

# *The Dorm*

**Nadia Saran**



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## Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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# The Dorm

## Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

## The Dorm

moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

## The Dorm

a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!



# Chapter 01: Newbie

## Chapter 01: Newbie

Miss Rodgers;

I get that you are busy and you don't know me. Thanks for agreeing to read this note. I really haven't a clue where else to go. You're kind of famous around campus.

I don't know what Izzy has told you about me. I'm 18, a freshman majoring in elementary education. I'm 5'4" and 108 pounds. I don't have a boyfriend or anything right now. I'm from up by Selma. I'm kind of shy and quiet, but I guess I'd better just say it.

I am so horny that I can't think about anything else. Not even in class. And there's nothing I can do to fix it. I've tried. I can cum unless I'm tied up pretty tight. My ex-boyfriend started that. Ever since he tied me that first time, I have never been able to cum if I wasn't tied.

There is so no way I'm going to let some random guy tie me like that. I just don't know what to do. I'm not, like asking you to have sex with me, but I don't know what to do! Please, will you help me? I will do whatever you want, anything, if you will help me out. I mean, don't hurt me where I can't go to class or anything like that. I don't know, and I really don't care, what you can do. Give me to a guy who can take care of me? I'm not into girls, but I'd let a girl fix this for me. I would so do anything because I'm going insane!

When I came down here, and my old boyfriend went into the Army, I didn't think it would be like this. I mean, I figure there would be something I could do. And I didn't think I would get so horny. I've never been so horny I couldn't think before. Now I don't know what to do! I live in the dorms, and the few closer friends I have aren't going to be interested in helping me out, and they wouldn't know what to do anyway. I'm way too shy to just go out and meet someone for that! I only told Izzy as much as I did because I had no other way to meet you! Please help me.

Sydney

## The Dorm

From time to time, someone will approach one of my friends, or toys, and ask them for an introduction to me. I always tell them the same thing, whomever it is may write me a single note that tells me who they are and why they want to meet me. If they catch my interest, I'll get in touch with them. If not, they won't hear from me, and please, don't forward anymore notes from them. I won't read them.

Izzy didn't even bother to ask me about Sydney. She already knew what I'd tell her. She's known me literally for her entire life, and she knows what I tell everyone. Instead, she just told Sydney that she would forward one note to me. That Sydney should make her case, her plea for a meeting, in her note and hope that she caught my attention.

When Izzy brought me the note it was all folded up like the notes I used to get in middle school. Tightly folded up, as if she desperately didn't want Izzy to read it. Izzy wouldn't have anyway.

Sydney has not caught my attention. I have enough toys in my toolbox now that when I consider meeting a prospective toy, I think about what the toy might be able to add to my toy box. Something that's not already in my toolbox. Obviously, Sydney has discovered that she has some submissive desires in her. She might not realize that's what it is, but it is. It's why she needs to be tied. Tightly bound, she has no control. She's at the mercy of her partner. And now that she's experienced that loss of control, she's not able to climax without being there. Maybe other D/s or BDSM things will equally excite her. Maybe not. But I already have Joey, an 18-year-old toy a few months younger than Sydney, who is very submissive. And Joey is well experienced.

But I also know that Sydney has been kind of a study partner with Izzy. So I hand Izzy the note Sydney wrote to me and ask Izzy straight out if she wants me to help Sydney or if she doesn't care if I do or not. Izzy says she'd never ask me to. My playtoys are, in Izzy's opinion, a private choice. She says, were it something else, she might well ask me to help the girl because she kind of likes Sydney and slightly feels sorry for her. She thinks Sydney is a little too shy for college life, but otherwise a good girl and she's been a help to Izzy.

## Chapter 01: Newbie

I've never been opposed to a "one-off," a little one-time fun with a toy. Whether it's my toy, or someone else's. I do know a couple of guys I could point at Sydney. Guys who would gladly scratch her itch for her and take good care of her as they did it. And I admit, pointing one of them in her direction is my first impulse. Why not? It sounds like all he'd have to do is tell her that I sent him, take her out, and take her to bed. From the "frat guy" perspective, that's about an ideal date. More so since Izzy tells me that Sydney is "cute." Sydney could end up with a "fuck buddy" who was more than willing to tie her up, and I could end up with a good-sized IOU from a guy.

I decide to put that idea on the back burner for a moment. Instead, I decide to see for myself what Sydney is like. What might arouse her and what doesn't? Mostly I'm curious whether it's the bondage that excites her or the subjugation that does it for her. If I'm going to give her to a guy, then I'm going to make sure I give her to a guy who is going to make the best use of her. One who is going to be fully satisfied with her, and will ensure that Sydney gets so much of what arouses her that she can't stop coming back for more. Besides, Sydney doesn't know herself yet. Who knows, maybe there is something we will both discover that fills a niche in my toybox.

I send a note back to Sydney. I swear, I've written versions of the same note so many times by now that I should have a form note. I could just fill in a blank or two and send it on. It points her to my website where there's a form to fill out for those who want to play with me. It's fairly detailed and some of the questions are definitely private. I tell her to fill it out. That way I'll know most of the basics about her and whatever experience she has had.

Then my note makes my usual offer. I'll see her once. She'll belong to me for the session. She won't be free to leave. I can do anything I dream up with her, and she'll have no say in it. And share her with anyone I wish. However, I wish. I make her only two promises. One, she won't be injured. And second, I will keep her secret, as will all of those whom I might share her with. Anything else is fair game. She will truly belong to me. I don't even promise to tie her. Although I definitely

## The Dorm

imply that when I leave, she will be satisfied.

She answers all of the questions that night. Although those that call more than a plain, easy, and direct answer tend to be answered rather modestly. Answers that normally would earn the toy a quick boot. But Sydney has been on her own all of two months now. She's far from the middle-aged toys I usually play with.

I email her back with a message telling her that I will "visit her" within a week. That she might get almost zero notice of when it will be. That it will be at a time that's convenient for me, not her. It will be the only chance she gets. When I'm ready for her, she will submit herself to me then and there, or never. Take it or leave it. She manages to obediently email me back the two-word answer I told her was allowed. "Yes, Ma'am." She accepts my conditions.

Like all girls in the freshman/sophomore dorms, Sydney has a roommate. One she didn't get to pick. The junior/senior dorm has some two-girl rooms as well as some single-girl rooms. But there, students have their choices of available beds and roomies. It doesn't take me much to find out that her roomie is somewhat of a "wild girl." not exactly a party animal, but the kind of girl that, finally out of her parents' house, is going to make the most of it. Not the kind of girl likely to hang around the dorm room.

I get Sydney's answers on a Monday. After that, I only leave her waiting for two days. I'm sure she spends those days very nervously wondering what I am going to do to her. And even more, anxiously waiting for me to do it. I pick Thursday because I have some time available late afternoon when Sydney will be done with her classes. I'm sure she'll be close to her room then. According to Izzy, Sydney is the kind of girl who's always in her room when she doesn't have someplace to be. It's also a time when her roommate isn't likely to be around.

It's 4:00 in the afternoon when I go to Sydney's dorm. I stop downstairs, just outside the building. I've brought Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave girl with me. I almost always bring her with me to play with my toys. I've also brought Paige, my 19-year-old live-in whore. I

## Chapter 01: Newbie

almost never take Paige with me. But I'll be needing her services to deal with Sydney.

I video-call Sydney from the door of her dorm. But before I make the call, I put a little piece of black tape over the lens of the camera on my phone. That way, all Sydney will get is a black screen while I have a good view of her. Luckily for her, Sydney answers my call even though she doesn't recognize the number. I guess she doesn't want to chance missing my call. I greet her by asking if she knows who it is.

"Yes... it's Miss Rodgers, right?"

"Good girl." I sweetly tell her. Then I pointedly ask her where she is. She tells me she's in her room. I tell her to unlock the door of her room, which she does with only a slight hesitation. Then I tell her to stand in the very center of the room with her back to the door. She does. I have her hold the phone up where I can see her, and see that she's standing as I told her to.

"You will stand just as you are until I say otherwise. You will not turn your head. You will definitely not look behind you. No matter what. Period. If you try, I will leave. Just stand still and wait for instructions. Can you manage to do that?"

"Uh... yes, Miss Rodgers..." Sydney lets a good heaping of the nervousness she's suddenly feeling seep into her voice as she tells me that she'll do it.

I watch the screen for a few seconds, seeing that she's in place. Then I hand my phone to Sophie, muting the call as I do. I tell Sophie to watch Sydney closely and make sure she stays put. Especially now that the call is muted. It leaves Sydney nothing but a black screen and silence on her end. But it leaves Sophie a good image of Sydney and the audio.

It only takes us a couple of minutes to walk into the dorm and up to Sydney's room. I don't bother checking in or asking for directions as I should. I walk in as if I'm just another student who lives there. No one thinks to question the group of three girls walking in. All of us could easily live there. And if I did live in the dorms, I would be in this one. We

## The Dorm

don't even pass that many girls on our way up.

I don't knock. I stop at the door. As soon as I have my hand on the knob, Sophie clicks the call off. As Sydney's phone is showing the call lost, she must hear the door opening behind her. I see her jump. I love it, the way that the suddenly surprised tension slams over her body. Somehow she manages not to turn around and look. But she can't stop herself from asking "Miss Rodgers, is that you?"

"Shut up. I didn't say you could speak to me. I said stand still."

"Yes, Miss Rodgers. I'm so sorry, Miss Rodgers!" Sydney blurts out.

I ignore it. I lead Sophie and Paige into the room and shut the door behind us. I quickly point Paige to stand against the wall with her back to the room. Silently Paige obeys. She stands with her nose almost against the wall, staring at the nothingness as she waits for me to use her for something.

I don't tell Sophie anything. I walk up behind Sydney. I already have a blindfold in my back pocket. It's a sash of dense black silk that she won't be able to see so much as a ray of light through. Sydney stiffens up instantly as I put it around her eyes. As I'm tying it, she starts trembling just slightly.

I hold my hand out to Sophie. Sophie has the duty of toting the bag of toys I've brought with me. I use a few quick hand signals to tell Sophie what I want. Sophie quickly digs it out and puts it in my hand. She does it silently, something I've told her to do. I've told her not to make a sound in Sydney's room until I tell her she may. For now, these first few seconds, Sydney doesn't even realize that she's not alone with me. That surprise will come next.

I asked Sophie for a gag. The only one I have in the bag is a ball gag. I don't warn the blinded Sydney that it's coming. I just put one hand to her jaw and pinch the corners of it, forcing her to open her mouth. I hold her jaw wide as I push the rubbery ball between her teeth. As I do, Sydney trembles harder. She cringes, too. But she stands still. I

## Chapter 01: Newbie

start buckling the gag's strap behind her head. "This is what girls get when they speak out of turn. Now you won't speak at all." I finish buckling it.

I grin to myself. Then I snap my fingers. It's my signal to Sophie that she may now speak. "slave, strip this toy naked." I sweetly tell Sophie. It takes Sydney about half of a second to realize that she is the toy I'm talking about. When she does, a sharp tremor runs through her body.

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers in her Southern-accented voice just as that tremor is sweeping over Sydney. That should be enough for Sydney to now realize that I've brought someone else with me.

But if it's not, then she must know it a second later when Sophie's delicate and feminine hands are on her body. I watch as Sydney flinches hard at every little touch. I know it's the first time Sydney has ever felt another woman's sensual touch. Just as I know that Sophie is doing everything in her power to make her touch as soft and tender as possible. Not because Sophie is interested in women, but because she's devoted to me and knows that's what I want.

It seems to be having the desired effect. Sydney was well dressed for the meeting. Sophie has to start by taking a high school jacket off of the petite girl. I'm sure the jacket is just a leftover from last year. Something Sydney wears around the dorm to be comfortable in.

Sophie puts her hands to the top of the jacket, letting her fingers stroke softly along Sydney's shoulders as they open the jacket, then her hands caress down Sydney's arms as she slips the jacket down. Sophie quickly folds it and stacks it in a chair. It still leaves Sydney wearing a pair of red denim jeans that I would never wear and a long-sleeved white sweater-shirt with knee-high boots. It's a fashionable look, just not one I'd wear. It's a very youthful look, and that's not my thing.

Sydney cringes hard as Sophie reaches for the bottom hem of her shirt. Sophie lets her hands slip under the shirt, catching the hemline with only her thumb. Then she moves slowly, inching her hands up to bare Sydney's stomach. Sydney cringes harder with each inch of skin



that's bared.

Sydney is cute, just as Izzy promised me she was. She has a slightly ovalish face with well-rounded and soft features. She has long red hair with a slight brownish-orange tint to it that hangs down onto the tops of her shoulder blades. It's a dyed-red. I can tell. I can see the smallest little dark brown roots. But it goes nicely with her green eyes. Even with the brown-black eyebrows over those pretty eyes. Beneath those eyes is a small nose with full, rounded lines. And a jaw with lines that are equally soft and rounded. But in between, she has a slightly narrow mouth that's framed with some especially full and plump lips that are so pink they're almost red. And that's without any lipstick on.

Sydney is also a rather petite and narrow girl. I could have guessed that from her height and weight. But as the shirt slips over Sydney's head, it becomes visible. Her arms are narrow, almost twig-like, but not the least bit bony. Just narrow. As is the rest of her body. I can see that she has a decently full feminine curve to her waist. And narrow hips. She has a flat stomach with taut, pale white, skin. Skin that's dotted with a handful of prominent, medium brown freckles.

I can only guess why she's so reluctant to have her body exposed. She definitely doesn't have anything to be shy about. But she does have small breasts. Almost any girl her size would unless they were fake (which I so do not like). It's hard to tell how small they are with her bra on. It's black, an unusual choice to go under a white shirt, even one as dense as the one she had on. It has full foam cups that hold their shape regardless of the breasts in them. Breasts that this bra isn't showing even a hint of. But it also has thin straps over her shoulders. And its band quickly tapers to the same narrowness as it flows around her lean sides to fasten behind her back. What I don't see is any boniness. Not even a hint of the outlines of her ribs.

Sophie isn't the least bit concerned with Sydney's modesty, or shyness. Sophie is only concerned with doing as I told her to. Stripping Sydney as quickly, and sweetly, as possible. Sophie's hands quickly find the clasp of the bra behind her back. That's kind of an unusual place for

## Chapter 01: Newbie

it. More often bras in the smaller sizes clasp in the front. But not Sydney's. This bra has too much fabric between her breasts for a clasp.

The straps fall free to Sydney's sides. Sophie's hands send a chill racing through Sydney as they glide along her back up to her shoulders and slip the straps off. The bra falls free. Sydney doesn't have breasts anywhere close enough to ample to hold the bra up. Sophie catches it and takes it away, leaving Sydney's breasts bared before my eyes.

Sydney's mounds are definitely small. I'd guess she's a 32-AA cup. They're so small that they don't even have much rounding to their shape. But they are firm. More like a very gentle swelling on her chest topped with a pair of decently pointy nipples. It doesn't look as if they rise more than an inch or so from her chest, and that's counting the nipples. They look to sit at the sides of her narrow chest, leaving a decent slice of shallow cleavage between them, but that's just from the smallness of the mounds. Her nipples point straight out. Nipples that are proportionally wide. Nipples that have fully rounded tips, but no sides, as they rise, almost pointing, off the gentle mounds. Her nipples are a medium-dark shade of pink. They're surrounded by decidedly average-sized rings of a rather light shade pink. If she had more breast those rings would take up a fair part of it. But as it is, it almost looks like nipples standing out off of her chest with only a slight swelling for mounds.

I assume the smallness of her breasts is why Sydney is so shy about showing herself. As Sophie bares those breasts, I see Sydney's arms hug tightly against her sides as she cringes hard. It screams how reluctant she is to show them. I can only assume that she expected to be nude. Most people are for sex. Especially slaves.

It takes Sophie a minute or so now to get Sydney's boots off of her feet. It lets me see that she has cute lavender socks on under them.

Sophie doesn't bother taking Sydney's belt off. She just unbuckles it and leaves it threaded through the belt loops. Then she starts unzipping those bright red jeans. A second later Sophie's delicate hands are slipping into the waistband of those jeans. Then the snug

## The Dorm

denim is inching down Sydney's hips.

It reveals a pair of very basic gray cotton panties. Something that could be bought at Wal-Mart or any other store in a three-pack. They're moderately cute but far more functional. They're low-cut on her hips, with inch-thick sides. But they fully cover her pubes. And they have no lace trimming them. But that's not what I notice first. The first thing I notice is the so puffy mound of Sydney's pussy poking down between a pair of very lean thighs. It almost strains the cotton of the panties. Enough so that I can easily see the outlines of the edges of her lips and a ridgeline of what must be her inner folds in the wide space between her lips. The cotton hugs her mounds that snugly. It's not thick, but I can't see through it. Not even enough to tell if she's shaven or not. All I can see is the outline of her pussy.

As she stands, now in just her panties, I can see that her legs are lean and narrow, as is the rest of her body. There's a good inch of a gap between the tops of her thighs, which is plenty to have that pussy mound fully exposed. Her knees aren't knobby. Nor are her calves bony. In fact, her legs have an attractive shape to them. Just a very narrow shape. Not quite toothpicks, but close.

And now Sophie's hands are slipping those panties down off Sydney's hips. The first thing it shows me is that her tiny hips are shapely. That they have a modest, but noticeable, curve to them. And that there isn't a trace of boniness to them despite their narrowness. Just a curvy shape.

A few seconds later, Sophie's hands gliding along Sydney's hips, Sophie's fingertips on the cheeks of Sydney's bottom, those panties slip down enough for me to see that Sydney's pubes are shaven. There isn't a trace of hair or even stubble to be seen. She's silky smooth. And then I can see that puffy mound, now fully bared, in the space between her thighs. Surprisingly it doesn't look as puffy as I know it is. It more looks as if her entire pubes swell down and then her mound swells off of them. But I do see those lips. Her lips are silky and long, but narrow. And puffy thick. But it's not the pinkness of her inner folds that fills the

## Chapter 01: Newbie

wide gap between the edges of those lips. It's white flesh as if her pubes flow down into the slit. It's smooth, not wrinkly, as her inner folds would be. It's far puffier than her lips, swelling up into a pronounced ridgeline with it's top even with the outsides of those lips.

In back, Sydney has a very cute, and equally small, bottom. It's well rounded, rising up with a pronounced curve both across her cheeks and vertically. Her cheeks look to be firm, almost hard, and well-toned. At the bottom of those globes, they have a nice rounded edge flowing along and rising up into her crack. Her crack looks to be fairly deep, but narrow. Her cheeks meet fully, but just barely, closing her crack fully. It's a short crack, as it must be with her tiny bottom. But at the top, the roundness of her globes leaves a shallow little V as they curve away. And from behind, I can see the mound of her pussy between her thighs. I can't wait to spank this bottom. I just know Sydney is going to squirm and squeal so... graphically!

Now that Sydney is completely naked, I walk around to stand in front of her. I put the tips of my fingers to one of her nipples, stroking them over her nub very tenderly. Immediately an erotic chill sends Sydney shivering hard. And goosebumps erupting around her nipple. I feel the slight roughness of her nub. It's as hard as steel. But with its rounding, it doesn't rise much off her mound. My fingers stroke down to feel the mound. It's hard as if it's mostly toned chest muscle with only a slight squishiness to it. The mound is too small to really cup it in my hand, so I settle for putting my hand flat over the mound. I feel the hardness of her nipple in my palm as I gently knead the mound.

I use my softest, sweetest voice, lacing it with an unyielding firmness. "I hope you're not expecting a race to the finish line. I intend to take my time and play with my new toy. You will not cum while I play. You will cum only if and when I wish to watch you cum. Until then, you will quickly discover that you are at my mercy. You will want to cum. But you will not be able to. Toys don't decide when they cum. Toys get played with. I own my toys. Now I own you. You will cum only when it pleases me for you to cum."

## The Dorm

My hand slowly inches its way down the taut skin of Sydney's flat stomach. Then just as slowly down the slightly softer flesh of her pubes. Finally, my fingers come to rest atop the mound of Sydney's pussy. I feel the burning heat even through her lips. I leave my hand there, holding her by her pussy, as I put my other hand to her bottom. It's every bit as hard as it looks. I can't resist giving it a gentle squeeze. Then, holding Sydney by her pussy mound and globe, I guide her to step over to the bed I assume is hers. It's the one with the pictures of her and her family around it. It's not made but seldom is any dorm bed made. Teenagers aren't known for their housekeeping. As the backs of her legs brush against the bed, I guide her to sit back onto it.



# Chapter 02: First Tease

## Chapter 02: First Tease

Here's what I know about Sydney's ex-boyfriend. Or should I say her high school boyfriend. I know he was a few months older than she was. According to her, she was his first. Assuming that he didn't lie to her, which I consider to be as likely as not. He used to tie her. Sydney thought he was "good" in bed, but she also has no frame of reference.

That's all she's told me. I don't know what position he tied her in. I'm guessing that it was a pretty basic tying. He doesn't sound like the kind of guy with bucket-loads of experience. Like the kind of guy who would know numerous ways to tie her. I'm guessing it was four-pointed flat on her back. It's like bondage 101. Or "remedial bondage." Maybe he varied it a little, such as tying her hands together, but I doubt his bondage skills exceeded the average goldfish's.

With me holding her shoulders and guiding her, Sydney lies on her back atop her mattress. Like any dorm bed, hers is a single. It's not that much wider than the average girl is. As soon as she's on her back, still blindfolded and gagged, she squirms around to get comfortable, then opens her legs and stretches her hands out to the corners of the headboard. It tells me that she's used to being tied that way. Just as I suspected.

She's in for a surprise today. I have Sophie get the covers off the bed. I don't want them in my way. I'm sure Sydney feels them being taken away, but she doesn't react to it. I put my hands to her wrists. She doesn't react much to that, either. I guess she expects me to touch her there. It would be hard to tie her if I didn't. Besides, it's not a very intimate place to be touched.

I move her hands, putting the flush at her sides. As soon as I start bringing them down, away from the headboard, I feel the tension spring into Sydney's muscles. And I see her forehead scrunch up as if her eyes are going wide in shock under that blindfold. I suspect they are. I put her hands to her hips. I hold them for a second. When I release them, she leaves them where I put them. But she doesn't relax.

I put my hands to her ankles. This time I feel the tension in her legs the instant I touch her. She's stiff, but not resisting. More like she's edgy and nervous. I close her legs, putting her slightly bony ankles



## The Dorm

together.

I put one hand on her thigh and my other hand on her shoulder. Then I roll her over so that she's lying on her stomach. I can feel the tension steadily stiffening up in every muscle of her body, but she still doesn't resist me.

I put my palm flat atop the closer of her globes, tenderly stroking the silky soft skin of Sydney's bottom with my hand. "Good girl..." I coo sweetly. I give her a couple of very gentle pats on her bottom, again feeling its firmness.

I take hold of Sydney's wrists and bring them up behind the small of her back. I don't know what she's been tied with before, but I'd guess it's been "improvisational." As in whatever was handy. Four-pointing doesn't require much. Any number of common items, like ties and bras, will work fine. "Rope, slave." I hold one hand out while using the other to keep Sydney's hands in place.

Sophie quickly puts the longer piece of rope in my hand. It's a fairly rough hemp rope. I lie it across Sydney's back. That lets her feel the rope. And it frees my hands to position hers. I put them with her wrists together, the backs of her hands facing each other. Then I use one end of the rope to wind three coils around both wrists together. Snug coils. I make sure they're not so tight as to cut the blood off, but also that they're tight enough that Sydney doesn't have a prayer of turning her wrists around. Much less of actually freeing one of those wrists. Then I tie the rope off.

I drape the rope along Sydney's spine, bringing it up to her head. Then I bring her hands up. It forces her to flex her elbows. I move them up until the tips of her fingers are wiggling just above the little V-shaped dimple at the top of her crack. Then I loop the rope around her neck. This one isn't as snug of a coil. And it's a single loop, not the three close loops I prefer. I leave that loop loose enough that I can get several fingers between the rope and the back of her neck without the rope cutting into her neck even the slightest. It's still tight enough that there's no chance of it slipping over her head though. I bring the rope

## Chapter 02: First Tease

back down and tie it off to the coils around her wrist with a single loop. That loop between the backs of her arms and around just the coils binding her wrists.

By now Sydney is showing just how nervous she's getting. Her hands are useless to her, and she knows it. Only her fingers wiggle. And those are wiggling rather energetically. But all they're gripping is air. She can pull her hands up a fraction of an inch, but if she tries to lower them the rope around her neck will stop her. It's plenty for me. Her hands will not be going anywhere near those intimate places I'm planning on teasing.

I have Sophie hand me another rope. This one I drape across the tops of Sydney's shoulders. Then I thread each end of the rope along her sides, up under her underarms, and pull it taut. I tie each end of it off to one corner of the headboard.

Sophie hands me two more ropes. I tie three coils of rope around each of Sydney's small ankles, leaving the other end of each rope dangling and stretched toward the corners of the footboard of her bed. Then I use my hands to pull her ankles out, stretching them towards the corners until her legs are taut. I tie the free ends of the rope off.

Sydney is free to squirm around. But she's not going anywhere. Her legs will stay splayed wide. The rope around her shoulders will stop her from scooting down and loosening the tension on her legs. Her hands will lie atop her back uselessly. The rest of her will wiggle. "Have you ever been tied like this?" I ask Sydney teasingly sweet.

Sydney shakes her head vigorously. She squeals out an anxious "no" that sounds like "NN-MMPH!" the gag does a decent job of muting her. I'm hoping she'll appreciate that gag later. I know she wouldn't want to disturb her neighbors. And dorms have such thin walls!

It also has her pussy so openly displayed between her thighs. Now I can really see how narrow those plump lips are. And I have a good view of the ridgeline swelling into her gash. It's long, and it's plain. Just white flesh. It runs about 2/3 of the way down her gash. The last 1/3, just above her tunnel, is filled with her lightly pink folds. Those rise up

## The Dorm

just as prominently into her gash. At the top of those especially wrinkly folds, I can see the hard knot where they flow together. The knot that surrounds her clit. A clit that's already rock hard and peeking it's eager head just above the outsides of the lips beside it. A head that's well rounded. And below that, I can see the edges of her folds gaping just slightly atop her tunnel.

"skanky, get over here," I call out firmly.

"Yes, my Queen!" Paige answers enthusiastically. She hurries over to me. Paige's voice is different from Sophie's. Paige's is deeper, more whisky, and lacks most of the Southern accent Sophie has. It's enough that Sydney should realize that there are two other people in the room with me, not just one. But I'm not sure if she does. She's already showing her nervousness enough that it's hard to tell.

"Tickle, skanky," I say firmly as I point to Sydney's pussy.

"Oh, yes, my Queen!" Paige licks her lips as she answers the command. Paige's body is fairly similar to Sydney's. Both are very narrow and lean girls. Paige is a mere year older than Sydney. They're about the same height and weight. Paige, however, has long, curly, honey-brown hair. And Paige has larger breasts that are squishy but firm and pert.

Paige obediently puts the tip of her finger to the top (now the bottom) of Sydney's gash. Paige's hands have delicate, soft skin. And her touch is just as soft and decidedly feminine. Sydney gasps loudly into her gag at the mere touch. Her hips shudder.

Paige begins by stroking the tip of a single finger along the edges of Sydney's plump lips. It's a slow, erotic, teasing caress to the very edges of those lips. It sends icy hot chills shooting through Sydney. And those have her squirming nicely.

Paige's finger caresses along the edges of Sydney's inner folds next. Then she lets her finger slip into the slit between those folds. But not into Sydney's tunnel. Paige strokes the tip of her finger slowly over Sydney's pinkness, caressing the sides of her lips up to her clit. She

## Chapter 02: First Tease

teases a very slow, and very light, circle over the top of Sydney's clit. That sends a crisp shuddering chill racing through Sydney. A chill that has her crying out sweetly into the gag as her hips snap from side to side.

Paige's fingertip traces a line back down Sydney's pinkness. It starts inching its way into Sydney's tight tunnel. Sydney all but screams a long "MM!" into her gag. Her bottom snaps up a bit, offering Paige's finger easier access to the tunnel. But it can't slide back and ram her pussy onto Paige's finger. The ropes hold her. All Sydney can do is lie there and cry out sweetly as Paige's finger move excruciatingly slowly as it enters Sydney's pussy.

Paige has long, slender fingers. It takes her several seconds to slip her finger slowly into Sydney's pussy. She makes it all the way to the very depths. Then Paige wiggles the tip of her finger, but just once. That sends another snapping squirm through Sydney. Now Paige inches her finger back out of the tunnel just as slowly. All the way back out. Until Sydney moans her frustration into the gag.

Now Paige's finger glistens brightly, almost sparkling, with the thick coat of Sydney's oily honey that clings to it. Paige uses the tip of a fingernail to trace a line along the edge of a fold, moving so slowly. Her nail keeps going, her finger slipping into Sydney's crack. Paige's finger comes to rest atop Sydney's asshole.

Paige uses the tip of her finger to trace a single lap around the rim of Sydney's asshole. Her finger stroke so lightly over the tender flesh at the rim. Her fingernail stroke just as tenderly over the nervy flesh of the dark ring around the muscle.

Sydney screams. But it's a very needy and erotically sweet cry. Her bottom thrashes from side to side with crisp, sharp motions. Those do nothing to interrupt Paige's teasing caress. Paige just lets her hand move along with Sydney's bottom.

With the lap finished, Paige's finger slowly strokes its way back down to the very top of Sydney's slit. Then she starts over, caressing along the edges of Sydney's lips. And so on. It's an endless tease.

## The Dorm

Paige's finger will erotically caress Sydney's pussy, teasing it mercilessly, until I tell Paige to stop. The tease is gentle enough that Sydney doesn't have a prayer of cumming. But she will feel it in all its sensual sweetness. It will push her towards the edge of an orgasm. Just not over the edge. It will leave Sydney feeling every little bit of Paige's attention.

I have Sophie get me a chair and set it up so that I can watch Sydney trash against her ropes and squirm.

It doesn't take long for the show to get entertaining either. Sydney squirms rather energetically. And she squeals loudly. I'm glad for the gag. If she wasn't gagged, her neighbors would definitely hear her. I doubt she's thinking about that, though. Every bit of her body is wiggling hard against those ropes. I especially like the way her shoulder raises up as her body twists. It rises enough to let me see her breast. Only with her body straining so hard, her mound is pulled almost fully flat on her chest. It looks like just the hard nub of her stiff nipple standing off her chest as she waves it in front of me.

I make her endure a good ten minutes of Paige's finger. By then Sydney is lost in it. I know she's close to cumming. Just as I know she can't. Instead, she's stuck there, on the edge of an orgasm, unable to go over the edge. If her hands were free, I'm sure she'd forget that shyness and rub herself. But she can't.

I tell Paige to "lick the slut." Paige grins widely. Then she leans her head over, putting her lips between Sydney's thighs and sticking her tongue out. Her tongue finds Sydney's sopping wet mound. It teases the girl the same way as Paige's finger was. Only now it's Paige's soft tongue teasing its way along Sydney's overly-sensitive pussy. And her asshole.

Sydney squirms even harder now. She fights against those ropes. She goes nowhere. Her bottom thrashes, snapping the ropes hard. Her bottom bucks forcefully up and down, slamming back onto the mattress hard enough to make the springs of the bed creak with each thrust. Paige's head just moves right along with those hips.

## Chapter 02: First Tease

Sydney endures another ten minutes of that tease. By the end of it, there's a good-sized wet spot under Sydney's pubes. A little puddle soaking into the mattress. And Sydney is still crying out moans as loudly as she can. Moans that the gag can only half mute.

I tell Paige to "tongue its butt." Paige immediately uses her hands to push Sydney's cheeks wide apart, fully baring her asshole. It's the first view I've gotten of the tiny ring. Sydney's asshole is a light pink-purple. It's shaped like a little funnel lined with wrinkles. A deep funnel that gradually tapers into that pinpoint of darkness. That's unfortunate for Sydney. It leaves a lot of her ring accessible to Paige.

Paige takes full advantage of it. She puts her lips to Sydney's bottom, closely surrounding the tensed ring of Sydney's asshole. Paige sucks very softly. She puts her tongue into the funnel, letting it lie softly against the virgin flesh. It's a place Sydney never imagined being teased. Paige lets her tongue slowly caress its way around the inside of the rim of Sydney's tight ring.

Sydney's head snaps back, lifting her face up from the pillow. She screams out a loud, desperate, and passionate moan. Her bottom snaps up, bucking against Paige's lips. Then it slams back onto the mattress. It crashes into the mattress with all the power of every last muscle in Sydney's body. As she slams into the bed, the bed protests with a loud, splitting crack. Then Sydney's hips are flying back up against Paige's tongue.

At first, I think that Sydney slammed against the bed so hard that she cracked one of the wood slats under it. But I don't see anything hanging down as if it's broken. As she slams back down again, the bed cracks again. This time I see it. It's not breaking. Not yet anyway. But it is moving. She's bucking against it that hard. Each thrust of her hips has the bed scooting a fraction of an inch off the wall.

Sydney's red hair flies wildly as her head thrashes around. Her hands have clenched into tight fists, and now they squeeze even tighter. Still bound with the backs of her hands against each other, her fists move as one as they pound against the small of her back. Her toes curl

## The Dorm

and clench tightly, too. I can see the muscles in her legs as they tense, pulling against the ropes and straining.

I decide Sydney is actually enjoying it. If nothing else, by now she definitely feels that she's utterly at my mercy. That, just as I told her, she will only cum when I wish for her to. That she's truly under my control. Not hers. I decide that Sydney wants to enjoy a few more minutes of the sensation. After all, it's the first time those nerves in her asshole have ever been teased. She must want to really explore the sensation.

It goes on for four minutes of the ten I'd planned to make her suffer this.

The door of the dorm room almost flies open. It doesn't look like Sydney even notices it. Nor does it look like she notices the woman calling out "there had better not be a boy in here!" as the door opens. If Sydney does hear it, she doesn't react to it. She goes right on moaning and thrashing away.

"No, just us girls," I answer with a tease in my voice as I turn to the door and see the RA standing there. I don't know her. I know she's a senior, or a grad student, as all of the advisors are. And I know that there's no rule against sex in the dorms. But there is a rule against having boys in the girls' dorm. Luckily I didn't bring any boys.





# Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

## Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

I don't know this RA. I can guess that she's somewhere in her early 20s. She's around 5'5", and fairly lean. Maybe 125 or so. Definitely no more. I can see that she's wearing a long-sleeved white t-shirt with snug-fitting jeans and sneakers. That's fairly standard attire for around campus.

I can see that she's openly gawking at the still energetically thrashing form of Sydney tied to her bed. Her eyes are wide in surprise. "Syd... Sydney?" she mutters under her breath. There's something about the way she says it that tells me her surprise isn't at what she's seeing. She's only surprised that it's the timid Sydney that's doing it.

I wave for Sophie to close the door. Sydney is still moaning rather loudly and I don't want to attract an audience. One unplanned interruption is plenty. "Who are you? And what are you doing in here? I didn't invite you." I firmly demand of the RA.

She stands mute for a second. "Oh, my G-d! You're Pepper, aren't you?" she blurts out with a sudden nervousness in her voice. "I'm Dawn Larkin, Ma'am. I'm the RA. I'm sorry, Ma'am... I heard noise..."

It is such an interesting answer. So polite, at least once she recognized me. I wonder how she recognized me. I know a number of stories have made their way around campus, but that's just by name. I wonder if we might have a few friends in common or something. More so, I wonder why she felt the need to be so polite to me.

"Shut up." I snap without raising my voice to her. She stops babbling immediately and just stands there. I snap my fingers and point to the other chair. "Sit." Dawn simply sits in the chair, crossing her legs as she does. Now I know. Dawn has had at least some training. She's far too obedient to have not.

"Do I know you?"

"No, Ma'am."

"But you know me?"

"No, Ma'am, but I have heard of you, Ma'am."

## The Dorm

Dawn is trying hard to focus on me and give me all of her attention. As she should. But I can see that her eyes keep darting to the thrashing form of Sydney. Only for a fraction of a second. But those fractions are quickly adding up. "Haven't you ever seen a whore eat an asshole before?"

"No, Ma'am." Dawn blushes slightly as she answers.

I put my hands to Dawn's head and turn it so that she's staring right at Sydney's squirming bottom. "Go on, then, get a good look." I hold her head still for several seconds. "There, now you've seen a whore eat an asshole." I roughly turn her head back so that she's looking at me again. "Is there some reason you so rudely interrupted Sydney's teasing? Now the poor little girl is going to have to start all over again!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am... I was just trying to do my job, Ma'am. It sounded like... there was a boy in here, Ma'am."

"And why would you think there was a boy in here?"

"I... uh... heard sounds, Ma'am."

"Did you hear a boy?"

"No, Ma'am."

"So you're some kind of bigot then?"

"NO, Ma'am!" Dawn hurries to insist.

"You must be. You heard Sydney moaning out in ecstasy and just assumed there was a boy in here, didn't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And it never occurred to you that it might be a pussy-endowed whore servicing Sydney?"

"No, Ma'am."

"I guess you've never been with a girl then."

"Oh, no, Ma'am! I've never been with anyone, Ma'am. My father would never allow it."

## Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

That's an interesting answer. I ignore Sydney for a few minutes, leaving her to suffer Paige's sweet tongue. I ask Dawn a few more questions and learn that she's here on a partial scholarship for the swim team. And I learn that she's from Brewton, which also explains a lot. Brewton is the stereotypical southern small town.

She also tells me that she's never had a real boyfriend. She's dated, but only casually. And then only after her father met and approved of the boy. He'd met and immediately sent away, more than one of her dates. He rules his house. And he still rules over her, or so it appears to me. Not as a Master, but more as a very stern father would. I can't fault him for teaching her some proper manners, though.

"And what would your father say if he knew how rudely you'd barged in on Sydney?"

"Please! Please don't tell him, Ma'am. He'd probably spank me or something for being rude, Ma'am." Now Dawn shows just a hair of nervousness. Enough that I know she's sincere about her dad punishing her for rudeness.

"Give me your phone," I say it very firmly, holding my hand out for the phone. She hands it over. I start looking through her contacts. It doesn't take long to find the one labeled "Dad."

I click it. The phone starts ringing. "Not a sound, Dawn," I warn her in my firmest voice. Dawn sits still, trembling lightly, and glares at me with a scrunched up and unhappy face.

Her father answers, thinking it's Dawn calling. I quickly correct him and introduce myself, telling him that Dawn is sitting right here with me. "We've met," he tells me. Then he reminds me that we met several months ago at my friend Nikolai's house. One of the cocktail parties that he has and invites friends over for. Nikolai is a Dom, but not all of those he invites over are.

But if he remembers me, then he knows I'm a Domme. I don't go to Nikolai's without Sophie. And she's always on her leash. It would be a good sign. Especially since I'm sure he knows that Nikolai is a Dom.

## The Dorm

We chat for a minute. As we do Dawn grows increasingly more nervous. As it dawns on her that I might actually know her father. Clearly, even from the one side of the conversation Dawn can hear, we have several friends in common. And we clearly have met.

"I'm calling because there's a problem with Dawn. I know you've tried so hard to teach her some proper manners. Obviously, she needs to be reminded of them. She just now barged right in on me and interrupted a slut's tease! Now, this poor little freshman girl is going to have to start all over again and suffer every bit of the teasing again just because Dawn was so rude!

"Honestly, if she wasn't your daughter, she'd already be over my knees. I just can't stand rudeness! But since she is your daughter, I thought I'd just tell you that she's so horny that she couldn't resist peeking in on me while my whore tongues a freshman's pussy, or rather her butt right at this moment, and let you deal with her rudeness."

"That explains the moans I can hear," he laughs. "I apologize for Dawn's rudeness. I thought I'd taught her to behave better than that... you know, it's just so hard with her being so far away." Brewton is all of about 90 minutes away. "Those boys down there just don't want to come over and introduce themselves and ask to take her out like gentlemen. I know Dawn must want to go out more than she does, but I just don't want her going out with boys I haven't met... I know how boys are. But I didn't realize that Dawn was getting so... lonely that she'd resort to peeking in on others. Would you mind putting me on speaker for a second?"

I click the phone on speaker and tell him to go ahead. "Dawn," he says firmly, a touch of anger in his voice. "When you come home Sunday, you will be punished for your rudeness... And you will be apologizing and make it up to that freshman. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Sir." Dawn answers her father in a timid voice.

"And if Miss Rodgers decides to be kind enough to punish you herself, you will behave yourself for her. Is that clear?"

## Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

"Yes, Sir." Dawn's mousy voice is now at full nervousness. I guess she never expected her father to give me permission to punish her for him. I didn't. Then again, I didn't ask. But I'd been thinking about it.

I take him off speaker. He tells me that while we don't really know each other, he's heard enough about me from Nikolai and Dmitri that he trusts me to "deal with Dawn" as I see fit. Then he adds "you might be able to deal with some things a father shouldn't..." I assume he means that horniness that Dawn is so embarrassed to admit to. I promise him that Dawn will call him in a little while after she's "atoned" for her rudeness.

Then I end the call and turn my attention back to Dawn. Now she's fidgeting hard in her chair. Keeping my eyes on Dawn, I snap my fingers and order Paige to tickle Sydney's pussy again. I was serious when I said Sydney was going to be starting over. Dawn can blame herself for condemning Sydney to endure it. Dawn doesn't have to know that Sydney was never going to be allowed to finish after a mere half-hour of sweet torture. Starting over is a perfect way to extend Sydney's tease.

I grin at Dawn as I hold my hand out to Sophie. "slave, give me my belt." Sophie digs into the bag and quickly comes out with it. It's just a plain leather man's belt. It's stiff, but it's also flexible enough to nicely double over in my hand. It's about an inch and a half wide. I hold it in my hand, already doubled over.

Dawn stares at the belt. Her eyes quickly moisten. And she trembles. Seeing the nervousness on her face, I put my hand to the bottom of her jaw. I nudge her head back up, taking her eyes off the belt, and look her straight in them. "How long has it been since you made Daddy spank you?"

"Over a month, Ma'am!" Dawn insists promptly, her voice already breaking. It's obvious that her father is the only one to ever spank her. And now I have confirmation that just because she turned 18 and went off to college, he hasn't eased up on disciplining her. Properly, at least in my opinion. I guess he feels, as I would, that as long as he's supporting

## The Dorm

her, she can follow his rules or face his consequences. I know now that Dawn just turned 23. And I'm sure most people would find it odd, and maybe inappropriate, for a father to be punishing his 23-year-old daughter by spanking her. Then again, many parents don't spank children at all, especially once they're teens. I believe that a good spanking works wonders, regardless of age.

"You'll get five strokes for being a rude girl," I tell her very firmly. I'll bet she's used to her father using the same tone with her. "Assuming that you behave like a big girl for your spanking. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Dawn barely manages to squeak out.

I drop down into my seat again. It puts me a few feet away from where Dawn is sitting. I see Dawn's eyes go wide out of the corner of my eyes. I don't know how her father spansks her, but the look on her face says she did not expect me to turn her over my knees. "come over here and get your spanking." I firmly insist.

Dawn slowly rises to her feet. She crosses the few steps slowly, her feet hesitant. She comes and stands in front of my knee, not at my side as if she's hanging onto some hope that I won't make her go over my knees.

I just put my hands to her hips and move her around to the side. She's tense and stiff, but not really resisting. Just not making it easy for me to move her into place. "Pull those jeans down, Dawn," I tell her firmly.

Dawn's hands slowly go to the waist of her jeans. Her hands fumble only slightly as she unbuttons them. They slow down considerably as she pulls the zipper down. Her hands go to her hips. They push the jeans down. She has to wiggle her bottom slightly to get the snug pants moving down her hips. But once they're off her bottom they slide down easily. She holds them, moving them down slowly.

For the first fraction of an inch, the bottom of her shirt covers the skin being exposed by the receding jeans. But her shirt is decently snug as well, and it stays up with its bottom hem along her waistline. Soon

## Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

the jeans are baring a slice of naked flesh as they inch down. Dawn's skin is nicely tanned to a medium bronze. I can't see much of it like this, but the tiny slice I do see is flat and taut.

Soon the jeans are down to where I can start seeing her panties. They're cotton ones. Not especially sexy, but cuter than the simple everyday wear Sydney had on. These have a decently wide band, and an inch thick for a waistband. Except it's not on her waistline. They're cut low enough that it's below her waistline and hips, more like around the tops of her thighs. Then, there's a triangle of fabric that seems to flow down from underneath that band and fully cover her pubes but not a speck more. They're black, dotted with tiny white polka dots. And they're dense enough that I can't see through them, not even enough to tell if she has a bush. The triangle is just loose enough that I can't make out the lines of her pussy either.

I make Dawn inch those jeans down until they're around the middle of her thighs. It has all of her panties exposed, and a good inch or two more. Then I command her to kneel down at my side. She reluctantly drops to her knees, almost stumbling as she does.

I turn to look Dawn in her eyes. Her eyes quickly avert from mine, wanting to look anywhere else but at me. I just put a hand under her jaw and nudge her head back around until she has no choice but to face me. "I don't know how your daddy spanks your naughty bottom. I don't care. He left you to me, so now you'll be spanked just like the naughty little toddler you were acting like.

"Since this will be the first time I spank you, I will tell you how you are going to behave. You are going to lie over my knees, just like a naughty toddler. You are going to keep that bottom still. You will put your hands on the small of your back and they will stay there. You will not try to cover your bottom with anything. You will not say a single word, except after each stroke you will politely count it, thank me for it, and ask for the next. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn squeaks out, her mousy voice breaking and almost sobbing already.



## The Dorm

I take hold of Dawn's shoulders and pull her forward, lying her over my knees. She's stiff, and she definitely isn't helping me. But she's not really fighting me either. I pull her down, putting my right thigh in the bend of her waist. My left thigh is under her chest, just beneath her small breasts, leaving the underside of those mounds lying flush against the outside of my thigh. I grab hold of her wrists and firmly pull them up. I lay them on the small of her back. She quickly grabs one wrist with the other hand and clutches it tightly.

Dawn lies fidgeting on my lap. I reach to the waistband of her panties, noticing that while they look to be cotton, they're especially soft and almost silky. I quickly slide the panties down over Dawn's bottom. I can't see much of Dawn's body like this, her clothes are still covering most of her. But I can see the firm globes of her bottom. Hers isn't tiny, as Sydney's is, but her cheeks are just as toned and hard. She has a full crack, her cheeks meeting just enough to close it. Her cheeks have a slightly gentle rounding to them, especially now with her bent over and her cheeks pulled tautly. But what I notice is that her cheeks are completely tanned to the same bronze as the rest of what I can see. That there are no tan lines from a swimsuit. I'd bet my last dollar her father doesn't know that. I am so going to tell him! It will be worth it to watch Dawn squirm as I do.

I lie the belt gently across those firm cheeks. Dawn flinches hard from just the light touch. Then she quickly stills. She pants nervously as she lies over my knees. I watch as her hands fumble with each other. "This is for being a rude girl," I tell her matter-of-factly.

I lift the belt. It's not one of the toys I spank with often, but I do use it. And I feel that it's especially appropriate for Dawn. It just screams parental discipline, and that's what Dawn has obviously accepted as the norm. I snap it down hard, using most of my strength. I want this to hurt. I want it to be a real punishment for Dawn. I want her to learn a lesson: that she needs to behave 24/7. just because Daddy is 75 miles away doesn't mean she won't get caught. I think that's the same lesson her father would like her to learn. Behave, even when Daddy isn't looking over your shoulder.

## Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

The belt lands squarely across the center of those firm cheeks. It lands with a loud splitting crack like a bolt of lightning. It quickly falls away from her bottom, showing a bright, angry, red strip that has got be stinging her like an entire hive of killer bees.

Dawn screams out a loud, squealing “EE-OW!” as it lands. She tenses up hard, her muscles as stiff as steel, on my lap. She quickly pants several loud, “Oh, OW!s” as she begins sobbing. Her bottom wiggles from side to side.

Finally, Dawn counts “One, Ma'am. Thank you for spanking me for being rude, Ma'am. I deserve four more, Ma'am, may I please have the second whipping, Ma'am?” Her voice is more of a sobbing cry than anything. It's quiet, shamed into a near muteness.

Sydney doesn't seem to notice. She just goes on moaning out urgently through her gag and squirming hard as Paige's finger teases her pussy.

I give Dawn a second swat. It leaves her bawling pretty hard. And it leaves a second bright red strip across her bronze globes, just below the first one. It takes her a couple of seconds longer to compose herself and count it out.

I give Dawn the third stroke. She screams her “OW!” the only thing she's allowed to say, louder than Sydney has ever cried out. Her bottom squirms on my thigh vigorously for a few seconds, trying to shake the sting out of her cheeks. Her feet kick against the floor. Most amusingly for me, her hands, gripping each other like vises, pound against the small of her back. And now she bawls like a baby.

I give Dawn the fourth stroke. She screams again, and wiggles even more energetically. It takes her close to fifteen seconds to calm herself enough to count this stroke off.

I give Dawn the final stroke of the belt. It's just as hard as the first four were. She screams out and tenses hard. Now her feet kick the floor ferociously as her bottom thrashes across my thigh. She cries, hard. It takes her close to twenty seconds to catch her breath enough to count

## The Dorm

off the final stroke.

"Five, Ma'am..." Dawn's voice is hard to understand. It's almost all sobbing cry and little words. "Thank you for spanking me for being rude, Miss Rodgers. I am so sorry for my rudeness, Ma'am. Will you please accept my apology, Ma'am?"

Dawn is definitely humble, at least now that she understands her place. She's not the RA now. She's just a naughty girl, who acted up in front of the wrong person. Someone who knew her father. And now she's paying the price of it. I'm pleased. Her father obviously taught her well.

I tell her to get off my knees and onto hers at my side. She hurries off, glad to be finished. Still crying hard, tears rolling down her cheeks, she starts to reach for her panties. I grab her arm and scold her firmly "I didn't give you permission to fix those pants, Dawn."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am! I didn't know!" Dawn urgently blurts out, a wave of panic gripping her.

"Hands behind your back until you're told you may use them again. You will not be punished for that this time, but now you know. You will wait to be given permission before doing anything until you are dismissed from your punishment, is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am! Thank you, Ma'am." Dawn sobs out quickly, a heavy note of relief in her voice.

I turn to face Dawn. As Dawn kneels I can see just enough of her pubes to know that they're shaven silky smooth. And that there are no tan lines here either. I'd bet even her mound is bronzed sweetly. And I know her father doesn't suspect that!

"Are you horny, Dawn?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Dawn shyly answers. As much as she doesn't want to discuss her sexuality now or with me, she doesn't dare disappoint me.

"Is that why you barged in on Sydney because your horny little pussy wanted to at least see some sex?"

### Chapter 03: Guest Spanking

"Yes, Ma'am." Her voice mutes a few more decibels and she blushes slightly as she answers.

"Have you told your father how horny you've been down here?"

"No, Ma'am."

"Don't you think a good girl should tell her father when something is bothering her?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"How long has it been since you've masturbated?"

"Two days, Ma'am." Dawn blushes as red as a beet now.

"Stand up. Fix your panties first, then your pants. Pull them all the way up and fasten them. Do not dally. You have thirty seconds to fix your pants and be sitting in that chair. I don't care that your bottom is on fire. It's stinging because you were bad. I'm not going to inconvenience myself to accommodate your bottom just because you made it sore. That's your problem. That's part of the punishment, living with the sore bottom. Do that now."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn says nervously as she quickly gets up to her feet. As she rises she's pulling her panties up. She screams as she pulls them over her bottom. Then she screams out again as she pulls the snug jeans up onto her bottom. She crosses the few steps to the chair. She sits, freezing in place as her bottom touches the hard seat and she cries out for the third time. She sucks in a deep breath, grits her teeth, and sits. Then she moves slowly to cross her legs, clenching her teeth as she moves.



# Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

## The Dorm

I say nothing to Dawn. I just leave her sitting there on her stinging bottom and crying like a baby. I take her phone out again and dial her father's number. He answers and I introduce myself again then I tell him that Dawn has something to say to him.

I click the phone on speaker again and hold it up in front of Dawn. I'm sure he can hear her crying. I tell Dawn "apologize to your father."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn sobs. "Daddy, I am really sorry for being rude and interrupting Miss Rodgers. She spanked me very hard for it, Sir... She spanked my bare bottom with a belt, Sir! Five strokes! It hurt so bad, Daddy! Ow... and she turned me over her knees like I was bad little baby, Sir! It was so humiliating! She didn't even spank me in private! Her slaves saw everything! I'm so sorry for being bad, Sir! Oh... OW! My butt hurts so badly, Daddy! And she's making me sit on it while she calls you!"

"Dawn, you were rude to Miss Rodgers, it's only fitting that you accept Her punishment for it." He tells her very firmly. I don't hear any disapproval in his voice for the punishment inflicted on his daughter.

"Tell your father the rest. Everything, Dawn." I tell her firmly, staring sternly at her. I don't have to remind her what to say. I just told her.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn sobs, her voice now shamed and embarrassed. "Daddy... The reason I barged in so rudely is because I have been so horny, Sir! I just wanted to see a little something... for my imagination, and I was sure I was going to catch Sydney, the freshman girl, doing *it*! I'm sorry..."

Her father sighs, then after a second asks me to take him off speaker. I do. "First I want to say that I think her punishment was fair. I might have done the same myself. Except I would have left her panties up, but that's only because I just don't feel right pulling them down now that Dawn is a woman.

"As far as the rest, I just don't know how to handle that. I knew it would be an issue, what girl doesn't want to have a private life when she

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

goes off to college? She's certainly old enough to... but I don't want her around losers. I'm sure you know the kinds of boys I'm referring to. And I'm sure it's not easy for her to talk about sex, even the unfulfilled desires, with her father. If she were my partner I could deal with it, but she's my daughter. You understand?" I do.

"I confess, I just had a chat with Nikolai. He's got a lot of good things to say about you. I hope you're not offended, but I don't know you that well, and Dawn is my daughter." I'm not offended at all. I'd have checked myself out, too. "I was thinking... you're there, and I'm not. Could I persuade you to help out just a little with Dawn?"

"What do you have in mind?" I ask.

"Well, since you're closer, maybe you could keep an eye on her, at least the private stuff, while she's there. Naturally, Dawn would follow your rules while she's with you, and you'd discipline her if she misbehaves..."

"slave, watch these two," I tell Sophie. Then I tell Paige to move along and start teasing Sydney's pussy with her tongue again. And then I step out into the hall, shutting the door behind me so that I can talk without Dawn hearing. Dawn will stay in that chair. Sophie will ensure she does.

"It sounds like Dawn needs someone to supervise her closely while she's here. If I were to do that, I'd want to monitor every aspect of her life here. My way, by my rules. Basically, I'll expect her to act like a lady at all times. I'd have to approve all of her social activities. I'd want to see her a few times a week, too.

"And I'd want to look after her sexuality as well. All of it. I have a rule about virgins, they stay virgins until they're in a long term relationship with a guy. So she won't be having sex with any men anytime soon. However, I also understand that women her age get rather horny, and that can get distracting for them. Dawn might well find herself masturbating under supervision. And she may be touched by another, male or female. She just won't be penetrated by a male. Is any of that against anything you believe in?"



## The Dorm

"No, I'm okay with all of that. I doubt Dawn will be, she's a very private girl, as you may have noticed. She doesn't even like to talk about sex. I can't imagine her allowing you to see her masturbate, but I wouldn't mind. I'm just not comfortable watching that myself since I'm her father."

"I get that," I tell him. "And Dawn will be giving you a full report every week. I understand that she comes home on Sundays?"

"Yes, we try to go to church as a family and then lunch before she drives back."

"Well, you can add a detailed report of her life to your afternoon," I add with a smile.

"I'd appreciate that. Even if it is a little uncomfortable to listen to."

"A father should know what his daughter is doing. I have my slave-girl with me today. You say her, the sweet blonde girl I had on her leash. I also have my slave-whore with me. She's 19 and a rather attractive girl with curly honey hair. She's about 5'4" and lean. Then there's Sydney, the freshman Dawn barged in on. That's it. Now my slave and skanky, my whore, will not say anything about anything. I'm fairly confident that mutually assured humiliation will keep Sydney quiet.

"So here's what's going to happen to Dawn now, if you want me to supervise her. First, she's going to undress so I can see her body. I will check her intimately, and if she needs some release I will see that she gets it. It will likely be closely supervised masturbation, but I don't guarantee that. For all, I know that may be a problem for her and it will have to be something else. I'm fairly strict with supervised masturbation. I don't just watch. I have a specific way it's to be done, and I watch closely to ensure that she does it as she's told to, regardless of what she thinks she wants to do.

"I may use her with Sydney as well. It will be presented to Dawn as both an apology to Sydney for barging in on her and as part of Dawn's duty to monitor the girls in her charge. Or maybe not. It depends on

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

how things go as we go along.

"Afterwards, Dawn will be allowed to dress and return to her duties. She will be calling you tonight and giving you a full report. For the first week or three, I will want to see Dawn daily and by that, I mean to see her body intimately. That way I will be able to see how quickly she gets how aroused and I will know what attention she needs. There will be no dating for a couple of weeks, and then, once she earns some trust from me, she will be allowed to date only guys I approve of, and I will approve not just the guy but everything they're going to do. Naturally, I'll expect her to behave as a lady should and mind my rules. She'll be told the rules once, and only once, before she faces consequences for not minding them.

"There's only one other thing you should know. I'm not shy about having my toys in 'public.' by that I mean in front of others whom I know will keep the secret, whether Dawn knows that or not. If anyone sees her, and she may be seen doing just anything, you can be certain that it will forever remain a secret. And I may have Dawn with another toy, probably female. It's a good way for Dawn to learn a lot of things. Is any of that going to be a problem for you?"

"No, I'm fine with that."

"Good. Then would like to tell her?" I ask him as I step back into the room.

He says he'll tell her to mind me. I put him back on speaker. "Dawn, listen to me. It's obvious that you have an issue with your sexuality. I've decided that's best addressed by another woman. So Miss Rodgers has agreed to help me out. Starting right now I expect you to mind her as if she were me. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Daddy..." Dawn squeaks out hesitantly. She immediately casts a wary eye at me. He says a goodbye to her, and I hang up the call.

"Stand up," I say to Dawn in a business-like voice.

She hesitates slightly as she begins rising to her feet. She keeps her eyes on me, watching for a clue as to what I might have in store for

her.

By now I have a fairly good idea of what Dawn's life has been like. I'm confident that her father is dominant, and a fairly strong one at that. I'm sure his "wife" is more his slave. I'm confident that he's been just as firm with Dawn since the first day of her life. But also that he's avoided anything inappropriate with her. She might know well about the sexual sides of dominance, but I'm certain she's yet to experience any of it. Just as I'm sure that she thinks today might be the day she's introduced to that side of it.

"You are going to undress." Again I say it firmly while keeping my voice all business and slightly impersonal. As if I'm just stating a fact of life. "You will remove your shoes first. Then you will start at the top of your head. Remove the highest piece of clothing. Work downward. I don't care what order you might think you prefer to remove clothing in. The highest piece comes off first and so on to the tips of your toes. As you remove something, whatever it is, you will fold it up neatly and give it to my slave. You will be polite to my slave. But otherwise, you will not speak. Nor will you make any effort to cover yourself. Is that clear, Dawn?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn answers in a mousy voice.

"Undress now."

Dawn squats down and starts taking her shoes off. I don't have to tell her to tuck the laces into them, she does that on her own. I haven't a clue where she learned that. Maybe her father insists on her being neat. She holds her shoes out to Sophie. "Will you please take my shoes and hold them for me, slave?" She asks in a very sweet voice, but also a voice that shows her anxiety. Sophie takes them.

Dawn reaches for the bottom hem of her shirt and starts raising it up. She doesn't move too fast, but she's not really stalling either. As if she doesn't want to get naked, but has accepted that she has to. She's been nothing but a study in contrasts so far. RA. Athlete. Obviously, a good student or she wouldn't be an RA. Generally an alpha girl. Except that the instant she's told to submit, she obediently does so. At least

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

when her father tells her to. As any good slave should, except that she's his daughter and not his slave.

Dawn has a slightly oval face, but one with soft features. Except for her jawline. That's slightly angular with defined, but not overly strong, features. She has long, medium brown hair that hangs straight down her back to the middle of her shoulder blades. Then she has bright green eyes above a small, softly featured nose. And beneath that, she has a wide mouth framed with almost bright medium pink lips that are fairly plump and full.

Now that she has her shirt off, I can see that she's wearing a white  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup bra. It has foam-lined cups that mostly hide her mounds and surely add a size to them. But hers is a cutesy bra. It leaves a fair slice of her cleavage bare, having only a narrow strip of fabric decorated with a delicate ribbon bow at the center. It has narrow straps over her shoulders and a band that quickly narrows as it tapers to the clasp behind her back.

What I notice is how toned her body is. Definitely what I'd call athletic. Very lean, with close to zero body fat. But not manly or muscular. More strong. I can see the lines of her collar bones. I can see the veins at her elbows. I can see a very flat, and hard, stomach. I can see a pronounced feminine curve at her waist, too. And I can see the same bronzing tan covering all of her taut skin. I can see squared, straight shoulders that give her a powerful look. But I can't see the lines of ribs at her sides. I don't really see the lines of her muscles, either, as you would on a weightlifter or something. And I notice her posture. She stands up straight but not rigidly. More strong and proud.

I've given her a specific order to take her clothes off. It leaves her no choice about to take off next. The bra's straps over her shoulder are the next highest thing. So the bra comes off now. Dawn figures that out. Her hands slow just slightly as they reach up to the clasp behind her back. She doesn't fumble. She just unclasps it. The straps fall to her sides. Her hands rise to her shoulders. She hesitates only a fraction of a second as she takes a quick breath to steady her nerves. Then she slides

## The Dorm

the straps off her shoulders. She pulls the bra away from her body. She blushes brightly, and almost fire-engine red. But she doesn't try to hide her breasts. She just begins folding her bra.

Her breasts are small, though not like Sydney's. I'd guess Dawn is a 34-A cup. Her mounds are well rounded, like half oranges. But they're also rather soft-looking. Despite their smallness, they lie back against her chest making a tiny little crease under them. But otherwise, they're well-rounded. They seem to be at the sides of her chest, and angling outward just slightly. It leaves a wide cleavage between them. Her nipples also angle slightly upward. Nipples that are somewhat prominent. They're wide, maybe like the tip of my pinkie finger. They rise up nicely from the tops of her mounds with gently rounded tips and noticeable sides to them. They're a medium shade of pink-brown, surrounded by silver-dollar-sized rings of the same color. And now they're standing up stiff.

I leave Dawn to continue undressing. It leaves her jeans as the next thing to come off. She undoes them, then winces hard and grunts out as she slips the snug fabric down over her bottom. Once it's off her bottom, they slide much easier down her thighs and over her feet. It bares a pair of lean and shapely legs fit for a model.

As Dawn starts taking her panties down she's very careful to lift the backside of them off of her cheeks before slipping them down. I guess her bottom is still sore. And that it's going to be sore for the rest of the day.

It bares a set of pubes that are as feminine as they are strong. Interesting, and slightly different. As I'd seen before, she's shaven silky smooth. But what I notice is that her pubes have a slight puffiness to them. And that she has a pronounced, puffy mound. It looks as if her pubes simply flow down, tapering to become her mound. And that her mound stands down to its fullest. She has no noticeable crease to her thighs. Instead, I can see the outline of the tendons rising almost where the crease would be. It gives her pubes a slight muscular appearance and a definitely strong look to them. But like everything else on her

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

body, it looks lean. From the front, I can see a pair of plump lips on her mound. Lips that fully meet with just a fine line of a slit.

As she asks Sophie to hold her panties for her, it leaves Dawn only her socks. She squats down to remove those quickly, then stands up to fold them neatly and hand them over. "I'm done, Miss Rodgers. As you asked, I am naked now, Ma'am." Dawn tells me softly, her voice pure embarrassment, but not breaking.

"Stay," I tell Dawn softly but firmly. "That means for you to stand still and not speak." I don't know what her father has taught her, so I'll tell her everything the first time as if she were a newbie. That way she'll know. And she won't be punished for breaking a rule she didn't know about. Now that I've told her, she knows. So if she gets punished, it's her fault.

I casually reach a hand up to her breast, as if I'm not interested in it, but more assessing it clinically. I stroke the tips of my fingers along the top of her mound. Then just as casually over the nipple and along the softer underside of her mound. It lets me feel that her mounds are as soft as they look. Like soft, wet sponges. Like wet dough. And it lets me feel that her nipples are as hard as the mounds are soft. They stand around ¼" off the tops of her mounds, not tapering toward the tips, but fully rounded their entire length. And fully hard their entire length.

Dawn stands still while I feel her breast. I see goosebumps erupting on the soft mound as my fingers caress it, so I know that Dawn is feeling it. What I don't see is any hint of tan lines. Just her bronzed flesh. Idly I wonder if her nipples and rings are naturally brown-tinged or if those too are bronzed by the sun. It's probably natural, I decide. Then I wonder if those even tan, or if they just burn.

I slip my hand down along Dawn's stomach, feeling the taut, elastic, and very soft, skin. And I can feel the hard muscles just under it. A flat, well-toned stomach. And a curvy figure, with hips that have a modest curve to them, but no boniness. Not even the tops of her hips bones. Just soft curves.

I resist the urge to inspect her pussy now. I stop when my hand is

## The Dorm

at the center of her pubes. There I can feel the decent puffiness underneath, but also the hard muscles. It's not fat or flab. It's as if her skin is just puffy and softly plump. I suspect that's the case. Like her lips are going to be. I take my hand away.

"Turn around," I keep my voice casual and all-business.

Dawn turns her back to me. I start with a glance to her bottom. It's as red as I remember it. Red from the belt-whipping she just got. I'd landed the strokes evenly across her globes, sparing as much of her bottom as possible from enduring more than a single taste of the leather, which left her bottom fairly evenly reddened. Even standing, which has her cheeks at their loosest, her bottom is fairly well-rounded. It's not as fully rounded as Sydney's bottom, but it is definitely a rounded bottom. Her globes have almost no curve at their bottom side. It's more as if her thighs simply flow upward into her cheeks. But from there they round gently outward. And across. Her crack looks about the same. Deep, but also made by cheeks that meet just enough to close fully. The rounding is just as gentle at the top where her cheeks more flow softly into her back.

Her back I notice. It has a very strong look to it. But also a very attractive girly shape. From this angle, the curve of her waist flows perfectly into her feminine hips. Her back is lean. But not so lean that I can make out her ribs. I can just make out the very slight indent where her spine is. But above that, I can clearly see the lines of her shoulder blades. Even though I can't make out the muscles of her shoulders, her shoulder blades make clear how well-toned and strong those muscles are. I can make out the lines of her shoulders, too. And I can how straight her posture is.

I snap my fingers. "slave, gloves." Sophie hurries to get me a pair of my pastel green latex gloves. They're sized small to fit my tiny hands. I just hold my hands out and Sophie tenderly pulls the gloves on my hands for me. With a nod from me, Sophie loudly snaps the gloves as she puts them on. I watch Dawn as they snap. She doesn't flinch.

"Spread your feet fully, then lean over and rest your forearms on

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

the seat of the chair, Dawn." My voice is still professional.

Dawn opens her legs at a moderate pace, neither hurrying to obey nor dragging her feet. She leans forward at the same pace. Once she has her elbows on the seat, I can see her hands wringing together. It's the only hint of discomfort she shows. And I'm sure that's pure embarrassment. She has to know that I'm going to be looking at her pussy very closely now. Her most private, intimate, place. Obediently she stands still and quiet.

The first thing I notice is how small her pussy looks now that it's fully displayed to me. From the puffiness of her mound, as seen from the front of her body, I'd expect her to have a long pussy. But she doesn't. And stretching her legs wide has pulled her body taut, taking some of that puffiness away. But not nearly all of it.

Dawn has some narrow and short lips. Spreading her legs was enough to spread those lips somewhat, leaving a wide gash between those lips. A line of her very light pink inner folds folded together into a single ridgeline, now rises up into the gash.

But what draws my attention is her huge clit. That too rises into, and through, the gash. It stands out from the bottom of the ridgeline of folds, almost above her tunnel. It's so big that looks like a tiny little cock, slightly narrower than my pinkie finger. The folds nestle around it, like foreskin would, leaving less than ¼" of the clit bared as it pokes out from the folds like a cock head. Beneath her clit there's only the tiniest little slice of those wrinkly folds before her lips meet again and close off her pussy.

Her clit may be standing out from her lips, but it's still covered with a heavy coat of her honey. Honey that's perfectly clear and yet almost as thick as any grease would be. Honey that shines in the light. That clit has got to be aching for some attention.

I use my fingers to open her lips, stretching them as wide open as they'll spread. It lets me feel their thickness and the plumpness of them. And it bares the rest of her inner pinkness, letting me see how loose and wrinkly those inner folds really are. And the liberal coating of honey



## The Dorm

that covers everything. It also let me see the entrance of her tunnel. It's narrow and likely tight. I can see the pulpiness of her walls.

I release her lips. Then I move my hands up to her bottom. I take a little bit of care to be gentle with her fiery-sore cheeks as I slip my fingers into her crack between them. Then I use those fingers to push her globes aside and open her crack.

Now I can see the deep purple-brown ring of her asshole. Hers is smaller than a dime, centered in an irregular shaped swath of flesh that lightens and grown more purple-toned as it quickly fades into her tanned skin. Her ring is almost perfectly round with only the tiniest pinprick of dark at its center. It's also lined with countless small folds of wrinkles that all flow into that single pinprick. Her ring is flush with the flesh around it, neither funneled inward not puckering out. Just flat. As if her skin simply darkens as they wrinkles flow together and vanish inward. I can't see the ring of muscle, but I know it's there, just under the wrinkles. I use my fingers to stretch the skin around that ring, pulling it a little more taut. It smooths out only the smallest of the folds. It lets me see the crisp rim of the muscle, at the center, where the muscle is clenching tightly shut.

As I hold her cheeks wide open with one hand, I hold out a single finger of my other hand. Sophie knows what I want. She quickly squirts a tiny dollop of lubricating jelly on the very tip of my finger.

I touch the tip of that finger to the ring of Dawn's asshole. I feel her muscle cinch down even tighter. And I feel that this muscle is strong as well. Now I feel Dawn flinch hard, her hips and bottom shuddering as she feels the cool grease and my finger pressing lightly against her asshole. I hear her suck in a raspy breath of unwelcome surprise.

I press gently against the firm muscle. At first, I feel her muscle harden as it tenses even more to resist my finger. A split second later I feel her muscle start pushing inward, just slightly. In another split second, I feel her muscle softening and turning rubbery. Then it happens suddenly. My finger just slips right into the space at the center of her ring, diving about ½" into Dawn's bottom before I feel her muscle

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

clench impossibly tight and squeeze hard around my finger.

Dawn grunts a deep "UH!" as my finger presses that first bit into her body. After another fraction of a second, her muscle surrenders and loosens back up just a tiny bit. But it's enough that my slippery-greased finger starts sliding forward again. My finger moves steadily, almost gliding through the ring that gently snuggles around it.

Now Dawn groans a much softer "MM!" which she draws out as my finger is slipping into her. It tells me that this is a new, an alien, experience for her. And that she's uncomfortable with it. Although going solely by the snuggle of her asshole around my finger, it's not very physically uneasy for her.

About half of my finger has slipped into her tightness. My first knuckle has vanished, but the second one is still visible just outside the tight ring of wrinkles. That's when the tip of my finger feels how full her rectum is. Feels the proof of its fullness. I angle my finger slightly, sending it downward. Now it stretches the bottom of her rectum as it slips between her membrane-like wall and the waste filling her bottom. Thank G-d for gloves! But it doesn't slow my finger. It keeps sliding gently into Dawn's bottom.

I don't stop my finger until every bit of it is inside Dawn. It has the webbing between my fingers flush against the outside of her asshole. Then I hold my finger still for a second, giving Dawn time to adjust to the new sensations of being invaded here. It takes her several long seconds to grow to accept those sensations. But then I feel her asshole loosening just a little more around my finger. As if it no longer feels that it has to squeeze against me in an attempt to exert some control and ensure that I don't hurt her bottom.

"Your rectum is very full, Dawn," I tell her in my professional nurse's voice as if I'm just stating a clinical fact. Not a fact that I care about. As she hears me, I feel the tension snap back into her asshole for a couple of seconds. Then she relaxes again.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Dawn squeaks out an especially mousy and embarrassed voice.

## The Dorm

"I don't like my girls filthy, and right now your rectum is very filthy. That's part of you. Don't let me find it so dirty again, Dawn. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn answers, even more embarrassment in her voice. And that's something I hadn't thought possible.

"Say it, Dawn," I tell her firmly.

"From now on I will try my hardest to keep my butt clean inside and out, Miss Rodgers... I'm really sorry that my butt isn't clean now, Ma'am. Will you please accept my apology for what you have to feel inside my butt, Ma'am?"

"Ask me again in a minute, Dawn. First, you will *prove* to me that you are really sorry by behaving for your rectal exam. You will relax your bottom fully while I explore every bit of your insides. To relax your bowels, pretend that you are constipated and trying to go. Push down as hard as you can and keep pushing. Don't worry, you won't have an accident with my finger in your bottom. Now, behave, Dawn. Relax your bottom and stay relaxed until I tell you otherwise."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn's voice stays embarrassed but takes on a slight edgy note as if she doubts that she can do as she was told. It takes her a couple of seconds as she sucks in a long, deep breath.

I feel her bottom relaxing around my finger. First I feel her asshole loosening up fully. Then I feel the paper-thin wall of muscle around her rectum softening. I feel the waste trying to move, too, but it stays where it is. Now her rectum is somewhat loose around my finger.

I give her just a second to get used to pushing. Then I press the pad of my finger very lightly downward against the membrane of her rectum. That's as thin as a sausage casing, more like a rubbery film than anything. Beyond that, I feel the now-soft wall of muscle that lines it. And beyond that paper-thin muscle, I can feel a fiery hot burning heat. That I know is her pussy. It's the backside of those walls that I'm pressing so gently against. I can feel their firmness – hers is moderately hard, more like a stiff wet sponge. And I can feel the meaty texture of

## Chapter 04: Daddy's Girl

them. And now I can feel countless little twitches erupting all around those spongy-hard walls, like little hot sparks.

I prefer to feel a woman's pussy through her rectum. The thin walls of her rectum do very little to dull my touch, letting me feel her pussy almost as well as if my finger were inside her there. But this way there's nothing in her pussy. She doesn't get the stimulation of feeling my finger slide into her. And if I press especially lightly, she'll barely feel my touch. It lets me feel her pussy as if it's untouched. Just as it would be if she were merely standing before me. Unless I want to tease it, then I can so easily make her feel that just as if I were inside her pussy.

But for now, I can feel enough of Dawn's pussy without teasing it. Those crisp twitches and the heat tells me that it's very aroused. Despite the fact that I haven't touched it. Nor have I touched her clit. I've just peeked at it.

I use a few more very gentle presses to feel just how firm her pussy walls are. They're not hard, but they are a little firmer than the softness I usually feel. I'll bet Dawn's pussy would be exceptionally pleasant for a guy. And for Dawn.

I give my fingertip the smallest little wiggle as it presses against the backside of Dawn's pussy.

"OOH!" Dawn shrieks out. For a split instant, I feel her asshole snap tight around my finger before she manages to relax it again. At the same moment, I feel an intense sensual shiver sweep over her body. And my finger feels the walls of her pussy snap with a hard contraction as if trying to snuggle tightly around something. I feel those sparks turn into hot bolts that shoot through those walls, too.

I stop moving my finger. Dawn responds by panting a few very fast, and breathy, "OH!s" they're far quieter than her first shriek. But just as needy.

"Good girl, Dawn, you've stayed relaxed."

"Thank you, Ma'am. Now, will you pretty please accept my apology for being such a dirty girl, Miss Rodgers? I really am so sorry for

## The Dorm

making you feel my filthy butt, Ma'am."

"You are forgiven, Dawn. Now stay." I begin slowly easing my finger back out of her bottom. Dawn purrs a soft "MM!" as she feels my finger sliding through her now-rubbery soft muscle. And she obediently stays relaxed. But it's far easier to stay relaxed while it comes out. My finger slips from Dawn's bottom. "Done. You may stop relaxing." I see Dawn's asshole tense back up tight for a second. I hear her take a couple of quick deep breaths.

"Now stand up and face me, Dawn."



# Chapter 05: Anal Orgasm

## Chapter 05: Anal Orgasm

Sydney still lies on her bed. She still shrieks her now desperately urgent cries into her gag. And she still thrashes energetically against those ropes. Each snapping hard thrash still creaking the bed. And she still hasn't cum. I haven't told Paige to allow it.

I stand in front of Dawn and point to the withering form of Sydney. "If you expect to be rewarded with some release from that horny tension, you will first make it up to Sydney. After all, it was your rudeness interrupting her tease that forced Sydney to begin over again and endure so much teasing all over again. I'm sure that was rather intense and difficult for her to suffer through. And it's your fault that she was forced to, so you have a lot to make up to her for.

"You are going to do your job as her RA. You will look after her. Now Sydney has endured her teasing, and she will be allowed her release. You are going to hold her and comfort her as she experiences a release that's going to be more intense than what she's experienced before. You may touch her from the waist up. You will be very affectionate and nice to her. Your job is to comfort her through her experience. You will earn your reward by being exceptionally nice to her as she does. I strongly suggest that you forget about your modesty, shyness, and especially your inhibitions. She is a freshman in your charge. You will be as sweet to her as you possibly can be. Is that clear to you, Dawn?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn says in a soft, mousy, and slightly nervous voice. I'm sure that's because this is all new to her as well. I know she's never been with anyone, thus it's just as likely that she's never shared an orgasm with anyone. Or seen anyone else have one. I know that she doesn't know what to do for Sydney. I'd tell her, but that would make it too easy for her. Making something up isn't supposed to be easy.

I send Dawn to sit on the bed at Sydney's head. "Now show me how sorry you are for being such a rude girl. Show me how nice and well behaved you can be."

Dawn tentatively puts her hands on Sydney's shoulders. At first, her touch is hesitant, as if she shouldn't be doing it. I'm sure Sydney's



## The Dorm

skin is hot to her touch. It would have to be. Sydney's pale skin is now flushed a bright pink and rather sweaty. Then again, she has been suffering for close to an hour now.

Slowly Dawn's hands begin to grow more confident. They begin gliding softly over Sydney's silky skin, caressing her shoulders. I allow Dawn a minute or two to explore Sydney's feminine, and petite, body. It allows Dawn time to get used to the sensual feel of another person. As Dawn begins touching Sydney, I leave Sydney suffering more of Paige's tongue. And that leaves Sydney thrashing around hard.

It takes Dawn a couple of minutes to really get her confidence up. When she finally does, she ends up with Sydney's head resting atop her thigh as her hands caress Sydney's back. Sydney seems unaware that her head is now on Dawn. Her head doesn't lie still. It slams around just as it was doing on the pillow before. Finally, Dawn runs her fingers through Sydney's hair, brushing the silky fine strands away from Sydney's face. That tender motion stills Sydney's head for the moment it takes.

Dawn's eyes are now all but fixed on Sydney's bottom. At the never-before-seen sight of a woman tonguing another woman's pussy, or what of it Dawn can see from her angle. And that's not much. Mostly it's just Sydney's bottom thrashing hard.

"Sydney..." I coo softly. "I expect you're extremely too-frustrated right now. I'll bet you desperately want to cum. More than you've ever wanted to cum before." As I talk softly and sweetly to her, Sydney nods a vigorous yes with her head. "I know that you have been trying to cum so hard the whole time. Isn't it so frustrating not to be able to?" Sydney still nods her yes just as forcefully.

"I hope you've learned your lesson, Sydney. You are completely in my power. I decide when you cum." I reach down and very softly pat Sydney on her bare bottom. "You belong to me. You will *never* cum on your own. You will only cum when I wish for you to. And when I wish you to cum, you will not be able to stop yourself from cumming. And don't think that any of these guys around campus will be able to make you cum. They won't. You won't cum unless I wish it.

## Chapter 05: Anal Orgasm

"Your friend is going to comfort you. You are going to cum until every bit of tension is gone from your slutty little pussy. You will not be able to stop cumming until I stop you, so just lie there, relax, and enjoy the release. I am going to make you cum without touching your pussy."

Sydney nervously shakes her head, as if she doesn't believe that I can make her cum without touching her pussy. And more so that she will be able to endure the orgasms I've promised her.

Dawn very tenderly strokes Sydney's back. Dawn, the girl that's five years older than Sydney and yet still a virgin. Dawn who doesn't have a clue what Sydney is about to experience. Yet something tells Dawn that I mean what I say. That it is going to be hard on Sydney and despite that even sweeter for her. She leans over and gives Sydney a light and quick hug.

"skanky," I say, "masturbate this little girl's butt."

"Oh, yes, my Queen," Paige says very teasingly sweet as her lips rise from Sydney's pussy. It shows me that now Sydney's pussy mound is covered with a layer of Sydney's honey, and Paige's saliva.

Sydney falls still, quivering hard, as her pussy begins to very slowly ebb from the cusp of orgasm.

Paige's hands go to Sydney's bottom and quickly push her cheeks wide apart to bare the funnel of Sydney's asshole. Paige doesn't have gloves on. She doesn't get gloves. She sucks and licks her finger, getting it slick with a coating of saliva. Then she puts the tip of her finger to the ring of Sydney's asshole.

Instantly I see Sydney's ring tense up hard. Sydney screams a desperate and pleading "no" into her gag. The gag keeps her word from being intelligible, but it's still clear what she's saying. She doesn't want Paige's long, slender finger in her butt. Her tightly clenched asshole says the same thing.

"Sydney, you don't have a choice. Just relax and enjoy it. If you fight it, it will just be more uncomfortable for you when my whore puts her finger up your butt." I teasingly warn Sydney.

## The Dorm

Sydney does not relax her bottom. It does not deter Paige. She presses, slowly increasing the pressure, until I see Paige's finger begin to slip into the funnel of Sydney's asshole. And I see Sydney's ring tensed around Paige's finger, snuggling it tightly as Paige's finger inches deeper into Sydney's bottom.

"UM!!!" Sydney screeches into her gag. She tries wiggling her bottom, but that does nothing. The ropes keep her bottom fairly still for Paige.

Paige slips all of her finger into Sydney's bottom. Now she's going to do just as I so briefly did to Dawn a few minutes ago. I've taught Paige how to do this for time just like now. Times when I want a toy teased like this way. Paige presses the pad of her finger down lightly until she feels the fiery-hot walls of Sydney's pussy against her finger.

And then, Paige starts wiggling the tip of her finger, stroking it softly over the backside of Sydney's pussy walls. I can't know what Paige is feeling, but I'd bet she can feel sharp, hard twitches shooting through those walls. Walls that I suspect are soft and spongy.

What I can see is Sydney. The instant Paige starts stroking inside Sydney's bottom, Sydney's entire body snaps hard to full tension. Her muscles strain hard, pulling against the ropes with all of her strength. Her body stays stiff, no longer thrashing, just tensed hard and pulling. She screams as loudly as she can, a long, drawn-out "AH!" into her gag.

Sydney stays tensed for close to a minute. As she does, Dawn caresses Sydney's back very softly. Then, very suddenly, Sydney cries out a very deep and throaty, "UH!" As she does, her body falls loose for an instant. A split second later Sydney is thrashing violently, and wildly, against her ropes. Hard enough that the bed is creaking its protests again. Not a single part of Sydney's body is still. All of her motions are crisp and sharp, more jerking.

Dawn tries to hold Sydney affectionately while caressing her. To comfort the girl as she cums. And I have no doubt that Sydney is cumming. I can see the honey weeping from her pussy. It's a slow weeping, not a squirting or flowing, but it's still steady. And I can see

## Chapter 05: Anal Orgasm

faint twitches sweeping over the lips of Sydney's pussy. I can see Sydney's asshole squeezing against the sides of Paige's finger with all its strength as well. As if trying to hold it in place.

It only takes about a minute. A minute that Sydney spends thrashing with all her might. Then her body tenses back to the steely stiffness. She cries out a deeper and throatier "UM!" as she hangs fully tensed. Only this time, after a couple of seconds, her bottom starts thrusting up. At first, its thrusts are shallow, her bottom barely moving. But they're sharp and powerful. Quickly her thrusts grow long, staying just as powerful as she now slams her bottom up as if trying to impale her bottom on Paige's finger.

She stays like that for several seconds before again falling loose and completely limp for a fraction of an instant. Then she's back at "full thrash." she squirms hard and violently against those ropes with all her might. And she keeps fighting. Hard.

This time it goes on for close to three minutes. Three minutes of wild thrashing and shrieking. Three minutes Dawn spends caressing Sydney as affectionately as possible, trying everything she can think of to quiet the girl.

Finally Sydney tenses back up again. Her stiff body stills, leaving only her bottom moving. Again, her bottom snaps with sharp thrusts, pounding herself against Paige's finger. Sydney's bottom goes on thrusting, trying to ram Paige's finger deeper and harder into her bottom. Now Sydney cries out a needy, and strained, "UGH!" with every powerful thrust. Thrusts that essentially do nothing. Paige just allows her hand to move along with Sydney's bottom.

It goes on for close to a minute. Finally, Sydney screams out an almost pained "AH!" as her body falls limp for the tiniest fraction of a second. Then the waves of her third orgasm slam into her, washing over her body and sending her back into her desperate thrashing.

Sydney thrashes away for several minutes. Long enough that I'm thinking of stopping it. But before I get to that point, I see Sydney tense up again. This time she hangs for close to a full minute. Her muscles are

## The Dorm

so tense that she can't move anything, not even a finger. Only her bottom moves. That steadily slams up against Paige's finger, impaling herself ever more violently with each thrust.

Finally, Sydney cries out a pained "AH!" at the top of her lungs. But she doesn't start thrashing again. She stays tensed up. Her muscles so taut that I can see her feet and hands turning purple as her muscles pull so hard that the ropes cut into her. Yet she stays tensed, only her bottom moving to ram Paige's finger even harder into her bottom.

Now Sydney's narrow body is so taut that she vibrates. I'd thought her milky skin was flushed, but in the matter of a few seconds, her skin goes from the bright pink it was to an almost beet-red. From head to toe. Slowly her bottom eases off on its thrusts. I suspect that's from her muscles growing even tenser, to the point where not even her bottom is able to move. Her cries fade to silence as her lungs finally run out of air. And yet Sydney just hangs there.

She hangs like that, not even breathing, for around fifteen seconds. Then, in the blink of an eye, Sydney falls limp and spent. At the same instant, a violent twitch must rack her pussy. We all see the huge gob of her oily honey as it shoots out of her gash and splats against the knee of Paige's jeans. And she stays like that. The trembling is gone. Sydney does nothing but lies as if unconscious. There's not a single twitch or tremor to her body. I have to look closely just to see that she's started breathing. Her breaths are soft and shallow, but sufficient to keep air in her lungs.

I snap my fingers and order Paige to stop. A couple of seconds later, Paige's dirty finger is sliding free of Sydney's bottom. As it does, Sydney shows absolutely no reaction to the motion. But once it's free I see the only other sign that Sydney is still alive. I can see light contractions flowing over the ring of muscle that's her tiny asshole. Just those little, gentle, twitches.

I have no doubt that Sydney is done. So done!

I turn to Dawn. "You will untie Sydney."

## Chapter 05: Anal Orgasm

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn says. She stands and leans over to untie the small woman. Dawn decided to get the rope off of Sydney's hands first, quickly pulling it free of her neck when she can. As Dawn unties her, Sydney just lies there, completely limp. As if she's dead. It makes Dawn do every bit of the work. Dawn unties Sydney's legs. Then she closes Sydney's legs, preserving some shred of modesty for the girl.

Dawn stands up. She folds the ropes up into neat coils and offers them to Sophie. I nod and Sophie takes them, returning them to the bag.

"Dawn, you are her RA. She is in your care. You will dress her completely since it appears she is unable to dress herself. Her clothes are over there."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn answers. She turns and gets the pile of clothes that Sophie took off of Sydney earlier. She starts by slipping Sydney's panties on. And she takes great care not to touch Sydney's pussy or bottom as she does. Next, she puts the jeans on Sydney just as carefully. Then it's Sydney's socks and boots.

The bra proves a challenge to get on the inert girl. Dawn is smart enough to leave Sydney on her stomach to do it, which leaves the clasp on top and accessible. The problem is getting the cups in place over the faint mounds of Sydney's breasts. As much as she tries not to, Dawn ends up with her hands on Sydney's breasts as she aligns them in the full cups of the bra. By comparison, Sydney's shirt and jacket go one much easier.

Now I have Dawn take the gag and blindfold off of Sydney. It's taken around three or four minutes for Dawn to get the girl dressed. But still, Sydney shows no signs of life. She just lies there, completely inert, breathing slow and shallow breaths.

I tell Dawn to cover Sydney up with her blanket and position her so that she's comfortable. Tucked in.



# Chapter 06: Masturbation

## 101



## The Dorm

I never expected to meet Dawn. Not today or any day. I didn't even know she existed. But now that I have, I've decided that I have a place for her in the toolbox. Or rather I will, once she learns to behave like a proper sub. She is something I don't have now. A young female athlete. OK, she's on the swim team. It's not exactly basketball. But she does have that athlete's body, and that's what I'm after. I can already imagine several uses for her.

And there's the bonus of her father. He's a friend of Nikolai's. Like all Russian businessmen, Nikolai considers favors to be currency. And I have no doubt that Steve, Dawn's father, understands that. That he now owes me one for looking after Dawn. Maybe I'll collect on it, maybe not. I don't remember what business he's in, so who knows if I'll ever have a use for that favor. Maybe I'll have him tend to a sub for me one day. But I know it's always better to be owed. Russian-style business at its finest.

I have Dawn, still nude, stand. I face her, looking her right in her eyes. Now she meets my eyes without hesitation. "Tomorrow at three pm you will be at my apartment for a full, and very in-depth, examination and interview. And I mean three pm, not 2:59 or 3:01.

"Effective now I will be standing in for your father while you are in Mobile. That means I own you while you are here. You may attend your classes, swim practice, and see to your job as an RA. That is all you may do. If you wish to do anything more, you will first ask my permission. And I may or may not give you permission. When you ask, I expect to know not just where you wish to go, but what you wish to do, and especially who you will be with. There will be no exceptions.

"Except for dating. You will not ask permission for a date. Whenever a guy asks you out, you will tell him that he is to call me and ask me for permission to take you out. You will do that whether you want to go out with him, or even if you can't stand him. I will decide whom you will go out with. Then I will tell you. You will go when you are told. And you will be a very sweet, polite, lady-like date for your guy. I don't care if you like him. You will be a very good date for him. But you

## Chapter 06: Masturbation 101

will not be a slut. You will be told what you will do with the guy, and that's all you will do. I'm sure he'll try for more, guys are like that. You will behave. I will ensure that you have a good social life with proper guys.

"As horny as that pussy of yours is, there is no way you have been taking proper care of it. Thus I will be taking care of it for the time being. I don't care how horny you are, you will not touch that pussy. You will wait until you are told to, and then, whether you are horny or not, you will.

"It's just as obvious to me that you've never learned how to properly masturbate. Thus, from now on, you will be closely supervised whenever I deign to allow you to masturbate. I will teach you how to properly pleasure that pussy.

"As for this slut..." I casually wave a hand towards Sydney, "you will watch her closely until she wakes. Then you are to tell her that she is permitted to write me a single note which she must give to you before lunch tomorrow. If she writes it, you will bring it with you tomorrow. You will never speak of this afternoon to anyone other than me and your father. Not even to her. You may not admit that you saw her orgasm. Or even know that she's seen me. Just tell her to write me that single note if she wishes, and nothing more until I say to.

"Now, as for your father. You will call him tonight. You will tell him everything that happened. Whatever questions he asks you, you are to answer fully and honestly. I don't care if they're personal or not. Once you get off the phone with him, you are to immediately undress and get in bed, where you will stay until morning. In case it wasn't clear, you will sleep naked. Get used to it. You will be checking in with him nightly for the time being.

"I suggest you check out my website. There you will find my house rules and dress code. You do not want to break one of my rules. Nor do you want me to ever hear of you being improperly dressed. And you'll never know who might tell on you.

"Mind my rules. You will act like a lady 24/7. There will be no

## The Dorm

exceptions, no matter what. You do not want me to find out that you have been less than polite, let alone rude, to anyone. Ever. My girls are polite little ladies. Is all of that understood, Dawn?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn answers with a touch of nervousness in her voice.

"Good. Now would you like to ask me to allow you to masturbate that slutty pussy?"

"Yes, Ma'am... will you please teach me how to masturbate my pussy properly, Miss Rodgers?"

I hold my hand out and tell Sophie to give me my crop. Sophie grins wide as she puts the handle of it into my hand. Dawn glares at it with very nervous eyes. Eyes that lock on the whip. "Does your father have one of these, Dawn?"

"Yes, Ma'am... but he's never used it on me, Ma'am." Dawn answers, the nervousness now taking over her voice. It tells me that her father is definitely a Dom. I was right. Surely his long-time wife is also his slave. I'll bet he thinks he's hidden at least some of that from Dawn.

I tell Dawn to stand facing me and open her feet about halfway to fully spread. She does that. It spreads the tops of her lean thighs plenty far enough for her to have unimpeded access to every bit of her pussy. And it has her thighs out of my line of sight. Now I can see the tip of her clit standing down from the slit between her lips. Standing out so eagerly.

I tell Dawn to put her hands on her sides and leave them there. I tell her not to clench her hands up into fists, to just leave them relaxed. I have her look right into my eyes.

"I am going to start you," I tell her firmly. I reach a hand out and take hold of Dawn's right wrist. I bring her hand out in front of her pubes and ball it up into a fist, leaving only the first finger extended. Then I put the pad of that finger so lightly atop the hard tip of her hard clit. I hold it still for a second.

## Chapter 06: Masturbation 101

I start Dawn's finger moving. The tip of her clit has such a thick layer of her creamy honey on it that I doubt her finger is actually touching her clit. Just the honey. I start the finger moving in a very slow, and tight, circle, stroking her finger over the tip of her clit. Or rather allowing her finger to glide over the tip of the nub on its coat of honey. I don't let her put any pressure on her nub. I hold her hand, keeping her speed slow and steady.

"OOH!" Dawn purrs out the instant her finger starts moving.

I keep her finger moving. "Repeat politely after me, Dawn. You will stand still."

"I will stand still for my lesson, Ma'am," Dawn repeats.

"You will not say a word."

"I will not say a single word while you teach me, Ma'am."

"You will not speed up or slow down."

"I will not speed my finger up or slow it down, Ma'am." With each promise, Dawn's voice grows steadily deeper and throatier. Her words are breathy as she promises to behave. It tells me that she's already feeling the stimulation powerfully in her pussy.

"You will keep your eyes open."

"I will keep my eyes open for my lesson, Ma'am."

"You will not cum."

Dawn's eyes go fearfully wide. "I will not allow myself to cum, Ma'am."

"You will not stop."

"I will not stop masturbating, Ma'am." The frightful look stays on Dawn's face.

"If you misbehave..." I tell her with a very taunting sweetness in my voice. As I do, I stroke the leather tip of my crop softly over one of Dawn's breasts. "you will be punished immediately."

## The Dorm

"Please whip me with that crop if I misbehave for my lesson, Ma'am."

By now, far less than a minute into the lesson, Dawn is purring deep breaths that are more moaning "MM!s" than anything. I can see goosebumps covering her breasts, too. Just as I can see how those goosebumps have tightened up the skin on her mounds, pulling them tight and giving the dark rings around her nipples an almost wrinkly look. I take one step back and glance down. It lets me see more of the goosebumps that now cover her bare pubes as well. It also lets me see the thick honey clinging to her finger and covering her plump mound.

I release Dawn's hand. "Now behave."

"Yes, Ma'am. I will behave for you, Ma'am. Thank you so much Miss Rodgers for teaching me how to masturbate, Ma'am." It's almost a pure moan.

I watch Dawn closely. I know she'll misbehave. So far every woman I've taught this to has. And does. It's impossible to stand still and masturbate, especially when your pussy is so eager for relief.

In another quarter of a minute or so, Dawn's mouth is hanging wide open as she breathes fast through it. I put my hand to the bottom of her strong jawline. I look her in the eyes as I tell her "Dawn, just relax and breathe. Breathe slowly and deeply."

Dawn slows her breaths. The deepness of them follows. As does the very measured and deliberate note in them. Her breaths, in a matter of about five seconds, become loud and impassioned moans. It lasts another five seconds or so. Then Dawn's breaths suddenly go fast again. "I'm sorry, Ma'am! It's too hard!"

I snap my crop, using a little less than half my strength. I land the tip of it squarely on Dawn's cheek. Not her bottom. It leaves a very faint pink "crop print," a square with a triangle atop it the shape of the crop's tip, on her bronzed cheek. And it gets a loud "OW!" yelled from Dawn. I'm not worried about the crop print. It will fade in a matter of minutes to nothing.

## Chapter 06: Masturbation 101

"Bad girl," I scold Dawn sternly in a disapproving voice. "I told you not to speak. Apologize."

"I'm sorry for speaking, Ma'am. Please forgive me, Ma'am. I forgot... it feels so good that I can't think, Ma'am!"

"I didn't tell you to think, Dawn," I remind her in a firm voice, but one lacking the note of disapproval. "I told you to obey. Now breathe properly."

Dawn forces herself to start slowing her breaths down again. She gets them almost as slow as they were. Her teeth chatter. She tries to control those breaths. They're even more measured than they were the first time.

I reach a finger up to her untouched cheek and gently stroke it. "That's a good girl, Dawn. Breathe. Relax. Obey."

A sharp shudder suddenly racks over her hips. I spare her bottom, Snapping the tip of my crop against her hips. This swat isn't that hard either, but it's enough to get her attention. "Stand still," I scold her. Her hips still.

I see a thick gob of honey fall from her mound and rain down to the floor under her pussy. I doubt Dawn notices it. I can see the tension in her muscles, especially her arm, as she tries to control the stroke of her masturbation. A few seconds later I see that same tension in her legs. As they tighten up, Dawn rises to her toes. It lets me see, for the first time, the firm definition of those muscles. Swimming has definitely toned them up.

I don't punish her for rising to her toes. I didn't tell her not to, although I could call that moving. Instead, I use the tip of the crop to stroke along the sole of a foot. "No, Dawn. Feet flat on the floor."

Dawn cries out a loud, "UH!" in a pure strained toned. But as she cries out, she forces herself back down onto her feet. It forces her to loosen up the muscles in her legs. And that takes away one of the few things her body has left that it can do to ease the agonizing stimulation in her pussy. It makes the feelings even more intense for Dawn.

## The Dorm

I slowly circle around Dawn. From behind, I can see the muscles in her back straining as well. I can see her cheeks tensed up hard and squished together, too. I lean over to get a good look at her pussy from the backside. It lets me see her clit as it pulses so powerfully that it seems to be jumping against her finger.

"You're too tense to cum, Dawn," I say in my teasingly sweet voice. I put my hands to Dawn's shoulders and gently knead them twice. "You have to relax if you want to cum instead of suffering."

Dawn tries hard to relax her body. The gentle kneads to her shoulders all but forces her to. But as soon as the tension begins to ebb from her muscles, the sensations in her pussy overwhelm her and she tenses right back up. She tries a couple more times. She keeps trying and failing faster.

I circle back around to stand in front of her. "Don't you want to cum?"

"Y-Yes, Ma'am, I have to cum, Ma'am!" Dawn stutters, her voice as breathy as ever. Her words urgently blurted out.

"You have to relax to cum, Dawn," I tell her tauntingly.

It takes her a while. And then only the tiniest bit of tension fades from her muscles. I tell her again. She keeps trying. And failing.

I opt for a firmer approach. I stroke my fingers through her hair, feeling the silky fine strands. Then, suddenly, I grip them tightly and pull her head to look me straight in the eyes. In my sternest voice, I command her "Relax your body, now, Dawn. Now." I tap the side of her thigh, very lightly, with the tip of my crop.

It does the trick. The tension fades from Dawn's body. A half-second later Dawn screams out a tormented and overly-erotic "OH!" as she tenses back up. Her body trembles for a few seconds. Then I scold her to relax again and punctuate it with another little tap of my crop.

After four tries Dawn is only able to stay relaxed for a couple of seconds. I tell her that she may ask permission to cum, but she must stay

## Chapter 06: Masturbation 101

relaxed as she asks, and until she's given permission.

It motivates her. She relaxes. She stands, her entire body quivering. She moans out "Miss Rodgers, I'm relaxed just like you told me to do, Ma'am. May I please have permission to cum now, Ma'am?"

Before I answer her, I see the tension slam back into Dawn's body. She shudders hard as a couple more gobs of honey fall from her pussy. I scold her for not staying relaxed and tell her that she has two more tries.

Dawn trembles for a few seconds. Then she stiffens even harder. But after a second her muscles loosen up enough that she looks to be relaxed. Looks to be. "Miss Rodgers, I'm relaxed again, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being so naughty, Ma'am, but this is too much for me. May I please have permission to cum all over myself now, Ma'am?"

"One..." I start counting off the seconds. I reach my hand up and cup one of Dawn's breasts, giving it a very gently squish in my hand. A shiver sweeps over Dawn. But as it fades, her muscles relax again.

"Two..." I reach over to her other breast. I'll bet she's expecting me to cup it as well. Instead, I pinch her nipple softly in my fingers. Dawn screeches a loud "EE!" and shivers again.

"Three..." I caress her hard stomach with my hand.

"Are you sure you want to cum now, with everyone watching you? We'll all see you cum like a gutter slut!"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Dawn blurts out urgently, her throaty voice begging. "May I please have permission to cum, Ma'am? Please, Miss Rodgers, I'll cum right now with the whole world watching me. I don't care how slutty I look, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, may I please be allowed to cum like a whore, Ma'am?"

"Cum."

Dawn screams out the most tortured "UM...UGH!" as she does, her body shudders powerfully and wildly. Her pussy must be spasming. I watch several gobs of her thick honey drip to the floor, landing with little plops. A fraction of a second later, as the second wave of the



## The Dorm

orgasm hits her, she shudders again just as powerfully. And again and again. Her orgasm goes on for a couple of minutes. Dawn spends every second of it shuddering hard and panting soft, but fast, throaty moans that sound like "OH!s"

Finally, Dawn stops shuddering. I quickly pull her hand away from her pussy. Dawn's head lolls forward. She pants, trying to catch her breath. She stands, trembling. As the seconds tick off, the trembles fade.

"Thank you so very much, Miss Rodgers, for teaching me to masturbate like that, Ma'am..." Dawn says, her voice full of embarrassment, but also honesty. "It was the best orgasm I've ever had, Ma'am. I didn't know they could be that good, Ma'am... Obviously, I need to learn how to masturbate properly, Ma'am... it's very kind of you to teach me. Please accept my apology for misbehaving during my lesson. I'm sorry for making you whip me, Ma'am."

"Just remember the rules and instructions I've given you, Dawn. I don't tolerate disappointment from my girls."

"Yes, Ma'am," Dawn's voice is still breathy and deep, but now it sounds eager as well. "I promise to behave for you, Ma'am. Thank you, Ma'am."

"Then I'll see you at three, Dawn. You will stand right where you are until your pussy stops dripping. Then you will dress normally and you may return to your RA duties."

"Yes, Ma'am..." Dawn blushes to a deep, beet red.



# Epilogue: The Next Day

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The next morning I have a long email from Steve, Dawn's father. He tells me that he appreciated Dawn's call last night. She usually calls him about three times a week, every other day. But he is quite happy that I've told her to call daily.

He tells me that the conversation was slightly awkward for him. As I told her to do, Dawn told him about the afternoon session. She told him about "comforting" Sydney as the freshman girl came from having her "butt fingered." And she told him that I had taught, or started to teach, her how to properly masturbate. She admitted it was a skill she never knew that she didn't know. Until now.

She even thanked him for "arranging" for me to "look after her" while she's in Mobile. She said she feels that she will learn a lot from me, including things that he can't teach her about being a proper woman. And she "thinks" that I will be just as strict with her as he is. That I will not tolerate even the slightest bit of misbehavior from her. And she doesn't want me to. She wants to learn to be a "good lady."

He asks what I mean by a "full, in-depth examination and interview." So I tell him. I tell him that it's something I have all of my subs do. Dawn is going to tell me every last intimate detail about her life and her body. Things, such as the details of her period, that are going to be uncomfortable for her to tell me, but which I prefer to know for "obvious reasons." I tell him that I do not allow my subs even the tiniest shred of shyness, privacy, or modesty from me. They will openly tell me everything. And in this case, Dawn will tell him, too.

While here, Dawn's body will be weighed. And it will be measured in every possible dimension. More thoroughly than even a tailor would measure. That I do in case I decide to get clothing for a sub to wear. And because subs find it humiliating to have their body measured. I will see every bit of her body, including inside her vagina and rectum. I remind him that I am a student nurse and know how to look there safely and with minimal discomfort for Dawn. I tell him that I did not tell Dawn, but while she's here I will also be drug testing her. That's because I refuse to have a sub who uses drugs, and druggies tend to lie about it.

## The Dorm

So I just surprise test. He, of course, will get the results from me as well as from Dawn.

Also, while she's here, I will photograph her body in detail. That's just for me. And sometimes for another Domme, should I chose to share the sub. However, I don't plan to share Dawn, unless I need one of my Domme friends to look in on her while I'm out of town or something. If I do, he will know about it. The pictures will be stored securely in a hard drive with no internet connection, and thus unhackable. I do it with all of my subs.

And I tell him that I will be taking the time to see Dawn's vagina daily for the next couple of weeks. That way I can see for myself how horny she gets, and how often she gets that way. For now, Dawn's release will come solely through supervised masturbation. She needs to learn to pleasure herself before she learns to accept pleasure from another. Once it's time for that lesson, it will be at the hands of another female that she learns. None of which Dawn will be told.

An hour later I get another email from him. He tells me that he understands all of it. And that he has pictures of the slaves he's had, including Dawn's mother, his current "slave-wife."

Dawn arrives promptly at three. When she steps in, I ask her if she has a letter from Sydney. She hands it over. Then Dawn dares to speak. She thanks me for agreeing to look after her, something her father told her is definitely in her best interests. She promises me again that she'll be a very good girl for me.

I tell Sophie to get Dawn's clothes. While Sophie is collecting them, I read Sydney's letter.

Miss Rodgers;

Thank you so much for that treat! I guess you figured out that it was the most intense orgasm I've ever had. I have no idea how you managed to do it with your finger up my butt, but you did.

But mostly what I remember of it was how totally helpless I felt. As I lie there, I wanted

## Epilogue: The Next Day

nothing more than to cum. But no matter how hard I tried to, I couldn't even though I was tied. But when you wanted me to, it took like two seconds for me to be cumming so hard I forgot who I was! I have never felt so powerless, so at-your-mercy, before.

I... I really hope you'll take care of me again. I don't know why you'd want to, but I'm praying that you will. I doubt I'll ever cum again if I'm not so helpless and possessed as I was! And I can't imagine who else could put me there.

I will do absolutely anything you want me to do. Whatever. I don't care. I just want to be able to cum like that again. Whatever it takes, I will so willing to do.

I haven't a clue who else was in that room. I'm praying it was no one I know! I would be so humiliated if anyone thought of me doing that. I know there were others in there. I guess that's why you blindfolded me, so I wouldn't know who it was.

I don't know why you told my R-A to get this letter, either. I guess you know her, too. I'm am so praying that she wasn't one of the girls in that room! But if she was, she hasn't said anything. I'm going to believe she knows nothing. Otherwise, I wouldn't be able to look at her!

I know, or I've heard, that you like to play games with your... whatever I am. I don't care. I so meant it when I said I would do absolutely anything you wanted me to, no matter what it is, if you would just help me to cum like that again! Or point me to someone else who knows how to so I can throw myself at him! I would so willingly beg for it!

Sydney

I'm nothing if not evil. While I really don't have a niche for Sydney to fill, I can't resist the urge to find out if she truly is willing to do anything. I figure, why not. If she is willing to eagerly do anything, the worst that can happen is that I have to find a place for her in my toybox. And there's always something to do with an 18-year-old body. I decide to have Dawn tell Sydney that Sydney is not to date anyone, period. I don't like to share my pussies. If I decide to see Sydney again, she will be summoned at my convenience. Until then, she is not to ask about me or try to contact me. I figure to make her wait for about two weeks and then summon her suddenly. That's enough time for her to misbehave if

## The Dorm

she's going to. But if she's serious about obeying my whims, she'll behave that long.

Now that Sophie has Dawn nude, she sits her on the stool beside my desk. I ignore Dawn. I send Sophie down to Dawn's car to fetch Dawn's school books for me. Then, once Sophie has returned with them, I have the nude Dawn go class by class and tell me what she's learning. And we go through her work.

I tell Dawn this will be a regular thing. I expect my girls to get A's, and there will be consequences for *every single* bad grade, no matter what it's on. I can see that it comes as a surprise to Dawn. I'm sure her father will be very pleasantly surprised when she tells him about it. I'd bet he has consequences of his own for her bad grades. Although I doubt he considers a B+ to be a bad grade. But I do.

I send Dawn off with Sophie to be measured.