

Fast Times At Eden S&M

Chapter 1 – Freshman In Paradise

It was early evening in mid May and a warm spring breeze flowed through Trevor's bedroom window. His favorite rock station blared from the speakers and subwoofer of his desktop computer. He lounged in a beanbag, blasting his friends to smithereens and getting obliterated in turn as they enjoyed a deathmatch session before dinner. Trevor knew he would need to wrap it up soon. He could smell the Mexican seasoning, sizzling meat and the salsa emanating from downstairs. It was taco night in the Marshall household and all was right with the world.

Trevor was in that special time and place that, years from now, he would look back on fondly. That snapshot in time that adults dream of going back to for a second taste. He was a high school senior, soon to graduate. His crucial classwork was finished and all that remained was the last few weeks of school events, partying and soaking it all in.

The strapping, six foot young man with brown hair and matching eyes was well known in his small town. He prided himself on being friends with just about everyone in his class and all the lower classmen who entered his orbit. He was the first to show up to any party and often the last to wake up and stumble home when the illicit substances wore off.

Trevor was a member of the football team; a wide receiver. While he was no elite athlete and his years on the *Summerfield Spartans* hadn't earned him any invitations to prestigious universities, he didn't care. He simply enjoyed cracking skulls and having fun on the field. The competition and camaraderie were reward enough for him.

Perhaps he **should've** been more concerned that he was about to graduate and had yet to form any concrete plans for the fall, but Trevor couldn't be bothered. He was a free spirit who lived in the moment and gave little thought to crossing bridges until he arrived at them. Trevor had just turned eighteen a month ago and the world was his oyster.

Besides, he had no shortage of options. Trevor was getting better at playing the bass guitar all the time. He and a few of his buddies held semi-regular jam sessions and there was talk of taking their cover band on the road. Maybe he would do some construction or landscaping work and save up some money over the summer. He could finally buy a vehicle instead of biking, borrowing his Dad's car or bumming a ride from his friends. That seemed like a better idea than taking out loans and jumping right into college when one had no idea what they wanted to study. If all else failed, there was the military. There was always a place for a fit young man in the armed forces.

These possibilities might as well have been grains of sand on some distant beach. Right now, all Trevor cared about was enjoying his game and wolfing down entire plates of delicious Tex Mex cuisine. His stomach winced as he performed a double kill and howled in victory over his headset. Thankfully, he didn't have to wait long for the familiar voice of his stepmother to yell up the stairs.

“TREVOR! WE'RE JUST ABOUT READY!”

“Alright! Be right there!”

Trevor said goodbye to his friends, logged out and powered down his videogame console. He pushed himself off the comfy vinyl seat and sprinted out the door. His sneakers stamped down the stairs swiftly as he was drawn to the dining room by the heavenly aroma of spiced ground beef and chicken. Upon entering, he was unsurprised to find his stepmother seated at the table enjoying her first glass of wine. No doubt father had poured it for her, happily.

Right on cue, his dad emerged from the other entrance; the one that connected the dining room to the kitchen. Richard was a tall, thin, olive skinned man of mixed Italian / Spanish origin whose hairline hadn't budged at forty five. He carried a metal tray of heated taco shells with an oven-mitted hand and a porcelain bowl of hot ground beef in the other. He set them on the table with a smile.

“Hungry?”

“As a spring bear!” Trevor confirmed as he took his seat.

His father chuckled and strode off to get the chicken, tortillas, salsa, chips, salad and everything else they would need for the feast.

“I can give you a hand, if you want?”

“Nah, I got it” Richard waved him off.

Trevor watched him go before his eyes shifted to the grinning Stacy. He was still amazed at how much things had changed in recent years. His parents had split up when he was fairly young and Trevor's father had been an entirely different man up until four years ago. Trevor's mom was out of the picture entirely and his father had wallowed in self pity for a long time after.

Back then, when he wasn't working, Richard lounged around the house and drank. Chores and bills piled up. If dinner wasn't takeout or delivery, Trevor was left to fend for himself. Richard was never abusive during his drinking, just preoccupied and neglectful. He would often leave for dates in the early evening and not return home until long after Trevor was asleep.

That all changed when the fit, curvy blonde at the end of the table entered their lives. Trevor couldn't deny his stepmom looked good for her age. The crazy thing was, she was a few years older than Richard, though she certainly didn't look it. Trevor never would've guessed his father the type to go for an older woman, but Stacy had him wrapped around her finger.

When he remarried two years ago, Richard was well on the way to becoming a model husband and father. Getting along with Stacy had been rocky at first, but as things with his dad improved, Trevor couldn't hold any grudges against the new head of the Marshall household, which was definitely **her**. Was it even still the Marshall household? Stacy had opted to retain her maiden name.

Trevor didn't know much about her profession, except that she was some kind of therapist and counselor. She worked for a private practice and didn't like talking about her work. Regardless, her skills had helped turn his father's life around.

Since moving in, they'd converted half the basement into a private studio for Stacy. She and father would often be down there at night, enjoying their private time. Trevor never made an attempt to breach their little sanctum. The stern stepmom kept it under perpetual lock and key and Trevor had no desire to uncover her secrets. The last thing he wanted to think about was his father and Stacy boning, nor was he interested in whatever weird shit they were into.

“Looking forward to graduation?” Stacy asked between sips of her Zinfandel.

“Hell yeah! It's gonna be a nonstop bash for like three days. I've got invitations to three different parties. It all starts the minute we toss those caps!”

Stacy offered him a thin smile. “Yes, I'm sure that will be fun. A well deserved bit of revelry, but it'll be over before you know it. Have you given any more thought to what you'll be doing this summer? Or, more importantly, this fall?”

“Some” Trevor answered, crossing his arms over his chest. “But I haven't made any decisions yet. Still weighing my options.”

Richard walked back into the room for the third time, setting down the remaining items before taking his seat at the table. He pulled his chair in and gawked at the bounty before him, ruminating over what he wanted first.

“I see” she responded with a nod. “Well, perhaps your father and I can help you with that. We have some news, don't we Richard?”

“Oh, yes! Big news! But we'll get to that soon enough. Please, dig in! Before it gets cold.”

The trio hastily assembled their meals, enjoying their favorite combinations of the available ingredients. They chatted amicably about current events and the upcoming graduation as they ate, but as the meal drew to a close, the conversation turned back to Trevor's future.

“So, as Stacy mentioned, we have a proposition for you.”

“What kind of proposition?” Trevor asked, his gaze shifting between the two.

“The kind you would be wise to accept” Stacy answered. She leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs as she sipped her second glass of dark red.

Richard flashed her a smirk, his eyes begging her to ease into this. He turned back to his son and continued. “We know that you've been having second thoughts about going to college. Stacy and I have a plan that might ease those concerns.”

“It's not even just about what I want. I didn't get a football scholarship and it's not like my grades are going to impress anyone.”

“Grades aren't necessarily an issue unless you're applying to a high profile school” Richard countered. “And as long as you can pay.”

“Right, and I don't want to go into debt for a basket weaving degree. I don't want you guys taking on

debt for that either.”

“Basket weaving?” the blonde woman scoffed. “Is that how young people refer to the humanities these days?”

“Just hear us out” Richard interjected, raising his hands in supplication. “Stacy went to a lot of trouble to put this together, so it's the least you can do.”

“Alright...” Trevor responded with a nod. He leaned back and got comfortable, preparing himself for another lecture on the importance of a four year degree.

“Your stepmom is friends with a senior staffer at an in-state university. After talking with her and finding out about a new program they're launching, she worked out a deal to get you in.”

“What school?”

“Eden S&M University” Stacy answered. “Formerly Eden S&M Academy.”

“Never heard of it.”

“It was a religious school for many years. Now, a fully accredited institution. It's a little over a hundred miles away. Just a two hour drive into the north country.”

'Yeah, in a car I don't have...'

“What's the S&M stand for?”

“Seminary and Missionary. Not what they do anymore, but they kept it for prestige, I suppose.”

“Just think of it like *Texas A&M*” Richard quipped.

“Ok, so what's this **deal** then?”

Stacey smiled. “We're being given a substantial discount on your tuition, room and board. You might even say we're getting it for a song. Eden currently has a three to one female to male ratio and they are very selective about whom they admit. However, once I told my friend about you, she agreed you'd be a perfect fit.”

*'Whoa! Three to one?!? I like **those** fuckin odds! I didn't know **PUSSY CITY** was just a couple hours north!'*

Trevor nodded. “I admit, as sales pitches go, that's a very strong opening.”

“Wait, it gets better!” his father jumped in. “Not only is this the chance to get a college education on the cheap, which we will cover, but if you agree to go to Eden, guess where you and I are going this weekend?”

Trevor looked puzzled. “...Where?”

“Down to the car lot, to pick out your new ride.” Richard's grin spread to the very corners of his face.

The young man's eyes shot open. “For real?!?”

“You'll need a way to get there and back. Stacy and I aren't going to pick you up every time you want to come home for a visit. And this way you won't have to toil away all summer just to afford some beater. We'll get you something nice that'll last you the first stretch of your adult life. You can enjoy the summer before you head off to school. We're happy to, since we'll be saving so much on your education.”

Trevor was already on the verge of agreeing when Stacy put the cherry on top of the sundae.

“Oh, and you might like this. You don't need to declare a major when you enter. Eden tailors your program as you go, introducing you to various humanities courses and helping you chart a path to a degree that suits you. What that piece of paper says is hardly important. The important thing is you'll have a four year degree after attending a school that introduces its student body to unique, life changing experiences.”

The cold steadiness of Stacy's voice was a marked contrast to the excitement in his father's. Still, her words were no less invigorating. Not having to decide on a major or even a course of study appealed to Trevor greatly. Those were exactly the kinds of decisions he agonized over and getting to avoid them entirely was a major plus as far as he was concerned.

CLAP

Richard smacked his hands together and rubbed them with enthusiasm. “So, what do you say, son?”

Trevor didn't keep them in suspense for long. Truthfully, it sounded like a great opportunity and if he didn't like how it panned out, he could always fall back on one of his other plans. He saw a ton of positives and the only negative was he'd have to sit through the typical liberal arts rigmarole that was standard with any higher education. Meanwhile, he'd be surrounded by young, available hotties and get his first car all expenses paid along with his degree. These were multiple gift horses and he wasn't about to look them in the mouth.

“I think you just talked me into going to college.”

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FOUR MONTHS LATER

It was a beautiful day on the campus of Eden S&M. A light fall breeze blew leaves through the quad. In the background, students were walking, jogging and biking around. A radio blared classic rock in the distance while a couple guys tossed a football back and forth. It was the lunch hour and students were lounging on the lawn or sitting on the benches dotting the walkways; enjoying a rest and a bite to eat in between classes. Sarah had brought a blanket for Trevor and her to relax on while they enjoyed their meal.

Trevor lay on his side, resting his head on one arm as he looked up at the beautiful redhead. Her shoulder-length locks framed her face on both sides, falling in a wave on the left and tucked behind her ear on the right. Her skin was pure porcelain white and her face was divided by a thin, perfectly straight nose. Her eyes were such a light shade of blue, they could be mistaken for gray unless you were up close and gazing into them deeply as Trevor was now.

They'd met at orientation and hit it off instantly. It had been a whirlwind romance as they settled into college life and navigated the first few weeks of classes. Although they were still a relatively new couple, they were already spending date nights cuddling after dinner; *chilling* with Netflix until their hands and lips found better things to do.

Trevor was completely enamored with the 5'6 co-ed. It wasn't just her slim curves that he'd fallen for, but her energy, upbeat nature and zest for life. Her passions ran deep. Among them were understanding what made people tick and caring for animals and the environment. Sarah was either going to be a psychologist or an attorney for environmental NGOs. She just hadn't decided yet.

Sarah ate the last few bites of fruit salad before setting her tupperware and miniature fork aside. She turned and looked at the two young men playing catch in the distance before setting her gaze back on Trevor.

"Looks like you're not the only football player on campus" she remarked. Sarah reached out and gave Trevor's red and white varsity Spartan jacket a tug.

"Yeah, too bad Eden doesn't have a football team."

"I guess they're not big enough for that, huh? Even if the student body was closer to 50/50, it's still a small school."

"They'll probably never be a conference school, but that's ok. I'm fine leaving my football days behind. So many guys end up taking brain damage, eventually."

"Your skull is pretty thick. I don't think you have to worry" she said with a grin.

"Hey! I'll have you know I have a beautiful mind to go with my hunk bod!"

Sarah giggled. "Teasing, of course. What do they have you doing in phys ed, anyway?"

"The guys? Just basic stuff so far. Calisthenics. A little running. Some tumbling and flexibility. I hope they let us play some scrimmage games eventually. Soccer, basketball, anything..."

"Same. I think it's weird we even have phys ed at university. I thought the days of gym class would be over."

"I like it. Helps keep me awake between courses. On the days without it, I'm dozing off by the fourth class."

Sarah smirked and shook her head. "If you're not interested in the program, why did you come here?"

“I told you, my parents talked me into it. Got a car and a fun summer out of it. I wouldn't say all the classes bore me. I'm sure I'll find something to like, in time.”

The cute redhead crept closer, her hair hanging down as she crawled toward Trevor on hands and knees. “Well, I'm glad you came, because I already found something I like.”

She dipped down for a kiss and their lips met. Their tongues darted back and forth for a spell as they swapped saliva and warm breath. When Sarah finally pulled away, her eyes were warm, hungry and full of mischief.

“I'm going out with the girls on Friday, but Saturday night, you're all mine.”

Trevor snickered. “That's my line, babe. How bout I--”

Before he knew what was happening, Sarah darted forward, grabbed his arms and pushed him back on the lawn. His head fell back into the grass as her body slid onto his. Sarah's deceptively strong thighs locked over his as she took his forearms and pressed them back over his head. Trevor could have stopped her. At least in terms of upper body strength resisting her *pin* would've been easy, but he was amused.

Trevor chuckled as she pressed him down and hunkered over him, her full weight leaning down on his frame. Her C-cup breasts pressed through her silky blouse and plastered against his chest. Her legs clamped around his and held down his lower half. Her angelic face hung just above his, looking down at him haughtily with a toothy smile.

“You're not a very good listener. We'll need to work on that. I said **you're mine.**”

Trevor's eyes opened a little wider and light shades of red darkened his cheeks. He felt his cock swell in his jeans. He'd always been interested in the *girl next door* type, but he couldn't deny he was enjoying this too. It was somewhat odd, since on first meeting her Sarah had seemed quite shy and submissive. That had slowly changed as the early weeks at Eden had flown by. Maybe he was finally meeting the real her?

“Well, when you put it like that, I suppose I'm at your service this weekend.”

“Good boy.”

Sarah leaned down again and they kissed even longer and deeper. Time flew as their light make-out session extended into the waning minutes of the lunch hour. Neither of them cared who might be watching their little show on the campus lawn.

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“Mr. Marshall? Hello?!?”

Angelica had asked her question twice, with no response. She frowned, looking down the aisles of seats to Trevor's in the back row. She'd noticed his head wobbling back and forth a few times as she gave her

lecture, but until now, the young man had remained conscience. Now his head was down completely with a forearm just in front of it, acting as a cushion. He was openly napping in her class. That wouldn't do.

Ms. Armstrong put a finger to her lips and looked from side to side, calling upon her students for silence. She retrieved a ruler from her desk and stalked forward, her heels clicking off the tile floor as she slowly advanced to the back of the room. As she drew closer to her slumbering subordinate, his snores grew louder. With no one speaking, the whole room could now hear the evidence of his dereliction.

Angelica stopped at his side and placed her hands on her hips. A devious smile spread across her face as she watched his torso gently rise and fall.

SLLLAAPPP

She brought the ruler down on the desk just inches from the young man's head. Trevor's heartbeat shot through the roof, going from a peaceful lull to an eruption of furious beats. His eyes flew open as he jumped in his chair, startled awake.

“**WHA!! OH--**”

He looked up to find the face of his Gender Studies professor just a few feet from his own. She looked absolutely furious as she leaned down, giving him *stink eye* he'd not soon forget.

“Am I **boring** you Mr. Marshall? Or perhaps you simply don't care about women's rights?”

Trevor's hand found his chest as his heart continued pounding away. He looked around, finding all gazes suddenly on him. Most of them belonged to female classmates, naturally.

“Sorry Professor Armstrong. I must have dozed off.”

“Such keen insight! Perhaps I'll call you *Captain Obvious* from now on.”

Laughter rippled through the class and Trevor grimaced. He knew Professor Armstrong was going to be a tough one from the first time he laid eyes on her. She was a massive woman; at least as tall as Trevor without her heels. In her high heeled boots, she towered over him.

That wasn't where her intimidation ended. She was well built with strong arms and truly massive thighs that were barely contained by her black leather skirt. Her silky scarlet top did little to hide her broad shoulders or the giant jugs jutting from her chest. Trevor wouldn't even take a guess at her cup size. He wasn't sure how high the letters went for bra sizes.

Her long, dark hair hung around her head in a wave and slipped down her back. Her glasses lent her an air of sophistication that matched her rapier wit. She had deep blue eyes that could pierce a man's soul and lips as plump and full as any fashion model's. Yet her feminine traits were matched by a borderline masculine jaw and hands much bigger than the average woman's.

Trevor's mind raced. If he wanted to recover and not look like a total fool in front of the class, he had to give as good as he was getting. His surprised expression melted into one of calm acceptance. He would

roll with the punches and not let her provocations get the best of him.

He entered a mock salute, raising his fingers to the brim of an invisible cap.

“Captain Obvious, reporting for duty, Ma'am!”

Another wave of laughs cascaded through the classroom. The professor looked unimpressed.

“Now that you're awake, you can answer my question. What are three examples of male privilege?”

“Male privilege... Ummm...” He hadn't done the reading, of course. If he couldn't give a good answer, the second best course of action was to give a funny one. At least he might save some face in the eyes of his fellow students, if not Ms. Armstrong.

“Let's see... We, don't bleed every month unless we do something stupid. We can pee standing up. And the greatest privilege of all, the well known fact that *Dudes Rock!*”

He doubted Professor Armstrong was aware of that particular internet meme, but it didn't matter. It was mainly for the benefit of his age group. Unfortunately, it only yielded some light snickers and mild laughs. Ms. Armstrong looked from side to side, immediately silencing the few other males in the room with her stony gaze. The women all stared at Trevor, as unamused as their teacher.

“If that was your attempt at comedy, I wouldn't quit school to be a comedian just yet. Technically, two of those answers are correct, but from your tone and flippancy, I don't feel you're taking my class seriously. I wonder what **Sarah** would think if I told her how little regard you have for the field so crucial to women's liberation?”

Trevor was completely caught off guard by that one. “Wait! What?!?”

“Oh, yes. I've seen you and your girlfriend together. It's hard not to when you insist on such public displays of affection. Sarah takes this course as well. Should I tell her what a total **ass** you've been, or are you going to behave?”

Trevor bit his tongue. It was time to take the L. “No, Ms. Armstrong. I mean, yes, I'll behave. My apologies.”

She tapped the ruler in her hand and gave him a last, disdainful look. “Come to my office after your last class, today. We're going to have a little *one on one*.”

The women in the room giggled and a few *oooohs* went up as Professor Armstrong strode back to the front of the room. Trevor maintained his composure, but seethed internally as the big woman launched back into her lecture. He was in a university classroom, but it suddenly felt like he was back in junior high. What a disaster.

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A little over an hour later, Trevor found himself walking the halls of the Administration building. He'd

gone back to the main Social Sciences building first, but was surprised to learn that Professor Armstrong's office wasn't there. Apparently, she ranked higher in the campus hierarchy than Trevor would've imagined.

It was an old building, but its immaculate condition suggested it had been renovated in recent years. The outside was all brick, cement and elegant arched windows, making the building look more like a cathedral than a typical administrative office. The inside consisted of lacquered wood, marble flooring and shiny, obsidian highlights along the walls and stairs. Eden S&M may have been a relatively small school, but they obviously weren't lacking for funding.

After climbing two flights of stairs, Trevor closed in on room 306. The lavish name plate read *Professor Angelica Armstrong, Senior Humanities Officer & Director of Gender Studies*. Trevor reached up to knock. Before he could even rap his knuckles, the heavy door swung open. There stood the fearsome woman who'd utterly embarrassed him in front of the class.

It was somewhat disconcerting for Trevor to bump into people who could look down on him. Doubly so when the person enjoying the height advantage was a woman. For tall young men like him, it was something that happened rarely. In moments like these, he got a taste of what shorter people experienced all the time. The infrequency of such events made the contrast even more jarring.

Her daunting aspect wasn't limited to the few extra inches her boots gave her. Her solid, well toned arms and the tree trunk thighs bulging through her leather skirt were evidence of someone who spent considerable time at the gym. To say she was imposing would be an understatement, and that was before you took her considerable intellect into account.

“Come in, Trevor” she said with a wave. “And hand over your phone. No devices allowed while we're in conference.”

He sighed, but ultimately pulled the phone from his pocket and handed it over. Angelica made sure it was powered down before placing it in a table drawer by the entrance.

“Make yourself comfortable. You're going to be here a while.”

Trevor strode in and made a quick study of her sizable office. There were many bookshelves, tables, a massive desk and a decent amount of leather furniture. It was much bigger and more lush than he'd expected for the head of Gender Studies. Not the cramped corner office he'd envisioned by a long shot.

“I didn't think detention was still *a thing* in college” he noted dryly.

Angelica closed the door before turning and walking past him. “Who said anything about detention? You can think of this as a *disciplinary hearing*. Or maybe just a professor and student getting to know each other better, if you can stop being a **smartass** for five minutes.”

Trevor swallowed. Even if the whole thing was silly, there was no point in antagonizing her further. “Sorry, professor.”

Ms. Armstrong turned and put her hands on her hips. “Are you though? Really?”

“I shouldn't be napping in class. I didn't mean to. I just had a long night...”

“Lengthy, late night study sessions with Ms. Dubois, I take it?”

Trevor rubbed the back of his head and blushed. His eyes darted away from the professor's stern gaze. “Something like that.”

“Yes, I can just imagine what you've been **studying**.”

“It won't happen again.”

“I don't believe that for a second” Angelica said with a growing smile. “I know your type too well. You think you're the alpha male on campus, even though you act like the class clown. Someone didn't get enough discipline from Mommy. Or maybe it was a lack of affection? Probably both.”

“Obviously, you've never met my stepmom. She's not exactly the lovey dovey type, but she never hesitated to call out my shit. You two would get along.”

“Stacy and I know each other well. Our friendship is why you're here.”

Trevor's eyes widened to their fullest. “Oh, so you're the one...”

“That's right” she cut him off. “And that's how I know your biological mother has been out of the picture for a long time. It seems Stacy didn't have the time to train you properly. There's only so much bad parenting one can correct in a few years.”

“**Hey!** Don't talk about my parents like th--”

“You have two choices, Mr. Marshall!” she interrupted. “Either I can assign you a ton of extra work and make your academic life hell, or...”

Trevor grimaced. “Or?”

“Or we can settle this the old way!” Angelica said, pointing to the wall behind her desk.

He traced her index finger to a spot on the right side of the wall. Beside her various diplomas, awards and other framed accolades hung a massive, thick wooden paddle. The varnished hardwood had many small scratches, dents and signs of wear, yet the instrument of pain still looked plenty formidable.

“**What?** Are you serious?!?”

Angelica strode to the back and lifted the heavy paddle by its thick, braided leather cord. She hefted it in her arms and let its weight slap down into her hand, demonstrating how heavy the thing truly was.

“This paddle has been here since the school was founded over a hundred years ago. Eden has a long and rich tradition of corporal punishment.”

“Funny, I don't recall seeing that in the brochure.”

Ms. Armstrong chuckled. “Ten spankings, Mr. Marshall. That's all I require. Surely a big, strong man

like you can handle that?"

Trevor allowed himself a weak smile. She was playing on his machismo, but that wasn't the reason he would say yes. Sure, Professor Armstrong was a strong woman and she would no doubt make the most of those ten wacks, but that still beat having to write an extra paper on some boring ass topic. Trevor would take that deal seven days a week and twice on Sunday.

"Alright, professor" he said, lifting his hands. "Do your worst."

Angelica's excited, throaty chuckle was audible despite her closed lips. "The couch behind you. Bend over the side" she instructed.

Trevor turned and found the one she was referring to. He nodded meekly before making his way to it and preparing to lean forward.

"Pants stay on, right?"

"This time" she quipped as Angelica stalked to his position.

Her heels sunk into the soft carpeting as the big woman closed the distance and stroked her thick wooden weapon. Her tight red top strained under strong arms and massive breasts. Her black leather boots and skirt gleamed in the afternoon sunlight beaming from the windows. Trevor was glad they were on the third floor so there was no possibility of someone walking by and getting a glimpse of his shameful paddling.

He leaned over the side of the leather sofa and assumed the position. His arms and head were plastered into the thick leather cushioning. Within seconds, Angelica's mighty legs were kicking his own further apart. She placed her left hand on the small of Trevor's back and pushed him down firmly.

"Stay still and count out the blows as I deliver them."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Trevor felt the broad side of the massive paddle glide against his backside. She rubbed it in circles over the bottom of his jeans, teasing him a bit before unleashing her fury. Trevor sighed into the leathery cushions. It almost felt pleasant. Like a massage...

WHHHHAAAAPP

"UHHHNNNN!!!"

The thick paddle blistered his ass with crushing force. The flesh of his bottom rippled and his eyes flew open. **Holy fuck** she was strong! Trevor instantly reconsidered how much he wanted to avoid some extra classwork.

"I didn't hear a number."

"One! One..." Trevor corrected himself. His voice couldn't help but betray surprise at the woman's sheer ferocity.

WHHHAAAPP

This time he bit his tongue, but a faint grunt still escaped his closed lips. He could feel the heat building in his bludgeoned cheeks. He might as well not been wearing pants at all. They offered scant little protection from her tool of terror.

“Two!”

WHHHHAAAPPPP

“Three!”

WHHHHAAAAAPPPPPP

His voice almost cracked as he responded to the fourth blast. “**Four!**”

WHHHAAAPP WHHHAAAPP WHHHAAAPP

The blows continued and he shouted out each one. His voice grew more strained after every blow. His bottom burned and his eyes turned watery. Trevor gritted his teeth and endured, determined not to give her the satisfaction of a wimpy *yelp* or a cry for mercy.

WHHHAAAPP WHHHAAAPP WHHHAAAPP

“**TEN!!!**”

Trevor's face was red by the time she finished. He breathed deeply into the leather cushioning, content to rest after enduring the trial. It's not like he could get up anyway, with the big woman still leaning on his back. The pain in his ass lingered, boiling and sweltering in his now tenderized flesh. What surprised Trevor was what followed... a not altogether unpleasant feeling. A kind of giddy, low level euphoria he'd never experienced before took hold in his body.

“You handled that surprisingly well” she purred while rubbing the paddle against his bottom gently. “The question is, are you man enough to admit you enjoyed it?”

Trevor's eyes flew open and his teeth gritted anew. As he suspected, this wasn't just some old school *tradition*. She was **getting off** on this. He wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt before planting his hands in the sofa and pushing himself up.

“**Let go of me!**” he snarled while fighting to right himself.

Angelica sighed and lifted her hand from his back.

When Trevor straightened himself, anger flared in his big, brown eyes. He ignored the pain in his bottom and the strange giddy feeling flowing through his nervous system. He stared up at his professor and cold determination entered his voice.

“I think I'd like to talk to the Dean.”

Angelica snickered. She tossed the paddle aside casually. It landed on the armchair beside her with a light thwack of wood on leather.

“The Dean? What a wonderful idea! Yes, let's go have a chat with him right now!”

Trevor's brow furrowed. That was not the response he'd anticipated.

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They reached the end of the opulent hall and walked into a wide, well-lit reception area. It was here that Trevor got his next surprise. There was a middle aged woman sitting behind the desk dressed in black latex from neck to toe. Her buxom curves shined in the overhead lighting, revealing a woman who'd kept herself in good shape relative to her mature status.

Her short gray hair fell on either side of her face, the rest of it pulled back into a neatly tied bun. Her thin, oval shaped glasses framed dark brown eyes. Her lips were a lovely shade of peach, requiring no embellishment. She might have been the most beautiful older woman Trevor had ever laid eyes on.

She looked up with a Cheshire grin as Angelica and Trevor approached the desk. One glance from the administrative assistant in gleaming fetishwear told him he was about to be witness to another spectacle. He was regretting his decision to escalate this already.

“Hello, Madeline.”

“Angelica! I mean, Professor Armstrong! What can I do for you this afternoon?”

“This young man would like to--”

“Actually, I've changed my mind. Thanks anyway, but...”

“No, no!” Angelica insisted. “Trevor wants to speak to the Dean and I think he should have that opportunity. In fact, I think we should give him a full demonstration of how things work around here! Do you think we could arrange that, Ms. Shepherd?”

“Oh, certainly! Our Dean is never too busy to meet with his Director of Gender Studies. Or a member of the student body. Follow me!”

The woman rose and her latex suit noisily un-meshed from the tall leather chair. She opened a desk drawer and extracted a leather crop before walking off. Trevor couldn't help but stare at her as she led the way. It wasn't just her sudden brandishing of a sex toy. Madeline had a giant dumper and the shiny, stretchy suit clinging to her flesh only made it stand out that much more. Her curvy ass might as well have been a black hole sucking Trevor's attention to it irresistibly.

Her rubberized body creaked as they made their way to the ornately carved wooden door. To Trevor's surprise, Ms. Shepherd didn't even knock. She just opened the door and walked through, leading them into the most lavish room yet. Madeline closed and locked the door before continuing in and leading

the trio further.

It was a library as much as an office, with bookshelves that went all the way up to the ceiling. The shelves had their own mobile ladder system on a rail for reaching the higher shelves. There were numerous tall, potted plants and antique works of art as far as the eye could see. This was in addition to the same grade of fancy furniture that Ms. Armstrong enjoyed in her office. All together, it was a level of luxury Trevor had only seen in movies before.

Mr. Jonah Simmons was seated behind the big mahogany desk. His feet were propped up on it as he leaned back in his chair and talked with someone over the phone. Trevor had only seen the bald, medium build Dean once before, when he gave the commencement speech at orientation. He was clad in suit and tie now just like he was then.

Jonah had the mildly dark skin of a Pacific Islander and a cheerful disposition. He bore a mustache that connected down into a silky salt and pepper goatee, but the rest of his face and head were shaved. His voice echoed through the room as they closed in on his position. Angelica and Madeline's boot heels clicked against the laminate flooring as they approached. Jonah looked up as the party drew closer and his expression quickly turned from jovial to serious.

“Hang up the phone” Madeline ordered casually as they came to a stop at his desk.

“Hey Gerald, I have to run. Something came up here. I'll be in touch, alright? Thanks.”

He ended the call and set his phone aside. Before Jonah could ask what was going on, Madeline issued her next decree.

“On the floor, bitch! On your back!” she yelled, pointing her crop to the center of the room.

The Dean half-smiled, half-wincing as he rose, but quickly complied with her demands. It had to be awkward, doing this in front of a brand new student, but by now Trevor had to assume this was par for the course. The speed with which he removed his suit jacket, set it on the back of his chair and trotted to the center of the office did not indicate this was a new experience. Jonah laid down, straight as a board, in the middle of the room as Ms. Shepherd stalked around him. He clasped his hands over his stomach as he awaited further instructions.

“Hands at your sides!” She barked, flailing her crop at him.

SNAP

The flashy leather tip swatted into his hands before he quickly pulled them away and locked himself in a rigid *toy soldier* position.

Trevor and Ms. Armstrong watched from ten feet away as Madeline smiled and prepared her next act. She lifted the crop to her mouth and held it in her teeth. The mature Domina then reached back with both hands and found the zipper at the bottom of her suit. She pulled it down and acres of her creamy, sweat-glossed ass were unveiled for her captive audience.

Madeline retrieved the crop from her mouth and turned slightly. She looked over her shoulder and down at the pitiful, bitch made Dean.

“Lick my sweaty ass, slave! I've been steaming in this suit all afternoon. It's time to put that filthy tongue of yours to work!”

With no further ceremony she lowered herself down and her humongous globes of flesh sealed over Jonah's face. The eager Dean went to work at once, slurping up and down her moist crack; sucking up sweat and rubbery grime as he tasted her exquisite flesh. Madeline let out low moans as she gyrated back and forth on her favorite seat.

'Jesus Christ... What kind of school is this?'

Trevor glanced over at Professor Armstrong, who was clearly enjoying herself. Her grin extended from ear to ear as she watched Madeline suffocate the Dean with her giant ass and demand more aggressive oral worship.

“Get that tongue up my pucker you disgusting worm!”

SMACK

This time, Madeline's crop found Jonah's crotch and he groaned deeply from the depths of her ass. His hands clenched into fists as his face labored in her increasingly sloppy cheeks. Ms. Shepherd humped his head, her latex curves bouncing as she moaned in bliss. She held her crop aloft, prepared to strike his helpless body again if the Dean failed to please her.

*'It's exactly the kind of school **Stacy** would send you to, you fucking idiot! You've been played!'*

The realization hit Trevor like a freight train. If Professor Armstrong and Ms. Madeline were being this brazen with their kinky play, that meant it was almost definitely not an isolated phenomenon. It meant more of the professors, almost all of whom were women, were most likely in on it. Suddenly, the female to male ratio made sense. Everything about his parents “generous” offer made sense. Well, Stacy's offer anyway. It was hard to say if Dad knew about any of this.

“Well, Trevor. You wanted to see the Dean” Angelica spoke as she turned to him. The big woman placed her hands on her wide hips. “Now's your chance to speak to him. If you yell loud enough, he might be able to hear you.”

“That won't be necessary, professor. I'm sorry for bringing it up. I understand Eden S&M now.”

“I'm glad to hear it” she replied with a fiendish smile. Angelica turned back to the display of debauchery and watched with great relish.

The worst part was, even though Trevor had only been there for a month, it felt like he was trapped. Sure, he could walk out of the room right now, assuming Ms. Armstrong didn't literally kidnap him and drag him down to some dungeon. He could get in his car and drive home tomorrow, if he wanted.

But then what? What would he tell his Dad? That he'd given up? Gotten bored after just a few weeks? It's unlikely he'd believe the truth, even if Trevor told it. It was too bizarre a story. And they'd never let him keep the car after going back on the deal. Stacy would cancel payments immediately.

And what about Sarah? He'd met an amazing girl that he desperately wanted to keep seeing. It wasn't likely they'd continue being an item if he dropped out. He'd have no future to speak of, or at least nothing that a smart girl like her would find promising. She'd find someone else in short order, most likely.

No, Trevor was stuck in Eden, for now. Trapped in *paradise*, if you were a total degenerate into female domination. While he'd enjoyed his time up until now, the entire campus had given him a weird vibe since the day he arrived. It was an unusual energy. There was just something **off** about it, despite all outward appearances of normalcy. Now he understood what the voice in the back of his head had been screaming about this whole time.

Madeline rose on unsteady legs, shaking with pleasure as her rubbery second skin flexed around her. Drool and sweat dripped from her ass, coating Jonah's already messy face as she stood over him. The sultry assistant lifted her arms, her crop pointing in the air as she made her next pronouncement.

“What perfect timing! Nature is calling and my slave lies beneath me, waiting to answer!”

The gray-haired Domina tossed her crop aside. She reached down to the bottom of her suit, this time finding the zipper at her front. Madeline pulled it down and her dripping sex was revealed. She reached under with rubbery, gloved fingers and spread the glossy edges of her suit wide open; making sure her stream would only taint the Dean and not her exquisite latex costume.

“My, my. I wasn't expecting this” Angelica stated. Her gaze shifted from Madeline and Jonah back to Trevor. “You're getting quite the eye opener, aren't you young man? Are you enjoying the show?”

“Professor, I've seen enough. Can I **please** leave?”

Angelica rolled her eyes. “Fine, we can go. You're not excused yet, though. Not until our conference is over.”

She nodded to the door and Trevor made his way there hastily.

“We're off. Have fun Madeline!” Professor Armstrong called over her shoulder.

The rubber vixen was in no condition to converse. She was moaning lightly, still buzzing from abundant anal stimulation as she waited for her steaming water to release. Her voice grew louder as a fountain of hot piss gushed from her folds.

Angelica unlocked the door and exited the swanky office. As Trevor followed her, he could hear the first jets of acrid urine slap all over Jonah's dress shirt and expensive slacks. Madeline's wail of satisfaction was cut off as the large door clicked shut behind them.

Trevor trailed the professor halfway into the empty foyer before being startled one more time. Angelica turned, grabbed him by the arms and pushed him up against the nearest wall. She took him by the wrists and pinned his arms above his head. Trevor was immediately reminded of his lunch with Sarah in the quad. Unlike that occasion, he wasn't so sure he could escape if he wanted to. Angelica was at least his physical equal and possibly more.

Her body pressed into his aggressively. Her full breasts ballooned in her scarlet top as she mashed them

into his chest. Her powerful thighs forced his legs apart and held them firm. The professor's perfume washed over him, combined with her own natural scent. It was intoxicating. The more of these close encounters he had with her, the more his will to resist seemed to dwindle.

“Tell me what you're feeling, right now” she demanded, inches from his face.

“Wha-- what?!?”

“You heard me. The sensation you're experiencing. Describe it.”

“I uh... I feel light headed.”

“**And?**”

“And kind of giddy.”

“What else? Your mind and body are telling you to do something right now. What are they telling you, Trevor?”

He didn't want to say it, especially since he knew it was what she wanted to hear, but he couldn't deny it. Not any longer.

“To yield...” he admitted.

“Mmmhmmm” she purred. “When your mind and body tell you to do something, you should listen. Don't you think?”

“Y-Yes...”

What the hell was happening to him? The harder she pushed, the more he liked it. Trevor's heartbeat was soaring. His temperature was ticking up. Blood was rushing to his penis. He'd never felt this way about assertive women before. Never had any interest in Femdom porn. This wasn't him. Or, at least, it didn't used to be.

“Very good. Now that you've said it out loud, there's no more pretending. This is a good place to start.”

“Start what?” he asked breathlessly.

“Your **true education**. I'm going to make you my special project this semester. Maybe longer. You seem like the type that will need lots of guidance. I'm sure your little Sarah would've whipped you into shape, eventually. But for men like you, I prefer a *multi-pronged* approach.”

And that's when Trevor felt it. Not her impossibly strong thighs, but her third leg, pressing forward. A thick column of flesh bulging through her leather skirt and bearing down against the much smaller lump in his jeans. It should've shocked him, but it didn't. Against all reason, Trevor's desire to surrender only intensified.

“Let's head back to my office” she implored. “We'll start with ten more spankings and go from there.”

Angelica released his hands and stalked off. Her boot heels tapped across the floor as she strutted to the hallway.

“Yes, Miss Armstrong” came his reply, though it barely felt like he was in control any longer. Trevor could hardly believe the sincerity in his own voice.

He followed the forceful Domme, intuitively walking behind her from this point on. Eden S&M had its claws in him now. Trevor's journey into sexual servitude had begun.

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