Mrs Vandermeer's Rules: 5a

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Miss Spencer. I require your presence on Saturday at 2 pm on the 8th floor of the University Library in the Chemistry section. You are to take a seat at one of the study tables and keep yourself occupied playing with your delightful cunt. Dress appropriately to please. Under no circumstance are you to acknowledge my presence.

That was how my week began; a typically terse email from my Mistress that revealed none of her intentions beyond driving me crazy with anticipation as I began to fantasize about our upcoming rendezvous. This time, however, I'd learned my lesson and, despite my desperate need to slowly tease myself to at least one climax, I kept my hands away from my pussy. It was going to be a very long week.

By Wednesday, I was nearly at my wits' end. All I could think about was our meeting and her plans for me. Would she allow me to cum for her in the middle of the library? I'd never once dared her displeasure and visited the campus on which she'd taught, so I had no idea of how the library was laid out or how much traffic it got. Hopefully, very little on a Friday afternoon. Not that it mattered. I was already committed to my obsessive addiction. The merest hint of pleasing Mrs. Vandermeer enough to be allowed to cum for her was all it took. I knew it and, more importantly, *she* knew it.

As a final rebellious act, I waited until after my parents had gone to bed and opened up the file filled with the photos Abby had sent me. Turning on my lap top camera I began recording myself opening them one at a time in chronological order while dressed only in a pair of lavender cotton panties and a matching bra.

"Hello, Mrs. Vandermeer. I know that I've been denied cumming, and I've been a good girl, and haven't," I started out, already breathless, suddenly noticing how warm it was in my room despite my lack of clothing.

“I want to so bad, though. I think of it all the time, you know.”

Leaning back in my chair, I glanced at the small window in the top right corner that allowed me to see what the camera saw, smiling shyly at the sight. Right now, I looked incredibly sexy, my nipples tenting my bra, my chocolate brown hair in disarray, brown orbs staring back unbelievingly at me as I stroked my pussy through my panties. There was just enough light in the room to see the material slowly darken as I turned myself on. Impulsively, I pushed them into myself with one finger before raising it to my lips and sucking it into my mouth with a soft, yet passionate, moan.

“I feel so dirty, tasting my own cunt. I hope you enjoy watching your,” I paused, feeling my heart pounding against my ribs as I realized what I was doing, or about to do.

“Your dirty little fuck toy getting off looking at pictures of herself,” I whispered, my cheeks changing color as I clicked on the next photo she’d taken of me. “And no, I promise not to disobey you and… cum, though I’ve wanted to ever since I left your house. Wanted to so bad that it’s all I can think about. “

Taking a deep breath, I set the photos on my lap to a slide show, letting them play slowly out while I slipped my hand inside of my panties and started teasing my cunt, pressing my fingers into my slit, parting my fleshy lips I could feel my juices welling up and trickling over my sensitive taint. Leaning back, my eyes glued to the screen, I felt them dampen the star shaped pucker of my ass. Whimpering with need, I turned my attention to my clit, cupping my right tit as I rubbed gently against it, my thumb brushing repeatedly against my nipple until I couldn’t stand it anymore. With a tortured groan, I pulled my hand from my panties and held it close to the glass eye of the camera, pleased at how my own juices hung poised on my finger tips, dangling, swaying as my fingers trembled. The proof of my depravity.

“I didn’t cum, Mrs… Mistress. Oh, god, I want to so bad, put I didn’t. I hope this proves that I’m doing my best to be your obedient slut.”

Giggling breathlessly, I made a show of licking my fingers clean before blowing her a kiss, my lips glazed with my own moisture, before ending the recording and saving it with the others, in my own secret file before sending a copy to Abby.

I didn’t sleep well that night, regretting my impulsive actions, wishing I could undo them, wondering how she would react when she say my sordid homemade porn. Thankfully, she didn’t make me suffer until our appointed meeting on the 8 th floor. The very next evening, I received a reply in typical fashion.

Miss Spencer. I am very pleased at your behavior so far. Please continue to keep it up and I will see to it that you are properly rewarded.

That was all I needed to get through the rest of the week without going crazy. Her promise that it would, eventually, pay off.

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She'd told me to dress 'to please'. I took that to heart, spending Thursday evening laying out and discarding outfit after outfit until I settled on something that was both sexy, yet subtle. I knew Abby enjoyed treating me as a slut, but I also knew she expected me to take some pride in my appearance. My classes ended at 12:30 on Fridays, so I'd have to makes sure everything was ready to go when I got home. I'd have just enough time to hurry home, dress, and catch the bus to the University where Professor Vandermeer taught. I managed to grab a sandwich and a soda on the way out, but showering was out of the question, despite that I was in desperate need of one; thinking about what was to come had left me in a state of constant arousal until I began to worry that my schoolmates might take notice. Thankfully, no one seemed to or, if they did, didn't embarrass me about it. Somehow, I made it through my last class of the day with Mrs. Morgan, fleeing even before the bell finished ringing and heading straight home.

I spent as much time in front of the mirror as I dared, making sure I looked perfect for her, balanced between displeasing her with my appearance or my timeliness, my heart feeling fluttering out of control as I pressed my red rouged lips together before dabbing at them with a tissue so that the girl staring back at me appeared sultry rather than slutty.

Oh, how I wished I was brave enough to sit in the back of the bus and play with myself. The fantasy of finger fucking myself in secret was almost too much to resist. Still, I managed, although my panties were dripping wet by the time I pressed the elevator button and began my ascent. This time, I didn't resist. I had the car to myself. Feeling wanton, I slipped my hand into the waist bands of my skirt and underwear and slowly rubbed my clit while leaning back against the rear wall, allowing myself to moan softly until the bell dinged, warning me that my destination was arriving. Smoothing out my skirt, I stepped out onto the, thankfully, seemingly deserted 8 th floor.

I'd taken the time to do a little research during the week, already aware that *Chemistry* was to my right. A quick glance at my phone told me that I had arrived ten minutes early. I spent five of those minutes browsing through the shelves and pulling out a several books before rashly deciding that my panties would just get in the way. It took me very little time to wiggle out of them and stuff them into my purse before finally making my way to the study tables with several impressive looking tomes. Mrs. Vandermeer wouldn't be pleased with me if I looked out of place.

‘Keep yourself occupied playing with your delightful cunt’ had been her command. Sitting at the table, a small stack of books keeping me company, I pretended to read while, underneath the table’s surface, I carefully hiked the hem of my skirt up far enough that I had access to my naked pussy. Doing my best to keep calm, my breath slow and measured, I spread my legs just wide enough to slip my hand between them and began stroking myself while staring blankly at text.

I’m not sure how long I sat there, alone, horny as hell at playing with my pussy in a public building when I heard the elevator door slide open. Frozen like a deer in headlights, I turned my head just enough to ascertain that it was my Mistress and not some stranger. Then, and only then, did I remember to breathe again, my attention seemingly once more on the book as I pleasured myself. The only sound, besides my increasingly ragged breath and her measured footsteps the only sounds in the room. I tried my best not to notice her, but my breath caught as she passed directly behind me and I heard her chuckle softly as she took a seat at the table closest to me, facing me, giving me a single glance before settling into place behind her laptop. I could only guess at what she was doing. Reading, perhaps, or grading papers, or, and this was a dangerous thought that forced me to slow down as I felt myself getting closer and closer to a forbidden orgasm; watching the video I’d foolishly sent her a few nights ago.

I bit my lip a little harder than expected, trying to shake that thought from my head, a quick hiss of pain drawing her flickering perusal and, with it, a cruel smile. Then she simple went back to ignoring me.

Trying to relax, I concentrated on my breathing as best I could, refusing to get carried away with the pleasure I was feeling. How long was she going to sit there, I wondered. How long was she going to let me suffer. I glanced up, transfixed to find her gaze on me, swallowing dryly as I watched her eyes lower until she’d be staring at my pussy if it weren’t blocked by the table.

I wondered if she approved of my choices. I’d picked out a pale yellow gathered skirt that gave me easy access while falling modestly mid thigh; it drew attention to my narrow waist, thinking it made me look both girlish and sexy. On top I wore a steel blue v-neck sweater. Presently, all the buttons were still buttoned, otherwise she’d have a good look at my white lace bra (matching the panties stuffed in my purse), having chosen not to wear a blouse for our encounter. Although I’d have preferred wearing sneakers, I’d known she’d have frowned at the choice. Instead I’d gone with a pair of stylish sandals. I’d even taken time to paint my toenails read so they matched my fingernails and my lips. Mascara clung to my lashes making my eyes look mysterious, or so I hoped.

I forced myself to look away. I wasn’t to acknowledge her presence. That had been made clear, although I am sure she knew how painfully aware I was of her.

Eventually, she gathered her things and stood, never once saying a word. Frustrated, not daring to halt what I was doing (which was driving myself slowly past the brink of sanity) I continued to stroke my pussy as she headed towards the elevator, almost gasping with surprise when she detoured behind me and paused to comb her fingers through my hair as if I was a favorite pet which, I suppose, was fitting, considering our relationship.

“Good girl,” she practically whispered the words, her voice slightly husky. “I will be expecting you at our house tonight at 6 sharp. Mr. Vandermeer and I are going out and I am in need of your services as a babysitter. Please don’t be late.”

I nodded, not trusting my voice, surprised when she ran the back of her knuckles gently along the side of my face, sending shivers through me.

“And Miss Spencer. Come dressed exactly as you are now. I think you look lovely.”

With that, she left abruptly, my thoughts tumbling about my head in confusion and hope, my heart hammering in my chest as I forced myself to pull my hand out from between my thighs, smooth my skirt over my legs and, eventually, pull myself together enough to go home, a quick glance at my phone telling me that I’d spent a little over an hour playing with myself in the University library. She couldn’t be so cruel as to deny me an orgasm tonight. Or could she? I wasn’t sure I wanted to dwell on the question but it was all I could think about for the next three hours.

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I arrived at the Vandermeer’s at 6pm *exactly* as I’d been when she’d left; pantiless. I’m not sure if she’d known when she’d given me my instructions, but I wasn’t about to take that chance. Mr. Vandermeer greeted me with a friendly smile, still buttoning up his shirt.

“Hello, Shannon. Thanks for coming over on such short notice. I’ll make sure Abby gives you a little extra tonight.”

“Thanks. Really, I don’t mind.” (As long as that little extra is an orgasm, I *really* didn’t mind).

I couldn’t help thinking how good he looks despite being 24 years older than me. I found myself lost in a quick fantasy about him pushing me up against the wall, unzipping his pants and taking my virginity in the hallway. Thankfully, he’s not aware of it, although he did give me a funny look. Realizing he just asked me a question, I blushed, and simply nod, not even sure what I’ve agreed to. For all I know, I just admitted that I’m his wife’s teenaged play thing. I colored even harder at the

thought, thankful that his attention is elsewhere as he leads me into the living room where I am transfixed by Abby's knowing smile and raised eyebrow.

"Good evening, Miss Spencer," she greeted me.

"Hi, Abby," I muttered, stumbling over my words at the sight of her.

She's stunning, as usual, her jade dress fitting her like a second skin. I couldn't help but stare, hungry for her or, more accurately, for what she does to me. We make small talk as Mr. V. gets ready. It's all very *normal* which makes the scene even more surreal than it actually is. Eventually, Mr. Vandermeer leaves to warm the car up, leaving us alone for a minute.

"Make sure to behave yourself while we're gone, baby. Oh, one last thing. I've left you some special instructions. Don't open them until after the children are in bed."

She kissed me passionately, pushing her tongue between my lips, pressing her body against mine, leaving me breathless. Afterwards, she slipped an envelope into my hands, closing my nerveless fingers around it so that it wouldn't fall to the floor, smirking at the expression on my face.

"Remember, we will be back just after midnight, Miss Spencer." she tells me, her manner crisp and business-like as if she hadn't just had her tongue halfway down my throat.

"Midnight," I repeated softly, nodding as I watched her shut the front door behind her. Clutching the envelope possessively, I wondered what terrible secrets it hid. It was with great effort that I pushed those thoughts aside as I sought out 'the monsters', entertaining them with Go Fish, Candy Land, and Finding Nemo. Eventually, it was time to tuck them in, read them each a quick bed time story and then, *finally*, make myself comfortable in Abby's living room and open her letter, my breath catching slightly as I carefully read her elegant script in disbelief.

Miss Spencer. Tomorrow. 3pm. The usual place. Don't forget to wear your collar.

I let out a groan of disbelief, childish anger burning in me. I wanted to cum, and I wanted to do it *tonight*! She'd practically promised me! I spent several minutes stomping around the room before flinging myself onto the sofa, sprawled out, her letter crumpled in my fist as I let out a resigned sigh. It was obvious who was in charge. Much as she wanted me, I wanted what she did to me even more. Rolling over, I buried my face in one of the throw pillows, my growls softening to giggles. I really was a slut or, more aptly, I was *her* slut. This time, she'd said it in no uncertain terms. She'd promised. All I could do was trust her, something that was becoming easier to do over time.

I glanced at the clock, feeling a sudden wave of exhaustion roll through me. This week had taken an emotional and physical toll on me. Almost three hours to go before midnight. A little nap wouldn't hurt. Rolling over on my back, I made myself comfortable on the couch and closed my eyes, planning on taking a short nap…

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"Miss Spencer."

Startled, I woke up, gazing into the icy blue gaze of my Mistress.

"Huh?" I mumbled, blinking sleepily.

Shaking her head, her smile rueful, Abby sat down beside me, substituting her thigh for the throw pillow I'd, apparently, drooled all over.

"Long day?" she asked, her hand resting on my head, her fingers slipping gently through my hair. God help me, I wanted the moment to last forever.

"Yeah, I guess. Sorry," I apologized, glancing at the clock on the wall. It was almost 2am.

"You're home late?" I added, wondering if I'd missed their call.

"On time as usual," Abby chuckled, stroking fondly as I noticed that she'd changed into a pair of very form fitting yoga pants and a plain white cotton tee. God, she looked amazing.

"I called your parents and told them we were out later than expected and we'd drive you home. They didn't seem to mind."

"Oh, okay, I guess," I slurred, rubbing the sleep from my eyes with a yawn.

"We don't need to leave right away."

This time, I simply nodded my head. Even though Abby wasn't touching me in a sexual manner, it still felt so good. I didn't want to break the spell, so I simply lay there, accepting her touch, unconcerned when she began slowly unbuttoning my sweater.

"Mr. Vandermeer…" I murmured as she peeled it carefully from my shoulders and down my arms, draping it over the back of the sofa.

“Is upstairs and asleep, baby.”

“Oh,” I replied, feeling the familiar tingle of lust within as she caressed by breast, her thumb stroking my nipple through the fabric of my bra.

“Otherwise, I’m sure he’s be perfectly happy to help me undress my sexy little play thing.”

I could only imagine the look on my face as she let that sink in, guiltily recalling my earlier fantasy about being fucked against the wall by her husband. Mrs. Vandermeer chuckled and pressed her fingers to my lips silencing me before I could speak.

“It’s late, baby, and you have a busy day ahead of you. Still…”

I watched her face carefully, noting the fond smile that drew her lips up and the way her eyes softened as she continued to tease my nipple with the pad of her thumb. Closing my eyes, I attempted the impossible and tried to relax, knowing it was pointless. She’d awakened the sexual tension within me once again and, for better or for worse, I was now wide awake.

“That feels nice, Mrs. Vandermeer,” I ventured shyly, my breathing deepening as she teased my stiffening nipple, pinching it playfully through my bra until it ached, eyes glinting with mischief as my breath caught in my throat, pausing as I let it out as a softly sight moan.

“You truly are a delight, Shannon,” she murmured, her voice husky with lust as she coaxed my other nipple to attention. “One worth taking certain risks for.”

Unsure of what else to say or do, I simply lay there, feeling my pussy dampening, reminding me of my state of undress beneath my skirt as she continued what was, in essence, a monologue and slowly tantalized me with a gentleness I wasn’t used to from her; her fingers now gliding over my ribcage and slightly rounded belly like feathery brushes, tracing my hip bone, caressing me intimately, lulling me into a state of bliss until I simply closed my eyes and surrendered to her, responding to her gentle directions to roll over on my back and nestle my head on her thigh.

The house was perfectly still. Somewhere upstairs Abby’s family lay sleeping, unaware of the game she played with me on the sofa. The only sounds were of the clock counting off the seconds and my increasingly ragged breaths as I felt her hand slip gathering up my skirt, the hem sliding over my thighs until I could feel cool air against my overheated pussy. I felt, rather than heard, her amusement as the revelation of my wantonness became obvious.

“You have such a pretty pussy, baby.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Vandermeer. It’s belongs to you,” I whispered, gasping softly as she began stroking my already swollen clit.

“Yes, it does. Don’t *ever* forget that.”

I could hear the smile in her words at my impulsive declaration, a thrill of joy washing through me at her obvious pleasure as she continued to fondle me affectionately, keeping me full of desire, but never pushing me to the edge as she sometimes cruelly did. I felt her shifting under me, careful not to unseat my head from her lap as her free hand brushed past my head. I knew, without looking, that she was rubbing her own pussy through the thin material of her skin tight yoga pants. I could hear and feel her breath slowly quickening, sensing the moment when she slid her hand beneath her waistband, only a soft gasp betraying her as she began rubbing at her clit, making soft little ‘ohs’ and ahs’ as her tempo increased. I could feel her tensing, her touch upon my smoothly shaved pussy still gentle, feel her orgasm building until it was too much for her to contain. With a soft cry she climaxed, shuddering, her fingers slipping into my dripping slit for the first time in far too long. Unable to help myself, I rolled my hips, raising my ass off the cushion, letting out a soft whimper as she responded by pushing them in deeper, stroking me from within.

“Please,” I pleaded, biting down on my lip before I said more.

“Not until tomorrow, my dirty little girl,” she answered my unvoiced plea, managing to sound both stern and sympathetic at once. “Let’s get you cleaned up so I can take you home. I don’t want your daddy getting the wrong idea about what you do while you’re with me. He has no idea what a nasty little slut you are, does he?”

Shivering, I shook my head, quickly sitting up and smoothing my skirt down over my thighs while Mrs. Vandermeer helped my back into my sweater, buttoning it carefully for me, seemingly amused by my soft whimper of need as she fussed over me.

“You need it so bad, baby. I can tell. Tomorrow, you’ll agree to anything I ask of you, just so I’ll let you cum,’ she told me, the tone of her voice leaving little room for doubt that it had been a question.

Not trusting my voice, I simply nodded, a thrill of lust renewing itself in me. There was no use in trying to deny what we both knew to be true.

The drive home was short, but I was grateful for it. I didn’t like the thought of having to walk back this late at night. Not a word was said until Mrs. Vandermeer pulled into my parent’s driveway.

“Don’t be late,” she said, fixing me with a stern gaze as she handed me yet another envelope. “For tonight.”

“Thank you… Mistress,” I said, blushing furiously, startled as she grabbed my wrist and pulled me closer, her lips brushing my ear as she pushed my thighs apart with her hand and violated my still drenched pussy with a pair of fingers.

“Dress appropriately tomorrow, slut.”

I gasped as I felt her fingers leaving my quivering pussy, my mouth opening automatically for her as she pressed them to my lips. Without a thought of protest, I sucked them clean, the taste of my own juices intoxicating, the thought of being treated like a whore in front of my parent’s house even more so.

“Good night, Miss Spencer,” my Mistress said, pulling her fingers from my mouth with a soft ‘plopping’ noise as I fought to suck them back in again, suddenly insatiable with lust.

“Good night, Mistress,” I whispered, somehow managing to unbuckle my seatbelt and stumble up the walk, my hands shaking as I unlocked the front door and fled to my room, locking the door behind me and tearing open the envelope. There were fifteen crisp twenty dollar bills inside as well as a hand written note. I put the money aside, thinking it not nearly as important as the message.

Whores should always be paid. Thank you for your services tonight.

Folding it carefully, I hid it inside a book on my nightstand, vowing to find a more permanent hiding place for it tomorrow. For now, I was simply too tired and too turned on to think straight. Tomorrow at 3pm seemed so far off. With a sigh, I undressed, leaving my clothes lying on the floor and crawled into bad naked and willed myself to sleep, both eager and afraid of what was to come.