

Group Project Part One

Is there anything worse than group projects? Honor roll all through high school, top 5% of my class, dean's list every semester so far through college... my experience had taught me that "group project" was really just code for "Susie does everything herself."

This was going to be no exception. We had a group of four, and what a trio my partners were. First there was Alan, one of those geeks who could somehow broadcast their dorkiness while still leaving no doubt they weren't actually smart. While the group was setting up our meeting to hammer this thing out, I'd noticed he was wearing a Dungeons and Dragons t-shirt. He saw me noticing, and gave me a nod like I'd noticed he had a ten-inch dick.

Next up was Colin, a scholarship football player who only came to class when he felt like it, which wasn't often. My impression of him was that even if he did, the beefcake would be an albatross around our necks. Admittedly the jock might actually have a ten-inch dick, but his buff bod didn't do anything for me. I was only attracted to a man's mind, which was why I was usually single.

And finally, rounding out our group was the worst of all, Tracie. She and I had lived in the same dorm freshman year, though I'm sure she wouldn't remember me. I sure remembered her though — she was part of that cadre of girls who was out either pledging their sorority or attending frat parties every night of the week, and lucky us, we got to mop up their puke when they stumbled back in. She was mean, shallow and vapid. The mean I could get behind, but that was where my admiration ended.

Ding-dong.

I sighed. We'd decided my apartment made the most sense as a meeting place — private, near campus, and while I hadn't said as much, I figured if I was going to be doing all the work, I at least wanted to do it in the comfort of my own home. I glanced at myself in my camera one more time, making sure I looked presentable enough not to get condescending looks from Tracie while still not giving the boys the slightest hint that I was dressing up for them. (I've always had kind of a "hot nerd girl" thing, a plain sort of pretty, tall and leggy, but pale and relatively flat-chested. My butt had gotten a little bigger in college, but nothing else had. I was OK with a little booty. Tonight it was in a pair of comfy jeans, my modest chest in a cute top with a sweater vest over it.

Ding-dong.

All right, no more delaying. I opened the door and let in Alan, who was standing there with his backpack slung over his broad shoulders, a dopey grin on his face. Rather than greet him, I gave voice to my immediate displeasure. "Where's Colin? I thought you said you'd give him a ride over."

He stepped in and took off his backpack, dropping it on my couch like he lived here. "He and I met earlier, actually, and we laid a lot of the ground work. I told him he'd done enough already — really, I was just worried he'd mess things up. I figured this project was better off in capable hands like yours and mine, eh Susie?"

More like mine alone, but sure, flatter yourself, doughboy. "Sure. Well you can have a seat at the table there, and let's look over what you guys came up with." I figured the faster I went through and discarded their crummy ideas, the faster I could get the real work underway.

So sit we did. “Well first off, I guess I should tell you we did a little bit of a topic shift. I approved it with the prof, so we’re still cool.”

“What? You can’t shift topics without clearing it with your group members, Alan.” I scowled. Our class was called Women in the Media, and our project had been centered around analyzing the evolving role of the wife and mother archetype in sitcoms over the past forty years. Dry, sure, but I’d hoped my neanderthal group mates would at least have watched some TV and be able to contribute.

“Well, maybe I should wait to explain until Tracie’s here too, just so we don’t have to re-discuss it when she arrives,” Alan said.

“She texted me a little bit ago. She can’t make it for another hour or so, at least. Claimed some kind of emergency came up.” I rolled my eyes to make it clear I didn’t buy her vague excuse for a second.

“Oh. Well that’s probably perfect actually.” He pulled out his cell phone (a model I’d never seen before) and began hitting buttons, typing something, then set it down in the middle of the table. I could feel a steady vibration begin pulsing through the tabletop, buzzing right through my whole body.

“Hey, do you mind? You can text your friends later.”

“Right, right. I shouldn’t need to touch it again, sorry. So yeah, let’s talk topic. I thought it’d be cool to do our project on slut-shaming.”

“Hmm, that could be interesting,” I conceded. It was definitely something on my social justice radar; few things got under my skin faster than seeing women mistreated or underestimated because of their appearance. It had happened to me countless times over the years, as my glasses could only do so much to remind people I was an academic.

“Right? I was thinking maybe we could explore the issue, do a little defining of the term for anyone not familiar with it, then we could do, like, a positive way to treat a girl.”

“A woman, you mean,” I corrected firmly. “Saying ‘girl’ is like me calling you a ‘boy.’” I shivered a little as a strong pulse of vibrations ran through me.

“Oh right, of course, good call. Now since the professor gave us so much room to decide on a format, I was thinking some skits would be good, and then maybe a little narrating to help explain our point.”

I nodded. “A skit sounds good,” I agreed.

“Sweet. So, since it’s just you and me for now, and we’ll want to start at the beginning, I was thinking you could be the slut.” Alan grinned.

“Be the what?” I arched an eyebrow.

“You know, if we’re going to show them what slut-shaming is, we’ll need a slut to shame.”

Another little pulse shook the table. “Oh. Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“Good, good. So why don’t we go get you changed into something really slutty?”

He said it like it made total sense, but somehow it didn’t quite click for me. “Why would I need to do that? We’re just writing the skit right now.”

Alan shook his head. “The script is already pretty much done — a little room to improvise, but I came good and prepared.”

“Oh. So can I see it?”

“Let’s just do a trial run, see how it goes — then we can go back and revise after.”

Another valid point. Alan was proving to be a much more capable group partner than I'd given him credit for. I excused myself from the table, but Alan just followed me back to my bedroom. Even though I'd tidied up earlier, I didn't really like him in there. Still, just like he explained as I stripped out of the clothes I was wearing, he'd have good insights into what a stereotypical slut would look like.

Not surprisingly, I didn't really have a lot of real "slut wear," as he called it. I was pretty modest about showing my body precisely to avoid that kind of response. Alan was rather clever though, and did some on-the-spot modifications. A pair of my skinny jeans lost their legs (and the lower half of the ass, and then the crotch). More creative still, he took a pair of my leggings and cut still another leg off, then by cutting off the foot, fashioned it into a strapless tube top. Luckily I was fairly slender and only a B-cup. While it fit, it may as well have been painted on, considering how tight it was.

To be helpful, I held his phone for him the whole time he worked, the vibrations pounding into me. This was really going to run down his battery.

I felt slutty as hell in this outfit — downright whorish, really — but Alan said we still weren't quite done. He guided me to the bathroom, and for the next fifteen minutes I caked on makeup like I hadn't since middle school. Way, way too much of everything, with dark eyes and creamy skin and glitter across the exposed part of my chest, all capped off by bright pink lipstick that was so glossy it could signal low-flying aircraft.

To make sure it was a really slutty look, Alan stuck his index finger in my mouth and slid it in and out to look like I was blowing him. I watched myself in the mirror, and it definitely looked immensely slutty.

"So let's see your script," I said, trying to nudge my partner along. We'd moved back to the table, though this time he'd told me to lie on top of it on my side, legs in a figure 4 and my little boobs threatening to slip out of my makeshift top. (He hadn't made a copy of it, so this way we could both read it together.)

He set down a single sheet of paper on the table between us. I finished reading it in less than a second, then looked up at him annoyed. "This? This is what you and Colin came up with?"

It was five words, no more. *Treat Susie like a slut.*

"Who? Oh yeah, Colin. Um, it was mostly me, actually. I thought, smart as you are, you'd have some good ideas for it. I know I do; I just didn't write them down."

"Well as enlightening as your 'script' is, it's not something I've devoted much thought to."

"Well, why don't you improvise? See what works." He suddenly seemed to remember something, then withdrew his cell phone and reached between my legs to set it on the table behind me, its thrum immediately noticeable.

I thought it over, then reached down and grabbed the same hand that had deposited the phone. I guided it back between my legs, this time setting it on my upper thigh. He had a clear view of my pussy, and his hand was only inches away from it. I hadn't planned on anyone seeing it tonight, but I wasn't one to trim or shave the thing anyway.

"Hmm, this is a good start..." Alan didn't sound all that convinced as he squeezed my thigh softly.

"What? Groping my bare thigh is pretty slutty, I think."

"Sure, but it's just a leg. It's not bad, but it's not all that slutty."

“What did you have in mind? My rear end? My breasts? My vagina?” Those were all definitely more brazen, but I didn’t want to make him uncomfortable or anything.

Alan made a face and drew his hand back like he was repulsed. “Susie, you’re still talking like the genius girl--”

“Woman.”

--right, woman, that you are. You need to talk like a slut. How do sluts sound, Susie? Surely you’ve known some.”

I thought it over. Dirty talking wasn’t something that had ever come naturally to me, but I’d been in locker rooms and around party girls in the dorm’s shared bathroom. I knew what kinds of terms that kind of girl used. No problem — I had an excellent vocabulary.

“Sorry, Alan. I meant to ask if you wanted to play with my nice round ass, my cute little titties, or just go right for the cunt? Or are you not comfortable with that?” Much sluttier. I could practically feel my grade going up, almost as strongly as the feeling of that phone vibrating.

Alan laughed for some reason, but then suddenly looked shy. Was he faking it? Why would he bother? “Um, yeah Susie, maybe you could help me get more comfortable by being a slut for me. That’d be pretty nice.”

I nodded, and got to work like the straight-A student I was. He said to start with the visuals, so I started by bending over the table right in front of him and doing a little twerking, shaking my booty in his face. Then I sat down straddling his lap, slowly peeling up my top to show him my ta-tas with one hand while I sucked on my finger on the other.

“Um, Alan, your...” I pointed down to his crotch, making a face. This was a skit, after all; his erection was rather inappropriate.

“Shut up and rub your tits in my face, you dumb cunt,” Alan said.

My eyes widened in shock. Never in my life had a man spoken to me in such a way! “How *dare* you!” I began, but Alan suddenly pressed his vibrating phone against my chest and cut me off.

“Susie, did you forget our project topic?”

“Slut-shaming, obviously. Why do you think I’m dressed like a needy whore with no self-respect, throwing myself at the first cock that comes along?” I mentally patted myself on the back for being so good at staying in character.

“Right. So if I treat you with respect and dignity...”

I rolled my eyes at my own short-sightedness. “Oh, of course! Sorry, my mind wasn’t fully in the sketch. Go ahead.”

Alan grinned as he leaned down to plant his face between my boobs. I squashed them against his face the best I could — I was only a B cup, after all — and then I just sat there while he motor-boated me, transitioning eventually into sucking on my nipples so hard it was like he was trying to suck them clean off.

And to think I’d been afraid none of my partners would be worth a damn.

“So,” I ventured as he worked, “do you think maybe I should do some kind of voice-over here to point out how even if a woman might be very in touch with her sexuality, it shouldn’t cause people to think less of her intelligence?”

“Actually,” Alan said after a little more sucking, “I was thinking kind of the opposite direction. You know, how we shouldn’t mistreat a girl even if she’s a total airhead with nothing going on for her but a hot body and no self-respect.”

It was like a light bulb went off in my head. Of course! While I was obviously no bimbo myself, it was still worth noting that even girls who were, shall we say, less cerebral than myself, still deserved respectful treatment.

“Like, totally!” I gushed.

“Right? I mean, say a girl isn’t even a feminist herself — like some total tramp who lives and breathes pleasing men, knows she can’t think as well as men can and doesn’t care, who’s proud that people only think of her as a set of tits, cunt and ass. Doesn’t *that* girl still not deserve to be shamed?”

“OMG, you’re sooooooo smart, Alan!” I said, leaning down to kiss him, my tongue sliding right into his mouth as my hips rocked up and down in the best lap dance I knew how to give. It was actually really easy to giggle inanely as I pulled back, letting the notion that this greasy, chubby boy was my superior inspire my laughter.

“Susie, if I don’t get my dick in you pretty soon, I’m gonna spank you like the little brat you are.”

“Ooooh, promise?” I asked, giggling. Alan was doing such a good job at shaming me — I was mortified to my core by my behavior. It was just a skit, obviously, but we were both pretty decent actors, and I supposed it was about as easy for him to think of me as some ditzzy jizz dumpster as it was for me to think of him as the lucky guy my needy cunt was gonna squeeze the juice out of tonight.

Turns out, my partner was a pretty serious actor. He stood up, letting me fall right down on my ass on my kitchen floor with a loud thump. “Hey, be careful, you could hurrrrrrrrt... some...” I trailed off as he offered me a hand to stand up; in his hand was that vibrating phone of his.

“I’m about to,” he replied, pushing down on my shoulders so I was bent over the table, my big ass up in the air. He left his phone in my hand as he pulled my jean skirt up over my butt. Was I about to be spanked? I’d never even been spanked by my parents, much less by some horny nerd. (Not that this was sexual for him; just that I’d noticed he was checking me out here and there while we workshopped the script. I was pretty sure he was into me. Gross.)

Then he started raining down the blows. I tried counting them at first, but soon decided my moron bimboslut persona wouldn’t be much for numbers, especially as we got into double digits. I giggled at myself for “forgetting” how to count, then squeaked in surprise and pain as Alan smacked my ass again, praising me for having such a nice big butt to jiggle around for him while he punished me.

I had to hand it to him. He really understood how to slut-shame a girl.

I was still lying there face down on the table, hand throbbing with the digital pulse of his phone, ass throbbing with redness and pain, cunt throbbing with the arousal my slut character would definitely feel at being used like a cheap hooker, when... *Ding-dong*.

I tried to stand up, letting a moment of self-consciousness overwhelm me at the thought of someone walking in on me like this before I could even realize that this was the best possible way to be discovered, about as shameful as a slut could look. That would be Tracie, who probably behaved like this script or no script. *God, what a little slut*, I thought as Alan gave me one last whack on my bare ass.

“Susie, your cunt’s so fucking wet you’re stinking up the apartment — go clean that mess up,” Alan ordered as he tucked his cell phone into the back of my skirt.

“Nicely done,” I said as I stood up. “I *hate* being bossed around by a guy — definitely a perfectly embarrassing line. We’ll have to use that.”

I made for the bathroom as Alan let Tracie in. I took my time, figuring he could bring her up to speed while I took care of my end. I began by obeying his suggestion — a stupid little slut would do as she was told when it came to things like readying herself to get fucked, after all. Then I took a long look at my thick jungle of fur down there and decided it ought to go. What was sluttier than an adult woman who shaved her pussy for male amusement?

A while later, I returned to the living room, my skirt hiked up high enough that my newly bald snatch could be seen at the bottom. Alan and Tracie were seated next to one another at the table, and of all things, I saw he had a second cell phone of that same unfamiliar make sitting in the space between them. What the heck did he need two of them for?

“Hey guys,” I said as I took a seat across from Alan.

Tracie looked at me calmly, which I thought was pretty polite considering how hard I was channeling my inner slut. “Hey Susie. Alan was just telling me about the script you two were working on. It sounds pretty good, I think.”

I nodded. “It’s such an important issue, and I think we’ve been doing a good job at showing how damaging slut-shaming can be to women’s self-esteem and their ability to be taken seriously.”

“No kidding — when you walked in, for a second I thought I was at some two-dollar whorehouse instead of Miss Priss’s apartment.” She laughed, and it was decidedly *at* me rather than with me. Just like a regular girl would at a slut like this.

“Nice shave-job,” Alan added. “Nothing looks sluttier on a bitch than naked cunt lips.”

I nodded. “That was why I did it.”

“So what happens now?” Tracie asked.

“Well, Susie and I were getting pretty close to being done with her part of the project.” As if to indicate what he meant by that, he stood up and lowered his pants and underwear. His cock was maybe a bit more impressive than the rest of him, which was to say it didn’t disappoint. “I was thinking maybe you could start thinking over your own character for your sketches and kind of start practicing her while we go?”

Tracie nodded, but I had to interject. “Wait, you guys already started planning the other half of the sketch without me?”

“Shh, fuck toys were meant to use their mouths to suck men off, not ask questions their little girl brains would never understand the answers to anyway.”

“Right, duh — thanks, Alan,” I said, slipping down to my knees. It was good of him to help me get back in character like that. I thought about the kind of blowjob a girl like Susieslut — as I was beginning to think of my character — would give. It would be loud, and sloppy, and uncomfortable. Degrading, if I could. Alan understood this, and slapped me in the cheeks with his hard cock a few times before letting me take him in my mouth.

“Well, useless moron whore or no, Susie should still probably know what to expect,” Tracie said, sitting by calmly as Alan and I continued script work. “I’m going to be a woman Alan deeply respects, and so the way he treats me will be kind of a, um... oh, what’s the word...”

“Foil,” I said between slurps.

“Right, a foil for your character. So like now, he’s got you on your knees sucking him off like he’s doing you a favor. With me, he might sixty-nine me to show how we’re both supposed to be getting one another off.”

“Exactly,” Alan said after a grunt of pleasure from my efforts. Ugh, I hope he wasn’t actually enjoying this. Be professional, dude. “So you, I might call a walking talking fuck hole cluster; Tracie here I might say is the sexiest piece of ass I’ve seen all year. You I’d grope whenever I feel like it because I wouldn’t think to ask permission from a girl as easy as you; Tracie I’d grope whenever I feel like it because she means so much to me I just can’t keep my hands off her.”

“Awww, Alan, that’s the sweetest thing a guy has ever said to me,” Tracie said, her voice dripping sap. As she went on to praise him for having the biggest bestest dick she’d ever been fucked by, saying how much she wished she could be me right now, I was fast learning that she was not nearly as good of an actor as Alan or I. Her lines came across as totally fake. Not sarcastic, quite, just the tone of someone who’s never had a romantic feeling in her life and doesn’t really know what love sounds like.

I hated to cut them off, but it was important to stay organized and on task. “Alan, like, would you mind cumming on my face? I *soooooo* love it when a guy paints my face with his jizz.” There, that’d be a good line for our script.

“Wish I could,” Alan replied. It seemed like he was trying to ignore Tracie as she came up behind him and pressed her body against his back, kissing up and down his neck. “But I think my spunk’s got another destination in mind. Get your booty up here again.”

“Awww, but I love sucking dick all the time!” I whined, giving him pouty eyes as I sucked him back into my mouth and as far down my throat as I could. Nah, too heavy-handed. Maybe *aww, but I was just starting to have fun* would work? Or was it OK to briefly consider Susieslut’s enjoyment?

He snapped his fingers and pointed. “Now. Or do I have to spank you into submission again?” As if Susieslut needed any encouragement to submit to a man’s sexual desires.

“You spanked her? Man, this bitch doesn’t have a shred of self-respect, does she,” Tracie commented, flicking me in the cheeks with thumb and middle-finger, taunting me.

“I only have one prize filly,” Alan said, kissing her, while I reluctantly let him slide out of my mouth with the loudest wettest *plp* I could manage. A moment later, I was once more bent over my kitchen table, ass waving in the cool air, awaiting Alan’s decision for what to do with my body.

As I was pondering what a good line would be for Alan to say as he started fucking me, he did one better and just drove himself into my wet willing pussy without so much as a by-your-leave. Brilliant! Susieslut didn’t need to be asked permission, nor did she need romancing, nor finesse, nor even some token effort to get her wet and ready. Susieslut was *always* ready, and would never say no.

Alan began fucking me. Or, well, fucking Susieslut. I giggled again at the thought of this awkward, unwieldy boy thinking he could ever have a shot at sealing the deal with me.

“Is she on the pill?” Tracie asked curiously.

“Who cares?” Alan replied, laughing, not slowing for a moment.

Tracie bent down beside me then, her face right in front of mine. It was a little awkward, as we were reaching the climax of the skit, but her proximity helped heighten my humiliation.

Here was a woman who had dignity, leaning down to talk to a woman who had none. She talked to me in a gentle, soothing voice, the sort most people used when they talked to their pet.

She set one of Alan's phones down in the narrow gap between our faces; the other I was clutching tightly in my hand. My whole body was buzzing now.

"Well, Susie sweetie?"

"It's Susieslut," I corrected.

"Shh, don't talk back now," she said, and a moment later I felt a sharp smack. I should've known; dumb sluts don't talk back to smart girls. Certainly if I walked in on Tracie getting drilled by her flavor of the week, I wouldn't tolerate her condescending to me. "Now, I was trying to ask. Are you on the pill?"

I considered whether I should answer as Susie or as Susieslut, but decided it didn't matter. Susie wasn't on the pill because she wasn't sexually active and lived on a tight budget; Susieslut wasn't on the pill because she was a tramp who'd never met a cock she didn't want to spray her insides.

I shook my head and giggled.

"Oh gosh, babe, she's not on the pill!" Tracie exclaimed, returning to Alan. "C'mon, fuck a baby in her. This gutterslut will never know who its daddy is anyway. I'm tired of seeing her skank ass in our class, like she's not just in college to hunt for cock. Knock her up and send her back to the trailer park."

I didn't really think it worked, muddling the lines between vapid bimbo and skanky trailer trash, but Alan seemed to think it worked. Or at least, I presumed as much since she was still cheering him on to impregnate me when he suddenly stiffened and came, shouting with exultation as his cum spurted and spurted deep inside me.

For the first time all night, I was genuinely impressed by him. That had felt like a whole lot of cum. Not that it meant I was going to give the horny geek a shot, but still. Susieslut had definitely come pretty hard from that, and I suppose I could see some small part of the appeal.

Tracie clapped her hands and gave me a few more spankings — one of which triggered a small, second orgasm — congratulating Alan on a good fuck, expressing how she'd gotten so turned on watching him she couldn't wait for him to join her in their bed. Because of course, as his loving partner, they fucked in a bed and not just draped over whatever furniture was closest.

Maybe Tracie wasn't totally useless either.

We weren't quite done with our skit, so I held in my position, arching my ass up to hold his cum inside me to maximize the chances of his actually impregnating Susieslut. "So now that we've shown the kinds of humiliation, degradation and abuse that girls who are perceived as sluts face--"

"As well as girls who genuinely are total sluts," Alan added.

"--right, them too... so should I maybe say a few words there? That way you can get set up and comfortable for your skit with Tracie"

"Good thinking. What would you like to say, bimbo?" Alan said, pulling back on my hair until I was off the table enough for him to get his hands under my tits. He squeezed and pinched at them as I replied.

Tracie sat down next to me on the table, and I wondered if she could feel the vibrations pounding through it as keenly as I could. Her legs spread as she looked adoringly at Alan, and I was certain I could see a wet spot forming. Good on her, getting into character already.

“Hmm. Maybe something like, ‘here ladies and gentlemen, we see a weak-willed, stupid, cum-starved slut just being what she was made to be. It falls on us all to not give in to the urge to tell her how little we respect her, or to point out that her mouth should have a cock in it and not a voice, or to spank her silent and fuck her unconscious whenever she’s in the way.

“No, we should treat her with the respect and dignity a woman is due. For we all deserve that, ladies. Even if I’d been asking to be knocked up by a veritable stranger, or if I had the words dumb slut tattooed on my ass, or if I was wearing a slave collar, or if I crawled into the room and invited any man who could manage an erection to get in line and fuck me until he was bored of it. Women deserve to be treated with dignity and respect.”

Alan lifted me by my tits then, only to then tug my hair down again until I understood he wanted me to suck my juices off his cock before they could dry. It was a brilliant conclusion to the skit, and I even blushed a little to think that even though this was just a class project, Tracie was watching me bent over and sucking my cum off this geek-boy’s cock. Total slut-shaming.

“Perfect,” Alan said, bucking his hips so that I stumbled back and nearly wound up on my butt again. “Now, Tracie... shall we start working on how a man *should* treat a woman?”

She sighed dreamily as I prepared to get to work. We still had plenty to do.

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