

As a pretty Asian professor in Feminism and East Asia Studies, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of amusement as I watched my students file into the classroom for maybe the sixth time of this semester. They were almost exclusively caucasian middle class with a low degree of enthusiasm for the subject matter. But one face in particular caught my eye - a handsome white boy named Andrew with big blue eyes who always seemed to be hanging around campus even when he wasn't enrolled in any classes.

I always had a thing for white guys, exclusively dating them growing up in California but ever since I got my professor job down in Texas I had to pause my love life for my career.



I cleared my throat and began my lecture, trying not to let my nerves get the better of me as I spoke about feminist theory and contemporary issues facing women today. As usual, the students were attentive at first but soon grew restless under the weight of my strictness.



That's when Mark made his move. Slipping quietly up behind me at the first short break, he whispered something in my ear that caused me to freeze momentarily. His voice was honey-smooth, almost hypnotic, and it felt like a warm current running through my veins as I turned around to face him.

"Here's some tea," he said softly, holding out a steaming cup. "It might help you relax."

Before I knew what was happening, I thanked him and took a big sip, the scent of lavender and vanilla overwhelmed me and my eyes began to flutter shut. The last thing I remember was feeling his strong arms lift me up gently before everything went black.



When I awoke again, it took me a moment to orient myself in my surroundings. But as reality set in, I found myself lying on my desk in the same classroom filled with maybe 20 or so young people naked but their heads covered wearing ski masks and sunglasses - everyone was naked in the Classroom except for one figure clad head-to-toe in slutty schoolgirl attire: me.

I gasped as the realization dawned on me that I was no longer wearing my usual modest professor outfit but instead had been transformed into some kind of provocative fantasy - a tight miniskirt hugged my petite frame, black thong and stockings clung to my legs like second skin, high heels elongated my shapely calves, and I even felt a small butt plug was inserted between my cheeks.

As if that wasn't enough of a shock, I glanced around the room to see at least 20 or 30 hard cocks pointing right at me - some of them already leaking pre-cum onto the floor. My heart rate quickened and my face flushed with embarrassment and arousal, but there was something else in the air too: an almost palpable sense of anticipation from both the men and women present.

"Welcome back, professor," came Mark's voice from one of the anonymous students with faces covered. "I hope you enjoy your new outfit we have gifted to you."



With that, he stepped forward and handed me his big hand. I looked down at it uncertainly before raising my eyes to meet him once again - only this time, they were filled with lustful hunger instead of concern for my well-being. Without another word, I took his hand and began to walk towards the center of the room where a large, empty stage waited patiently for my new lecture.





My heart was pounding now, and not just from fear or confusion - beneath my tight uniform of lust, I could feel myself growing wet with desire for these student strangers who had somehow taken control over me so effortlessly. As I climbed up onto the stage and positioned myself in front of the waiting crowd, all I could think about was how eager they seemed to have their way with me - and how much I wanted them to do it. The young boys stroking their hard cocks in front of me.



She glanced over to the door to her classroom but saw that it was locked. Her key was in her purse but she had no idea where they had taken her purse. The realization that she was locked in the classroom with no way out sent a wave of panic through the petite Asian professor. But as she looked around at the sea of naked bodies surrounding her, she couldn't help but feel an unexpected thrill course through her veins.





"Fine," she said finally, her voice quivering with both fear and arousal. "But I will only help you guys get off if it means I can get out of here faster."



Without further hesitation, she began to make her way through the crowd, kissing and licking every hard white cock that crossed her path. The taste of precum on their heads sent shivers down her spine, and the feel of their warm flesh against her skin made her wetter than she could ever remember being.



As she bobbed up and down on one particularly large member, she felt a hand slap her bare ass cheek hard enough to sting. She looked up to see Mark grinning wickedly at her from behind his ski mask.



"That's my brown little rice slut," he growled. "Show these guys what you're made of."





With renewed vigor, she sucked harder on the cock in her mouth while using her free hand to stroke another one that was pointing towards her face. The feeling of power and control over these men - even if it was only temporary - was exhilarating. She could feel herself getting closer to the edge of orgasm with every passing second, but she refused to give into them yet.

Instead, she continued her oral exploration of their cocks, taking as many loads in her mouth as they were willing to give her. When she felt a particularly hot stream hitting the back of her throat, she moaned loudly and swallowed every drop greedily. Her body was on fire now, aching for release but also desperate for more.

As she looked up at the faces around her - some masked, some not - she realized that this was exactly what they wanted. They were using her as a vessel for their own pleasure, manipulating her body and mind until there was nothing left but raw animal instinct. And somehow, she didn't mind one bit.

The professor couldn't believe what was happening to her. She had always been so strict with her students, never allowing any kind of inappropriate behavior or language.

But now, as she was being used like a common whore by these strangers, all those rules and boundaries seemed to melt away.

She felt herself being lifted up onto the desk at the front of the room, her legs spread wide open for all to see. She gasped as yet another fat cock entered her tight cunt, filling her up completely. The sensation was overwhelming - hot and hard and so fucking good.



As she was pounded from behind, she felt a hand reach down between her legs and start rubbing her clit. She arched her back and moaned loudly, unable to contain the wave of pleasure coursing through her body. "Fuck yeah," someone shouted from off to the side, their voice muffled by the ski mask. "Take it like the dirty little slut you are."



And just like that, she snapped. All of a sudden, she was no longer the strict professor or the Asian girl next door - she was nothing but raw lust and primal desire. She gobbled down on the cock buried deep in her throat, drawing cum as she moaned around it. "Fuck me harder, make me your own little brown slut!!" she cried out, her voice echoing through the room.





The men responded to her plea with a fervor that took her breath away. They pounded into her from every angle - up her ass, down her throat, even inside her mouth while another cock fucked her cunt. She couldn't keep track of who was doing what or how many were involved, but she didn't care anymore.



All that mattered was the feeling of being used - owned and controlled completely by these strangers who had taken away every shred of dignity and self-respect she ever possessed. And yet, somehow, it felt fucking amazing.





As the professor watched, her heart raced with a mixture of horror and excitement. She saw some of the female students being taken advantage of just like she was, them moaning and laughing as they fucked with their anonymous classmates. But instead of feeling sorry for them or wanting to protect them, all she could think about was how much she wanted to join in.



A hand snaked around her neck from behind, pulling her into a rough kiss with one of the male students. She tried to resist at first, but something inside her broke free - maybe it was the drugs in the tea or simply the overwhelming desire to submit completely. Whatever it was, she let herself be led like a lamb to the slaughter.

The next thing she knew, she was on her knees in front of another male student, her mouth open and ready for whatever he had to give her. His cock tasted salty and bitter from his previous conquests, but she didn't care - all that mattered was the feel of him pulsating in her mouth as she sucked him off eagerly.



As if that wasn't enough, another hand grasped her hair roughly and forced her head down towards a female student's cunt. She hesitated for just a moment before taking the woman's scent into her nostrils - musky and sweet with an undercurrent of fear. Without further thought, she lowered her face and began licking and kissing the girl's tight pussy, cleaning up every drop of cum that had been left behind.

"See how eager you are to please us, professor?" one of the male students taunted from off to the side. His voice was muffled by his ski mask but still managed to carry an air of menace. "You're nothing but a dirty little brown slut, aren't you?"

Another student joined in, laughing cruelly as he watched her clean up his cum from another girl's pussy. "Look at that - such a good cumsucker!" He slapped her ass hard enough to sting, making her yelp in pain and surprise.

The professor tried to ignore them, focusing instead on pleasuring the female student in front of her. But their words cut deep, echoing through her mind like a mantra of shame and degradation. She had never imagined that she would find herself in this position - used and abused by her own students like some kind of sex toy.

As she continued to clean up cum from between the girl's legs, she couldn't help but wonder how far they were willing to take this. And more importantly, what she was willing to do to keep them satisfied. Because deep down inside, despite the humiliation and fear, there was still a part of her that craved their attention - their lustful gazes and rough hands on her body.

It was a twisted sort of addiction, one that left her feeling both dirty and desired all at once. But for now, she would play along – after all, it wasn't like she had much of a choice in the matter.

And then, just when she thought things couldn't get any more twisted, a third cock entered her ass from behind. She screamed out in mixed pleasure and pain as she was taken roughly from behind once again. Her whole body shook with each thrust, but still she took it - welcoming the violation deep inside her most sacred space.



As the men continued to use her body for their own twisted pleasure, all the while recording every moment on their phones, the professor realized that this was exactly what she had been craving all along. She might never be able to go back to the person she used to be, but at least she could embrace the darkness within herself without fear or judgment.

As the hour passed, the professor was taken again and again by various students - some rougher than others. She lost count of how many cocks had filled her mouth, cunt, and ass, but she knew it was more than enough to make her feel used up and dirty.

When it was finally over, she collapsed onto the floor, panting heavily as she tried to catch her breath. Her body ached in places she didn't even know could hurt, and there was a sticky mess between her legs that made her want nothing more than to take a long, hot shower.

As she lay there, exhausted but still aroused, she heard Mark's voice calling out to her from somewhere nearby. "Here, drink this," he said, holding out another cup of tea for



her. Without thinking, she took it gratefully and gulped down the sweet liquid, feeling its warmth spread through her body like a soothing balm.

The professor woke up to find herself sprawled naked on her bed except for wearing a new tiny pink gstring, aching all over. Her mind was still foggy from whatever drug they had given her earlier, but she could already feel the familiar sting of sore muscles and tender flesh between her thighs.

As she sat up slowly, wincing as her jaw, cunt and ass was a bit sore, she noticed something strange about her ankle – it felt like it was burning. Looking down she saw in horror a tiny fresh tattoo with the text "my first happy gangbang, June 1st, 2025" written on it in delicate pink script. Her heart sank as realization dawned on her: they had marked her as their property, branding her as a willing participant in this twisted game of sexual domination and submission.

She couldn't help but feel ashamed and dirty, knowing what she had done under the influence of whatever drug they had given her. But at the same time, there was an odd sense of excitement bubbling beneath the surface – a dark thrill that came from pushing boundaries and exploring the deepest, most forbidden corners of her desires.

With a sigh, she reached for her phone to check the time. It was already late afternoon; classes would start again tomorrow. And as she thought about facing her students once more – some of whom might have seen or heard about what had happened earlier today – she couldn't help but feel both anxious and aroused.

This wasn't how it was supposed to be. She was supposed to be a respected professor, not some slutty schoolgirl who would do anything for attention. But deep down inside, she knew that the line between fantasy and reality had blurred long ago – and now there was no going back.

As Professor June approached her classroom the next day, she could feel the eyes of her students on her - burning with curiosity and anticipation. Her heart raced in her chest as she opened the door and stepped inside, wondering which of them had been inside of her or seen her naked.

But it was clear from their reactions that they did indeed know what had happened. There were whistles and catcalls, along with some laughter that sounded disturbingly genuine. And when she turned around to face them, she saw that several students had cameras out already, ready to capture every moment of her humiliation.

Feeling a wave of shame wash over her, June forced herself to stand tall and straight. "Class," she said, trying to keep her voice steady despite the trembling in her throat. "Let's get started."

There were some snickers at that, but for the most part, the students seemed content to watch her squirm. They knew they held all the power now - and they weren't afraid to use it.



As class progressed, June found herself struggling to focus on the lecture material. All she could think about was how exposed and vulnerable she felt in front of these students – some of whom she had once respected as scholars and intellectuals.

But even amidst her despair, there was a part of her that couldn't help but feel aroused by the attention. It was twisted and sickening, yet somehow thrilling all at the same time. And so she continued to teach, thinking maybe she could sneak in naked to a frat party tonight.



A strict professor is drugged and transformed into a slutty schoolgirl for her students' pleasure.