Attorney Cum Laude

By ringle

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Kinky Futuristic Sci-Fi

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Larissa laughed boisterously, egging me on to "show my stuff."

But I have never been an exhibitionist and always considered my body sanctified. Larissa however was clad only in her matching white bra and panties. Her plump, pink, puffy areolas were now clearly visible through the material. It had become transparent from the water sprayed on her by the staff of Cancun's hottest night-spot, "Bare Your Soul". We stood on stage accepting the hoots of applause from hundreds of horny college students. The competition had been narrowed to just me and my best friend from UCLA's Class of 2018.

As the noise level rose to a new high I suspected Larissa was making her play to win the competition. The crowd was in a frenzy yelling at us; "Show your Tits!", "Skin to Win!" and "Drop your Draws!"

As Larissa hooked two fingers in her G-String, the chant became, "Down, down, down!"

One clever woman in the front row even called out, "Fire in the Hole!" She was obviously very impressed with Larissa's fiery red waist length hair and stunning physique.

I turned just in time to see Larissa start modeling her birthday suit! Her pert 34C breasts with their fat, pink, rubbery nipples now danced in unison with the strobe lights. She was glistening with drops of what undoubtedly was a mixture of water spray, sweat, and her own female lubrication, now awakened by her desires.

The layer of very fine reddish blonde, peach-fuzz hair blanketing her breasts was dueling with the mirror ball. Her legs were as long as the constitution and her hips drew away from her torso like a nut cracker on steroids. She had intentionally shaved her pussy earlier that day, knowing full well what she was going to be doing this evening. The result was a magnificently glowing vulva, her long thick labia flapping around like flags in a stiff breeze. She was statuesque, and she knew it!

I drew in a deep breath and surveyed the situation. It was either here and now, or forever carry the

stigma of being a prude. The crowd was acting like a pack of hungry dogs on a T-Bone, practically foaming at the mouth.

Cindy and Sharon our other cohorts from school who had joined us on this vacation, had already bowed out of the contest. They gracefully acknowledged Larissa's spell over the crowd. Standing off to the side they both encouraged me to one-up Larissa.

Not needing any urging, Larissa continue to strut about the place like she owned it, and truth be told, that night she did! Every person in the joint had their eyes glued to her, inhaling her essence, drinking in her every move. Both men and women alike were transfixed by her godly form, and for the last five minutes she held everyone in a powerful trance.

My mind turned back to my predicament, "bare my soul, or live with the consequences?" As the ever reasonable person I was, I let my lawyerly instincts take over. I quietly slipped off stage unnoticed but dignified, still wearing my undergarments. Thus the three us again relinquished the "title" to Larissa, as she had simply hypnotized the crowd.

That night Larissa didn't make it back to the hotel room until dawn. She quietly slipped into my bed, as she had done so often in our dorm room, and began to pleasure me. Her tongue slid gently between the folds of my labia, as she began to ever so softly massage my clit with her teeth. She explored the rim of my anus with her tongue in a fashion similar to a lizard snatching its prey. Her delicate touch sending me through one orgasm after another. Whenever she did this she was always careful to try not to wake me as she was an extremely thoughtful lover. Even when I did awaken, I would pretend to be having a wet dream, allowing both of us to maximize the experience.

When she finally fell asleep, I retuned the favor tasting her sweet puckered asshole for the first time in my life. The aroma from her glands wafting into my nose had me performing a tongue ballet deep into her anus that I had never even conceived I was capable of. Repeating her actions that I found so pleasurable, I breached the sphincter of her asshole numerous times. The deeper I penetrated her, the greater my own pleasure.

As I parted her labia I could smell the unmistakable scent of manly lust. She had obviously been having sex with a number of men well into the morning. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and imagined what it might be like to taste a man's cum. My curiosity finally got the upper hand on my fear and I proceeded to lap the mixture of semen from numerous men which still resided in her pussy. I found the taste to be a little tart but not at all as unpleasant as I had suspected. Perhaps because I was licking cum from a woman's pussy I was able to convince myself it was acceptable. I fell asleep that night having satiated one of my most desired fantasies.

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The next day on the beach, Larissa gloated in her victory, assigning herself the crown "Queen of Virtue". (She was quick witted and never missed an opportunity for irony or a double-entendre.) However, she was very gracious, and did not rub it in my face about my untimely exit without displaying my goods.

Cindy and Sharon had decided they wanted to return home without tan lines and as such were now lying under the blazing sun completely au naturale! Larissa thought this was a grand idea and immediately joined them. Of course we got the attention of everyone on the beach, both male and female. I did feel a little out of place still wearing both pieces of a two-piece micro bikini.

Cindy's beautiful long black hair was rolled up into a bun. It contrasted marvelously with the ample 38D breasts that were soaking up the rays. With her very slim waist and hips she almost looked out of proportion. But being only 5'-2" complimented her; she was a package of dynamite! Her nipples were inverted as some women's are, and the sun had turned her huge saucer sized, normally very pale pink areola's a deep shade of bronze. She had decided to let her pubic hair grow naturally. Thus she displayed a thick wiry black bush which gave her clit and labia all the privacy they deserved.

Sharon on the other hand was a beautiful brunette who stood about 5'-6" and was barely able to fill out a 32A cup. As she came out of the water, the bumps on her chest seemed to be made up of all nipple and areola. Her thick red areolas had contracted and swelled forcing the nipples to stand at attention. She is a sight to behold when she is aroused as her nipples stick out at least three inches from her flat chest! Her bulbous pale pink clit and wrinkly red labia were in full view for anyone who wanted to see. Her hood had retracted and as she had shaved her pubes almost entirely, her clitoris was now peeking out past her thighs, like a player in a game of hide-and-go-seek. She had left only a small patch of somewhat longish brown hair above her love button. She called it her shag meter, saying that if she was really horny she would know because the hair on her mons veneris would stick out at least as far as her nipples.

Larissa re-aligned herself with the sun. And being her usual self she raised her butt slightly and spread her legs wide open. She then declared that she wouldn't "have even a single tan line!" Not only were her labia on full display to anyone walking along the waters edge, but her tight, brown puckered asshole was fully exposed too! She has very meaty labia minora, the kind guys make fun of with comments like "double-bubble". And for anyone who has ever had the pleasure of dining on such a beautiful set of lips they know how hearty a meal they can provide.

* * *

After returning from our last spring break prior to graduation we set our minds back on school, and the daunting task of "passing the bar." Larissa found this to be quite funny, as the irony of the words and her demeanor was exact opposite. She would be the last person I would expect to pass a bar without going in for a drink. Finding a thesis for Larissa came so easily for her. She chose to write hers on, "Women Extracting Power from Men through Law", the title said it all.

She had finished her thesis more than three weeks prior to the deadline and submitted it straight away. As a result she got her grading back two weeks later. Ten professors reviewed it, and she was given the highest mark ever scored at UCLA, 998 out of a possible 1000. (Two of the professors were straight females.) For this she was awarded the stately honor of 'Graduate Cum Laude', something awarded to only three other students in the history of the school. Again, Larissa got more of a laugh from the words than the award itself.

Now with only a week until my own thesis was due I sat at the kitchen table staring at a blank piece of paper, at a total loss for a topic. Larissa walked in wearing only a sheer nightie. She was out late partying yet again, and in a sleepy voice she said "good morning".

She handed me the LA Times and plopped down in the seat across the table from me. I brushed the newspaper aside and told her I had to work on my thesis. However, even in her semi-intoxicated stupor she was able to open the Times to show me a small story written about her being awarded UCLA's most prestigious honor. I could tell she was excited about the story as she started to play with herself under the table. She has a tendency to do this when she gets excited.

I couldn't believe it, here was a woman who coasted through school and partied more than Bozo the Clown, yet she was worthy of an article on the fourth page of the Times? And as if being given the award wasn't enough, now she was a minor celebrity! As her digital activities intensified they became audibly clear. Her fingers were soaked with her love juices; they squelched going in and out of her hot honey pot. I tried to ignore her but she insisted I read the story. I quickly scanned her fifteen minutes of fame and told her it was very nice. To dispel my hidden frustration I continued to read the other stories in the Times. One article which immediately caught my attention was headlined 'Five Billion Lawyers: No Honor Amongst Thieves!'

As I read on, the article stated that there were an estimated five billion lawyers in the world. This represented approximately half the entire population now on earth. As such, everyone could be divided into two categories: Lawyers and people that needed their services. It continued on about how corrupt lawyers had become in a society rife with litigation. The article was packed with facts and stories of corrupt attorneys concerned only about money, not their clients nor even justice. One interesting point was how many lawyers were now acting as bail bondsmen for their clients by being the financial backer of the bond. In this way they were able to substantially increase revenues with

minimal risk.

I quickly highlighted this fact and felt I might just have a topic for my thesis. I went to the couch to research my topic on the web leaving Larissa alone in a room now fully scented with her love aroma. Through some research I became aware that there was a growing hatred of lawyers in general and especially toward wealthy ones. I now knew what I was going to write about. I diligently worked sixteen hours a day for the next six days writing my paper. And a week later, I had typed the final exclamation point on a true masterpiece.

As is customary, the only element left was to give it a title. As a poke of fun at both myself and my dearest college friend and roommate, I gave my work the apt title... 'LAWYER CUM LAUDE: BARE YOUR SOUL!' That morning I proudly submitted my thesis for grading, making the deadline with a full ten minutes to spare.

My professor noted that of the entire graduating class, I was the last student to submit my paper! And with a sneer she remarked, "Only six pages dear, do really think you will receive a passing grade?"

I was crushed, almost in tears. I had poured my heart and soul into my work. Larissa having overheard this and seeing my reaction came over to console me. And she did a great job of it by kissing me passionately, full on the lips! In between slipping her tongue down my throat and licking me behind my ear, she told me my thesis was marvelous and that someday I would become a fantastic lawyer, garnering fame and fortune.

She also turned to my professor and remarked, "You have very nice tans lines, but if you ever want to be taken seriously or be considered a REAL woman you should get an allover tan!"

The only response from my professor was evident in the rapidly growing redness appearing in both her cheeks.

And with that my college days were over. I started working the following week as an intern at my fathers Law practice. I lost touch with Larissa, Cindy and Sharon within a matter of a few weeks, as we now had very hectic schedules. They had all moved across the city to work for one of the most prominent law firms in the country.

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Nearly seven months after graduation I finally received a letter from the Dean's office at UCLA. Almost as an afterthought, a single curt sentence stated that my thesis was accepted. To celebrate my father planned a lavish party to be held New Year's Eve, inviting many of the city's elite lawyers.

Perhaps he was trying to pawn me off to another firm, hoping no one would think nepotism was the reason for my quick advancement in his practice.

Most interns are glorified secretaries, doing filing and typing duties while they learn the business. Indeed I had started out working on "Category 3" cases the day I had arrived. And after only two months was being given a chance to help out with some low profile "Category 2" files. On one occasion I was even consulted on what my father said was an important "Category 1" (reserved for the most serious offences) issue he had. All this was almost unheard of for an intern who had not even officially passed the bar yet.

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Someone tooted one of those stupid party favor paper rollout whistles in my ear and I felt a headache coming on. I needed another drink. My debutante party was turning out to be a real dud. Perhaps most of the guests knew I was not terribly interested in men in general. Word may even have leaked around town that I had never even slept with a man. The guests had slowly trickled off after dinner and my grand coming out seemed unfulfilled. Maybe this was indeed what Law was all about; stuffy, boring and crass. As I was making small talk with a couple of geeky young male lawyers, someone came up behind me and put their hands over my eyes.

In a low tone I was told, "At half past midnight you are to go to the upstairs library and lock the door behind you. Once inside you will find some items on the table, follow the instructions left with the items." I was so excited by this request, I allowed the messenger to retreat without even turning to identify them. I was strangely intrigued. Was my father planning something special for me...surely not?

The stroke of midnight came and went, and I truly felt that the first day of the New Year had brought me nothing special. It was almost 1AM when the last few guests bid my father farewell. Seemingly this party was more about him than me. Then my senses lit up. My presence had been requested in the library! Perhaps I had consumed too many drinks in hopes of quashing my disappointment in the party to remember. Feeling a little light headed I tackled the two flights of marble steps leading to the library.

I swung the large oak door open and entered the library. I closed the door behind me and bolted the brass hatch from the inside. Slowly I proceeded to the table in the middle of the room. Perhaps I was being cautious, or maybe the alcohol was slowing me down. I took some time to scour my surroundings as any good lawyer would. The room seemed quite normal with the exception of what was on the table. There was a blindfold and a large purple, velvet hand bag on the table. A single sheet of white paper with the words 'BARE YOUR SOUL' written on it lay beside the bag. Only one

person I knew would set this up. So my instincts told me to go with it. I proceeded to put on the blindfold and sat up on the table to wait. I left the contents of the bag to stir my imagination.

Shortly thereafter I felt a presence in the room. Then someone lifted my right hand and was putting some kind of cuff around my wrist. This was quickly followed with another around my left wrist. At almost the same time my shoes were removed and both my ankles received similar treatment. I was becoming aware that there must be a number of people in the room as I could hear a great deal of activity.

A soft familiar voice whispered in my ear, "Are you prepared to bare your soul?"

Before I could get my reply out, my hands had been raised over my head and the cuffs snapped on some sort of device above me. I was helped to a standing position and turned around to face the table. Then the cuff boots on my ankles were secured to short chains latched to hooks the floor about four feet apart. With the ominous clicking sound of a ratchet filling my ears I felt my arms slowly being pulled to the ceiling. When the horrid clicking stopped I was semi-standing or more appropriately hanging, due to being hoisted nearly entirely off the ground, in a spread-eagle position. Someone began cutting away my clothing with the type of scissors used by paramedics. In mere seconds I was clad only in my sheer bra and panties.

Then another cooing whisper in my ear, "Are you ready to bare your soul?"

Quickly I blurted out "NO!"

The voice calmly said "Ok then simply enjoy!" and with that the blindfold was removed from my face.

As I squinted into the well lit room I realized there were about fifteen people there, twelve men and three women, all nude. The men all had full leather hoods covering their heads with only the nose holes open to allow breathing. The women were also naked, but two were adorned with tattoos and piercings on many parts of their bodies. The only person I recognized immediately was Larissa. She walked up to me and gave me huge wet kiss on my mouth.

"Hello Darling, I've missed you so much, how have you been? You really must hang(out) with old friends more often!"

Before I could answer a ball gag was placed in my mouth and strapped tightly around the back of my head. Larissa then told me if I did not want to participate I could simply watch. To this I nodded my head up and down. She reluctantly accepted my decision and waved to the other ladies to start the proceedings. The events I witnessed that night were truly eye opening for me.

The first order of business was to get the ladies in the mood and from the purple velvet purse appeared a small plastic bag containing some cocaine. All the men then retreated behind me and I was not able to see what was happening. From the moans and groans I heard, I suspected that some of the men were getting lucky.

After about ten minutes and at least nine or ten very vocal male orgasms, the three women gathered around me by the table. Larissa once again asked me if I would like to join in. She said she would even remove the gag if I was thirsty, and let me have a drink. Larissa told me she had invented a new beverage and thought I ought to try it. Before I could answer, one of ladies placed a martini glass on the table in front of me. It was obvious now where the men had deposited the results of their excitement.

At this point I recognized one of the other women. It was Sharon and wow had she ever changed. The last time I had seen her beautiful pale white skin it was completely devoid of any ink. Now she was a canvas for multiple tattoos and body piercings and had shaved her head bald!

Larissa took the packet of cocaine and sprinkled it in a pile on the table right in front of me.

She smiled and said "Last chance, want to try some?"

This time I quickly shook my head no. Once the table was liberally covered with the white powder Larissa took the martini glass and emptied its slimy white liquid contents over the cocaine on the table. Larissa pulled from the velvet purse a short clear hard plastic straw and started to mix the ingredients on the table. It began to fold together just like cake batter, yet looked more like icing sugar. Once she felt it had reached a fine consistency she expertly manipulated it into lines, creating six thick white streaks each about half an inch apart and twelve inches long.

Once satisfied it was ready she exclaimed "Who's first?"

The bald lady (I continued to see Sharon as this new person) reached forward and took the straw from her. She snatched a handful of Larissa's flowing red mane.

She tilted Larissa's head down to the level of the table by tugging her voluptuous hair and said "Sweetie, you are always first!"

With that she took the straw and inserted an inch of it up into Larissa's right nostril and aimed the other end of the straw at the first line of white goo on the table.

The bald lady then looked directly up at me and with a powerful voice said, "Ok Larissa, show your friend how it's done!"

Larissa pressed a finger over her left nostril sealing it and batted her eyes. With her mouth closed she slowly began to draw air in through her nose. Soon the room was echoing with slurping sounds as Larissa snorted the precious mixture deep into her sinuses! When the first white line had disappeared the bald lady pulled Larissa's head back up and quickly kissed her full on the mouth.

Larissa seemed to be in a daze as the euphoric effect of the substance took a hold of all her senses. The combination of the intense burning sensation in her sinuses with the salty taste making its way into her throat were just too much for her and she collapsed in a spasm of orgasms. Larissa was in heaven. The bald lady motioned the other woman over to stand next to her, along side Larissa's now slumping form on the floor.

To my amazement I now recognized the third lady as Cindy. She had also transformed her once natural creamy beige skin into a tapestry of color. Her now bright pink, short hair offset the multiple large tattoos. She had at least ten readily visible piercings. Both of her nipples were captured in four-inch long conical metal thimble-like devices. At the outer end her nipples had been pierced and they were extended to an almost impossible length by these shields. Along the length of the shield there were two additional peircings each with a short metal rod slotted through them. What once was an inverted nipple had now been modified into a nipple/areola combination at least four inches long.

When Sharon saw me staring at Cindy's chest, she explained how Cindy was getting a new piercing with another extension added every month. The goal was to have both of Cindy's tits become torpedo shaped, just like she had seen in pictures from the 1950's & 1960's. Then she would have permanent metal rods surgically inserted through her breasts, which would allow them to stick straight out, approximately eighteen inches off her chest. And if everything went as planned, her new nipple/areola would extend an additional eight inches, with a piercing every inch! Sharon even pointed out that they had measured the diameter of Cindy's areola and eight inches would be easily achievable!

Without any further thought Sharon lowered Cindy's head, stuck the same hard plastic straw an inch up Cindy's right nostril and without a word exchanged, another line of "Laude Juice" (as Larissa had named it) disappeared! Cindy convulsed, and Sharon let her flop on top of Larissa.

Sharon then bent her head down and sans aid of the straw aligned her face directly over two of the closest and straightest lines. She proceeded to inhale both lines simultaneously with one powerful demonstration of nasal suction. Sharon's face must have turned eight different shades of red in the next sixty seconds and her eyes moved in their sockets like a tetherball left out in a hurricane.

For the next three minutes at least Sharon struggled to breath, gasping and sucking in fresh air through her nose. Continually coughing, gagging, and swallowing as she tried to come to grips with the outrageous sensations gripping her body. Sharon was obviously very experienced with this technique yet even she was at the limits of her control. At one point I thought her head might literally explode, and at another point thought it might start to spin around 360 degrees as I had seen once in an old movie. Invariably, her eyes appeared as if they would pop right out of their sockets.

Some five minutes later Larissa and Cindy regained just enough of their bodily functions to return to the moment and to the table top. Then only to have each of their left nostrils filled with the glorified bounty which again sent each spinning off into worlds unknown. For her part, before she was done, Sharon licked the table clean of any and all remaining substances and proclaimed "Victory". Victory over what I still don't know to this day. If Larissa were to package and market this new "Laude Juice", I'm sure it would outsell Pepsi and Coke combined.

My arms began to ache as I wondered if I was now going to have to spend the night here so lewdly suspended. My friends were on a trip to discover the new world, leaving me to perhaps being discovered by the new librarian. After another five minutes or so, I really can't remember, all three of them started to come around again.

Now that the ladies were "warmed up", and the men had sufficient time to "recharge", the party got underway. From the velvet bag appeared a box of large safety pins. Larissa instructed Sharon to lie across the table. Cindy held Sharon's hand firmly above her head as Larissa inserted the first safety pin completely through Sharon's right nipple. Sharon let out a little squeal as Larissa hooked the pin closed. Larissa then stuck another pin through Sharon's left nipple. A third safety pin was inserted deeper into Sharon's right areola, half an inch behind the first pin. Larissa was barely able to close the clasp on it as the pin was mostly buried in Sharon's flesh. A fourth safety pin repeated in the same manner as the third gave Sharon a balanced appearance and a warm glow.

At this point I experienced an earth shattering G-spot climax. And as my love nectar flowed from between my legs, it soaked through my panties and dripped on the hardwood floor directly under me. Surprisingly I really didn't care who had witnessed it.

I can not say what happened next, nor over the course of the rest of the night as I had passed out. Exhaustion combined with the consumption of too much alcohol earlier that evening, and the many thoughts of sexual desire I was feeling sent me into never-never-land.

The next morning I awoke in Larissa's arms in her bed. After removing a safety pin from each of my own nipples and three more from between my legs, I got up to make some breakfast. I looked around her house and discovered why all three ladies had chosen to work for the other law firm. Wow did she

ever live a lavish lifestyle; they must be paying her quite well. Parked in her garage were a 1969 Iso Grifo, a 2006 Bugatti Veyron and an immaculate 1964 Ferrari 250 GTO.

Larissa joined me in the pool mid morning, and I asked her how she could afford all this. She just smiled and told me she was a very good lawyer. I couldn't believe it and pressed her for more information. But she simply put me off with a big kiss on the lips. And then she pressed back, quite literally, by inserting two fingers in my pussy and another up my ass. She told me how much she had wanted to fist my butt the night before but would never do anything like that to me while I was in such a state. I simply smiled and replied that I was fully conscious now, and that someday she must tell me all about what had happened that night or better still re-enact it.

I didn't see any of the three ladies again until almost three months later.

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My phone rang and when I answered it a familiar voice asked me out to lunch. I quickly said yes and we agreed to meet at Larissa's house. Somewhat of a strange place to meet for lunch I thought as I drove across town. When I arrived, Larissa was looking very nervous as she asked me to come in. She got right to the point. She explained to me that she needed some help. My help in fact. It seemed that her law firm had been engaging in unscrupulous activities and although she herself was not involved in any wrong doing Sharon and Cindy were. Her request of me was fairly simple and straight forward. They needed a defense attorney to represent them from a firm other than their own for obvious reasons. Seeing how I was a friend and a very good attorney they asked if I would please help.

Before agreeing I inquired further of Larissa as to what the offenses were and what role I would be playing. She told me that they had been charged under "Category I" statues and I was to sign on only as secondary council. This meant it was a very serious offence, but I, being secondary council would not have first line responsibility. I was to act more as an advisor or consultant than an attorney. After some thought I agreed, feeling this would be very good experience for me in future "Category I" cases. Larissa also told me that their firm would be posting bail for both ladies once it was set. When I inquired as to how much it might be she cringed, and told me probably near $10,000,000 each. I though to myself that this was an excessive amount but never considered it much further. If her firm was willing to risk it, than that was their business.

Later that day at Larissa's office I signed the standard Attorney Declaration Agreement. After reviewing the case file, we were ready to go to court for the first examinations of discovery. These had been set for the first day of the following month. March was never my favorite month and I would be glad to flip the calendar page over on it. But this left us with only four days to prepare our defense

argument. Over the next four days we were too busy to watch television or even pick up a newspaper.

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As I entered the courtroom with Larissa I noticed this L.A. city center court did things somewhat differently than what I was accustomed to. The metal detectors were supplemented with a full body pat down search to check for weapons and the interior setup of the courtroom appeared to be much more sophisticated. All sorts of weird apparatus were readily at hand here. When I asked Larissa about this she simply told me it was all standard photography and ID equipment.

The court gallery was much larger at this courthouse than any I had seen in the past. Perhaps it was due to this being a "Category 1" case, or maybe more people took an interest in the Law these days. Regardless, on this particular day every spectator seat was occupied and there were even people standing out in the hall waiting to get in. This courtroom had an upper amphitheatre and it was filled to standing room only. There was a huge presence of media and the photojournalists were all eagerly vying for the best location to gets some photographs. Whatever the reason for the public's interest, my usually keen sense of these things was on holiday this morning and I failed to recognize the obvious.

The courtroom doors were locked shut by two husky security guards. The clerk asked that everyone stand up and await the arrival of his majesty. When the chamber doors opened there was a murmur and then a hush fell over the room. I looked over to see a very good looking woman of around thirty years old, walk confidently up to the bench and sit down.

I leaned over to Larissa and inquired, "She looks fairly young; do you know anything about her?"

Larissa promptly answered, "Don't be fooled by her looks, she's extremely highly regarded by everyone I've spoken with. Apparently she is the founder of, and is chairing the Advisory Council on New Law. She also volunteers at UCLA. I've been told she is fair, but that she is also the most strict judge they have ever come across!"

"Wow, does this mean trouble for us?" I asked.

"Well, you know UCLA." Larissa responded rhetorically with a knowing wink.

"Um, does that mean you have slept with her?" I inquired.

"Take another really good look at her. You know I hate to waste any time on actual sleep! But if you

want me to put it another way: I've steam cleaned her rug, polished her points, rimmed her ring, been diving for pearls in her oyster, and even rowed her little man in the boat across the ocean!"

With one firm swing of the gavel the court is called into session. The judge reads out the next case file. It is of course ours, and things move very quickly from here.

Another door on the opposite side of the room is swung open and I recognized Cindy and Sharon. As they enter, they are escorted awkwardly to the prisoner's box. It seems strange they should have trouble walking across the room as they were not shackled nor cuffed in any way. Perhaps they somehow managed to smuggle some drugs into their cells and decided to free their minds for the trial. That would be just like them. They were wearing funny looking baggy pants, and were bare-chested from the waist up! Not at all like anything I have ever seen in courtrooms before.

Curiously both ladies now had identical hair styles, bald. The other mental note I made was of the incredible changes to both ladies chests'. Cindy had always been very top-heavy, but I could hardly believe how prominent Sharon's chest now was. I asked Larissa and she told me that all the experiments Sharon was performing on Cindy were for her own eventual benefit. Sharon was simply using Cindy as a test subject to see what she could do to her own breasts.

I took another look at Cindy and was amazed at just how long and narrow her breasts had become, truly torpedo like. And I also saw that Cindy's nipple extenders had grown by another two inches in length and now stood straight out some six inches. And Sharon had been correct. There was still a clearly visible part of the areola on each breast which had not yet been pierced nor drawn up into the shield to help form part of the new nipple. I'm sure Sharon would eventually correct that.

While the judge scans all the files before her, the photographers get very busy snapping pictures of the accused. I suspect many of the pictures taken are focused on their chests rather than their faces as quite a few of the photographers were opting to use high power telephoto lenses. Some, even from as close as four feet away, had huge magnifying lens adapters screwed onto the end of their cameras. They were indeed capturing both ladies full figures in their entire splendor.

Then the judge asks for all of the attorneys present for this case to approach the bench. Two women from the prosecution side, a blonde standing no more than five feet tall and a gangly brunette stood and walked to bench with Larissa and me.

The judge was very deliberate, and asked us all if we understood the case. We all answered affirmatively together. Then the judge carefully reviewed each Attorney Declaration Agreement individually. One at a time she asked us to confirm that firstly we did indeed sign it freely of our own will. And secondly that we did indeed agree to abide by this courts proceedings. One at a time the

others all answered yes to each of the judge's separate questions. When the judge looked at me and asked me the same, I smiled and answered affirmatively as well. She hesitated for a moment and did a double take and then she went back and looked at my file again. After another moment of deep thought she raised her neatly plucked eyebrow.

She looked back at me and asked, "Are you the author of 'Cum Laude'? Are you the Veronika who wrote it?"

I was surprised and hesitated for a moment, not sure of what she was getting at, then simply nodded a yes. How could she connect me with my thesis? Could she have been one of the academics who had taken more than six months to grade a mere six page thesis?

A bright smile overwhelmed the judge's face and she then asked all of us to return to our seats. After a moment had passed she slammed the gavel down with a newly inspired vigor and everyone in the room froze. She had attained exactly the atmosphere she was aiming for and began to speak.

With a voice emitting tremendous confidence she announced, "This trial will be a first of its kind. And it will indeed be precedent setting."

Immediately all the curious spectators in the gallery became excited as if something they had been long since yearning for was now at hand.

She continued, "I'm very pleased to declare to the court that this will be the first trial in the history of California to be conducted 'Attorney Cum Laude'!"

Immediately there was a great deal of commotion from every area of the courtroom. One of the prosecuting attorneys, the blonde, stood up and asked to be dismissed from the case.

BOOM! The gavel came down like a meteor striking the earth. Silence befell the courtroom. No one dared even so much as twitch.

The judge spoke in a strong clear voice, "From this point forth anyone not in compliance with these proceedings will be found in contempt of court. And I promise you they will regret it!"

The room was again dead silent.

The judge then calmly said, "Let's begin shall we. We will start with ID recordings, followed directly by discoveries and from there on to bail requests."

Four female security guards approached the prisoner's box. Cindy was led out first with Sharon right behind her. Both were guided beneath one of the funny looking contraptions I noticed when we first entered the room. The judge instructed the guards to proceed with the ID process. The guards began to remove the baggy garments from both Cindy and Sharon.

To the surprise of many and shock of some in the courtroom, the removal of the baggy pants revealed Cindy and Sharon to each be fitted with a locking chastity belt. A key was placed in the slot of each ladies belt and turned. The form-fitting, shiny metal front and rear casings unhinged and came away easily, revealing a black rubber garment similar to underwear. As the guard bent down and pulled on Sharon's rubberized panty it was apparent there was more to this device than met the eye. With a loud plopping sound quickly followed by another Sharon was free of the combination dildo plugger! The removal of Cindy's rubber briefs revealed a match with Sharon's. Four long and thick dildos now bounced about obscenely. Fastened in pairs on only one end to the inner crotch of the two rubber briefs they bobbed like hotdogs on a stick over a roaring camp fire.

Along the shaft of each of the dildos were printed the words: 'Acme Security Combo Plugger 10k V -- GPS Homing, Subject Location, Control & Punishment Monitors (Max. 10,000 volts, Pat. Pending)'.

The two ladies now stood naked before the court.

Wrist restraints similar to those I had worn the night of my party were then fastened to each lady's wrists and a spreader bar is lowered from the ceiling. Both ladies have their arms raised over their heads and attached to the bar and soon are being hoisted off the ground. Once they are clear of the floor they are photographed from numerous angles and positions. Special attention is paid to the many tattoos each have.

I noticed that Cindy's head wasn't the only freshly shaven area. For the first time I get to see what an amazing vulva she has without the cover of a hairy bush. Her labia are a dark shade of crimson, almost black. They are quite thick, and they really stood away from her body. Perhaps this is due in part to the wearing of the aforementioned briefs. Ironically the only place Cindy has any hair now is under her arms, where thick black streaks have grown. It is apparent she had not shaved there in some time.

After a complete ID was recorded both the ladies are lowered to the ground. A guard returns with the freshly washed briefs and goes about replacing them on the ladies. Cindy is first and she actually lets out an audible moan of pleasure as the device neatly slips into place between her legs.

Reinstatement of Sharon's brief is a little more troublesome. Noticing the guard struggling, the judge walks over to see what the problem is. After surveying the situation and checking to see that both

dildos are properly seated correctly at the entrances to their respective orifices, the judge moves in behind Sharon. The judge reaches one hand around her waist and firmly grips the front and rear of the rubber briefs with an experienced hand. Applying just the right amount of upward force the judge executes a perfect wedgie that I'm sure Sharon won't soon forget. Both of the prisoners are then ordered back to the prisoner's box, with Sharon somewhat slower to respond than Cindy.

Then the judge says "And now will the attorney's please step forward."

Reluctantly, all four of us approached the bench. The blonde lady who had earlier requested she be dismissed begins to put up a fuss. The gavel again sets the room straight.

"Guards please proceed" comes from the judge.

My mind was racing now as I was frantically trying to remember just what exactly I had written in my thesis a year ago! And how or why could it possibly ever come to be practiced in a court of law.

As Larissa is nearest to the guards she is the first to lose her shirt. Her breasts stand proudly on display for the room. Her nipples rise to full bloom. She eagerly anticipates her lower half being revealed to the court as well

I looked at Larissa and she simply shrugs at me and says "You wrote it babe, and it sounded pretty damn good at the time."

The judge decides that now is a good time to inform the ignorant of just what it means to be 'Attorney Cum Laude'. And she does a pretty good job explaining it too.

Larissa, sensing she is being hoisted and photographed, makes the most of it and plays to the moment.

The judge enthusiastically tells the court, "Due to the overwhelming number of lawyers, rampant corruption among them, and sheer ambivalence they show..."

Larissa's most precious parts are now openly displayed to the room and all the cameras present. She acts entirely natural, as if this were the way every woman should feel about herself and indeed offer themselves.

"...it was clearly time to give some of these barristers food for thought."

Finally Larissa is lowered her ID processing completed. Her expression is of delight, yet a hint of

disappointment shows. The focus has now shifted to the brunette from the prosecution team, as she is stripped.

"And what better way to do it than as describe in six simple pages by a very bright UCLA graduate."

The brunette is now completely naked, and she is a fine specimen.

"What the student proposed was that any lawyer involved in a "Category I" trial case (reserved for the most serious offences) should find themselves on equal footing with their clients to ensure they will provide the best defense possible."

The brunette is blushing noticeably now as her long slender arms are drawn up and stretched skyward.

"Thus all lawyers will be subject to the same treatment as the persons on trial."

Larissa is steered toward a table off to the side of the judge's bench. Here four more black rubber briefs have been laid out along with a large selection of interchangeable dildos that easily fasten in two locations to the crotch of the briefs.

"Any lawyer representing a client will agree to abide by the terms of the court or face charges."

The brunette has a spectacular rack, perhaps 38D with large brown, oblong areolas.

"They will agreeably be ID in the same manner as all defendants."

Unseen by the other three lawyers, Larissa is admiring how well her stylish new briefs fit.

"These six pages will serve as a stark reminder to every lawyer of their sworn duty upon which the oath of hypocrisy was taken."

(My words were coming ringing back to me. Jesus it sounds as if they wrote the law word for word based on my thesis!)

The brunette's areolas distend vertically not only because she is being suspended, but also simply due to the weight of her own breasts themselves.

"This new 'Attorney Cum Laude' law having been duly past into statutes January 1, 2019. And further to, having successfully withstood the pre-execution 'three-month adjudication' period prior to being

enacted."

Some women experience this even when holding their arms above their head. The areola appears to be oddly elongated especially when aroused.

(Christ, if only I could think clearly, what else had I wrote in that damn paper?)

"The reasonable outcome of which will be better representation for all accused as well as a stronger prosecution of criminals. Thus the requirement to treat both defense attorneys and prosecuting attorneys equally so."

The brunette was sporting a huge area of jet black fur between her legs. Her "triangle" was more of a trapezoid!

My nose was telling me how excited I was. While at the same time the sweat building up beneath my arms and on my upper lip betrayed my nervous anxiety as I awaited my own, now seemingly inevitable, "moment of truth". All the years I had resisted and fought the urges to display myself publicly or to men were now ironically going to be set aside by my very own words of wisdom.

"This subject is now ID completed your honor" the guard states.

"Very well then, proceed with the next one." the judge responds.

"You FUCKING BASTARDS! You can't do this to me, you ASSHOLES!" Comes from the mouth of the short blonde prosecuting attorney.

The boom of the gavel is quickly followed by the judge's voice, "My dear I have here your signed sworn Declaration Agreement as well as a secondary verbal confirmation on tape prior to commencing, that you will cooperate. Thus we can and will do this, as well as everything else requested by this court. Proceed!!"

"That blonde attorney sure is feisty" are the words Larissa chooses as her first to me since being allowed to return to her seat, albeit without her shirt or bra, but now modeling her fancy new black rubber undies! Gingerly, Larissa lowers herself onto her chair.

"All lawyers are to be treated in the same manner as those people on trial...thus all lawyers will at all times when in the courtroom be topless." Continuing the judge adds, "That is to say that since prisoners are not allowed to wear any garments above the waist, so it shall be that lawyers will not wear anything above the waist."

(I chuckle to myself, I had slipped that clause into my paper as a Freudian joke of sorts, and shit here it is now in law! Well at least Larissa will have one good thing to say about my thesis.)

The blonde is now dragged kicking and screaming to the staging area beneath the hoist. She's simply wild with rage, her long blonde locks slashing through the air as she thrashes about.

"Furthermore, all attorneys shall be subject to the same location monitoring and control as the defendant(s) for the duration of the trial. Note: current requirements stipulate the Acme Security Combo Plugger 10k V model, with enhanced anti-tamper chamber. Suitably tight fitting wands required as per manufacturer recommendations to prevent malfunctions."

"You COCKSUCKING WHORES!" Spouts the blonde.

"Ignore the commentary and proceed with the dispossession of her clothing" retorts the judge.

"YOU BITCH!"

"If you persist I shall have no choice but to impose penalties, and they will be severe."

"YOU FUCKING SLUTTY CUNT!"

"Very well then, this subject shall receive five lashes!"

"YOU FILTHY FUCKING TWAT MOTHERFUCKER BITCH CUNT!"

"Ten lashes then."

"YOU'RE A DEPRAVED...SHITSTAIN!!"

"Twenty lashes it shall be! Continue."

Larissa watches intently as the blonde wrestles with the guards, continuing to spew out insults at the judge. It's necessary to secure her arms and legs prior to the denuding. The judge seeing that no deterrent will silence the verbal onslaught orders the blonde gagged. Once she is secured by both her legs and arms and the gag is firmly in place, the judge instructs the guards to blindfold her and then to have her hoisted spread-eagled.

The judge now tells the guard to begin the denuding. Slowly the guard cuts away the blonde's top.

After her skirt is removed she hangs, only in her lacey underwear. The judge gets up and moves over to the subject and takes the scissors from the guard so as to complete the task herself. Placing the scissors under the strap of the right shoulder the judge swiftly cuts the strap free. In an instant the subject's right breast pops into full view of the entire room. And there, for the whole world to see, tattooed across her right breast just above her nipple, in bold blue letters surrounded by many small ruby red hearts, is a single curving word: L E S B I A N

The judge undeterred, continues by snipping her left bra strap. Again a gorgeous round breast swings free, and in the same fashion only this time tattooed in green and surrounded with many small red roses: L A R I S S A

I glance over at Larissa and with a sheepish grin she winks back at me.

With the assistance of a guard the brunette attorney now slowly makes her way back to her seat. Apparently she is not as quick to adapt to the intoxicating effect of her new black undergarment, as Larissa was. She stumbles twice crossing the floor and her voluptuous breasts jiggle menacingly. As she stands up straight again her buxom fleshly orbs appear to be vellicating merely from the shear number of eyes feasting upon their bountiful glory.

The judge expertly makes three quick cuts to the blonde's crotch soaked panties and they fall unceremoniously to the floor, revealing for the first time the attorney's full thick natural blonde bush. In her state of current arousal the blonde attorney is producing copious amounts of natural lubrication, matting her pubic hair extensively. The judge opts to embarrass the attorney more than hurt her and decides to start by flowering her labia. With an expert touch of her left hand the judge splays the blonde's moist labia for all to see her glistening pink innards.

The brunette is sweating profusely as she finally approaches her seat. It appears she may pass out when suddenly she lets out a loud shriek. She is wracked by orgasm as she slumps down into the chair. The fifteen paces she just walked have permanently altered her impressions on the ability of an inanimate object to produce a climax in a woman!

The judge states another point of fact of the new law. "Any attorney found to be uncooperative may be disciplined in a fashion as so chosen by the sitting magistrate of the court. This may include ID replication from client to attorney. I.E. making the appearance of the attorney similar to that of the client of which this may include permanent replications such as tattooing, piercing, styling of hair etc. This all at the sole discretion of the sitting judge."

Larissa looks over at me and smiles, having remembered that part of my thesis. She is undoubtedly already dreaming of a judgeship and will certainly relish the day she herself is appointed to the bench

as a gavel jockey.

(I cringe and try to remember what kind of drunken, drug induced state I could have been influenced by when I wrote that into my thesis. Basically I was giving the judge the right to do just about anything to an attorney!)

The judge then smiles broadly and requests a cordless hair trimmer been sent for. A selection of whips and paddles are placed at the ready for the judge to choose.

The judge picks up a twelve foot bullwhip and snaps it in the air. The courtroom goes silent once again. The judge orders the subject be rotated 180 degrees, thus placing her in an inverted position as she is suspended from her ankles but now spread-eagled in an almost perfect 'X' shape.

Now with the blonde's breasts sagging toward her chin another surprise becomes visible. Neatly tattooed on the underside of her left breast is the word "WHIP", and on the underside of her right breast "ME!" Had she been standing on her feet the two words would have been upside-down and of course hidden. However, they were intentionally inscribed this way. Thus only displayed and legible when the short blonde attorney was upside-down in a position where her breasts fell towards her face.

With the flick of a seasoned pro the judge catches the unsuspecting blonde with the whip full across her chest, leaving a visible reddening welt on both of her creamy white breasts. Surprisingly the blonde is now very quiet and only a whimper can be heard through the gag, perhaps because her secrets have been outted, or maybe her spirit has been broken.

Another two expertly placed strikes unveil the judge's years of experience in this form of corporal punishment. Then having marked only the blondes breasts, both her full ass cheeks and her pubic area, the judge puts down the whip and sits down at the bench. She had administered a mere three blows total.

Shortly a cordless trimmer is handed to the judge. The judge returns to the suspended form and after removing the gag, and blindfold asks her if she is prepared to cooperate fully. With the determination of mule the blonde refuses to answer and with the flick of a switch the cordless trimmer comes to life. The first target is an easy one, as the judge is now just about at eye level with the short blondes golden fleece. As the trimmer is set about its task, the attorney squirms frantically against her bonds. The restraints hold fast to no ones surprise and the newly "bald beaver" attorney seems unmoved by it. With the touch of a connoisseur dipilator the judge has exposed the attorney's finest asset!

Again the judge asks for a cooperative response from the blonde, and once again the blonde with the

now gloriously exposed bald beaver refuses to 'willingly' submit. Needing to save face, yet loath to continue flogging the attorney, the judge is left with little choice but continue with the hair removal tactic.

The judge allows the attorney yet another chance to resolve the standoff. However again the blonde is defiant. "As you wish my dear, truly a pity though" the judge whispers in her ear.

On the first pass the judge shears off a two inch wide swath from the right side of her head. The silky long hair which only moments prior was hanging down provocatively from the short lady's inverted head, now lies silently on the courtroom floor. After three more similar passes the attorney has only two thirds of her once glorious mane still hanging in a flowing manner from her frame. The judge moves to the other side and then proceeds to continue with the lesson. After another four cuts the attorney is left with a long Mohawk cut covering only the top four inches on the centre top part of her head. Still not willing to relent as she views the courtroom from an inverted perspective, (perhaps contemplating how upside-down these proceedings have become), and now obviously committed to being bald, the attorney simply dares the judge with piercing eyes. The judge doesn't back off though and completes the job with another four tidy stroke over the top of her head.

"Very well then would anyone else like to say something?" No one dares speak, so the judge rephrases her question: "Can anyone suggest a more suitable punishment?"

Quickly Larissa raises her hand and after getting a nod from the judge says, "Perhaps I have a better idea, she could be punished in a more humiliating manner, such as I have witnessed in the past."

"Go on" answers the judge.

"All I need is a turkey baster, a form of medium solution and...well...ah...some coke" states Larissa.

"Ok then does anyone have a bottle of 'Coca Cola'?" asks the judge. After a short pause a turkey baster is the only item presented.

With no other responses forthcoming Larissa smiles and tells the judge that wasn't the kind of coke she was referring to anyway. The judge is shocked, and tells Larissa that there will be no cocaine in her courtroom.

"Ok then," says Larissa, "I think we may be able to make do with just a pure form of medium. Have any of you ever had water go up your nose, say at a swimming pool or for that matter had Coca Cola go up their nose when drinking it? It's a pretty awful feeling right? Well I propose to shoot a medium fluid up the short attorney's nose to set her straight!"

The judge contemplates this for a moment and says ok, "But what kind of medium do you propose will provide adequate punishment?"

Larissa quickly says she will need two female and twelve male volunteers and assures the judge that the stubborn little attorney "will soon get her comeuppance!"

The judge orders Sharon and Cindy to be the female "volunteers" and very quickly dozens of willing males are lining up in front of the prisoner's box. A mere fifteen minutes later Larissa is dipping the turkey baster into the bottom of a glass extracting nine or ten ounces of warm white gooey liquid up into the tube portion of the turkey baster. When the tube part of the turkey baster is full, Larissa tips it back and continues to fill up the ball portion as well adding another eight or nine ounces of the liquid goop.

All eyes are now on the blonde's inverted face as Larissa moves close to her. The judge also moves within inches of the attorney's face to bare witness to the administration. Larissa is holding the ball of the turkey baster very gently so as not to put any undo pressure on it. With her left hand Larissa tugs the attorney's left ear and manipulates her head in a slight upwards forward tilt. The judge assists by holding the attorney's right ear in a similar fashion. With the skill of a surgeon Larissa tips the nozzle of the baster up to and then into the blonde's left nostril and in one smooth motion squeezes the rubber ball like end.

Instantaneously there is a reaction from the subject as the pure unadulterated fluid shoots through her sinuses, and is forced (against all laws of physics) up her throat. There is so much white liquid and it's traveling with such force that a jet of the lily white guck comes spurting back out of her right nostril. It splashes across the judge's face coating her nose and lips like a glazed donut. A pool of joy juice forms at the back of the blonde's mouth. The attorney is swallowing as fast as she can to prevent herself from choking. Her sinuses are a rage of fire as she tries desperately to cope with the onslaught of pleasure.

An immense eruption from the short attorney's loins splashes forth as she experiences a G-spot orgasm. Again she bathes the judge, this time with her own womanly climax. The judge looks as if she has just stepped in from being out in a thunderstorm! She is visibly licking her lips and sensing another eruption she attaches her mouth in a lip lock with the subject's labia. The attorney does not disappoint her and a literal fountain of honey nectar is deposited directly into the judge's gullet from a second G-spot contraction. The entire courtroom bares witness to the judge's throat muscles as they are feverishly devouring the treat voluntarily. The judge's esophagus is working fervently to cope with the power washing it is receiving.

Larissa is extremely pleased with herself and seeing how the turkey baster is still half full she tilts her own head back and opens her mouth. She moves the baster in as far as possible so only the rubber ball end is outside her lips. Then with the cunning of a cat she places her right hand over the ball and in swift motion squeezes it firmly. The pure bliss expressed on her face tells it all, as she delegates to gravity the completion of her task.

Iam in awe of Larissa; she is able to so comprehensively control any situation, with any audience, at any time.

I contemplate my own immediate future.

Here I stand, my conscience exposed and awaiting to be tried.

*

Comments, opinions, and your "verdict" are encouraged and welcomed.

This is my first story.

Please respect all rights of copy.

Ringle