



Patient Lee

Muffin's Change in the House of Flies

Inspired by the song by the Deftones

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patientlee.com

sweet, sensual, quirky erotica

Dedication

For my family.

Sorry I spend so much time writing smut.

Acknowledgments

My fellow authors from The Cabin have been absolutely essential to the change in mindset responsible for releasing my work on Amazon. They are friends and fellow writers, and I love them all.

Mr. Blackthorne and the Wicked Pen Writers have provided support and friendship as well. Check us out at <http://www.mrblackthorne.com> (not safe for work or children) or under the Twitter hashtag #MRBRTG.

Thanks to all!

PL

Author's Note:

The inspiration for this story was the Deftones song "Change (In the House of Flies)." The challenge was to write an erotic transformation story, and the song came to mind along with the idea of a woman getting a makeover which acts like a mask, allowing her to act freely until the makeup comes off.

This is the first story I've written which I want to expand, just for me. To see what the professor cooks up for Nadine. We'll see, I guess.

Please visit my website,
<http://www.patientlee.com>, to see how

my stories have evolved. Most are
deeply grounded in reality and real-life
conflict. Thanks for reading.

Patient Lee

Muffin's Change in the House of Flies

They called her Nerdy Nadine for good reason. Mousy brown hair fell over her face, creating a curtain behind which she hid from other people. The book in which she perpetually stuck her nose was her shelter, protecting her from life

outside her own head. Her clothes were too big for her body, making her appear chunky rather than pleasantly curvy. It was all a disguise, hiding the woman inside, but he was her English professor; he read her writing. He knew what lay beneath the surface of Nadine's cold, prudish exterior, and he planned to bring it out.

Professor Nate Thompson discovered her secret by accident, during a random check for plagiarism. He Googled the second paragraph of her composition about the impending tuition hike, not expecting to find a match. She was neither a slacker nor an overachiever, and he'd never had reason

to suspect she would cheat. His jaw dropped when the search page loaded. The first item was from a blog, called Spank the Princess, and the preview paragraph on the Google page was identical to the sample from Nadine's essay. He clicked, ready to fry her for copying from the Internet, but when the page loaded, he recognized immediately that Nadine Crowley was the author of both the essay and the blog. Her blog avatar was a photo of her backpack, complete with her collection of Disney pins, which he'd noticed in class and had silently mocked.

It amused him that she had recycled her own blog post from months before to

complete the assignment he'd given days earlier. It was a good essay, but there was so much more on her site. His curiosity piqued, he continued reading, setting aside the rest of the papers he needed to grade. The blog entries were an odd mix of rants about life in the dorm, book reviews, liberal-leaning letters to the editor (of what, she didn't say), and short fiction. Her stories were shocking, and Nate was glad he was alone in his townhouse as he read them, lest someone see the reaction in his pants.

The oldest of the stories was a twisted version of the Beauty and the Beast fairy tale. Nadine had turned the

Beast into a whip-cracking Dom in an enchanted castle with anthropomorphic vibrators. Belle was his submissive slave. Nate chuckled at the story. Nadine needed a lesson or two in how BDSM really worked, but it was well written and erotic as hell.

Another told a modern-day, lesbian version of the Little Mermaid starring nude women with dolphin tails swimming with goldfish in a giant aquarium and a King Triton who favored spanking to control his unruly daughters. There were several more, making the rounds through the Disney stories, turning princesses into whores and talking snowmen into sex toys. He made

a mental note to keep an eye on those Disney pins and grinned at her depravity.

Just as he'd decided to go jerk off in the shower and call it a night, the "tag cloud" caught his attention. He glanced through, wondering what other treasures hid in her head. The label "flogging" jumped out and grabbed him by the balls. He clicked, bringing up three short scenes of hard-core BDSM, all posted recently. Her writing was evolving from nasty fan fiction to stunningly mature erotica, and even outside of her fiction, her blog posts detailed an interest in receiving a good flogging matching Professor Thompson's own interest in the delivery of said flogging.

He had to have her.

Scouring the blog from the first entry to the last, Nate looked for clues to unlock Nadine's real life sexual experience. She wrote with the finesse of a sex goddess, but since she was always alone, he suspected she was a virgin. Her blog didn't reveal whether she was or not, but her tagline sealed the deal. "Searching for the fairy tale punctuated by a spank on the ass." Interesting. The professor could certainly make that happen.

Of course, Nadine Crowley had no idea her writing instructor had taken an interest in her sexuality. Aside from class discussions and comments on her

stories, he gave no indication she'd attracted his attention. She thought she was invisible, never considering that her professor could be searching the maelstrom in her mind. He watched her in class, searching for any hint of the sexuality that permeated her writing, but he saw nothing but her curtain of hair and frumpy dress.

After their next class, Nate followed her to the library. How will I bring her out of her chrysalis? Get her to spread her wings? He pondered it as he watched her from the next table. She didn't even glance his way, counting on her untamed bangs and ugly dress to protect her. He wondered what she'd do

if he picked her up, put her on the long, oak tabletop, pulled off her panties, and feasted on her cunt, right there in the university library. She'd probably call for help, he supposed, but she'd secretly revel in such slutty behavior, especially in public. Her writing screamed for attention. She wanted to be watched.

Nate took out his phone and navigated to Nadine's blog. He would email her, using the link on the site. He was confident she would respond and open the door into her head. And then, he could make his move.

It was worth a try anyway.

Professor Thompson's early emails to Nadine praised her princess stories.

He was careful to disguise his professor voice with what he hoped came across as a “fan boy,” and she ate it up. She craved the attention and the praise, and within a week, they were exchanging several messages a day, trusting each other enough to exchange phone numbers and exchange text messages. No photographs, but she opened up to him even quicker than he’d hoped. He told her his name was Dominick. It was a lie, of course, but she kept hers a secret. Nate commended her for protecting herself and asked if she would allow him to call her Muffin.

He imagined the heat rising in her cheeks when she realized that Dominick

had read more than her silly princess fantasies. Muffin was the diminutive nickname the Dom in her hard-core stories gave his sub. Accepting his innocent request was the first step toward relinquishing control to a man she'd never met. Her response was delayed, but Nate was confident it would come.

I would like that.

Of course, she would.



The window of opportunity to push

Nadine opened without warning. Professor Thompson sat in his office before Nadine's composition class, instant messaging with her about summer vacations. Not surprisingly, Nadine spent her summers with books, reading them and writing them. She told him how she'd written poetry and little stories about her friends when she was young and then moved on to dystopian fantasy stories as a teen.

When did you start writing your erotic tales? he asked.

Two summers ago. I still don't know what came over me, but one day, I just sat down and started rewriting stories I'd read and put all this sex in them.

Then last summer, I got the crazy idea to put them online. It's been fun. I get some feedback, and I think my writing is improving. I wonder what kind of wild thing I'll do this summer.

Nate's heart leapt as the opportunity presented itself. *Lose your virginity?*

Several minutes ticked by with no response. He looked at the clock. She'd have to be leaving the dorm soon if she was going to make it to his class on time. She'd always been punctual in the past. Her willingness to be late for class to continue the conversation amused him. He placed his phone in his briefcase and left the office.

The professor arrived in the

classroom before his student did, and when he looked at his phone, there was a new message. *I'm not a virgin, you know.*

This was an interesting tidbit.

Students were taking their seats. Not wanting to end the conversation, he made a quick change of lesson plan. He wrote a writing prompt on the chalkboard for a “free-write/partner-edit day.” Class began. The professor assigned the work and then positioned his phone behind his laptop screen.

Oh, really? You'll have to tell me about that, he replied.

Ten minutes later, it seemed that Nadine was not going to show up for

class, although she still hadn't replied to the last message. He was about to put his phone away when she burst through the door, apologizing frantically and knocking a princess pin off her backpack when she rushed past the podium. Nate feigned displeasure and pointed at the assignment on the board. She mouthed, "I'm sorry," and arranged her materials for class.

He waited. She wrote a few lines in her notebook and then looked around and took out her phone. He hid the grin crossing his face. She was going to send a message, so he double-checked to make sure his phone was set to silent. Nate glanced up only once and saw her

typing on her phone under her desk. It was obvious she was texting, but she didn't know it. She typed for a long time, so when her message finally arrived, the professor saw the evidence of how much typing and deleting she did. *Two guys. Both in high school.*

Two at the same time? As an afterthought, he added a winky emoticon.

NO! The first was a guy from my homeroom, just to see what it was like. The other was my boyfriend. We were together for about a year.

Nate would need more details later about Nadine's previous experiences, but he had a different idea in mind for this conversation. Grabbing the

opportunity to take her out of her comfort zone, he said, *Since you already lost your virginity, maybe this summer you can explore your desire to be submissive. Your need to be restrained and Dominated?*

He sat with his hands folded against his mouth, looking around the room as if checking to see if a student needed assistance. He could tell the minute Nadine got the message; she dropped her phone. The professor furrowed his brow as she scrambled to pick it up and hide the redness in her cheeks. The student next to her asked if she was okay. The guy behind her poked the girl next to him and laughed. Nate turned his disgust on

the student before addressing Nadine.

“Everything all right?”

“Fine. Everything’s fine,” she said, knocking her notebook and pencil to the ground. She bent to pick them up, and the neck of her sweater fell open, allowing Nate the briefest glimpse into her baggy top.

Heat flashed to his cheeks as his cock swelled in his pants. He pulled his chair in tightly to the desk so no one passing by would see the lump in his lap and scanned the room. The guy behind Nadine met Nate’s eye with a smirk. He knew what the professor had seen. Frowning again, Nate turned his attention to his laptop.

Nadine was noticeably agitated, and she put her phone into her backpack. She attempted the writing prompt, but after filling three or so lines, she took the phone out again and stared at it. She squirmed in her chair, and Nate knew she was as aroused as he was. Finally, she tapped on the screen of her phone, this time sending the message right away.

Submissive?? What are you talking about? What makes you think I have a desire to be submissive???

It was hard not to grin. Nate had struck a nerve. *I've read your stories, Muffin. This can hardly be a surprise to you.*

She pursed her lips in anger, and her

cheeks reddened. She put her notebook into her backpack, ready to storm out of the room. Looking over his reading glasses, Professor Thompson said, “Is something wrong, Miss Crowley?” Her eyes widened in surprise as she shook her head and slumped back in her seat. He didn’t let her off the hook. “Can I help you with the assignment?” She gave another head shake, replaced her notebook on her desk and began to write. He spotted the princess pin that remained on the carpet next to the podium. He stuck his toe out and pulled it toward him. It was Cinderella and the fairy godmother.

Returning to his phone, he went in

for the kill. *You want to explore submissiveness, don't you? You are an independent woman, in charge of everything, and it's been that way your whole life. (I've read your blog. I know about your mother.) Imagine letting go and not being in charge. You want to let loose and let someone else guide you. Am I right?*

He heard her gasp all the way from the teacher's desk. He didn't look this time. He let her have her moment. Minutes later, his phone buzzed. *Maybe. It's scary, though.*

It isn't with the right Dom. Nate hoped the label didn't scare her, but this was too important to sugar coat. She

needed a good Dom to teach her to submit, and the professor was the right man to do it. Nate thought so, anyway. He'd dabbled with BDSM with his ex-wife and two of his former lovers. He was ready for this. *It doesn't have to be all about paddles and nipple clamps, you know.*

Her answer came right away. *I have no idea what you're talking about. Isn't that what sub means? Pain as pleasure and such?*

Trapped in his pants, Nate's erection was painful. He found the strength to stifle the moan in his throat and maintain a neutral expression to avoid attracting attention from the class. He checked the

clock. Twenty minutes remained. As long as he didn't have to get out of his chair, he would make it, but could Nadine?

No, Muffin. Being submissive is about giving up control and taking pleasure from pleasing your Dom. Her closed eyes and rapid breathing told him she understood. Her body did anyway. It can be little things, like wearing what I ask you to wear or sending me messages when you're in class. You'll do it to please me.

There was no pause this time. *I'm in my English comp class right now. Does that please you?*

He smiled against his will. *Very*

much. Now you're getting it, Muffin. Are you wet?

She squirmed in her seat, checking. *Yes.* After a moment of typing and deleting, she replied again. *Are you hard?*

Very. He didn't need to check. His cock throbbed with need. He knew he'd need some time to let it go down before he'd be able to leave the shelter of the desk, so he cut the conversation off with his next message. *Well, Muffin, I have a meeting in a few minutes, so I'll have to leave you with that thought. Think of me, and Be Good.*



Professor Thompson sat in his recliner, fingering the Cinderella pin that had fallen from Nadine's backpack the week before. The godmother stood, waving her wand, and Cinderella was on a spinning piece. On one side, she wore her rags. On the other, her beautiful ball gown. As he flipped the princess back and forth, his phone buzzed with a message from Nadine.

I got invited to a frat party. How funny is that?

Nate knew why it was funny, but he asked anyway. *Why is that funny?*

You're a college student. You don't go to parties?

Ha! I avoid social situations at all costs. This is the first time I've been invited.

You should go.

To the party? Are you crazy?

You'd be crazy not to. Seize the day and all that, Muffin. He let her think about it for a minute before pressing on.

You could send me pictures.

NO! That one came right away.

No party or no pictures?

No party.

Will you send a pic now? He held his breath, hoping.

No! I can't!

How about you send one without your face? Just the neck down? Give me an idea what you look like. He hesitated to beg but added a *please*.

A moment later, a photo arrived on the screen. Nate recognized the outfit—her usual baggy uniform. In purple today.

Very nice, Muffin! You're beautiful!

Nadine doubted his sincerity, but she thanked him and briefly considered asking him to reciprocate. She decided that she'd rather not know what he looked like; the mystery was sexy.

How 'bout a picture of your tits? Or am I pushing my luck? LOL.

Her mind battled with her body. The wetness between her legs told her to go

for it. To live dangerously. To make Dominick happy. Her brain screamed, *ABORT! ABORT! ABORT! You know better than to send naked pictures!* Her throbbing clit told her brain to go to hell, and she whipped off her shirt, framed her shot, and took the photo. Her tits looked crooked. She took another and another, but couldn't get her big boobs to pose.

Muffin? I didn't scare you away, did I?

She gave up. *No, but I can't.* She led him to believe her sense of self-preservation rather than mechanical failure dictated her behavior.

I understand. He was disappointed,

but he'd be patient.

Soon, she replied.

Nate risked going too far but decided to gamble. *Will you call me Sir?*

Nate held his breath, hoping her need to be dominated would force a quick reply. The phone buzzed before he even exhaled. *Yes, Sir.* Those two words sent a spasm through his midsection, springing his cock to attention. She would be his.

Excellent. Are you alone?

Yes. In my dorm room. My roommate has class until three. The message came through, and then another followed immediately. *Sir.*

Desperate for relief, he pushed it

again. *Muffin, do you masturbate?*

NO!

He chuckled. *Don't lie to me, Muffin. Liars go right over my knee.*

She hesitated. The professor longed to see the struggle on Nadine's face. Her blog tagline told him Nadine would love, even crave a good spanking. While she formulated her answer, Nate pushed his recliner all the way back, opened his khakis, and pulled out his erection. He would masturbate even if she did not. When no answer came, he prompted her. *Muffin?*

Yes. I do, Sir.

Good girl. No need to spank you today, I guess. A vision of Nadine bent

over the desk at the front of the classroom, jeans around her ankles and panties just above her knees flashed through Nate's head. *Let's masturbate together.* He didn't wait for her to reply. *Take your clothes off.*

Okay. He imagined her putting the phone on the bed and pulling off her oversized top and full-coverage bra, her heavy breasts hanging free, shimmying her hips to get her pants off. *I'm back.*

Naked?

Completely, Sir.

Don't touch yourself yet. He took a minute to savor the image of her on her bed, bare naked. *Make sure your door is locked.* He pushed his luck again. *Oh,*

Muffin. I'm dreaming of you sending me a photo of your big, beautiful breasts? Please?

I'm sorry, Sir. I can't do that.

Why??? I don't want your face in the photo.

How do I know you won't put it all over the Internet?

Nate didn't know if Nadine knew it or not, but he was asking for much more than a photo; he was asking for her trust. *Muffin, this kind of relationship is only possible if we trust each other. As your Dom, it will bring me pleasure to protect you.* He knew he'd gone too far too fast, so he pulled back. *But I understand.*

Thank you, Sir. Nate was pleased how quickly she adjusted to calling him Sir.

Now, Muffin. Sit on the edge of your bed and imagine me standing in front of you.

Are you naked?

Yes and quite hard. My big, hard cock is right in front of your face. Open your mouth.

Yes, Sir.

Have you ever given a blowjob?

Yes, Sir.

Good. Stick out your tongue and imagine taking it into your mouth. There is a pool of pre-cum in the slit. Taste it.

Yes, Sir.

I'm pushing it all the way in your mouth. My hand is on the back of your head, keeping you from pulling away. My fingers are enlaced in your hair as I press deeper, hitting your tonsils.

I had my tonsils out when I was six.

Even better. Are you wet?

May I check?

Yes. Nate's cock throbbed at the thought of her fingers dipping into her pussy. Are you?

Yes, Sir.

He wrapped his hand around his cock and stroked, typing with his left. Suck it, Muffin. Suck my cock.

It's so big, Sir. I can't take it any

farther. I'm gagging.

She was good at this. He squeezed his dick harder and rubbed faster. Pre-cum coated his palm, lubricating it. As his hand slipped up and down, Nate moaned. He longed to be in her mouth, feeling the warm wetness of her tongue.

Suck my balls, Muffin. Put your mouth around one and suck it.

Oh, Sir. They fill my mouth. Should I lick while I suck?

Excellent. You are amazing. When you finish with my balls, go back to my dick. Suck it hard and jack it with your hand. He was close to coming, and when his mind went back to the image of Nadine bent over the desk with his

handprints marked in deep red on her skin, the professor groaned.

Will you come in my mouth, Sir?

Nate could hardly type. *Yes.* He'd barely hit send when cum burst out the tip of his cock, spurting all over his pants. His hand continued to pump until the last spasm shot through him, and the geyser of cum abated. *I just came, Muffin. You are a very good cocksucker.*

Thank you, Sir.

And now, it's your turn.

Thank you, Sir. What should I do?

Nate smiled. This would be fun. *Lie on your back and spread your legs.*

OK. Now what?

Do you masturbate with your left or

right hand?

My right. But I have to tell you. I've never had an orgasm.

The professor gasped. Surely someone writing as explicit sexual descriptions as she would have figured out her own body enough to make herself come. *We're going to rectify that. Take two fingers and explore your pussy. Find the spots that feel good.*

Okay, Sir. I'm doing it.

Find your clit. I know you know where it is. I've read it in your stories. Put two fingers on your clit and swirl them. See how it feels.

I think it's too much. It's almost too good. Like painful.

Move them to the side of your clit and try again. There was a long pause. Nate hoped she'd found the spot. Keep rubbing and see if you feel heat building. You'll know when you have it right.

My god. She had it. Her next message made him chuckle. Cant typ to well.

Fine. Just follow directions. Keep rubbing, but now imagine that I am kneeling between your legs, lowering my head to your pussy. My tongue snakes from my mouth and meets your clit. It's my tongue you're feeling, not your fingers. Do you feel the roughness of my taste buds against your silky clit?

Can you feel me tasting your most private place?

He got no feedback, but it didn't stop him. He sent message after message, describing every flick of the tongue, every caress of her thighs, every scrape of his nails against her skin. Her silence told him her hand was busy, working with him to reach that first-ever climax.

Take your other hand and rub your tits. Softly for now. Get your nipples hard and ready. Are they poking out against your hand? Now pinch them! Hard! One and then the other.

Nate paused to clean himself up with a tissue, and his phone buzzed.

Umm.

Yes, Muffin?

I think it worked.

You think? If it worked, you'd know it. He grinned, wondering if she was pussyfooting around telling him she had an orgasm or if she really wasn't sure.

I mean, I did it. I just came. It was amazing. I felt heat, just like you said, and then I pinched my nipples, and it was like I exploded. I can't believe it. I'm still panting like a dog.

Excellent, Muffin. He gave her a moment and then sent her the next message. For someone who wrote so passionately about BDSM, she had a lot to learn. *Is there something you should say to me to express your gratitude for*

your orgasm?

Oh, yes. Thank you. Thank you!

Thank you . . . ?

Thank you, Sir. I'm sorry, Sir. I forgot.

That's okay, Muffin. You'll learn.



What the fuck just happened? The thought echoed through Nadine's mind as she panted loudly, her hand soaked in pussy juice. *That was so easy. Why hadn't that happened before?* In all the years she'd experimented with touching

herself, she'd never felt that build-up, that heat. As it was happening, she didn't know whether she would come or not; she just knew she liked it. She already looked forward to the next time she'd feel the pure pleasure which had sent her soaring.

Nadine knew almost nothing about Dominick, the hurricane that had swept into her life, turning everything upside-down. She imagined him to be older than she, but he could have been thirty or eighty for all she knew. He'd told her he lived in Chicago, and she had no reason to doubt it. It didn't matter to her anyway. He liked her writing, and she didn't have to face him in person. It was

perfect.

Dominick didn't know she was a freak. Dominick thought she was a sexy porn writer with a submissive streak. In her BDSM stories, her character hated being called Muffin, but Nadine loved it. She imagined he said it with a touch of condescension. She was sure the touch of humiliation helped the explosion between her legs. *Imagine if he'd called me his slut!* she thought. Although, the idea of being over his knee with his hands spanking her ass probably had something to do with it, too.

Thirst hit, and she went to her backpack to get a bottle of water. She scowled at the blank space where her

Cinderella pin had been. That pin was the inspiration for the dirty story she was currently working on—*Spanking Cinderella*. In the bag, she found the flyer for the Phi Lambda Upsilon Spring Fling Party a guy in her philosophy class had given her. He'd looked her in the eye, and said, "You should come. It's gonna be a blast." She wouldn't go, but she had to admit—it felt good to be invited.

She sat on her bed with the water and scrolled through the tit selfies she'd taken. She found the one she liked the best and sent it to Dominick. *A little thank-you card*, she thought.



Later on, in her usual spot in the university library, she sat with her books and notebooks spread across the oak tabletop. The library was Nadine's favorite place on campus. Quiet, relatively dark, and never crowded. Pulling the chain on the green desk lamp made her feel academic, and she studied from a thick textbook for a while. Satisfied that she was ready for her history exam, she ran her finger along the varnished wood, appreciating for the hundredth time the opportunity to study at the university. Her alcoholic, cocktail-waitress mother had certainly done

nothing to facilitate her education.

She replaced the history book with her laptop and scanned the room, wondering what people would think if they knew that Nerdy Nadine was about to write a hard-core pornographic scene. She booted up and navigated to her Cinderella tale. After reading through the last scene she wrote, she started to type.

The footman was a beast—muscular with a long, angular face and huge hands. He ripped her dress over her head, tearing the fabric in several spots. For a moment, Cinderella feared the fairy godmother's reaction to having her dress returned as tattered as

the one she'd replaced, but the lust she felt for the footman swept away her apprehension. Standing in the garden in just her bodice and pantaloons, self-consciousness edged in until the footman placed his hands at her bosom and ripped the garment open, exposing her perfect breasts, her rose-colored nipples taut and ready.

He bit them, causing a stab of pain to shoot through her chest to her pussy. His teeth left deep marks in her skin, darker than the color of her areolae. The pain was sharp, invigorating, and it brought a rush of moisture to her pantaloons. "Please, Sir. Take them off," she said to the footman. Why she

called him “Sir” was not clear to her, but at that moment, he knew he was in charge. She was but a servant, a slave, even to this humble servant of the household. This time, the tearing sound excited her, and soon she found herself completely nude except for the one glass slipper remaining on her foot.

She was aware that she and the footman were not alone, and it mattered not. Lust clouded her judgment, and even though she knew she was surrounded by her friends—mice, the dog, even the evil cat—she stood proudly in her nakedness, hoping all her friends watched her. The footman grabbed her by the wrists and bound

them tightly behind her back with the pumpkin vine he found next to the coach. “Please bend at the waist, Cinderella,” he commanded politely as he pushed her halfway into the coach, with her torso draped across the velvet seat. As she did, his boot separated her dainty feet, kicking her legs apart to allow his access.

“Please, Sir. Go gently,” she begged.

“Oh, Cinda,” the footman replied. “You know that isn’t what you want.” He lined his cock against her dripping slit and he forced himself inside. “You see? You like it rough.”

Her high-pitched, rhythmic squeaks

affirmed his declaration, and he pumped into her harder and faster as she bucked back against him, meeting his sharp thrusts. "Fuck me," she said breathlessly, wanting him harder and faster until the pain turned to pleasure. "Spank my bottom, Sir."

"That is not your decision to make, princess," he said with a smile, but he complied, and with each crack of her ass, she cried out, raising his arousal with her own. He fought to hold out, to keep from spewing his seed inside of her until she'd reached her own climax, but her yelps were such sweet music to his ears, he knew he couldn't last.

"Come for me, Cinda," he rasped

into her ear. "Come for me, princess. Come on my cock." With that, he thrust his middle finger into her tender, exposed asshole, surprising Cinderella coming right then. She emitted a series of sharp sounds, similar to those a Bichon Frisé makes when he sees a squirrel, as wave after wave of pleasure overtook her cunt. Each spasm brought her higher off the ground until she heard the chime of the clock tower, the one the fairy godmother had warned her about.

"Oh, my god," she gasped. "The fairy godmother. She'll see. She'll know!" Cinderella knew that her intended for the evening was the prince, but he spent his evening eyeing

up the king's advisor, a giant of a man with a snarl to his lip. Cinderella couldn't blame him; the advisor looked as though he could tear her in half.

Just what she craved. She needed a man who wouldn't be afraid to tie her to the bed and shove his cock in her—

“Ah-yuh,” said the footman. “It's been a good ride, princess.”

The change came at the fourth chime. The footman's huge cock slipped from her pussy and his finger disappeared, leaving her feeling empty and cold. The coach dissolved into thin air, and Cinderella's torso dropped to the ground, leaving her breasts to plop on either side of a pumpkin stem. The cold flesh of the pumpkin aroused her

nipples even more than the cool, night air, but her knees hitting the dirt jerked her to reality.

Behind her, something cold and wet brushed her left buttock, and when she turned to look, she was startled to see an enormous, lanky plough horse nosing—

A sharp noise startled her, and she looked around and saw her English professor sitting at the table behind her, staring at her. She wasn't sure he even recognized her outside of class, but she grinned, thinking about applying what she learned in his class to the dirty fuck scene she was writing right here in the library.

Professor Thompson was a good-

looking man, and Nadine imagined that he lived in one of the huge stone houses on Washington Avenue, outside of the university campus. She assumed he had a wife and wondered if they had children. She rose from her seat and packed her things. Before walking away, she glanced behind her again to find that the professor's eyes remained fixed in her direction. *Probably laughing at the nerdy freak in her natural habitat*, she thought. She gave Professor Thompson a half-smile, threw her backpack over her shoulder, and strode toward the exit.



She'd forgotten about the party invitation by the time Dominick mentioned it again days later. The message arrived when she was getting ready for bed. *I have an idea for your frat party.*

She almost choked on toothpaste. *MY frat party? I'm not going.*

Yes, Muffin. You are.

She didn't hesitate before responding. *You can't make me go to a party, you know.* Her anxiety rose as she realized he could indeed. His hold over her as he tested her boundaries grew with each chat. After that first tit pic, the floodgates opened, and she sent him pictures of anything he requested.

Everything except her face.

Hear me out, he said in his message. I'm going to send you for a makeover—hair, make-up, new dress. Then you go to the party and send me pics throughout the night. It'll be like a date.

Her brain battled with her body. It wasn't a good idea. She hated parties. She hated getting her hair done. She hated talking to people. But her body responded to Dominick's control. Even without a hint of sex in his plan, it aroused her.

And then he closed the deal. Muffin, this is your Cinderella moment at the ball, and I'm your fairy godfather. Let me give you your wings.



Nadine was nervous as hell when she walked into the salon. She usually got her hair cut at Walmart if she bothered to get it cut at all. It drove her mother crazy. She knew her mother would be thrilled if she knew Nadine was going to a frat party. Not that she'd be telling her mother about it. She spoke to that alcoholic bitch as little as possible.

She pushed the door open, the spicy-herbal scent surprising her as she entered the spa. The girl at the desk

greeted her right away, and Nadine gave her credit for hiding her disdain for her appearance. Pulling back the heavy curtain separating the salon from the spa area, she led her to a young woman with spiky blonde hair. “This is Rose. She’ll be doing your hair and makeup today.”

Rose swept a cape around her neck as she spun the chair toward the mirror. She pulled at pieces of Nadine’s dark hair, wrinkling her nose at the mousy, brown tangles. “The man who made your appointment told me just what to do,” she said. “You can’t see it till it’s done.” She turned the chair away from the mirror and went to work.

Makeup followed haircut and color,

prolonging Nadine's torture. When it was finally over, her face felt heavy under the paint and the back of her neck was cold. She tried to look around furtively, but without her long bangs, people could see her. Butterflies tickled her stomach as she realized she was going to a party where other people would see her like this, practically naked without her hair.

Rose turned the chair slowly for the reveal. The color struck Nadine first—much lighter than before with blonde highlights. The make-up was dramatic, dark and smoky. Her face was completely hidden beneath the make-up mask, making her look like a completely

different person. Her bangs were short, exposing her made-up face.

“No one will recognize me,” she whispered. A smile spread slowly across her face.



No one recognized her when she entered the House of Flies, but everyone noticed her. Like a movie scene, the crowd parted and all heads turned in her direction. She moved as though her feet didn't touch the ground, and she would have sworn that everything moved in

slow motion.

By the time she cleared the entryway, three frat boys stood in front of her, offering her drinks. She shook her head. She'd promised Dominick that she'd drink nothing but water from a sealed bottle. It was important to him that Nadine made her own decisions with no clouded judgment. There would be no non-consensual sex this evening.

Nadine looked from one frat boy to the other, sizing them up. Finally, the tall one with sandy-brown hair took her hand. "I'm Evan," he said as he led her deeper into the house. When they reached the much quieter kitchen, he asked her name. She had no reason to

lie; no one knew her anyway.

“Nadine Crowley.” She fought the urge to stare at the floor, her heavy eyelashes simultaneously dragging her gaze downward and reminding her what she was here for. Evan’s giddy smile gave away his delight at being the first to snag the hot stranger, and he tripped over his words. When he was finally able to clearly ask if she went to school at Eastern Vermont University, he said, “I don’t think I’ve seen you around.”

Nadine was pretty sure he’d sat behind her in biology class last semester, but she didn’t point it out. “I’m a senior here, but I don’t get out much,” she said. It was the truth.

She didn't want to talk. Without warning, she reached for Evan and pulled his head to her, kissing him deeply. She felt his smile against her lips and the erection which must have begun to harden long before pressing into her hip. His hands dropped down her back to the hem of her skirt. She giggled as they slipped under her dress and onto her exposed buttocks.

“Thank goodness you can take a hint,” she said as she broke the kiss. “I didn't come here to play beer pong, you know.” She reached for the bulge in the front of his pants with a sultry smile on her face.

Her phone beeped, alerting her to

her first text from Dominick. *Muffin, send me a pic. Let me see where you are.*

“Who’s that?” Evan asked.

She wavered a moment, but looked him in the eye and came clean. “It’s my Dom. He wants pictures.”

Evan’s eyes widened. “It’s your what now?”

“You heard me.” She bit her lip.

“I’m submissive. Sexually, you know. My Dom is calling the shots tonight, and I’m sending him pictures so he can enjoy it, too.”

He stepped back and crossed his arms over his chest. “Who is this guy? Where is he?” His eyebrows furrowed.

“Is this guy gonna kick my ass if he finds out I touched yours?”

The phone beeped again. *The photo, Muffin. Don't make me wait.*

“Here,” she said. “Let’s take a selfie.” Evan’s smile was less than joyous, but he cooperated. She sent the picture with this message: *Sorry. I was explaining things to Evan.*

A moment later, he replied. *Very nice, Muffin. He looks terrified though. Please reassure him that this is okay, but clearly explain that you are not HIS sub. He is not to give you orders.*

She showed Evan the message. She couldn’t read his facial expression. Her hand found his, and she looked up at him

under her thick lashes. “I’m here tonight to live out some crazy fantasies. I’d like to do that with you if you’re up to it. My Dom shares my fantasies. We’re not a couple. We’ve never even met in person. You are at no risk. What do you say?”

A slow smile crept across Evan’s face. “What kind of fantasies are we talking about here?”

The phone beeped. *All good, Muffin?*

Nadine looked to Evan. “Are you in?”

Another beep. *When you don’t respond right away, I worry that you aren’t safe. You must respond in a timely fashion to avoid an*

embarrassing visit from the campus police, Muffin.

She typed quickly. *I'm fine, Sir. I think Evan is on board.*

“I'm gonna grab a beer. You want something?” Evan said.

She shook her head as the phone beeped again. Evan left the kitchen, calling over his shoulder, “Don't go away, Nadine Crowley.”

Dominick's next command came as soon as the door closed. *Take off your dress.*

Eyes closed, Nadine swallowed hard, took a deep breath, and struggled to work the zipper. When Evan reentered the kitchen, she greeted him with her

back to the door, elbows askew in a kind of abstract dance. Evan gulped down the beer in his right hand and put the one in his left on the counter. “Whoa.” Her eyes flew open, and for a moment, she thought he would hear her heart pounding through her skin. He went to her, placing a hand on her left arm to relax her while he found her zipper and lowered it slowly.

When the zipper reached the bottom, he put his hands on her shoulders and turned her to face him. “We could go upstairs,” he said.

“No. Dominick wants me to undress here.”

“Your Dom’s name is Dominick?”

Sounds made up to me,” he said with an upraised eyebrow, sliding the spaghetti straps on her dress over her shoulders. They both moaned as the dress dropped to the floor. She wore no bra or panties, leaving her wearing nothing but her low-heeled shoes. Her breasts hung sexy and full. She fought to keep her hands at her sides.

The phone beeped again. “Take a picture of my tits,” she said to Evan, handing him her phone, and then she sent the photo to Dominick.

When the picture hit his inbox, Nate had to fight to keep himself from running out the door to the frat party. The odd angle of Nadine’s boob-selfies hadn’t

done her justice, and seeing her bare breasts in the glaring light of the frat-house kitchen poked him with a rare stab of jealousy.

Oh, Muffin. Show me your ass. He adjusted his erection and briefly considered jerking off before he left for the party, lest he lose his load prematurely like an eager frat boy.

Nadine stepped to the table against the wall, covered in bags of chips and bottles of liquor. She pushed them to the side and leaned forward. “A glass table? Looks like a disaster waiting to happen.”

Evan chuckled. “Yes, but look at the view.” He placed his hand between her shoulder blades and bent her until her

tits were pressed against the glass. He stuck Nadine's phone under the glass top and snapped a photo. He showed it to Nadine.

“*Ooh*. Send him that one.” She giggled.

His reply delighted her. *Muffin's Muffins on the Glass. It should hang in a museum! But where's my ass pic?*

She bent again and Evan took the photo. When she stood up, Evan surprised her by snapping a full-frontal photo, face and all. He sent it before she could protest.

Gorgeous, sweet Muffin. So beautiful.

Nadine shivered. It was chilly in the

kitchen. Again Evan invited her upstairs. “C’mon. Somebody’s gonna walk in here and see you like this.” The genuine concern in his voice touched her.

“Not until Dominick tells me to.”

“Or what? Is he gonna smack you around or something?”

“No! I told you. I’ve never even met him, and he lives in Chicago. If he wants to punish me, he’ll ignore me. That would drive me crazy. I want to please him. I’ll wait for his direction.” It came seconds later.

Get on your knees, Muffin. It’s time to show me how my Muffin sucks cock. Hand the phone to your friend, and gaze into the camera while you suck

him off. Don't worry. I'd never hurt you with the photos.

Lust kept her from caring about exposure. Who would even care? Not her mother, that's for sure. She looked around the kitchen and saw a dishtowel. Not caring if it was clean or dry, she took it from the counter, folded it, and placed it on the floor. She got to her knees, placing herself carefully on the towel.

“God damn,” Evan said. “You are fucking hot.”

“I need you to send him pics,” she said as she reached for Evan's fly. She freed his rock-hard cock from his pants and licked her lips. Taking it into her

hand, she smiled. “This is the biggest cock I’ve ever touched before.” A drop of pre-cum threatened to drip from his slit, so she licked it with the tip of her tongue, her phone clicking with each snap of the camera.

“He wants you to suck my balls,” Evan said, reading from the screen. He moaned as Nadine reached into his boxers and pulled them out. She put the left in her mouth and swirled her tongue along the wrinkled skin. She jacked his cock with her hand, slowly, but with a firm grip.

The kitchen door opened, and a deep voice said, “Whoa. Dude. You lucky dog!”

“Get out of here,” Evan said.

“No fuckin’ way, dude.” Nadine heard a thump, and out of the corner of her eye, she saw someone sitting on the counter, feet swinging against the cabinet door.

“Should I tell him?” Evan asked Nadine, motioning toward the phone.

“Mm-hmm.” She nodded with his right nut still filling her mouth.

“Tell who?” The guy on the counter said.

The phone buzzed. “Jesus, Nadine. He wants Jack to watch.”

“Sweet. Let me grab another beer. Don’t do *anything* until I get back.” Jack hopped off the counter and was gone

before Nadine could react. Panic welled in her stomach, but she steeled herself and said, "That's fine." *It IS fine*, she thought. *If it pleases Dominick to let a frat boy watch me blow a guy I just met, I'll do it.* She slid her mouth over Evan's cock, taking him back as far as she could. She hadn't given head in several years. The silky skin covering the veiny surface caressed her lips, and her tongue brushed over the spongy head.

Seconds later, Jack reclaimed his spot next to the toaster. Nadine heard his cell phone click to take a picture. Again she was grateful for the make-up disguising her, but Evan stopped him.

“Hey! No pics. Have some respect!”

Nadine’s pussy blazed with arousal, but she smiled at Evan’s display of chivalry.

Nate’s cock surged at the thought of Jack watching as well. Tales of exhibitionism peppered her blog, and he knew she’d get off on the stranger’s eyes on her body and his judgment on her morality. He wished he was there to see it. *Evan, please take a picture of the man watching.*

Too lust-addled to protect Jack’s identity, he did it, unaware that he was also, in effect, submitting to this unknown Dominant. Nadine smiled at his compliance, wondering if this had been Dominick’s plan all along. Her brown

eyes held Evan's gaze as he took another picture for her Dom.

She heard Jack's zipper behind her as the frat boy pulled out his own cock to jerk. She panicked, fearing Dominick's next command. *What if he wants me to fuck both of them?*

Evan had the same worry, and he wasn't cool with it. He sent another message: *Jack is jerking off here. What do you want me to do?*

Nate knew that this could get out of hand fast. *Send me one more pic and then give the phone back to her.*

Nadine pulled off Evan's cock and looked around. She tried to hide behind Evan so Jack couldn't stare at her. For

the first time, her makeover confidence faltered. She worried that this would end in disaster—rape, blackmail, even violence. She watched *Law and Order*; she wasn't naïve. There was no flicker of recognition on Jack's face, though. Her make-up masked her completely.

Dominick stepped in to address her fears before she had to ask. *Stand up, Muffin. Evan's going to take you to his room. Alone. Pick your dress up and hand it to him. Then follow him upstairs.*

Still naked, Nadine complied, leaving Evan to explain to Jack that the show was over. He took her hand and led her to the back stairs. She held her

blonde head high and followed him to his room.

Another couple occupied Evan's bed when they arrived, but Evan was the fraternity president. He had the clout to kick them out in mid-fuck. The girl's cheeks blazed when Evan unlocked the door and entered the room saying, "Time to go. This is my room." Being chapter president had its advantages, the best being the only private room in the House of Flies. Nadine felt sorry for the girl until her eyes fell on Nadine, entering the room naked. The other girl's face turned to a scowl. Nadine wagged her fingers to bid her a sarcastic goodbye, and the mostly nude couple scooted out

of the room.

Alone again, Nadine texted Dominick for direction. He took advantage of her lust. *Pose for me. Face and all this time.*

She hardly gave it a thought when she handed the phone to Evan and struck a silly, hands-on-hips pose. She giggled while he snapped the photo and then turned and looked over her shoulder, giving Evan and the camera a delightful view of her backside.

Now lie on the bed. Evan read the text aloud. His cock strained at his unzipped jeans as she did what she was told. Evan said to Nadine, “Do you think he’ll mind if I take my pants off? I’m so

hard, it hurts.”

“Ask him,” she replied with a sultry smile.

Without a second thought to the submissive nature of asking permission, Evan sent the text. *Should I take my pants off too?*

Nate’s grin was wide and instantaneous. He resisted the urge to ask Evan to address him properly. He wasn’t interested in Domming a man, especially not one of his students. *Please. And tell Muffin to spread her legs and lie back. Start with wide shots and get them progressively closer up. I want to see the moisture on her lips.*

As Evan played photographer, Nate

locked his front door and climbed into the cab he'd called. It was a short drive to the frat house, and he didn't want anyone recognizing his car.

Evan's photos were grainy and dark, but the ecstasy on Nadine's face was clearly visible. Laid out, open, and exposed, she reveled in the depravity. Nate's cock throbbed against his zipper, and he regretted his earlier decision not to masturbate. The next photo nearly caused him to come in his pants. Nadine's fingers held open the folds of her pussy, exposing her clit and everything else inside. Her labia glistened with moisture with more threatening to drip to the sheets.

Lick it, Evan. Dip your tongue in there and scoop up her nectar. Make her come with your tongue. You deserve it for your cooperation.

The pictures that followed were awkward and blurry, but Evan handed the phone to Nadine and let her take over. She perfectly captured the wantonness of the scene—her knees spread wide, Evan's sandy hair hovering over her pussy, the string of moisture when his tongue pulled away from her cunt.

Oh, Sir. This is wonderful. Thank you. I'm gonna come on his tongue.

Nate grinned and then faltered, but only for a second. His mouth would be

licking that very pussy in just a few minutes, but he had not yet dealt with the risk that she would reject him when he revealed his identity. He could lose everything if she decided to turn him in for fraternizing with a student. He pushed his anxiety to where it didn't matter, and the cab pulled up in front of the frat house.

Students gave him curious looks as he entered the House of Flies through the back door. It wasn't unheard of for alumni to show up for parties, but it was unusual. Nate grabbed a can of soda off the kitchen table and ascended the back stairs.

Evan found a bandana in his dresser

and covered her eyes, testing her vision by holding up his fingers and making her guess the number. He sent Nate the photo of Nadine sitting on the bed, legs crossed, bandana covering much of her face, hair messy, body used.

Adorable, Nate responded. Now I need you to leave. Close the door behind you, but leave it unlocked.

Evan shook his head. *I'd rather lock the door. Those guys will fuck the hell out of her if they know she's alone,* he replied. A protective streak he didn't know he had reared up and surprised him. He'd known her for less than two hours.

“He wants me to leave you here

alone,” Evan said.

“It’s okay,” Nadine replied. “I’m ready for whatever he has planned.”

“Those guys will gang-bang you if they find you here alone. I can’t leave you here. He wants the door unlocked!”

“I appreciate your concern, Evan, but I trust him.”

He still held her cell phone, so he dialed his own phone. “There. Now you have my number. Call me if you need help. I will call you in a few minutes to check on you.”

Nadine’s phone buzzed again. *Trust me. I won’t let anyone hurt her. Give her the phone and go downstairs.*

“Call me,” Evan reminded her. He

stepped into the hallway with reluctance and hesitated with his hand hovering over the doorknob.

From Nate's spot in the shadows, he implored silently, *Don't be a hero, Evan. Just go the fuck down the stairs.*

Nate heard a scream followed by shouts louder than the blaring music as a fight broke out on the first floor. Evan bolted down the stairs to quell the disturbance before someone called the police, and Nate finally took a breath. He slipped from the dark corner and silently entered the bedroom, locking the door behind him. Nadine heard the lock. "Who's there? Evan? Hello?" Deprived of her sense of sight, she fought the panic

bubbling just below the surface.

“Hello, Muffin,” Professor Thompson whispered. He wasn’t ready to let her hear his voice. “I’ve watched you change tonight. You’re so beautiful.”

Goosebumps rose on her skin as terror ran through her. “Who are you? What do you want?”

“It’s Dominick. Your makeover . . . It’s like you got your wings. You’re gorgeous.”

“Why are you doing this? Who are you?”

“I’m not going to hurt you or do anything without your consent. I’ve been deceiving you, and I’m sorry about that, but I only did it to get close to you.” She

reached for her blindfold, but Nate grabbed her wrists. “You said you trusted me.”

“I trusted you when I thought you lived in Chicago,” she said. “Who are you?”

“Not yet, Muffin. Soon. If I let you go, can I trust you not to remove the blindfold? Just for now?”

“Y-yes. For a minute.”

“Yes, what?”

She took a deep, shaky breath. “Yes, Sir. But Sir? Can you please stop whispering? You’re scaring me.”

Nate chuckled. “Yes, Muffin. Is that better?” He spoke in a guttural tone in an attempt to disguise his voice and prolong

her ignorance. She nodded. She was torn between her fierce need to protect herself and the lust still clouding her judgment. “Are you okay?” She nodded again. “Then take a deep breath and relax.” He watched her tits rise and fall with her breath. “Your body is superb. Even more beautiful than I imagined. Your haircut changes you.”

Her hands moved to cover her nakedness as Nate reached for the small, black duffle bag he'd brought with him. She jumped when she heard the zipper. Her head was whirling with questions. She recognized his voice but couldn't place it. He knew her. That much was clear. Maybe someone from a class or

someone she met at the library.

“Muffin, I told you before that I would protect you. Do you still trust that I will do that?”

“I think so,” she said, “but I’m scared. Your name isn’t Dominick, is it?”

“No, Muffin. It’s not. You’ll know my name soon enough, but not right now.” He reached to touch her hair. She pulled away from his touch, but only for a moment. “Will you continue to submit to me, Nadine? Even though I’ve lied to you about my identity?”

He knows my name! She trembled in tortured silence for a moment. Nipples hard, pussy wet, spasms of arousal

shooting through her while the alarm in her head drowned out the pounding of her heart. *He knows my fucking name. I have to get out of here.* But her body betrayed her. She needed him. She needed whatever he had in store for her, and reckless as it seemed, even to her, she trusted him. He knew her, probably better than she knew herself. He could have destroyed her long ago if that was his plan.

“Yes, Sir. I will.”

“Very good. I will cause you no excessive pain or public humiliation tonight.” He chuckled again. “Unless you want me to, that is.”

“P-pain? I don’t know.” The perfect

sub, she trembled at the thought of being hurt, but the heat in her pussy proclaimed the truth—she craved it.

“I can promise you I’ll do only things I read in your stories. What do you think?” He caressed her cheek while she thought about it. “You know you want this, Muffin. You need it.” She nodded against his hand. “Do you think you’d like to try being restrained tonight, like the Beast did to Belle in your story?”

Nadine took a ragged breath. His words aroused her again, and she squirmed, feeling her wet pussy lips slipping against each other. “What will you restrain me with?”

“We don’t have much time tonight, so handcuffs will have to do. Is that okay with you?”

Another ragged breath. “Yes, Sir.”

“And will you let me spank your bottom, like Ariel’s father did to her in your mermaid story when he found out she slept with a human woman? You’ve been a very naughty girl tonight.” A shudder racked her body. “Relax, Muffin. Just breathe.”

“I’m okay. I’m just . . .”

“I know, but I need you to answer the question. Will you allow me to spank you?”

She answered right away this time. “Yes, Sir. I’m acting like a whore. I

deserve to be spanked.”

“Excellent. Your safe word is *treehouse*. I know you understand safe words; I’ve read your stories. I promise. I won’t do you any harm. Okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Nadine concentrated on breathing evenly, still trying to place the voice of the man who wasn’t Dominick.

“Repeat the safe word for me, Muffin.”

“Treehouse.” Shouts and loud thuds continued to rise from the first floor. Nadine wondered if Evan would return soon.

“Good girl. As I said, we don’t have much time.” He took her hand and led

her off the bed. With a hand on her shoulder, he pushed her gently to her knees. “I’ve been waiting for this for a long time.” And he had. It had been a long time since he’d had a girlfriend to play with.

This is happening. This is really happening, Nadine thought. Her pulse slammed as her breathing raced to catch up.

“Put your hands behind your back, Muffin.” The cuffs clinked around her wrists, startling her. “Now spread your legs, not too far or you won’t be able to reach me.”

She complied without speaking. The steel handcuffs were cold on her skin,

and her knees rubbed uncomfortably against the rough, institutional carpet. *Who is this man? How do I know him?* Her mind scrolled through the catalog of people she'd met since she started at EVU.

His hand went to the base of her head and he stroked her hair for a moment. “*Shh*. Breathe with me. In and out. Don't think about anything. Just breathe.” She nodded and inhaled slowly.

With her breathing in sync with his, the tension in Nadine's body fell away, and she felt content and at peace. “I'm ready, Sir.” The only reply was the jangle of his belt buckle followed by the

zip of his fly. *Breathe. Just breathe.*

Warm, smooth skin brushed her cheek, and as the head of his cock traced the line from her ear to her lips, his pre-cum painted her skin. As it passed her lips, she opened her mouth, but he hesitated. Made her wait.

Nate marveled at the sight in front of him, but only for a moment. His cock twitched against her lips, and he laced his fingers through her hair to steady her. He leaned into her, her lips opening around his cock. He longed to see the surprise in her eyes as she discovered how thick he was, but it was not time to reveal himself. “There you go, Muffin. You’ll need to open wider.”

She stretched her jaw as far as it would go, fearing the size of the monster that slid so slowly along her tongue. He filled her mouth long before his pubic hair tickled her lips. She groaned around his cock as he gave a last nudge before pulling back, trailing salty pre-cum.

“Beautiful, Muffin.” He took her phone and snapped a picture for her. “You won’t believe how sexy you are. Now show me how you suck my cock. Give me your best.”

Nadine didn’t reply. She smiled around his erection and went to work. She started with hard suction as she bobbed her head back and forth along his shaft. Concentrating only on his

pleasure, she gave no more thought to the identity of the man attached to the cock in her mouth. His silky skin slid across her lips, and she nibbled at his shaft with her lips stretched over her teeth, starting at the head and inching down as close to the base as she could.

“Oh, Muffin. You are incredible. Use your tongue now. Show me what you can do with it.”

As she fucked him with her mouth, she flicked her tongue along his considerable length with each bob of her head. His hips twitched, and he could no longer passively accept the blowjob. He slammed his cock to the back of her mouth and followed that first thrust with

a dozen more, hard and fast. She gagged, but he didn't let up.

Finally, he slowed his assault and stroked her hair. "A little more of that tongue action please, Muffin."

She returned to the slow but thorough blowjob, and after a moment, he pulled out of her mouth, ready to fuck her. "Very good job. You are an excellent cocksucker. Now it's time to get back on the bed." Her legs shook as she tried to stand, so he took her by the elbow to steady her. "Good girl." He guided her to kneel on the bed and then pushed gently between her shoulders until her chest rested on the bedspread. "There you go."

Nadine's hands grew numb, and she wondered if he might release her wrists, but he had other ideas. "Beautiful. Your ass is a work of art, Muffin. I won't be taking it today, but it is time to redden your bottom. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir." Nadine's thoughts whirled, threatening to spin out-of-control. *This is fucking crazy. Why am I letting this happen?*

"How many do you think you deserve?" he asked.

"I don't know, Sir. That is up to you."

"Good answer. We'll go in sets of ten. You will count. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Sir." Her voice broke as she

spoke.

“Our time is short. I don’t have time for indecision. Remember. Treehouse.”

Before Nadine could respond, a sharp *smack* rang through the quiet room. A second later, the pain registered on her right cheek. “Ow!”

“Count, Muffin.”

Her voice shook as she said, “One.”

The remaining nine fell rapidly, alternating cheeks. Nadine counted, and when they reached ten, she trembled, not knowing what came next. He caressed her skin, his soft palms easing the sting and preparing her for the next round.

“Tell me, Muffin. How are you feeling? Green if I can spank you harder,

yellow if I can keep going at the same strength, red if you've reached your limit.”

She hesitated, her mind once again battling her body. “Green. I deserve more.”

Nate chuckled. “Yes, you do.”

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.” Each smack stung, driving heat through her pussy.

“Color?”

“Green.”

Again, Nate peppered her ass with harder spansks. Nadine's voice strained as she counted, making Nate smile as he soothed her backside. “Color?”

“Green.”

Harder and harder. Round after round. After the sixth set of ten, Nate's palm stung, but he was impressed with his Muffin. She could take so much more than he expected. "Your ass is so red. You are such a good girl. What color, my sweet?"

Tears rolled down her face. The pain threatened to overwhelm her, but she didn't want to disappoint her Master, the man who took her from wallflower to sex goddess with a simple coat of make-up. Her reply came in a sob. "Yellow."

"Nothing to be ashamed of, Muffin. You've done very well for your first time." He caressed her longer this time, giving her time to recover. "I'm very

pleased with you.” He spanked again, no harder this time but just as fast.

“Still yellow?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He spanked faster this time. They were running out of time.

She didn't wait for him to ask. As soon as they reached ten, she gave in.

“Red!”

“Excellent,” he said, reaching for her phone. He took several photos this time, some zooming in on the dark red handprints on her flesh, some focusing on the moisture threatening to drip from her lips. She was highly aroused, and his cock throbbed with the need for orgasm.

Nate unlocked the cuffs and pulled

them from her wrists. He helped her up to sit on the bed. She didn't reach for the blindfold, surprising him. He took a bottle of lotion from his duffle and sat on the bed next to her. "Come here, Muffin. Let's cool down that bottom."

She fell into his arms, and he eased her over his lap, rubbing lotion gently over her skin. When her buttocks were covered, he moved to her wrists. "You took your spanking like such a good girl. I'm so proud of you."

Nadine flushed at his praise. "I'm so happy I've pleased you, Sir."

"You have, and now, I'm going to lay you on your back and eat your pussy. Have you figured out who I am yet?"

“I stopped thinking about it when you put your cock in my mouth.” She bit her lip, desperate now for the blindfold to come off but afraid to ask.

Still clothed, Nate got to his knees between her legs. “Oh, Muffin. You’re so wet for me.” She moaned the instant his tongue reached her flesh. He flicked it over her clit, but it wasn’t enough. He dove into her crevice, scooping her arousal into his mouth and letting it was over his taste buds. His eyes rolled in his head as she squirmed under him, making loud noises of pure pleasure.

Loud music resumed downstairs, and Nate focused his effort on her clit once again. He swirled his tongue in circles,

making her hips buck toward his face. His arms wrapped around her thighs, pulling her into his face. He devoured her for another moment until he'd cleaned all traces of her juices. For the moment. He was greedy; he could no longer wait to sink his cock inside.

Nate stepped back to remove his clothes. He laid them over Evan's desk chair and returned to the edge of the bed. Nadine heard the crinkle of the foil condom package. She sighed, relieved that he took care of their protection. He helped Nadine scoot toward him and then bent her knees and spread her legs. "I've waited so long to fuck you," he said as he leaned between her legs and

used his hand to line the head of his cock up at her entrance. He didn't ask permission before plunging into her pussy and giving her several hard thrusts. She gasped as the enormous intruder stretched her painfully.

He paused. "Are you okay?"

"I love it, Sir."

"Excellent." He ran his fingers through his hair as he fucked her, smoothing it down. It was time to reveal himself. "You may take the blindfold off."

Nadine took a deep breath. Her heart raced as she realized that he'd stopped disguising his voice. She pulled the bandana off her eyes and blinked to

clear the blariness. She could barely focus on his face, but the voice finally clicked in her head. “Professor Thompson?” she whispered.

“Yes, Nadine.”

“Oh, my god.” Still lust-drunk, she closed her eyes. “Fuck me, Professor.” She had some sense that this was wrong, but she didn’t care. She needed his cock. She was on fire.

Nate pulled back and paused. “You don’t want me to stop, do you?”

“No!” Her hips bucked to meet his thrusts and she threw her head back when he hit her sweet spot. “Right there. Please.”

He smiled, thrilled that she hadn’t

bailed. Her makeup was smeared, but she was gorgeous in a tousled, end-of-the-evening way. Nadine was his.

She ground on his cock, grunting as her orgasm approached. Until Nate put on the brakes. “Oh, Muffin. Don’t you dare come without my permission.”

Nadine groaned in frustration. “But, Professor. I’m so close!”

Nate smiled. His change in title was an interesting turn of events. “I’ve got you right where I want you, Muffin.”

Doors slammed downstairs, reminding both that they were on borrowed time.

“Let’s do this,” Nate said with a wink. “Tell me when you’re there, and

I'll pull you back from the edge.”

“Yes, Professor.”

Nate slammed his hips, driving his cock deep inside his student. “Play with your tits,” he said with a grunt. “Image yourself in the front row of my class. Pretend your hand is inside your baggy, purple sweater, and you’re tweaking your nipple while I’m reading your essay to the class for critique.”

The moan escaping Nadine’s lips amused Nate. He leaned closer and slipped his thumb between her pussy lips. He circled her clit in time with his thrusts, and within minutes, a gorgeous flush crossed Nadine’s chest. She grunted, increasing in volume until Nate

stopped moving. All at once. He didn't pull out or remove his thumb, but the roar of frustration with which Nadine filled the room nearly pushed the cum out of his cock prematurely. He fought to regain control to avoid the embarrassing mistake of coming before his sub, and after a moment of deep breathing, he was ready.

Resuming his attack on her pussy, he stared in her eyes. "Now, Muffin. Come for me. Come on my cock. Come for your professor."

Thirty seconds later, Nadine's cunt clamped down on him, pulsating, driving him back to the brink. She squeezed her thighs together while a primal, guttural

sound built within her, trapping him as his balls tightened. He grabbed her knees and pried them apart just in time, releasing him from her superhuman grip.

As he pulled out, he removed the condom, dropping it to the ground and grabbing his cock. He leaned between Nadine's knees and took aim. The first spurt landed on her left eyebrow, followed quickly by large gobs on her nose, her lips, across her right cheek and one directly on her closed right eyelid. Two more small drops landed on her tits before he pulled back, leaving a dribble of cum down her belly. Panting hard, he steadied himself with a hand on the bed. For a moment, the only sound in the

room was their breathing.

The key in the lock startled both of them. Nadine attempted to open her eyes, stopped by the viscous cum in her heavy eyelashes. Nate whipped toward the door, covering his spent cock with his hands.

Evan dropped the cell phone in his hand when he entered the room. “What the fuck?” He’d texted Nadine from the cab on the way back to the frat house, but she hadn’t responded. He hadn’t considered that she’d be in his bed when he returned from the police station after bailing out his dumbass frat brothers, but the most shocking was the naked man with his hands cupping his privates.

“Professor Thompson?”

“Evan!” *Shit!* he thought to himself.

This was not in his plan. “This isn’t what it looks like.”

“Can you hand me a tissue?” Nadine asked, whining as the lust dissolved and shame replaced it. “I can’t open my eyes.”

“I’ll get you a washcloth. Professor, you better have some fucking pants on when I get back.” He stepped into the bathroom he shared with the guys in the room next door, and Nate scrambled to get dressed.

“I’m sorry I lied to you, Nadine. I hope you’ll let me explain.” His voice betrayed his nervousness. He knew he

was fucked. His lust had gotten the best of him again, and he'd pushed it. Evan's return was not part of his plan. He'd be lucky to get out of this one with his job.

Nadine lay still, stunned until Evan returned with a warm washcloth. He sat next to her on the bed. "Here. Let me help." He wiped carefully, removing her makeup along with the professor's sticky mess. "I do know you, don't I? You were in my bio class."

She smiled sadly. "Yep. I'm Nerdy Nadine."

Evan smiled. "Who'd a thought Nerdy Nadine could do *that* with her tongue?"

Nate dressed quickly, eager to flee.

His mind raced. He had no idea how he'd cover this up. He'd known he'd be able to get Nadine to come around. As long as she didn't call the cops on her way out, he was sure he could talk her into silence. Evan was another story, and he cursed his lust for throwing caution to the wind.

Finally free of the thick mascara, her eyes opened and the horror of what she'd done engulfed her. Her cheeks blazed. Without the make-up masking her, she felt every emotion it had protected her from—horror, fear, and deepest shame—and she buried her face in her hands, sobbing.

“I'm so sorry, Muffin.” For a

moment, he actually looked sorry. “You should wear make-up more often, though. You look like I just pulled off your wings.” Nate’s nervous laughter hid his distress as he slipped on his shoes. He stood and looked at Nadine on the bed. She looked small and scared.

The crucifix on the wall caught his attention. His grandfather’s. He’d hung it there when he moved into the room as the first chapter president of Phi Lambda Upsilon in 1943. The cross remained in the president’s room all these years later, the Christ’s blank eyes staring down at Nate, condemning him for his deplorable behavior. He looked away.

Evan stood and turned to Nate. “Get

the fuck out of here. You are despicable. You took advantage of a student, for Christ's sake!"

Nate tried to argue, but Evan pushed him toward the door. The professor looked back at the crucifix and spat, "Some moral compass you are, Grandpa!" He looked at Nadine with a sardonic expression marking his face. "I'm a douchebag. You should turn me in. Seriously. Call the dean. Blow me away."

"Get out. Don't try to contact her. Get the fuck out." Evan slammed the door behind him and returned to Nadine. "C'mon. Get dressed. I'll take you home."



The following week was torture for Nate. He didn't dare contact Nadine for fear of exacerbating her anger. She didn't attend his class. She didn't post on her blog. He didn't know if she was on campus.

His guilt for taking advantage of her consumed him, but the worst was waiting. Waiting for the phone to ring. Waiting for a call from the head of the English Department. Waiting for a pink slip in the mail. Waiting for a courier to hand him an envelope, telling him that

he'd been served. Seven days passed, and then Spring Break came, adding another seven to his sentence.

Evan had taken Nadine home that night, but he hadn't left her. The experience in his room bonded them together, and for fourteen days while Professor Thompson worried about his future, they got to know each other. And they got to like each other, spending most of their time together.

The day after Spring Break, Nadine returned to her classes, including Professor Thompson's. She held her head high but did not make eye contact.

She scrawled notes in her tablet as he lectured, so she didn't see him walk

to his briefcase or stroll toward where she was seated in the front row. The *clink* on her desk startled her, and she looked up without thinking, accidentally meeting the professor's gaze. Her eyes darted back to her desk, and there lay her Cinderella pin—the one with the fairy godmother and the spinning Cinderella, changing from rags to ball regalia with each turn. Her favorite. And Professor Thompson had it the whole time.

Her breathing was heavy and uneven as her emotions battled, and she jumped when her phone buzzed loudly on her desk a moment later. She looked, thinking it was Evan. It was not.

Have you been thinking about me, Muffin?

Nadine was unaware of the students rising to leave the classroom. Focused only on her pin and her phone, she replied. *Yes, Professor. You know I have.*

Good girl. The professor exited the classroom as he sent the next message. *I will call you at seven o'clock tonight. Be ready for me.*

She shivered in the overly warm classroom as all the heat in her body collected between her legs.

Yes, Sir.

The End

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Excerpt from Seasons of Lesbian Erotica

The water was lukewarm, and it smelled like the creek, but the shower in the bathhouse was refreshing, washing away my restless night and the remnants of my fucked-up dream, leaving me with only one thought—Nicky. She was already gone when I woke up in a pool of sweat, my mouth dry and my head pounding. The only sign that anyone else had been in the pop-up was the dog hair on the linoleum. I had the odd thought

that I was going to miss the dog.

I heard the bathroom door open, and someone entered the shower stall next to me. I wondered briefly if the occupant was the woman in the blue tent two sites down from mine while I picked up my razor. I'd been in the campground for three days, and this was the first morning I'd remembered to put my razor in my shower bag. I heard the flip-top on a bottle of shampoo, and a moment later, I knew it was Nicky in the next stall. I'd smelled that scent just inches from my face when she kissed me. I froze in mid razor-stroke, afraid to move and risk drawing her attention.

She kissed me, for Christ's sake. On the lips! Without even asking if kissing girls was something I was into! She assumed I was a lesbian. Why? Because I'm a fire fighter? I'm also a second grade teacher. A straight second grade teacher.

My mind went to that moment, the one when her lips hung in the air, so close to mine. I knew she would kiss me, and I made no effort to move

away or to stop her. I was pissed at myself for letting it happen. I could have told her to stop, but I didn't. My stomach churned with shame and worry. I'd never questioned my sexuality before. I was straight. End of story.

I knew I was straight. But if that were completely true, I wouldn't have let her kiss me. I must have wanted it, otherwise I would have done something to stop her. I couldn't deny that I knew it was coming. Her lips had lingered so close to mine. She'd closed her eyes and tipped her head, and I stood there and waited for it.

I wanted it.

I frowned to myself and finished shaving my legs. I needed to get out of there. My heart pounded in my chest as I grabbed the bar of soap and ran it over my skin. The water had cooled past the point of comfort. I soaped my torso, telling myself that the water temperature was responsible for the erect state of my nipples. I wondered what Nicky was washing at that moment while I spread the foamy bubbles across

my tits. Maybe she was washing between her legs, lingering over her girlie parts.

Then, Nicky began to sing. I didn't recognize the song, but her voice captivated me. It was sweet and feminine with just a hint of vibrato. I closed my eyes and listened to the sound of the woman that had kissed me. She'd put her lips over mine and poked my mouth with her tongue. I could still feel her taste buds brushing my lips.

But I don't like women! I am straight. When Kyle would make me watch porn with him, I closed my eyes to the girl-on-girl scenes. I didn't check out their naked bodies! I looked at the dicks because I'm attracted to men. When those naked lesbians ended up in my bed, I ran the fuck away! I tried to concentrate on images of nude men with rippling abs and thick, hard cocks.

When I brought my hand higher, my pointer finger brushed my clit, and a spasm shot through my belly and the spot between my legs. I gasped. I was aroused, and I knew it wasn't from the dick-pics in my head. The sound must have startled

Nicky because she dropped something onto the tile. The bang echoed through the bathroom followed by her expletive, "Shit."

I stifled my giggle, thinking of our nakedness. Separated only by a thin, tiled wall and a few feet of steamy air, we each touched our own bare, soapy skin, covered in gooseflesh from the chilly water. Her nipples were probably hard too. I felt another spasm through my body followed by a pang of remorse for shutting her out last night. I made up my mind. I had to talk to her.



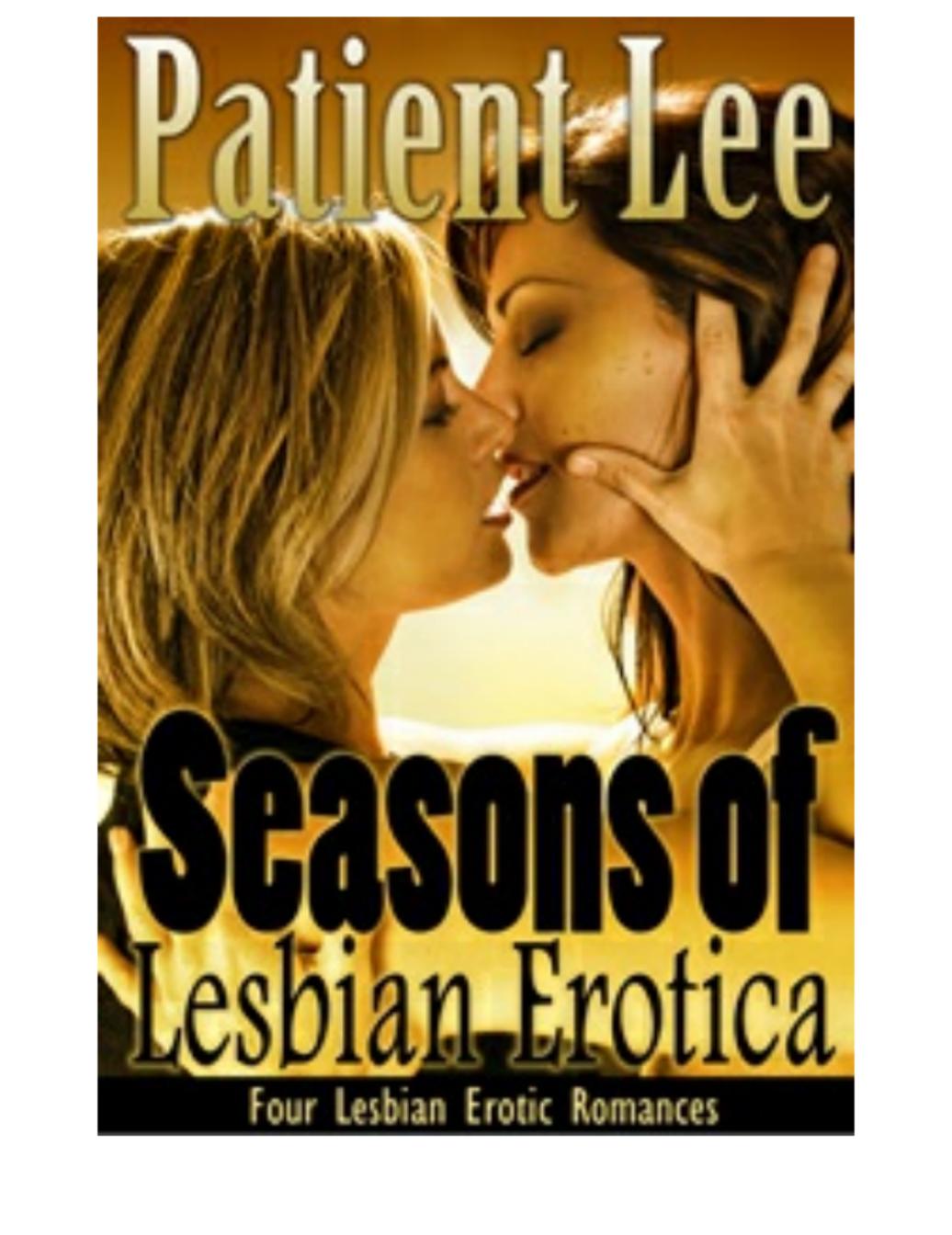
Three agonizing days. That's how long she was gone. I didn't have her number. I thought about asking the guys she worked with, but they didn't stop by, and I didn't know what I'd say. *Hey, have you seen Nicky? She kept trying to kiss me, so she left, but now I think I'm a big, old lesbian too.* Nope. That wasn't gonna fly.

Three days of thinking about that kiss. The softness of her lips. The taste of the Cosmopolitans on her mouth. Her hands on my head, my neck, my back, my ass. Her lips on my neck. Her hands on my tits.

I sighed. It wasn't until her hand was under my shirt that I came to my senses and put a stop to her advances. And now, I'd give anything to go back to that moment. To pick up where we left off.

To not be alone.

Seasons of Lesbian Erotica is available on Amazon.com for Kindle and in paperback.



Patient Lee

**Seasons of
Lesbian Erotica**

Four Lesbian Erotic Romances

About the Author



I won't tell if you don't!

Erotic Realism- stories based in reality, infusing the mundane with the erotic. Yes. I made it up. I don't write about billionaires or presidents, nobility or celebrities. I write

stories about real people inspired by the real people I see around me. I write about depressed teenagers, blue-collar workers, teachers and custodians, the middle-class, people living in trailer parks or in campgrounds, crab fishermen and college students.

My ideas come from a variety of sources-- an overheard sentence (a student declaring "I have tasty fingers!" in the middle of class became "The Side Effect."), a song, an announcement ("Come with a friend and save two dollars!"). I select the kink for the story based on what best works with the characters, which is the main reason I write with variety. The other, of course, is my short attention span caused by raising children and teaching high school.

My work reflects the duality of my nature.

Regular, boring job, quiet, laid-back disposition, but lustful and sensuous in the bedroom. My stories often deal with unpleasant themes- depression, bullying, environmental issues, natural disasters- but in a manner that leaves the reader uplifted, hopeful, and satisfied. I work full-time and have a husband, and three children. I write when I can, sometimes balancing the laptop on my knees and a cat on my chest. I enjoy my seasonal camp site that overlooks a beautiful creek in the mountains. In the summer, I spend many hours at a folding table under a canopy, writing and sipping chardonnay or a super-hoppy IPA.

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Patient Lee's Books

Angel's Lips, Snips and Tips (straight May-December romance)

Bare Naked: A Nude Skater's Waltz (straight, casual sex becomes love story)

Black Friday/Cyber Monday (straight, casual sex and romance)

Blowjob from your Stalker (graphic blowjob description)

Collared in the Temple of Dendur (a light BDSM tale)

Erotica After Midnight (sexy supernatural

stories by the authors of The Cabin)

Hot Summer Reads (an anthology of hot stories by the authors of The Cabin)

Hurricane Season (a group sex romp)

I Won a Basket of Porn (a non-erotic satire)

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Seasons of Lesbian Erotica (four erotic tales of lesbian romance)

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