Teaching Carol, Ch. 3

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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The next time I saw Carol was at lunchtime the next day. We were both heading from different directions towards the entrance to the dining-hall next to her dormitory. I had been thinking about something else and so looked right past her at first. She saw me, however, and thought I was ignoring her and that she was the victim of a one-night stand.

I noticed her just as her face turned sad and she began to walk away from me with her head down. I understood immediately what she was thinking and called out to her. When she turned back to me I ran up and gave her a quick hug and a kiss on the side of the head, and asked her how she was doing, whether she'd slept all right, and so forth. She brightened immediately, and we walked into the building with our arms around each other's waists.

We sat together and ate and talked, but made no mention of the night before. We parted without making any plans to see each other, but we both knew it would be soon.

I arrived at her room in the later part of the evening that night, when I figured she would be done with her schoolwork (she was a student teacher). When she let me in, we hugged for a while. I used it as an excuse to massage her spine, starting at the top and working my way down. She relaxed against me and purred. When I reached the bottom of her spine I allowed my hands to continue on to her behind, massaging her cheeks with the palms of my hands. She was wearing light corduroy pants and the texture of the fabric was pleasing to touch.

After some time we broke off and went to sit on her bed. We sat cross-legged, facing each other, and she immediately began talking about how she thought we shouldn't be physically involved because we weren't in a serious relationship. I thought, *sure...* but listened and nodded in the right places. I was sure she believed what she was saying.

But I was equally sure she would do what I wanted.

When she finished, I kissed her lightly on the lips, and said, “I understand. I’ll try to keep my hands to myself.” She smiled at my acquiescence, and I continued, “It won’t be easy, of course, ‘cause as I told you last night, I just love touching you.” I kissed her again. “But I also love just looking at you. Is that all right?”

She blushed a little and looked down and made a small laugh, looking up from under her eyebrows at me.

“Oh, of course,” she said.

“Do you like it when I look at you?”

“Well...” She wasn’t sure how to respond.

I made a teasing face and said, “Come on, admit it....”

Her blush deepened and she looked down again before saying, quietly, “...Yes.”

“’Yes’, what?”

“You know.”

“Yes, but I want to hear you say it.”

“Oh, you...all right. I like it when you look at me.”

“Good. Does it make you feel pretty?”

“Well...yes.”

“What?”

“Ohhh...yes, it makes me feel *pretty* .” She gave the last word a self-deprecating twist.

“...And sexy?”

“Well, I don’t know...yes, it...it makes me feel...attractive.”

“Sexy.”

“Okay, okay...*sexy* !” She made a face at my insistence on the word.

“You really like it?”

“Yes!”

“All right then—stand up and let me look at you.”

“Oh, Jonathan...”

“Come on, stand up. I mean it.” I took her by one shoulder and nudged her toward the edge of the bed.

“Oh, all right...”

She unfolded her legs and stood, facing me, looking very self-conscious. She was wearing a light green sweater over her tan corduroys and tan socks on her feet.

At first I only looked at her eyes—they were dark brown, and at the moment a little distrustful. I said, “You really are very pretty...” She allowed herself to smile. After a moment, I continued, “You have a cute figure, too—it’s alright if I look at it?” She blushed again and looked down without replying, so I added, “Put your hands behind your head, if you would, and look at me.”

She hesitated for a moment, then did what I’d asked. Her eyes met mine, though timidly.

I could tell she was feeling vulnerable, and said, “Oh, that’s nice—that really shows off your figure.”

I let her watch me as I deliberately allowed my gaze to drop to her small breasts and boyish hips, and linger there long enough for her to feel it. Then I looked back up and smiled at her and said, “But I can’t really see you like this.”

She looked puzzled. “What do you mean?”

I held her gaze as I said, “Well, for instance, I’m pretty sure you have nice legs, but I can’t see them. Would you pull down your pants, please?”

She thought I was kidding, and guffawed.

I said, “Seriously...pull down your pants.”

She was incredulous. “Oh jeez, Jonathan! No.”

“Carol, I promised I wouldn’t touch you, and I won’t. But I want to look at you. You like having me look at you, right?”

“Yes, but...”

“All right then.”

She started to say something else, but I held up my hand to forestall her, and held her in my gaze as I said, “Carol, I want to look at you. Pull...down...your pants.”

She couldn’t take my gaze for long. She looked down. I heard her mumble “Oh, jeez...” to herself. Although her short black hair curtained her face somewhat I could still see that it was beet-red. I held my breath. This was the turning point.

Finally, she took a sharp breath, hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her pants, and pulled them quickly down around her ankles. Then she straightened up again, but wouldn’t look at me.

“There, that didn’t hurt a bit, did it,” I said lightly. “Come on, hands behind your head. Look up.”

She did so, still not looking at me, her face still red.

I smiled and said, “C’mon, Carol, don’t be embarrassed. I want you to enjoy this too. Stop thinking about it so much—just watch me looking at you—enjoy how sexy you are. Look at me.”

She finally raised her eyes to mine. I said, “That’s better. Mmmmm... I really like that. Do you feel sexy like that, with me looking at you?”

Her knit her brows together as she looked at me, her expression perturbed. Finally she said, doubtfully, “Well....kind of...but I...”

“Good,” I jumped right in. “I think you just need to reassure yourself that it’s okay.”

She looked unsure, but nodded, hesitantly.

“All right,” I said, with a playful smile, “Repeat after me: ‘I like having you look at me.’”

Her expression was doubtful, but she went along. “I like having you look at me.”

“Good,” I replied. “Now let’s take it a little farther: ‘I’m not ashamed of my body.’”

“I’m...not ashamed of my body. But Jonathan...”

“Nope. Let’s keep going with what you just did: ‘I like pulling my pants down for you.”

“Jonathan...!”

“Say it.”

She hesitated, looked down.

“Nope. Keep looking at me...”

She returned her gaze to mine. “I like...”

Her gaze wavered, looked away, came back to mine. She blushed furiously and quickly gabbled out the rest: “...pulling my pants down for you.” She gasped slightly. Her eyes kept darting away, then returning to mine.

I tried to soothe her. “Well, it’s true, I think. The problem is that you don’t think it *should* be true—am I right?” She nodded. “You think it makes you a bad person, somehow.” Again, she nodded. “Well, it *doesn’t* . It doesn’t hurt anyone, least of all yourself, and we both enjoy it—how is that a bad thing?”

She still looked unconvinced, but possibly less so, so I went on. “Alright, let’s try it again. But only repeat what I say if it’s really true for you, okay?”

She nodded and said, “Alright.”

I stood up and got close to her, looking deeply into her eyes, and repeated, “I like pulling my pants down for you.”

I was so close that she couldn’t look away. She stood there, hands still locked behind her head, looking up at me. I felt her resistance melt away.

She said, as if hypnotized, “I like pulling my pants down for you.”

I continued, “ I like having you look at me like this.”

“I like having you look at me like this.”

“I like being sexy for you.”

“I like being...sexy...for you.”

I sat down again, still holding her gaze. “Good. Now, stand with your feet apart and let me look at you.”

Without taking her eyes from mine she moved her feet as far apart as the pants around her ankles would allow.

I sat back down on the bed and looked at her for a while in silence. Her face still had a worried expression, as if she had no idea how she’d gotten into such a situation, but she stayed in her position. I stayed quiet a little longer to let her get used to being looked at. Then I said, “I like your panties.”

She looked down at them. They were pink and embroidered in front with lots of flowers in lighter and darker shades of pink. She looked back up at me and smiled hesitantly, not sure if I was serious.

“Really. They’re very pretty,” I reassured her. Then I added, “Is your bra the same?”

She thought a moment, then nodded. And of course I immediately said, “Show me.”

She made an outraged face, and said, in a tone meant to convey that I’d gone too far, “*Jon*- athan...!” But she stayed in her position.

I mocked her facial expression and her voice, saying, “*Ca* -rol...!”.

Unable to help herself, she laughed.

I said, “Carol, we just went through this: You like having me look at you—remember?”

“Ye-ess...”

“And you like being sexy for me, right?”

“Well...”

“Carol...is it true or not?”

She looked down and said, a little sadly, “Yes.” Then, knowing what I was about to say, she looked back up at me and said, reluctantly, “I like being sexy for you.”

“Good. Take off your sweater.”

She did. She held it in her hands for a moment as if reluctant to let it go, then draped it over a nearby chair. Then she quickly smoothed down her hair, and without waiting to be told, replaced her hands behind her head. Her bra did indeed match her panties.

“Ooo, Carol—you are *so* pretty!’ I exclaimed. “I don’t think you have any idea how sexy you are. Look...” I stood up. “See what you do to me?”

I gestured toward my zipper, where my erection was obvious. She stared down at it, half-fearful, half-fascinated. “Don’t you love being able to do that?”

Unable to take her eyes off it, she nodded once, slowly. Then started to speak. “But Jonathan, you promised you wouldn’t...”

“And I won’t,” I finished for her, sitting back down. I looked at her for a little while, then asked, “How are you doing? Do you feel good? Do you feel sexy?”

She nodded, reluctantly, and I sensed she was just agreeing because I wanted her to. I said, “I think you do, but I also think you’re still feeling like you’re not supposed to. Am I right?”

She nodded.

“Okay, put everything back on.”

She looked surprised and, I thought, maybe even a little disappointed--though she’d never admit it. I wait until she was dressed, then pulled her over to sit in my lap. I gave her a hug and said, “Alright, maybe this will help—were you ever in a play?”

“Yes, in high school. I wasn’t very good at it.”

“Doesn’t matter. Let me put it another way. When you were a kid, did you ever pretend you were someone else? You know, someone in a story you’d read or somebody on TV...”

She brightened. “Oh yes! I used to pretend I was Nancy Drew, and I’d follow people down the street, pretending they were spies or something.”

“Good. And did you ever get so caught up pretending to be Nancy Drew that you kind of believed it?”

“Yes! ...I almost got in trouble for looking in somebody’s window because I forgot it wasn’t really a hide-out.” She laughed as she remembered.

I smiled too. “See? You’re a natural. And that’s what I want you to do: *pretend* , okay?”

“Pretend what?”

“Umm...okay, pretend that...you’re a secretary...”

“I worked as an office temp for a while...”

“Great. Then this should be easy for you. That’s perfect...you’re an office temp, and your supervisor...uh...Mr. Black...” I indicated myself and continued to think out loud, “...let’s see....saw you stealing something. He calls you into his office...and says if you don’t do what he tells you he’s going to have you arrested.”

“I don’t understand. Why are we doing this?”

“Well, I’m just guessing, but I think you’ll be able to enjoy yourself more if you pretend that you *have* to do what we’ve been doing. That way you don’t have to feel like you’re being a bad person, because someone’s *making* you do these things. Make sense?”

“Well...maybe... I don’t...”

“Look, just try it, okay? And if you don’t like it, we’ll stop.” Carol looked uncertain. I said, “It won’t be any different from what we’ve been doing, but it’ll *feel* different, I promise. Let’s try it, okay?”

“Well...okay, but I...”

“Tell you what—have you got any office clothes? You know, white blouse, pleated skirt—like that?”

“Yes, but...”

“Good. Put them on. I’ll wait outside. Let me know when you’re ready.”

And before she could reply I stepped outside her room and closed the door.

She took less time that I thought she would—the idea must have appealed to her more than she’d want to admit—and when she opened the door to let me in I saw that she had gone all the way: white blouse with a red and blue bow at the neck, pleated navy-blue skirt with a wide black belt, pantyhose, low-heeled black shoes. She’d even pulled her hair back in clips and put on some gold earrings.

She smiled sheepishly at me as I closed the door behind me and asked, “Is this right?”

I smiled back at her. “That’s perfect. You should have been an actress—you really look the part. Let’s see...you wear glasses sometimes, don’t you?”

“Oh! Yes, they’re right here.”

She went over to her desk, took them out of her case and quickly put them on before turning to face me. They were round horn-rims that covered her eyes up past her eyebrows, and made her look like a cute owl.

“Oh my god, that’s just perfect! Come here and look at yourself.” I pulled her over to the full-length mirror on the back of her door and stood behind her. She looked at herself...and giggled. “See what I mean?” I said. “You know what? You’re not Carol anymore—you’re somebody else. Look at her. Who is she?”

I watched her stare at her reflection as if trying to guess what kind of person she was. I said, “That’s definitely somebody else. What do you think her name is?”

She thought a moment. “Maria.”

“Maria what?”

“Maria...I don’t know...Smith. No, Maria Santiago. I used to temp with a girl named Santiago, and she even looked like this a little.” She smiled at her reflection again.

“Good. Okay, take a good look at her, and remember what she looks like.” I waited a beat. “Got it?”

“Um-hm.”

I took her by the shoulders and turned her around to face me. “Okay, you’re Maria Santiago. You’re an office temp. You’re a little shy, you don’t talk much at your jobs. You’re not a bad person, but you don’t make much money and sometimes, if you can, you help yourself to stuff. You’ve never been caught, but today Mr. Black saw you, though he hasn’t said anything yet.”

I waved my arm to indicate the room. This is Mr. Black’s office. That’s his desk,” indicating hers. “Okay...who are you?”

“I’m...I’m Maria Santiago,” she said, smiling.

“I don’t believe you. You sound like that Carol person. Who *are* you?”

“Maria Santiago.” Her face was more serious.

“What do you do?”

“I’m an office temp.”

“What *else* do you do?”

“I...sometimes I...steal things.”

“Okay. Mr. Black just told you he wants to see you in his office. How do you feel about that?”

“I... I don’t know.”

“You don’t know *why* he wants to see you. Are you a little...worried?”

“I guess so...”

“What are you worried about?”

“I’m...afraid he might have seen me take something.”

“What did you take?”

Her eyes darted around the room. “A...CD player...from somebody’s desk.”

I followed her gaze and picked up the one she was looking at. “Like this?”

“Yes.”

“Where did you put it?”

“In...in my purse.”

“What purse?”

She thought a moment, then turned and rooted through her closet, coming up with a fairly large black cloth purse.

“This one.”

I handed her the CD player and she put it into the purse.

“Alright. What’s your name?”

Without hesitating she said, “Maria Santiago.”

I gave her a smile. “Good. Now, Maria, I want you to go outside.” I pointed. “Maria Santiago is going to knock on that door, and when she comes in, this is going to be Mr. Black’s office. I wish I was wearing a suit, but you’ll just have to pretend. Okay?”

“Okay.” She looked a little nervous, but excited.

“And whatever happens in Mr. Black’s office happens to Maria Santiago, not to anybody else. Got it?”

She nodded, frowning a little with fear or concentration.

“Alright. Go outside...but don’t knock unless you know *why* you’re knocking.”

I took her by the shoulders and turned her around. Without another word she opened the door, stepped outside and closed it behind her. I went and sat down at her desk, and waited.

The knock, when it came, was a timid one. *Good* , I thought, and called, “Come in.”

‘Maria’ opened the door a little, stuck her head in and said, “You wanted to see me, uh, Mr. Black?”

I turned to her and said, “Ah, Miss...Santiago, is it? Yes, come in.”

She stepped to just inside the door.

“Close the door, please.”

She did so and stood there clutching her purse in both hands. I was pleased—she was doing a much better job than I expected. Or else she really was afraid.

I looked directly into her eyes—or as directly as I could through her glasses—and said, “I’ll come right to the point, Miss Santiago. I saw you take something from someone’s desk and put it in your purse.”

She made an attempt at appearing shocked. “N-no, I didn’t...”

“Well, if I’m mistaken then you won’t mind showing me what’s in your purse.”

“I...I...”

“Miss Santiago, let me put it another way. Either I’m going to look in your purse, or the police are.” ‘Maria’ looked blank. “Your choice.”

She wasn’t good at improvising, obviously, so I gave her a hint by holding out my hand. She looked down and mutely handed over her purse. I opened it and pulled out the CD player. I held it up.

“This is a fairly expensive machine. I believe you can go to jail for stealing something like this.” I waited for her reaction but ‘Maria’ was still stuck—so I gave her a lead: “Aren’t you even going to apologize?”

She blinked for a moment, then caught on. “...I’m sorry...”

“Sorry you got caught, maybe. Well, you’re going to be sorrier...”

I put the player and the purse on the floor and picked up the receiver from the telephone on her desk.

I was hoping she'd jump in and try to stop me, but she still needed help. I turned to her and said, "Can you think of any reason why I shouldn't turn you over to the police?" Still blank. I made it a little more obvious: "I'd be scared if I were you—jail isn't a very nice place."

Finally she got it. "Please don't call the police...oh god, I'm sorry! Really!" It wasn't very convincing, but it was a start.

'Mr. Black' gave her another hint: "I don't believe you, Miss Santiago. You'll have to do better than that." I sat back and looked at her as if I'd gotten an idea. "You know, if you can convince me that you're *really* sorry...I might let you go."

She floundered, "Well, I...."

I turned back toward the phone. "But if you'd rather go to jail..." I started to dial.

Finally she woke up a little. She grabbed my shoulder. "No!" I turned back to her and waited. She went on, trying to sound convincing, "I really am sorry, Mr. Black, honest!"

I waited for more, then shook my head as if disgusted and turned back to the phone. She actually managed to sound a little panicked when she stopped me again and said, "Please, Mr. Black! I'm sorry! What can I do to convince you?"

That was what I'd been waiting for. I put down the receiver and turned back to her. I pretended to think for a moment. Then I said, "Well, for starters you could beg my forgiveness." She started to reply, but I held up my hand to stop her and continued, "...on your knees, Miss Santiago."

Her eyes went wide behind her glasses, but I think she was glad to have some direction because she immediately fell to her knees in front of me. She looked up at me, and said, "Please forgive me."

Unfortunately, she smiled as she did so—Carol wasn't staying in character. I gave her a disdainful look. "You're not taking this seriously, Miss Santiago, but I can promise you that the police will—and it makes no difference to me whether you go to jail or not. Try again."

More seriously this time, she said, "I'm really sorry I stole the CD player, Mr. Black. Please forgive me."

I pretended to consider her performance, then shook my head and said, "You're still not convincing me. You're not really sorry." I waited a beat. "Get down on your hands and knees."

Slowly, she did so, still looking up at me.

“I think you need a lesson in humility, Miss Santiago. I want you to crawl all the way around the room.”

She looked a little shocked. “Why?”

“Because I told you to. Go on.”

And after a moment, she did. The room wasn’t very large, it couldn’t have taken much more than thirty seconds for her to make a full circuit, but I enjoyed watching her cute little behind moving under the pleated skirt, and the way her glasses slipped down her nose.

When she returned to her starting point I told her, “Turn around.” When she had done so, I reached down and lifted her skirt, pulling it up over her hips. She reacted with indignation that was only partly feigned.

“No! What are you doing?” she said, reaching back with one hand and pulling her skirt back down.

I got up and went to crouch down in front of her. I was closer to her level but she still had to look up at me from her position.

“What am I doing, Miss Santiago? I’ll tell you what I’m doing.”

I leaned closer and said, “Whatever...I...want to.”

I let that sink in, then continued, getting so close that our noses almost touched, “...And if you want to stay out of jail, *you’ll* do whatever I tell you to do. Is that understood, Miss Santiago?”

It was right about here that she really seemed to begin to believe what was happening. Her eyes behind her glasses took on that same glazed, deer-in-the-headlights look that I’d seen before, and she hardly seemed to be breathing.

After a long moment, her mouth opened slightly and she whispered, “Yes, Mr. Black.”

“Yes...what?”

“Yes, I...I’ll...do...whatever you tell me.”

I kept my face right where it was and said, “Good. Now put your skirt back the way it was.”

And I waited while she reached back with one hand, and then the other, to pull her skirt back up over her hips. Then I stood and returned to my chair. I sat and looked at her for a few minutes, letting the silence and the fact that she couldn’t see me unnerve her a little more.

Then I said, “Do you know, Miss Santiago, I really dislike pantyhose. I don’t like the way they look and I don’t like the way they feel to the touch. I think you should apologize for wearing them.”

After a moment, she spoke, quietly. “I’m sorry for wearing pantyhose, Mr. Black.”

“Take them off.”

She had been expecting that, obviously, and began rising to her knees in preparatory to standing up.

“Did I tell you to stand up, Miss Santiago?”

She turned and looked at me, flustered, and said, “No, but I...”

“Get back down.” She did so. “Put your head down on the floor.” She slowly lowered herself until her forehead was resting on the rug. “Now—take off your pantyhose.”

It was an awkward and humiliating process. She had to rest her weight on her forehead while reaching back with both hands and up under her skirt, which had fallen down again, to pull her pantyhose off of her hips and down to her knees. Only then could she lift herself back up to her former position and reach back one arm at a time to remove her shoes and then pull her pantyhose the rest of the way off.

When they were all piled up behind her feet I said, “Pull your skirt back up.”

Again she reached behind her and repeated the process.. Now her cute behind in pink panties was on full display. It was very tempting—I really wanted to run my hands over it—but I was trying to keep my promise not to touch her. So I settled for telling her, “Crawl around the room again.”

There was no hesitation this time. She started off in the opposite direction, giving me a nice view as she headed out. She was of course facing me this time as she completed the circuit, and it was obvious from her expression that she had almost forgotten that this was pretend. When she had returned to her original position I let her wait for a few more minutes. Then I said, “Take off your skirt.”

By now she had become accustomed to doing what she was told to do. So she lowered her forehead to the rug again—losing her glasses in the process this time—and reached behind her back to unfasten and unzip her skirt before pulling it down and off in the same way as she had her pantyhose. Then she put her glasses back on. And waited.

“Now your blouse.”

She reached up with one hand to begin untying the bow at her neck, but I said, “No. Leave the bow. Just your blouse.”

This time she took the precaution of removing her glasses and laying them beside her before lowering her head to the rug again and reaching behind her to unfasten the three buttons at her neck. Then she eased the bow above the collar of her blouse, reached back to pull the tail of her blouse up to her shoulders, then grabbed it by the collar to pull it over her head. It snagged on the bow and she had to struggle with it for a moment, but she finally got it off. She quickly smoothed her hair, restored her glasses and returned to her position. She looked very vulnerable on her hands and knees, wearing nothing but her bra and panties and that now silly-looking bow, the rest of her clothes scattered around her on the floor.

“Put your head down on your arms, Miss Santiago.” She did so, and I enjoyed looking at the swell of her buttocks as they pressed against the fabric of her panties.

“Spread your knees apart.” She moved them a few inches apart. “More.” She complied, giving me a full view of the bulge between her legs. I looked more closely, and saw a darker spot there. Moisture. *Ah-ha* , I thought— *I was right. Now let’s see how far we can take it.*

“Now, Miss Santiago, I want you to reach back between your legs with your right hand.”

She raised her head slightly and did as I’d asked, letting her hand rest palm up on the floor between her ankles.

“And now, Miss Santiago, I want you to reach up with your middle finger...and touch yourself.”

She jerked her head from her arm to look back at me and gasped, “Jon—I mean, Mr. Black! I...”

“Head *down* , Miss Santiago,” I told her firmly.

I watched as she fought with herself briefly...then slowly lowered her head again. Her right hand still rested on the floor.

“I’m waiting, Miss Santiago.”

This was another transition point, I knew. How completely had she surrendered her will to mine? I waited...and watched as her hand rose from the floor, even more slowly than she had lowered her head, gradually extended her middle finger...and brought the tip of it to rest precisely on the wet spot. I heard her take a sudden deep breath as she felt the moisture there, though whether of excitement or mortification or a combination of the two I didn’t know—or care.

“Move your finger up and down, Miss Santiago.”

Slowly her hand began to move. At first it was just a slight up and down movement, just enough to show that she was following my directions. But as I watched I saw the strokes becoming longer, and that she was using more pressure. After some time she began a subtle back-and-forth rocking motion that matched the rhythm of her finger-strokes, and I heard her starting to make little noises—“Uh!...Uh!...Uh!...”—in the same rhythm. The wet spot between her legs got wetter and spread throughout the crotch of her panties.

I watched in silence as her strokes became faster, and her grunts more intense. When I judged that she was about to climax, I stepped quietly in front of her, crouched down near to where she still had her head down on her left arm, and said loudly, “Miss Santiago!”

Her head jerked up, her eyes wide and startled at seeing me so close. She was breathing heavily through her mouth, and her face and the hair around it were sweaty. I couldn’t see but I was willing to bet she had quickly moved her hand from between her legs.

I gave her a moment to focus on me, then I said, “Tell me, Miss Santiago...Does it embarrass you to be down on the floor like this...in your underwear...having to touch yourself while I watch?”

Carol knew I was talking to her—that this wasn’t part of the scenario—even though I was still calling her Miss Santiago. She tore her gaze away from mine and looked down.

After a moment I heard her say, in what sounded almost like a moan, “Yes.”

“I think you mean, ‘Yes, Mr. Black.”

“Yes, Mr. Black.”

“And you feel...ashamed? Humiliated?”

This time her answer was barely a whisper. “Yes...Mr. Black.”

“Look at me.” She raised her eyes to mine, fearfully. “Now. I’m going to ask you something and I want you to tell me the truth.”

I paused, then, holding her gaze, said, “Do...you...*like* it *?* ”

At first her eyes went wide...then they filled with tears. Her lower lip quivered. “Ohhhh!....Y-y-es!...Yes, Mr. Black!” she gasped, and quickly put her head back down on her arm and cried.

I gave her a few moments, then said, “Miss Santiago!” She raised her face to mine again, her face red and tearful. I rose and grabbed a tissue from her desk, then crouched down and gently wiped her face and held it to her nose, saying, “Blow.” When she had done so I tossed it aside. Then I knelt down and kissed her gently on the lips.

Then I returned to my crouching position and said, “So, you’ve learned something about yourself, Miss Santiago. That’s good.”

She continued to look up at me from her near-prostrate position on the floor, her eyes still slightly tearful.

“I want to ask you something else, Miss Santiago—and how you answer is completely up to you.”

I leaned down until my face was again close to hers and asked softly, “Do you want to be humiliated...some more?”

Then I waited.

For a moment she looked desperately into my eyes as if seeking something—an answer, permission. Then, holding my gaze, she said, “Yessss...” hissing it between her teeth.

She hadn’t said ‘Mr. Black’ but I let it go. Instead I said, “Say it, Miss Santiago.”

Her breathing began to get rough again. She licked her lips. Looked down. Looked back up at me and quickly said, “Humiliate me.”

I held her gaze as I replied, “Miss Santiago. Where are your manners? Say ‘Please’.”

Her eyes closed for a moment, as if she were in pain. Then she opened them again. “P-please....humiliate me.” She stopped, then added, “Mr. Black.”

I sat back and smiled at her. “Good. Take off your bra.”

I waited while she put her head down and went through the necessary maneuvers. When she was done I said, “Now pull your panties down half-way and continue what you were doing.”

She moaned out loud...and complied. I rose and went back to my seat to watch. The area between her legs was already slick and shiny with her moisture, and there were beads of it glistening in the small black tuft of wiry hairs that was just visible in the shadows beyond.

She was moaning and sobbing in equal measure as she fell back into the rhythm she had been using before. I waited until her middle finger—and indeed, the ones on either side of it—were covered with her moisture. Then I said, “Put it inside, Miss Santiago.”

By now she was so lost in a fever of desire that she didn’t hesitate even slightly; and without the smallest change in her rhythm she inserted her middle finger into her vagina and began moving it in and out. I watched as she arched her back and began thrusting her hips back and forth to meet the inward stroke of her finger. By then her moans had modulated into one long spasmodic cry.

Again I waited until I was sure she was seconds away from a climax, then quickly stepped in front of her again and called out, “Miss Santiago!”

This time she gave a small scream as I snapped her out of her erotic trance. Her small breasts were heaving beneath her, their nipples erect. Her eyes as they turned up to mine were pleading, feverish. “Oh, please!....” she whimpered. “Oh....Mr. Black...please...”

I cut her off. “Not yet. If you behave yourself I’ll let you finish.” She stared at me. “Get up on all fours again.” Slowly, she did as she’d been told, her breath still ragged, her eyes still fixed on mine. “Put your glasses back on.” She did so. “Follow me.”

I walked slowly around the room and she crawled after me, moaning quietly, her movements hampered by the fact that her panties were still halfway down her thighs. I made her crawl all the way around the room twice.

Then I walked over to the door of her room. Opened it. And stepped out into the hall.

She followed me as far as the doorway and stopped. It was now nearly midnight and the hallway was

dark, lit only by the dim red glow of the exit signs. I leaned against the opposite wall in the rectangle of light from her doorway and folded my arms, looking back at her.

She looked up at me, her expression full of fear. “Nooooo.....” she whined, her voice barely above a whisper, “Someone’ll *see* me!”

I said nothing, simply unfolded an arm, pointed at a spot on the floor directly in front of me, refolded my arms and waited, looking at her.

She looked back at me, paralyzed.

Then she leaned her head out of the doorway. Looked to the right and then the left...and then quickly crawled to the spot I’d indicated and stopped, looking up at me, her eyes terrified.

I looked calmly back at her. Made her wait for my next direction for several agonizing seconds, which must have seemed like hours to her. Finally, I languidly extended my arm again and pointed from where she was to the end of the hall and back, indicating that she was to crawl along that route.

She looked up at me in sheer disbelief, shaking her head vigorously, the distant exit lights making red streaks in her glasses. I nodded. She shook her head even more vigorously, her glasses sliding down to the end of her nose before she caught them, and mouthed the word “No!” panic-stricken.

I straightened up from the wall, stepped around her—and she followed me, first with her eyes, then with her head and finally with her whole body—and stood in the doorway, my arms crossed. The message was clear: if she wanted to get back in...

For a few moments she continued to plead with me in the same manner, mouthing the word ‘No!’ over and over and shaking her head. But finally she must have realized that the longer she waited the better chance there was of someone stepping out to use the hall bathroom. So, biting her lower lip in fear, she turned—in the direction that would lead her away from the bathroom—and began to crawl as quickly as she could toward the far exit-door.

I watched her crawl, her buttocks rose-colored in the dim light. She was making pretty good time considering that her panties were still hampering her movement. She reached the exit door, tagged it like a swimmer doing laps, and turned around to head back. I saw that her glasses had not only slipped down her nose again but were hanging askew on her face—she was too concerned with getting back out of sight to take the extra second to straighten them.

In another moment she was in front of me again. She had obviously expected me to move out of the

way as soon as she arrived because she almost bumped her head on my knees. She stopped just in time and looked up at me, her mouth open, breathing heavily. Her look, through those still-cockeyed glasses, said, ‘What are you waiting for? Let me in!’

But I continued to stand there blocking her way. Her questioning look grew more panicked, as if to say, ‘What? What else? Tell me!’

Holding her gaze, I slowly unfolded my arms again, letting them hang loosely at my sides. Then I tilted my pelvis toward her, my erection obvious. And waited.

She caught my meaning immediately and gasped so loudly that she reached up and covered her mouth—so vigorously that her glasses went flying. She quickly retrieved them and put them back on. Her eyes, behind them, were once again glazed with fear. Bad enough to be seen crawling up and down the hall nearly naked, but to be seen in the same condition kneeling in front of a man and doing what she was about to do...

...And she *was* going to do it, she had no doubt...no choice. Now whimpering with fear she quickly rose to her knees and unfastened and unzipped my pants and pulled them down to my knees, followed by my underwear. Without wasting a moment she placed her hands on my waist and applied her mouth to the head of my cock, quickly licking it all around before taking it all the way in.

It soon became obvious that she had little experience in what she was doing. That first time, the other night, I had come almost the moment I’d entered her mouth because there had been a lot more foreplay, but now her lack of technique was frustrating.

I placed my hands on either side of her head and began slowly to pull my cock out of her mouth and just as slowly push it back in. She quickly adapted herself to my rhythm and began bobbing her head up and down, but she still needed instruction. I stopped her with my hands and pulled my cock out of her mouth again. She looked up at me in surprise.

I reached down and grabbed her right hand and held the first two fingers together as I brought it to my mouth. I showed her how to use her tongue by using my own, inserting her fingers into my mouth and running my tongue down their length as I did so. I repeated the action several times, then released her hand. I looked down at her and raised my eyebrows as if to ask, ‘Do you understand?’

She nodded, anxiously, and began again.

This time it was much better, and I could tell she knew it too. As she grew more confident she began to vary her rhythm, sometimes stopping with just the tip of my cock between her lips and stimulating it

with her tongue, other times exploring how slowly and deeply she could take my shaft in without discomfort. Soon it became obvious that she had forgotten that she was kneeling in a public hallway with her panties halfway down her thighs—had forgotten everything except the dance of her tongue and lips.

I allowed myself to enjoy it as long as I could, but it was inevitable that eventually I would feel the beginnings of an orgasm. I decided to give ‘Miss Santiago’ one more surprise.

I held back until the last possible second, then just as I began to come I pulled my cock out of her mouth. I held her head in place with my hands as my semen began to spurt. The first few drops landed in her hair, and on her forehead, but the next spurt splattered directly onto the right lens of her glasses, near the bridge of her nose, and began running down and dripping onto her cheek.

Her expression was horrified. She tried to jerk away from me and quickly raised her hands as if to put them in front of her face for protection...

But then she dropped them helplessly to her sides and turned her face up to mine—so that my final spurts landed on her nose, her slightly parted lips and her chin. She looked as though she were in ecstatic prayer.

For a long moment we simply stayed like that as I recovered from my orgasm. Then I backed out of the doorway and into her room again, pulling my pants up as I went.

Without thinking, Carol dropped down to all fours and crawled in after me.

As soon as she was inside I closed the door behind her. Carol came to a stop...and simply waited. My semen was still all over her face and glasses—a drop of it fell to the floor from the end of her chin, followed slowly by another—but she did nothing, only waited.

I told her to stand up and close her eyes, and finished adjusting my pants while she did so. Then, standing behind her, I placed my hands lightly on her shoulders, turned her around and guided her steps until she was standing directly in front of her full-length mirror. I stood behind her and told her to open her eyes.

Her reaction surprised me. For a moment she simply stared at her reflection: the white drops of semen in her disordered hair; the blobs of it on her glasses and the glistening trails running down her face—now gathering at the point of her chin and dripping onto her chest and the bow at her neck; her nakedness and the panties bunched around her thighs.

Then suddenly she began to breathe very quickly—almost hyperventilating—and cried “Oh!” in a loud whisper as the top half of her body jerked forward and down so that she had to rest her hands on her thighs as she went into orgasm.

It seemed to go on for a long time—she stayed hunched over, mouth open, whispering, “Oh!...Oh!...Oh!...” over and over as if to herself as if in pain. And even when she appeared to be done she remained in that position, as if it were the only way she could remain standing.

I waited until she seemed to have recovered her breath, then said, “Stand up and put your hands behind your head,”—deliberately not calling her Miss Santiago.

Slowly, she complied. I looked over her shoulder and met her gaze in the mirror. I held it for several seconds—her right eye was barely visible behind the spatter of semen on her glasses but the left lens was still clear. Then I spoke.

“Alright, *Carol* , here’s what I want you to do. After I leave, and you finish cleaning yourself up, I want you to clean off your glasses.” I reached around her and removed them, examined them, and continued, “ *Except* for this part right here.” I held them in front of her face and indicated a tiny trickle that had dribbled down inside her glasses at the very right edge of the lens. “Do you see it?”

She looked at the spot I indicated, then back up at me, and nodded, her face blank.

I went on, “You’re going to leave that there, and let it dry.” I gently replaced the glasses on her nose and concluded, “And every time you put on your glasses you’re going to see it, and remember how it got there...and how you look right now...” I leaned forward and spoke into her ear. “...with my come all over your face. Is that understood?” I leaned back and waited.

She took a sudden, sobbing breath...and nodded again, her eyes staring at me.

I wasn’t done. “From now on you’re going to carry your glasses with you wherever you go. You will put them on whenever I tell you to. And then you will do whatever *else* I tell you to do. Have you got that?”

Her head barely moved this time, but she nodded.

“Say it.”

She swallowed convulsively. Licked her lips, taking more of my semen into her mouth. Swallowed again, Then said, her lips quivering, “I’ll—I’ll always bring my glasses with me. I’ll put them on

whenever you tell me, and...and I'll...do whatever else you tell me. Oh god....” She began to shiver.

I reached over and snagged another tissue and handed it to her, saying, “Wipe off your mouth.” She did so. “Turn around.” She turned and faced me. “Kiss me good night and say ‘thank you’.

She carefully leaned forward and kissed me on the mouth, then leaned back, met my gaze as best she could, and whispered, “Thank you...Jonathan.”

I smiled at her and said, “You're welcome. Good night.”

Then I left.