

The Slave Teacher

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Chapter I

Karen was really surprised at the effect the word "detention" had on Amy. One minute ago the junior was still talking back to her, but as soon as detention was mentioned, she was practically on her knees.

"Please! Miss Johnson," the girl pleaded, "give me a chance! I swear I'll never do that again!"

"I'm sorry Amy, but a rule's a rule. You should have known better. Now, go back to your seat."

Karen sighed as she watched Amy going back to her seat. Her job at this school had been going really well for the past two months, and she felt really lucky that she could find a post here as her first job. The students here were generally good. Even Amy, who had a reputation for being a trouble student, was actually quite bright. But somehow she just had to create some problems during class, like getting into a fight with the guy sitting next to her, or keep forgetting to do her home work, that kind of thing (she did both of that today). The school had a good reputation, and the colleagues were friendly--especially the male ones, which is not surprising, given that Karen was a pretty brunette with a nice figure. But she had always tried to be nice to all her colleagues, male or female, and they all seemed to be happy with her.

Feeling a bit sorry for Amy, Karen decided to have a word with her

after school. As she was on her way to the classroom, she was surprised to see Amy in the playground. Going home now? How dare you! She thought.

But then Amy wasn't walking towards the main gate. As she didn't notice Karen, Karen decided to stay behind to find out what the girl was up to. She followed Amy to the gym where the girl entered a store room.

Karen went up to the door and peeked through the shutter on the door. She could see Amy inside, talking to Steve Howard, the PE teacher.

"Yet another detention?" said Steve, "well Amy, you know what that means."

"Yes, sir." Amy answered meekly. Quickly she pulled off her panties, bent over a bench and lifted up her skirt, exposing her bare buttocks. Steve then stood behind the submissive girl with a wooden ruler in his hand. "Now, take this, little slut!" With these words he brought the ruler heavily down on Amy's bottom, making a whack! sound. Amy closed her eyes and whimpered, but didn't cry out. A vivid red weal immediately appeared across the cheeks of her ass. Whack! Steve brought the ruler down again and another weal appeared.

Karen was shocked. She had to do something about this, she thought. She immediately went to find Mark Simpson in his office. Among the more senior teachers, he was the one that she got on best with.

Mark for his part seemed to be shocked too, but he was also very cautious. "Karen," he said, "you must understand that this is a very serious allegation, and we have to be very careful."

"But I saw it with my own eyes!"

"I know, I know. Now why don't you sit down and tell me what exactly did you see, right from the beginning. But just let me get you a glass of water first, you seem really nervous."

"But-" Before Karen could object Mark had already gone out of the room. He came back shortly with a glass of water and handed it to Karen. We're wasting our time! Karen thought. But at this moment she needed Mark to back her up so she tried to cooperate as much as possible. She quickly drank up the water and began to tell her story, hoping that they could still catch Steve. But as she began she started to feel dizzy, and before she could figure out what's going on she blacked out and collapsed on Mark's desk.

Karen woke up to find herself completely naked. She was in an empty room, probably one of the store rooms behind the gym, and standing spread-eagled between two posts. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed and chained to hooks on the posts, pulling her arms and legs taut, and she couldn't help letting out a moan from the pain. Then the door opened and Steve and Mark walked in.

"So you two were together!" She said angrily as she glared at them.

"Yes we are," said Mark smiling, "and you've found our little secret."

"Let me go!" Karen demanded, "now!"

"Now what makes you think we'll do that?" asked Mark teasingly.

"Mark," Karen calmed down a bit and tried to reason with him, thinking that they got on quite well before all this. "You know you can't do that,

stop before you get deeper and deeper."

Both Mark and Steve laughed. "Why do you think we'll listen to you, my dear Miss Johnson?" Steve asked.

"Oh, c'mon" said Karen, "what are you going to do, kill me? Otherwise I'm not going to keep my mouth shut. If you touch me, you're not going to get away. But if you let me go, I can forget about this. This is all I can promise. I'll have to tell Dr Jackson about the girl, but I can let all this go."

"Well I'm impressed," Mark chuckled. "You're a brave girl. But you're wrong. No we're not going to kill you but yes we will shut you up. Because soon you yourself will be part of it." With these words he took out a jar from his pocket and stood in front of Karen.

"Wh-what do you want?" Karen asked nervously. She felt totally vulnerable, completely naked and tightly bound in front of two men who were just a foot away from her, smiling wickedly.

Still smiling, Mark opened the jar and Karen could see that there was some kind of ointment inside. Mark scooped some with his fingers and proceeded to rub them on Karen's pussy.

"No! Stop that!" Karen cried out, but with her legs chained wide-spread there was nothing she could do, except to cry out in dismay as Mark rubbed the ointment on her pussy lips. Mark kept watching her expression as he applied the ointment. First it was dismay and anger, then it was fear. For soon Karen began to feel an itching and warming sensation at her pussy.

"Yes, that's right," he said, confirming her fear, "this is going to make you the biggest slut in the world."

"No!" Karen cried out, her voice echoing in the mostly empty room. But the itching at her pussy was getting stronger and stronger, and despite herself it began to get wet. She wanted to wriggle so much that in fact she was a bit grateful that the chains were so tight so that she was not put on such a humiliating show for the two men.

"Now," Steve said as he began caressing her breasts, "are you going to be a good girl and do what we say?" He laughed as he felt her nipples hardened quickly in his fingers.

"No way!" Karen screamed with her remaining strength. At this, Steve stopped fondling her breasts and, with a swing of his arm, slapped them with his full strength. "Ouch!" Karen cried out in pain. With her body tightly chained, her 36C breasts took the full force of his blow. "Ah! Ah! AH!" She cried out as he kept slapping, with her breasts swinging all the time. Soon they were red and her voice was getting weaker and weaker.

"Please, stop!" Finally, she pleaded, "I can't take this anymore! Please!"

"So are you going to do what we say?" Steve asked as he slowed down his slapping.

"Yes, yes, oh, please, stop! Yes, I'll do what you say!"

"Good!" Steve chuckled. "Now that you're a good girl, I'm going to give you a little reward." And he placed his hand between her legs and began rubbing her pussy.

"Oh!" Karen cried out in alarm as she felt Steve touch her wet lips. They had now become very sensitive and Steve's touch was sending thrills through her body, which soon began to tremble with excitement.

"You like that, huh? You little slut?" Steve asked. Karen closed her eyes in dismay and tried to fight with the growing sensation. Getting no answer, Steve raised his hand and slapped her breasts again.

"Ah!" Karen winced in pain. "No, please!"

"Answer me, bitch!" another slap.

"Oh, oh, y-yes, I-I like that..."

"So do you want to come?"

"Y-yes... Oh, oh God."

"Good, now that you've said it, I'm going to give you a chance to come." He then took out a strap-on dildo and attached it to Karen.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" Karen asked in alarm.

"Shut up and try this." Steve grabbed the strap-on and twisted it, pressing it onto Karen's pussy. As the base of the dildo rubbed on her clit, Karen's entire body stiffened and she let out a moan of pleasure. "You like that? Good, now here we go." Together the two men unattached Karen's cuffs from the posts. Karen was already too weak to struggle. She just let the two men grab her arms and led her out of the room to the adjoining one.

"Oh my God!" Her eyes opened wide as she saw who was waiting for her. In the middle of the room there was a small table, and Amy was lying spread-eagled on it, with her arms and legs cuffed to the legs of the table and her hips resting on the edge. "Miss Johnson!" She whimpered.

"Oh, Amy!" By now Karen could already tell what the two men had in mind. She also noticed a video cam in a corner of the room pointing towards the table, and there's also a camera on the floor. "No! Please! No!" She began to struggle but in vain. Weakness swept her over as Steve grabbed the strap-on and pressed it against her pussy again. The ointment was really having an effect on her and now she was really dying to come. She was breathing hard, and her face was blushing and covered with sweat, while her breasts were still red from the slapping. Steve and Mark made her stand between Amy's wide-spread legs.

"Shut up, Amy. Here Miss Johnston, have a little fun with your student..." With Mark holding her, Steve grabbed the strap-on and guided it into Amy's defenseless pussy, drawing a moan from the girl. Steve then lifted Amy up slightly and cuffed Karen's hands together behind Amy's back so that she would be holding the girl, preventing her from pulling the strap-on out.

"C'mon, get working Karen!" Mark said as he gave Karen's ass a spank.

"Oh!" Karen lurched forward, thrusting the dildo deep into her student's pussy, drawing a moan from both the girl and herself. She fought hard against the urge to start pumping, but then Mark grabbed her hips, pulled them back and then pushed them forward. Karen moaned loudly as the force of the thrust pushed the dildo back against her burning pussy. She gave in as Mark grabbed her hips and pushed her forward again.

"Ah! Ah!" She moaned and slowly began pumping Amy.

"Oh, Amy, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She gasped as she began to pump faster and faster.

"Oh, Miss Johnson, oh, oh," the student moaned in reply. In her heat Karen soon forgot about her predicament. Closing her eyes, she fucked her student with abandonment. Amy for her part was also responding passionately.

She moaned loudly and, as far as her bondage would allow her, she lifted her head up and tried to kiss her teacher.

And reluctant at first, Karen soon began to return the kiss, and soon the two were French-kissing passionately. The two men laughed, thinking that they had her. They had been recording everything with the videocam and the camera. As they saw that Karen was about to come, they came up behind her and stopped her.

"Oh, no! Please! Oh!" Karen cried out desperately when Mark grabbed her hips and stopped her from fucking Amy. Steve unlocked her cuffs and together they lifted the gasping and moaning teacher off her student.

Karen moaned and protested feebly as they and her knell down on the floor, re-cuffed her and attached the cuffs to a chain hanging down from the ceiling. Steve then unbuckled and removed the strap-on from her. The dildo was glistening with Amy's juices, while Karen's thighs were wet with her own.

"Times up, Miss Johnson, the lesson is over!" Steve chuckled as he brushed his fingers lightly over Karen's pussy lips, making the young woman squirm with excitement.

"No! Please! Oh, God, oh, oh," Karen moaned.

"So you wanna come, you little slut?" Mark asked as he kept filming her, capturing the lustful expression on her face.

"Y-yes, please, I can't take it anymore, please," Karen pleaded. "Well, slut, if you want to come you have to do exactly as we say, understand?"

"Yes, yes, oh, oh..." Pointing the videocam at her face, Mark held up a sheet of paper in front of her about away from the videocam. "Say what's written on it, and we'll give you what your slutty mind wants."

"Oh, no," Karen protested when she saw what was written on the paper. At this, Steve stopped fingering her pussy and reached in front of her. He grabbed one of her nipples and pinched it cruelly. Karen cried out in pain, but Steve ignored her and pinched it again. When he grabbed the other one and was about to pinch both of them, she gave in.

"Stop, please! I'll say it, oh, just stop!"

"Good," Steve said, "now look at the camera and tell us who you are and what you have done!"

Sobbing with shame and humiliation, Karen looked up to face the camera.

"C'mon" Mark urged, "tell us who you are!" "M...my name is K-Karen Johnson and...and I am a sl--slut..."

"So what have you done, slut?"

"I...I fucked my student Amy...I f-forced her to have sex with me, oh, oh," despite her humiliation, Karen couldn't help moaning when Steve's fingers returned to her slit.

"Now isn't that rather immoral for a teacher to do?"

"Y-yes and I d-deserved to be punished.... I b-beg you M-mister Simpson and Mister Howard to take me as your s-slave and p-punish me and u-use me in any way you w-want...please..."

"Good, and what do you want now?"

"Pl-please, I want to come, oh, please, f-fuck me, fuck me...aaaaaAh!" Karen cried out as Steve grabbed her hips and buried his cock in her pussy with one deep thrust. He began pumping her roughly and soon Karen began to come. She cried out loudly but her cries were soon muffled when Mark pulled out his cock and thrust it into her mouth.

Holding the videocam with one hand, he grabbed her head with the other and guided it back and forth. Karen offered no resistance and sucked him, while her hips were grinding to meet Steve's thrusts. Soon her body was taken by another violent orgasm.

"Slut!" Steve chuckled. Sensing himself coming, he thrust deep into her and filled her pussy while Mark flooded her mouth with come.

Chapter II

After her mind-blowing orgasm, Karen just hung on the chains gasping as the two men kept on filming her, with her hair matted with sweat and with come dripping down her chin and her thighs. They then unchained her and laid her down on her back. Exhausted, she just lay there passively even when all her cuffs were removed. Amy was also untied and was led to Karen by a leash and a leather collar on her neck.

"C'mon, Amy, you know what to do," Steve said as he unattached her leash, leaving the collar on.

"Yes, sir." Amy replied meekly. With the two men filming and taking pictures again, Amy climbed on top of Karen and began kissing her face gently, licking the come off her chin.

"No..." Karen protested feebly but didn't really try to stop her. Her breath quickened again as Amy licked her way down her neck, her breasts, her belly and finally to her pussy. Despite herself, Karen spread her legs to give her student a better access. She closed her eyes in abandonment when Amy started off licking the come and juices off her thighs, and when Amy's tongue finally reached her pussy, she couldn't hold back any longer and let out a moan, and she heard the two men chuckled. However, all she did was to grab Amy's head and press it against her pussy. She began grinding her hips to meet Amy's tongue, and within seconds she came again with a loud moan.

Afterwards, Amy climbed on top of her again to kiss her on the lips, giving her a taste of her own juices.

"Good work, Amy," Steve patted the girl's head gently and she knelt down next to him. "And you, slut, get dressed," he said as he threw her her clothes. Karen gathered her strength and got up. She hesitated when she saw that she was only given back her blouse and pants, without any underwear.

"A slut doesn't wear any underwear," Mark said laughing. "From tomorrow on, you will never wear a bra," Steve added, "and when you wear a blouse, you are to leave the first two buttons open, is that clear?"

"But..." Karen began to protest but Steve interrupted her. "One more word and I'll make it three! Now, is that understood?"

"Y-yes."

"Yes who?"

"Yes, s-sir."

"Good," Steve chuckled. "And also, you should always wear a short skirt, and the hem-line should be at least three inches above your knees, and underneath you'll wear whatever we give you. As we didn't give you anything today, you'll wear nothing under your skirt tomorrow. And whenever you have to pick up something on the floor, you should always bend over, and never kneel down. Is that clear?"

Seeing her hesitate again, he grabbed her left nipple and pinched.

"Ah!" Karen cried out in pain.

"Do as you're told or every boy in this school will get a copy of those videotapes that we just made! Now is that clear? Or maybe we should start off by distributing the photos and give them a taste first?"

"No! No! Please!" Karen pleaded.

"Then answer me, slut! Is everything clear?"

"Y-yes, sir." Karen could barely bring herself to say those words.

"Now get dressed and go!"

With her head lowered in shame, Karen began to get dressed.

"Remember," Mark added, "obey everything we say or every boy in this school will be jerking off watching your tape! And don't try anything funny. If anything happens, Amy will always back us up and say that you made her have sex with you. Right Amy?"

Amy, who was still kneeling obediently next to him, nodded meekly. At this Karen couldn't hold back her tears anymore and began sobbing, but the two men just laughed.

Karen could feel her cheeks burning when she arrived at school the following day. When she walked across the playground, some students just stopped chatting and stared at her, in her light-blue blouse and short skirt. She tried to walk slowly and not to make her breasts bounce so much, such that people would not notice that she wasn't wearing a bra. She was greeted by a surprised look from everyone as she entered the staff room.

"Hi," she tried to sound as normal as possible when she greeted the

teachers there, but immediately she noticed the look of disdain from a couple

of her colleagues. As she had been ordered, she left the first two buttons of her blouse open. But she had worn her panties. She couldn't bear to wear such a short skirt without panties--besides, the skirt that she was wearing was the only one in her wardrobe that would meet Steve's requirement.

She figured that, since Steve and Mark were not sharing the same staff room with her, she could try to avoid them during school day and keep her panties on, and then take them off after school. Although they could tell just by looking at her whether she was wearing a bra, they'd have to check to see if she was wearing panties. As they would not take any risk with her in public, all she had to do was to avoid being with them alone, and see how it goes after school.

After school...she shuddered when she thought about the implication of that.

Her plan did seem to work. It was really embarrassing at first when she began teaching, and she thought she was going to die of shame when she entered the classroom, when all the students just looked at her shapely legs as they were revealed by her short skirt, and when some male students started

grinning when they noticed shortly afterwards that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Gradually, she managed to overcome the embarrassment and went on teaching as

usual. Then in the last class of the day, when Karen was writing on the blackboard, Amy threw her pen down so that it went rolling on the floor until it was below the blackboard.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Johnson. Could you pick that up for me please?"

she said.

Karen turned around and looked at Amy in shock, as she realized what that would mean. Amy on her part just looked at her and whispered the word "sorry" with a frightened look on her face. So she must have been made to do that by Steve and Howard, Karen figured, and would probably have to report to them about the result.

Karen hesitated and the entire class waited in an awkward silence. Finally--"Oh yes, sure," she took a deep breath and said. As her students watched, with her back facing them, she bent over and picked up the pen. Her face was blushing with embarrassment when she turned around and saw the reactions of her students. Everyone was staring at her with wide-open eyes (and for some, mouths), and some boys were already whispering to each other and laughing.

She tried not to think about how much she must have revealed to them and to act like nothing had happened when she walked over to Amy's seat and handed her the pen. "There you go, Amy. Please be careful and don't do that again." She said, almost pleadingly. "Now quiet please everyone, and turn to page..."

"Why did you do that?" Karen asked Amy when the class was over, "did they make you do it? Listen, we don't have to..." "Please, Miss Johnson,"

Amy interrupted her, "we're not allowed to talk except in class. Mr Simpson wants to see you in his office right after school." And with these words she ran off.

Karen's hand was trembling slightly when she knocked on Mark's door. Before coming she had first gone to the ladies' room to take her panties off, but now she wasn't really sure if this would be able to fool him, and she dared not think about the consequences if it failed.

Her fear seemed to be confirmed immediately. Mark greeted her like he would greet a student in trouble. He let her in and made her wait standing in front of his desk while he finished marking some homework. Finally he stopped, leaned back on his chair and looked at her. "Nice skirt," said Mark teasingly.

Karen blushed. "Have you forgotten all your manners, slut? What do you say when people give you a complement?"

"Th-thank you..."

"Your manners, slut!" Mark said sternly as he suddenly slapped Karen's thigh with a wooden ruler.

"Ouch!" Karen flinched, and Mark hit her again.

"Listen, slut! When you talk to me, you always refer to me as 'sir'! And when I give you the punishment that you deserve, you stand still to take it or you'll get more! Is that clear?"

"Oh, yes, yes, s-sir."

Mark sat back and eyed the young woman as she rubbed the red welts on her thighs. "So you have done as you're told and come to school without your bra and panties, slut?" he asked.

"Y-yes, sir," Karen stammered.

"Show me."

Biting her lip, Karen raised her skirt and let Mark have a clear view of her pussy. "Good," Mark said. "And did your students get a good look at your pussy today?"

Karen was speechless. "No..." finally she answered, almost whispering. Now she really felt like a naughty girl caught by her teacher.

"What did you say?" Mark asked in a threatening voice. "I-I'm sorry s-sir.... I have w-worn my panties during the day..."

"Say that again, you worthless slut!"

"Please, I'm sorry!" Karen dropped down on her knees, frightened. "I just couldn't do it, please!"

"I told you to do everything I say! And you not only disobeyed me but also lied to me about it! So you want me to give your tapes and photos out, right?"

"No, please! Don't!" Karen pleaded, "I'll do anything! Just don't give those tapes away!"

"You'll do anything? You didn't even do one simple thing that I asked!"

"Please! I'm sorry! I was wrong! Punish me! Just don't give those tapes away!"

Hearing those words and seeing Karen on her hands and knees, Mark smiled. Her reactions were exactly as they had hoped. "You bet you need

to be punished. You've got some serious lessons waiting for you, slut!"

"Now, you take these keys and go to storeroom one behind the gym and wait for me," Mark began. "When you get there, take off your clothes and get down on your knees and wait. Is that clear?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"One more thing. I find the weather today rather nice. Don't you just love breezy weather, slut?"

"Y-yes, sir," Karen answered, somewhat puzzled.

"Good. Now when you go to the gym, you'll walk right across the play ground, and keep your hands down all the time. If the wind blows up your skirt, you'll not try to cover it with your hands, understood?"

"Oh please...Ouch!" Karen's protest was immediately cut short by a slap on her thighs by the ruler.

"Understood?"

"Oh y-yes, sir."

Karen's heart was pounding in her chest as she walked across the play ground to the gym. Fortunately, the wind was not as strong as she had feared, and her skirt didn't get blown up. But still, she couldn't walk too fast for fear that her skirt would be raised, and as a result the few students who were still hanging around after school all got a good look at her legs. What's worst, she was sure that they could see the bright red welts left by the ruler on her thighs.

When she finally reached the gym, she walked quickly to the storerooms and, after checking that no student was following her, she entered the store room and closed the door behind her. The camera and the videocam were still there, reminding her of her ordeal yesterday. Blushing with shame, she quickly took off her clothes, knelt down and waited.

Chapter III

Karen panicked when she heard someone talking outside the storeroom. She would die of shame if some students found her like this, kneeling naked on the floor in a storeroom. She was relieved when she realized that it was only Steve and Mark, and scolded herself for being stupid enough to think that Mark would come on his own.

"Hi slut," Steve greeted her as they entered the room, "I see that you're ready for your punishment."

"Y-yes, sir," Karen answered, blushing.

"So you have not only disobeyed your instructions but also lied about it," said Steve as he put his bag on the floor.

"Yes, sir." Karen answered submissively, trying not to invoke further punishments.

"Now slut," Steve continued as he took his stuff out of the bag, "for

lying to Mark, you'll be given fifteen strokes of the ruler," he said as he show her a long wooden ruler, "and for wearing your panties without permission, you are to shave your pussy and keep it shaved all the time."

"Oh, God, no! Please!" Karen pleaded and Whack! Steve reached forward and hit her ass real hard with the ruler. "Ouch!" Karen cried out in pain and surprise.

"You just earned yourself five extra strokes, and that one doesn't count. Now have you got anything more to say?"

"Oh, no, oh, oh," Karen whined as she rubbed her butt.

"Now since we've already started, why don't we just get on with it?" said Mark, "Come here, slut, and bend over the table."

Obediently, Karen walked over to the table and bent over it. Trembling slightly, she lowered her head in shame and waited as Steve positioned himself behind her. Steve looked at the smooth, white globes of her ass and couldn't help reaching out to caress it. Karen's whole body stiffened as she felt his hand touch her, then she relaxed a bit as Steve continued caressing her. Suddenly, Steve took his hand away and whack! the ruler landed square-ly across her ass.

"Ah!" Karen cried out in pain.

"Keep your voice down, slut!" Steve scolded, "And keep your hands on the table or you're going to get more!"

Whack! Whack!

"Oh, Oh, oooh," Karen moaned as Steve went on hitting her. When the twenty strokes were over, her whole body was shaking and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Keep your hands on the table," said Mark as he picked up the camera, "and look at me." Karen obeyed and let out a cry of dismay as she saw the camera in his hands, but before she could say anything Mark had already pressed the shutter. "Look here, slut!" said Mark as he savored the view in the viewfinder: Karen the young and sexy teacher bent over the table, with her long, shapely legs topped by her smooth round buttocks, now criss-crossed with angry red welts, with tears in her eyes and an imploring look on her face. Mark felt like his cock was going to burst out of his pants.

"Okay," he said after taking some more photos, "now shall we get on with the second part of the punishment, or do you need more persuasion, slut?"

"N--no, sir," Karen answered meekly. She was getting more and more used to being called "slut" and answering with "sir".

"Here," said Steve as he brought over a chair. "Sit down and spread your legs wide."

Karen obeyed and winced as her ass touched the chair. "I said spread your legs wide! That's it! Now, take these," said Steve as he handed her a razor and a can of shaving cream. "Better hurry up before we get you back to that table again."

"Oh, God," Karen gasped as she looked at the razor and the shaving

cream in her hands. Now not only was Mark taking pictures, Steve had also set the videocam up.

"C'mon, do it!"

Biting her lip, Karen sprayed some shaving cream on her pussy. She shuddered as she felt the cold cream on her skin. Then she began shaving slowly. At first her hand was trembling so much that she had to stop before she cut herself, but then she managed to clam herself down. She kept her head down all the time as she shaved, not daring to face the camera once. When she finally finished she was given a wet towel to wipe herself clean.

"Now stand up, slut, and look at me," Steve ordered.

Karen stood up and gasped as she felt cool air on her ass and pussy. Her ass was still burning from the ruler, and her pussy felt raw after the shaving. She couldn't help covering it and rubbing it with her hand. This gave Steve an idea.

"That's right, slut, play with yourself." Karen looked up at him in shock. She couldn't believe that yet more humiliations were coming. "Do it or we'll go out and get a student to do that for you!"

"Oh, no! Please!"

"Then do it!"

"Y-yes, yes..." Closing her eyes, Karen began rubbing her pussy gently. The shaving had made it very sensitive, and soon she was getting wetting and wetter.

"Play with your tits, kiss them." As Steve instructed, Karen held her breasts up to her mouth and licked her nipples, which soon became rock-

hard.

Then, founding her breasts and holding them to her mouth with one hand, she

reached down to resume rubbing her pussy with the other. She soon find herself getting hotter and hotter despite the humiliation--in fact, it seemed that the humiliation was adding to her excitement. Her breath quickened, and she heard the sound of the shutter vaguely.

"Turn around and show us that nice ass of yours," Steve went on.

"That's right. Keep your feet apart, wider. Now bend over." Karen obeyed almost automatically, bending over until her head was between her legs. She was aware that in so doing, with her bare pussy was completely open to the view between her wide-spread legs and her breasts hanging upside-down,

she was presenting a really lewd sight.

"Finger-fuck yourself."

Her hands quickly reached up to her pussy and while one rubbed her clit, the other thrust first one finger, then two, up her wet hole. "Oh, oh, oh," she began moaning gently as she fucked herself with two fingers, faster and faster. "Play with your asshole." Much ashamed by this order, Karen was too close to coming to object. While she continuing finger-fucking herself with her left hand, her right hand reached up and slowly she thrust her forefinger into her tight asshole. At this she couldn't hold back any longer and came with a loud moan, and collapsed onto her knees.

Steve immediately took off his pants and walked over to Karen. He pushed her onto all fours and thrust two fingers into Karen's pussy, getting them wet with her juices. Then slowly, he thrust them up her asshole.

"Ah! No!" Karen immediately cried out in alarm.

"Have you been fucked up the ass before, slut?"

"N-no...pl-please..."

"Then it's time for you to offer it to your master!" He chuckled and with these words began pushing his cock into her tight, virgin asshole.

"No, nooooo Oh! Ah!" Karen whimpered as she felt Steve's cock eased all the way into her. She moaned as he held still, feeling it throbbing inside her.

"Can you feel it, slut?" Steve panted, "can you feel my hard cock up your ass?"

"Oh, oh, oh," Karen moaned in reply, which was not good enough for Steve. He grabbed her right nipple and pinched it hard, drawing a cry of pain from her.

"Say it!" He said as he pinched her again.

"Ouch! Y-yes I-I can feel your h-hard cock up my a-ass..."

"Say that you love it!"

"I-I love the f-feeling of your h-hard cock up my ass..." Karen was spared from being forced to say more humiliating things when Mark came over and pushed his cock in her mouth. Together the two men started thrusting in and out of her, and Karen was soon letting out muffled moans and cries. Mark

came first and flooded her mouth with come. After he withdrew, Steve also felt himself coming. He pulled out from her ass, stood in front of her and sprayed his come all over her face and breasts.

They allowed her to rest for a while. Then, as Amy was not there, Karen was made to clean herself up. While they filmed, she was ordered to wipe the come off her face and then lick it off her fingers. Then she had to lick her breasts clean. She was exhausted after the ordeal, and her hands were trembling as they held her breasts to her mouth. When all this was finally done, Steve threw her a brown paper bag and said, "Okay slut, you've just earned this. Wear one of them to school tomorrow," he chuckled, "we'll be nice this time and let you pick one yourself."

Inside the paper bag were a pair of crotchless panties and several g-strings. Even though she was terrified by the idea of having to wear one of them to school, this time Karen knew better than to disobey, and when she went to school the following day, she had under her short skirt a white g-string with lace, which was the one with most material that she could find. Her male colleagues grinned when they saw her appear again in her short skirt. She was wearing a polo shirt that day, since it had only two buttons and didn't open all the way at the front, so even though she had to leave all the buttons open, she didn't have to worry about showing more than she already had to. Still, her nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. Some male colleagues began to tease her, and students whistled as she passed by. She was greeted by the same whispering and giggling whenever she went into a classroom, but she tried her best to ignore it.

Her heart sank when it's time for Amy's class again. As she had feared, when she was writing on the blackboard, Amy happened to drop her pen again. Karen blushed with embarrassment as she stared at the pen lying next to her feet. Then, as quickly as possible, she bent over and

picked it up. From the commotion of the class, she thought they must have seen her bare buttocks when she bent over. To hide her embarrassment, she quickly turned her back on the class and began writing on the blackboard. But then she heard a noise and another pen was dropped onto the floor.

"Excuse me, Miss Johnson," it was Jeff, a boy sitting in the front row, "could you pick that up for me please?" he said with a wicked grin on his face, and almost the entire class burst out laughing. "Quiet, Please!" Karen fought back her tears of anger and humiliation, "and you, you pick it up yourself!" she said to Jeff angrily. Although in the end Jeff did come out and picked the pen up himself, Karen knew secretly that her future with this class was now doomed.

Chapter IV

Karen felt like she's going to throw up when she saw that Jeff had stayed behind after class. "What is it, Jeff?" She asked as causally as she could, hoping that somehow all he wanted was just to ask her about homework. She was immediately let down.

"I know what you've been doing, Miss Johnson." Jeff said bluntly.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. I know what you've been doing."

"Now have you forgotten your manners, young man?" Karen tried to act firm, but her voice was already shaking.

"I saw you yesterday! You took off your panties after school and walked across the play ground so that everyone could see. You're an exhibitionist! I know it!"

"That's bullshit!" Karen lost her temper. "Say that again and you'll regret it for the rest of your life!"

"Oh yeah?" Jeff sneered. Karen really hated him. You think you're smart, huh? She thought to herself. You're just a kid and you don't know shit...

"Then what's this?" said Jeff as he threw a photo on her chest.

Karen suppressed the urge to strike the boy and picked the photo up. Her blood froze when she saw what it was. It showed her walking in the playground, with her skirt partly raised, providing a glimpse of her pussy. Just a glimpse, but it showed clearly that she wasn't wear anything under her skirt. How could it be? Karen thought. I thought I've already been very careful...

"There's more if you like," Jeff added. "With some from behind too."

"How did you get this?" "Well," Jeff laughed again, "just lucky, I guess. I came to school yesterday planning to show off my new camera and impress some girls, but I guess I ended up with something much better!"

"Give them back to me! Or I'll get you kicked out, right now!"

"No way! And if these photos get passed around, I think you're the one who's going to get kicked out! Unless you do as I say, I'll give the photos out to everyone in the school! I'll even post them on the internet!"

"What do you want?" Karen asked with clenched fists, feeling that she no longer had the upper hand. But then she knew immediately what he wanted. The boy was staring straight at her breasts, and was making no attempt to hide that.

"I...I want you," Jeff said. "I want to fuck you," he said again with more confidence.

"How dare you!" Although she was expecting something like that, Karen felt utterly humiliated to really hear it from the mouth of her teenage student.

"You fuck me and you'll get you photos back, one for each time," said Jeff, improvising. "There're totally twelve of them. I'll keep the negatives as a souvenir."

"Are you kidding?" Karen went mad again. "Do you know what you're doing? You try to blackmail me? I can go to the po-"

"Shut up, Bitch!" Jeff interrupted her. This is really cool, he thought, calling his teacher "bitch". "You can go to the cops if you want, and let's hear what they'll say when they find out you're walking around without your panties! That's the offer, you either take it or not."

"Why can't you just give me the photos! Please!" Karen pleaded, "You don't know what really happened!"

"I don't care!" Jeff said, "but I do know what's going to happen if you don't do as I say!"

"Alright you prick!" Karen never thought that she would one day

use the word on her students. "Alright! Just do what you want and get it over with!" she was shaking all over. This just can't be real...

Jeff on his part could hardly believe it either, and he wasn't sure what to do for a moment. "Since you mentioned 'prick'," he finally said, "why don't we begin from there? Get down on your knees, Miss Johnson."

Blushing with humiliation, Karen knelt down in front of her student.

"Unzip my fly, no wait, show me your tits first."

"What?"

"You heard me, show me your tits!"

"Oh, God..." reluctantly Karen lifted her polo-shirt to above her breasts.

"Wow!" Jeff exclaimed as he saw the firm, white globes of her breasts. Karen closed her eyes in dismay as he reached out to fondle them, and soon her nipples were rock-hard. Cool! Jeff thought, as he unzipped and took out his cock. "Suck it!" he said in a coarse voice.

Karen opened her mouth to say something, but then resigned and leaned forward, and with her hand guiding took the boy's cock into her mouth. She held it in her mouth, trying to overcome the humiliation. "C'mon, suck it!" Jeff said impatiently, and she began to move her head back and forth. Even now Jeff still found it hard believe that this was really happening. Yesterday he was still the geek, and now his gorgeous teacher, who looked a thousand times prettier than any of the girls he secretly fancied, was sucking his dick! And showing him her tits! He

couldn't hold back his excitement any longer and started shooting his come into Karen's mouth. At this moment the door of the classroom opened and Mara, another teacher of the school, walked in.

"Oh, God!" Karen cried out in shock and fell back, pushing Jeff off her at the same time. Jeff was still coming and shot some of his come on her face.

"Shit!" He grabbed his backpack and rushed out of the classroom with his fly wide open.

"So this is why you're so popular with the students," Mara smirked at the younger teacher who was still sitting on the floor. In her mid-thirties, Mara liked to think of herself as an attractive woman and as the best-looking teacher in the school (not that there're many), that is, until Karen came along. She had always been jealous about Karen winning her popularity so quickly, both among teachers and the students.

Struggling, Karen tried to get up and pull the polo-shirt down to cover her breasts. Mara stopped her by grabbing her left nipple and tugged at it so hard that she fell forward.

"Ouch!" Karen cried out in pain.

"Shut up and stay there!" she made Karen remain kneeling by keeping the grip on her nipple.

"Now, what's this?" said Mara as she picked up the photo from the desk.

"Please, I can explain everything...ouch!"

"I said shut up! So that's how you became so popular? Showing off your pussy to everyone and screwing your students? No wonder-"

"No! That's not true! It was Mark and Steve! They made me do all this!"

"Shut up!" Mara scolded, this time emphasizing it again by tugging at Karen's nipple so hard that her breast was pulled into a cone shape.

"Oh!" Karen moaned in agony. Tears went down her cheeks. "Shut up you lying bitch! You're a slut and I caught you. And now your ass is mine!"

"Pl-please..."

"Listen, bitch! I caught you sexual harassing a student, and if you don't do as I say, you're going to jail! Now is that clear?"

Sobbing, Karen nodded. This is like a nightmare. "Don't you worry," Mara went on, "I'm not interested in that filthy cunt of yours, and I don't have time for you today. Just be ready to do whatever I say whenever I say it, is that clear? Your ass is now mine!"

"Yes, yes," Karen gasped. She collapsed onto her hands and knees when Mara finally released the grip on her nipple, trembling. Mara put the photo into her pocket. "Get up, slut! And get the hell out of here!" she said, kicking Karen's ass. After covering her breasts and wiping the come off her face, Karen ran out of the classroom. She knew her day had just began. She still had to meet Mark in his office, and after all that happened, she was now awfully late.

"Now what has kept you, Miss Johnson," said Mark teasingly when he saw her, "haven't you learned your lesson?"

"Please!" Karen pleaded and explained to him what happened. Mark listened to Karen's story, amazed, and he smiling wickedly as he examined her bruised nipple.

"So now our little secret is compromised..." he said,

"Please, could we stop all this?"

"No, I think we'll be fine as long as you keep Jeff and Mara happy, right?"

"Oh, God..."

"I'm asking you a question, slut!"

"Oh, y,yes. Sir..."

"Good. From now on, you'll do whatever Jeff and Mara says, and then come back to tell me and Steve all about it, is that clear?"

"Y---yes, sir..."

"Good. Now let's see what we've got for you..."

Chapter V

and Mark had surely got a lot in store for Karen. He took Karen to his place, where Steve and Amy were already waiting. Steve was lying on the

couch

sipping a glass of whisky, and Amy was kneeling naked by his feet obediently.

"Amy, why don't you make your teacher comfortable," Steve said. Amy stood up and walked over to Karen. Meekly, she grabbed the bottom of Karen's polo-shirt and began to pull it up. Karen gasped and grabbed her hands to stop her.

"Please, Miss Johnson," Amy whispered, "otherwise we'll both be punished."

Karen let go and Amy pulled the polo-shirt off her completely. And then she took off her skirt and g-string. When Karen was completely naked, Amy led her by the hand to the center of the living room and laid her down.

"No, please..." knowing very well what was going to happen, Karen pleaded. Amy stopped her by grabbing her shoulders and kissed her on the mouth, forcing her tongue in. Gently, Amy kissed her way down Karen's neck to her breasts, and her skillful tongue soon had her teacher trembling with pleasure. She went on kissing and caressing until Karen finally couldn't hold back any longer and closed her eyes and moaned. She spread her legs when Amy's tongue reached her pussy, which was by now glistening with her juices.

When Amy climbed on top on her with her pussy facing her face, Karen grabbed her student's smooth teenage ass tentatively, and when Amy began licking her again, she responded by pulling Amy down and began licking her back.

Soon the young woman and the teen were licking each other in frenzy, with their bodies squirming uncontrollably. Steve then came over and hand-

ed

Amy the strap-on dildo. Amy quickly put it on and positioned herself between Karen's legs.

"Go on, Amy remember Wednesday?," Mark chuckled, "it's time for you to return the favor!" Amy entered her with one thrust and Karen cried out in abandonment. As Amy began fucking her, she wrapped her legs around Amy and returned Amy's kisses passionately. Driven by Karen's response, Amy fucked her teacher faster and faster until Karen came with a series of spasms. Then Amy was ordered to take off the strap-on and hand it to Karen, who was still trying to catch her breath.

"C'mon slut, suck it, lick it clean!" Steve ordered.

Reluctantly, Karen took the dildo in her mouth and tasted her own juices. She felt humiliated, being made to taste her own juices, but, much to her shame and dismay, her body was betraying her, and she could feel her pussy getting wet again. Then it was her turn to put on the dildo and fuck Amy. She obeyed, struggling to get up. When she began fucking the student, the two men cheered, telling her to fuck the girl harder. Karen, on her part, was exhausted after the powerful organism, but she still tried hard to keep up the rhythm.

"C'mon, slut! Harder!" Steve shouted. Finally he got up and took off his belt. Standing behind Karen, he brought the leather belt heavily down on her ass. "I said harder! Slut!" Whack! Whack!

"Ouch! Ah! Ah!" Karen cried out in pain as Steve kept whipping her, while at the same time Amy was moaning with pleasure. Fortunately, Amy came quickly, but by that time there were already more than twenty striking red welts across Karen's ass. Steve stopped whipping and Karen

collapsed on top of Amy, exhausted.

"C'mon, slut! We're only just getting started!" said Mark as he and Steve lifted her off Amy. They laid her on the coffee table and took off her strap-on.

"No..." she pleaded as Steve and Mark mounted her. Steve entered her pussy with one deep thrust and then held still while Mark eased his cock in her tight asshole slowly. "Oh, oh, oh," Karen moaned as she felt the two cocks throbbing inside her. Then the two men began pumping in and out of her alternatively, matching their strokes.

Amy was ordered to straddle Karen's face, and with a squeeze on her breasts, Steve told Karen to lick her student's pussy. Karen quickly complied, her hands reaching up to fondle Amy's breasts. Karen came violently and came again within seconds. After the two men had come inside her, she was totally exhausted. She just lay on the coffee table gasping, her face wet with Amy's juices, and with cum leaking out of her holes. After that, Amy was allowed to get dressed and go home first.

Karen had to stay for a humiliating night. She was allowed to shower while the men cooked. While Mark and Steve had their dinner, Karen had to serve them, then she was allowed to have hers, given to her in a bowl placed on the floor. Then she was taken to the bedroom, tied spread-eagled on the bed and fucked by her two colleagues again.

She had barely recovered when Monday came. Much to her relief, Jeff seemed to be scared off after being caught by Mara, and didn't bother her for the whole day. Even Amy had stopped dropping her pen "by accident", and Karen also found standing in front of her class in a short skirt less humiliating than it used to feel. Finally, the last

period was over. Karen was just about to consider it a lucky day when she found Mara waiting for her outside the classroom.

"Hi, Mara," she said hesitantly.

"Hi, slut," Mara answered.

"Please!" Karen pleaded, looking around nervously to see if any student had heard that.

"Wh-what do you want?"

"Remember you said that you'd do anything I said? Well, it's time to do it now. Come with me."

Mara led Karen to the biology lab. "Get in," she led Karen into a small room inside the lab where the instruments were kept and closed the door. "Take off your clothes," she ordered.

"Please," Karen pleaded, "can we not do this?"

"Shut up and do it, Slut! Or we can go to see Dr Jackson right away!" Reluctantly, Karen undressed. When she was all nude except for her high heels, Mara took a piece of rope and tied her hands behind her back.

"Please..." Karen pleaded.

"Shut up and wait here!"

With these words she went out. Karen's eyes opened wide in horror when she heard Mara open the door of the lab and a group of students came in.

"Hey, miss Lloyd," one of the call out, "what's the deal? I thought we're going to have a Spanish test." and some other students joined in.

"You guys just wait and see," said Mara cheerfully as she went back into the small room.

"What do you want?" Karen asked her in panic. "Please, let me get dress and go! Those are students outside! I can't let them see me like this!" She pleaded, whispering.

"Listen, slut!" said Mara as she grabbed Karen's right nipple and twisted it, causing her to wince in pain. "Either you do as I say, or I'll just let them do anything they want! Do what I say, and I won't let them touch you, at least not today."

"Oh, God, Mara," Karen whined, "why are you doing this to me?"

"Shut up, bitch! Are you going to do it or not?"

Sobbing, Karen nodded.

After wiping the tears off Karen's face, Mara opened the door.

"Now, guys," she announced, "since we have just learnt about the human body last week, I'm going to give you a test today on the vocabulary about the female body..."

"Oh, c'mon," one guy shouted, "give us a break!"

"You just wait until you see my assistant...Miss Johnson!" said Mara, grinning. Grabbing Karen by her arm, she led the trembling woman out of the storage room. Karen blushed in shame as she saw the students

in the room. There were ten of them, all male. She recognized that some were juniors in the school, but luckily none were in her class. Their mouths all dropped open when they saw her walk in, totally naked, then they all looked at each other and started grinning. Karen felt like she was going to die as the students devoured her with their gaze.

"This is cool, man..." one of the students whispered to the guy sitting next him.

"Now," said Mara as she put a box on the desk. She opened it so that the students could see that there were some metal clips inside, with little labels attached to each of them. "The test is very simple. All you have to do, is to pick up a label, and attach it to where it belongs. Now, shall we begin? C'mon, Simon, draw a label from the box. Now don't look..."

The first student came out cheerfully from his seat. He was disappointed when he saw that he had picked "el brazo". "Don't move," Mara whispered to Karen as she stood next to her. Simon hesitated as he looked at the clip in his hand and then at Karen. "C'mon, put it on. That's an easy one." Finally, the teen attached the clip to Karen's arm. Karen gasped as she felt the clip bite onto her flesh.

"Tell him that it's correct and thank him." Mara ordered.

"That-that is correct, th--thank you." Karen said, blushing with humiliation.

The second student jumped up in excitement when he picked "el culo", and the entire class cheered as he put the clip on. Then another clip on her arm, her belly button, another on her ass, and two on her thighs. The students were aware that there must be something going on between the two

teachers, but by now they just couldn't care less. Karen looked at a student in horror when she saw that he had picked "el pezón". The student was a bit hesitant when he saw Karen's reaction.

"C'mon, Mike, do you know what it means? You do? Then show us! I think this young man here need some encouragement, Miss Johnson," Mara was really enjoying it.

"Y-yeah Mike, put it on...it's okay...oh! oh, oh, thank you..." Karen moaned in pain as the clip's jaws closed upon her nipple, which was by now rock-hard.

"Well done!" said Mara, and the entire class cheered. "Now, who's next?" There were still more than a dozen clips in the box. One went to the other nipple, three more to each breast, three more to her ass, and two more to her thighs. Karen was in agony. Her forehead was covered with sweat, and her legs were trembling.

Finally, there were only two clips left in the box. The student who picked one up was puzzled, as he realized that it was linked to the other by an elastic band. The label read "los labios".

"What..." he looked at Mara for instructions, puzzled.

"Well, what else do you think it is?"

"C'mon Kevin!" the other students cheered, "get on with it!"

"Oh, God no!" Karen whispered in horror. "Ah!" she gasped in pain as the student reached down between her legs and attached the first clip to her lip, and she winced as the student wound the band behind her back,

pulling on her lip, until he reached the other lip. Then he snapped the other clip on. "AH! Ah! Th-thank you," Karen gasped in agony as the student let go of the clip and the elastic band stretched her cuntlips wide open. It was too much for her, and she collapsed onto her knees.

"God she's wet!" she heard the student whispered to his friends.

"Okay guys," Mara said, "I think Miss Johnson is tired, so that's all for today. Now don't be disappointed," she added, "To give you some incentive to study, miss Johnson will give a special prize to anyone here who gets the highest mark in the exam by the end of this month. Isn't that great? So study hard!"

"Why are you doing this to me, Mara?" Karen asked sobbing when the students were gone,

"What have I done? Because that's what you deserve, slut!" Mara scolded as she took out a thin leather belt. "Now let's get these clips off you," with these words she began whipping Karen with the belt.

"You think you're hot, huh? You like showing off your body to every guy in the school? Well now I'm giving you the chance to do it!"

"Ah, ah, ah!" Karen moaned and squirmed in pain as Mara landed blow after blow on her body. "Ah!" She screamed as the belt landed squarely on her pussy. When all the clips had come off, Karen just lay on the floor exhausted, whining. Her breasts, her arms, her ass and her thighs were all covered with red welts. Mara dropped the belt and admired her work, running her hand along Karen's body.

"So you're wet!" she sneered, "SLUT!"

"Pl...please..." Karen pleaded in a barely audible voice, "can I go now?"

"Okay," said Mara as she untied her, "I guess that's enough for today. But I ain't done with you yet, slut! Now get dressed and get the hell out of here!"

Chapter VI

Mark and Steve listened in amazement as Karen recounted her ordeal at Mara's hands. They were in Mark's place, where the two men sat drinking in the living room, with Karen kneeling naked in front of them. Karen was ordered to fondle herself as she spoke, and now she had one hand rubbing her rock-hard nipples while the other was moving up her thighs to her pussy.

Steve had an idea when Karen told him about the clips. He went over to the desk and came back with a box of paper clips. "Come here, slut," he said to Karen, who was by now gasping with excitement. "Take these clips and show me where the students put them."

"Wh-what?"

"You heard me, slut! Now don't make me repeat myself!" With trembling hands, Karen took the clips and began to apply them to her body. She began her story again, and gasped as the first clip bit onto her flesh. She hesitated when she picked up the second clip.

"C'mon slut!" Steve barked. "Where did the second one go?" Mark

asked teasingly.

"My...my breast..."

"Show us."

Biting her lip, Karen put the clip on. She winced as she felt its jaws close upon the tender flesh of her breast. It was humiliating enough for her to have to recount her ordeal, and now she even had to reenact it.... However, as she continued to apply the clips to her body, she could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter, and soon her thighs were glistening with her juices. When she had finally applied the two clips to her pussy, her whole body was trembling.

'What a bitch, that Mara!' Mark thought when Karen told them that she was to be given as the reward for the highest mark in the Spanish test. Now the situation seemed to be getting more and more complicated. Better keep that woman happy so that she'd keep her mouth shut. But the students....

When Karen finished her story, they told her to start playing with herself again, and she complied immediately, rubbing her pussy so hard that one of the clips on her lips fell off, and she came within seconds, with loud moans and wild spasms.

"What a show!" Mark said, "well done, slut! Now come here and get your reward. Hey Steve, now I know to do to get the players of our basketball team going!" he chuckled.

"What do you want?" Karen asked Jeff as she saw that he had stayed behind after class again. Her voice was shaking with anger. If it weren't for him she wouldn't have been blackmailed by Mara.

"I just want to finish what we started the other day," said Jeff, grinning.

"You idiot!" Karen scolded, "Do you have any idea what kind of trouble you've got me into? How dare you come to me again!"

"I don't care. And I know about that Spanish class you and Miss Lloyd were giving. She told me about it, and she said it's okay for me to see you again. Now it's not fair that you put up such a show only for those guys. And besides, now I have more things to tell Dr Jackson if you don't make me happy."

"You little-"

"I wouldn't say that if I were you," Jeff interrupted her. "Now we can either do it here or we can find somewhere more private. Why don't we go to the store room at the back of the gym? That's where all the fun began, right?"

In the storeroom, Karen was quickly made to strip and kneel down. Jeff looked at his gorgeous teacher kneeling naked in front of him and swallowed. "Put your hands behind your head," he said. As Karen complied, he grabbed her breasts and started fondling them. 'Wow!' He thought to himself. Karen closed her eyes and blushed in shame as her students played with her breasts. Within seconds her nipples were rock-hard, and she gasped as Jeff squeezed them gently.

"Ouch!" She cried out and opened her eyes in surprise when Jeff pinched her nipples real hard.

"You like that don't you?" asked Jeff with a cocksure grin.

"No, Jeff, I don't!" "Some women like that, I read about it on the Internet."

"I said I don't like it! That hurts, please, stop! Ah!"

"Shut up! And put your hands back behind your head!" Jeff hissed, emphasizing it with another squeeze on Karen's nipples.

"Oh, oh," Karen gasped lightly as Jeff went on molesting her tits, squeezing them and pinching her nipples.

Then Jeff unzipped and pulled out his cock. "C'mon, Miss Johnson, take it in your mouth!" Grabbing Karen's head, he pulled her forward. Karen moaned in dismay as she felt the tip of his cock pressing against her lips.

"Do it!"

Reluctantly she opened her mouth and took it in, and Jeff began pumping her mouth clumsily. Carried away in his excitement, he was already shooting his cum down her throat after a few strokes.

"Please, can I go now?" Karen asked after Jeff had pulled out.

"No, that's not enough. C'mon, make me hard again. I want to fuck you. No wait, I want to feel you up some more." Jeff had Karen lie down on her back, spread her legs and began rubbing her pussy. He grinned when he found out that she was wet. "See? Like I said, you like being treated roughly!"

"No, that's not true!" Karen protested, and she blushed in shame as her student explored her pussy with his fingers. Her body trembled with excitement as he began toying with her clit, and she let out a moan when Jeff thrust two fingers into her and began finger-fucking her, which had her coming within seconds. She tried to control herself, but her body betrayed her and she came violently, moaning and wriggling. Amazed, Jeff continued finger-fucking her until she came again.

"Oh, oh, oh," Karen moaned, "Please stop!" she pleaded.

"Here, make me hard again!" Said Jeff as he pressed his semi-hard cock into her mouth. Karen sucked him obediently until he was hard again. Then, after Jeff had positioned himself between her legs, she guided him into her as he ordered. Jeff felt like he was in one of his wet dreams. Not only was he fucking a woman for the first time, he was actually fucking his gorgeous, sexy teacher! He grabbed her hips and began pumping her in frenzy, and soon had Karen moaning and squirming under him again. As Karen moaned louder and louder, he couldn't hold back any longer and emptied his balls into her tight, hot pussy.

"Hmm...that's great, Miss Johnson," said Jeff as he collapsed on top of her.

The two of them remained in the storeroom until that evening, and when Karen returned to school the next day, she had barely recovered from the exhaustion. Jeff seemed to have an insatiable interest in her body. After resting for awhile, he had her suck him hard so that he could fuck her again. When he could no longer get a hard-on, he fondled and fingered her just to watch her come. Karen could hardly remember how many times she had come, all she could recall was that Jeff's hand was all wet with her juices in the end, and she had to lick it clean. She

almost laughed when she heard that the boy had called in sick the next day.

Chapter VII

Karen could hardly control herself when she ran into Mara that afternoon. "What have you told Jeff?" She asked Mara angrily, "why did you tell him to come back to me? Haven't you caused me enough pain and humiliation already? I have done nothing to you, but you're trying to turn me into a whore!"

"Shut up, slut!" Mara hissed as she reached out, grabbed Karen's right nipple through her shirt and twisted it. "Ouch!" Karen gasped in pain, and her hands reached up to protect her breasts. "Keep quiet and put your hands down!" Mara threatened, "unless you want everyone in this corridor to see what we're doing!"

Gasping with the pain, Karen complied. They were standing in a corner with her back towards other people in the corridor. As Mara said, if she didn't make a show, no one would notice.

"Look at you, slut," said Mara, "you're wearing a shirt without a bra, showing off your body and making your tits easily available to anyone--" she emphasized that with another vicious twist on Karen's nipple-- "and now you're blaming me?"

"Oh, oh, please, stop," Karen pleaded, "I'm, I'm sorry, please, that hurts!"

"Listen, you slut, I can say whatever I want to anyone and do whatever I want to you! And I'm gonna make you pay for talking to me like that!"

"No, please! I'm sorry!"

"If you don't want to do it, you just go and tell Dr Jackson what you've been doing, and I won't bother you anymore or maybe I can do that for you?"

"No, please! I'll, I'll do what you say!"

"Fine, then meet me outside the storeroom after school! Is that clear, slut?"

"Yes, yes," Karen answered, sobbing.

Many horrible scenes went through Karen's mind as she waited for Mara outside the storeroom. What humiliating act will she be made to perform this time? Much to her shame, her nipples hardened at the thought, and she couldn't help blushing when she saw Mara. "Get in here." Mara pushed Karen inside and closed the door. There was little light in the room, and before Karen's eyes could adjust to the darkness, Mara took a piece of cloth and blindfolded her with it. "Take off your clothes," she ordered.

"Please," Karen pleaded, "can we not do this?"

"Shut up and do it! Slut! Or we can go to see Dr Jackson right away!"

Reluctantly, Karen undressed. When she was all nude except for her

high heels, she heard the sound of Mara switching on the lights. Then Mara led her to the center of the room and made her stand there. Naked and blindfolded, Karen felt vulnerable and tried to cover herself. "Stop that!" said Mara. "Sluts like you have no shame, right?"

"Is that right?" she asked again, with a slap on Karen's breasts.

"Ouch!" Karen cried out in surprise. "Y, yes-I mean no-"

"Say it, stupid bitch!"

"Sl-sluts like me have no sh-shame."

"And showing off your body makes you hot."

"Sh-showing off my body makes me hot..."

"Then why don't you start playing with yourself?"

"What?" Karen asked in shock.

"I said play with yourself, stupid cunt!" Mara scolded, slapping Karen's breasts again.

"Ouch!" Karen cried out, and, with hands shaking with humiliation, she began caressing her breasts. She cupped her breasts and squeezed her nipples, and then stopped.

"Please," she pleaded, "I can't do this..."

WHACK!

"Ah!" Karen jumped as she felt a burning pain across her thighs.

Mara must have hit her with a ruler. "Do it, slut!" Mara scolded as she hit her again.

Blindfolded, Karen jumped with surprise as Mara hit her again. Not being able to see what Mara was doing, she felt completely open and defenseless, and despite herself, she felt her nipples getting hard. She began caressing her breasts again with trembling hands, and her body shuddered gently as she pinched her nipples, which were by now rock-hard. As she had done in many times in front of Mark and Steve, she continued to caress her breasts with one hand while the other slid down her body to her pussy. Only when she touched her lips did she realize how wet she was, and the thought that Mara must have noticed that made her even more embarrassed. She began rubbing herself, first slowly, then faster and faster, and the other also moved down to play with her clit, and she began gasping with excitement.

"You like it, don't you? Miss Johnson, or should I call you slut?" asked Mara teasingly.

"Wh-what?" Karen asked dreamily.

Whack! Mara hit her with the ruler again, this time right across her ass. "Do you like it!?"

"Ouch, y-yes, yes, please don't hit me, oh,"

"No, I think you like it more when I hit you, you're such a slut!" with these words Mara hit her a few more times on her ass.

"Oh, oh, ah!" Karen cried out. As Mara said, the pain of the blows

only excited her more, and as the last blow landed squarely across her ass, she came violently with a loud moan and a shudder.

"Oh, oh," Karen fell onto her knees, gasping, exhausted. She let out a cry of alarm when a hand grabbed her pussy from behind. "No, please," she protested meekly as two fingers pushed their way into her wet hole. Ignoring her pleas, the two fingers began thrusting back and forth and soon Karen was trembling with excitement again. "Please, Mara, stop..." Karen pleaded but wait! She suddenly realised that the hand fondling her had a rough feel to it--it was a man's hand! In shock, she took off her blindfold immediately and saw Mara standing in front of her, with her arms folded, grinning. She turned around and saw that it was Ben, the janitor, who was fingering her with a wicked grin on his face.

"Oh, God, no!" Karen cried out in horror and tried to get up.

"Don't go, Miss Johnson," Ben chuckled as he grabbed her with the other hand, "We've only just begun!"

"No!" Karen cried out as she struggled in vain.

"Shut up, slut!" said Mara as she grabbed both of Karen's breasts and squeezed them cruelly. When she let go, the marks of her fingers could be clearly seen on her white globes of Karen's breasts. "Since you said that I was trying to turn you into a whore, that's exactly what I'll be doing. Now you tell Ben that you want to be his sex slave, or I'll give the tape of your performance to Dr Jackson!" Mara said, pointing to a videocam in a corner of the room.

"Oh, God," Karen whined.

"C'mon, slut, say it!" Mara urged while Ben kept fingering her and

began fondling with her breasts. Despite her humiliation Karen found herself approaching another orgasm, and she let out a grunt of dismay as he slowed down. "Pl-please, Ben..." she said meekly,

"Please what, Karen?" asked Ben, teasingly. "Pl...please I-I want to be your s-sex slave..."

"That's right," said Mara, laughing, "tell him that he can do anything he wants to you and use you in any way."

"Oh, oh, B-Ben you can d-do anything you want to-to me and u--use me in any...any way..." Karen pleaded. She felt defeated and totally humiliated. Mara had set her up and now she was giving herself to yet another man, and even begging him to abuse her. When she thought of this, she could no longer hold back her tears.

"Excellent!" Mara exclaimed, "now Ben, I guess I'd better leave the two of you alone!"

"Thanks a lot, Miss Lloyd!" Ben chuckled.

"No problem! Enjoy yourself!" said Mara cheerfully as she left. "And you too, Karen!"

"Working late today, Ben?" Dr Jackson asked the janitor when he ran into him on his way out.

"Yeah," Ben answered, "still got some dirty work to finish."

"Well then, see you tomorrow," said the principal as he left the building. Seeing that he had left, Ben opened the door of the store room.

Waiting inside was Karen, completely naked, on her knees in front of a desk. With her hands tied behind her back, she was gagged by her own g-string. A string was tied to each of her nipple, and the other end was tied to the handle of the lowest drawer of the desk, thus keeping her on her knees.

"C'mon, Miss Johnson--I mean, slut, it's party time!" Ben chuckled as he untied the strings and began leading Karen out of the room by pulling the strings. "Hmmm!" Karen cried out in panic under the gag, fearing that someone might see her like this. "C'mon! Bitch!" Ben scolded as he tucked the strings impatiently, pulling on her nipples. Karen whimpered in pain and with her face blushing with shame, followed him out of the room.

Ben led Karen down the corridor, walking ahead of her, keeping the strings taut. "I think you have been sitting for too long, Miss Johnson," he teased the teacher as he saw that she was gasping with the pain on her breasts. "Let's take a walk so that you can stretch your legs!" he chuckled.

He led her to the other end of the corridor and back to the store room, then he made her kneel down in front of the open door, and laid a chair down between her and the door. Tying the two strings together, he hung them on the door knob. As Karen was on her knees, her breasts were pulled upwards into a cone shape, while the chair stopped her from moving closer to the door. Karen couldn't help but moaned under her gag in pain.

"You like that, don't you, slut?" Ben chuckled. "Well, there's more to come!"

He found a thin, long, wooden rod and returned to where she was kneeling. Karen looked up at him and the rod in his hands with eyes filled

with fear. Ben thought his cock was going to burst out of his pants as he looked at Karen. Totally defenseless, trembling as she strained to keep her body up so that her tits wouldn't be pulled so hard, gasping and wincing with pain, with a thin layer of sweat on the fair skin of her body. He couldn't hold back any longer.

He raised the rod and swish! brought it down across Karen's back.

"HmMMM!" Karen winced and cried out under her gag. "HmMMM! HmMMM!" She moaned and writhed wildly as much as the strings would allow under Ben's blows. Soon her back and her arms were all covered with red stripes.

"Lovely..." Ben murmured as he stroke her trembling ass and Swish! Karen jumped as she felt the rod hit her across her ass.

"HmMMM!" she screamed as blow after blow landed on her ass, then her thighs, and soon they were all criss-crossed with red welts.

"Now the interesting part..." Ben grinned as he stepped forward and stood next to the trembling teacher. Seeing that he was staring at her breasts, Karen twisted her head fanatically. "Now take this, slut!" said Ben as he brought the rod down on her delicate breasts, drawing a red welt across the white globes.

When the rod hit her, Karen jerked back in pain, only to pull cruelly on her own nipples. She moaned and bent forward again, just in time to meet Ben's second blow. "HmM!" She screamed in agony as Ben hit her again and again, until there were more than ten red welts across her breasts. Tears went down her cheeks, and when Ben dropped down the rod, she was already

exhausted from crying out for so long.

Dropping time the rod, Ben immediately unzipped and pulled out his cock. He knelt down behind Karen and entered her with one deep thrust, causing a groan from her. Ben chuckled as he realized how wet Karen was, and reaching in front to grab her breasts, he began fucking her in long hard strokes. Karen could not help but began moaning under her gag. Sensing that her body was also trembling with excitement, he squeezed her breasts even harder and increased his tempo, until her body was taken by a series of spasms. At this he couldn't hold back any more and began pump his cum into her hot, wet pussy.

Karen let out a sigh of relief as Ben finally untied the strings from the door knob. "This is real good slut," Ben said, smiling contentedly, still holding the strings in his hand. "Next time, I'll get some real toys." When Karen looked at him in horror, he gave her a tug on the strings. "Have you forgotten? You're my fuck toy now! And you'll come to me whenever I want! Is that clear?"

Karen nodded, whimpering.

Chapter VIII

Karen went to school with a feeling of apprehension. After the episodes with Jeff and Ben, she felt totally vulnerable. She was no longer sure how many people in the school knew her secret and felt as if anyone could come and take advantage of her any minute. Perhaps Ben would give her to someone else, just like what Mara did. And Mara, God knows what

she's going to do next. And there're also Steve and Mark...

Biting her lower lip, she tried to maintain her composure and not to look around as she walked along the corridor to the classroom. Still, she could feel the guys' gaze on her body, and her face was blushing. When she heard some girls giggling as she walked past, she wondered if they were laughing at her. A weakness swept her over and she felt her nipples getting hard. She told herself that it's because they're rubbing against her shirt rather than her feeling of humiliation, but the words of Mara kept springing up in her mind. She's a slut! She gets turned on being watched and humiliated!

Finally, she came to the classroom. Much to her relief, the teaching seemed to go on fine, given what she had been through already. The boys had their usual grin when they saw her short skirt and shirt, but nothing more. Only that Jeff was smiling at her knowingly, as well as Amy's change of attitude reminded her of what happened. After the incident, Amy had changed from the rebellious girl that she was to a quiet, cooperative student whenever she's in Karen's class. Dr Jackson even praised Karen once for this. If only he knew what we've been through together, Karen thought and sighed.

Given the wicked grin on Jeff's face, Karen was not really surprised to find a note in the homework that he handed in. "I want you to drop this and bend over to pick it up." That little prick! Karen thought.

Resigned, she pretended to drop the whole stack of homework accidentally, and then bent over to pick them up. She knew that some of the welts on the top of her thighs and her ass from Ben's whipping were still faintly visible, and she wondered how many of the students had noticed that. Her legs were trembling as she picked up the pieces of

paper, and when she turned around she saw the wide grin on Jeff's face. I hope you're happy now, you scumbag, she thought.

Amy caught up with her in the corridor after class. "Are you okay, Miss Johnson?" the teen asked meekly.

"I don't know, yeah, I guess," Karen answered, trying in vain to hold back her tears. "Oh, I don't know," she said as tears began to flow.

"Hush, come here," said Amy as she led Karen to an empty classroom. Closing the door behind them, she held the sobbing teacher in her arms.

When Karen finally stopped sobbing, Amy said meekly, "I'm sorry, but Mark Simpson wants to see us in his office."

Mark admired the faint marks on Karen's naked body as she recounted her further adventures. He grinned as he noticed the moisture on Karen's shaven pussy lips. The woman is getting turned on telling her own humiliation! In fact, listening to Karen's tale gave him a kind of voyeuristic pleasure and he was getting incredibly turned on too. When Karen finished, he immediately had her undress Amy and fuck her with a strap-on while he first whipped her with his belt and then fucked her in the ass. Whether it was because of the threat or excitement from the whipping, Karen fucked Amy in real earnest, and she moaned and squirmed wildly as Mark ass-fucked her.

When Karen licked his cock clean, he had an idea. He and Steve had only had Amy to themselves and had never tried to humiliate her publicly, fearing that they'd get caught. When they blackmailed Karen into dressing more provocatively and made her bend over to show off her ass, their intention was mainly to discredit Karen in order to protect themselves. Now, after the strange development of events, they found this to be much more

interesting than they had thought. And Karen, on her part, seemed totally powerless over all these things, and was even gradually submitting herself to them....

"Listen, slut," he said, "I want you to meet me in the locker room tomorrow after school."

"Y-yes, sir." Karen answered meekly.

Karen could hardly concentrate on her teaching the following day. When school was finally over, she went immediately to the locker room, and found Mark there, waiting for her with a bag in his hands.

"Hi, slut," Mark greeted her cheerfully.

"H-hi, sir," Karen answered almost automatically, wondering what kind of humiliation was in store for her.

"Here," said Mark as he took out a cheerleader's uniform from the bag, "change into this."

"Wh-"

"I said change into this, slut!" With trembling hands, Karen undressed.

"Off with that G-string too."

The uniform was too small and it hugged tightly to Karen's body, and her rock-hard nipples were clearly visible. When she was done, Mark took out a pair of handcuffs and a ball gag. Karen, with her head lowered in

shame, did not offer any resistance as Mark gagged her and tied her hands behind her back. Next, he took out a leather collar with a leash and put it on her.

"Did you know that our basketball team just won an important game yesterday? They're in the semi-final of the tournament now. I promised them a reward before the game, and it's time I-"

"Mmmmm!" Karen protested in panic and struggled madly at her bonds, but Mark grabbed her arm and squeezed her breasts cruelly, causing her to wince and stop struggling.

"Listen, slut!" he said, "You can do this or I can have Amy in your place! Is that what you want?"

Reluctant as Karen was, she couldn't make her student take her place. Closing her eyes, she shook her head.

"So will you do this or what?" Mark asked again, and with tears in her eyes, Karen nodded. "Good," Mark chuckled. "Now wait here while I go get your young stallions..." he said as he made Karen kneel down on the floor and tied the leash to a bench.

While Karen was waiting, she couldn't help noticing how hard her nipples were, and her pussy was getting wetter and wetter. Finally, she heard Mark's voice and the voices of some young men approaching.

"Hey coach, what's the deal? You said there'd be a---" the first student just stood at the entrance to the locker room with his mouth wide open when he saw Karen kneeling on the floor with hands cuffed behind her back, her head lowered in shame, and with her chin wet with drool.

"C'mon, guys," said Mark as he pushed the stunned young man forward and ushered the others into the room.

"Holy shit!" Another guy exclaimed.

"Like I said," Mark said as he went over to Karen, unattached her leash and helped her up, "you guys have done very well at the same and all deserve a reward. And Ms Johnson here has kindly agreed to help me, 'cos there's nothing she likes more than healthy and energetic young men,"

"B-but what's with the gag and handcuffs?" a student asked.

"That's how she likes it. Right Ms Johnson?" Mark asked teasingly as he grabbed her arm and squeezed it menacingly.

Blushing, with her eyes closed, Karen nodded.

"C'mon guys, take your prize, and make your teacher happy!" Said Mark as he pushed Karen forward to the students. Seeing that they were still hesitating, he lifted Karen's top to reveal her full, firm breasts and rock-hard nipples, causing her to moan in dismay.

The students gasped at the sight. Their gorgeous teacher standing in front of them with her hands tied and her breasts exposed, offering herself to them! Finally, swallowing hard, one of them reached out and cupped Karen's left breast. Karen closed her eyes and whimpered. Seeing that she didn't try to resist, the guy reached out and grabbed her other breast. Encouraged by this, the other guys on the team gathered around the younger teacher and soon their hands were all over her body.

"Hey, she's all wet!" A guy exclaimed as he felt between her legs.

Karen moaned in shame as he lifted her skirt to let everyone see her glistening pussy, but despite herself her body was already trembling with excitement. The students lifted her up and laid her on the bench, and some of them began undressing. The cheerleader uniform was first pushed up, then torn off completely. With her hands tied behind her back, Karen was completely defenseless as the students explored her body. One guy thrust two fingers into her pussy and began finger-fucking her, while another shoved his middle finger all the way up her tight ass.

"Mmmm!" Karen moaned and squirmed. The student who was fingering her pulled out and wiped his fingers on her breasts as his teammates cheered. Spreading her legs wide, he positioned himself at the entrance of her hot, wet pussy.

"Now, Miss Johnson, this comes first!" he said as he entered her with one deep thrust. As the first student fucked her, another guy slowly eased his cock up her ass and the two began fucking her together. A third guy straddled Karen's stomach and positioned his cock between her breasts, which he then pressed together as he thrust his cock back and forth. Karen could hardly believe that this was actually happening. She was tied, gagged and being fucked by three students at once!

"Oh, oh, ah!" she moaned loudly as a student removed her gag, but her moans were soon muffled again when he grabbed her head and filled her mouth with his cock....

It was more than two hours later when the students finally left, all satisfied. Mark had promised them that they would be "rewarded" again if they win the next game. Although he had already fucked her twice (with the students cheering), Mark felt himself getting hard again as he looked at Karen. The young teacher was lying with her legs wide-spread on the bench, panting, exhausted, with cum all over her

face, her breasts and also leaking out of her cunt and her asshole. Her body was covered with sweat, and there were bruises all over her breasts and her thighs.

"Had a good time, slut?" he said as he grabbed her thighs and prepared to enter her.

"Pl...please," Karen pleaded feebly, "not again..."

"Alright," Mark chuckled and went to stand next to her cum-covered face, "I'll let you off if you give me a nice blowjob."

Obediently, Karen turned towards him and opened her mouth.

"Ah, Miss Johnson, I've been looking for you all morning!" Ben said loudly when he met Karen in the corridor after lunch break the next day.

"Y-yes, Ben?" Karen asked nervously.

"Could you come with me please? There's something that I need your help with."

"B-But Ben---" Karen stammered, trying to think of a reason to refuse.

"Could you please give me a hand, Miss Johnson? Or should I go and ask Dr Jackson?"

"Oh, no, no," Karen pleaded nervously, "okay, I'll go with you."

"Listen, slut!" Closing the door behind them, Ben said menacingly

as he grabbed Karen's nipple through her shirt and pinched it cruelly. "Next time, when I ask you nicely to come along, you come along! Is that clear?"

"Ouch, yes, yes, ouch!" Karen gasped as Ben reached under her skirt, pushed her g-string down and began rubbing her slit. He ordered her to hold her skirt up and when she did so, he opened his locker and took out two Ben Wa balls. Karen looked at them in horror. Although she had never seen them before, she could easily guess what they were for.

"Hold still, slut!" Ben ordered as he slowly inserted the two balls into Karen's pussy, leaving only the two tags dangling outside. Karen endured submissively, thinking that he was going to toy with her in that way.

It was only when Ben began to pull her g-string up that she realized what he was really up to.

"No, please!" She pleaded in horror. "Please! Take them out!"

"Shut up, slut!" Ben scolded as he gave her a hard spank on her ass. "You're my fucktoy and you'll do whatever I say! Keep them inside that slutty cunt of yours, and come back to meet me here after school! Is that clear?"

"Y...yes," Karen answered, defeated.

"Good," said Ben, laughing cruelly. "This will surely warm you up for what I've got in store for you. Now go back to your class, Miss Johnson!"

Chapter IX

For the whole afternoon Karen could barely keep herself focused on her teaching. The two balls had kept her in a constant state of arousal, even though she tried to make as little movement as possible. And when she did have to move around in the classroom, the two balls sent bolts of excitement through her body. A couple of times she almost fell down onto her knees, and had to steady herself by holding on to a desk or a shelf. She even tried to speak louder than usual, fearing that her students would somehow hear the noise made by the two balls, but from time to time, her voice would get weak and tremble.

"Are you okay, Miss Johnson?" a student asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Karen answered defensively. "I just have to sit down for a while," she said, taking the opportunity to sit down behind the desk.

It was only after she had sat down with her legs crossed that she realized how wet she was. Her g-string was already soaked with her juices, and now she must have wetted the back of her skirt as well. The skirt was dark blue, so hopefully it wouldn't be too noticeable. While her mind raced in panic, her body only became even more aroused. Uncontrollably, she squeezed her legs together, and her breath quickened. She looked at the clock. Three minutes to go! Oh God, she thought, I have to wait for the students to go first. With a shaking voice she continued to teach, until the bell rang at last.

"Alright, goodbye everyone, see you tomorrow!" She tried to speak in a cheerful voice as much as possible, praying silently that the students could pack their stuff faster. While she pretended to be busy tidying up her desk, she was already squeezing her legs again impatiently. Please, just go!

She shouted in her mind as she watched the last student pack his stuff, her face blushing with excitement.

"Goodbye, Miss Johnson!"

"Oh...goodbye, Mike!" Just fucking leave! She screamed in her mind. As soon as the door of the classroom closed behind the boy, Karen couldn't help but reached down and pressed her clit while she squeezed her legs together as hard as she could, bringing herself to a powerful orgasm.

"Ooooooh!" She let out a moaned and collapsed on her desk, gasping.

After she had finally gathered enough strength to get up, Karen tidied up her clothes and found out that now even the front of her skirt was wet. She had to clean herself up in the toilet. Covering the front of her skirt with a textbook, she sheepishly slipped out of the classroom.

"Ah, Miss Johnson, there you are," Karen almost jumped when she heard the voice of Laura, the principal's secretary, behind her back.

"Oh, h--hi, Laura,"

"Hi, Miss Johnson, Dr Jackson is looking for you." Laura was a strong and serious-looking woman in her late-thirties who always addressed teachers by their surnames, and Karen had always found her friendly but too serious and old-fashioned.

"Wh-what is it all about?" Karen asked nervously.

"I think Dr Jackson would like to speak to you about your performance. You have been teaching here for what, three months now right?"

"C-Can it wait? I mean, can I go and see him in a couple of minutes?
I just have to go---"

"Don't worry, dear," the secretary interrupted her, "from what I've heard, Dr Jackson has nothing but nice things to say about you. He'll be busy later and it'll take just a minute. C'mon..." Grabbing her by her arm, Laura was almost dragging the reluctant teacher along to the principal's office.

'Oh God,' Karen thought to herself, just make it quick! And then I'll have to go and see Ben....

"Ah, Miss Johnson! It's really nice to see you," said Dr Jackson warmly as he shook her hand, "please, have a seat."

Karen felt slightly more relaxed as she was partially hidden behind Dr Jackson's large desk. The run with Laura had got her juices flowing again. Now all she wanted was for this conversation to be over so that she could go to meet Ben, even though it would mean more whipping and abusing. I don't care, she thought, just let me come, and take those damn balls out.

"Now, Miss Johnson," Dr Jackson's voice brought her back to reality, "like I said before, you've created some amazing changes in Amy, and in general your students all enjoy your classes. In fact, I was told that they're particularly attentive in your classes."

"O-oh really? I-I'm glad to hear that," Karen answered, hoping that the principal would never find out the reason why her students were so attentive.

"I understand that you have a very special method to maintain the attention of your students and to encourage them," Dr Jackson continued, still smiling warmly.

"Ex-excuse me?" Karen asked, the shock had almost made her forget about the sensation between her legs.

"I know, Miss Johnson, I know," said Dr Jackson, "I know what's been going on between you and Amy, and I also know how you've helped Mara Lloyd with her Spanish class, or how you help Mark Simpson with the basketball team. And I guess I must thank you for your contribution to our school," he said with a wide grin.

"Oh God!" Karen exclaimed. "Please, Dr Jackson, let me explain..."

"No, you don't have to explain. I know everything. I've seen them," said Dr Jackson as he took some videotapes out of a drawer in his desk. "You see, I have installed closed-circuit cameras in various places in this school. This is a little hobby of mine."

"You could never guess what the teenagers these days can be up to, and I have to say that I'm really impressed sometimes. And then I saw Mark and Steve's--how should I call it? Alright, remedial class with Amy. Much as I would like to join in, a condition of mine made it impossible for me to perform what I would very much like to do. Which is a great regret for both me and Laura, whom I dearly love."

Too shock to say anything, Karen just sat in the chair as Dr Jackson went on. "And then you came along," he said as he eyed her body lustfully. "With the cameras in the storerooms, the locker room and the lab, I've been watching your adventure from the beginning. And although

I can't see what has happened in the classrooms and outside the school, it was already quite enough for me. And I think I have to thank you, because there must be something special in you that makes me feel...alive again. Look," smiling contentedly, Dr Jackson stood up.

Following his gaze, Karen saw his raging hard-on, threatening to burst out of his pants. "Since you are the person who has restored its power for me," said Dr Jackson as he approached her, "I think it's very appropriate that you should be more involved with it, right? Otherwise, you know how I can destroy your career as a teacher. You have got no proof for your side of the story, whereas we will all support each other's version..."

"Oh, no, oh, no!" Karen felt like the world was falling apart. A pair of strong hands grabbed her shoulders from behind, and she was pulled backwards together with the chair.

"Let us look at you baby," Laura cooed.

"Look, Simon! She's already wet!" She exclaimed as she saw the wet spot on Karen's skirt. "No!" Karen protested as Laura grabbed her arms and held them together behind the back of the chair. She closed her eyes and blushed in shame as Dr Jackson came over and lifted her skirt.

"Yes! Look at her, she's all wet!"

"No! Please! Let me go!" Karen struggled frantically, knowing very well what he would discover next. Laura held her tightly and, fending off her kicks, Dr Jackson slipped her skirt off together with the g-string. He paused when he saw the tags of the ben wa balls, and then he burst out laughing.

"Look Simon!" said Laura laughing. "Didn't I tell you? she's a real slut!"

"No!" Karen protested, sobbing. "It was Ben! He put them inside me!"

"So this is what you and Ben were doing during lunch time. I should have installed a camera in his room too. But you certainly did enjoy, didn't you, slut?"

Dr Jackson grabbed the tags and steadily pulled the ben wa balls out, drawing a loud moan from Karen. She moaned even louder when he replaced the balls with his two fingers and began finger-fucking her. "You like that don't you, slut? You want to come, don't you?" he asked.

"Oh, oh," Karen moaned and wriggled in her chair. Sensing that her struggles had subsided, Laura let go of her arms and ripped her shirt off and then used it to tie her hands behind the back of the chair.

"Tell him, slut!" she said as she grabbed Karen's rock-hard nipples and twisted them. "Beg him to let you come!"

"P-please," said Karen, gasping, "let me c-come..."

"Call him master!" Laura ordered, "tell him you want to be his slave!"

Under both the pain and pleasure, Karen succumbed. "Please..." she pleaded, "please m-master I-I want to be your sl-slave! Please! Let me come! Oh! AH!" She cried out loudly as Dr Jackson jammed his fingers deep into her

pussy, and her whole body squirmed and wriggled as she came violently.

"Should we take her to your place now?" Laura asked Dr Jackson as Karen slumped on the chair, panting. "Not yet," he answered. "I can't wait, let's have some fun here first." He then took out a ball gag and gagged Karen with it.

"Now Karen," he said, "as your master, I have a little gift for you, which is also to thank you for what you've done for this school." He said, chuckling. With these words he produced a little velvet case. When he opened it, Karen could see two gold rings inside.

Puzzled at first, she soon realized what they're for when Laura began caressing her nipples. "Hmmm!" She struggled and screamed under her gag.

"Simon," said Laura, "I think she needs more encouragement. Can I?"

"Sure," said Dr Jackson as he took out a whip and handed it to Laura,

"I know you've always wanted to try this."

Karen looked at Laura and shook her head wildly. "Stop that, slut! And take this!" said Laura as she brought the whip heavily down on Karen's breasts, just above the nipples.

"Hmmm! Hmmm!" Karen winced and screamed in pain as Laura whipped her breasts again and again, until finally she couldn't scream anymore.

"Now, will you accept the gift of your master?"

With her eyes filled with tears, Karen nodded.

"Great! Let's get to work!" said Dr Jackson cheerfully.

As Karen watched in horror, he took a long needle and, pulling out her nipple, slowly pushed it through, drawing a tiny drop of blood. Karen closed her eyes and moaned in agony as her nipple was pierced. Pulling the needle out, Dr Jackson immediately attached a ring to her nipple. Karen was shaking when he finished with the other nipple, her eyes wet with tears.

"Oh, oh," Karen whined when her gag was removed.

"C'mon, slut, thank you master!" Laura ordered, "or I'll whip you again! I just love to whip those tits and watch them bounce!"

"Oh, no, please!" Karen pleaded, "I can't take any more!"

"Then thank him!"

"Oh, yes, yes...." blushing with shame and with her head lowered, Karen said meekly. "Th-thank you, m-master."

"Good!" Simon Jackson chuckled. "Now I can't wait to fuck that hot, slutty cunt of yours!" Together with Laura he lifted Karen off the chair and laid her on his desk. Spreading her legs, he entered her in one deep thrust. Grabbing her breasts, he began fucking her, and immediately Karen began moaning.

Laura began undressing as she watched the them. Then she climbed on the desk and straddled Karen's face. "C'mon, slut, lick!"

When Karen began licking obediently, she grabbed Karen's head and began grinding her pussy against Karen's face. "Yes, lick it! Yes!" she panted, "now I just can't wait to take you to our place!"

This was the last installment that I could lay my hands on. There might be additional parts.

Chapter X.

Karen moaned loudly as she fucked Laura with a strap-on dildo eagerly, partly because of her own impending orgasm, partly due to the encouragement of Dr Jackson's whip on her ass, which was by now all red and burning.

The evening at Dr Jackson's place began with Karen being ordered to fuck herself with a vibrator while he and Laura watched. Then she was made to put on the strap-on and fuck Laura with it. When Laura complained that Karen was moving too slowly, Dr Jackson assisted by whipping her ass, until both women's moans signaled their climax. After that, Laura wanted to try out all the whips and other toys that they had bought on Karen, but Dr Jackson stopped her. "Don't worry dear, tomorrow is Friday. We've got plenty of time."

"Hey, Simon," said Laura as they lay resting, "why don't we invite Mark and Steve to join us tomorrow? I'm sure our pet here would like to have a big party!" "Sure!" Dr Jackson chuckled, "and we can ask them to bring Amy along too!" "Amy? Good idea! How about Mara and Ben? You would want them to come too, wouldn't you, slut?" she asked Karen, stroking

her hair. "Perhaps not," Dr Jackson interrupted. "They have been very creative so far. I want to watch what they do to her without them knowing it. I like them to surprise us." Karen couldn't help but shuddered at these words.

The next day, knowing that she had a busy night--and perhaps even an entire weekend--ahead, Karen tried to avoid as much trouble as possible, especially from Ben, who would surely have many punishments in store for her for missing their appointment. In the end this turned out not to be too difficult, as she was instructed to "report to the headmaster's office" whenever there's a break, where he would either have her suck him or finger-fuck her. Karen had already come four times before the school day was over, and the rings--or rather the idea that her nipples were now pierced--had kept her nipples erect all the time, which made them very sore as the piercings were still healing. When she was made to play with herself in front of Dr Jackson and Laura, every time her hands touched the nipple-rings, she was reminded of herself as their slave, which made her even more excited. She took the rings between her fingers and gently tucked them, which pleased her audience greatly.

When they first received the principal's invitation, Mark and Steve were shocked that their acts have been discovered. The principal quickly assured them that he would help them to keep everything secret, and they felt more relaxed. And before Dr Jackson asked them, Mark himself offered to bring Amy along.

When Mark, Steve and Amy arrived at Dr Jackson's house, they were greeted warmly at the door by the principal. "Ah, Amy!" said Dr Jackson, "How nice to see you here!" "N-nice to s-see you too sir," Amy replied shyly with her head lowered. "I see that your student is very well-mannered," Dr Jackson said as he turned to Mark and Steve, "well done!" He led his guests into the living room, where Karen and Laura

were waiting. Laura was seated on the couch with Karen kneeling obediently at her feet. Karen was naked except for a pair of black leather cupless bra and a matching collar, with Laura holding the leash in her hand. Some of the marks on her body were still visible.

Amy gasped when she saw the rings on Karen's nipples. "Hello, slut," said Mark chuckling as he sat down. "I must say that you look gorgeous with those rings!" "Th-thank you, sir," Karen replied submissively. "I'm glad you like them, Mark," said Laura. "I think they really go with her. Do you think we should pierce her clit as well? Or maybe a post through her tongue?" "Yeah, that would be nice," said Mark, grinning. "Would you like one too, Amy?" Laura turned to ask the girl, who blushed and gasped at the idea. "C'mon, let me look at you, you're so cute." As Amy went over and stood in front of her obediently, Laura ran her hands all over the girl's body. "What a lovely body..." said Laura as she began undressing Amy. Amy was scared but she stood obediently as Laura undressed her. When she was completely naked, Laura took out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed her hands together in front of her. Then, with the men's help, she attached the cuffs to a chain hanging down from the ceiling, and Amy was soon hanging with her feet almost two feet off the floor, and she gasped as she felt her weight pulling on her arms.

"Lovely..." Laura murmured as she caressed Amy's ass. "I've always wanted to do this," she said as she picked up a whip from the floor. "When I watched you in the video, I always wondered what it'd be like to whip that young and athletic body..." Turning around to Karen, who had been looking at them with concern, she removed her collar. "C'mon, my pet, why don't you go and entertain our guests while I have a little fun with Amy." "Y-yes, mistress," Karen answered as she got up and walked over to Mark and Steve. "Worried about your special student?" Laura teased as she saw the look of concern in Karen's eyes. "Don't worry, my pet, I'll save most of my strength for you," she said, laughing. "No, wait," said Laura. "Let's play a little game. I'll whip

Amy until you've made all three of them come. So if you care about your special student that much, you'd better try real hard."

"No, please--Ah!" Karen cried out as Laura whipped her cruelly across her breasts. "Go and do it! I'll start right now!" With these words she brought the whip down on Amy's ass, drawing a cry from the girl. Still gasping, Karen hurried over to Mark. "Please, sir," she begged, "please fuck me!" "I think you should serve him, slut," Dr Jackson interrupted, "he's a guest here after all." While Laura continued whipping Amy, Karen unzipped Mark and began sucking him. When

he was hard, she climbed on top on him and lowered herself onto his cock, and began grinding her hips up and down. Steve and Dr Jackson came over and stood on each of her sides. While she fucked Mark, Karen took Steve's cock into her mouth and began jerking Dr Jackson off. Laura had by now moved to Amy's front. Hearing Amy's cries, Karen increased her tempo. She could feel her own orgasm coming, and she moaned as Mark reached up to pull at her nipple-rings. Soon, Steve and Dr Jackson came together, with Steve flooding her mouth with cum and Dr Jackson shooting his cum all over her breasts. "Oh, oh," Karen moaned loudly after Steve had pulled out, "please, fuck me! F-fuck me! Oh, oh!" At this Mark couldn't hold back any longer and, grabbing Karen's ass, he thrust all the way up into her and came deep inside her hot pussy.

Laura kept her word and stopped whipping Amy, whose breasts and back were already criss-crossed with red welts. Amy's eyes were filled with tears when they unchained her and brought her over to her teacher who was lying on the floor. "Oh I'm sorry Amy, I'm sorry," Karen whispered as she held the girl in her arms. "Amy, clean your teacher up," Dr Jackson ordered. As they watched, Amy began kissing Karen, licking the cum off her face. Slowly, she licked her way down to Karen's breasts. Karen couldn't help moaning as Amy's tongue flicked on her pierced nipples, and she closed her eyes in pleasure. When Amy reached her pussy, she was already trembling with excitement. She moaned and

held Amy's head gently and spread her legs. Watching their performance gave the three men a hard-on again, and Amy was immediately called to serve them. Dr Jackson lay down on the floor and Amy was made to straddle him, while Steve entered her ass from behind and Mark took her by her mouth, and Laura made Karen lick her while she watch. Not wanting Karen to feel left out, she gave Karen a dildo to fuck herself with, which Karen did eagerly. Afterwards, Karen was made to return the favor to Amy by licking the men's cum off her body.

After Karen had cleaned Amy up, Mark and Steve suggested that they let the girl go home first, but the girl surprised everyone by refusing. "It...it's okay," she said, almost whispering, with her head lowered, and blushing. "My-my parents are away for the weekend. They w-won't know if I'm home or not..." "No!" Karen interrupted her, "Amy! Go home!" "Hey Karen," Steve said chuckling, amazed that some kind of bond had formed between the two. "Your student says she wants to stay. Didn't you hear that?" "No!" Karen pleaded, "please let her go!" "Shut up, slut!" Dr Jackson scolded as he slapped Karen's breasts. "Looks like our pet still needs more discipline," he said to Laura as Karen whimpered and rubbed her breasts. "Yes, definitely," Laura answered, "but let's have dinner first."

Dinner was then prepared and served, with Karen and Amy waiting on the four of them. After their masters and mistress had eaten, the two slaves were told to get down on their hands and knees. Food was given to them in two plates, which they're ordered to lap up. Karen felt humiliated, but at the same she could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter. Next, they were ordered to lick each other face clean.

"Why don't you guys go to the bedroom and wait for us," said Laura when they were done, "we'll catch up with you in just a second." Karen watched as the three man led Amy upstairs in a leash. "Now slut," said Laura as she proceeded to cuff Karen's hands behind her back. "I think you have embarrassed me enough in front of my guests, even though they

already knew what a worthless slut you are." "Pl-ease, mistress, I'm sorry!" Karen's pleading was stopped when Laura gagged her with a ball-gag. Next, she rolled Karen over onto her stomach. She then took out two candles and lit them. Karen's eyes opened wide with horror as she saw this. "Now, take this, slut! This is your punishment for talking back!" said Laura as she let the molten wax dripped onto the fair skin of Karen's back. With her hands cuffed securely behind her back, Karen could do nothing except squirming and moaning under her gag as the hot wax fell onto her back. When her back and her ass were all covered with wax, Laura turned her over. "Hmmm!" Karen cried out in horror under her gag as she saw Laura standing over her, smiling, with the candle in her hand. "Don't worry, my pet," Laura cooed as she caressed Karen breasts, "you'll love this." With these words she tilted the candle and let a first drop of wax fall onto Karen's left breast. "Hmmm!" Karen cried out in pain. As she winced and writhed, Laura's hand wandered above her breasts. She was struggling so much that Laura had to call Dr Jackson for help. Dr Jackson came down and held Karen's legs while Laura carried on.

When Karen's breasts were all covered with wax, Laura moved her way down to her belly. She even aimed a few drops of wax at her shaved pussy, and Karen screamed in agony. When they finally stopped, Karen was totally exhausted. She was trembling lightly, and her body, where it was not covered with wax, was covered with sweat. "Look at her, Simon, isn't she lovely?" said Laura as she ran her hands lovingly along Karen's body. "Let's clean her up, I want her to fuck me." She rolled Karen over again and, picking up a whip, she began whipping Karen's back until the dried wax fell off. When she was finished with the back, they rolled the trembling and whimpering Karen over. Knowing what was to come next, Karen shook her head wildly and whimpered under her gag. But despite her pleading, Laura went on to "clean up" her breasts, her belly and her thighs. Soon the drops of dried wax on Karen's body were replaced by vivid red marks of the whip. "Oh, oh, please stop!" Karen begged when

her gag was finally removed. She felt like her body was on fire, and she moaned and shuddered when Laura took a double-headed dildo and inserted one end into her dripping-wet pussy. Next, Laura took out a small chain of about one foot long and attached its two ends to Karen's nipple rings. Lowering herself onto the other end of the dildo, she held the chain in the middle and began riding Karen. "Fuck me, slut! Fuck me!" Laura moaned as she rode Karen like a pony, tucking the chain from time to time, causing her to cry out loudly. As Laura urged, Karen thrust upwards to meet Laura's thrusts, hoping that Laura would come quicker, thus ending her torment sooner. When Laura finally came, she tugged at the chain so hard that Karen thought her nipples would come off, but despite the pain she also came violently.

After Laura had come, she climbed off Karen and, with her hands still cuffed behind her back and the dildo still in her pussy, Karen was led upstairs by the chain on her nipple-rings. "C'mon, pet," said Laura, "let's see how your student is doing."

Chapter XI.

"Ah, Karen, you came just at the right time," Mark greeted Karen as Laura led her into the room by taking the chain over from Laura. He led her to Amy who was lying on the bed with her hip resting on the edge and her hands tied to the headboard. "Oh, Amy!" Karen gasped as she looked at Amy. The young girl was gagged and, like Karen, her nipples were now ornamented with two gold rings. "Hmmmm..." Amy whined under her gag as she looked at her teacher with tear-filled eyes. "So did you guys have a good time downstairs?" Steve asked, chuckling. "Yeah, we certainly had a great time, right, slut?" said Laura as she came over and uncuffed Karen. "Now," she continued as she lit a candle and handed it to Karen,

"why don't you show Amy what we've been doing downstairs..." "No! Please!" Karen pleaded as she dropped down to her knees and grabbed Laura's hand. "Please don't make me do this! Please!"

"Listen, slut! Either you do it or we'll do it ourselves, and we'll do it twice! We'll clean her up and start all over again! Is that what you want?" "No!" Karen pleaded as tears began to fill her eyes. "What d'you mean 'no'? Do you want me to start now?" "Oh, no! Please! Alright! I'll, I'll do it!" "Now that's my girl! Here, take it!" said Laura as she gave Karen the candle. "Oh, Amy, I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" said Karen as she stood next to Amy, sobbing. Amy was breathing quickly and looking at the candle in her hand in fear. "C'mon, do it!" Laura urged. Sobbing, Karen tilted the candle and let a drop of wax fall onto Amy belly. "Hmm!" Amy moaned under the gag and jumped. "Go on!" as they

urged, Karen continued until there were drops of wax all over Amy's breasts, belly and thighs. Amy was moaning and wriggling in pain all the time. When Karen was finally allowed to stop, she was almost exhausted. "Now, clean her up!" said Dr Jackson as he handed her the whip.

"Remember, if we have to do it we'll do it twice as hard, slut!"

Knowing that it's useless to beg, Karen took the whip and biting her lower lip, whipped Amy lightly across her belly, but none of the dried wax came off. "C'mon, harder!" Steve scolded. Crack! Karen brought the whip down on Amy again, and this time some of the dried wax came off, revealing an area of skin which was now turning red. Amy whimpered as Karen brought the whip down on her again and again, until all of the dried wax came off her body. "Oh, God," Karen whined, "what have I done!" "Excellent!" said Mark as he patted Karen on her ass. "Now let's give your special student a kiss, miss Johnson!" he said chuckling as he pushed Karen forward to Amy.

"Oh, Amy!" Karen whispered to the sobbing teen as she held her face gently in her hands. She kissed the girl's cheek gently, then kissed her mouth through the gag. Slowly, she began kissed her way down

Amy's neck to her breasts, soothing the skin that she had hurt with her lips and tongue. The double-head dildo was still half-buried in her pussy, and her movements while whipping Amy had caused it to rub against her pussy, which was by now dripping wet. Her kisses soon reach Amy's pussy and, after licking it a few times, she was ordered to fuck Amy with the double-head dildo, and she quickly complied.

Easing the dildo in slowly, Karen began fucking Amy in long, gentle strokes. Soon, she could feel Amy trembling lightly under her, and she increased her tempo. "Oh, Amy, oh, oh," she moaned as she fucked Amy harder and harder until the girl signaled her orgasm with her moans and spasms. She continued pumping Amy until she also came with a loud moan.

Karen hugged her student tightly as she tried to catch her breath. She felt ashamed that she had fucked Amy so roughly in the heat of her own passions, and she felt more ashamed when her colleagues all applauded and cheered at her performance. After Karen had licked the dildo clean, the two were finally allowed to rest. They were gagged and laid face to face on the bed, with their hands chained to the headboard so that they couldn't turn. "Sleep tight, girls!" said Laura as she gave Karen a spank on her ass before leaving the room.

When they were left alone in the room, Karen looked at Amy, who was looking at her. After a pause, and, much to Karen's surprise, the girl whimpered and pressed her body against Karen's. Closing her eyes, Amy began rubbing her breasts against Karen's. Karen could feel Amy's rock-hard nipples together with the rings, and her own nipples were also rock hard. Her breath quickened as Amy went on, and she let out a muffled moan as Amy pushed a leg between Karen's legs and began rubbing her thigh against Karen's pussy. Karen shuddered and returned the favor. Soon the two were humping passionately against each other until they both came, locking their legs together, squeezing their thighs wildly. Karen opened her eyes and saw that Amy still had her eyes closed. For a moment she thought she could see a faint smile behind the gag. Then Amy's breath slowed down as she sank into a deep sleep, and Karen, after

watching her for a while, also drifted off to sleep.

Karen was waken up the next day by Laura who came to uncuff her. "Good morning, my pet, did you have a good sleep?" "Y-yes," Karen answered meekly as Laura removed her gag. "C'mon, let's go downstairs quietly. We don't want to disturb your sleeping beauty here do we? Unless you want her to join you." "Oh, no, no," Karen answered in a lowered voice. She followed Laura downstairs to the living room where the three men were waiting, then the chain joining her nipple rings were also removed. "Good morning, slut," Mark greeted her, smiling. "G-good morning, sir," Karen answered submissively. "How're you feeling this morning, slut?" Mark continued as he gently stroke her breasts. "F-fine, sir, th-thank you." Karen answered, knowing that something horrible was coming. "Good," said Mark, "'Cos we have made a plan for you. We were aware that you've missed a meeting with Ben the other day, right?" "Y-yes, sir," "Now that's not very good is it?" "No, sir," "And we'd better make up to Ben before he gets too angry, right?" "Yes, sir," Karen answered with a trembling voice. "As your masters, we have thought of a way that you can make it up to Ben..." As Karen listened in horror, Mark lay out the arrangement. Karen was to go to school and drop Ben a note and ask him to meet her in the storeroom behind the gym, where Dr Jackson had a video camera installed so that they could watch what happened. Karen was to please Ben in every way that he demand, and she had to finish and come back to Dr Jackson's house before three in the afternoon, otherwise Amy would be punished. "Now, doesn't that sound like great fun?" Laura cooed as she grabbed Karen's breasts from behind. Karen closed her eyes and moaned in dismay.

"Dear Ben,

I'm sorry I missed our appointment the other day. I have no excuse and I deserve to be punished. Please come and meet me in the storeroom at the

back of the gym and use me like the slut that I am.
Your slut

Karen"

Ben grinned as he read the note. He wasn't quite happy about having to work on Saturday morning, but now things seemed to be looking much better for him. The problem was that he wasn't expecting anything like this, and he hadn't got the toys that he had for Karen with him. What the hell, he thought, we can try them some other time. After looking through his drawers, he took the bamboo rod, the collar and some metals clips and hurried to the gym.

"So there you are, Miss Johnson," he chuckled as he saw Karen. The young teacher was standing in the middle of the room, gagged, naked except for her g-string and a pair of high heels. Her hands were cuffed together and attached to hook from a chain hanging above her head, keeping her standing straight, and her clothes were folded neatly in a corner of the room. What attracted Ben's attention most was the gold rings on her erect nipples and the word "SLUT" written on her left breast in bright red lipstick (it was Mark's idea).

Karen looked at Ben in shame and fear as he approached. "Mine, mine," he murmured. "Did you do this yourself?" Ben asked. Closing her eyes in shame, Karen nodded as Mark had ordered her to. "And this too?" Ben asked as he took the ring on her left nipple and tucked it gently. Whimpering, Karen nodded. Ben felt like his cock was going to burst out of his pants when he walked behind Karen and saw the words "USE ME" written across her ass. "Holy shit!" he chuckled as he raised the thin bamboo rod, "You're real slut aren't you?" swish! "Aren't you?" swish! "Aren't you!" swish! With each question he brought the rod heavily down onto Karen's ass, which much to his curiosity was already criss-crossed with faint marks. After whipping her for a few times, Ben couldn't wait any longer and unzipped his pants. Got to give that little slut a good

fuck first, and then we'll continue with the rod and other stuff, he thought as he tore Karen's g-string off. Grabbing her thighs, he entered her hot, wet pussy in one deep thrust.

"Hmmmm!" Karen groaned as Ben began pumping her. Ben squeezed her breasts and pinched her pierced nipples roughly. Then, grabbing her breasts, he used them as grips to pull her towards him as he fucked her, drawing muffled cries from her. "Here, take this, slut!" Ben shouted as he began pumping his cum deep into her burning pussy.

"Holy shit, man! What are you doing!" Ben and Karen were waken up from their trance by the voice of a student. Karen opened her eyes in terror and saw a guy from the football team standing at the door. In his heat, Ben had forgotten to lock the door, and their cries had drawn the attention of the entire football team, who were on their way to the changing room.

"It's okay, guys," Ben chuckled, embarrassed, as he quickly pulled out of Karen. "Miss Johnson and I are just having a little fun here, right, Miss Johnson?" "Hey man, look at her tits!" Another student shouted, "They're pierced!" "Yeah," Ben went on, "as you can see, Miss Johnson here is really into, you know, kinky stuff. Right, Karen?" He said, pinching her ass.

Karen couldn't believe this was happening. All she could do was to lower her head in shame. "I ask you a question, slut!" said Ben angrily, spanking her ass hard. Karen jumped at the blow and opened her eyes. "Answer me, slut!" Ben asked as he spank her again and again. Closing her eyes, she nodded. "See?" said Ben, "she got turn on by this!" "Wow! She's certainly a hot bitch, Ben!" "Yeah, now if you guys promise to keep this secret, I'm sure Miss Johnson won't mind you joining in! C'mon!" Mesmerized, the students approached. Karen looked at them in horror. She tucked at her bonds but Ben held her tight. "C'mon!" He urged, "I guarantee you it's okay!" Karen whimpered when the first guys felt between her legs. "God, she's dripping wet!" He exclaimed. Soon hands were all over Karen's body, squeezing her breasts, pulling at

her nipple rings, fingering her pussy and her ass. In their frenzy Ben was pushed aside, and all he could do was to stand in a corner of the room and watch them fuck her, one after another. When the first two students were done, Karen was uncuffed and placed onto her hands and knees. By now she wasn't struggling at all, and when a student grabbed her hip and entered her asshole, as she did was close her eyes and groan. "Oh, oh," she moaned as her gag was removed, but her moans were soon muffled when another guys shoved his cock into her mouth....

Karen couldn't remember how many times she'd been fucked in her mouth, her pussy, her ass, or even between her breasts, and she had also lost count of how many times she had come. When the last guy finally pulled out of her, she collapsed on the floor, exhausted. "Hey," one of the students said, "anyone want another go?" "Let's take a break first," another guy answered, "it's only three, we've got plenty of time. Or maybe we should call our friends!" It's three already! Amy! Karen screamed in her mind. The students laughed as she struggled to get up. "Still haven't got enough, huh?" a guy said as he grabbed her ankle, "okay, let's have another round, Miss Johnson!" Gathering all her strength, Karen kicked him hard in the groin, and as he howled with pain and let go of her, Karen ran out of the gym as fast as she could. There were only a few students outside, and they watched wide-eyed as their teacher ran naked across the school yard towards the main gate. All that was on her mind was that she had to get away from all those guys. She ran out of the school and across the road. As she heard a screeching noise and turned to look, she saw a van coming towards her. She screamed and fell onto the ground, with the van just avoided hitting her.

The driver of the van jumped out and ran to see if she was hit. "Jesus Christ!" He cried out in shock as he saw Karen's naked body with all the bruises and cum stains all over her face, her breasts and her thighs. Karen's memory of the chaotic events that followed--the police investigations and the sensational trial--was all a blur. In the end,

all the staff involved--Dr Jackson, Laura, Mara, Ben, Mark and Steve--were indicted and convicted. However, to avoid an even bigger scandal, the authorities decided not to press charges against any of the students.

Although the school was eventually re-opened, Karen never went back. She was offered therapy, but after a few months she quitted and moved to another state. Her career as a teacher was over, not only because of the publicity of the event, but also because she couldn't bring herself to stand in front of a class again. She took up a job as a library clerk in a quiet, small town. She heard that Amy had moved to another school, but lost contact with her when she moved out of state.

Since then, life had become very quiet for Karen. She worked, went out with her colleagues from time to time, but most of the evenings were spent quietly in her apartment. It was more than a year later when, one evening, she heard her doorbell ring. She went to answer the door and, much to her surprise, found Amy standing outside.

"Amy!" She exclaimed, "what are you doing here?" "I-I've been looking for you..." the girl answered quietly. "Wh-what?" Karen asked, dumbfounded. "I've been looking for you. I-I miss you, Miss Johnson." Amy said shyly, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, poor girl," said Karen as she took the girl in her arms. As Karen held her in her arms, Amy looked up and, holding Karen's head with her hands, kissed her on her lips. Shocked at first, Karen soon found herself returning the kiss passionately, and the tender moments that they had in the ordeal that they went through together sprang up in her mind. When Amy pressed her body against Karen, Karen could tell that she wasn't wearing a bra. She could not only feel the pressure of Amy's erect nipples but also something else. It was her nipple rings.

"You've k--kept them?" Karen asked when they finally broke off their passionate kiss. Blushing, Amy nodded. "M-me too," Karen whispered, blushing herself. "Come on in, my pet," she said tenderly as

she let Amy into her apartment and closed the door behind them.

The end