired Alex for not screaming. It excited her to see him struggle to stay quiet. Amy was different from Burnside in this aspect. Burnside became aroused when a victim started screaming, while Amy was excited by watching a person struggle to maintain self-control during a punishment.

Amy finished and told Alex to stand up. His face was distorted from the pain and effort he was making not to scream or cry. Still, tears were running down his face. His hands immediately went to his bottom, but quickly went off again as he realized that the welts would not bear any pressure.

"Put your hands on the bench so we can have a look at you."

Alex complied, and then Amy noticed his body shaking slightly with sobs. So she had gotten him to cry after all.

Burnside walked up to Alex.

"You under-estimated Amy, didn't you? Didn't think she could do that to you, did you?"

"Y... yes... Dr. Burnside."

Now came Amy's plan. Burnside knew it already. Heather and Wendy did not.

"Alex, go ahead and bend back over that bench. I need to get started on the next set of strokes."

Between gasps and tears Alex, turned around.

"What... next set? You said 16... I'm done."

"For cheating on the term paper, yes, you're done. But then there's the fact you lied to me about Paul. That's another 16, over the ones you've had already. And Paul told me that you plagiarized some of his other stuff as well. That's another 16."

"Amy, you can't do that. You said 16... "

"Well, you signed the agreement that your disciplinary alternative would be to my satisfaction. As far as I'm concerned you've been disciplined for the midterm. But there's still the lie about Paul and the other papers. Both are just as bad. So, you get two more sessions with the switch."

"Dr. Burnside, please! I... "

"Don't look at me, Alex. I agree with Amy. You fucked up. If it were up to me I'd use a whip. Get a little blood out of you."

There was no escape for Alex. He looked at the bench, then at Amy.

"Amy, please! Can't you do something else? Anything?"

"Like what, Alex? How else am I going to punish you if it isn't with this switch?"

"Please! Anything! Something else! I can't stand it again!"

Amy exchanged glances with Wendy. She knew that Wendy had endured 70 strokes with this switch, and here Alex was, whining about just 16.

"OK. I'll stop at 16 strokes. I'll punish you a bit later, but I won't hit your ass anymore. However, you'll do what I tell you, when I am ready to punish you."

"What are you going to do?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out. You agree now, or we'll do the other two sets of 16 strokes on your ass. Which is it?"

Alex again looked at the switch, then into Amy's face.

"I'll do whatever you tell me."

Amy nodded and put down the switch.

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The party itself was a lot like Mardi Gras last year. Burnside wore the same outfit as before, her shapely tanned bottom on display as before. There were the same decorations, the same dancing, Burnside's usual flirting with Dr. Halsey and her other male companions, the same drinks. The only difference was that there was only one naked male host, and two female hostesses in white nurse dresses.

The graduate student from last year was there with her cop boyfriend and her large group of friends. Paul showed up in his hospital gown and his bare bottom. He and Amy ran around together, the nurse and her patient.

Paul still was infuriated at Alex and gave him dirty looks whenever he walked by with his tray of drinks. He had gone out of his way to help his roommate in his classes, only to have Alex copy his papers, several times over. He felt betrayed. Amy gave Paul an abbreviated version of Alex's punishment, and added, "You said treat him like we treated Bill last year. OK, that's what I have in mind. There's gonna be a little show after Burnside gets spanked."

There was the same question posed by Halsey to the partiers about Burnside's birthday, the same chant of "SPANK!... SPANK!... SPANK!", and the same loud swats reverberating throughout the room. There was the same result, Burnside playfully shaking her reddish bottom at the cheering crowd. She went one step beyond the previous year, spreading her feet and bending over to better show off her red bottom, as the cameras flashed and the crowd cheered and whistled.

About a half an hour after her spanking, Burnside turned up the lights, stood up, and silenced her guests. Amy ordered Wendy and Heather to stand with her in front of a sturdy table that Burnside and Halsey had cleared just a few minutes before. The three nurses stood together at the table while Burnside announced that the party would be treated to a medical demonstration. Paul hooked Alex's wrist cuffs together in front of him and led him to where Amy was. Paul then made Alex kneel in front of three young women. On cue Amy, Heather, and Wendy put on their medical gloves. Alex looked around him in terror. He started to wonder if he should have accepted the extra two punishments on his bottom.

Paul stepped back, as Amy took Alex's arm and forced him to get up on the table on his elbows and knees, with his striped bottom spread wide and high in the air. Amy tapped the insides of his knees to force them further apart. Any then ordered Alex to put his hands in the air. She climbed up on the table and attached Alex's wrists to a chain hanging from the ceiling that had two clips for his cuffs. With a series of sharp taps to his legs Amy positioned Alex so that his back was arched, his bottom stuck well out, and his legs spread widely. The partiers standing behind Alex had an excellent view of his anus and the back of his testicles. Alex's face was deep red from humiliation, but worse was yet to come.

Amy then motioned Wendy to pick up an empty glass jar from the next table.

Amy grabbed her victim's cuffed hands and drew her own face close to his. She stared into his eyes with a ferocious expression, a combination of lust, cruelty, and triumph. "You'll do what we tell you. If you don't, you'll get 32 strokes with the switch in front of all these people, and then I might just flunk you anyway."

With that Amy jumped off the table and grabbed Alex's feet. Amy's graduate student acquaintance grabbed a flashlight from her boyfriend's belt and shined it at Alex's penis from the front. Amy nodded at Heather to begin, while Paul stood quietly in his hospital gown, watching with crossed arms.

Heather shoved her finger up Alex's bottom. She found his prostate gland and began massaging it. Alex immediately went hard. Within a minute he had a furious, throbbing erection. Heather continued to move her finger inside, gently manipulating his prostate. She again looked over at Amy, who nodded for her to continue.

Alex suddenly realized what Heather was about to force him to do. In front of all these people. His fears were confirmed when Wendy put the jar over the end of his penis. With her free hand Heather grabbed the shaft of Alex's penis and began massaging it, as well as his prostate. He held back as long as he could, but Heather's fingers continued to manipulate him mercilessly, both from the front and from the back. He groaned as he released over and over into the jar. The cameras flashed and the crowd cheered as they watched the white jets shoot out. Tears ran down Alex's cheeks as Heather got spasm after spasm out of him. Heather then let go of his penis and pulled out her finger out of his bottom. Wendy held the jar up high, displaying a rather impressive amount of semen to the cheering crowd.

Amy then laid a fearsome slap across Alex's bottom. "Get your butt out. I'm sure everyone still wants to have a good look at it. If you dare move before I tell you, kiss your career goodbye."

With that several female guests lined up at the table to fondle Alex and slap his bottom hard with their open hands. Several guests took pictures as they took turns smacking his already badly marked backside. Amy had promised not to punish Alex any more, but had said nothing about the other guests. Alex tried to face away from his tormentors and their cameras, but obediently shifted position and pushed his bottom out as best he could. The hard slaps on top of his welts were pure agony.

Alex could not believe this nightmare. He began to cry as the crowd of women surrounding the table laughed and teased him. He was able to fully appreciate his complete public humiliation. He had betrayed his roommate, and now was paying dearly for it. He was absolutely dumbfounded that Paul's innocent-looking girlfriend could have done this to him.

Finally, after the longest half hour of Alex's life, Amy climbed back on the table to unhook the cuffs. She ordered him to get cleaned up and get back to his main duty of serving drinks. He rolled off the table and staggered to the bathroom.

Amy, Heather, and Wendy lined up in front of the table as the entire room exploded into cheering and applause. As Burnside smiled and gestured to them, the three nurses bowed to their audience, and then split up. Wendy returned to the kitchen and Heather picked up her drink tray. Amy and Paul went to the bathroom to retrieve Alex. She pounded on the bathroom door.

"Alex, get back out here! Your break is over!"

She heard the splashing of water in the bathtub. She pounded the door again.

"Come-on! Out!"

Reluctantly Alex opened the door. He faced Amy and Paul. It was Paul who spoke.

"Look, Alex. I don't appreciate what you did, and I sure as hell don't appreciate that you lied to Amy about me! Well guess what? You're going to re-write every one of the four reports I found on the computer and turn them in, and explain what you did to your professors. I'll go with you. And until you do, Amy's keeping your Burnside paper."

"Paul, please! I can't do four... "

"Well, you're gonna learn! I'll help you. But before this semester is over, you'll write some honest papers! You'll have plenty of time during Spring Break!"

"Spring Break?! But I'm gonna go to... "

"Mazatlan. Well, now you won't. As Burnside would say, you're gonna spend quality time with your books!"

Amy chimed in.

"Alex, there are guests waiting for their drinks. Get back to work."

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When the party ended Wendy, Heather, and Alex had to put the furniture back and clean up. Paul's roommate was very subdued. He barely could face his two fellow servants. Burnside made it worse by forcing him to stay nude while Heather and Wendy kept their dresses on. Finally, totally exhausted, they finished at about 9:00 a.m., leaving Burnside's house as clean as it had been before the party started.

Then something strange happened, to cap off a very strange night. As it got lighter outside, Burnside gave Alex and Heather their clothes back and dismissed them. Heather pulled off her nurse's dress in front of Alex to get dressed. He noticed her attractive body and the 14 red stripes on her bottom from her own punishment. Suddenly he got some of his self-confidence back. On inspiration he asked her if she was free tomorrow night. She looked at him, considered for a second, then said.

"Sure, why not? Let me give you my phone number."

**Chapter 25 - Amy's 21st Birthday**

The Mardi Gras party started Wendy's transformation to normal life about two weeks earlier than Burnside had planned. Burnside's original intention had been that Wendy should serve in the nude. She planned to have Wendy on the floor the entire evening, forcing her to be fully exposed to the party-goers. It was to be Wendy's ultimate act of submission and servitude, after which she would begin her slow transition to having her life back. Amy had changed those plans, as well as canceling part of the punishment Burnside had wanted to inflict on Heather. Burnside reflected that not only had she influenced Amy's life, but that Amy was beginning to influence her life and some of her own decisions as well.

Burnside had no problem that Amy's punishment of Alex took priority over her original plans. When Amy approached Burnside about allowing Wendy to wear a nurse's dress at the party, Burnside agreed. She knew that allowing Wendy to get dressed along with Heather, while forcing Alex to stay nude, would add all that much more to his humiliation. She held true to her word to Amy, that she would support any decision that Amy made concerning Alex's punishment. That evening Amy got everything that she wanted when she punished Alex, no questions asked.

After the party Burnside was glad that Amy had asked her to allow Wendy to get dressed, and that Wendy had performed so well along side Amy and Heather during the "medical demonstration". With her nurse's dress Wendy was much more confident during the party and fully participated in Alex's punishment. It was nice to see her like that, especially the moment that she held the jar of semen, up for the guests to admire. Burnside reflected that now, not the end of the month, was the time for Wendy to begin her slow transition back to normal life.

After Alex and Heather left, Wendy knelt in front of Burnside, waiting for her next orders. She was still in her white dress, since Burnside had not told her to take it off.

Burnside was exhausted, as was Wendy. Burnside ordered Wendy to take the dress off, put it in the washing machine, and then go to bed. Burnside was so tired herself that she actually would be able to get a few hours of sleep.

Wendy slept until about 2:00. She got up and heard Burnside in the shower. Wendy immediately went to the kitchen to fix lunch. She prepared a salad and dessert, then heated a pasta dish to have it ready as soon as her mistress was ready to eat. She set the dining room table and stood by Burnside's chair, waiting to seat her. Burnside came out, was seated and served, and then Wendy served herself and sat down. Burnside complemented Wendy on her help with the party last night. Then Burnside surprised Wendy with her next words.

"I want you to call Amy this afternoon, and make arrangements to get together with her. I will allow you to go out with her any afternoon this week. You'll have lunch with her and you may stay out until 5:00. Obviously your collar will come off when you go out, and you and Amy will be free to do what you want. You can wear whatever you want. The only condition is that I expect you back at five."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

Wendy was elated. Burnside looked at her, and continued.

"Two more things. You now will start going out whenever I feel like giving you an afternoon off. This will be a privilege that I expect you will not abuse. The 5:00 return time is non-negotiable. I will make one exception to that rule, about 5:00, that is. If you ever decide to do a photo shoot with that photographer, I'll let you stay out as long as you need to complete it. Of course you'll have to clear it with me first."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Second thing. Your duties in this house will continue as always. You have given me top performance so far, and I expect that not to change. Abuse your time out, or neglect your duties here, and I will punish you and not let you go out anymore. Make sure Amy understands that."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"And another thing. You are not to touch any money. I expect Amy to pay your expenses. If need be, I'll reimburse her."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

"Good. Now bring me your correspondence work. I'm ready to have a look at it."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside.

Wendy went to her room and returned with about three days' worth of assignments for her correspondence classes. She handed the papers and a red pen to the professor and knelt in front of her. The whipping in January had made Wendy far more careful in her course-work. Burnside only found two things she wanted corrected before the assignments could be sent to Wendy's professors.

As she thumbed through the course-work Burnside noted that the assignments in two of the classes were among the last needed to complete the credits. This was another indication that Wendy's servitude needed to begin to draw to a close. Burnside reflected that Wendy's time with Amy and posing for that photographer would begin to replace the time she was spending on her correspondence classes. She handed the papers back.

"Dr. Burnside, I request permission to speak."

"What is it?"

"May I call Amy now?"

"Hmm. That eager to get out, huh?"

Wendy blushed. "Yes, Dr. Burnside."

Wendy returned to her room. She pulled out a stack of her latest artwork to look over. Taking care of her artwork was priority. Wendy figured that five hours would be enough for Amy to take her downtown, talk to Suzanne at her office, and get back. They could talk in the car on the way down and on the way back. Wendy was elated the Burnside was actually encouraging her to model, something she wanted to do very badly. With that on her mind, Wendy plugged her cell phone to its re-charger and dialed Amy.

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The next day Amy showed up at 12:00 on Burnside's front porch. At first she was disappointed that Wendy was still nude and still had her collar on. Wendy opened the door in her usual way, standing behind it to avoid being visible to the street. As usual, she said nothing as Amy came in. However, Amy noticed a cheerful expression on Wendy's face.

Burnside greeted Amy dressed in a teaching outfit. The professor pulled out a key and Wendy knelt in front of her. She took the collar off Wendy's neck. She then went to the garage, got in her car, and drove off. Wendy and Amy were now alone, for the first time in nearly three months. Wendy hugged Amy hard, and then spoke, her voice soft from not having been used much since December.

"My clothes are on Dr. Burnside's bed. As soon as I get dressed I'd appreciate it if you take me to see Suzanne."

With that Wendy got dressed, in her usual designer jeans and a Casmir sweater. The clothes, especially her underwear, felt scratchy to Wendy. She scratched under her sweater, then decided to take her bra back off and just wear the sweater. She would not have dreamt of going bra-less three months ago.

Amy was disappointed with Wendy's plans. Sitting in traffic all afternoon was not what she had in mind for her first afternoon out with Wendy. Wendy went to her room to retrieve her artwork. Amy understood a bit more once she saw a thick folder of drawings in her friend's hand.

Amy finally was able to barrage Wendy with questions as they worked their way towards Suzanne's publishing office downtown. Wendy, her quiet voice still not used to speaking freely, answered Amy's questions as best she could. She told Amy about Burnside's daily life and her lovers, and about Halsey and why he was the person who got to spank Burnside every spring.

The topic moved to Amy's curiosity about the surreal experience a couple of days before, Amy seated at Burnside's table with Wendy silently standing only a few feet away.

"Amy, I do what Dr. Burnside tells me to do. It's that simple. I don't think about it, I just do what she says."

"But it didn't bother you to be like that when I was there?"

"I was upset I couldn't talk to you. But it didn't bother me that I had to serve you. You were Dr. Burnside's guest, and I am her servant. My responsibility to you was the same as it would be to anyone else."

Amy was a bit surprised by the matter-of-fact way that Wendy described her situation and her subservience to Burnside.

"Wendy, are you... happy... I mean, being a servant like that?"

Wendy thought for a second.

"I'm not exactly happy. I miss my freedom. I miss you and Suzanne. I'm scared when Dr. Burnside gets mad at me, because she punishes me and her punishments hurt. But at the same time I know she cares about me... I guess I feel safe. Protected or something."

Amy remembered that Wendy had mentioned sex with the professor. She was curious. A year ago Amy herself had felt an attraction to Wendy, which was strange, because she had never felt that way towards any other female, not before or since. She remembered how, eleven months ago, she wanted to caress and touch Wendy, and how Wendy had been totally turned off by her desires. What about now? Why was she different with Burnside?

"Wendy, how do you feel when Burnside makes you have sex with her?"

"At first it terrified me. Burnside told me at the very beginning that she expected me to have sex with her as part of my being her servant. That first night, when she started touching me, I was so scared I couldn't even think. But she made me feel things I never thought I could feel. I never thought that... it could feel so good. I never imagined anything like that was possible."

"Wendy... if I may ask... what are you going to do about sex once you leave Burnside's house?

"I don't know. Before I moved in with her I only had been with guys. But that was in high school. The thought of being with another woman grossed me out. Now, I don't know. I know that I'll never feel the things I feel with Dr. Burnside with anyone else."

Amy thought about her own sexual attraction to Wendy. She did not feel attracted to her now, and wondered if she felt attracted to Wendy last Spring simply because at the time she had been celibate for well over a year. But she was curious. There was something that she wanted to know.

"Last year, when I got you back from Atlantic City, I felt a desire for you. It was weird, because that's the only time that's ever happened to me. You remember when I touched you, when I... "

Wendy looked over to Amy.

"Of course I remember that. It made me really upset that you would do that to me. I didn't say anything because I felt so bad about your credit card."

Amy felt a sick, sinking sensation in her chest.

"Wendy, I'm really sorry about... what I did to you."

They drove several more blocks in silence. Wendy thought about her situation and about Amy for a few minutes, then spoke again.

"You want to know why it's different with Dr. Burnside. I don't know why it's different. It just is."

With that they arrived at Suzanne's publisher's office. Her company was a medium-sized publishing house that specialized in artistic books. The firm had just recently branched out into alternative comics and Internet graphics. Last year Suzanne rose quickly to become a member of the editorial board because of her book "Wendy". "Wendy" had brought in enough revenue and publicity that the firm was able to stave off a hostile take-over offer from one of the major publishing houses. The editorial staff owed Suzanne for saving their company with her work and began repaying her by giving her a decision-making role as an editor. Now she judged other people's work and arranged publications.

Suzanne was stunned when she saw Wendy's pictures. Wendy had never taken an art or literature class. No one had taught her how to do any of this. She had a talent that was completely the product of her soul.

Wendy had created the first chapters of a series that would become a classic in the world of underground comics in Europe, the US, and Asia. Suzanne recognized a plot as containing a few elements similar to The Story of O, but this was Wendy's own story. Wendy's drawings took the reader into a dark world of fantastic dream sequences, moving through an entire underworld of spirits between brief breaks of reality. There were elements of Chinese mythology woven into the story. Wendy's main character briefly surfaced in the cities of Europe, the US, and Asia, only to be pulled back into her fantastic spirit world.

Suzanne realized that she and Ruth Burnside, each in her own way, had been instrumental in bringing out Wendy's talent. Suzanne had opened the door for Wendy by letting her know that her art belonged outside of the folder she carried around with her a year ago, but it was Burnside who had given Wendy the experiences that made her art real. Wendy's art had an intensity about it that was 100% genuine. The pictures flowed freely out of Wendy's brain and her hands; she did not have to force herself to create them.

Wendy did not even consider herself an artist. Suzanne knew, from talking to her, that on the surface her friend still considered herself an accountant and future MBA. To Wendy art simply was something to relieve stress, and yet it was destined to make her legendary among the world of underground comics and Anime.

"I'm not sure what we're going to do with this series, but we'll publish it for sure. I want to talk to the chief editor about your pictures. I'd like you to meet him."

Wendy looked at Suzanne's clock. She shook her head.

"I can't. I have to get back. There's one thing I can do, though. If you need me to model, Dr. Burnside said that I can, if I clear it with her first."

Suzanne studied Wendy's face. There was an intensity in her expression now that had replaced her ever-present sadness. Suzanne thought about the possibilities.

"I'd like that. How about you and Amy do some shoots during Spring Break? I'll think about what we can do, and let you know. Try to get Burnside to give you as much time as possible for that week of Spring Break. I can e-mail her if you need me to."

Traffic was unusually light getting back to the university, which allowed Amy to have Wendy back by 4:00. They stopped for coffee at a shopping center near Burnside's house and talked a bit more. Amy was excited at the thought of doing another photo shoot. She had not expected that Burnside would allow Wendy to work until May.

Amy dropped her friend off at Burnside's house just before 5:00. She decided not to go with Wendy to the door. The door opened and Wendy disappeared into the house. This time, however, Amy knew that it would be only a week or two before she would see her again, not an entire semester.

As soon as she entered the house Wendy took her clothes off, folded them, and put them back in the suitcase. She then knelt in the middle of the living room as Burnside moved behind her. She felt the collar close around her neck and the lock click shut.

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Amy's birthday came up just before Spring Break. She now was 21, legal drinking age. Amy reflected that it was ironic that now she could legally drink, she drank only sparingly. She passed up the opportunity to go through the drinking rite of passage, hitting a bunch of bars on her birthday. The truth was that she had no one to go with. Paul was just about to turn 20, Wendy was locked up in Burnside's house, and Suzanne did not drink. There was only one person with whom she could drink socially, and that was Robert. Suddenly Amy felt a desire to see him and spend some time with him.

She borrowed Suzanne's minivan and drove downtown to his office. They went to his favorite restaurant for happy hour, and ordered a light dinner with some wine. It was the first time Amy ordered alcohol in a restaurant legally, and somehow it seemed appropriate that she would celebrate this moment with Robert.

Amy wanted to talk, about her thoughts on Wendy and herself, as well as Tricia and Courtney. The thought of a self-destructive flaw in their personalities fascinated Amy, and she wanted to bounce the idea off Robert.

"I don't know," he responded, "I always saw Tricia as a masochist, not as someone who wanted to self-destruct. She wanted to live, but she wanted to suffer. I don't think she ever thought about killing herself. I think that Courtney simply didn't know when to call it quits. I think that was her problem. As for you, you had no sense of direction. You hooked up with Courtney, just like you could have hooked up with anyone else and have had a totally different experience in high school. I do think you might be right about Wendy."

"Robert, when I was in high school, how did you see me?"

"I didn't like you. I thought you were a trouble-maker, and that you and Courtney were just part of a bad crowd. I didn't like what you were doing to your father."

Amy swallowed hard. Robert was never one to mince words. She had asked him for his opinion. But Robert sipped his wine and continued.

"I always saw things from John's point of view. I never got the chance to hear your point of view, nor would I have wanted to hear it. I would have simply dismissed anything you had to say as coming from a spoiled, drunken teenager. But after you went to college I had a chance to reflect that you did have a side of the story to tell. I don't know how your mother's death affected you. I do know that John was too busy to really spend the time he needed to with you. And that was my fault."

"Your fault? Your fault for what?"

"I was worried that John wouldn't handle the death of your mother well. So I did everything I could to keep him busy. I brought him into several cases that he didn't need to work on, and I introduced him to a couple of women I knew, hoping he might hook up with one of them. I wanted him to forget about your mother. I thought I was doing the right thing, but I never gave your father a chance to grieve. I didn't give him a chance to be there for you. And I didn't think about your needs until it was too late."

"Robert, please. You can't blame yourself for what happened to me and Dad."

"I'm not blaming myself. But I need to understand what happened and how I affected your life and John's. I hope that... whatever I did that went wrong... that I was able to make it up to you. You know that your father would be very proud of you now. You've accomplished a lot in a very short time."

Robert had said a lot those few sentences. As her father's friend cut into his steak, Amy pondered the memories of her relationship with her father. Suddenly Robert set his fork down and looked at Amy.

"Amy, two and a half years ago I blamed you for your father's death. I was wrong about that. Don't ever think that it was your fault, because it wasn't."

The conversation then turned to Suzanne. As they talked about Amy's roommate and Robert's fiancee, Amy remembered that Suzanne had once complained to her that Robert always thought he was right about everything. Obviously, tonight at least, that was not true. Maybe Suzanne had just mis-read Robert, or maybe she had changed him.

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After returning from her dinner with Robert, Amy returned home and turned Suzanne's minivan back over to her. Suzanne promptly took off to pick up Wendy, who had permission to go out tonight. Tonight, Amy's birthday, would be the first night Wendy was allowed out. She would go straight to Amy's apartment and then be taken straight back to Burnside's house. She was dressed, knowing that Suzanne would be the one to pick her up.

Amy's conversation with Robert still resonated in her mind when Paul came with her cake and gift. He had her usual favorite cherry cake and a necklace that, although not expensive, was in good taste. Amy was grateful for the present, because even this modest gift stretched Paul's meager resources.

Once Suzanne came back with Wendy, they had their quiet birthday party. Wendy gave Amy the only thing she could give to Amy, a color drawing. She had put much more concentration into creating it than she did in most of her drawings. The drawing was truly special to her, as was the gift from Paul. Amy knew that the gifts from Paul and Wendy were from their hearts.

Amy blew out the candles to her cake, poured some champagne for everyone, and split up the cake.

After Amy's modest celebration, Suzanne took Wendy back to Burnside's house, and then drove over to Robert's place to spend the night. Amy and Paul went for a walk in the warm spring evening, partly to walk off the effect of the champagne, and partly to simply enjoy the evening. By the time they got back it was quite late. Amy was passionate and felt very naughty.

Giggling, she tore off her clothes, leaving just her shoes on. Then she ran past Paul and out the door of her apartment. She peeked her face back through the door at Paul.

"Catch me." With that she took off.

She ran down the empty streets and into a park, enjoying the feel of the cool Spring air on her body. Her breasts and bottom jiggled in the darkness. Paul, both astonished and aroused, ran after her. Both were in excellent physical shape, but Paul was a better runner and eventually caught up to Amy. He caught her when she tried to run across a street at the other end of the park, but suddenly had to jump back to avoid the headlights of an on-coming car. It turned out that Amy was very lucky. The car belonged to the Cook County Sheriff's Department, but the cop had not seen her. Her heart pounding, Amy crouched behind a tree as Paul caught up to her. Amy threw himself into his arms and kissed him passionately. She unzipped his pants and pushed them to his ankles, then took off again, this time back towards her apartment. She had a huge lead on Paul as he struggled to get his pants back up. She ran to her apartment door way ahead of him.

She had been naughty, and she was in her birthday suit on her birthday. That could only mean one thing. She ran to the spare room and dug out Suzanne's paddle from her studio supplies. She dropped the paddle on the coffee table and ran back out the door. Paul was coming back at a quick walk, just about to cross the street in front of the apartment. Amy ran to him and kissed him. Paul swept Amy up in his arms and carried her back in, as she giggled loudly. When he saw that paddle on the coffee table, he knew that Amy was due a nice hard birthday spanking.

He deposited her on the sofa, as she squealed and giggled loudly. As he reached for the paddle, she giggled and flipped on her back. He tickled her to get her back on her stomach.

She squealed again and flipped onto her stomach. Paul placed his hand in the middle of her back and rested the paddle on her bottom.

"Amy, what happens to naughty birthday girls, who run around in their birthday suits?"

"They get nice hard birthday spankings. So, Paul, am I a naughty birthday girl?"

"We'll find out. Happy 21, Amy."

Paul brought the paddle down sharply across both Amy's bottom cheeks. Instantly her bottom began to sting viciously. Uh-oh, thought Amy. I forgot how much this paddle stings.

POP!... POP!... POP!... POP!... POP!... Paul swatted Amy hard, quickly turning her bottom a deep pink. Sometime he swatted on the left side, sometimes on the right, sometimes across both bottom cheeks. The sharp sting and tingling heightened Amy's emotions. She was not exactly aroused, but her intense emotional state would quickly turn into arousal as soon as Paul stopped spanking her and started kissing her.

Amy's tanned bottom was a deep reddish color when Paul laid the 21st paddle swat across both bottom cheeks. He kissed her swollen hot bottom. Her bottom was stinging and slightly numb at the same time, and yet Amy could feel Paul's lips on her skin. She rolled on her back. He kissed her stomach and slowly worked his way up her chest. He spent his time kissing both her breasts until she was aroused. He moved to her throat and shoulders. She threw her head up, wanting to feel his mouth on her neck. Paul finally worked his way to her mouth, and slipped a hand between her legs. For several minutes he teased her.

Suddenly he stopped, struggling to get out of his own clothes. Then he started up on her again, working his way back down her chest and stomach with his kisses. He kissed the insides of her thighs.

They climaxed together as he entered her. The living room filled with Amy's high pitched squeaks, as they sweated and shared their orgasm on Suzanne's expensive upholstery.

The next day, with very red faces, Amy and Paul faced Suzanne with the explanation of why her sofa cushions had to be taken to the dry-cleaner's.

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Paul was occupied during Spring Break with Alex. He was dead serious about forcing Alex to spend Spring Break re-doing his term papers. Paul was there to help him though, as was Heather. Paul and Heather took turns pushing Alex. At the end of Spring Break Paul had a very strange story to tell Amy about Alex and Heather.

Paul's roommate was fascinated with Heather, and afraid of her at the same time. She kept a belt in her hand as she prodded Alex to finish his papers. Friday night, while Paul was in the kitchen working on one of his own papers, she used that belt on Alex, ordering him to pull down his pants and underwear and cracking him hard with it for a long time. Then Paul heard her comment:

"Alex, you're a bad boy. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm sorry, Heather."

"Not as sorry as you'll be a little later tonight, when I get my medical stuff."

They left a few minutes later, Heather leading Alex to her car by the arm. They came back the next morning, Alex very quiet and quick to do anything Heather told him to do.

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Burnside never approved of Spring Break, much less did she approve of the binge drinking and partying that went along with it. For her Spring Break was a time to study and get class projects ready, which was why the major projects always were due on the Monday after Spring Break. Amy, several times over, heard Burnside admonish her classes:

"Look, either you can kill your brain cells and empty your wallets doing stuff you won't even remember by this time next year, or you can take these nine days and do something truly worthwhile that will help your future. The choice is yours, but... " holding her red pen high in the air "... this is the consequence for a bad choice."

The Friday before Spring Break Burnside discussed the upcoming final projects with Amy. At that point the professor had a surprise for her.

"I want your photographer roommate to e-mail me tonight with a photo-shoot schedule. If Wendy is taking pictures I will let her out as long as she needs to be out over Spring Break. Understand that she is to be out only for working. When she's done working I expect her back. Same rule about money as before. Wendy does not touch it."

Suzanne, elated to have the chance to photograph Wendy, e-mailed Burnside with a schedule that would fill up all nine days of Spring Break. She wrote the professor in detail about what she wanted to accomplish with each shoot. Suzanne even wanted Wendy for a trip that would take her out of Chicago for a full four days for a shoot in northern Michigan near Lake Superior. To her surprise Burnside agreed to everything. Burnside even had a compliment for Suzanne.

"I have followed some of your work and you seem like a dedicated, serious professional in your field. I trust that you will do what is best for your model and ensure that she behaves responsibly. - Burnside -"

The following day, just before sunrise, Suzanne and Amy arrived at Burnside's house to pick up Wendy. Amy went to the front door, and, as usual, Wendy opened it while standing behind the door to avoid being visible to the street. She knelt in the center of the living room, Burnside removed her collar, and Wendy went to the bedroom to put on a wrap-around summer dress. Amy was wearing a similar dress, since Suzanne had in mind some quick figure shots in front of several Chicago monuments. Suzanne wanted her models to wear something they could take off and put on quickly.

For the next two hours they toured around downtown, rushing from monument to monument before too many people were about. Their hearts pounding, Amy and Wendy threw off their dresses, posed for a couple of shots, then quickly grabbed their dresses and put them on to go to the next spot. What they were doing was clearly illegal, but they moved quickly enough that they had no problems. The next stop was the studio at Suzanne's publishing company. For the next two days Amy and Wendy posed over and over, for figure studies, for fashion shots for a store that specialized in petite women's clothing, and for a couple of other ads.

There was a follow-up shoot for the coffee-house client from last year on Monday, with Amy and Wendy once again dressed in the company's uniform, posing with sacks of coffee, coffee roasting machines, and store locations around Chicago.

Tuesday Suzanne drove her models to northern Michigan for a series of different photo shoots. There was an ad for outdoor clothing and camping equipment that took up Tuesday afternoon and all of Wednesday. On Thursday Suzanne wanted more figure studies of her models along the lakeshore and on the rocks at the water's edge. Amy and Wendy spent the entire day in the nude, even though the weather still was rather chilly.

They returned to Chicago on Friday for another of Suzanne's artistic ideas, posing in a park in Renaissance and Victorian clothing. On Saturday Suzanne decided to vary the theme. She had Amy dress in Victorian clothing and Wendy wear traditional Chinese clothing from the late 1800's.

Finally, on Sunday Suzanne returned to the studio for a long series of portraits of her two models. Suzanne was fascinated by the changes in the faces of Wendy and Amy from last year. Amy's face resonated with a serious and confident expression, while Wendy's expression had an erotic intensity that Suzanne had never seen before. She wanted to document that on film.

During their travels Suzanne never talked to Wendy about her life with Burnside. She did not approve of Wendy's submission to the professor. However, she had come to terms with Wendy's arrangements, accepting that it was Wendy who had chosen her current life. Suzanne's dislike of Burnside softened, as she realized that Wendy seemed more at peace with herself than she had been at any time over the past year.

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Burnside punished Wendy for the last time the day after Spring Break ended. She strapped Wendy for an offense that actually occurred the Thursday before Spring Break started. Wendy had gone through the drawers of the Master bedroom without permission and looked at some of Burnside's old pictures. Burnside would have shown Wendy the pictures had she asked, but was angry that Wendy had taken it upon herself to dig into her drawers. She deferred Wendy's punishment until after the photo-shoots were completed, to not have her body with marks on it when Suzanne wanted to photograph her. The punishment was not very severe; the welts healed quickly and were gone within a week. Burnside did not punish Wendy after that.

Wendy finished her correspondence classes by the end of April. She drew continuously. More and more she went out with Amy, now about once every two or three days. There was more time to have fun and relax, as the 5:00 p.m. deadline for returning was pushed back to 7:00. Burnside was adamant about Wendy not touching any money; that was the only condition apart from the deadline for returning home. There were days that Burnside cooked her own dinner and ate alone, other evenings that she ate out with Halsey. Wendy was making the transition to having her life back.

On May 10, after the last day of classes, Burnside had Wendy kneel in her living room for the last time. She took Wendy's collar off, and to Wendy's surprise, took it to her room to put away. When she came back she had another surprise for Wendy.

"Wendy, I want you to get dressed. I want to go for a walk with you and talk about my plans for the rest of the month."

"Yes, Dr. Burnside."

Once they were outside Burnside surprised Wendy yet again.

"Wendy, I want you to understand something. I put your collar away. Do you know what that means?"

"It means that you don't want me to be your servant anymore?"

"That's what it means. From this point on what you do in my house is up to you, as long as you respect my standards, my privacy, and my life. I want to take you to Europe next week. Amy told me that she has your passport. Once we get back, I expect you to move ahead with your own life and your studies."

"I'm going to Europe with you, Dr. Burnside?"

"For two weeks. We're hitting London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin. For me it's a work trip. For you it'll be a chance to have some fun, see some interesting places, and make the transition back to your normal life."

"I... I don't know what to say, Dr. Burnside. Thank you."

"It's the least I can do for you. You've had a rough time over the last four months. You need a break, and you need to see something new."

Burnside returned to the topic of Wendy's position in her house.

"Wendy, you are no longer my servant. You are my guest. You can come and go as you want. I would appreciate it if you could still help me with the housework, but I won't be ordering you to. If you want to continue having sex with me, I would like that. If not, I'll understand. That choice is yours."

"Dr. Burnside, I... want to keep having sex with you."

"Well, how we do that will now be as much up to you as it is to me. That part is going to change. Now for our most important issue. Money and gambling. You're going to have to learn how to carry money with you and spend it properly. We can't put that off any longer. I have a favor to ask. I need some shopping done for our food and for our trip. I'll give you a list and some money. If Amy could take you shopping I would appreciate it. Since it's my money you have, I'd like the receipt along with the change."

Amy pulled up in Burnside's driveway a half an hour later. She was surprised to see her friend dressed and sitting on the professor's front porch. For the first time in over a year, Wendy carried cash with her and went shopping.