

Fast Times At Eden S&M

Chapter 2 - Perverted Pedagogy

Brilliant plumes of yellow and orange foliage dotted the picturesque university landscape. A sweet wind blew across the campus of Eden S&M, sending swirls of fall color through the air. It was that rare stretch of autumn that only lasted a few weeks, when the leaves drifted down gently to cover the grass in colorful blankets and the scent on the breeze could almost be mistaken for nutmeg and cinnamon. Even when trapped inside the school's various buildings, it was a wondrous scene to behold through the windows of hallways and classrooms.

Daylight poured into the cafeteria as Trevor ate lunch with his new best buds. Just like his sweetheart, Sarah, he'd met Glenn and Spencer during orientation. Through a bizarre confluence of events, the three of them had become fast friends. Since the beginning of the semester, they regularly got together to eat and take off-campus trips to the mall and cineplex. As was often the case, their conversation centered on the one thing they had a consistent and unifying interest in.

“Wait, you're saying you scored with Rebecca **already**?” Trevor asked incredulously.

“Yup.” Glenn displayed a smug grin in between glugs of his root beer.

“You lucky bastard...” Spencer uttered, shaking his head.

It wasn't too much of a surprise. Glenn Pearson was an inch and a half taller than Trevor's six foot frame. With his boyish good looks and shoulder length blonde hair, he could've been Brad Pitt's stunt double on the set of *Troy*. Women would flock to his charms regardless, but the campus of Eden made it even easier for him with its three to one ratio of women to guys.

Trevor had bonded with him quickly over their mutual love of athletics, yet Glenn wasn't the typical *sports bro*. He'd been raised by hippy parents and, rather than rebelling against them, their style had rubbed off. Fashionably tight shirts and skinny jeans were his bread and butter. He was just as likely to tie his hair back into a man-bun or short pony tail as he was to leave his shiny locks flowing free. He spoke with quiet confidence and when he smiled, his pearly whites lit up the room.

“She's an amazing girl. Beautiful and super smart.”

“Isn't that what you said about Emma?”

“And Daphne.”

Glenn shrugged. “I meant it every time.”

“Think you're gonna stick with her?” Trevor inquired.

“Eh, I don't know. We'll see. No commitments have been made.”

"I can't believe you're on your third girlfriend and I can't even get a date" Spencer scoffed. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and folded his arms.

Trevor raised his eyebrows and shot the young poindexter a skeptical glance across the table. "Maybe if you ditched that bowl cut and dressed like someone from the twenty first century, you'd have more luck."

Spencer Matthews was the picture of a smartass dweeb. An only child who'd been raised on computers, chess and civil war re-enactment. Unlike his two friends, he wasn't blessed by great height, but he did possess a sharp wit. That same wit often got him into trouble, which is how they met to begin with. If Trevor and Glenn hadn't stepped up on that first fateful day, Spencer would've been pummeled by a group of less forgiving jocks. They'd saved Spencer's life and, like some helpless rescue animal, decided to take him in.

Glenn clapped. "That's a great idea! We should take him for a makeover. Maybe this weekend?"

"What's wrong with my hair? And my clothes?!? My mom says I look like a perfect gentleman."

"Yeah, that's the problem" Trevor answered bluntly between bites of his sandwich.

"**Spence.** Trust us! We'll get that hair slicked back. Get you something stylish to wear. Give you a few pointers. You'll be fighting em off with a stick!"

"Easy for you to say" he replied before taking a swig of his chocolate milk. Spencer looked beyond the two Casanovas sitting across from him. Something in the distance caught his eye and his brow furrowed. "Hey, I've been meaning to ask you two something. Don't you think it's weird that so many of the upper classmen wear those collars?"

"Yeah, that is a little strange" Trevor noted with a nod. "Especially since it's only the guys."

Glenn shrugged. "I was never into punk fashion. I guess it's trendy right now?"

"Must be."

"Maybe that's exactly what he needs" Glenn said, pointing at their shorter friend. "A dog collar and some spiky hair."

"Hah! You might be right!" Trevor concurred.

"Guys, stop it. I'm not wearing a collar."

Glenn downed the rest of his drink and pointed into the distance. "Not even for a date with her?"

Spencer looked over his shoulder and caught a glance of Cindy as she carried her lunch to a nearby table. She was a fair-skinned, short-haired goth girl. Spencer had his eye on her since the day he'd arrived. The raven haired beauty was equal parts cute, haughty and femme fatale mystique. The flustered nerd turned back to his comrades.

“Ummm... Well, I suppose anything is possible.”

* * * * *

Trevor and Sarah chatted and laughed as they strolled from the parking back to the dorms. It had been a lovely date night, comprised of dinner at their favorite burger joint and a night screening of some legal drama neither of them were truly interested in. The theater had been almost empty and they'd spent nearly a third of the film's run-time making out. Even when their lips were apart to re-oxygenate or enjoy their snacks, Sarah had one hand in his seat, groping at his thigh or crotch. Trevor had lipstick to clean off his face when he stopped in the bathroom on their way out.

As they walked back to the student housing section of campus, mini lampposts lit their way. Insects chirped peacefully in the background and the night sky was full of stars. If there was such a thing as a perfect night, this was it. The chill wind was beginning to set the cold into Trevor's bones, but he refused to admit it. His jacket was draped over Sarah's shoulders and she was clearly enjoying its embrace.

“This is comfy. I might have to keep it” she said with a mischievous smile.

“Sorry, no can do” Trevor said with a chuckle. He pointed to the *Summerfield Spartans* emblem on the front of the premium piece of wool and leather. “It's kind of a prized possession. Not like I'll be getting another football jacket, since Eden doesn't have a team.”

“I understand. At least bring me a sweatshirt or something.”

“Sure. What size you want?”

“One of yours, dummy!”

“Oh! Right... Most of mine are pretty beat up, but I suppose I could buy an Eden one at the campus store.”

“There you go. Get a new one and wear it for a few days. Then give it to me.”

Her expression was sweet and innocent, but in the month they'd been a couple, Trevor knew it masked a wildcat. Sarah wasn't just gorgeous, she was a superior student and a demon in the sack. She was the full package and her fierce personality matched her bright red hair.

“Will do. Oh, I forgot to ask earlier... How's the pledge going?”

“Very well. They like me, so I'm being fast tracked. Should only be a few more weeks before I'm initiated.”

“That's awesome! Congrats!”

“Thanks. Are you bummed that no frats have set up shop here?”

Trevor shrugged. “Not really. I mean, it would've been fun, but I probably would've gotten into all kinds of trouble by now.”

“Yeah, maybe it's for the best” Sarah said with a giggle and a nod. “Once I'm a full member, I can bring you to the house for a visit. I think we're even allowed to bring a date to the initiation ceremony.”

Trevor's eyebrows raised. “Sweet! Sign me up!”

They slowed to a stop as they approached the entrance to Sarah's building. The couple turned and gazed at each other longingly. It had been a magical night, but all good things must come to an end. Or at least, so Trevor thought.

“Alright, cough it up, lady!” he said jokingly and prompted her for the jacket.

Sarah grinned and turned away, side-eyeing him seductively. “What do you mean? The night is young.”

“What? Are you inviting me in? On a week night?”

She clasped her hands behind her back and rocked her hips gently. Her bosom thrust out of the front of the coat, taunting Trevor through her lacy, white top. “I've got no tests tomorrow. Studying can wait. C'mon up!”

Trevor beamed as she walked ahead. “Well, alright then!”

They made their way to the entrance and the presence of their student badges unlocked the front door. That was one of the great things about Eden S&M. Although it used to be a religious school, the place had become more *libertine* in recent years. Many of the stuffy old rules and regulations had been done away with, especially where it concerned male and female students consorting. Even the sororities seemed to be more lax than their outside counterparts.

As long as you had your badge, you could go virtually anywhere on campus at all hours of the day and night. The badges had electronic tracking and the campus was heavily surveilled, so anyone causing trouble would be quickly identified and busted. The system allowed for maximum freedom and accountability, even if it felt a little 1984-ish on the surface.

The best part was the dorm rooms themselves. Not only were they bigger than average, there were solo dorms even for freshman. At most colleges you had to share a cramped space with another student for the first year or two. Here, your dorm room was akin to your first apartment, minus the kitchen. They featured a wonderful view of the university, plenty of space and private bathrooms.

So enthusiastic were Trevor and Sarah to get back to their carnal pursuits, they skipped past the elevator and jogged up two flights of stairs. By the time her front door slammed closed behind them, they were kissing and groping each other hungrily. Sarah slowly backed Trevor up to the foot of her bed, broke the kiss and gave his torso a playful shove.

“Lay down.”

Trevor toppled over and fell onto her duvet with a gentle grunt. “Don't you mean *lie down*?”

Sarah rolled her eyes as she stripped off his jacket and tossed it aside. “Oh, is English the one class you've been paying attention in? You turning into a *grammar nazi* on me?”

“No, but I flunked a quiz once for choosing the wrong one, so that's one mistake I'll never forget.”

“Getting me horny at the movies is another mistake you're never going to forget” she retorted while sliding onto the bed. She climbed right on top of him, her surprisingly strong calves and thighs pressing outward and forcing his legs apart below. They kissed aggressively in between brief bouts of shedding their clothes. Trevor kicked off his shoes and pulled his shirt over his head before tossing it aside. Sarah unbuttoned and tore off her blouse, leaving only a silky, black bra to restrain her supple mounds. Soon, they rid themselves of their skirt and jeans, leaving nothing but their undergarments as they re-entered a tangle of hungry limbs and warm bodies.

“Doesn't feel like... A mistake to me...” he replied between kisses.

Sarah grabbed him by the wrists and pushed his arms down. “We're just getting started, lover boy.” She guided his arms upward and Trevor let her. Sarah slid up his body and straddled his chest. Trevor's face went flush and his heartbeat ticked up even faster than it had during their impassioned tonguing. She was getting aggressive and the flustered young man couldn't deny he enjoyed it. Sarah leaned to the right, dragging his fingers to the very corner of her bed.

CRRRICCK-CRICK

Before he knew it, the cold grasp of metal clinched around his left hand.

“Wha—what?”

“**Shhhhhh**” she urged as she sat back and looked down at him. “I want to try some new things tonight.” She leaned to the left and continued her work.

“Ummm... alright.”

CRRRICCK-CRICK

The ratcheting sound of handcuffs called out again and Trevor's arms were useless. Sarah leaned back again and this time she shimmied down his body. She re-straddled him at the waist, her light hourglass figure lowering down on his groin. The wonderfully fleshy globes of her ass pressed down on his rapidly rising cock. His rising manhood strained against the fabric of his boxers, dying to be free and feel those magnificent cheeks directly.

Sarah traced a finger down his chest and studied him with haughty, half-open eyes. She purred as she sat atop his body, enjoying the rush that came with her first bout of real control.

“Mmmmm... This is exactly how I like you, Trevor. Horny and just a little nervous.”

“What?!? ...I'm not nervous!” His voice wavered slightly.

Sarah's wicked smile extended into a toothy grin. “We'll see.”

She reached down and pushed herself off his body. Trevor grunted as she slid off the bed and strode to the bottom of the unit where his feet waited. She ducked down, disappearing briefly, but popped back up with a couple black leather cuffs in her hands. Sarah held them up for him to see, her eyebrows raised. Each cuff featured a sturdy buckle and a steel D-ring. She looked from them to his bare feet.

“Is-- Is that really necessary?”

“I thought you weren't nervous?” she asked as she tossed one of the thick leather implements aside and began wrapping the first one around his right ankle.

“I'm not!” he insisted.

“Good” she replied with the same sinister grin.

As she leaned down to lock it around his ankle and chain the restraint to the bottom of the bed, Trevor got a fantastic view of her cleavage. His cock throbbed even harder, tenting in his boxer-briefs. Sarah noticed his soldier standing at rigid attention. She emitted a throaty laugh before moving to the final corner of the bed and repeating her feat of binding.

She pulled the last cuff tight with an especially hard tug and chained his left leg down. He was now spread eagle, bound and almost completely naked for her. Sarah's tongue rolled around her mouth and licked her lips as she studied his helpless form. Her left hand drifted down and pressed through her panties to her warm, sopping sex.

“That's more like it. Now the real fun can begin!”

Sarah pulled down the silky purple fabric, stepped out of her panties and tossed them aside. She slid onto the bed and took up position on Trevor again. She settled back down on his body, rubbing her ass against his trapped erection. Sarah reached behind, unclasped her bra and freed her magnificent C-cup breasts. The amorous co-ed tossed the bra aside and leaned down, her face growing close to his as her warm mounds pressed into Trevor's chest and her veil of red hair fell around them.

“**I know what you want...** You want to be ridden like a good little pony. Isn't that right?”

Trevor nodded. “Fuck yes! **Please!**” He squirmed below her, trying his best to rub his cock between her her second set of wonderfully fleshy orbs while staring at her primary pair. Sadly, he couldn't achieve any pleasurable friction. Her weight and the short chains holding down his limbs prevented him from any effective motion. Not to mention his own underwear, preventing what could've been a lovely sensation of flesh on flesh.

“But you haven't earned a good ride. Not yet.”

Sarah reached up and grabbed the blindfold hanging off the back of her headboard. She wrapped the elastic around Trevor's head and pulled the front panel over his eyes, casting him into darkness.

“Wait-- **What???**”

“There are important skills you need to learn, Trevor, so I'm enrolling you in **my** class, starting tonight. It's called **Eating Pussy 101**. Maybe if you get a passing grade, you'll get that ride you're craving.”

Trevor felt her weight shift as she moved up his body and repositioned herself over his face. He couldn't see anything, but the heat of her sex was close and her juices began to drip across his mouth.

“Otherwise, you'll be lucky if I let you come in your briefs! **NOW LICK!!!**”

Trevor felt her fingers slide into his hair and take a firm grip. Sarah guided his mouth directly to her wet, velvety darkness and he was ensconced in her taste and scent. Her heavy musk washed over him, flooding his mouth and nose as his tongue extended and began swabbing up and down her juicy folds. He murmured in her flesh, his chains rattling as he got his first full taste of a woman taking full control in bed.

Sarah guided him, patiently, pulling his face up her steamy jungle. She directed his tongue to dance along her clit and then pushed him back down until he obediently wagged his tongue along the exterior of her vulva. Between each cycle of her training, his tongue flowed up and down her hot, clammy curtains, causing Sarah to moan ever louder in slowly building bliss.

Incredibly, his erection never faltered. It stiffened even further, pointing upward like a flagpole as pre-cum leaked from his tip and his glans threatened to tear open his underwear. Trevor moaned as he licked, tongued and slurped away at Sarah's hungry pussy. She was using his tongue like a hitachi wand and Trevor had never been so hard in his life.

If he earned himself a cowgirl ride to glory, but came in his briefs before he even got to claim it, Trevor would die of embarrassment. Sarah would take that as a sign that he enjoyed eating snatch more than penetration and who knew what would come after that. Trevor lapped away at her increasingly sloppy gash, her fluids trickling over his face as Sarah grew even more excited. She pressed his face deep into her cunt, her grip tightening in his hair as she forced his lips up and down her all-consuming slit.

“**YESSSS! AHHHHH YESSSSSS!!! MORE!!!**”

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Forty percent. Spencer had never gotten such a low grade on a test in his life. He sat at his desk, staring at the returned paper with a blank expression. Internally, he was seething. The number forty, circled in red at the top, taunted him mercilessly. It wasn't fair.

Spencer had disliked Ms. Shinohara's class from the first day he walked into it. He thought Psychology would be a fun elective; that he might gain more insight into himself and the ability to read others better. So far, the only thing he'd learned is that his logic and test-taking skills failed him utterly in this highly interpretive realm.

There were no standardized tests in the smug woman's course. Ms. Shinohara wrote them herself, the old fashion way. Much of the exams were open-ended essay questions and the haughty professor could validate or invalidate your answers as she saw fit. In addition, she had the students regularly fill out personality tests and psychological exams. She posited them as a way for all to become acquainted with such tools and understand their flaws and limitations, but Spencer suspected she enjoyed gathering data on the students for her own benefit.

If all that wasn't maddening enough, there was the fact that she was stunning. Yua Shinohara was a shapely, black-haired beauty. A pair of thin-rimmed librarian glasses sat above her nose. She strutted around her classroom in tight dresses, short skirts and leather boots that scaled her lovely legs up to the knees. Whether Ms. Shinohara was all business or featured touches of lustrous shine in her outfit, Spencer's tongue hung out at all times. Being in her class was a constant fluctuation between conventional frustration and horny longing.

The students around him rose, suddenly, and the sound of their movements competed with the professor's steady voice at the front of the class. Spencer realized the period was over. He'd been so lost in thought, dwelling on his scarlet number of failure, that he hadn't been paying attention to the last few minutes of class.

"Remember to do all the reading before Thursday" Ms. Shinohara reminded them as her students began filing out. "Or you'll be completely lost when we move to the next topic."

Spencer was the last to shove his books and papers into his tote bag and head for the exit.

"Ah, Mr. Matthews" Yua spoke as the room cleared out. "Perfect. I wanted to speak with you."

By the time he made his way to the front of the room, the last of his classmates were long gone. Spencer was left alone with the serious-looking professor. She took a firm stance behind her desk and crossed her arms below her bosom. She was taller than average for an Asian woman and her stiletto boots gave her another three inches, allowing her to look down the bridge of her nose at her anxious pupil.

"Yes, Ms. Shinohara?"

"You may call me Ms. Shino if you like. I know the full name is a mouthful" she said disarmingly, her lips breaking into a thin smile.

Spencer nodded. "Alright. Thanks, Ms. Shino. Is this about my test?"

"Yes. I know it's only been a little over a month, but it's fair to say you're struggling with this course. I suspect you're used to coasting through most classes, which explains your stress response. You won't be able to glide through my material, I'm afraid."

"Stress response?" he asked, baffled.

'Can she really read me that easily?'

"It's perfectly natural for a smart young man like yourself whose intuitive skills were well aligned with the courses you've taken through high school, but now you're presented with a real challenge. You can do one of two things. Drop the course and admit defeat, or you can press on and persevere. I sincerely hope you choose the latter, as the former will only set you up for more failure down the road."

Spencer sighed. "I wasn't even thinking about dropping the class, Ms. Shino, though I am worried about my grades. If I let one course tank my GPA, my parents are gonna kill me."

Yua emitted an amused murmur. “Well then, we'd better not let that happen. You're in luck, Mr. Matthews. I have a special project you can help me with for extra credit, if you so choose. Are you interested?”

Hope shined in Spencer's eyes and he nodded enthusiastically. “Absolutely! What does it involve?”

Ms. Shino began packing up her briefcase as she explained. “I have some *experimental* therapeutic techniques I'd like you to help me evaluate. I think you're a perfect candidate for this therapy, based on the results of your psychological exam and personality tests. It would require one hour of your time a week, in my office, so I can apply these new methods and see how well they work. I think it could help you out a great deal, personally, and it would grant a substantial bonus to your final grade as well.”

“I'm in!” he blurted out, half because he desperately needed the help and partly because the prospect of spending some personal time with the sultry professor was its own reward. Her perfume was dancing on the edge of Spencer's nostrils as they talked. His demeanor grew more eager and agreeable the longer they were in proximity.

“Excellent. What are your plans for the rest of the day?”

“Ummm, this is my last class, so I was just gonna head back to the dorms.”

Ms. Shino closed her briefcase and stood it up on the desk. “I see. Then there's no reason to wait. I have a meeting I must attend, but it won't take more than an hour. Be waiting outside my office at four, sharp. Understood?”

“Yes, Ms. Shino.”

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Spencer's limbs sank into the succulent leather of the plush, puffy arm chair and he sighed contentedly. He looked around Ms. Shino's lavish office, drinking in the tall shelves of books, the expensive trinkets and the many framed accolades that lined her walls.

Yua took her seat in an arm chair not far from his position, just off to the side. She hoisted her clipboard and adjusted her glasses before gazing over at her new subject. “Comfy?”

“Yes. In fact, I don't know that I've ever sat in a chair this comfortable. I hope I don't fall asleep on you.”

“Don't worry, you won't.”

“Most people lay on a couch for this sort of thing, don't they?”

“You could've done that, but you chose the recliner. What's important is that you feel relaxed. Go ahead and pop out the foot-rest and we'll begin.”

Spencer pulled the lever on the side and the bottom panel of soft, brown leather popped out, cushioning

his sneaker clad feet. The back of the chair leaned back and his body moved with it. The young man sank even deeper into the soft embrace of cushy leather.

“Should I close my eyes?”

“Not yet. Listen to my words and do as I say. From here on out, don't speak unless I tell you to.”

Yua lit incense on the table just in front of her and it's sweet scent lifted into the upper reaches of the room. She wafted its thin, smokey trail toward Spencer before sitting back in her chair and resuming her instructions.

“We'll begin in a moment. For now, just look at the ceiling. Find a point on the ceiling and focus your attention there. Focus on the color and the texture of the ceiling. Let all the tension flow out of your body. Let your arms, legs and neck go. Let them all relax, completely. Breathe in. Breathe out.”

Ms. Shino was silent for a few moments as Spencer followed her instructions. He had to admit, not only was he more comfortable than he could ever remember, but all the stress and worry about his test score was fleeing his body. He focused on his breathing and let all control of his limbs go. The sweet, spicy scent of the incense siphoned into his nostrils. A mild euphoria began to take hold as Yua's slow, steady voice stroked his mind.

“Focus... on your breathing. Focus... on the hum of the of the heating system in the background. Focus... on the beating of your heart. Focus... most of all, on the sound of my voice. Now... close your eyes.”

Spencer's eyelids drifted shut and he descended into blackness.

“You are not asleep. You are falling into a deep state of meditation. Focus... on my voice. Follow where it goes. You have never been so relaxed. You have never been so at peace. Breathe in. Breathe out. You will stay in this state of meditation until I snap my fingers. Do you understand, Spencer?”

“Yes” he answered softly.

“Good. Now I will tell you a story.”

Ms. Shino reached down, picked up the metal wand and strummed it gently across the set of wind chimes sitting beside the incense stand. It's melodic tones rang out, escalating until the gentle metallic shimmer danced through Spencer's mind and it felt like he was falling into another world.

“It's a story about a boy named Bradley. I tell you this tale, because Bradley and you have much in common. Bradley is also a young man of slight build, average height and dark hair. A smart young lad, though too sure of himself by far. He looks just like you, without your glasses. He wears naught but a loincloth and headband of animal skins. Picture Bradley in your mind's eye.”

She paused a moment, watching Spencer's chest rise and fall as she gave him time to fixate on the mental image.

“Bradley lives in a village on the edge of a great forest. Bradley is an exceptionally lucky boy, because he is one young man in a village full of fierce amazons. Instead of one mother, Bradley has dozens of

wonderful women who guide him, teach him and care for him with great affection. In a way, they're all his mother, and Bradley serves them well, obeying his mothers dutifully.

For many years, Bradley does what he's told and he flourishes in the village, wanting for nothing and experiencing untold pleasure and fulfillment. Until, one day, he learns of an old custom. A ritual in which young men entered the forest and endeavored to hunt and prove their manhood. He asks his mothers about this custom and each of them scolds and disciplines him in turn. The amazons refuse to teach him the way of the spear and remind him never to enter the forest.

Bradley obeys, for a time, but in the end is overcome by his pride. Without permission, he takes up the spear and heads into the forest alone. He journeys for days, encountering nothing and growing ever more lost in the endless woodland. Until, one day, he comes upon a great bear.

The hungry beast charges and Bradley jabs at it with his spear. With one mighty swipe, the bear's razor claws cleave through the weapon and break it in two. The massive animal pounces on the panicked young man and tears him asunder. Bradley screams as his chest and torso are raked to bits. The bear growls ferociously as it shreds his body. Bradley feels his own hot blood gushing across his ravaged flesh as he starts to grow cold on the forest floor.

When his screams fade to gasping whimpers and his limbs no longer flail in resistance, the bear takes a few bites of his battered body. Finding he doesn't like the taste of Bradley, it bellows and wanders off. A broken Bradley is left staring up at the silent trees and darkening sky. His heartbeat slows to a crawl as the last of his life drains into the dirt.

In his final moments, Bradley thinks: *'I should've listened to my honored mothers. They knew what was best all along. I could've lived a long life of blissful contentment. What a fool I was. Please, Goddesses above, let me start over, and I will submit to you in all things, as a good boy should.'*

Ms. Shino said nothing for a few moments, then reached down and brushed the wand across the wind chimes again. When the gentle tones faded, she set the metallic stick down and raised her hand.

SNAP

Spencer's eyes opened and he looked around, confused.

“How do you feel?” Yua asked.

“I... feel relieved” he answered, though he wasn't sure why.

“Very good. Are you ready to move on to the next activity?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

* * * * *

Trevor bit his lip as he dallied in the hallway. Normally he walked around campus at a brisk pace, strutting confidently with his head held high. Not today. Butterflies whizzed throughout his stomach

and his mouth ran dry. He was in the administration building on his way to Miss Armstrong's office. This would be their second private meeting. Based on the events of the first one, it was hard not to feel intimidated.

There was a sizable disconnect between how he felt now and how he'd felt in her class earlier. The professor was wearing a crazy, one-piece leather getup today. It started as a glossy corset, tight around her thick hips and massive mounds, then slid down into a shiny, short skirt that hugged her thick thighs below.

Trevor hadn't taken his eyes off her the entire period. His mouth had practically watered then, in contrast to the parched palate he carried now. When he walked by her desk on the way out of the classroom, she'd set her sights on him and batted her thick eyelashes. "See you this afternoon, Trevor" her voice echoed in his mind. He'd only nodded and muttered "Yes, Ms. Armstrong" in reply, but it was enough to provoke a sinister smile before he tore his gaze away.

He hated to admit it, but his cock jumped in his pants at that moment. Despite how she'd treated him last time. Even with what he knew lay hidden below the leather of her skirt. It was all very confusing to Trevor, but he couldn't deny he'd felt a connection with her outside the Dean's office when he'd discovered her secret. Or at least *one* of her secrets. As improper as their relationship obviously was and despite how attached he'd grown to his new girlfriend, the prospect of more sexual thrills with a mature and much more experienced authority figure was titillating beyond measure.

His dawdling could only delay the inevitable for so long as the front door of the Director of Gender Studies came into view. It was open a crack, as if to invite him in, but Trevor knocked on the heavy oak regardless.

tap tap tap

"Come in!"

Trevor entered and found Angelica lounging behind her desk, fixated on the monitor of her laptop.

"Close the door and lock it" she instructed without even glancing his way.

He followed her edicts and the heavy dead bolt on the door frame clacked shut. By the time he turned around, Ms. Armstrong had finished whatever she was doing. She removed her glasses and set them on the desk before dipping her head back, pulling out her pin and shaking her long, dark hair loose.

She stood and Trevor got another eyeful of the sumptuous black leather that covered her body below the bosom. When she stepped around the desk and began walking toward him, he noticed that she'd traded in her regular high heel shoes for a pair of thigh-high boots. They shined with the rest of her outfit in the afternoon sun flashing through the back window. The haughty professor picked up a pair of black leather gloves from her desk and pulled them over her hands, applying the finishing touch to her wardrobe change.

"Welcome back, Trevor. You look nervous."

"I am.... a little."

“Honesty! I like that” she exclaimed, pointing at him. She looked him up and down as she dropped the gesture. “Did you leave your phone behind, as I instructed?”

“Yes. It's back at my dorm.”

“Good, then we can get started, after a little refreshment” she said as she walked to her mini fridge.

“Not going to search me?” Trevor asked with a hint of surprise.

“**Trust!**” Angelica called over her shoulder. “It's very important to establish in the kind of relationship we're going to have. I take you at your word and I hope you'll place your trust in me, as well. Would you like a bottled water? You look thirsty.”

“Yeah, that'd be great.”

The big woman pulled two frosty bottles from the tiny fridge and shut the door. She strolled to the center of the room and handed one of the cool beverages to Trevor. “Have a seat.”

They both lowered themselves into the comfy leather sofas. There were two of them that sat across from each other on opposite sides of the coffee table, in addition to the dual arm chairs and other furnishings dotting the large office. That's how you knew an officer had real pull in an institution; not just the expense of the furniture, but the fact that they practically had a living room in the center of their den. Eden S&M had spared no expense for their Humanities department.

Angelica crossed her powerful legs as they both uncapped their drinks and imbibed deeply of the cool spring water. She set hers aside and then spread her well toned arms out across the back of the shiny couch.

“So, you've been here a month now. How are you liking the school?”

“It's been really nice, for the most part. Very eye opening, in ways.”

Ms. Armstrong chortled. “A diplomatic answer, but not inaccurate, I'm sure. How are you and the red-head doing?”

Trevor coughed mid-sip, lightly spraying cold water from his mouth. “Oh... Ummm, Sarah? We're doing good! Real good.”

“I imagine you've learned she has certain... proclivities... by now. How are you adjusting to those?”

The freshman's brow scrunched. *'How the hell could she possibly know about that?!?'*

“I'm not sure what you mean.”

Angelica held up a single finger and waved it back and forth. “Come now, Trevor. **Honesty**. Trust! Remember? If you want me to help you, I expect obedience **and** openness.”

“Help me? How are you planning to help me, exactly?”

“You mean, beyond what I've already done for you?” she raised her arms and pointed her hands outward, indicating the school. “As I said before, I plan to give you a thorough and much more personal education that most students receive. The kind that will shape you into a proper partner. One capable of pleasing Sarah or any other woman that's taken in by those puppy dog eyes.”

Trevor smirked. “I'd say I please her well enough already, thanks.”

Ms. Armstrong shook her head. “Stop bluffing and preening, young man. You can't fool me. You're out of your depth! She's already pushing you to try things you never imagined, isn't she?”

He opened his mouth to protest, but his lips re-sealed just as quickly. He looked away and set his half-drained water aside.

“As I thought. Well, I have good news for you, Trevor. You won't be inexperienced for much longer. **Stand!**”

Trevor lifted himself from the couch and Angelica followed suit. She sauntered around the coffee table and walked right up to him. Her imposing height, a product of her unusually large frame and stiletto boots, allowed her to look down on him. The professor's perfumed scent flooded his nose as her bosom came within inches of touching his chest. Angelica gazed deeply into his eyes. Her own glossy pits of warm brown invited him in, threatening to swallow Trevor whole.

“Admit it. You like what you see.”

“...Yes”

“Do you want to touch me?”

“.....I do...” he admitted, his eyes glistening with vulnerability.

She pressed herself on him and Angelica's lips flew to his. The professor wrapped one arm around his back while her other hand shot to his ass and squeezed it hungrily. Her tongue dove into his mouth, performing skilled twirls and teasing probes the likes of which he'd never known with Sarah or any of his high school crushes. Angelica moaned into his mouth, pulling him firmly into her thick, sensual curves as she threatened to suck the very air from his lungs.

Trevor's cock sprang to life in his jeans. His arms slid around the eager instructor, his fingers pressing into the sensual latex dress and sinking into her lovely flesh as he groped her back. His responses became more enthusiastic the longer they swapped breath and spit. Before long, he felt Angelica's erection bulging in the front of her dress. The sheer size of her puffy column of flesh made him blush. It dwarfed the tent he was pitching in his pants as their bodies pressed on one another.

As their tongues slid back and forth and Trevor inhaled deeply of her heavenly aroma, an overwhelming sensation descended on him. It was a giddiness and a powerful desire to yield the likes of which he'd never felt. There was oxytocin, there were endorphins and then there was *whatever the hell this was*. He had no word for it, but it was ten times more powerful than any sexual sparks he'd felt ignite in his mind and fly through his form.

After long minutes of jousting tongues and heavy petting with her impressionable young student,

Angelica broke the kiss. Her right hand released his glutes and slid up his body until it reached his neck and cheek.

“From this day forward, when we're together, you are my slave in training. You will do **everything** I tell you, without question! Good service will be rewarded. Mistakes will be punished. And when I'm done with you, you'll be a man any woman of Eden would be happy to claim. Do you understand?”

Trevor's eyes were mile-wide saucers, staring back at her in awe. His chest rose and fell softly, his lungs still seeking the breath she'd taken away. Every fiber of his being resonated with her demands, egging him on to agree to her terms.

“Yes, Ms. Armstrong.”

Her hand applied a firm grip around the bottom of his jaw, her leather fingers digging into his flesh. Her thumb reached up to stroke his lips, now smeared with the deep red of her lipstick.

“It's Mistress, Madam Armstrong or Queen Angelica from now on, slave.”

Trevor nodded weakly. “Yes, Mistress.”

She released him. “Good boy. Now follow me.”

Angelica led him around the table to where she'd previously been sitting. She pointed to the carpeted floor just in front of the leather sofa. “**On your knees!** Take off your jacket.”

Trevor followed her commands with an eagerness that shocked him.

“Give it to me.”

He handed up the symbol of his masculinity and high school pride willingly.

“You really love this thing, don't you? I think I've only seen you without it once or twice.”

“Yes, Queen Angelica.”

“Hope you don't mind if I use it for a bit. I just had the leather on these sofas polished. Wouldn't want it to get messy.”

She tossed the coat onto the couch in front of him. The back of the jacket faced Trevor, its perfectly detailed team name and logo staring back at him. Angelica reached down and pulled the tight, stretchy bottom of her latex dress up her hips. Her mammoth cock fell out and its weighty shaft pointed directly at Trevor from the side.

He hadn't even looked at it yet, and he could already feel its heat. When he turned to face it, he found a girthy, vein-strewn monster dick aimed at him, its fat tip drooling with thick pre. Below it, an enormous pair of balls, each as big as Trevor's entire scrotum. Her heavy musk smell assaulted him and his already racing heart ticked up a little faster.

Ms. Armstrong took hold of her long, meaty schwanz and stroked it casually. She walked into the tiny

space remaining between Trevor and the sofa and lowered herself. Her colossal, fleshy ass planted itself directly on his jacket and the leather of the sofa creaked loudly as she got comfortable. She continued fisting her cock, bringing the already impressive pipe of flesh to full, rigid mast.

Trevor couldn't take his eyes from it. It was a ludicrous specimen. Well over a foot long and so much thicker than his own engorged phallus. No wonder Angelica strutted around with such confidence. Her fifteen inch weapon would embarrass any male porn star.

Ms. Armstrong straightened her hair with her free hand, never taking her eyes off Trevor as she masturbated. The woman said nothing for a time and she didn't need to. Her sinful smile said it all. Trevor was now deeply under her sway and they both knew it.

She reached over to the end table beside the sofa and retrieved the same shade of deep red lipstick she was currently wearing. She uncapped the cosmetic and held it to the top of her cock. She began drawing lines every few inches; soft marks of scarlet that highlighted her plump, juicy flesh. When she was done, she set the small tube aside and rose briefly to give Trevor a full view of her god-like appendage.

Angelica pointed to the first line, three inches from her glans. "F" she said plainly. She trailed one finger all the way up her cock to the base where the last red line met her pubis. "A plus" she announced with a mischievous grin. She reached down and took hold of Trevor's chin. "I expect a B student or better by the end of the semester. By the end of the year, you'd better be getting straight A's. Otherwise, you're in for a lot of punishment. Understood?"

Trevor nodded softly. "Yes, Mistress..."

She ran her hand up and slid her leather fingers through his brown locks. "Good answer. Now, your first lesson begins."

Angelica once again lowered her impressive derriere onto Trevor's waiting jacket and got comfortable. She spread her legs apart, beckoned him with one finger and pointed at her engorged tip.

"Get to it, slut."

What Trevor did next, he never would've imagined himself doing in a million years. He crawled forward the remaining two steps, placed his mouth over the drooling head of her fat member and inhaled the first few inches of her hot length. His lips sank to the mark of a failing grade and her impressive girth pressed against the walls of his mouth as he got his first taste of musty dick. Trevor murmured around her cock and began sucking in earnest. He tasted notes of sweat and leather, the result of her penis pressing against her tight, shiny dress all day.

He swirled his tongue around the end of her musky mast, keeping the first quarter of it lodged in his mouth. He slid his tongue up and down the bottom, and experimented with applied suction as wet slurps escaped his lips along with pockets of pungent air. His head was dizzy with giddy lust and a genuine desire to deepthroat her cock and please his new Goddess, but each time he tried to push his lips further down her thick, fleshy rod, his gag reflex kicked in and he choked a little.

Angelica leaned back, stretching her arms out again as she watched the newbie cocksucker's pathetic efforts. His lack of technique wasn't surprising, but she was impressed that he hadn't touched her legs.

Most new slaves grabbed onto them instinctively, without being granted permission and earned their first round of discipline. Whether by accident or luck, Trevor hadn't made that mistake.

“You may touch my legs and hips” she declared. “Provided you use them to gag harder.”

Trevor reached up and took gentle hold of her powerful thighs. He used the new leverage to help press his face further onto her bulging pipe of increasingly moist cock. The sputtering slave began moving his mouth back and forth, fellating her first four inches as enthusiastically as he possibly could. His phallus-filled lips muttered as her tip spat strings of pre-cum all over his tongue and the gluey mixture leaked into the back of his throat.

Angelica's gloved fingers wrapped against the plush leather. She watched his pedestrian efforts as patiently as she could, but her desire to come was soaring much higher than her readiness. Eventually, she leaned forward and took hold of her slut-boy's ears.

“You tried, but I don't give out A's for effort. Time for some **hands-on** training.”

On the next slide of Trevor's lips, she pulled his face another inch down her cock and held him there with a fierce grip. The young man's eyes went wide as he gagged loudly. A moist slurp erupted deep in his mouth, unable to escape with full volume due to his lips being stretched wide on fat, glossy penis. Finally, she let go and Trevor leaned back, gasping for air.

Angelica let him re-oxygenate as she stroked herself some more. She got gathered a healthy amount of phlegm and pre-cum on her glove before reaching out and smearing it across Trevor's face with a vicious slap.

SMACK

“DID I SAY YOU COULD STOP SUCKING MY COCK?!?”

Before he could answer, she shoved three fingers into his mouth and made him slurp on the leather digits as she pushed them back and forth over his tongue. She finger-fucked his increasingly sloppy hole for a good thirty seconds before withdrawing them from his drooling maw.

SMACK

His left cheek went deep red with her abuse, yet he said nothing and made no attempt to shield himself. Unbelievably, he found himself enjoying her rough treatment.

“NOW SUCK!!!”

Trevor plowed his mouth back onto her steely erection and pushed his face down as far as he could. This time, Angelica was not gentle. She grabbed his hair in one hand and latched onto the back of his head with the other. She began forcing him up and down her pungent pole, guiding his velvety walls and slippery tongue over her phallus in a steady rhythm.

“I hope you're hungry, you little **bitch**. You'd best drink every drop I give you! If you don't, the mess is going all over your pretty jacket. The **cum stains** will go nicely with my **ass sweat**. Are you still going to wear it all over campus, smelling like my **ass** and **cum**?!? I bet you will, you **filthy whore**!

DEEPER!”

Ms. Armstrong pulled him down her fat length with increasing strength and speed. Rivulets of saliva and pre-cum drooled down her cock, adding to the mess as the first lipstick mark was smeared all over her sticky flesh. Angelica moaned in a low, husky voice as she settled into a firm mouth-fucking pace. Each thrust into his lips prompted a fresh gag as her tip pushed deeper and battered at his defenseless, dangling uvula.

“MMMMMM!! **THAT'S IT!!! JUST A LITTLE MORE! SUCK HARDER!!!!**”

Trevor's vision was a blur as he sailed up and down her slick, shining weapon, staring at the red-marked barrel of ten more inches he hadn't come close to traversing. He held onto her legs for dear life and tried to breathe through his nose as his packed mouth was pulled back and forth on her cock like a cheap toy. Trevor's own penis strained in his jeans below. In spite of himself, he moaned around Angelica's schwanz lovingly, delighting in the pleasure he was delivering the wicked woman.

“Ahhhhhh! **AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!!**”

Angelica forced him down as far as his lips would slide as she yelled in climax. Trevor's eyes bulged as her cum cannon twitched twice, pressing against the sides of his mouth before firing a tidal wave of gelatinous sperm into his oral cavity. A gurgling sound sputtered through his packed lips, his eyes growing cracked and red as he strained around her girth and spurt after spurt of hot filth shot forth.

Trevor swallowed what he could, but he wasn't prepared for the sheer deluge that was being unloaded in his mouth. Her sticky cream backed up quickly and he began to choke. He tapped the sides of her legs, pleading for mercy as streams of nut continued to siphon out and swell his packed cheeks.

Angelica, her eyes half closed in delirious pleasure looked down at her struggling slave. She hated abandoning a mouth before she was done nutting, but she also didn't want to drown her new toy. She released Trevor's head and seized her quivering tower of meat, resuming a firm stroke as thick emissions continued blasting from her swollen glans.

GWWAAAHUUURRLLKKKKKK

Trevor pulled his mouth from her spewing phallus and a torrent of thick spunk flowed from his mouth like a waterfall. The wave of silky semen slid down Angelica's cock, gliding down the full length of her mast. The paste-slide of gooey gunk splattered all over her balls and Trevor's prized jacket. He coughed up even more nougat filth as the last few strands shot from Angelica's tip and rained down on her recovering slave.

When Ms. Armstrong's moans faded, she leaned back into the plush leather and breathed deep, but not as frantically as her red-faced slut. Trevor sat in a heap before her, the taste of Angelica's heavy seed plastered against his mouth and seeping down into his stomach. He wasn't sure if the taste and smell of her towering endowment would ever leave his senses again.

After long moments of silence, the endorphin-soaked Domina spoke. “Not bad for a first time, slave. But look at the mess you've made...”

Trevor gazed at the puddle of white pudding covering her sizable scrotum and his soiled coat.

'The mess I made?!?'

She reached out and took a firm hold of his hair once again. Angelica guided his messy, cum and saliva strewn face back to her hot, sticky nethers.

“You're not done yet. Clean my balls, **slut!**”

* * * * *

Two days after his second detention with Professor Armstrong, Trevor found himself at East Ave Pizzeria. On this occasion, he and his friends decided to meet off campus for lunch. It seemed prudent, given the topic that was to be discussed. Glenn, Spencer and Trevor sat at a table near the back of the shop, talking in hushed tones as they waited for their pie to arrive.

“I'm telling you guys, she was **all over me!**”

“Ms. Kerrigan? The gym teacher?” Spencer asked.

“Yeah, in the equipment room. It was just the two of us. She fuckin backed me into a corner and before I knew it we were making out! Can't say I didn't enjoy it, but it was weird...”

“Weird, how?” Trevor piped up.

“I was hesitant at first, but the more aggressive she got, I warmed up to it. It was almost like I was freakin drugged or something! I felt light headed, and not in the usual way when you kiss a girl. The whole thing was bizarre. I mean, she could get in a lot of trouble, right? Seems like a crazy risk to take.”

“Unless you know management is going to back you up” Spencer noted.

“Right?!? I'm telling you, there's something weird going on at this school! I can't be the only one who's noticed all the freaky shit. What have you guys seen?”

Trevor was about to speak up when Spencer beat him to the punch.

“I wasn't going to say anything, but I started helping Ms. Shinohara with a project for extra credit. One-on-one sessions after class.”

“Whoa! That smokin Asian babe?”

“Yes, the head of the Psych department.”

“What happened?”

“She's trying some crazy new therapy on me. It's hard for me to remember all the details. The first session was kind of a blur. Let's just say, by the end, we'd done some things most people would

consider *indecent*.”

Glenn clapped his hands. “I knew it! Trevor! How bout you?”

The reluctant jock looked from side to side, biding his time before adding to the growing evidence of impropriety. “Yeah, I've had some *interesting encounters* with Professor Armstrong.”

“Boom. Twice is potentially coincidence. Three times means there's no doubt. There's something bigger at work here. We need to elevate this.”

“Maybe we should take it to the Dean?” Spencer suggested.

“I wouldn't recommend that” Trevor said dryly.

“Why not?” Glenn queried with a flummoxed expression.

“Because the last time I was in the Dean's office, I was with Professor Armstrong and we watched his secretary pee all over him.”

“**BRO!**”

“**What the fuck?!?**”

“Why didn't you tell us sooner?!?”

Trevor smirked. “Until now, I didn't think you'd believe me.”

“Alright... What then? Do we go to the media?”

“Pointless without evidence. It's he said / she said and we're just a bunch of horny young freshman in their eyes. Who do you think they're gonna believe?”

Spencer nodded. “What about the Board of Trustees? They have a vested interest in making sure this place doesn't get famous for the wrong reasons.”

“Board of what?”

“Their Board of Directors. Some places call them Trustees. I saw they're having a meeting next week. It was on the bulletin board in the administration building.”

“That's it then” Glenn said with a nod. “We have to crash that meeting!”

“It seems the most logical course of action” Spencer agreed.

Trevor's crossed his arms over his chest and sighed. “I've heard worse plans, I guess.”

Moments later, their pizza arrived and the boys began digging into their lunch. As pepperoni slices were distributed and chomped into, Glenn looked Trevor up and down with a furrowed brow.

“Hey, Trev. I've been meaning to ask you. What happened to your letterman jacket?”

Trevor frowned and set his slice down before lifting a bottle of cola to his lips. “It's at the dry cleaner's.”

* * * * *

Angelica sat at her desk, finishing up some work before leaving for the weekend. As she typed away at her computer, her phone buzzed and rang on the desk. She picked up the rattling device and surveyed the caller ID. It said *'Professor Anne Robinson.'* Angelica smiled and hit the accept button.

“Hey Anne! How's our head of IT this evening?”

“Doing good, thanks Ange. Those numbers you wanted are finally in.”

“Oh, do you have good news for me?”

“I do. Streaming of Femdom porn is up 78% over the last fall semester. It's mostly the upper classmen, but the freshman are starting to pick up on it too.”

“Wow! That's quite the jump! The new variant must really be working its magic.”

“Indeed. Give my compliments to the good doctor.”

“Why not do it yourself? You'll be at the gathering next week, won't you?”

“Of course, but who knows if we'll even get to talk. There wasn't much talking at the last one!”

The laughter of both women sang out for several long moments.

“Found anyone new to play with?”

“Nah, been too busy. I'm still enjoying my favorite upper class boys, but I got my eye on a freshman or two.”

“I've just baptized a wonderful young man into his new life.”

“How nice! I hope I'll get to meet him.”

“It's a certainty, dear. Sharing is caring, after all.”

“Well said, Professor. I need to get going, but do have a good weekend. I'll see you next week, if not sooner.”

“See you then” Angelica said with a Cheshire grin. “Ciao.”

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