**Craving Humiliation**

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**Chapter 1: Planting the seed**  
I hated these visits to the campus' training center. I didn't feel at ease being surrounded by all these jocks and their bimbos, but I wasn't one of those girls who could keep in shape without working out. In fact, I had to work dang hard at it and so I reluctantly came back week after week.  
  
I wasn't as tall, long-legged or attractive as the vapid girls who strutted around the place like they owned it, nor was I part of the "in" crowd. Soon after joining the gym I realized the more senior members liked to mock me to prove their superiority and their place in the gym's social ladder. It didn't take long for me to decide to move my weekly session. I chose early Monday morning before classes, when most everyone was still sleeping off the weekend's extravagances.  
  
Stepping out of the locker room I realized today was no different. I knew by sight the handful of people already present on the training machines, but I had never talked to them. As usual the girl I referred to as the runner was present. She came in early, spent all her time on the treadmill then left. I'd heard she was on the track team; I didn't have any trouble believing it.   
  
I suppressed a disappointed sight when I saw the blue shorts guy heading for the locker room. I liked sneaking off to that one bike close to his favorite training area and watching him work out. Oh well, maybe next week. The third and last person present this morning was the brooding guy. I didn't like this one; he was creepy and attacked the weight machines as if they had personally ruined his life. Luckily he had never so much as looked at me.  
  
I went as far from the brooding guy as physically possible and did my stretching exercises. I didn't feel like sharing the treadmills with the runner girl so I started the day's routine with the bike. I set the fitness level to 'no hills' and started the ride. Nothing too difficult for me; I just wanted to be in shape, not run myself into the ground. It wasn't long before I let myself be carried away by the repetitive motions and slipped into a daydream involving me, the blue shorts guy and the training pad.  
  
"... totally did!"   
  
I was shaken out of my reverie by a voice I knew only too well. Tall, blond and sexy Mandy Johnson was a total bitch and the main reason why I had to come in so early. Mandy had constantly teased me and had been responsible for making the others do the same.   
  
She was one of those people who can't seem to talk without moving their hands about. Just now she was flailing her water bottle around and gossiping with her best friend Liza Backes, a redhead with huge breasts nearly spilling out of her skimpy top. Both were obviously dressed like the sluts they were.  
  
Apparently I wasn't the only one annoyed by the commotion, the runner girl sighed and headed for the locker room. I was thinking about doing the same when Mandy interrupted my thoughts.   
  
"Well well," she mocked. "If it isn't poor little Anna. Have you been hiding here all this time?"  
  
She was looking at me with a daring look on her face, but I gave her my best neutral expression. Eventually the bitch gave up.   
  
"Still as slow," she said. "You should have stayed home; we don't want you in here."  
  
Apparently satisfied with that, they both turned and moved to the now vacant treadmills. They set their water bottles down, programmed their machines and started running, apparently having forgotten about me as they slipped back into their gossiping.  
  
Not wanting to stay in their vicinity lest they remember my presence, I quietly moved off to the other side of the gym to the weight machines. I wasn't very familiar with these, so I picked one at random. It was a monstrosity of metal, wires and pulleys, and adjustable in a dozen different positions, but was currently configured in a reclined position.   
  
I sat on it, placed my lower legs in the leg supports and lay back. I wasn't certain how to operate this thing, but looking around I spotted two handles at shoulder level, each connected to a wire.   
  
I could do this. Taking a breath I pulled. The handles followed, and I heard a weight being lifted somewhere behind my head. Not bad, I thought. I should do this more often.   
  
Finding new enthusiasm stirring in me, I went at in earnest. It was going great, the previous person who used it hadn't put on too much weight. I was enjoying myself until in the middle of a pull I felt as if my head caught fire. I let out a yelp! Panicking I reflexively relaxed the pressure I was putting on the handles and the pain intensified. My hair was stuck! I couldn't let go without ripping my own hair out!  
  
"Look at this Liza!" I heard. "She got her hair stuck!"   
  
I heard the girls approach and thought I would die of shame; I'd never hear the end of it. I felt my face heat as they both loomed over me and laughed.  
  
"I knew she was stupid, but this?" Mandy said. "Go get your phone, I want pictures!"  
  
Tears started blurring my vision as Liza headed for the locker room; with pictures the whole school would know.  
  
"Please Mandy..." I sobbed. "Help me out, I swear I'll never come back!"  
  
"No way bitch! I told you you're not welcome in my gym. Now you're going to pay."  
  
I saw Liza coming back with a cell phone, and I started crying in earnest. The girls liked that. Mandy started mocking me as Liza circled, taking pictures as I lay there crying.  
  
I was brought back from my misery by a hand holding my forehead. Focusing through my watery eyes I saw the bleached blond head of Mandy hovering over me with a sadistic look on her face. In her other hand she was holding a black marker she had gotten from somewhere.   
  
"Please Mandy... don't..." I cried.  
  
"Look at me bitch!" The hand on my forehead tightened painfully until I looked Mandy in the eyes. "You heard me. A bitch, that's what you are and all you'll ever be."   
  
With that she leaned forward and with those sadistic eyes still locked on mine, wrote something on my forehead. With a smirk she let go and stepped back. "Take more pictures, this is going on my blog." I heard a couple more clicks, and then silence.  
  
"What?" Mandy snapped. "Why did you stop?"  
  
"Well..." Liza started. "This is getting boring. Can't we just leave?"  
  
Mandy thought for a moment then grinned. "You want fun? Alright let's have fun!" She walked in front of the bench and stopped at my legs. "Get your legs out of these supports, bitch!"  
  
No way, I thought. I didn't know what she had in mind but it couldn't be good. Smack! A stinging slap landed on my inner tight. This hurt!   
  
"Didn't you hear me? I said get your legs out!"   
  
My thigh was still stinging and she already had her hand raised, ready to strike again. I quickly moved my legs out and braced myself for the next humiliation. What happened wasn't something I had expected. With a triumphant look on her face Mandy quickly lunged over my legs, grabbed hold of my shorts and pulled them down before I could react, exposing my plain white panties to the gym.  
  
I was mortified. I heard a chuckle from Liza. "Now that's more like it!" Clicking sounds could be heard again. This was going on the net? I would die of shame. I wouldn't be able to show my face at school ever again.   
  
Mandy was laughing. "Let's take off some more..."   
  
I panicked and started kicking and flailing my legs around the best I could, but my arms were getting tired from holding the handles halfway through their arc. Leaning back like I was, all I managed to do was make my scalp start burning again as my struggling shifted my body around; I let out a yelp of pain. My panties were lowered and taken away.   
  
I couldn't believe what was happening to me; blood rushed to my face. I bet even they could hear the thudding of my heart.  
  
Mandy laughed. "So you're shaved? As if anyone would ever want to have sex with you." She gestured at my pussy. "Keep taking pictures of her cunt, I gotta get something."   
  
And with that she left my limited field of vision. I looked at Liza pleadingly, but she just laughed and took more pictures.  
  
"Let's see those small tits of hers," Mandy suggested, coming back with a pair of scissors.  
  
Leaning over me, she grabbed hold of my top and pulled it away from my body, pushing me up and making my scalp hurt again as pressure was put on my hair. She inserted the scissors in the tent she had created and in one snip cut the top off. I fell back in the seat relieved at the lack of pain until I shockingly realized I was now completely exposed in a public gym!  
  
"So small..." Mandy mocked.   
  
She ran her hand over my right breast, circling my nipple and watching it harden.   
  
"Do you think I'm the first one to touch them?"  
  
She played with my erect nipple. I couldn't help but feel a little thrill go through me. Her second hand joined the first and started tweaking my other nipple too. I think I let out a small gasp. As if she had been waiting for it she squeezed my nipples hard and twisted them. I shrieked and jerked, the renewed pain on my scalp fighting for attention from my sore, tormented nipples.  
  
While in pain I nearly let go of the handles but managed to hold on at the last second. She released my nipples and I just lay there hurting, eyes closed and crying again. I could still hear clicks of pictures being taken but right at that moment all that mattered was the pain in my nipples...  
  
I felt a hand spreading my thighs and jerked my eyes open. Mandy was standing over me, one hand forcing my legs open and the other holding her water bottle.   
  
"Let's show her what it's like to have something in her."   
  
I stared at the squirt water bottle in Mandy's hand; this was never going to fit! I closed my legs as hard as I could.   
  
"Oh God, no!" I cried out. "Please Mandy, I'm begging you. Don't do this!"  
  
Mandy's face clouded in anger.   
  
"You bitch! Don't tell me what I can do!"   
  
She walked off and came back with a pair of jump ropes. "Help me with her legs."   
  
Both girls teamed up on me. I did my best, but I ended up with my legs spread, tied to the structure of the weight machine.   
  
"Now you're getting it!"   
  
Mandy leaned between my outstretched legs. She spread my pussy lips and cruelly pushed the bottle, which wouldn't go in. The pain was incredible and I screamed out, then the next thing I knew I had my panties jammed in my mouth.   
  
"The bitch is tight," I heard Mandy say.   
  
Holding the bottle over me she squeezed and a stream of ice cold water hit my pussy, making me jerk in shock. She leaned over my pussy and, still aiming the water at my slit, started fingering me. Eventually the flow stopped but she kept fingering me, even adding a second finger, then a third. I closed my eyes. I couldn't believe my body was starting to get into it! She opened and closed her three fingers in a scissor-like motion, stretching me as wide as she could. After a moment of this she pulled them out and got the bottle again. I braced myself.  
  
Again she spread my pussy lips. She slid the head of the bottle in me and started pushing and twisting. It slowly entered and I thought she was going to rip me up; I closed my eyes and bit my panties, trying to ignore the pain. Eventually the pressure stopped and I opened my eyes. I couldn't believe she had managed to fit the bottle halfway in me. She stood back to admire her work. Liza took pictures of the bottle in my stretched pussy and at my shocked expression.  
  
The two girls looked at each other. "What next?"   
  
Liza's face lit up. "I have an idea!"   
  
She handed the phone to Mandy, went between my legs and pulled the bottle out. I felt a moment of pain followed by relief. She took the bottle and uncapped it, lowered her shorts and squatted over it. She sighed and a golden stream hit the head of bottle, and then started going in.   
  
"I've needed to go for the last half hour."   
  
Mandy looked puzzled. "So what?"  
  
Liza just kept peeing. She really had needed to go; she almost filled the whole bottle. When the trickle stopped she stood up, pulling her shorts back up.   
  
She aimed the bottle at me with an evil look in her eyes. She wouldn't! Please tell me she wouldn't! She squeezed and a stream hit me in the face. Mandy laughed and started taking pictures. Liza squeezed again and I closed my eyes. She hit me once more in the face, soaking the panties in my mouth. I was going to be sick. She squirted at my hair and my sore scalp started burning all over again. Apparently not satisfied, she squirted my face again, lingered on my breasts, then down my stomach to my gaping pussy, making sure to splash some in.  
  
She came back between my legs. "Let's put it back where it came from."   
  
I couldn't believe it! She was going to put the bottle, still halfway filled with pee, back in me! I'd been loosened the previous time and was lubricated by water and urine so it wasn't really that painful this time, but I still felt much worse. I closed my eyes and pretended this wasn't happening to me. I could feel the pee in the bottle as it was being inserted in me, warmth spreading through my pussy.   
  
She kept pushing until she couldn't get it in any farther, then she started squeezing the bottle, pushing more of her warm pee out of the bottle and into my insides. She eventually stood back. They took pictures of the now golden bottle sticking out of my pussy.  
  
They looked at each other, apparently having run out of sadistic ideas.  
  
"Oh well," Mandy announced. "I wish I was here when the bottle got taken out of her gaping cunt, that's going to be fun to watch."  
  
They took a couple more pictures, and with a last look at their handiwork headed for the locker room.  
  
Mandy stopped before the door.   
  
"Don't worry," she said over her shoulder. "Class is starting soon; you'll be out of there in no time," she snickered as she entered before entering the locker room.  
  
I was conflicted. I was relieved the abuse and pictures were over, but the idea of being found like this was terrifying. My only hope was that I'd be found by an instructor and not by a class of students.  
  
I heard something from to my left. Someone was in here already!? I turned my head as much as my hair allowed me and saw him, the brooding guy walking toward me. He had been forgotten in the corner all along and had watched the whole thing!  
  
He stopped in front of me, his erect dick out of his shorts.  
  
"Great friends you're got there. Mind if I take a turn?"  
  
I said "no" through the soaked panties, but he just smiled at me. He straddled the bench and settled between my legs.   
  
I felt a wet finger pushing at my anus. Oh God! He was going for my ass. He pushed slowly and I let out a cry through my panties. It was uncomfortable, even a little painful. I'd never felt anything quite like this as he moved his finger around in my ass as I lay there with a bottle down my pussy. He tried a second finger but it wouldn't go in.  
  
"You need to relax, you're too contracted."   
  
Well he wasn't tied up in a public gym. I would have kicked him if I could, but I settled for a gasp as he started playing with my wet clitoris. It felt good; I don't remember ever having been this sensitive. I closed my eyes, forgetting where I was and just let the pleasure fill me. I was brought back as a second finger entered me, but he quickened his fingers on my clitoris and I relaxed again. His hand moved up and massaged my breast as he fucked my ass with two fingers. I felt his fingers pull out and I opened my eyes.  
  
He wiped his fingers on my stomach. "You ready babe?"  
  
I don't think I would ever be ready to be fucked up the ass in a gym, but I wanted his hands on me again.  
  
He positioned himself and taking hold of my thighs raised my ass up. He guided his cock with his hand; I could feel his cock head at the entrance of my anus. He pushed slowly and with much effort got the head in, impaling my ass with his cock as my pussy was being impaled with a pee filled bottle. Pain flared as he started sliding further in. He got halfway and stopped. I relaxed and he pushed, sliding all the way in. Pain swelled for a moment then slowly diminished as my anus adjusted to being filled by a dick.   
  
He pulled out until only the head was in, then pushed until he was all the way in to the hilt. I let out a yelp; he started playing with my sensitive clitoris again. Slowly, as pleasure was starting to fill my body again, he started pumping in and out of me.  
  
I was starting to like this; pleasure was taking over, relegating the pain to somewhere in the background. He saw my expression and augmented his tempo. I wished I could touch him but my hands were still holding these handles. After holding on for so long I don't think I could open them anymore.   
  
Orgasm was coming; I could feel it building inside me. He was about to cum too, fucking me harder, his thrusts sending a small surge of pain through my scalp as his slamming body pushed me up and down the bench.   
  
I couldn't hold on much longer; either I was going to enjoy the greatest orgasm or my life, or I'd get my hair ripped out, maybe both. He was groaning now and slamming into me like a sledgehammer. I climaxed, an orgasm surging through me in incredible waves of delight. I think I passed out for a moment.   
  
He let out a groan and I could feel his sperm filling my ass as his thrusts weakened. He fell over me, exhausted.   
  
"The best fuck ever," he whispered in my ear. "I don't think I've ever been so horny in my life."   
  
He sighed and got back up, his cock pulling out of my ass with an audible pop. He loomed over, looking at my exposed body. With one hand he reached out and removed a strand of urine-streaked hair out of my face.  
  
"Thanks babe, see you around." He turned around and left.  
  
Here I was, covered with pee, hair stuck, scalp burning, a bottle of pee inserted deep in my stretched pussy and sperm dripping out of my gaping anus, naked with legs spread wide in a public gym before class, awaiting the next person or persons to walk in.  
  
Not a bad workout.

**Chapter 2: Denial**  
Today was my first day back at College after the humiliating event of last week. I had been found tied up and dripping wet with some guy's sperm as well as female pee all over me lying on a weight machine workout bench by one of the gym instructors. After having my hair cut off I had been carried to the nurse and then the principal's office, where I refused to identify my attackers or contact authorities. Not wanting to prolong my humiliation the college authorities let it drop and gave me a week off. A week I spent in bed, healing my abused body and mourning my beautiful hair, now cut a little above shoulder level.  
  
The pictures of my ordeal had not surfaced on the net, but from some of the looks I was occasionally getting gave me the impression they had been shown around. I was nervous; I couldn't help blushing every time someone looked at me, and my heart threatened to beat out of my chest.   
  
I felt like I might be sick any moment but somehow, despite all that I had gone through, my pussy was drenched. I had been having the same dream night after night since that day. Instead of being found by a lone instructor, I was discovered by a whole class that touched and mocked me. To my shame I would always wake up with a raging need to masturbate. God, I was a slut.  
  
I checked the clock over the hallway as I made my way through the throng of students; ten minutes before class. I quickened my pace but grimaced and slowed again; I was still a little sore and walking too fast hurt. At the next intersection I turned and headed for the less crowded gym area, where I could cut across to my class.  
  
As expected the gym area wasn't as crowded. Everyone with classes here would be changing; the other students passing through wouldn't get in my way. I checked the hour again; eight minutes. I gritted my teeth and accelerated a little.  
  
A blonde came in from a hallway further ahead and I froze. It was Mandy! She had her back to me and hadn't seen me as she sped off ahead. Should I turn back?  
  
"Whoa look at that!" a guy heading toward me said to his buddy.   
  
With horror I realized I had started massaging my clit through my jeans in the middle of the hallway, and in plain sight of everyone! I grabbed my books with both hands and quickly lowered my head to hide my blushing. I could hear the guys joking about what they'd do to the horny girl as they went past me. I started walking again before they could try anything.  
  
I tried following Mandy while keeping my distance, which wasn't too hard since she was walking faster than me. She was wearing one of her skimpy skirts that exposed the bottom of her ass cheeks with every step and a tank top which I was guessing nearly made her breasts spill out of it as it always did. She abruptly swerved and entered a locker room.  
  
I stopped in front of it, indecisive. I was late anyway, should I try talking to her? Maybe make peace? I noticed my hand was going for my clit again and I snatched it... I made my decision and went in.  
  
The air was humid; I could hear a shower somewhere, out of sight. Mandy was standing near a bench with a gaggle of her bikini-clad friends; she was topless in her panties, her friends urging her to hurry.  
  
"Come on Mandy!" one said. "You know how Miss..." She spotted me and stopped. Mandy turned around; first she was shocked, and then her face clouded in anger.  
  
"What the hell are you doing here!?" she stalked toward me. "Don't you ever learn?"  
  
She grabbed my shoulders painfully and pushed me to the ground, my books falling everywhere. While I was laying there on my back she reached for my shirt and tried getting it over my head. I started flailing my arms around; I hit her hard on the arm and with a gasp she let go of me. I got up quickly, holding my arms tightly over me for protection.  
  
"Look, I just want to talk," I pleaded.  
  
She didn't reply, but rather just stood staring at me looking pissed, her friends gathering around her.  
  
Suddenly she launched herself at me again. We fell down and she landed on top, pushing my breath out of me. As I lay there trying to get the air back with her laying on me, holding me still, her friends grabbed hold of my legs and arms. She sat back on my thighs with her quickened breaths making her breasts jiggle.  
  
"You bitch," she said while releasing the air in her lungs. "You hit me!"  
  
She grabbed the bottom of my shirt and lifted it, exposing my breasts. I must have forgotten to wear a bra. Other hands grabbed for the shirt and it was lifted off my arms.  
  
"Look," one of her friends announced to the group. "They look even smaller than in the pictures." They all laughed at my chest and my face reddened in humiliation. My breasts were not that small! Were they?  
  
"I think she likes it when I play with her small tits," Mandy declared, reaching down and cupping my breasts. "That's too bad because it won't happen." She let go and stood up, her breasts bouncing. "Strip her and make her kneel over the bench."  
  
My shoes and socks came off. My jeans were unzipped and with one motion were dragged down with my panties, over my legs and thrown somewhere. Here I was with my wet pussy exposed to Mandy and her friends.   
  
There were a couple of chuckles for "the slut" and I was dragged and made to kneel over the wooden bench, my ass exposed and my breasts hanging down on the other side.   
  
Mandy opened her mouth to speak but a voice cut through the room and everyone jumped.  
  
"Ladies, class is starting," an older female voice announced. "Is anyone still in here?"  
  
No one spoke and after a moment the click of a door closing echoed through the room. A hand went to my ass, slowly massaging it.  
  
"You like that?" Mandy asked.  
  
The next moment the hand was gone. I let out a yelp as it was replaced by a stinging pain; a loud smack echoed through the room.   
  
More slaps landed on my ass and thighs. Ouch, this hurt! I pushed off and struggled but the hands on me were too strong. One went for my nipple and pinched; I cried out and stopped fighting.   
  
The pain kept coming, my yelps of pain echoing back to me with every slap, but even more humiliating were the slapping noises of my hanging breasts hitting the side of the bench every time I jerked. The stinging grew as hand after hand replaced the first, until the pain went from my ass all the way down to the back of my knees.   
  
Finally it stopped and the hands released me. I was just laying there panting, trying to get my breath back. Someone grabbed my arm and I was jerked up, breathless. It was Mandy.  
  
"I'm not done with you yet," she announced.  
  
Still holding my arm she dragged me toward the back of the locker room, her friends following us. We stopped in front of the showers; she started the first and fiddled with the controls.  
  
"You should have done this yourself this morning you slut," she declared. With a satisfied smile she pushed me in.  
  
I screamed and recoiled back out. The water was freezing! She'd been expecting it and, grabbing hold of my arm, pushed me back in again.   
  
"Keep her in there," she told her friends. "I gotta get something."  
  
They surrounded me; she went to the locker area. I was helplessly standing there, my nude body shivering all over, trying to stop my teeth from clattering when she came back with a twirled wet towel and a sadistic smile. Oh my God!  
  
"Please Mandy!" I gasped. "Please don't do this."   
  
"You think I care what you want?" she snarled; "you stupid bitch. You haven't learned your lesson yet."  
  
I made a run for it but her friends grabbed me. I was thrown back in the shower with a gasp. It was coming, she hit me on the leg with the wet towel and I recoiled back in the opposite direction; hands grabbed me and pushed me back under the cold stream.   
  
Another hit came, this time on my red ass, and I let out a scream. I tried to push out of the circle but they wouldn't let me through. A blow landed on the right breast and I nearly fainted. I couldn't take it anymore; I curled up on the cold shower floor, my legs pulled up against me for protection, gritting my teeth for the next blow. It didn't come. I looked fearfully up at Mandy.  
  
"Learn your lesson this time?" she asked.  
  
I nodded.  
  
She turned the shower off, reached for my arm and pulled me upright. I stood there shivering. She had gotten wet sometime during the process; water was dripping from her hair and over her breasts, her nipples erect, her pussy starting to show through the wet material of her panties.  
  
Pulling on my arm she dragged me, shivering, out of the showers with her friends trailing behind us. We reached the bench and I let out a yelp as she sat me down hard.  
  
"Straddle it," she ordered.  
  
I looked up at her standing over me menacingly and decided I didn't want to get hurt again. I moved a leg over and across the bench, straddling it and leaving my legs open with my pussy exposed. Mandy sat down facing me, our knees almost touching, her pussy bulging through her wet panties. When she leaned forward and pushed on my shoulders, I fell on my back.  
  
"Hold her," she told her friends. "I want to see if she's still excited."  
  
I tried jerking back up but hands grabbed me. I was held forcefully down against the bench. Mandy leaned her face forward, just inches from my pussy, and blew on it. I let out a gasp in spite of myself.   
  
"Look at the slut," she mocked, "she's practically begging for it!" I flushed; it wasn't my fault my body was responding!  
  
With Mandy still leaning between my legs, I felt two fingers against my pussy. She pushed and they went inside. They started probing, massaging my inside. I did the best I could to keep my control, but she was really good and occasionally managed to get gasps out of me; they had fun at that. She pulled the fingers out of my wet pussy, smearing juice all over my slit.   
  
"Getting hot?" she taunted. "Feels good, huh? Your cunt's all wet like the good little slut you are. You know what? I think I'll make you squirm some more..."  
  
Her wet fingers moved to my clit, stroking it. I couldn't pretend it wasn't affecting me anymore; I let out cries of pleasures as she masturbated me.  
  
I suddenly let out a cry of pain; she had pinched my clit! I struggled to free myself, frantically pushing against the hands holding me. Her fingers came back to my clit and gently stroked until I quieted. All that time she was laughing. She kept on doing it; masturbating me until my cries grew desperate and then pinching me, but I was getting close to coming anyway. I almost didn't mind the pinching anymore. I lay there squirming in their hands, wishing I could touch myself when her fingers withdrew.  
  
"Don't stop," I gasped. "Just a little more..."  
  
"Doesn't that suck," she gloated. "And you were so close. Too bad you have to go now."  
  
The hands left me. She grabbed my arm and I was pulled on my feet and pushed toward the door. I guessed what was going to happen and pulled in the opposite direction.  
  
"Don't fight me bitch!" she warned. "Or do you want to go back in the shower?"  
  
I didn't, and after I resigned myself to her will we started moving again. We reached the door; she unceremoniously opened it and pushed me out in the hall.   
  
"Wait there." The door closed in my face.  
  
I heard a gasp of surprise and jerked around. A guy had stopped in his tracks and was staring at me, mouth hanging open. I quickly hid my breasts and turned back around toward the door. I was exposing my red ass and legs but this was the best I could do, and anyway my face was probably redder than my backside; I wasn't sure if I was shivering from the shame or from the cold.  
  
The door opened and as I stepped back Mandy came out still dressed in her panties. She looked over my shoulder with a slutty smile on her face then focused back on me.  
  
"Here!"   
  
She threw my books and some clothing at my feet before closing the door in my face again.  
  
I didn't waste any time, I grabbed for the clothing. There were only two pieces that certainly weren't mine; a thin grey blouse and what could barely be described as a miniskirt. I quickly put them on as the guy continued to stare.   
  
I let out a curse when I tried buttoning the blouse; only the two middle buttons were left, exposing my belly and most of my breasts. I should have been worrying that with any movement I would flash everyone with a full view of my bare breasts, but the thin grey material was already sticking to my wet skin. It was turning transparent, and exposing everything anyway.  
  
The skirt wasn't much better; it just barely covered my ass cheeks. Every step would likely expose half my ass and pussy, and it certainly did nothing to hide my reddened legs and thighs. That was it. No shoes, no socks, nothing.  
  
I grabbed for my books and held them as a shield to cover my breasts. I let out a sigh of relief. The guy was still staring but at least I wasn't showing him everything anymore. What could I do? Damn, I was late the first period after a week of being gone. I'd get in trouble for that. I hurried barefoot to my class, probably giving the guy a nice view of my ass as I sped off.  
  
I hesitated outside the door. Could I really do this? I was barefoot, my legs were naked and completely red from behind, and even my right breast had a visible red mark from the whipping it had taken. I'd most likely be flashing my pussy and ass to half the class, and to make matters worse I was drenched and shivering, hair dripping all over my blouse.   
  
I steeled myself, readjusted my books to cover my chest and went in before I could change my mind.  
  
Everyone stared at my interruption. Murmurs went through the class and I turned beet red. I looked around for a seat; there was only one, all the way to the back in the far right corner. With one hand holding the books over my breasts, the other holding my skirt down as much as I could over my pussy, I made my way back taking the smallest steps I could.  
  
It took way longer getting there than it should have and I probably looked like I was giving a show on purpose, but I didn't care. At least I had avoided exposing myself as much as was possible. After reaching the desk I lowered myself as modestly as I could, which wasn't much. A wave of pain shot through me as my stinging ass touched the chair. I barely managed to stay sitting.  
  
The skirt was so small it had ridden up, exposing my whole pussy. I closed my legs as tightly as I could. I sat with everyone was still staring at me, but after a while of staring they realized I wasn't going to do anything else and they reluctantly turned back.  
  
The Prof was unsettled at first but he couldn't really see me all the way back behind everyone, and eventually forgot my presence as he resumed his lessons.   
  
After a moment I quietly sighed in relief and put my books on the desk. The girl to my side let out a small gasp and I cringed; she was looking at my breasts through the wet blouse. I did my best to act casual but my burning face was probably giving me away. That or the thudding of my heart I was sure she could hear.  
  
The girl was still stealing glances at me, and I was starting to feel an aching need between my legs; my pussy was dripping all over my seat. I ignored it and focused on the lecture. If this boring lesson didn't work I didn't know what would, but before long I was squirming on my seat. God I was horny!  
  
I just couldn't take it anymore, nothing else mattered but getting an orgasm. The girl hadn't looked at me for a while. I opened my legs a little and sneaked a hand down to my pussy. It felt like heaven. I barely managed to hold back a powerful gasp as my fingers found my clit.   
  
The girl sneaked a peak at me again and her eyes bulged. I froze. What could I do? Damn, she had caught me touching myself. The hell with it, I needed to cum! I started fingering myself then and there.  
  
The girl couldn't believe it, and neither could I really. Here I was, half naked in the middle of class and masturbating. Damn it was good. She was staring at me; I looked her in the eyes and smiled, opening my legs wider so she could watch me doing it.  
  
But something was missing. I was squirming in need as I was masturbating yet I needed something more. With a shock I realized I needed something up my ass. I looked around; no one was looking back here. I quickly shifted my weight and removed the skirt out from under me, freeing and exposing my ass. The girl's mouth dropped open. She looked around and turned red.  
  
I scooted over to the edge of my seat, lay back a little and put my cunt-soaked finger up my asshole. The girl was now in a trance, staring at me as if nothing else existed. I moved the finger around inside my ass while I rubbed my clit with the other hand.   
  
This wasn't enough; I needed to be filled more. Then I spotted something. Making sure no one else was watching, I quickly leaned to the side, reached for the girl's desk, and grabbed her fluorescent marker. She looked surprised at first, then puzzled.  
  
I took the marker and rammed it up my anus. Her eyes were wide in shock. Here I was on the edge of my seat, legs spread wide, and a marker up my exposed ass. I looked her in the eyes and started fucking myself up the ass while fingering my pussy.  
  
The girl was beet red now, and so was I; I had never been so excited in all my life. Her hand moved down and she started massaging herself through her jeans.   
  
We were in our own world and nothing else existed. I didn't care if anyone else was watching anymore; all that mattered was fucking myself. My eyes locked onto hers as she touched herself. I was about to cum; I could feel a giant orgasm building and threatening to explode at any moment.  
  
The bell rang and I nearly jumped out of my skin. No! Not now! All I needed was a moment more. But it was too late; everyone was getting up and leaving. With one last lingering look at the girl I closed my legs, gathered my books, and stood up. I had to finish this.  
  
This time I didn't care about my exposed breasts, or that I was flashing everyone behind me with the yellow fluorescent marker sticking out of my ass. I needed to cum. Now!   
  
I left the class and walked through the crowd in a daze. I think some people were calling out to me, but I didn't pay attention. I was heading for the closest restroom. A thrill went through me as I reached my target; I almost ran in. A guy peeing in one of the urinals looked up in shock as I walked past him into a stall, slamming it behind me.  
  
I didn't lose any time. I sat down, closed my eyes, and fucked myself as hard as I could, pounding the marker up my ass as I finger-fucked myself. I didn't have to hide anymore as I let out screams of pure pleasure. I could hear them echoing back at me.   
  
Hearing my own lust-filled moans from the outside turned me on even more. I let the pleasure take over. I felt it coming and I let out a cry of pure ecstasy as a powerful orgasm exploded in me.   
  
I slumped against the toilet, exhausted, as wave after wave of pleasure shook through me. School would never be the same again.

**Chapter 3: Surrender**  
I lay on the toilet slumping as the last traces of the orgasm left me when reality came back with a shock. I had played with myself in class, walked through the halls half naked, and then fucked myself at the top of my lungs in one of the stalls of the Men's room.   
  
Oh God! Had anyone heard? I bounded up jerking the stall door open. The first thing I saw was my reflection in the mirror; my hair was dripping wet and only the two middle buttons of my blouse were still attached, completely exposing my tummy and the top of my breasts. What wasn't exposed to the air was still visible to the eyes as the clinging fabric was now transparent, revealing my nipples and areolas.   
  
My legs and feet were bare and my micro-skirt was bunched up and exposing my pussy. I couldn't see it but that dang permanent marker was still sticking out of my ass. I looked like a slut. I had been a fool; following Mandy, going to class like this, had all been a terrible mistake.   
  
What I saw as I turned my head made my blood run cold; a small crowd had gathered in the hallway outside the open bathroom door. When they had my attention they started hollering and applauding. I wanted to die! My vision was blurring and I desperately needed a place to hide, but the only way out of the room was through them.   
  
I broke out in tears; what choice did I have? I started running and burst into the crowd. They were not interested in moving, forcing me to push my way bodily through them. Hands reached out, fondling me as I went.   
  
The last two buttons of my blouse snapped and it sprang open. As it did my small breasts were exposed and hands dug into them. Finally I escaped the crowd surrounding me in sobs and kept running, hands holding my blouse closed, skirt fluttering in the wind.   
  
I had to get home. I kept running, followed by more voices as I passed through the halls. I could barely see where I was going thanks to my heaving sobs and bumped into people on the way, but finally I reached the front hall and with a sigh of relief made it out of the building.   
  
I looked around holding my blouse up to me, ignoring the stragglers outside. Just my luck; I could see a bus heading for the campus' stop and I ran for it. I reached it just as the doors were swinging open for a couple. Still in tears I pushed past them, ran up the stairs, and beyond the shocked driver and seated people while heading for the back.   
  
Upon reaching the end I sat down quickly and recoiled back up with a yelp of pain, making my now forgotten blouse flow open, flashing everyone as I fumbled for it. I had forgotten my ass and legs were still sensitive from the spanking they got, or that I had a marker up my ass. Throwing myself down on the seat as I had, I had sent my backside burning again and had managed to painfully jab the marker deeply up my ass. Reluctantly I gave up on the idea of trying to sit down again.  
  
Holding the blouse close to my chest with one hand, I grabbed a hand support with the other, resisting the urge to rub my behind. Tears started flowing and I lowered my head in shame; again I was the center of attention, the only one standing up when I could have been sitting.   
  
I heard the couple pay for their ticket, and the bus started moving.  
  
Getting braver thanks to my hair draping down over my lowered head I sneaked a glance around the bus. There were a dozen people, all looking at me. I was the only one standing up and the people sitting closest to me could see clearly under my skirt. Everyone else got an eyeful when the bus ran into one of the numerous bumps. The windows exposed me; I was a sight for occupants of passing vehicles and pedestrians alike.   
  
Slowly I calmed myself. It didn't matter what these people saw, the whole school probably thought of me as worse than a slut; the easiest girl on campus. If I was going to be a slut, I could at least keep some dignity. I let go of the bar for a second and wiped my eyes. Taking a steadying breath and holding my head high as if I didn't care, I let the blouse fall open, revealing my breasts, hardening nipples all. There, I had done it. A passing car honked and I cringed, but held the tears back.   
  
The marker up my ass was very uncomfortable; I realized I had started squirming from leg to leg trying to ease the pain. I had jammed it up deep when I slammed my ass onto the seat. Holding the support with one hand I reached for the marker with the other. It was barely sticking out; I could barely grip it with the tip of my fingers. I moved my legs around a little for a better angle and pulled on it. Damn, only the cap came out and now it was completely inside me. Worse, it was still very uncomfortable!  
  
I had no choice, but this would be humiliating. I let go of the bar, squatted down with my legs open, pulled my ass cheeks apart with one hand and inserted my index and middle finger with the other. They went in easily, my ass having grown accustomed to having something in there already.  
  
Probing around I found the tip of the marker, squeezed it between my fingers and pulled. It wouldn't come out easily. I don't know how long it took. My legs strained from the effort of squatting in this uncomfortable position, but after pushing with my muscles and pulling with my fingers I slowly managed to get it out.  
  
I let my ass fall down to the floor with relief, my legs burning from the effort. As I lay sprawled and panting I remembered the marker I was still holding. What should I do with it? I didn't want the girl I had borrowed it from thinking I had stolen it. I grabbed the cap off the nearby seat, gingerly capped it again and put it into the waistband of my skirt. I could get it to her next time we had classes.  
  
This is when I noticed the shocked expressions aimed at me, the eyes drawn to my wet pussy. I shut my legs closed and jerked back up into a seat.   
  
We went on like this for a while; the passengers staring at me while I tried acting casual despite my reddened face and shallow breathing. I was getting braver from all of this attention turning me on; I liked being the center of attention, having them following my every move, of being a slut.   
  
But I was losing some people, they were drifting in thoughts now they'd gotten their show and I wasn't doing anything anymore. I pretended a yawn, stretched myself while arching my chest out and under the guise of making myself more comfortable let my legs spread wide.  
  
It was working; I was the full center of attention again. But maybe it was working too well, I realized; I had to grip the edge of the seat tightly to stop my hands from drifting to my aching pussy. I was starting to miss being filled; maybe I shouldn't have removed the marker after all.  
  
The rest of the ride was excruciating. All I wanted was to reach down and masturbate myself silly, my pussy was so wet it was dripping, making a slick spot on my seat. Only my last diminishing shred of inhibition barely held me back, not wanting to know how far I would let things go if I did dare touch myself. When we reached my stop I cheered; in a minute I'd be able to pleasure myself as much as I wanted.  
  
I got up and pulled on the cord; a "ding" was heard. A thrill shot through me as I realized I probably wouldn't be seeing these people again; wanting to give them a show I thrust my breasts out and strutted for the door on the other end of the bus, next to the driver. With a little smile for him I stepped out.   
  
When I turned around to watch the bus as it started moving, all heads were in the windows looking at me. I waved with a smile. As the bus disappeared from sight I turned and headed for my apartment building, anxious for release.   
  
I stopped in horror in front of the glass door; I didn't have my keys! Mandy had my clothing, my money, my papers, everything! What could I do? Being seen like this in a bus was one thing, but I couldn't go to my mother looking like a whore. I couldn't go back to school either, not after what had happened there. Or could I? I needed my things...   
  
It wasn't as if I had a choice. It was easier to face Mandy again than my mother, and it wasn't like Mandy could do anything more to me... Snatching away the hand that had been drifting down to my pussy I grabbed the front of my blouse and tied it up. It wasn't hiding much, actually it wasn't hiding anything; the bottom was tied up tight under my breasts, pushing them up, but the upper material was still loose.   
  
While it gave the illusion of decency the combination of my small breasts being pushed up and the top hanging freely meant that every time I leaned down even a little the lower material would push higher and the upper material would fall away from my chest, threatening to make my breasts pop out and certainly exposing everything to anyone looking. At least like this I wouldn't get arrested; probably. Maybe; okay, I had better avoid cops.  
  
Leaning down carefully I hid the marker in a bush for now. Satisfied I could avoid exposing myself if I was prudent, I started walking toward school with a smile.  
  
My good mood didn't last long; I was still barefoot and the rough sidewalk wasn't easy on the soles of my feet. I tried not to think of the view I must be giving everyone of my ass and still-dripping pussy as I stepped around the rocks and debris. As I kept walking I started to fall into a depression; this was really slow-going. I let out a yelp as I stepped on a rock and I stopped to wipe my foot. At this rate I'd be bleeding all over the place by the time I made it.   
  
Almost as if he had heard my thoughts, a taxi slowed at the curb and the passenger window lowered. I frowned at the driver and took a step away. He had unkempt graying air, a beer belly, and even in his prime probably hadn't been popular with the ladies. He grinned at me.  
  
"Hey sexy, need a ride?" he asked. I was hoping he meant a car ride.  
  
"No thanks. I don't have any money," I admitted as I started walking again. He grinned at that.  
  
"No problem," he smiled hopefully. "We can work something out..." I didn't like where this was heading.  
  
"I'm not going to have sex with you," I said disdainfully.  
  
"Aw come on! Who said anything about sex? I'd settle for a blowjob." He was leering at me.  
  
I couldn't believe it, how could he dare ask something like this? In public none the less! I would have slapped him if he had been any closer. I turned in a huff and started walking again, his taxi followed but I ignored him.   
  
As the anger left me I started having doubts. I couldn't walk for a mile or maybe even more like this. I couldn't ask my family either, and all my friends were in class. I stopped and looked back at him, hesitating. He stopped his car and opened the passenger door with a smile, beckoning me in.   
  
"Just a blowjob?" I asked.  
  
"Sure," he confirmed. "Where to?"  
  
"College."  
  
Could I really go forward with this? I had never given a blowjob to a stranger before, and certainly never to someone who was so unappealing. A tear trickled down my cheek; I pretended to look away and wiped it discretely.   
  
I had no choice; I climbed in, sat down holding the skirt over my crotch and closed the door. He started the car again and swerved back into the main lane.   
  
As soon as we joined the traffic his right hand went to my thigh and started going up under my skirt. I sat there, shocked and a little scared as his hand crept up. His fingers found my bare wet slit and with an appreciative whistle the fat, stubby fingers went in roughly. I let out a yelp of pain and pushed his hand away.   
  
He flushed in anger; his hand came down hard on my inner thigh, making me cry out in pain as I jerked in my seat. His hand went back between my inner thighs and he resumed his rough groping. I held still and let him, scared. He dug in my pussy as silent tears slipped down my cheeks, in shame and helplessness.   
  
My body was shaking in fear and humiliation; how had I gotten myself into this? My legs were trembling, my face reddened in embarrassment as I found myself wishing his fingers would poke in me from a better angle, that instead of his brutal treatment of my sensitive area he would find and linger on my swollen clit. I hated myself as I my treacherous body yearned for satisfaction from this disgusting and violent man.  
  
But luckily, or maybe sadly, this was not to be; after what seemed like an eternity he finally pulled his fingers out, bringing them under my nose, forcing me to smell my own juice.  
  
"Don't act like a stuck-up bitch," he snarled. "You know you like it. Now get that skirt off!"  
  
I was scared; I grabbed the waistband of my skirt and pushed it down, it lowered over my knees and pooled around my feet on the filthy car floor. He reached over with his right hand and grabbed my tied-up blouse. In one jerk he lifted it up over my breasts. His hand went for them; I let out gasps of pain as he groped and squeezed.  
  
I couldn't stand watching anymore and turned my head to look out the window as he fondled me. I cringed as I saw people coming from the opposite direction of the busy walkway, staring at us as we went past. I closed my eyes as we drove, trying to pretend this wasn't happening.   
  
He found one of my swollen nipples and I jerked my eyes open with a gasp as he started pulling and twisting it. I was about to beg him to stop, afraid of the emotions stirring in me, when his hand went away. I looked at him in surprise to find him fumbling with his pants. Before long his erect cock and thick pubic hairs were poking out.   
  
"Get on your knees," he snapped. "Stick that ass at your window so everyone can see what you've got."   
  
My blood went cold; I couldn't show my ass and pussy to everyone on the street! Sensing my mood he looked at me, his eyes hard with menace, and I quickly did as I was told. A rush of cool air coming in the open window hit my aching pussy as I exposed myself and let out a gasp of pleasure. I closed my eyes and let the refreshing sensation fill me.  
  
A rough hand grabbed a handful of my hair and the next thing I knew I had a sour-tasting cock in my mouth. Smelly pubic hairs were all over my face and I gagged. When was the last time this guy had washed? The rough hand pulled on my hair and my head came up. I was staring at his saliva-coated cock.  
  
There was no avoiding it; I decided to get this over with as fast as possible. I took the disgusting member in my mouth and started sucking him off. The hand reached around and squeezed one of my hanging breasts, making me cry out around his cock. He seemed to like that; he kept squeezing and squeezing as I blew him.  
  
This wasn't working out as well as I had hoped, I thought as I kept blowing; I had been doing my best and he hadn't cum yet. He got tired of mauling my breasts and started attacking my nipples; I let out a yelp again as he pulled on one until it felt like he would rip it off. I had to end this quick, so I reached in his pants and started massaging his balls as I sucked him. I knew I couldn't take this abuse much longer.  
  
I suddenly felt a finger sliding inside my pussy and I jerked my head up in pleasant surprise; we were stopped at a red light. I was still on my hands and knees with my ass up in the air and someone had started fingering me through the open window! I tried turning around for a better look but the hand grabbed my hair again and the cock was back in my mouth.   
  
I let out a moan around the cock but this time in pleasure; a second finger had joined the first, pumping in and out my dripping pussy. I poked my ass up, meeting the fingers. I must have been hornier than I had realized. It didn't take long for an orgasm to start building. I wasn't so much blowing the cock anymore than I was moaning around it. I almost didn't care about the cruel hand attacking my breasts.   
  
One moment the wonderful fingers were in me, and the next they were abruptly out; the light had turned green and we were moving again. No! I had been so close! As we were traveling I felt the cold wind on my now raised backside. I strained my ass up aiming at the flow, desperate for any stimulation.   
  
Just as the wind started caressing my pussy and I thought I'd maybe get some satisfaction after all, my head was pulled painfully back and a wad of cum hit me in the eye. More cum kept spewing out hitting my face and I closed my eyes, both in shame and for protection.   
  
After what seemed like hours the torrent finally stopped. I sat back in my seat with relief. Out of my good eye I looked at myself in the side mirror; God, I was a mess! It seemed I could see more cum than skin, strands of it were hanging down my nose and chin, one of my eyes was screwed shut and covered in it, and oh no, I even had some in my hair! I reached to wipe it off but my hand was grabbed painfully.   
  
"Don't you dare wipe it off!" the driver growled.   
  
I let out a little "okay" and he released his painful hold. I massaged my sore wrist, thinking on my predicament. I had sticky cum all over my face, my left eye burned horribly and my good one was teary, I was completely exposed and the people we were passing were staring. I turned my head away from the window, trying to hide myself.   
  
When the car stopped and I looked up I realized were at the campus. I had just enough time to grab my skirt off the floor before my door was opened and I was pushed out. I shrieked as I hit the ground hard, knocking the wind out of me. Curious heads turned toward me as the taxi sped off.   
  
I lay there sprawled on the paved ground, sucking in air painfully when I realized I was in the middle of a parking lot with my face covered in cum. Panicking I grabbed the first thing at hand and quickly wiped my face clean, realizing only too late I had used and thrown away my skirt. When I sat more comfortably I noticed my naked pussy.   
  
With a shrill cry I quickly lunged and grabbed the crumbled piece of tissue, quickly assessing for damage. The sticky material was scrunched into a ball; I had to work at opening it, the strands of sticky sperm making a mess of things.  
  
The skirt was ruined; there was no way around it. Sperm all over the black tissue made the front of it look like a perverted version of those psychedelic patterns sometimes seen on t-shirts, except there was no denying its origin.   
  
Blushing at the looks I was getting from passers-by I hastily stood up and slipped the skirt on anyway, then adjusted the tied-up blouse down as best I could over my abused breasts. My left eye was still burning; I rubbed at it but that only made things worse. I needed water, and Mandy. Mandy first I decided, my face heating up. I could clean up once I had my clothing. I wiped away some rocks that had painfully embedded themselves in my naked skin and headed for the main building.  
  
Upon stepping in I realized in horror how unthinking I had been; someone idling in the lobby had spotted me and was openly laughing at my sperm-covered front skirt, approaching for a better look. Reacting quickly I grabbed something off the nearby billboard and, opening it, held it over my skirt; a safe sex brochure, go figure.   
  
As I quickened away from the guy I realized I had a bigger problem; I had no idea where I could find Mandy. Luckily classes were in session and the halls were empty, but I couldn't stand in one place too long anyway since someone was bound to run into me. I headed for the central office, using side corridors to minimize the risk of being seen.

I stepped out of sight as I approached, sneaking a peek through the open doorway. A bored-looking elderly man was sitting at a desk, typing something on a computer. I readjusted the top over my breasts, held the brochure firmly over my skirt, and stepped in.  
  
The man looked up from his computer, his eyes bulging in shock as he spotted me. I almost turned back at his expression; did I look so bad?  
  
"C-can I help you?" he stammered.   
  
"I need to find Mandy Johnson. Can you give me her class number?"  
  
"I-I'm sorry," he let out. "I can't give out that kind of information."  
  
I bit my lip nervously; I had to get that number! Steeling myself, I put on my most seductive smile, let the brochure fall and put my hands on his desk, leaning down until I was level with his face. One of my breasts popped out, we both went red, but I kept smiling and ignoring it.  
  
"Please," I pleaded in my most seductive voice. "I really, really need it. I won't tell anyone."   
  
His hungry eyes lowered to my breast. He let out a gasp at the obvious finger marks covering it, his eyes jerking back up. He turned an even brighter shade of red.  
  
"L-let me l-look." He turned to his screen, typing furiously.  
  
"Class C-126," he stammered.  
  
"Thank you," I responded, smiling.  
  
I turned my back on him with a little thrill and bent down at the waist, exposing my behind as I took my time picking up the brochure I had let fall earlier. I stood up slowly, put my breast back in my blouse and headed for class C-126 without turning back.  
  
C-122, C- 124... That was it, C-126; Mandy's class. Here I was, standing before the closed door. What should I do? What should I say? I couldn't just barge in looking like I did. Having no time to stand around thinking, I opened the door a crack and, peeking my head in, cleared my throat. Everyone looked toward me.  
  
"Could I see Mandy a minute please?" I asked the professor. "This is important."  
  
I closed the door. I stood in the hall in nervous anticipation, but nothing happened. I was getting impatient and was about to poke my head in again when Mandy stepped out, closing the door behind her.  
  
"What the hell do you..." she started; "why do you have sperm in your hair!?"   
  
She took a step back, looking me up and down. I was itching to check out my hair but didn't dare let go of the pamphlet. She noticed me holding it nervously over my skirt like a shield and grabbed for it, ripping it from my hands.  
  
"What are you hiding? Oh my God! You're such a whore!"  
  
I thought she would mock me like she always did, but she stood there in shock.   
  
"Please Mandy," I begged "Can I have my things back?"  
  
At first she didn't react, I was starting to think she hadn't heard me, but after a moment she started smiling.  
  
"Wait here," she said, "let me get my things."   
  
She went back in class, closing the door behind her. I quickly reached for my hair, combing it with my hands; they came back sticky. What the hell, I wiped them on my skirt. The door opened again. She came out with her bag over her shoulder, closing the door behind her, cutting her teacher off mid-sentence.  
  
"Follow me," she ordered before walking off.  
  
I looked around for the pamphlet and found it ruined on the floor. With a sigh I hurried to catch up, hoping we wouldn't run into someone. We rounded the next corner and when she stopped abruptly I reacted too late and bumped into her back. She turned around looking pissed.   
  
"Hey!" she snapped. "Don't rub your cum all over me! Now strip!"  
  
I couldn't believe my ears; this had to be a joke! She looked at me expectantly, but I wasn't about to strip in school!  
  
I took a step back, looking at her pleadingly. "Please Mandy; don't make me do this..."  
  
She stalked up to me, grabbing my chin painfully and forcing my head up, looking into my eyes.  
  
"I said strip. Do it now or leave."   
  
I had no choice; I nodded and she released me.   
  
Looking around making sure we were alone, I reluctantly untied my blouse and removed it. Not knowing what to do with it I let it fall on the floor. I took a steadying breath and stepped out of my skirt, it too going to the floor.   
  
Mandy leaned down and picked the skirt up, careful not to get her fingers dirty. She took the blouse, wrapping it around the skirt. Great; now it'd probably have sperm on that too. Taking the ball of clothing, she put it into her bag.   
  
I blushed furiously, my heart threatening to come out of my chest as she looked me over critically, raising an eyebrow at my bruised breasts and red nipples, now also hardening rapidly. "Like it rough, don't you? That's good..."  
  
Without warning she turned around and started walking. "Follow me," she said over her shoulder.  
  
I hurried up and followed, begging her to stop this as we walked, but she kept ignoring me. I racked my brain but couldn't figure out where we were going; we seemed to be wandering the hallways aimlessly. At least classes were in progress, but I was still incredibly nervous with every noise making me jump.  
  
We reached an intersection and the inevitable happened; a guy crossed our path from an opposing hallway. I jerked to a stop with a little cry, struggling to cover my nakedness with my hands. He saw us and froze; Mandy didn't seem fazed.  
  
"You!" she nearly shouted at him. "Get your pants down!"   
  
The guy's eyes bulged. He looked at me standing there naked, at Mandy, then at me again.   
  
"You heard me," she demanded. "Get those pants down!"  
  
He looked at me again with a hungry expression, glanced around, then fumbled with his belt, pants falling to his feet.  
  
Mandy turned on me. "On your knees and blow him!"   
  
This was the second time I was asked to blow a stranger today, I thought as I watched his cock harden. But at least this guy was kind of cute. The aching between my legs was reminding me of my own unsatisfied needs. I was on my knees, his cock in my mouth, before I could think.   
  
Mandy laughed at that. "You're an eager cocksucker aren't you? Too bad you suck, if you know what I mean. Lucky for you I'm here to make sure you get it right this time."  
  
I blushed at the taunt, but kept doing my job, bobbing my head back and forth as I sucked his cock, sometimes pulling so I could lick it. My hand had drifted down between my legs and was furiously fingering my clit; I wouldn't last long after having been denied so long. I reached with my other hand and massaged his balls. He started moaning and I knew he wouldn't last much longer. Neither would I.   
  
"Swallow it all up this time," Mandy directed from over my shoulder. "That's how a good little cock-whore like you should do it."  
  
He groaned again and I felt his hot cum hit the back of my throat. I swallowed and more came out. I kept swallowing dutifully; I wouldn't spill a drop this time. I'd had enough cum on me for a lifetime. I sucked until he went flaccid, still fingering myself furiously.   
  
He pulled out of my mouth with a satisfied sigh, checked around nervously and pulled his pants up. He looked abashed, not me. I let myself fall on my back, spread my legs wide, closed my eyes and attacked my pussy with both hands. Oh God this was good! I was doing it in front of people; this was so good. I let out a mighty cry of pleasure as I finally climaxed.  
  
I lay down in the hall with my fingers buried in my pussy for I don't know how long, just basking in the afterglow. When a foot poked me in the breast, I opened my eyes. It was Mandy standing over me looking flushed. I couldn't help looking up her skirt at her panties; I had to resist the urge to reach up and touch.  
  
"You want your things back?" she asked, interrupting my thoughts.   
  
I nodded.  
  
"Do everything I say, and maybe at the end of the day I'll let you have your things."  
  
"Yes Mandy," I responded.  
  
She dug in her bag and threw my dirty bundle of clothing on the floor.  
  
"Put something on," she smirked "It's almost lunch time and some of us haven't eaten yet."