**Slut Class**

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**Slut Class Ch. 01 - First Class**

In a windowless classroom in Tolliver Hall, Nikki Love stood up in front of twenty students. She was nervous, not because she was standing in front of people with half her bra showing and her cleavage on display, her too-tight blouse unable to button completely. She was used to that, usually with a camera involved. But it was her first time teaching. She turned and wrote her name on the board, conscious that her ass, covered in a snug black skirt, was one of her best features. She'd chosen seamed stockings, and four-inch black heels.  
  
"Welcome to Gender Studies 107, Manipulating Regressive Paradigms," she said, turning back to the class full of young ladies. "I hope that's what everyone is here for?"  
  
A cute blonde raised her hand.  
  
"Yes, Miss?" Nikki pointed. "Tell me your name, I want to learn all your names." Ugh, I sound like I'm teaching Kindergarten.  
  
"I'm Karen Taylor," said the girl. "What exactly is a 'regressive paradigm,' anyway? That's not what most people call this class."  
  
Nikki smiled. "What do most people call this class, Karen?" she asked.  
  
"Uh, you know, Dr. Love." Karen blushed  
  
"Yes, but one goal of this class is getting comfortable expressing yourself. Please answer the question, Karen."  
  
"The slut class," said Karen, blushing harder.  
  
Nikki smiled. "Is that what everyone else has heard?" There were some nods, and a couple girls shook their heads and looked decidedly uncomfortable. A girl with pink hair and a crop top grinned.  
  
Nikki pointed to one, a woman with mousy brown hair that was very straight. "What do you think regressive paradigms are?" she asked. "And tell me your name."  
  
"Abigail Schneider," the girl said, "I just thought it sounded cool."  
  
Nikki smiled. "It's a very fancy way of saying something, isn't it? I didn't come up with it, someone in the department did." She pointed to the other girl who shook her head, a curvy Latina with waves of beautiful black hair. "How about you?"  
  
"Flora Alicia Ramirez," said the woman. "A regressive paradigm is an outdated, usually patriarchal, view of the world, running counter to current feminist thought. An example is the idea that women should obey men in a marriage. A regressive paradigm is something bad, so I'm curious about the name of this class, but since we're all women here I'm sure it will be fine."  
  
"Well," said Nikki. "We won't be teaching that women should obey men in marriages. Why did you register for this class, Flora?"  
  
"Because it was for women only, and I'm tired of getting snarky guys in gender studies classes."  
  
Nikki laughed. "In this class I'll teach you how to express yourself, especially in matters of sex. Part of that will be learning and practicing basic skills and learning to be comfortable with what others might perceive as excessive displays of sexuality."  
  
"That doesn't sound so bad," said Flora. "What's the regressive paradigm, then?"  
  
Nikki had practiced this part. "Some strands of Feminism teach that the 'male gaze' is at fault for much of women's oppression. Such 'feminists' use the concept of the male gaze to suggest that women should cover their bodies, allying with anti-feminist religious conservatives against women such as sex workers, telling women what they can and cannot do with their own bodies, and making them frightened of men. In this class we are going to turn that around, empowering ourselves to see the male gaze as something we can direct to ourselves for our pleasure as well as theirs, and treating male and female lust as something useful to us rather than inherently offensive."  
  
"Thus, the slut class," said a dark skinned woman with a honey-brown afro.  
  
"Name, please?" asked Nikki.  
  
"Rachida Jones."  
  
"Thank you, Rachida. Is everyone in the right place?"  
  
Nikki waited. Two girls slipped out the door. She expected she'd see their drop slips soon. To her surprise, Flora and Abigail stayed.  
  
"So, then, the phrase 'slut class.' That's supposed to be shaming, isn't it? Women get divided up into sluts or prudes, and either way we can't win, but being a slut is worse. We can agree with that regressive paradigm, and slut-shame, or we can embrace our sexual selves and embrace the word that's supposed to be harmful. A slut is nothing more, or less, than a woman who is unafraid of what she wants sexually, and brave enough to actually get it." She turned and wrote on the board. On the left side, she wrote: "Manipulating Regressive Paradigms." On the right side she wrote, "The slut class," and put it in quotes.  
  
She turned to the students. "We'll examine the idea that a woman who enjoys giving pleasure as much or more than receiving it is a tool of the patriarchy, as some would suggest. I'm going to suggest that being a 'giver' is in fact a sexual orientation, and that such shaming—directed almost entirely at women, rarely at men—is another attempt to take away women's rights to do what they want with their bodies. Capitalism suggests that a world of takers produces good through the invisible hand of the market, but other lines of thought suggest that a world of givers is actually a better place."  
  
"In order to get an A in this class, you will most definitely have to embrace your inner slut. In fact, you're going to have to let a few people embrace your outer slut, as well. We will use the word "slut" as well as other sexually suggestive language a lot, so get comfortable with that language. There will be in-class assignments, and assignments to be completed out of class, some of which will be performed in public places. The assignments will require you to be ever more expressive of your sexuality, each lesson more challenging than the one before. As a result, if anyone wants to drop out, even after the deadline, I will gladly sign the paperwork necessary to allow that. I don't want anyone to feel they are doing things against their consent. Even if you complete only part of this class, you will have made strides towards being more comfortable expressing yourself sexually."  
  
Nobody budged.  
  
"Good. We're all in the right place. Flora, would you be so kind as to lock the door? We don't want any boys wandering in. At least not now, as we take our first steps. Thank you. Now then, we're going to break into groups and start talking about sex and sexuality. Not other people's, not in the abstract, but our own."  
  
It started off slow, but for the next hour the girls slowly opened up to each other, and to Nikki. They talked about the wildest things they'd done sexually—threesomes, spanking, a glory hole, sex in a park. Abigail, it turned out, was a virgin, although not particularly happy about it; if anyone else was, they weren't admitting it. Then they talked about things they'd like to do but hadn't—everything from gang bangs to domination to one woman's fantasy about being a naked human statue in a museum.  
  
"Thank you, ladies," Nikki said as the clock approached the hour. "I appreciate all of you baring your intimate desires. In a way we've been more naked with each other than if we'd taken off our clothes. On Thursday we'll talk about Dressing for Sexcess." She turned and wrote the title on the chalkboard. "You are expected to come dressed provocatively, in a manner to heighten sexual attraction. Outfits will be graded, both by your peers and by me, and we'll discuss what works and what doesn't, and how to improve. Be proud of your skin and your shape, ladies, and don't be afraid to flaunt it. We will be grading outfits, not body types. Some of you are probably nervous. Having a few butterflies is part of the fun. You'll get used to dealing with that."  
  
She saw a few smirks, and a few shocked faces. The pink haired girl, who Nikki had learned was Stella Potter, was one of the smirkers, and she was already wearing short shorts and a crop top a size smaller than a size-chart would have recommended for her bust. Flora's surprised face turned into a calculating one.  
  
Nikki smiled at her. "Oh, and girls—a one letter grade reduction on this assignment if you wear a trench coat or such to class so that no one sees your outfit in the halls. I'll be standing outside before class starts."  
  
Flora's glare showed that she had been thinking exactly what Nikki had suspected.  
  
"Later in the semester, we'll be doing far more than dressing slutty. Some of you may be worried about that, but as all of you know, STIs have been largely eradicated, and are entirely curable. We have established a special relationship with the Church of Gaea, and their curative services are available to anyone in this class if you have any concerns. If you aren't on birth control now, I suggest you go to the clinic in the Student Center directly from this class and get that sorted out immediately. I'll expect everyone to verify that they are on birth control by the second week of class."  
  
The girls stared back at her. Nikki looked at the clock, relieved to see that time was up.  
  
"See you next time!"

**Slut Class Ch. 02 - Dress for Sexcess**

Karen Taylor, a student at Maplewood College, a small liberal arts college, looked at her outfit in the mirror. She thought she had done pretty well. She hoped Dr. Love would be pleased, even though she fantasized about the teacher being very displeased indeed. Had she mistaken the look in the professor's eyes when she had admitted she had a fantasy about being spanked in public? She knew she was inclined to wishful thinking.  
  
It was the second day for Gender Studies 107: Subverting Regressive Paradigms, better known as the slut class, and today's assignment was to come to class dressed as a slut. Karen was sure that for lots of girls that would mean deep cleavage, but she wasn't exactly big up top. She thought she had a winning smile, she was slender, and she'd been dyeing her hair blonde since her Sophomore year in High School. She took advantage of what nature gave her, or hadn't. She didn't have to wear a bra. Her nipples poked against her pink halter top. She'd rolled up her shorts, which were in a slightly darker shade of pink than her top, so that every inch of leg was shown and you could almost see the bottom curve of her ass. Normally she'd wear tennis shoes with such an outfit, but she'd gone shoe shopping and had on pink sandals with a three-inch heel. Trashy, but at least I match.  
  
For the walk to class, however, she slipped off the heels and put on the sneakers. She rolled the shorts back down. She still attracted some looks as she crossed the quad, and she got to class five minutes early.  
  
Dr. Nikki Love was outside class, next to the door. She stood in hooker pose, one foot propped against the wall, and her presence alone had attracted a number of onlookers. Wearing a corset that made her large boobs look even bigger, a short leather skirt, four-inch heels, and fishnet stay-ups whose lace tops left several inches of skin between hem and stocking.  
  
If that's the standard, I'm going to have a tough time, thought Karen. She popped into the ladies room to put on her heels and roll up her shorts, and then slipped back out. She liked being noticed, but she didn't want to be too noticed. The stares she'd gotten as she walked to class had both excited and unnerved her, and she knew the excitement only made her nipples harder and more prominent. It was a small school, and people would talk. There were twenty students in the slut class, and only a thousand or so at the school. Gossip traveled fast. There was a crowd pretending not to ogle Dr. Love, and they stayed as the students trickled into class. Karen joined the crowd, getting a few stray glances.  
  
Pink-haired Stella sauntered by wearing even less than the teacher, her belly ring catching the light as she walked. She had on a mini-skirt, a black bra, and a crop top that would have exposed some underboob if it weren't for the bra. Flora, who Karen was sure would drop, showed up wearing a short cocktail dress, with a v-neck deep enough to make it clear she too hadn't bothered with a bra, and heels. She had her nose turned up and was studiously avoiding making eye contact with anyone. Rachida wore a gold shoulderless mini-dress that snugly fit her curvy figure and made the most of her full ass.  
  
I think I might be outclassed.  
  
Then Abigail showed up. She, too, Karen had expected would drop. Abigail had gone with the schoolgirl look—plaid skirt, black patent shoes, white ankle socks, and a thin white button-down shirt. But the skirt wasn't very short, and the shirt's translucence only revealed that she was wearing a fully covering white bra. Pervs with a schoolgirl fetish might dig that look, but it's hardly slutty.  
  
There was a man dressed in a suit, about thirty years old, who looked like that kind of perv. He had a book in his hand, and was trying to chat the girls up as they approached the door, but none of them talked back.  
  
Karen shrugged and walked into class. She was sure word had gotten out that this was the slut class. No doubt some of the people outside were mentally cataloging the people who went in it.  
  
"Hell is real, and Jesus is the answer," said the man with the book as she passed by.  
  
It had been tough going for traditional religions since the foundation of the Church of Gaea. The Church offered real, verifiable miracles; the church's acolytes could heal any communicable disease with sex or even a blowjob. They didn't place any demands of abstinence on their followers, and "Hell" for the Gaeans was global climate change. Karen had attended a few services herself, and imagined saying something witty like "Hell is real, and less plastic is the answer," just a few steps too late.  
  
"Nice, Karen," Nikki Love said as Karen passed.  
  
"Thank you Ma'am," Karen said. She glanced around at her fellow classmates, and then took a seat.  
  
At three after ten, Nikki entered the classroom herself, and locked the door behind her. She walked to the front of the class, and asked, "So, would anyone like to talk about how walking to class made you feel?"  
  
Flora's hand shot up. Flora was the type of person whose hand always shot up.  
  
"Flora?" asked Nikki.  
  
"I felt like everyone was staring at me. And talking about me."  
  
"Sure," said Nikki, "and how did that make you feel?"  
  
"Violated."  
  
"Because people were looking at you?"  
  
"As if my body was for their entertainment," Flora explained. "Rather than being mine, people were acting like it was theirs."  
  
"Your feelings are valid, of course, but how did you know what they were thinking?"  
  
Flora looked at a loss for words for a moment. "I don't. I just felt that was what they were thinking."  
  
"I'm thinking they were thinking 'that's one hot chick' said Stella. "I know that's what I was thinking." She grinned over at Flora, and then, quite deliberately, raked her slowly from head to toe with her gaze.  
  
"You're as bad as the men," said Flora.  
  
"Men aren't so bad," Stella said. "I also felt that people were staring. In fact, I know people were, because when I caught them I gave them a little wink."  
  
Nikki smiled. "Why don't you come up here and demonstrate that wink for the class."  
  
Stella walked up with a little more bounce in her step than necessary, making her boobs bounce and her crop top bounce higher, and winked at the class.  
  
"You'll all have a chance to rate the outfits later in the day, but Stella's getting an A from me," said Nikki. "Attitude is an important part of a slut's outfit, and Stella has it down. We'll have a whole class on that later, though—today's assignment was just to dress provocatively. Thank you Stella, you may go back to your seat."  
  
Stella sashayed back, and Nikki pointed at Rachida and another girl, Valerie, a zaftig brunette with short hair. "Valerie and Rachida, you both chose very striking lipstick to go with your outfits." Rachida's was a deep purple, and Valerie's was a cherry red. "Why was that?"  
  
Rachida shrugged. "That's what's sexy."  
  
Valerie nodded. "It makes people look at your lips and think about kissing."  
  
"Because men like it and the patriarchy dictates what people think is sexy," said Flora, who had worn a dark shade of lipstick herself, if not as intense as Rachida's or Valerie's. Karen had chosen pink lipstick, to go with her outfit. Had that been a mistake? She didn't think so. She thought her lipstick would make people think about kissing, too.  
  
"Anyone else?" asked Nikki.  
  
No one answered.  
  
"A lot of what we think of is sexy is indeed a result of our culture, and it can be arbitrary. High heels were originally invented to make men taller and their legs shapelier, and yet they are now worn almost exclusively by women. They still make men taller, and they still do nice things for their legs, but it's considered unmasculine to wear them. But sometimes these things have some basis, too. One theory about lipstick is that it makes the contrast between mouth and face imitate the contrast between the vulva and the lighter skin around it, turning the mouth into a more sexual part of the body."  
  
"Blowjobs," said Stella. Flora made a face.  
  
"Sure," agreed Nikki. "But also cunnilingus, or kissing anywhere on the body, including, as Valerie said, the mouth. How many of you have kissed a parent, or an aunt, or someone else, completely non-sexually?"  
  
Most of the class raised their hands.  
  
"So kissing isn't inherently sexual. But it can be very intimate and intensely sexual. It depends on context. And lipstick might be part of the way we make context, whether it's an arbitrary cultural thing or it has something to do with our vulvas. Either way, lips are part of your sexual arsenal."  
  
"Anyone else?"  
  
Abigail shakily lifted her hand.  
  
"Yes, Abigail?"  
  
"I felt like a mouse." She looked like one, too, ready to curl up into a ball or run and hide. Karen suppressed a giggle and felt bad about it. Several people laughed, and Abigail looked like she was on the edge of tears.  
  
"You are not a mouse, Abby," Nikki said firmly. "I will work with you, and I have office hours." She turned and wrote them up on the board, before turning back. Abigail looked a little calmer. "We are here to support each other, not to bring each other down. I will not tell you, Abby, that your outfit will get a good grade today. I do think you can get an A in this class, in fact, you will get an A in this class if you're willing to work at it."  
  
Abigail nodded.  
  
"We all want to help our fellow women become more sexually assertive and open, right?"  
  
There were several nods.  
  
"I have a video for you to watch. It lasts about ten minutes. It will be tempting to look at the hot young women in the video, but instead I want you to look at everyone else." She pressed a button to make a screen descend, flicked a switch to dim the lights, and then hit play on the remote on her desk.  
  
The picture shown was the hallway just before class. The camera must have been right over Nikki's head. For ten minutes the girls watched themselves being watched. Heads turned as they went by. Karen was surprised at how many people were staring at her and grinning. She attracted nearly as much attention as Stella.  
  
When the video stopped, Nikki turned the lights on and spoke. "You made those heads turn. Your bodies, and the way you dress, has power to grab attention. You can control that narrative—not absolutely, I'm not saying you're going to make a gay guy jump the fence if you just wear a short enough skirt, and god knows I'm not saying you're responsible if someone assaults you. But you have a lot of influence, and I bet you made people happy and horny today. You saw both men and women looking. They enjoyed the view. Some of those women will feel empowered to wear what makes them feel powerful tomorrow—instead of what makes them feel disempowered."  
  
"Mousy," said Karen, and then realized she had used the same word Abigail had.  
  
"That was unkind," Nikki said. "We lift each other up, remember."  
  
"Yes. So people can look up our skirts," Stella said, causing most of the class to laugh and a few to glare.  
  
"I'm sorry," Karen said, and before she could help herself added, "Maybe I should be punished."  
  
Nikki fixed Karen with a long stare as the corners of her mouth slowly turned up into an evil smile.  
  
Uh-oh.  
  
"Would you accept whatever punishment I deem appropriate? We are about consent here, after all."  
  
Karen hesitated. Nikki wouldn't really spank her in front of class, would she? Would she get a lower grade if she didn't agree? She didn't think so. Surely it was safe to say no. But she didn't. "Yes, Ma'am."  
  
"Very well," said Nikki. "I'm going to ask for people to volunteer to do things, but for you, Karen, they are mandatory. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes, Ma'am," said Karen. No spanking then. Sigh.  
  
"Getting your fantasy to be spanked in front of everyone isn't a punishment, Karen. It's a reward."  
  
Karen blushed.  
  
Nikki grinned at her. "And if you behave, some class I'll do exactly that. Now then." She turned to the remote again, and put a new picture on the screen. It was of a movie theater, taken from the front, showing dozens of people intently watching. "It's just us in here, of course, but this picture should help you imagine that people are watching. We talked about how lips could be made more sexual, but this class is really about making brains more sexual, and our imagination is part of that. Who here enjoyed being watched?"  
  
Several hands went up, including Rachida's, Stella's, and Karen's.  
  
"Now, strictly voluntary for all but one of you, but if you would like, stand up and slowly take your top off, or your dress off if you wore a dress, while staring back at the screen and imagining all these people watching you."  
  
Nobody budged. All eyes were on Karen.  
  
"I'm not wearing a bra." Karen hoped that would get her out of it.  
  
"I think we all can tell that," Nikki said.  
  
Karen slowly got to her feet. "Um... no one want to do this with me?" Karen asked.  
  
For a moment, no one budged. Then Flora got up, to her surprise. "I've got you, Karen. I'm not wearing a bra either. On the count of three?"  
  
Karen nodded thankfully.  
  
"I'm in," said Stella, who stood up too.  
  
"One," said Flora. "Two."  
  
On three, Flora took her dress off, revealing black granny panties and full breasts with dark nipples. Karen removed her pink top, showing off her small perky tits, flat stomach, and narrow waist. Stella revealed that her bra was lacy and transparent.  
  
"You will note that no one died or passed out by showing off their nipples, or by seeing them," said Nikki. "We've created this arbitrary line about nipples—show all the cleavage you want, but not that. But they are part of what makes breasts sexy. Congratulations, you three, by the way. You've guaranteed yourselves an A on this assignment."  
  
Abigail lifted her hand.  
  
"Yes Abby?" Nikki asked.  
  
"What would I have to do to raise my grade? I'll, um, take my shirt off if that helps."  
  
Nikki smiled. "You'll notice that often volunteering will raise your grade on an assignment, but I'll never tell you that beforehand, and sometimes it won't. I don't want anyone thinking 'I'm just doing this thing for the grade.' I want you to learn to want to do things. So I'm afraid the moment has passed, Abby. But... if you improved your outfit, then your outfit might get a better grade from your fellow students."  
  
Abby unbuttoned a button on her blouse, and then seemed to realize all eyes were on her and stopped.  
  
"I don't want to embarrass you, Abby," Nikki said. "It's just one grade in one session. There will be others. Let's move on. I have another video to watch you. This one is of me, actually, walking down a street in New York City, and I want to see what reactions it evokes in you. You may sit down, sluts."  
  
Karen felt sorry for Abby -- Abigail. Even her name was a bit dreary, and maybe the teacher had started calling her Abby to change her perspective on herself. People might look at Nikki Love and think bimbo, but clearly the teacher was smart and understood people. When Flora challenged her, Nikki had all the answers ready.  
  
Flora opened her mouth. She probably wants to protest being called a slut. But she sat down, and Nikki dimmed the lights and started the video. The video showed Nikki walking down a street wearing a white blouse, a black bra, a short skirt, and heels. Sometimes it focused on her front, other times on her ass, and still other times on the onlookers who turned to watch. Flora quickly put her dress back on, and Karen wondered if she was allowed to put her shirt back on, when she had an idea.  
  
All eyes were fixed on the screen as Karen slipped out of her seat to go crouch next to Abigail. The other girl leaned away from her, as if afraid Karen was going to say something mean.  
  
"You want to wear my shirt?" Karen whispered. "We could change in the back." Abigail was about her size, even if differently proportioned.  
  
Abigail hesitated, glancing up at the screen. In the video, Nikki was unbuttoning her blouse to display more and more as she walked around Manhattan.  
  
"Is this a trick?" Abigail asked.  
  
Karen shook her head. "No. I'm sorry for what I said. I didn't mean it that way. I want to make it up to you. Friends?"  
  
Abigail slowly nodded. She reached out to take Karen's proffered hand.  
  
"Let's go to the back so we don't disturb class. And so no one can watch."  
  
Abigail followed her back. She took off her shirt, still watching the screen. She reached for the halter.  
  
"Bra too," said Karen. "It'll look so much better."  
  
"My boobs are bigger than yours," said Abigail.  
  
"Um, thanks?" Karen said. "That just means it will look even better on you.  
  
Abigail turned her back to class, and reached behind her for the bra snaps. Karen turned to give her some privacy, and watched as Nikki performed the same operation, but in the middle of Fifth Avenue. Large tits swaying, bra dangling off her fingers, the woman sauntered around as if nothing was out of the ordinary, although of course almost everyone was turning around to look.  
  
Abigail took the top from Karen and put it on. Karen looked. The other girl did have more up top, so her nipples pressed even more prominently against the fabric than Karen's had, and there was more cleavage.  
  
"Shall we switch bottoms too?" asked Karen. "I think they'd match better."  
  
Abigail hesitated, but nodded. Karen quickly stripped out of her shorts, and Abigail from her skirt. Karen was wearing a thong, for no panty lines, and Abigail was wearing floral bikini panties, but Karen really didn't think she could talk the girl into going commando. Karen put on Abigail's skirt as Abigail struggled into the shorts. They were a tight fit.  
  
"We better get back to our seats," said Abigail.  
  
Karen nodded. As the other girl headed back, she noticed that the shorts bared about a half-inch of her ass cheeks.. She looks hot. Mission accomplished. They got back to their seats just as the video ended and the lights came back on.  
  
"One of the goals of this class is to make you all as comfortable with your body, and with other people seeing it, as I am in that video," said Nikki. "Today is just the first small step. Abby, you look downright hot in that outfit. Thank you Karen -- I think you've redeemed yourself. I'm going to pass out forms, and I want you to grade and comment on everyone's outfits. You're not going to be rating their bodies, just what they've done in terms of presentation. All body types are beautiful." She handed a stack of papers to the left most person in each row as she worked her way to the back. "I'll call on each of you, and you'll stand up, turn so everyone can see every side of you, and then sit down."  
  
"Better not put that blouse on," Stella said to Karen.  
  
"Everybody's seen it all anyway," Karen said with more nonchalance than she felt. She just wanted to make sure that Nikki thought she was a good girl. Or a very bad one that needed to be spanked.  
  
"I'll go alphabetically," said Nikki. "Abby?"  
  
It wasn't the most graceful twirl ever, and Abby was shaking, but she smiled when she sat back down. She had heard the appreciative murmurs. Karen rated her an A. Flora got up and twirled somewhat perfunctorily when it was her turn. Karen, eager for Nikki's approval, tried to make the skirt fly up as she twirled. Stella, naturally, was a total ham as she winked at the class. By the time all the girls had gone and handed in their rating sheets, class was over.  
  
"See you next week," Nikki said, "and 'improper' dress is expected every time in this class!"  
  
Karen looked for Abby, no longer thinking of the sexy girl as Abigail. She wanted her clothes back and the next class would soon be coming in. But Abby was going up to talk to the teacher. Karen put on Abby's shirt hastily, although she knew that people could still see her tits through the thin white fabric.

"Ma'am?" asked Abby. "Could I make an appointment at three tomorrow?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"I think I really need help to pass this class."  
  
"I'll give you all the help I need."  
  
"I hate to interrupt," said Karen, "but I'd like my clothes back?"  
  
"People are going to be coming in soon," said Nikki. "You're better off swapping in the ladies'." She was already moving from behind her desk to go unlock the door.  
  
"But that way everyone will see me in the hall," said Abby.  
  
"That's one of the benefits, yes," said Nikki, grinning. "But people are already coming in, so it's either that or have them see you naked right here. And Abby?"  
  
"Yes, Dr. Love?"  
  
If you're going to wear a shirt with buttons, always undo enough that you show some cleavage. We'll talk more about bra choices in office hours. And if you have a hard time convincing yourself not to button up again, just cut the buttons off so you don't have a choice. I'll see you tomorrow, Abby, and both of you in class Tuesday." The door clicked open, and Nikki opened it.  
  
"Thank you, Dr. Love," said Abby.  
  
Arms crossed in front of their chests, Karen and Abby hurried out of the class past the incoming students. Why are people so early? But Karen thought she knew the answer. To look at us.  
  
And people kept looking at them as they moved through the hall. Karen decided that it was less embarrassing to proudly flaunt what she had than to be so obvious about trying to hide it, and she took Abby's hand to encourage her to do the same.  
  
"We look like lesbians," said Abby.  
  
"Very hot lesbians," said Karen. "I bet someone will jerk off thinking about us tonight."  
  
"Oh," said Abby, and it was impossible to tell exactly what she thought about that.  
  
They got to the bathroom and changed in front of each other.  
  
"Are you going to do it?" asked Karen.  
  
"Do what?" asked Abby.  
  
"With the buttons."  
  
"Oh," said Abby, looking down. "You think I should?"  
  
I think you should do whatever Ma'am suggests. "Definitely."  
  
Abby unbuttoned two buttons on her blouse. "Like this, or one more?"  
  
"Like that," Karen said. "You don't want people to see your bra until you have a sexier one. After you get something that shows a little more skin, definitely one more."  
  
"Okay," said Abby. She pulled at a button, and it came free.  
  
"Let's make sure you don't rip anything," said Karen. She had a small cuticle scissors in her purse. She carefully cut the threads holding the other button on, while Abby watched. Another girl came in. Karen wondered what she thought of what was going on, but stayed focused on Abby.  
  
"Thank you, Karen. I'm um, straight, by the way."  
  
Karen smiled. "Me too. Although I --" she was about to say she'd make an exception for their teacher, if directed. She decided that was more revealing a statement than she wanted to make. "It's good to have a friend in class. It's going to be an interesting semester."  
  
Abby nodded. "Yes, it is. It scares me, but -- I'm determined to succeed."  
  
Karen grinned. "Me too, on both counts. See you Tuesday?"  
  
"I'll be there," Abby said.  
  
"See ya!" They went opposite ways when they exited the bathroom, and Karen enjoyed the looks she got on the way to her next class.

**Slut Class Ch. 03 - The Big Screen**

Flora Ramirez looked at the class page for GS 107, Manipulating Regressive Paradigms, better known as "the slut class." Every class at Maplewood University had a class page where the teachers would post assignments, with a picture of the teacher in the upper right-hand corner. Some of them had pages for the students, so they could critique each other's work, but so far not GS 107.  
  
GS 107 was also the only class page where the picture of the teacher had her sitting in a chair, looking over glasses, with her shirt open to reveal a black demi-bra and DDD breasts. "Professor Nikki Love," it said. Flora had googled, and there were plenty of more revealing pictures of "Nikki Love" on the internet. Nikki had been a porn star before taking up teaching, and had been born Charity Nicole Lovelace.  
  
The instructions said: "Wear separates to class. We will be taking our tops off and baring our breasts."  
  
Well, then. She'd already taken her dress off in class once, so it wasn't that big a deal. Everyone at Maplewood could see all the class pages, and she was pretty sure this one drew attention from people who weren't taking the class. There were no windows in Nikki's classroom, but it was still a little odd knowing people would know she, and the other girls, were topless inside. Was that the extent of the exercise Nikki had planned, just to help them get comfortable in their own skin? There would be something else going on, she was sure.  
  
Flora had taken the class partly because it was the only "woman-only" class in the schedule. She had a nasty breakup the semester before, and she still didn't enjoy seeing her ex-boyfriend, Ted, when she saw him. Maplewood was so small, though, that you couldn't help but run into people. Still, it was fair to say she was down on men, although still attracted to them sexually. She hoped taking the "slut class" would help her get over the malaise she was feeling.  
  
Some of her girlfriends, including Carla, her roommate, had told her to get right back on the horse, but she was sure rebounding was a bad idea. She read Erica Jong's Fear of Flying and liked the idea of a "zipless fuck," but she wasn't quite ready to go for that. She still thought a lot about guys, though. One was Carson Taylor, quarterback of Maplewood's football team. Football wasn't a big deal at Maplewood, and the team had lost all but one game the year before, but Carson was still a hunk. The other was Ian McSweeney. Ian was Carson's opposite—nerdy, but oh so smart. Beauty or Brains. Women supposedly went for brains, but Flora was torn. She leaned Ian, but then wondered if that was because Carson would be more of a challenge. She'd been waiting for a guy to make the first move, even though that was a regressive paradigm, itself, putting men in the driver's seat.  
  
"You overthink things," Carla had told her more than once, and it was true.  
  
Flora put on a red bra and panties. She'd bought a thong after hearing her underwear termed "granny panties." She added a snug black T-shirt, with a V-neck that showed some cleavage, and a black miniskirt. Since she'd enrolled in the slut class she'd been dressing a little more provocatively. She had to, for class, or it would cost her on her grade. Half the student body had probably seen her cleavage and legs, anyway. She might as well flaunt it.  
  
There was a small crowd gathered outside the Student Union, and she was still early for class, so she went and looked to see what it was about. They had installed a giant screen in front of the building, visible from anywhere on Maplewood's central quad. It was showing highlights from the weekend's football and lacrosse games.  
  
Carson was one of those watching. He was talking to a blonde, which was awkward. Flora recognized Sheila Carnack, one of the four women in Flora's group house. Flora watched the giant TV for a minute. Sports were not that big a deal at Maplewood, and surely they didn't put that expensive monstrosity in just for that.  
  
Sheila didn't talk to Carson long, and when she finished, she headed straight to Flora. Sheila grinned. "I think he likes me. He got my phone number; said he'd call me later."  
  
"Did you get his?"  
  
"Um, no."  
  
"Of course he likes you!" He's got control, and she has none. Poor dear.  
  
Sheila grinned and walked off with a bounce in her step.  
  
Flora walked over to Carson, who wasn't by himself very much. In fact, he was already heading into the Union, and Flora had to hurry to intercept him.  
  
"Hey, Carson," she said.  
  
He turned. He had a Clark Kent cowlick on his forehead that was kinda cute, and a square jaw with a dimple. "Hey. Um, Flora, right?"  
  
"Right. Hey, could you do me a favor?"  
  
"Sure, what's that?" He looked her up and down. She was tempted to call him on it, but then realized that was what she wanted.  
  
"I need your phone number."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"There might be something I could invite you and... some friends to?" It sounded a little lame, even to Flora, but she added, "Big plans. I think you'll like them."  
  
Carson hesitated, then nodded. "Okay, no biggie." He rattled off a number, and Flora entered it in her phone.  
  
"You're pretty hot," Carson said.  
  
"Thanks." She kept her cool, sort of. Carson thinks I'm hot. I shouldn't care that much what a man thinks of my body. He doesn't know me, really. It doesn't mean anything.  
  
"What's your number?"  
  
"I'll text it to you." She walked away with a wave. She didn't blame Carson for looking at her body. But she wasn't going to poach on whatever Sheila had happening. When she was out of sight, she texted Sheila. "Here's Carson's number."  
  
"Huh?" Sheila texted back. "Thanks, but why?"  
  
"Equal footing, sister," Flora texted.  
  
"Ah. LOL."  
  
At that point, she had to hurry to get to class on time. As usual, there was a small crowd outside, mostly guys, watching the girls go in. There would be a larger one on the way out. Didn't they all have studying to do?  
  
There was a man up front, wearing a uniform. There had never been a man in GS 107 before. Flora had enrolled in the class because they listed it as 'women only.' And yet, there was a cop there, talking to Nikki. Was the teacher in trouble? But Nikki casually perched on the edge of the desk, looking relaxed, swinging her legs now and then.  
  
If she ever taught guys, Flora thought, they wouldn't hear a thing she said. She looks like she could be the sexy teacher in a music video. Are we going to get half-naked in front of a cop?  
  
On each desk was a small camera, in an open box so it wasn't taking any pictures at the moment of anything but the side of the box.  
  
The students filed in, talking only in whispers. Nobody said anything to Flora. Usually Stella would give her an annoying wink, as if they shared some secret, which they totally didn't. Stella didn't seem to get feminism at all, and she always dressed deliberately low brow. The pink in her blonde hair had faded a bit. Today she'd skipped the crop top for a halter that didn't quite cover all that her lacy black bra did, and she'd ditched cut-offs for a too-short skirt that probably left her bare butt on the chair. Hopefully she was at least wearing underwear, because she didn't have her legs crossed, either.  
  
Flora was getting on board with reclaiming the word "slut," which Nikki had been pushing since the start of class. But Stella took it to a level Flora still wasn't on board with. And Stella seemed to love poking at Flora.  
  
"Good afternoon, everyone," Nikki said, letting herself down from the desk to stand on the floor. "We have a lot to do today, and we're going to do an exercise that is going to help you along on your slut journey. But first, we have a message from our special guest, Officer Sanborn. Clive is in charge of Campus Security here, and he'd like to say a few words."  
  
First name basis, hmm? Officer Sanborn puffed out his chest and took a step forward. He had a gun strapped to his side and a flashlight on the other, and he was balding on top, but he looked fit.  
  
"Hello ladies," said Officer Sanborn, seeming to stumble over the word just a little. "I've been talking to, um, Dr. Love here, about some of your future class assignments. As you know, it's my job to enforce the law on campus, and to protect all of you. Especially to protect vulnerable young ladies."  
  
He paused, letting that sink in for a moment.  
  
Flora was totally on board with that, in a way. Campus rape happened at most colleges way more than was reported, and Maplewood's closed campus was attractive partly for that reason—no outsiders allowed without a pass. But having a cop tell her what to do was the very epitome of the patriarchy, and she braced herself for a lecture on how the way women dressed "invited" assault. A cop had told University of Toronto students that, once, and it hadn't gone well for the cop, but that was Canada.  
  
Officer Sanborn continued. "As many of you know, Maplewood's campus is private property. That means that whatever you do here isn't technically "in public" and we have some latitude as to how we enforce things. Nikki, er, Dr. Love has convinced me that for, er, educational reasons, you need to be exempt from certain enforcement mechanisms, specifically as regards indecent exposure and lewd behavior. She's sent me a list of your names, with pictures, so that me and my deputy don't hassle you if you, are, um, indecent or, um, lewd, or..."  
  
Nikki came to his rescue. "What Officer Sanborn means is that you can dress however you like, and do whatever you like sexually, anywhere on the campus of Maplewood without fear of being arrested."  
  
"Um, yeah." Officer Sanborn looked a little startled, but nodded.  
  
"Even if there is an orgy right in the middle of the quad in broad daylight, Officer Sanborn and his deputy won't interfere, other than to protect you from uninvited people joining in."  
  
"Well, wait a min—" started the Officer.  
  
"Because we," Nikki interrupted, "Have a deal, right Officer?"  
  
Officer Sanborn stared with the look of a man who hadn't realized quite what he had agreed to. Then he looked at Nikki's chest. Then he looked back up. "Um, yes," he said. "We have a deal."  
  
Whatever Nikki had offered him, clearly, he didn't want to pass it up over a little thing like coeds fucking in public.  
  
"Good. And don't worry class. The orgies are optional, and we'll work our way up to it. Thank you, Officer. The young ladies are going to remove their tops shortly, so I think it'd probably be best if you came back to visit me later this evening."  
  
Oh good, he's leaving. Flora had been afraid that part of Nikki's deal was a free peek at all the young women in exchange for the officer's cooperation. Flora watched as Officer Sanborn made his way out. He paused at the door, either to say something, or because he hoped to watch what would happen next, but Nikki gave him a look over the top of her glasses, a look that made Flora imagine Nikki would take a ruler to him if he didn't behave. He left and closed the door behind him. Nikki crossed the room to lock it.  
  
"Now, sluts, off with your tops. It's time to be more comfortable with your body, and that starts when it's just among us."  
  
Stella whipped off her halter top, revealing big breasts in a lacy black bra that you could see her nipples through. The other girls looked at each other and then started stripping. Flora took off her top, too. They'd all seen her in nothing but panties last class, and this time she was wearing a pretty red bra. Nikki's plan to wear down their resistance to showing skin was clearly working.  
  
"Bras too, ladies," said Nikki, who had removed her blouse. "Some of you don't wear them, which is great, and some of you look lovely in them, but everyone is going to be equally naked today." Nikki reached behind her back to undo the clasp, slid her straps over her shoulder, and then tossed the bra on the desk. The combination of size and perkiness, Flora decided, could not be entirely natural. All done for the male gaze, she thought. Then she saw how totally comfortable and confident Nikki seemed, with no men around, and realized that perhaps Nikki had done it for herself after all.  
  
Her musing distracted her from what Nikki was saying, and she had to replay it in her mind. "Pair up," Nikki had said. Most of the girls already had selected someone. Karen paired up with Abigail. Rachida paired up with Valerie. She looked around and tried to ask Josie just a moment too late, as she found someone else.  
  
"Does everyone have someone? Raise your hand if you don't. There are an even number of you, so I don't think anyone has to pair up with me."  
  
Flora raised her hand and looked around. The only other girl raising her hand was Stella, who was grinning at her. And winking.  
  
"Flora and Stella, you two pair up," said Nikki quickly. "Okay then, this is how it's going to work. You're going to take pictures of each other with the cameras on your desk. I won't show any of the pictures to anyone without your permission, and we're using these cameras so no one walks away with pictures on their phone that they can text or post on the internet, although I know none of you would do that without consent."  
  
"What kind of pictures?" asked Rachida.  
  
"These pictures should capture your partner in all your topless glory—I don't want to see any hidden breasts, your breasts are all lovely—and they should have a smile. Make them sexy and flirty. Take them again until you get it right."  
  
Stella grinned widely.  
  
What have I gotten myself into?  
  
"Take me first," said Stella. She arched her back to make her chest stand out better and froze her face in a kiss blowing pose.  
  
Flora snapped a few pictures of Stella. She had to admit the other girl looked sexy. Trashy, but sexy. Her breasts were nearly as large and firm looking as Nikki's. With her pink hair, she looked like an anime girl—or a hentai girl.  
  
"Let me see," asked Stella.  
  
Flora showed her.  
  
"I look hot. I bet even you want to do me." Stella winked.  
  
"I'm straight," said Flora. "Although I appreciate lesbianism as a political statement."  
  
"I'd get political with you," Stella said, winking again.  
  
"Uh-huh. Let's get on with this."  
  
Stella nodded and took her own camera out of the box. Flora posed. She wanted to get a good grade, and Nikki would probably grade the photos.  
  
"Oh, more of a smile," said Stella.  
  
Flora forced a smile.  
  
"Chest out. Show me those tits."  
  
Flora arched her back and glowered.  
  
"With a smile."  
  
Flora smiled.  
  
"Pretend you want me," Stella said. "Or pretend I'm someone else you want. Seduce the camera."  
  
Flora gave it a try, thinking for a moment of Carson. Or Ian. She couldn't decide. Either way, apparently at some point Stella was satisfied and showed her the picture.  
  
She never loved pictures of herself, but she had to admit that Stella had captured the way she wanted to look: confident and sexy, even if she didn't feel confident with her top off. Her boobs looked good. Her smile looked good.  
  
"Thank you," she said.  
  
"Anytime, sweetie." Stella winked. The warm feeling she had toward Stella started to evaporate the moment Stella's left eye twitched.  
  
"I've been walking around looking at some of you," Nikki said. "You all look so fantastic. I'm really excited about today's class."  
  
"So now what?" asked Stella.  
  
"As usual, you'll be graded on how you've overcome your inhibitions to embrace your sexual self."  
  
"How slutty we are," Karen said.  
  
"Hmm," Nikki said, not denying the translation. "Just by taking your tops off, you've earned a C. The cameras transmit to the laptop on my desk, and I know you've all earned a B just by posing for lovely, beautiful pictures. You all look so vibrant."  
  
The open line was obvious. "And to get a A?" asked Abigail.  
  
"Some of you may have noticed the very large television now outside the Student Union, that I convinced the administration to install."  
  
Oh no. And just how did you convince them?  
  
"There are release forms up on my desk. Sign one, and you'll get an A. They give me the right to put pictures of you on the screen, so that everyone on campus can see how beautiful and sexy you all are."  
  
"Do it," said Stella.  
  
Nikki handed her a stack of forms, and then handed another stack to Flora, and one to Rachida. "Take one, pass them back. I'll add them to the slideshow as soon as I get them."  
  
Flora had expected Stella to sign the paper unread, but Stella's hand was shaking as it held the pen. She wasn't as brave as she made herself out to be. It made her more likable, in a way. Then Stella turned to her. "Taking your B?" asked Stella.  
  
Oh, yeah, that. She didn't take B's, although she didn't want to be the only one on the screen. She also didn't sign things without reading them. So she ignored the other girl and read the print, thoroughly. As Nikki said, it gave her the right to post pictures of her. It didn't specify what pictures, but the release did specifically include "adult-oriented" pictures.  
  
She watched Abigail walk to Nikki's desk. The poor girl was shaking. She dropped the release form on the desk and backed away from it like it was a hot potato. Karen went up next, straightened Abigail's, and put hers on top. Nikki took them both and started typing into the computer.  
  
So, I won't be the only one.  
  
Stella apparently had been waiting to see the same thing. But she walked up with her usual swagger, put the paper on Nikki's desk, and then turned and winked at Flora.  
  
Grrr.  
  
"Want to settle for a B?" asked Stella. "I would have thought you'd have gone before Abby."  
  
Abigail had always seemed the person most out of place in the class. The repressed girl apparently signed up without knowing what she was getting into. Flora had expected her to drop, not agree to have her topless picture shown to the entire campus. I'm braver than Abigail. Or Stella. I'm not going to let them get a better grade.  
  
Flora signed the paper and tossed it on top of Stella's.  
  
She went to her chair, and sat down, wondering what she'd done. She didn't hear much of what Nikki said after that. Any assignments would be on the class page.  
  
She put on her bra and top and filed out of class with everyone else. For a change, there wasn't a gaggle of gawkers. Like most of the girls, she looked across the quad as soon as she got out of the building. The big screen was small in the distance, but clearly the pictures they'd taken were being shown on it. Each stayed up for a about a minute, before moving on to the next. Valerie. Rachida. Stella. Abigail. Flora. She waited until her picture left the screen, aware that a few people nearby were looking at the screen and then at her, trying to decide whether it was the same person or just taking advantage of the fact that mentally undressing her was now easy. She wasn't that hungry, but she'd need dinner eventually, and the place to get that was the dining hall in the Student Union unless she wanted to take a long walk into town. She passed people talking, knowing they'd already seen her topless. It was a strange feeling -- embarrassing, in a way, but there was also a sense that it didn't matter what they saw now, didn't matter that she was wearing a tight top with lots of cleavage or a short skirt. That had lost its power over her. Her back straightened as she kept walking. She looked good without her shirt. All the girls did.  
  
She saw Ian standing outside the Union. Sometimes he wore contacts, but today he had glasses on. Plaid shirt, khakis. He had good square shoulders. He was talking to a couple of friends. They were looking at the screen. She wondered what was on them, so she ventured closer.  
  
"Look at those. I wish we had a feed to our room," said one.  
  
"You want to jerk off," said another.

"Well, sure," said the first.  
  
"They are beautiful," said Ian.  
  
When we're all topless together, it's really not a big deal. But men will stare at breasts for hours, as if hypnotized by our power. She thought for a moment about what the cop had said and decided she was mistress of her own fate. She took off her shirt, right there in front of the Student Union. People turned to look, and she ignored them. She ignored the one of Ian's friends whose eyes almost popped out of his head, too, as he stared at her. She walked confidently forward.  
  
"Hi Ian," she said.  
  
"Uh, hi," said Ian.  
  
"Why settle for pictures, when you can have the real thing?" she asked. "You busy?"  
  
Ian stared for a half-second, but that was all it took. "Nope. Not at all. I was going to get some dinner, but I can put that off."  
  
"Good," Flora said. "Mind if I touch you?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
She meant to hug, but ended up kissing hard on the lips, and he kissed back. He was a surprisingly good kisser.  
  
"Take me someplace private," Flora said when they broke off. Whether this was a one-off or relationship material, it was time to get back on the horse. Time to ride that horse for several orgasms, in fact. And Ian would do just fine.  
  
"Later guys," said Ian, putting his arm around her. They walked away together. She didn't hear his friends say anything until they were almost out of earshot, and she liked to think she'd struck them speechless.  
  
Just barely, she heard one ask the other, "What just happened?"  
  
I just happened, that's what happened. When they got to his room, she was going to give him a show, and with any luck ride his cock. In the meantime, she was going to enjoy the stares of people as she walked across campus, arm in arm with a boy, while wearing nothing but a bra and miniskirt.

**Slut Class Ch. 04 - Oral Lesson**

Valerie Labelle opened the door of "slut class" with butterflies in her stomach, as usual. You never knew quite what to expect Nikki Love, the professor of Gender Studies 107, to come up with next.  
  
The classroom looked completely different. On the left wall there were four anatomically realistic dildos, about three feet off the ground. On the right wall, which was really a divider as the room had once been part of a large lecture hall, there were four holes at roughly the same height. In front of each hole and each wall-mounted dildo was a welcome mat.  
  
As usual, Nikki had dressed outlandishly. The latex catsuit she wore covered much more skin than usual, even though she had it unzipped to her navel. On the desk next to her was a laptop, some papers, a riding crop, another purple dildo, some leather straps, and the glasses she sometimes wore but apparently didn't need. Valerie was aware of Nikki's eyes on her as she walked in.  
  
Provocative dress was required in GS 107, and for some girls that meant deciding whether to wear a low cut top or a short skirt or simply something tight without a bra. Valerie had never been a small girl, although she wasn't tall. She was "overweight," her doctor would tell her, but her weight was well distributed. It didn't all go to her ass, or her stomach. Her large breasts would be sore if she walked around campus unsupported, so braless was out. Provocative for Valerie meant cleavage and lots of it, and today she managed that with a stretchy red top, unbuttoned to just below the bra line. At most angles you couldn't see the bra, just generous mounds of creamy flesh.  
  
Valerie had always thought of herself as plain before meeting Dr. Love. She knew her tits were large, because she had eyes and could see. If that hadn't been enough, the girls in gym class had teased her about it, and she'd always found them embarrassing. It was slowly dawning on her that the girls in High School had been jealous.  
  
Valerie hadn't been one of the girls who agreed to have topless pictures shown on the big screen in front of the student union, however. She was a bit too self-conscious for that, although she admired the girls who went for it. If that meant she got a B, that was the way it was going to have to go. She sat down in a chair, looking nervously between the two sides of the room. Dildos, and glory holes. Were there men on the other side? Presumably. Valerie took a deep breath and waited.  
  
At last, Nikki crossed the room and locked the door behind Jeni, a leggy brunette who had been the last person in. She walked back up to the front of class, and wrote on the board, all eyes on either her chalk or her very shiny latex covered ass.  
  
"Giving slutty blowjobs," she wrote, and then turned back.  
  
"How many of you have given a blowjob before?" she asked.  
  
Everyone raised their hands, even Abby. Valerie was not the only person who looked to see if Abby would raise her hand, presuming she wouldn't.  
  
"You go, girl," Stella said, drawing even more attention to the bashful girl.  
  
"How many of you have given a blowjob recently?"  
  
Valerie kept her hand down this time, Abby did not. Valerie suspected as much. It had probably been Abby's first time. She had confessed that she was a virgin on the first day, but Valerie suspected Abby's sexual inexperience went deeper than that.  
  
"Define recently?" asked Stella.  
  
"In the past two weeks."  
  
One hand went down, but Stella's hand went up. "I thought you meant in the last couple hours, or something."  
  
Nikki talked over the ensuing laughter. "Well, we're going to get some practice today. I've recruited a few boys from the school, and they're inside those booths. If you prefer, you can use one of our fine purple plastic friends on the wall there, and I have a strap on if you want to experiment with a female partner. What makes a good blowjob?"  
  
Several hands shot up. "Rachida?"  
  
"The way you swirl your tongue on the underside."  
  
"Yes, a lot of guys like that. Stella?"  
  
"Deep throating."  
  
"Definitely spectacular. Most guys love it, but they also report that the sensation isn't the reason. Even on men, the biggest sex organ is the brain, not the cock, so a good blowjob massages the brain. Which is part of why blowjobs on strap-ons are still hot, despite the lack of nerves. Jeni?"  
  
"Swallowing."  
  
"Think about the alternatives. If you don't swallow, you have to spit it out, and spitting indicates disgust in our culture. So yes, assuming we're talking a bio-cock and an orgasm, swallowing. Anyone else? Flora?"  
  
"Affection."  
  
Nikki smiled. "Yeah. If you want to give a good blowjob, it helps to really want to make the person you are blowing happy, to give them pleasure. Anyone else?"  
  
Silence.  
  
"Suppose for a moment that you are giving a blowjob to someone who is wearing a strap on, or one of our dildos on the wall. That means that things like swallowing aren't on the table. So how do you give a hot blowjob then?"  
  
Valerie smiled and raised her hand. She had no interest in giving blowjobs to women, but she thought she got where Nikki was going. "Make it look good."  
  
Nikki nodded. "Exactly? And how would you do that, Valerie?"  
  
"I'd um, exaggerate my movements. Try to take as much in as possible. Maybe make a point of gagging on it."  
  
"Good, good. How would you want to dress for a good, hot-looking blow job?"  
  
"Naked? Or sexy lingerie."  
  
"Either is good. Topless is usually as good as naked here, since the view of the rest of you is often blocked. How about posture?"  
  
Karen, a perky blonde who never seemed to wear a bra, raised her hand.  
  
"Karen?"  
  
"Kneeling."  
  
"Why kneeling?"  
  
"Because it, um, shows submission?"  
  
"Sure. And that's a turn on for many people. If that's not the dynamic you're going for, crouching is awesome." Nikki lowered herself into a squat. "It shows off your muscles, although it takes some exercise to maintain this pose. Even without submission, a lot of the things we've talked about point to the fact that partners often want to know that you're working for it—that they are worth working for. If you can pull this off, trust me, the person you are blowing will be impressed. Another question—hands, or no hands?" Nikki chuckled. "A show of hands for those who prefer hands."  
  
Half the class raised theirs.  
  
"It's easier to get someone off with hands. A recent poll showed that most receivers of blowjobs think they are hotter if the giver only uses their mouth. So, try no hands. But you can use your hands dramatically, too, and some men can't get off without the extra friction—and that's not the sort of thing they want to tell pollsters. If you're well-endowed you can easily mix in tit fucking. Also, one alternative to swallowing is to let your partner cum on your body, which means finishing with your hands. That avoids the problem spitting has if you don't like the taste. But it's a taste worth acquiring for any good slut. Any other observations?"  
  
The class was quiet. Clearly, Nikki knew her blowjobs. Which wasn't surprising, as there were at least thirty clips of their teacher giving head online. Valerie knew most of the other students had also watched some of their teacher's porn videos, and she had vivid images of Nikki performing most of the moves she'd talked about.  
  
"Okay, girls, tops off, because we want to imagine we're providing a good view."  
  
All the girls took their tops off. After last class, it wasn't even something to pause about.  
  
"Let's get to it. We're going to have to take turns, as there are twenty of you and only eight stations. You can choose whether to go for the dildos or the bio-cocks in the glory holes. Let's go reverse alphabetically this time, so our first cohort will be Veronica, Valerie, Theresa, Stella..."  
  
Shit. Which way do I go?  
  
She hesitated, which meant all the dildos were taken. Stella had gone for a glory hole, but most of the other girls had chosen purple plastic.  
  
"Valerie, if you really don't want to, you can wait and we can let someone else go. Or if you want to partner with someone and practice on the strap-on?" Nikki dangled the leather straps and dildo from her hand, looking around questioningly.  
  
Valerie shook her head. "Nope. Just couldn't decide which way to go," she said, and headed toward the last remaining glory hole, positioning herself between Stella and Veronica. She knelt, thinking that would be much more comfortable than crouching, which Stella was doing. She was thankful for the welcome mat.  
  
A half-hard cock thrust through the hole. Apparently imagining what was going to happen was enough to get whoever it was at least partly aroused. Valerie wrapped her hand around it. She couldn't believe she was about to suck a stranger's cock. He wouldn't know who was doing it, but word would get out about what happened today. No one would know who sucked plastic or the real thing, though.  
  
She took the cock into her mouth, letting go of it. It started growing almost immediately. She slid her lips along it and swirled her tongue against the underside. In less than a minute it was rock hard, and long enough to tickle the back of her throat.  
  
Of course the boys might recognize them by their voices. Nikki, she realized, had called her by name, just before she had knelt down. The boy probably knew who it was. If they didn't know her, they knew it was someone named Valerie. And she had no idea whose cock it was.  
  
"Remember to imagine your partner can see you," Nikki said to everyone. "Half naked, with their cock in your mouth. Such an erotic sight. Put on a show, for them, and for your classmates."  
  
Valerie looked over at her. Karen was waiting to talk to her, though, distracting Nikki's attention. Like most of the girls in class, Valerie valued the teacher's approval, but she didn't have a crush on the teacher like Karen seemed to. She turned her attention to the cock in front of her, letting her imagination take her away. What if he could see her? She looked up at the imaginary boy, and when that didn't work for her, she pretended there was a camera and he could see everything she did, even though she couldn't see him. She took him in as far as she could go, until she gagged on him, and then made the most of the sounds she naturally made. She alternated that with sliding her mouth up and down his cock fast, occasionally mixing in a gentle twisting motion from her hand. Her free hand cupped one of her large breasts and lifted it. She played with the nipple. She mimed sliding her hand between her legs. She started breathing harder, as if aroused. The more she pretended to be aroused, the more she actually was.  
  
"Oh, you're doing so good." Nikki had crouched next to her. "This is amazing. Everyone watch Valerie."  
  
Her cheeks turned red, and she lost the rhythm as the girls crowded around her. And again, the teacher had used her name. Did the boy know her? She had no way of knowing.  
  
"Keep going," Nikki said. "Imagine it's whoever you want it to be."  
  
Oh. Alan Connors, she supposed. He was the hottest guy in her Chemistry class, and she'd been too shy to ask him to be her lab partner. She shut out the rest of the room and focused on business. The cock in her mouth twitched. It was so hard, so big. She let it fill her mouth. Could she make it cum? She wanted to show off to everyone how skilled she was. It didn't seem fair, though, unless Dr. Love had more boys lined up. Maybe he'd be able to get hard again, but maybe he couldn't.  
  
She heard a sound, and her eyes shot towards Nikki again. Nikki was pointing a camera at her. She'd given consent to be recorded for educational purposes, but not to have her picture shown outside of class. She supposed it was okay. The release form a lot of the girls had signed last class would mean Nikki could put pictures of them doing anything up on the big screen for everyone in school to see.  
  
She was pretty sure none of them had thought that the very next class they might be filmed giving head. She tasted pre-cum, and she focused again. She felt the arousal build between her legs, and knew she was soaking her panties.  
  
The cock swelled in her mouth. Whoever it was, he was close. Just a little more and he'd shoot down her throat. Valerie redoubled her efforts, adding her hand, trying to make him to cum.  
  
"That's enough for now, ladies. Leave some for the next person." Nikki put a hand on Valerie's shoulder, as if to say, "This means you." Reluctantly, Valerie let go and pulled back. The cock was slick with her drool. He was almost there. She heard a frustrated groan from inside the booth.  
  
Then she smiled. She had power, even if the teacher wasn't letting her use it. That close, any man would be frantic to finish. She returned to her seat.  
  
"Good job, ladies, all of you. I'm going to put a picture of Valerie up on the big screen, because I think you can learn from it. That was a porn star quality blowjob, Valerie! Now the next girls are..."  
  
Valerie sat, thinking about what she had just done. Well, I didn't come here to be a blushing virgin. It was going to be pretty weird to sit and have people look at a picture of her with a cock in her mouth, though. Better than when they were all crowded around. Actually, they'd probably mostly look at the other girls doing it live, anyway. What was a picture supposed to accomplish?  
  
The girls all picked a side, and went to work. Except Karen, who went up to the front of the class. Nikki strapped-on the dildo that was on the desk, and Karen knelt in front of her. There wasn't a welcome mat there, just the hard floor, but Karen didn't seem to mind. While Karen took the strap-on into her mouth, Nikki leaned over and pushed a button on her laptop.  
  
Nikki hadn't "taken a picture"—she had full motion video. And yeah, Valerie did look like a porn star giving head. Maybe not your typical skinny porn star, but it was a good angle, showing off her breasts and the side of her face without showing much more. My best features. Well, my best features, with a cock in my mouth.  
  
Wow, I look like I really wanted it. I did, didn't I? I give great head. She grinned, turned on by how hot she looked. It didn't seem so bad that the guy knew her name, now. Guys would talk; that's how they were. And they'd compare. Looking at the screen, she was sure she would get a great review.  
  
Rachida nudged her. "I think Dr. Love is trying to get your attention," she whispered.  
  
"Oh!" Sure enough, Nikki was pointing to her, and then to the camera on her desk. Hmm? Oh.  
  
Valerie got up. Walking around topless in front of the other girls wasn't a big deal anymore. She picked up the camera and started filming Karen sucking on Nikki's plastic cock. Clearly, Karen was doing her best, as her eyes bulged, gagging on it. Her technique wasn't the same as Valerie's, but it was impressive in her own way, as she tried to take the whole nine-inch dildo in her mouth, broke off gasping, and then tried again even harder.  
  
That's so hot. Valerie got even more turned on watching.  
  
She'd seen Karen's perky tits on the big screen. Karen had signed the waiver. Nikki could do whatever she wanted with the footage. It made Valerie feel a little guilty, and she wondered if she should take video of someone else, although she had already gotten plenty of Karen. She moved, and started filming Melissa instead, who had not been on the big screen and was sucking a thick cock. As she did, she glanced around. A few of the girls were watching the video, but most of them were watching the other girls at the booths.  
  
I never thought I'd be in class where the way to be inconspicuous is to suck on a purple plastic dildo attached to a wall.  
  
"We're ready for the last group," Nikki said. She had her fist full of Karen's hair as she read off the names of the last few girls. They all headed for the real-live cocks, even shy Abigail.  
  
Karen looked up at Nikki, and Nikki told her, "You're not going anywhere."  
  
Karen nodded by bobbing up and down on the teacher's strap-on.  
  
Valerie handed the camera to Rachida and let her take pictures for a while. Valerie was horny. She looked around to see if anyone was watching her, and saw that Stella had her shorts unbuttoned and was rubbing herself furiously.  
  
Well, then. Valerie lifted her skirt, pulled aside her panties, and started rubbing her clit. It had never been hard for her to come, and she quickly got some release. She had to bite her lip to stop from crying out. Usually, if she kept going, she could get a bigger one. She was tempted. Her fingers kept moving in the way her pussy wanted. But she wasn't sure she could stay quiet if all that had built up inside her came out at once. Gonna go straight to my dorm room after this.  
  
She leaned back and closed her eyes. Watching herself was making her horny. Watching Karen was making her horny. Watching the other girls suck cock was making her horny. She didn't want to be as frustrated as she'd left that guy all the way back to her dorm room.  
  
"Valerie, can I talk to you?" said Nikki.  
  
Valerie opened her eyes. Nikki was at her desk, fully dressed again. The class was filing out, and the other girls had their tops back on. She jolted herself upright. Did I fall asleep? Uh-oh, am I in trouble?  
  
Valerie walked up, fastening her bra as she went.  
  
"You were so good at that," Nikki said. "And you obviously really like giving blowjobs."  
  
Valerie nodded. "I guess I do," she said.  
  
"You were really showing off."  
  
"I guess I was."  
  
"You guess?"  
  
"Yes, I was showing off. That's good, right?"  
  
Nikki smiled. "Very good. I noticed you didn't sign a waiver, last week."  
  
"I — well, I'm kinda shy about my body. I'm not, well, you know, a lot of the other girls look so good, and I'm a bit ..."  
  
"Sexy. Curvy. Hot."  
  
"Those weren't the words I was going to use," said Valerie. Overweight. Thick. Fat.  
  
"Anyone who sees you giving a blowjob will want one too. Even me, and I don't even have a dick. Well, except for this one." Nikki lifted the dildo off the table. "And no, that wasn't an offer. It wouldn't be appropriate for me to do something like that with my students, outside of class."  
  
Not entirely sure it's appropriate inside of class, either, although I suppose you could claim it was educational. "What are you trying to say?"  
  
"I'm saying you are a gorgeous, sexy, beautiful woman, and you have nothing to hide. I think you should let me show that video with the school."  
  
"I couldn't."  
  
"I think you could. I'm sure you have no trouble getting men to pay attention to you, but it pays to advertise, and you'll have boys lining up for you if they see what you're capable of. You'll be the Labelle of the ball."  
  
Valerie groaned. "That was a very bad pun."  
  
"It was better than the one about being big on campus," said Nikki.  
  
"You mean on the screen."  
  
"Yes. I mean on the screen."  
  
Valerie thought about it. She heard a noise. People were filing in for the next class, and she was still just in her bra. She looked at the screen. It was blank, at least.  
  
Valerie shrugged. Oh well. Some of the other girls had been walking around campus with less, including Flora, who she had at first thought was a bit stuffy. "Are you going to bribe me with a grade?"  
  
"No. I'm not. I'm just going to say you look awesome giving head, and that it's a shame not to share." Nikki put her hand on the mouse and looked at Valerie. "We're going to have to clear out. Shall I, or not?"  
  
"Do it," said Valerie, having second, third, and fourth thoughts in the time it took her to say it.  
  
"Done," said Nikki, pressing a button. "I knew you were a natural slut. You don't need a grade bribe. You're going to do great."  
  
Valerie smiled nervously and turned. Most everyone was staring at her, although a few people were looking at Nikki. She's gorgeous, and more people are looking at me. Let them stare.

She went back to her desk and got her backpack, aware that people got an even better view of her tits when she bent over like that. She did it again to get her shirt. They can see everything anyway, might as well go for good presentation. She held their attention all the way outside of class. The usual crowd that watched the "sluts" leave class had dissipated, as most of the girls were long gone, so she put her top back on in an almost empty hall.  
  
Then she went outside, and looked across the quad at the big screen, made small by distance. She could see it was showing her. She wasn't quite brave enough to head that way, but it turned her on to see that there was a crowd watching her. She kept watching until her video gave way to one of Karen, sucking on Dr. Love's big purple strap-on, and then headed toward her dorm.  
  
Her attempt to be less horny until she was there had failed spectacularly. Her panties were wet against her pussy. She hurried as fast as she could go. She enjoyed male attention, but right now she needed her vibrator.  
  
Then, when I'm nice and satisfied, I'll see if she's right about it paying to advertise.