Tea and Strumpet, Chapter 2

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Chelsea discovers a hidden side to herself!

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/novels/tea-and-strumpet-chapter-2.aspx

"OH MY GOD!!" Chelsea exclaimed, her hands covering her mouth, as her eyes scanned the contents of the basement. Before her was a sight straight out of a horror movie. Professor Diederich's basement was a fully functioning BDSM dungeon! Chelsea stood there, mouth agape, on the landing next to the Professor.

"So what do you think of my little basement dungeon, Chelsea?" he said.

"I, I don't know," she said, still in shock.

"Well, I have collected the items you see here for many years. They come from all over the world and many of them are actual antiques, while some are reproductions based on drawings and pictures of the original device," he said.

Chelsea could not speak. She was shocked at what she saw. This was a side of the Professor that she had not expected. He seemed to be such a nice man, so kind and polite. Yet in front of her was a scene akin to Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory. She half expected to see a pieced together body on one of the devices!

Still she could not deny the fact that, as bizarre as the basement appeared to her, she felt an odd excitement in her belly and her knickers had definitely become damp. The contraptions in front of her were designed to catch and hold a person, and for some strange reason she was secretly hoping that person would be her.

"Go ahead, Miss Bell, go take a closer look at my collection," he said, placing his hand on the small of her back and urging her on. Chelsea walked down the last three or four steps to the basement floor

and timidly walked up to the first device. It was a huge wall-mounted wooden X with metal eye bolts at the end of each leg. A wide strap was mounted at the intersection.

"That is my X-rack," he said, as she looked at it. She moved to the next device, still in awe of what she was seeing.

"This little jewel is called a kneeling bench. The errant victim would kneel on the pad here and be locked in place, offering up their ass to be whipped or caned as needed," he explained. "The resemblance to the Catholic prayer bench was no coincidence. It was made so that not only did your rear feel ashamed, your mind did as well."

Chelsea looked at the Professor as he spoke, and he smiled at the girl. She continued walking through the basement's offerings. She came to a plain-looking wooden chair. A simple looking chair, but it had some "special features".

"This is called a punishment chair," Professor Diederich said, "It may look like a regular chair, but it has these metal rings all over for tying a person to it in a variety of positions for whatever purpose is intended."

Chelsea studied the chair as she had the other pieces. The Professor watched her carefully, studying her expressions and movements to determine how she was processing the information he was giving her. He saw what he had hoped to in her, and then he made his move.

"Would you like to try one of these pieces out and see what I mean?" he asked.

"I, um, I guess so," she said hesitantly. She didn't know why, but she felt that this was what she was supposed to do. She didn't really even think about it. Only her British upbringing made her hesitate at all. But this was something she felt almost natural doing.

"Well why don't we start you off with something fairly simple then, like the X-rack. Come here," he said. Chelsea came over to the rack and the Professor positioned her in place. He fastened her wrists to the restraints at the top arms of the X and then fastened her ankles into the bottom restraints on the legs of the X. Then he fastened the belt around her waist.

"Comfortable?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, normally you would be naked in this rack so that I could tease and punish you. But for now this

will do," he said. Chelsea upon hearing his words moaned softly. Professor Diederich smiled at hearing her response. He decided she was ready for a more direct approach.

"So Miss Bell, you like this toy of mine? Do you like what you see here in my...playroom?" he asked in a low growl.

"Y, yes," she said, blushing.

"I thought as much. You see, I have been watching you since you started my class. I know that you are intrigued with this sort of thing, that is why I asked you to become my assistant. I could tell that there was a submissive hidden inside of you," he told her.

"A submissive? What is that Professor?"

"A submissive, Miss Bell, is person who by their very nature wants to please others. He or she feels a natural inclination to serve others. Not necessarily in a demeaning way, like a slave, but being of service to another person through work or something. Such people usually have service-type jobs like maids, cafeteria workers, janitors and such."

"Oh," she said.

"I have seen how you carry yourself, Miss Bell. You walk with your eyes down, your head lowered a bit. I see you wait for others to go through the doorways first. You are never the first one in line, and you do not talk much in class. You are not real outgoing and prefer to stand back and observe more than participate. These are hallmarks of a submissive nature."

"Is that bad? I just don't think..."

"It is neither good nor bad, Miss Bell, it is just who you are. And as far as I am concerned, it is a very good trait. I appreciate the fact that you are a submissive."

"Why is that Professor?"

"Miss Bell, do you know anything about BDSM?"

"You mean like tying someone up for sex?"

"Well that's part of it for a lot of people, but there's so much more," he explained. He began to take her down from the rack as he continued. "BDSM is an acronym for Bondage, Discipline, Sadism, and

Masochism. These are the four parts of what most people call what those who enjoy this fetish do. And for those people, that is all they know. Or want to know. But there is more, much more to this than just kinky bedroom games."

"Oh? Like what, Professor?" she said, getting more interested as he spoke.

"Let's go upstairs and we'll talk," He said taking her hand and leading her back upstairs to the living room. They sat back down on the couch as the Professor began explaining what D/s meant and what part he played in it.

"You see, my dear, I am a Master - a Dominant that has taken the time to learn what it takes to dominate and control a woman. Not just one who says 'Kneel at My feet and suck My cock,' but someone who can allow a woman to kneel at His feet and suck His cock. You see, I don't make you do anything you don't want to do. I only enable you to do the things you want to do, what you crave to do, even when you don't know you want to do them. My job is to empower you to be what you want to be. And as a submissive, you want to serve. So I allow you to serve. I knew you wanted to be My assistant before I asked you. I knew it because I knew who, and what, you were. I simply empowered you by asking you if you wanted the job. I allowed you to say yes. Understand? That is the psychology of D/s. I give you what you want, but are either unsure or afraid to ask for it."

"I think I understand. But what I don't know is if I am a submissive as you say, how am I to use this? What do I need to do?"

"I can help you explore this new you if you'd like. But it will be very different from what you have known. Are you ready to change your whole perspective on things?"

"Well, Professor, I am here to learn. And what you said about me has been true. I have always felt a need to serve people. Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to please others. And I trust you. So yes, I would like to give this submissive thing a try. And I would like you to help me." she said.

"Good, I am glad that you agreed. Shall we get started right now?"

"Yes, I would like that," she said. "What do I do?"

"First off, let's establish a few rules," he said.

"Rules?"

"Yes. There are some things we need to be certain about before we delve into this too deep. The first

rule is that I am the Master, you are the submissive. You will call me Master or Sir when we are here together. At school, I will still be Professor, but here you will address me as Master. Understand?"

"Yes, Master," she said. A tingle ran through her pussy as she said the word, and she felt an odd feeling in her heart. As if a sleeping part of her was stirring, getting ready to awaken.

"Good. Now as your Master, my word is law. You will do everything I say without question. You can ask how to do something, or you can ask what you should be learning from what I say. But you can never ask why I want you to do it. Why is because I said so. Understand?"

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Good. Now the last thing is that you and I are going to have to learn to trust each other. You will have to trust me and my decisions, and I will have to be able to trust you. And that starts with all this...you know that what I have shown you here tonight could get me fired from the university. But if I felt that I couldn't trust you, I would not have brought you here tonight," he said.

"Thank you, Master. You can trust me," she said, smiling.

"I know. Now there will be other rules but those are the most important ones for now."

"I will remember them," she said.

"Good. Now let's see what I have to work with. Get undressed," he commanded.

"Sir?"

"You heard Me. I said get undressed. I want to have a look at you," he repeated.

"I, I can't do that!" she said, wide-eyed.

"Yes, you can. And if you wish to become a proper submissive, you must learn to follow directions given to you. Now, proceed."

"But Sir, I..." she started.

"*Now!*" he insisted with a growl.

"Yes, Master," she said. She began by unbuttoning the front of her white long-sleeved blouse.

Removing it and placing it on the arm of the sofa, she reached behind her and unzipped her black above the knee skirt and she laid it on the arm of the sofa as well. She stood there in her bra and knickers in front of him.

"Continue," he said.

She looked at him and blushed red. But she reached up and unfastened her bra, letting the straps fall off her shoulders before hesitatingly, taking the bra completely off and tossing it onto the couch.

"The panties too. You might as well shed them all. You will be naked a lot around here now," he said.

"Yes, Master," she sighed. And with that, she hooked her thumbs under her waistband and dropped her knickers to her ankles, stepping out of them and standing beside them, completely nude now.

Chelsea Bell was an attractive girl 5'5" tall 36C/24/36, with strawberry blonde hair, and baby blue eyes. She was fair-skinned as most British girls are, and had a few cute freckles sprinkled across the bridge of her cute button nose. Professor Diederich looked her up and down as she stood in front of him, fidgeting a bit under his scrutiny.

"Turn slowly," he said flatly.

She turned around slowly as he continued examining her. When she had completed a full circle he stopped her. "Very nice, Miss Bell. You are a very nice looking girl. You have a nice figure, nice breasts and a very spankable ass. They will serve you well."

"T, thank you, Master," she said, still blushing at his compliments.

"But I do see one thing that needs attending to. Your bush. It is entirely too thick. I want it shaved," he said.

"But, Sir, that the way I've always kept it."

"Well, that will change now that you are My submissive. I want it shaved smooth. Now you will find razors and shaving cream in the bathroom. Get to it. And when you are finished, come back so I can check your work. Be quick about it, too. I have other things planned," he said.

Chelsea rushed to the bathroom and turned on the shower water, Grabbing the razor and shaving cream, she got to the task, clearing away all the hair from her pussy as quickly as she safely could. She didn't want to cut herself, but she wanted to do a good job. She checked and rechecked as she

shaved. Finally she was baby smooth. She got out of the shower and dried off. Then she checked one last time just to make sure, and came back into the living room where Professor Diederich was still sitting on the couch.

"Let's have a look," he said. She stepped closer and spread her legs a bit to allow him to see her work. "Wider," he commanded. She spread her legs wider for him. "Now put your hands behind your head and lace your fingers together. Keep them there, do not move them," he warned. She did as he said and stood there waiting for his next command.

Professor Diederich reached between Chelsea's spread thighs, running his hand up and down the insides of her legs with a light, teasing touch. Chelsea moaned softly and closed her eyes as the Professor stroked her trembling thighs. He smiled and ran his hands up her other thigh, stopping just short of her dampening pussy.

"You like this, do you Miss Bell?" he asked with a sly grin.

"Ohhh, yesss," she hissed.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes...Master," she corrected.

"That is better," he said. Then he moved his hand up to her damp pussy, stroking her lips and running his fingertips over her slit. Chelsea moaned again, louder this time, as his fingers found their way between her soft puffy lips. Chelsea moved her hips forward as he stroked her sex, wanting him inside her. Chelsea, relishing the feelings he was giving her, removed her hands without thinking and he caught her error.

"Get those hands back up there!" he said, swatting her pussy with the hand that was just teasing it. Chelsea gasped and immediately replaced her hands.

"Sorry, Master," she said.

"Would you like to continue?" he asked. He already knew the answer, he just wanted her to admit it.

"Yes, oh please," she whined.

He resumed fingering her, working his fingers into her now dripping pussy. She spread her legs wider and moved her hips in time with his probing. He began with one finger, but quickly inserted a second

one, filling her even more. As he churned his fingers inside her, he used his thumb to stroke her swollen, throbbing clit. Chelsea was beside herself with pleasure! She humped forward against his hand, fucking herself on his fingers as he thrust in and out of her. She moaned and mewled as he began bringing her closer to her orgasm. He brought her right to the edge, she was just about to go over the sweet abyss when he stopped, pulling out of her completely.

"What? Oh please don't stop now! Please Professor!" she protested as she looked at him with pleading eyes.

"You want to cum do you?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Master! Oh please, I need to cum, please!" she cried.

"All right then. But you will cum by providing me a little show at the same time," he said.

"A show?" she said, panting in her excited state.

"Yes. I want to see you in action," he said. Professor Diederich got up off the couch and went over to an ottoman in the corner of the room. Flipping the top up, he reached inside and pulled something out of the ottoman's storage compartment. He came back and handed it to her. Chelsea took the object and looked at it. He had handed her a vibrator that looked like a cock. She took it, embarrassed and blushing, without looking at him. "I want to watch you fuck yourself with this vibrator. When you feel the need to cum, you must ask me for permission. I may or may not give it to you, however. You will have to convince me you truly need to. Understand?"

"MASTER, PLEASE! I, I can't! I just can't!" she said, turning several shades of red as she looked at the cock vibrator in his hand.

"Miss Bell, do you or do you not want to explore your submissive side?"

"I do, Professor, but this..."

"Then I suggest you do as I say, otherwise I may have to find another subject who is more willing. I can think of two other girls in your class right off the top of My head that would probably be do what I say without objection."

"Yes, Master," she said. She took the vibrator and got down on the floor in front of him. She was terribly embarrassed and not sure if she could do as he asked, but she was also extremely turned on by this new game. So, not wanting to fail him and be replaced, she fought back her shyness and sat

down in front of him with her legs spread wide. She started by fingering herself and getting herself excited again. Chelsea rubbed her slit and toyed with her clit, pinching the throbbing nub and sending electric sparks through her pussy and up to her brain. She threw her head back and moaned as her fires flared once more, spreading a warmth through her pussy. She slipped a finger, then two, into her sopping pussy and began shoving them deeper into her, wanting more. Chelsea was soon as the same heightened arousal that the Professor had brought her only a few moments ago. She moaned and writhed as her fingers explored her hungry hole.

"Now, slut, use the toy on yourself," he said. Chelsea moaned loudly. Being called a slut was new to her, but it sent her heart racing when she heard it. She took the toy and turned it towards her. She brought it down to her waiting pussy and was about to shove it into her when the Professor stopped her.

"Suck on it first. Show me how you suck a cock," he directed. She looked at him and then brought the head of the fake cock to her lips. She licked up and down the shaft watching him as she did. Then she opened her lips and wrapped her soft wet mouth around the toy, sliding it slowly into her mouth until she had taken as much in as she could without gagging. She sucked and licked on the cock as if it was his cock, all the while watching him for his reaction and approval. He watched her as well, watching how she licked and sucked on the phallus and toyed with it until she had gotten it completely wet and lubricated with her saliva.

"Ok, now fuck yourself with it. But slowly, remember this is a show for me. Make it good, my little slut," he told her.

"Yes, Master," she said smiling. She didn't know what was happening to her, but she was becoming quite entranced with this new world. Being called a slut, made to perform for him, it was all becoming such a turn-on for her. Chelsea couldn't remember being so hot and aroused. Not that she could think much at all in her current state of mind, her brain was so clouded with lust that rational thought was impossible. She didn't think, she just felt. And what she felt compelled her to obey his every wish, every desire. She only wanted to please him, to give him the show he wanted.

Chelsea laid back a little and aimed the head of the cock towards her drooling pussy. She ran the thick head up and down her wet, pink slit, using her own juices to lube the cock up further in preparation for shoving it into her. She rubbed the cock along the length of her slit and up over her clit, moaning as the ridge of the mushroom head scraped her clit nub.

Finally she could take no more. Every nerve ending in her pussy was screaming for satisfaction, her impatient pussy demanded to be filled. "Please, Master, please may I fuck myself now?" she pleaded, "May I fuck myself for you?"

Professor Diederich smiled broadly. He had her right where he wanted her. She was now a slave to her own passions, her desperate need had made her his. "Yes, my slut. Show me how you fuck that cock! How you would fuck MY cock!" he said.

Chelsea moaned loudly at his words, the idea that she would be fucking him almost sent her over the edge right there. She placed the head of the cock at her pussy entrance and slowly pressed forward. The head slipped easily inside her and she groaned as she felt her pussy being opened. She slid the cock deeper and she spread her legs and raised her hips to accept her plastic lover.

"OHHHHHGODDD!!" Chelsea groaned as she felt herself being split apart. She continued pressing the cock deeper into her filling her wet depths as she took more and more of the plastic cock into her. The more she accepted, the more she wanted. The shy, quiet, girl from Farnborough had become her Master's slut. Her only desire now was to fulfill her passions' need to orgasm, to cum, to plunge over the sweet edge of insanity and dive into the depths of sweet release.

"OHHH, MASTER! Oh please may I cum? please!" she pleaded.

"No. Not yet, slut," he said.

"OHHHH," she groaned. She continued fucking herself, knowing that she could not hold out much longer, despite what her Master desired.

"PLEASE, Master! Ohhh god please! I need to cum!" she said again, begging him.

"Not yet. Continue," he said flatly. Again the girl groaned her disappointment. But she did as she was bade, and continued fucking her tormented pussy with the cock. Chelsea was almost crazed with lust and her pleading and begging had become a garbled mixture of English, British, and just animal sounds. She tossed her head back and forth as her fever reached critical. A few more strokes and even her Master would not be able to stop her from cumming!

"Now, slut! Come for Me NOW!" he commanded with a deep animal growl.

"OHHHHHHGODDD!!!! I'M CUMMMINNGGG!!!" Chelsea wailed as she exploded, her pussy juices pouring out of her like a river, flooding the floor and spreading into a large puddle between her quivering legs. As she lay there on the floor gasping for breath and trying regain her composure, Professor Diederich looked down at her.

"Very good, Miss Bell. Now do it again," he said.

"What? Master, I can't! I simply can't!" she said, not believing what he expected of her. She had not even come down from her first orgasm, and he wanted her to do it again?

He got down on the floor beside her. He shoved his hand between her thighs shoving his two middle fingers into her still convulsing pussy and using the outer fingers to hold her slit open. He curled the fingers inside her up to find her spongy g-spot and then he began a series of short, rapid upward motions, a trick he had learned that was sure to bring her to an orgasm in short order. And sure enough within a minute or so Chelsea was at the verge of another orgasm.

"MAAAASTERRRR!!!" she cried out as she came again, harder this time than before! She reached down to grab his hand and stop him from tormenting her, but he slapped it away then for her resisting, he grabbed her closest nipple and twisted it as he continued working her pussy.

"OHHHHH!!!" she squealed as she felt the combination of pain from her nipple and pleasure from what he was doing to her pussy. She came once more as he kept the pressure up and played her like a Stradivarius violin. She writhed and twisted as her Master kept her orgasm going excruciatingly long, drawing every moan and whimper from her as she convulsed and spasmed on the floor beside him.

Finally, mercifully, he relented, allowing her to finish her orgasms throes. She lay there on the floor gasping for each tearing breath, her hair a matted mess, her body covered in a sheen of sweat, her chest heaving as she came slowly back to him. He sat there next to her, watching her slowly regain her mind and her strength.

"Welcome back Miss Bell," he said finally.

"Thank you, Master," she said with a weak smile. He brushed the hair from in front of her face and she took his hand, giving it a soft kiss on the palm.

He picked her up and carried her upstairs to the bathroom. He drew a bath for his new submissive and then helped her into the tub, watching her carefully as she soaked her exhausted body in the warm water. He handed her the soap and sponge so she could wash herself and get cleaned up and when she was finished, he helped her out of the tub, drying her off thoroughly. Once she was ready he led her into the bedroom.

"You did very well today, my little slut. I think with the proper training, we can create a very obedient, very well-mannered submissive in you," he said, stroking her hair as she lay next to him.

"Thank you, Master. I would very much like that," she said, smiling up at him.

"Well rest now. It's too late for you to go back to your dorm. It's locked up for the night now and I wouldn't feel comfortable leaving you alone after all you have been through this evening anyway. I will take you back tomorrow in time for you to change and be ready for class. You'll stay here with me tonight," he told her.

"Whatever you say, Master. I am yours," she said snuggling up to him more happy and content than she had been in a very long time.

"Master, may I make a request of you?" she asked.

"What is that?"

"Well, Sir, if I am to call you Master or Sir while we are here, would you please call me Chelsea instead of Miss Bell? I mean we are more than student and teacher now," she said.

"Point taken. When you are here with me, I will call you Chelsea or slut. Chelsea if we are just talking, and slut when we are playing. Good enough?"

"That would be wonderful, Sir. Thank you. I want to be your little slut!" she said, smiling mischievously. She closed her eyes and went to sleep, safe and warm in her Masters strong arms.

The above story is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and events in it are products of the author’s imagination and are used as fantasy. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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