

Loving It
- A Silly Short -
By Razmagurk

Time had frozen, midfuck.

The professor behind me, who had been so eagerly thrusting but a moment ago, stood statue still, his face a rictus of masculine intensity. The chalk that he had dropped hung in mid air.

There was an intense silence upon the world

"Well?" A woman's voice rang. "What have you got to say for yourself, /boy/?" There was a sneer on that last word: hatred and disgust. "How does it feel to be made vulnerable? Christ, I love seeing men humiliated like this! How does it feel to be the one getting fucked over for a change?"

Fucked over?

I struggled against the motionless world, brain reeling to make sense of this bizarre nightmare that I had found myself in. Was this woman responsible?

How did it feel?

I looked down past the ridiculous porno tits to the ridiculous porno body beneath. I reached up to touch my fat dicksucking lips, my whole countenance an adolescent fantasy run wild. This face that wasn't my face. This body that wasn't my body!

Every inch of it screamed with pornographic and cartoon girlishness.

I looked back at the masculine form of the professor who's desk I was bent over and who had been railing my oh-so-eager pussy.

Of course. It was all starting to make sense now. This entire situation was designed to emasculate me? Degrade me?

How did it feel!?

"Harder!" I moaned, my voice a purring sex kitten. I rolled my hips back into the professor's crotch, sliding my sopping cunthole up and down around his rigid shaft. "Fuck me harder!"

God, it felt so good!

"Wait -" I could hear the voice's grin falter. "What?"

"I said - fuck me harder! Oh god!" I groaned and gasped and squealed like the little school-girl bitch I appeared to be, ramping up my hips until I was brainlessly humping against the time-frozen statue of

the stern instructor. His fat cock, still buried in my burning snatch, was all the harder for his immobility. "Make me squeal! Make me squirm!"

"Hey! Stop that!" I saw her this time, stepping through the ambiguity of the scene like she was stepping through mist. She moved even as all else stood still, clad black as night with a wide brimmed hat that tapered to a point. In any other context I'd say she was beautiful. But at that moment I had bigger things on my mind.

"Uh?" I could barely form words over the intensity of the cock inside me.

"I said stop!" Her face was red with embarrassment. "Cut that out! You're not supposed to be enjoying this!"

"I'm not?"

"No!" She stomped a foot in an act of petulance well at odds with her confident sex-witch act. "This is a punishment!"

I slowed the thrusting of my hips, chewing languidly on a fat lip, swapping out the big powerful full-body strokes for a more relaxed - though no less pleasurable - grind. My hypersensitive bubble-gum clit was all too eager to send wracks of euphoria coursing through me.

"Then why does it feel so..." - I shivered my way through a wash of sensation - "so /good/?"

"Christ." She buried her face in her hand. "Don't you have any self respect? Don't you have any dignity? You're a man for fuck's sake!"

"So?" I tried to shoot her a dirty glare, but it came through more as a sexy pout.

"So act like it! You're not supposed to be fucking back and begging for more! Well-" She let out a small sigh. "Not yet anyway."

"Well excuse me for making the most of the situation." I stuck out my tongue. The nerve of this girl. She was the one who put me into this to begin with, and now she had the gall to get offended? Some people. I started rocking my hips again, bouncing my fat ass harder against my paralyzed paramour. This time it wasn't just for the sake of my libido, but to spite her as well.

"Great!" she rubbed at the bridge of her nose. "On top of everything else, you're some kind of pervo freak as well. Just my luck. What," she cast her arms wide, gesturing to the scene around us. "Is this not humiliating enough for you?"

We were in a classroom after hours. Professor Vance had held me back to discuss my alarming behavior. It seems he'd been looking after all, when I'd uncrossed my legs and flashed him all those times. And here I was, not wearing any panties. Oops.

But how could I help it? He was such an impressive specimen. So tall, so powerful, so sophisticated. I'd spent the entire class teasing my pen against my lip, imagining it was his fat hard cock, giggling as he blushed and stammered and tried to teach.

He must have known I wanted him. Just look at the way my big fat nipples tented through my braless schoolgirl top. How could any man resist?

He told me he wanted a few private words. How disappointed he was that even after our talk last time, I was still being such a naughty girl. Such a bad girl. A girl that needed to be taken over a knee and punished.

I had shivered at those words. His voice was so rich, so powerful.

He was such a */stern/* disciplinarian.

I could still smell his cologne, his aftershave. The smell of a man. So mature. A sweet note accenting the primal musk of his loins - of the sex now joining us. It was enough to drive any girl wild.

Except... none of that was real, was it?

I wasn't a girl, for starters, let alone some kind of kinky nympho sexpot. I hadn't even set foot in a school in years. I was a business manager downtown.

This whole thing was some kind of illusion, some kind of fabrication. The details were great, but it broke down the harder you looked around the edges. Things that weren't the focus seemed fuzzy and indistinct. Like a background character in a painting.

Not that that had mattered in the moment, mind you, when I'd been that girl watching that man lecture, vividly dreaming of all the ways I wanted him to hold me down and fuck me senseless.

I'd struggled to keep myself from licking my lips as I'd snuck that pen across the hot folds of my bare labia - as I'd moaned just softly enough for everybody to look over at what a filthy whore I was. I was still me deep down underneath this. But no matter how much I tried to fight against it, I knew there was no way to stop it - not because I couldn't control myself, but because I wanted it so damn bad.

And - I let out a soft sigh at the memory - I'd gotten what I'd wanted, hadn't I?

With each firm slap against my increasingly sensitive bubble butt, I'd screamed a roar of pleasure so loud I was sure the entire campus could hear. Then he took out his hard throbbing cock - everything I'd imagined and more! - and gave me a private lesson I'd never forget.

Mmm - I wriggled my pussy against his frozen form. And you know what? It had been the best thing I'd ever felt. Even now that I was in control, even now that I was aware of who I was, that didn't mean the pleasure of this hair-trigger body was any less intense!

Sure, I was a guy, and yeah, most guys would probably be freaking out if they were in my situation. But - ah - my heart raced just thinking about the way he'd lifted my skirt, the way I'd been bent over and spanked. I'm not most men, am I?

"I cannot believe this!" The witch sighed. "I put your brain back in charge right as the guy is fucking you, the moment where the humiliation should be keenest - and you're still moaning 'harder harder?'"

"Uh yeah?" I raised an eyebrow. "It's not my fault - this pussy is a lethal weapon! This whole body is hot to trot! Every little touch, every little squeeze - " I ran a hand down my flawless slender flesh. "If you don't want me to like it, maybe you shouldn't have made it feel so fucking good!"

"This is supposed to be a punishment, asshole!" The red returned to her face despite herself. "For your crimes against women! A sentence to live a life of perversion from the other end! To live in a world where everybody treats you like a sex doll! Where you get treated the way you've treated so many women before you! To see how you like it!"

Turns out I liked it quite a bit. God, my pussy was juicy just thinking about it. What was it about that that just sounded so... *sexy*.

"Wait, is this because I hit on that girl at the bar last night?" I had a vague memory of a drunken dare.

"You hurt my sister, Vlad. Don't try to hide it! You took advantage of her, led her on, treated her like garbage! You destroyed her confidence and dropped her as soon as a prettier thing came along! Just like you've done for all those other women in your life. You always thought you were the big man on campus? Now you get to be the other end of the equation."

"Victor."

"What?"

"My name is Victor, not Vlad. Lady, you've got the wrong guy!"

"What? No. I double checked. 112 Cherry Street."

"I'm 121. Everyone gets them mixed up." It was becoming hard to speak through the rising pleasure. "I get his mail all the time."

"Bullshit!"

"Look maybe we should start again." It was a struggle but I managed to stop my humping long enough to take a deep breath. I held out a hand. "Hi. My name is Victor. I've never met your sister before in my life. Please to meet you."

"Valery." She took my hand and shook, more on confused instinct than anything else.

Her hand was surprisingly warm.

"Wait, wait, no!" She pulled it back and sneered. "You must think I'm the world's biggest idiot, don't you? My sister was right about you, you're going to be a tough nut to crack, Vlad? Fine, let's get into it! I'm just getting started!"

I wanted to protest, to argue my case, to clear this whole situation up. But before I got the chance, another tremble of pleasure shot through me and all I could do was grit my teeth to avoid screaming out in bliss.

And then, well, it was too late.

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I could taste the cum on my lips, I could feel it on my face.

I was walking down a long school hallway. It felt like every boy on campus must be there, rushing between classes or loitering around. Some were poking their heads out just to catch a glimpse of me.

It was a hall full of hungry boys. The other girls gave me looks of pity, glad they weren't in my position. The more respectable ones turned their eyes while the less respectable ones were even worse than the guys.

"Let's see how you like the male gaze!" Again, the witch seemed to be nothing more than a voice. "Judging you, reducing you to your base worth! Let's see how you like the silent stares and sneers."

Mm, I could feel it. The way everybody's eyes were on me. Every inch of me under such intense scrutiny.

Did they know what I had just done? Could they see the glimmer of cum on my lips? The load drying on my cheek? The few drops which had escaped to stain my blouse?

Maybe they'd be staring even if they didn't realize. Maybe it was the way my braless blouse only just barely seemed to contain my trembling flesh. Maybe it was the way my skirt was threatening to rise up and expose my luscious ass any second now. Maybe it was just my reputation as the school's eager slut.

It didn't matter why. I was the center of attention. That's what was important.

A good girl would have had her books against her chest. A good girl would have tried to hide her shame. But I wanted them to stare. I wanted them to know exactly what they could do to me.

Heel, toe. Each step was a deliberate show, each step a grind with my hips and dripping pussy. This wasn't teasing. Teasing implied it was something they couldn't have. This was advertising. It told them in no uncertain terms that everything they wanted, they just needed to reach out and take.

The only thing stopping them was their own sense of propriety. They were holding themselves back.

I bit my lip. I wished they wouldn't. Who would be the first to fuck the slut? How many of them would follow suit? I looked from one handsomely muscled specimen to another. God, had guys always been so hot?

Could they smell me? I could smell them. Boys. *Wow*.

But still I had to be careful. With each step I had to make sure my skirt didn't ride up. God, it would be so easy, wouldn't it? Like it was made to do just that. It was a struggle, but if it did, everybody would see I wasn't wearing any panties. Everybody's suspicions regarding my ripe, spankable butt would be oh-so confirmed. They'd see full well that it wasn't just this squelching waterfall of arousal dripping down my legs, but that fresh load of the professor's jizz as well.

Even if... ah – why was that a bad thing, again?

God, I wanted those hands on me. I ached for them! Even now, so soon after getting fucked raw, even with the proof of my passion dribbling down my thighs and face, I still wanted more.

“Wait, wait, wait, hold on! Stop! Stop! Enough!” I pushed against everything, straining desperately to break character. It was like rolling a boulder uphill, it was like fighting my own natural buoyancy.

And once again, time froze.

“Finally feeling it?” She was a whisper triumphantly behind me. “Ready to give up?”

I turned to face her. Now that everything was frozen I didn’t have to hide it any more – I was grinning.

“Are you kidding? This is one of the hottest things I’ve ever been a part of in my whole life.”

“What?” Her voice was flat. She stepped out of the mist rubbing her brow. “If you’re enjoying it so much, what’s all this commotion about?”

“I think you can do better.”

“Better?” her brow raised.

“Yeah! Slut me harder!” I tucked my elbows and did an excited girly clap. The motion sent my tits jiggling so hard even she was struck staring. “Like, the judging and the hungry expressions are great, but maybe they should all be whispering amongst themselves as well? Calling me filthy names that I can just barely hear?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Maybe they’re all spreading exaggerated rumors about me, which, like, didn’t happen but are nonetheless true to my whorish nature.” I squeezed at my needy tits.

“Maybe the truth is way worse.” She snarked.

“Yes! And see look,” I circled one of the hunkier boys, letting out a hot little breath as I ran my hand down his firm washboard abs. “The restraint in these boys’ eyes? It’s too much. They’re looking at me like a hot babe that is off limits. Why not make it so they don’t even think of me as a person? Like the only value I have is as a hot pair of wet lips. Like the only use I have is as a sex toy. Like it’s not a matter of if they can have me, but when. And what’s this pity in the girls’ eyes? Just think how much more humiliating it could be if they were all contemptuous instead. Angry and jealous that I’m the center of attention.”

“Oh, I like that, actually.” She wiggled her nose and the mood of the crowd changed to match. “They’re jealous of how much of a free use slut you are, angry that their boys scream your name when they fuck them.”

“Yes! Each of them knows they’re my better and they want to put me in my place!”

“Its a little off theme,” She looked appraisingly into the eyes of one of the girls. “But I have to admit I like the notion of affording you no comfort.”

“I love it.”

Subtle changes seemed to ripple through the crowd. I could see her brain spinning now, despite herself. She was pacing eagerly from change to change, adding fine touches.

“What if we had the crowd push in?” No sooner had she said it, it was so. “Have it be so tight that its not just their eyes exploring your body, but their hands as well.”

“Ooh” I moaned and gave my tits another squeeze, imagining they were the hunks. “hungry clumsy explorations - hands groping and pinching at my flush sensitive flesh, struggling not to moan out! Even the slightest gasp enough to earn the ire of the girls, who are all just waiting for an excuse to discipline me, to put me in my place.”

“Maybe the girls all start bullying you, ostensibly because they think it’ll fix your behavior, but in truth its because they have to go all the harder to compete against you.”

She wiggled her nose. We were suddenly frozen in a tableau of girls taking me aside and forcing me to my knees.

Valerie was looking on intently. Her face was flush, but for a very different reason than before. Her breathing almost as heavy as my own.

“Oh I love it! It adds a homoerotic undertone. They can slap my tits and shove increasingly large dildos up my holes!”

“We can do a locker room scene where they make you eat them all out while they fuck you with whatever they have on hand.”

“Yes! Oh, but I’m such a cock slut that the only enjoyment I get out of it is from the taste of cum in their pussies from where their boyfriends fucked them last night.”

“Ooh, yes!” she grinned.” An extra edge of emasculation! It’s a little off the core message, but it literally rubs your female sexuality right in your face. Christ this is so, - hey wait a minute!”

All of the changes suddenly stopped. Lightning flashed as she rose to her full height.

“Huh?”

“What the hell do you think your doing!?”

“Uh - “ I looked around the scene forming, still rough and blurry around the edges. “Helping?”

“This is supposed to be a lesson!”

“About how good it is to be a slut?”

“About how bad it is to be sexualized! Humiliated! This is a punishment, remember?”

I blinked. In all the excitement I’d completely forgotten how messed up this whole situation was.

“Right! Let’s get back into that, shall we? First off, Val, I’m telling you, I’m not even the guy your supposed to be punishing. Second.” I gestured down at my tits. “Is that really what this is all about? Because honestly? From this end of things, the impression it’s left on me is that I don’t know why girls don’t go around being massive big-titty turbo sluts all the time.”

“Fine –” she threw up her arms. “You know what? You win. Clearly, you’ve got some issues that need working out. I’m turning you back.”

She made to wiggle her nose, but I held out a hand to stop her.

“What? No! You can’t! Please!”

“This is supposed to be utter emasculation. Complete humiliation. You should be begging me to stop, not to keep going!”

“It is! Oh god, it is.” I bit a lip even as I dug my hand down, circling the scintillating button of my clit, fingers knuckle-deep in my tight, wet twat. “It’s emasculating in the best way possible! Oh. Oh, we should do a bit about a girl who was just trying to be my friend, give me the benefit of the doubt, and I keep going off about how many cocks I’ve sucked, or I betray her trust by being such a slut I can’t help but sleep with her boyfriend.”

“Oh, that would be hot.” She bit her lip, then caught herself. “I mean – Stop! I don’t think you’re taking this seriously at all!”

“I am! I will! Look, I’m not the guy you wanted to teach a lesson, I get that. This isn’t the reaction you’re looking for. But you’ve clearly gone to a lot of effort here.” I looked around at the vivid fantasy world she had trapped me in. “Why waste all this effort? Why don’t you hit me with the best you’ve got?”

You... /want/ me to humiliate you?

“Oh god, yes.”

It was a want I would never have been able to express in my ordinary life, but as a girl – as this girl – I was uniquely equipped to make exactly that sort of vocalization.

“To turn you into a horny brainless slut that everybody treats like a fucktoy?”

“Yes! The sluttier the better!”

She glanced around, as though looking to see if anyone else was watching, like this was some kind of test.

“Fine!” Her breath was hot. “You want humiliation? No more holding back. Let’s skip all this setup and development, shall we? Let’s get right to the good stuff.”

“That’s what I like to hear!”

“Just don’t say-” she was trying and failing to keep her composure, to be dramatic. “That I didn’t warn you.”

She wiggled her nose. The world shifted again.

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And that’s how I found myself getting fucked from behind by a rotating cast of city-bus patrons as the vehicle worked its way through the streets. My tits were pressed tight against the back-glass, the flesh of my freed cleavage on display for all to see as I moaned and groaned at the rough treatment.

Oh sure, there had been preamble leading up to the fucking, but I don’t know how much of that I was actually there for, or how much of it was just some kind of memory superimposed on the scene.

I remembered so vividly being so bored at the bus stop that I’d made a game of flirting with every man I could see, giggling at the thought of who would come take me first. The construction crew had come closest, the foreman scooping his hand down to cup my pussy and find out just how accessible I was.

But then the bus had arrived and spoiled all my fun.

I’d stepped onboard, the big steps difficult in my sky-high heels, only to realize I didn’t have any money. A smile had crossed my face though as the driver had leered at my fat titties. I’d licked my lips, then paused – was I really about to suck this driver’s cock for bus fare?

But no – busfare had nothing to do with it.

And then, just my luck, the bus was remarkably full. Dozens of strangers. Every seat occupied. Not a one under 18. They were all staring, daring my flesh to jump its lacy bounds and show them what little still remained to the imagination.

I had let out another hot breath. The shaking of the bus had been getting to me. My nipples aching through the thin fabric of the top, swelling to attention, threatening to pop out with every little jiggle. My hypersexual skin was rubbing against my clothes like a vibrator. Between that, the plug in my ass and the driver’s cock getting my throat all warmed up, I was already halfway to orgasm.

The rest, as they say, is history.

Now here I was, well past that other halfway. Strangers swapped out behind me, those not fucking me hurling epitaphs, labeling me every bit the slut I was as they filmed and took pictures with their phones. I looked out the window into the gawking traffic behind. Many there were doing the same. Would they masturbate to this later? I pictured all those hands working their dicks, men getting off to the thought of me. God, I hoped so.

But it was so hard to focus on that. It was so hard to focus on anything in the midst of this urgent now. I had a cock up my ass, I had a cock in my pussy. Strong hands held me as the rest looked on, dicks ready to go at a moments notice.

And every time the bus stopped, a brand new crowd of onlookers would step on board to see and sample what an utter whore I was. No, not a whore. Whores got paid. I was doing this for free. This was the love of the game.

I moaned as the latest cock entered me. Drunk on sensation. Somehow each felt larger than the last. My pussy was so impossibly tight, my ass so impossibly full.

I'd lost count of how many it had been. One had led into another and another. They weren't trying to get me off - they didn't need to. My own raging libido was doing a fine job on its own. This whole situation was just so fucking */hot/*. The intensity with which they were using me set my flame to match theirs, the sheer sensitivity of my body fueling the kind of pleasure they write songs about.

Boys. An endless busload of boys. Was it still getting a train run on you if you're on a bus? I giggled as I turned my head over my shoulder. Was there anything hotter than this? I was being treated the way I had always dreamed - all my lonely nights of boiling teenage libido, humping pillows and dildos to keep sane, dreams so wet they could drown an ocean.

Now I was living those dreams.

"More!" I begged. "Please! More!"

It was a drunk wash of pleasure. I'd long since cum, and then cum again and again, but I was built for fucking and it still managed to feel all the better every time.

I wouldn't find myself still hungry after this, as I had with the professor, as I had with all my other inexperienced fumbings. I wouldn't have to bury my hand in my pussy, even as cum still dripped from it, to satiate this lust.

I could go again and again and again until they pried my hot sticky body off the floor.

How many times had it been? I looked around the bus confused. I had no idea where we were. I'd already lost track of how many dicks I sucked and fucked.

But what did that matter? I was just getting started.

I was so lost in the bliss that I didn't even notice the other female voice screaming out alongside me, gasping and groaning her own wash of pleasure.

It was only when the world shuddered that I noticed it was Valerie sat next to me, moaning out her own sexual delight.

"Hey hold on!"

Her eyes snapped open wide, like I'd just caught her with her clit inside the cookie jar.

Time froze again, that sudden sharp silence all the louder without the bus's engines.

"And what is this, huh?" I raised a teasing eyebrow. "You're joining in this time?"

"S-shut up" She tried and failed to climb off the strap-on she had been bouncing on. Time had frozen mid-thrust and the poor girl was at an unfortunate angle. "You had me all worked up, that's all!"

"I knew it!" I slapped my knee. "I knew you were getting off on this!"

And boy was she ever! There were more girls with strap-ons waiting, each sluttier and more cartoonishly endowed than the last. It looked like she was running a train of her own. And that she had a type.

"You've got it all wrong! It's the magic! Creating a fantasy like this? With all these horny people? That mood, that tantric energy - It builds and up inside you like -"

"No, no, this is great!!" I laughed. "You don't have to make any excuses. If this is what you get off to, girl more power too you! Wait, has that what this has been all about the whole time? I knew there was more going on than just punishment!"

"S-shut up!" Her face went even redder. She wiggled her nose and three new well-hung guys appeared, their dicks menacing towards my mouth to put it to better use.

"Oh, so that's how we're playing it, huh?" I smirked, licking my horny lips as I blinked over doe-eyed at Valerie. They were moving despite everything else being frozen, but they were... incomplete. Featureless. Except for their cocks, which were highly detailed and delicious. "Mmm," I gave a loud messy slurp. "You like that? You like the sight of a guy - a man - turned into a slutty bitch? You like watching as I get my whorish face stuffed with man meat? Humiliated? Degraded? Reduced to a mewling whimpering giggling little sex toy?"

"Oh fuck- " Valerie trembled around the strap-on still inside her. Proof of her climbing arousal.

"Shall I go on?" I gave her a smouldering wink.

"Shut up and eat me out, you slut!"

Suddenly I was bent over at the waist, my face floating just above her crotch. The strap on that had been in her pussy was now in her ass. The three boys were now playing rock paper scissor to decide who got first choice of my holes.

"Mm," I purred, looking eagerly up at that cute, flustered expression on her face. "Gladly."

I took a deep wiff, the smell of her sex as sweet and musky as perfume. It was enough to drive me wild.

I reached out my tongue, long and hot, and put on a show for her. I licked around her labia folds, my own hot slobber adding to her boiling wetness. Then I brought my lips in to kiss and suck.

For a girl who dreamed of cocks all day, I was a surprisingly good pussy muncher. Internally, I smirked. Had she been subconsciously wanting this the whole time?

I knew I shouldn't be enjoying this as much as I was. The girl that I was playing the role of, whose body I occupied, she wasn't into other girls – it was a major aspect of the emasculation, to lose my masculine sexuality – but she wasn't in charge right now, was she?

But ah - then the faceless boys had made up their mind and I was too busy dealing with the sheer bulk of sensation sliding into me to worry about anything else.

"Ah fuck -" I moaned into her cunt. "Those cocks feel so fucking good in my slutty twat."

Her pussy twitched. God, she was almost as close as I was. My every cry seemed to just put her closer.

"I'm a slut!" I cried, amidst a frenzy of motion with my tongue. "A whore! You've turned me into a cumdump. And now all I can do is beg for more as fat cock after fat cock claims my trembling ass!"

"You like that?" she grunted, grabbing my head and squeezing at my long girly hair, hips thrusting into my face.

"Yes!" I cried. "More! Harder!" My body was trembling, she was trembling, the whole world was trembling. "Fuck me harder! Use me like the slut I've become!"

"Oh fuck!" she screamed.

And then she came so hard the world crashed.

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"Oh don't give me that look."

"What look?" I smirked.

Reality had begun to reassert itself, or whatever reality this whole mixed-up situation passed for.

I ran a hand back down my body. I had my kickass porno tits again, my salacious school-girl body. The fucking had stopped, however, and I was myself again mentally, mostly.

Yet somehow I was still struggling to keep my hands out of my proverbial panties. To not masturbate to the memory of what had just happened.

"That look you gave me – the one that says your so high and mighty! You don't get to judge, okay? Your just as bad as me! Worse! What kind of a man would ever voluntarily ask for more of that, huh?

"I'm not judging!" I laughed. "Honestly, I think if anyone is judging here its you. You think I'm a pervert? You think I'm enjoying this a little too much? You're absolutely right! This is the most fun I've had in years. I can't even think of the last time I got laid so good. This body is just -" I grabbed at a tit and plucked a nipple, shivering at the now familiar wash of pleasure flooding my brain. "It's a chef's kiss."

I could see the arousal building up within her again.

"But you can't deny that you like this too." I continued. "Look at this detail, look at this creativity!" I gestured around at the bus we had found ourselves back on, at the elaborate variety of characters she had created to fuck me. "You're an artist. You wouldn't be putting all this care and detail into everything if you weren't passionate about it."

"I'm not -" Her face went a different sort of red. She hadn't expected the compliment. "I mean..."

"If you wanted to humiliate me there are so many other ways you could have done it. Hell, I bet you could have skipped that entirely and just gone straight to magically making me a better person, couldn't you? But no, you had to teach me a lesson."

Somehow her face was even redder.

"How many guys have you done this with? Do you pick up a new toy every week?"

"Shut up! You're in no position to speak."

"Oh, you've got that right." I winked. "Why try to hide it? Let your freak flag fly, I say. Hell, I'm all in - punish me harder! Slut me up to your heart's content. Put me in, coach, I can take it!"

"Pervert." The word lacked the bite of her earlier accusations.

"And what's wrong with that, huh? At least I'm enjoying life, at least I'm confident and bold in my desires. I'm not hurting anyone by being this way. Unlike a certain someone."

"How dare you!"

"Lady, you kidnapped me for your private sex dungeon!"

She managed to blush even harder still. She was cute when she blushed.

"Not that I mind." I waved a dainty hand. "It's not everyday you run into cute girls who are into your sort of thing."

"How many times do I have to tell you, this is a punishment!"

"Yeah and you go for it! Punish me all you want. Do what you need to do. I'm here for you 100%. But be honest with yourself. If you were teaching a lesson, it wouldn't be like this, because from what I'm seeing this is just the opposite - a lesson in how brain-blankingly good it feels for the woman to be treated this way."

"What are you saying?"

I think you're too abashed at your own getting off here. This is all your own internalized shame, isn't it? Projecting out onto others. I think you long to be the slut here."

"Oh really?" She snapped a finger and suddenly I was tied up, suspended from the ceiling, a collar around my neck and a leash in her hands.

"Or maybe that's me projecting – "I squeaked. "Maybe you just want to inflict it on others," I choked the words out through a groan. "E-either way!"

"Its not supposed to feel good!" she gave my rump a good smack. I shivered in delight. "Its supposed to make you feel weak and broken. It's supposed to make you feel helpless and humiliated and utterly despondent at being treated like a pathetic little bitch."

"Then honey," I purred. "Why does it feel so good?"

She trembled, her eyes searching my own half-lidded and whorishly-made-up ones.

Then the rage fell from them, and she looked away. She let out a hot breath.

"Most guys would think twice before pissing off the reality bending witch. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm not most guys am I? Honestly?" I couldn't help but smile. "I think I may love you."

"You what?" The ropes dropped me. The whole world seemed to flicker, details falling away for just a moment before she regained her composure.

"No, no, no, here me out." I scrambled to my feet. "I'm serious! This has been amazing. You're amazing! I'd be wasting this opportunity if I didn't say it. Do you - do you want to go out sometime?"

"You're asking me out?"

"Sure? I'd love to do this again! But like, we don't have to, if you don't want to. We could just have some coffee, get to know each other? Or, I mean, if you do want to turn me into a bitch again, I'm down either way. You wouldn't have to kidnap guys any more! You could use me to your hearts content! Humiliated, fucked, worse. Oh! Maybe we can brainstorm ideas. I really do mean what I said - you're an absolute artist. Like, the level of detail on that schoolgirl outfit was out of this world."

She gave me a look like she was going to hit me, but then changed her mind at the last second. "I really did spend a lot of extra time on the clothes." Her voice was softer, none of the intimidating boom I was used to. A small smile crossed her face.

"Oh and it shows!" I stood up and twirled, skirt rising to show off my perfectly sculpted derriere. "The way it skirt rides up over my ass? The delicate line between innocence and whoredome? The constant losing battle to keep it in place? It's a masterpiece."

"You know, I was going to go for a university setting at first? But I thought no, the skirt is very classic. It's an important part of the whole image."

“Right? It’s the archetypal bimbo thing for a reason. And oh my god, the way the professor just bent me over, flipped it up and started spanking? I was gushing! So hot. Did you hear the way I was screaming?”

She bit her lip at the memory.

“Ah, see! You love it too! I knew it.”

“Look, there aren’t many people I can talk to about this stuff, okay? Most of the others don’t quite approve. Turning people into sluts creates more negative stereotypes than it fixes, but sometimes I just can’t help myself.”

“Man, fuck ‘em! Who are they to hold you back? Besides, from the sounds of it this Vlad guy totally had it coming. Look, whenever you get the itch, if they’re giving you trouble you look me up, okay?” I leaned my head back and ran a hand down my body. “I can’t remember the last time I’ve had so much fun.”

“That’s such a weird thing to hear.” she rubbed at the bridge of her nose. “You know what? Maybe your right.”

“Huh?”

“We should go out some time. Why not? It would be nice to talk shop.”

“Really?” I jumped up and down clapping my hands as my tits bounced and heaved. I giggled at my own reaction. It had been a lot more genuine than I’d intended.

“But I should warn you - she gave a pointed glare. “I’m a lesbian. Mostly.”

“And I’m a man, but you know - ” I squeezed my tits and winked. “Something tells me that’s not going to be an issue.”

“I’ve got very specific tastes. You’re going to have to get used to looking like a horny slut.”

“I love a girl whose open about her kink.”

“And don’t think that it’s going to get you out of this.” she gestured to the long line of big-dick bus-studs waiting to use my eager holes.

“Are you kidding? I wouldn’t dream of it! We’re just getting going!”

It was her turn to laugh.

“You know this might be the start of something good. I’ve never had someone be in on it before. Most guys break relatively early. I never quite manage to get them through all the fun I have planned.”

“Ooh, what are we talking? Character development? A narrative arc? I can’t wait!”

“I was hoping you’d say that.”

She wiggled her nose. The scene changed.

It was a graduation ceremony.

I stood on stage, naked under a college robe that had been strategically tailored to show off my every curve. I was standing before a microphone as everybody watched. In the time-froze silence all you could hear was the buzzing of the vibrators against my nipples and clit. The plug in my ass had been replaced by something that put even the professor's cock to shame.

"Ooh." my heart throbbed. "Look at them all." There was an entire stadium of parents and well-wishers. Jaws had dropped as I'd stepped out to give my speech, robe clinging so tight I might as well have been naked.

There wasn't a soft dick in the house.

"Ready?"

"I was born ready."

"You know what?" She took seat off to the side of the stage, fingers already sliding beneath her panties. "This may be the start of a beautiful relationship."

I nodded in agreement as time resumed.

I licked my lips and took a deep breath. It was time for my speech. The speech which went into every carnal detail of how I'd fucked myself to valedictorianship, a speech that would leave no doubt in anyone's mind exactly what kind of girl I was.

I had one last thought before I faded back into my role

Even if it doesn't work out - its a hell of a way to spend a Saturday night.

The End.