Teaching Carol, Ch. 4

By Zenmackie

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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I didn't see Carol at lunch the next day, though I waited until nearly closing time. When she didn't come to dinner, I casually asked a classmate of hers if she'd seen Carol, and she told me Carol hadn't been at her classes that day. It was pretty obvious that Carol was upset about last night and was too embarrassed to show her face in public. Or at least where she might run into me.

This needed to be dealt with. I sat down at one of the dining tables, tore a piece of paper out of my notebook and wrote the following:

Dear Carol,

My guess is that you're feeling bad about last night. It must have been a shock to learn that you enjoy something that most people wouldn't...that they might even find repulsive. I'd also guess that you're more ashamed of the fact that I know this about you than you are of the fact itself.

First of all, I promise you that I will tell no one. Second of all: though there are obvious reasons for being discrete, there is no reason to be ashamed. Really and truly. In fact, I consider you fortunate for discovering something that gives you so much pleasure—most people go their whole lives without experiencing that kind of fulfillment

I think what's really bothering you is a desire to not be what you are—a desire to be what other people call 'normal'. And if you want to pretend to be that way then you certainly can; if that's your choice then I will forget that last night ever happened and leave you alone.

But no matter how well you pretend, you will always remember; you will always know the truth. So the question is this: Will you try to live a lie, or do you have the courage to be who you are?

Please know that I will accept you either way. Wearefriends, you know. –Jonathan

I quickly gathered some hot food in a take-out container. I folded up the letter and tucked it into a

corner of the take-out box, then took it up to her room. I set it on the floor outside her door. Then I knocked and called out, “Room Service!” and went away.

She came to lunch the next day. I saw her go into the serving area and come out with her tray a few minutes later, looking very cute in a baby-blue cotton knit shirt and a khaki wrap-around skirt.

I was sitting by myself in a corner of the room. I watched her stop and slowly look around. I assumed that she was looking for me, but I didn’t know whether it was to join me or avoid me. When she looked my way I raised my hand and waved. I kept my expression neutral, ready to be accepted or rejected.

She looked at me for a long time. Perhaps she hadn’t truly made up her mind until that very moment. Her face, too, was neutral. I wondered if she was trying to judge the sincerity of what I’d written to her.

She started walking towards me.

When she arrived at my table her facial expression was unchanged. In fact, close up, she looked a little angry, an impression that was supported by the way she banged her tray down on the table, and the way she seemed to flounce into her chair.

She glared at me for several seconds, saying nothing. Then she pulled her gaze down to the purse in her lap and snapped it open. She reached in and brought out a leather glasses case. She pulled out the glasses she had been wearing the other night, unfolded them with sharp, jerky movements as if she were mad at them as well, stuck them on her face and looked up at me, still glaring, as if to say, ‘There, are you satisfied?’

I leaned forward slightly to look more closely at her. Sure enough, there was the tiny dribble of semen on the inside of her glasses, though it was hardly visible now that it had dried to near-transparency. She saw me looking at it, and I saw her eyes flick up to it for an instant before returning to mine, possibly even angrier now because of it, as if saying, ‘See what you made me do?’ But I continued to meet her gaze calmly... until she suddenly blushed and looked down. And, though I couldn’t be sure, I thought she smiled a little.

I had an idea. I was done eating, so I pushed my tray aside. Then I reached across the table with both hands, grabbed the edge of her tray and pulled it over to me. She looked up at me, startled, but I paid her no attention. I was looking at the contents of her tray. It was pretty much Dining Hall Standard: sliced turkey-roll with cranberry jelly, mashed potatoes, green beans, a small salad. She also had a small plate of carrot-sticks, a dish of strawberry shortcake, an apple and a glass of water. I studied it all for a few moments as she watched me, mystified.

Then I selected one of the carrot sticks. I held it up in front of her face for a few seconds. Then keeping my eyes on hers, I slowly lowered my hand until it was out of sight.

Below the table.

She continued to look back at me in complete bewilderment for several seconds. I could tell when she got it because she suddenly began breathing quickly through her mouth.

I waited.

This time there was no argument, silent or otherwise. She was sitting with her back to the rest of the room, and first she looked carefully around her. Serving time for lunch was nearly over, and the area we were sitting in was pretty much deserted. Even so, she made a business of ‘accidentally’ knocking her spoon to the floor and bending down as if to pick it up, before crawling under the table.

I pushed my chair back slightly and spread my knees apart, holding the carrot stick between my thighs where she would be sure to see it. And in a moment, there was her cute little owl-face looking up at me from between my knees. She reached up to take the carrot stick, but I pushed her hand away and held the carrot stick in front of her mouth. She understood immediately and opened her mouth, allowing me to place the carrot inside it before she bit off a chunk.

I fed her the entire meal that way: I would cut off a bite of turkey-roll, spread it with cranberry jelly, then place it in her open mouth with my fingers; roll up a leaf of lettuce, slippery with oil and vinegar dressing, fold it over and feed it to her; pick up a dollop of mashed potatoes and butter with two fingers and let her lick it off them; hold the glass of water under the table for her to sip. If things got messy, as they sometimes did, I would wipe off her mouth with a napkin.

With her owl-glasses on, it was like feeding a baby bird.

When the tray was nearly empty, I looked down and silently asked if she’d had enough. She nodded, and actually smiled up at me. She’d enjoyed being fed that way.

But she should have known that wasn’t the end.

I indicated, by twirling my finger, that she was to turn around. Her smile faded somewhat, but she did what I asked. When she was facing the other way I reached down, took her by the hips and tugged gently, indicating that I wanted her to back up. Which she did, crawling slowly backwards until her legs were under my chair and her behind directly in front of it.

When I had been feeding her I'd been fairly careful about not looking down too often, for fear of attracting attention; I'd leaned on one elbow and kept my eyes on the tray as if concentrating on my meal, but was still able to see her face in my peripheral vision, and I would glance down to make sure that the food was getting into her mouth.

I used the same technique now, even though there was hardly any food left on the tray. I reached down and peeled back the flaps of her skirt.

Her panties were thin cotton in the same shade of blue as her shirt, and were printed with the outlines of daisies in yellow. Very cute, I thought, as I lowered my right hand and began to fondle her behind. I heard a quick gasp when my hand made contact, but nothing further. Good.

I had a couple of books with me so I pulled one over with my free hand, and opened it at random. Pretending to read gave me an excuse to look down continuously, so I could enjoy seeing what I was doing. I leaned my elbows on my thighs so I could have both hands under the table, and massaged both cheeks of her behind for a while.

Carol, of course, wouldn't dare make a sound, even if she wanted to, but I could hear her breath becoming more ragged, especially when I slipped the fingers of both hands under the elastic of her panties and began pulling them up so that they put pressure between her legs. I did this rhythmically for a while, tightening and releasing, tightening and releasing. I could tell it was making her crazy. But when I bunched them tightly in my left hand and slipped my right hand between her legs, she almost started bucking like a horse.

I stayed right with her though, massaging her pussy through her now wet panties while keeping them pulled tight between her buttocks. Her balance suddenly seemed a little unsteady, and it wasn't until I heard her muffled whimpers that I realized she had lifted one hand to cover her mouth.

This was probably a good idea, considering what I had in mind to do next.

When I decided she was well and truly aroused, I stopped. I let go of her panties and withdrew my hand from between her legs. Then I reached up and slowly pulled her panties down. Her gasp was audible, even with her hand over her mouth. She even flailed one hand behind her for a moment, as if trying to stop me, but quickly subsided, knowing there was nothing she could do.

It was really something to be sitting in the Dining Hall and have a woman's naked behind between my legs. For a while I was content to stroke it, delicately, sensuously, with the tips of my fingers. Then I began to draw one finger lightly through the area between her buttocks, over and over.

This was actually a distraction. At the same time I was dipping the same finger of the other hand into the leftover oil and vinegar dressing in the bottom of her salad bowl, I coated it as thoroughly as I could, and then switched fingers without missing a stroke.

If she felt the difference between the dry finger and the oily finger, she didn't acknowledge it in any way. But when that finger began to probe her anal passage, sliding a little way in, withdrawing slightly, then pushing in even deeper, she actually took her hand off her mouth, turned her head and whispered, "No!" as loudly as she dared.

I, of course, not only ignored her but in one stroke wormed my finger all the way in, to the last knuckle. She started to cry out, "OH!" but clapped her hand back over her mouth.

This was obviously a new experience for her.

I began sliding my finger in and out, slowly. I could hear her begin to whimper again, still muffled but seemingly in a higher key than before. If she enjoys humiliation, I thought, she must be in heaven, trapped under a table in a public area, with her panties down and my finger sliding in and out of her behind.

And the best was yet to come, though of course she didn't know that yet.

I continued to probe and massage her anal passage until I was sure it was well lubricated. While I was doing that I used my free hand to take a couple of the bigger remaining carrot sticks and coat them with oil the same way I had done for my finger.

Then I removed the finger from her behind and quickly inserted the carrot sticks. They weren't much longer than my finger, and the two of them together were only slightly thicker. Still, there's a big difference between a finger and a couple of carrot sticks, and Carol, although she obviously couldn't have seen, must have known something had changed.

But she did nothing. She remained on her hands and knees quietly, panties down and the orange stubs of two carrot sticks sticking out of her behind. I slid them in and out a few times then left them where they were as I moved on to the next step.

Carol must have wondered what was going on when I stopped, and she certainly must have wondered what I had left in her behind, but there was no way to check without removing them. She wouldn't do that without permission, I was sure. Meanwhile, I had picked up the knife from her tray and was cutting a large wedge from the apple there.

I peeled the skin from the wedge. I dipped both sides into the leftover melted butter from her mashed potatoes.

Then, holding it in the palm of my hand I lowered it between her legs and gently placed the edge against the lips of her vagina.

She hadn't been able to see it coming, of course, and it was still somewhat cold from being refrigerated. And apparently, she must have gotten tired and lowered the hand that had been covering her mouth, because the resulting gasp was so loud that I had to fake a coughing fit for the benefit of the few people left in the dining hall. None of them nearby, fortunately.

When everything had settled down, I returned to the business at hand. This time I was careful to brush the inside of her thigh with my hand before touching her with the apple wedge. She had had the sense to replace her hand over her mouth by then as well so there were no further exclamations.

I pressed the edge inward until it separated her lips. Then I began slowly sliding it back and forth, pressing it in a little further each time. Carol obviously had no idea what was being rubbed between her legs, but by that point I don't think it mattered much, as she was too busy trying to keep her moans and whimpers from being heard.

I slid it back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Then I turned it around and slowly inserted it almost all the way into her vagina. Then just as slowly I pulled it out.

In, slowly. Out. In, a little faster. Out. Then in, then out, gradually increasing the pace.

Then I saw her shift, and I could tell from the way she raised her behind that she had probably put her face down to the floor, the better to cover her mouth with both hands, I assumed. And all the better for me, as it made her more accessible.

I continued sliding the apple wedge in and out with my left hand and with my right hand grabbed the ends of the carrot sticks. I began to do the same thing with them in an alternating rhythm so that the carrots were going in as the apple was coming out, and vice versa.

And it was a really good thing that she was muffling herself so well, because without her mouth covered, what was coming out of it would probably be described as shrieking. In the interest of not being discovered I decided I'd better finish this part as quickly as possible, so I increased the pace.

It was only a few seconds later that she gave a long, but well-covered, "OHHHHHhhhhhh...." and I

could tell by her sudden stillness that she had climaxed.

I waited patiently while she recovered. I knew she was probably thinking that it was all over.

She was wrong.

I gradually eased the carrot sticks and the apple wedge out of their respective hiding places and held them in one hand. Then with the other I tapped Carol on the hip to indicate that she should turn around again and face me.

She had either managed to keep her glasses on or she had replaced them before turning, because they were where they were supposed to be. Her face, as she looked up at me from between my legs, was drained and exhausted-looking. But there was also an air of satisfaction about her, and she managed a weak smile for me.

Her smile faded as I showed her the carrots and the apple, and she realized that they were what had been inside her. And when I held the carrot sticks, still glistening with oil, up to her mouth, her expression became one of complete disgust and repulsion.

But she opened her mouth.

She made terrible faces as I fed them to her, though I was sure they didn’t taste of anything more than oil and vinegar. But she wanted to be sure I understood how degrading it was; it was her way of thanking me.

When she had swallowed the last of the carrots, I held up the apple wedge. It looked much more disgusting than the carrots, being partially covered with a kind of white foam from her orgasm, and she eyed it suspiciously before opening her mouth to receive the first bite. Her natural juices must have gone well with the butter and apple flavors because she ate it right up.

When she was done, she simply waited, looking up at me. And she didn’t seem particularly surprised when, after a quick look around, I began to unfasten and unzip my pants. She even helped me pull them down while I raised my hips slightly from my seat. She reached up to free my cock from my underwear while I assisted by raising my hips again, so she could pull them down as well.

Then as a special treat, I dipped my fingers in the leftover sauce from the strawberry shortcake and smeared it all over the head of my cock. She watched as I did it, then looked up at me and smiled.

She went right to work, as if it was a pleasant task she had been saving until the harder work was

done. She remembered everything she had learned the other night, and improved on it. She honestly seemed to be enjoying herself. I even heard (and felt) her making little humming noises to herself at times, as if it were an ice cream cone she was savoring.

And when I came, making it my turn to cover my mouth with my hand to keep from crying out, she simply looked up at me while her mouth filled up with my juices. When she was sure I was done, she delicately removed her mouth from my cock, being careful not to spill a drop.

Then she looked up at me again, gave me another tiny smile, and swallowed.

I smiled back and caressed the side of her face with my hand. She leaned into it, closing her eyes, for a moment. Then she opened them again, reached up and removed her glasses. She smiled at me again, then turned around so I could pull up her panties and smooth her skirt back down into place.

I saw her moving away under the table and then a few seconds later her head popped up on the other side and she sat down in her chair, looking as though nothing had happened since she'd reached down to retrieve her spoon, except that her hair was a little disarrayed.

She reached over the table and pulled her tray back in front of her, then picked up her glass and took a long drink of water. She seemed tired but happy, until she looked at her watch and realized how much time had passed.

She said, "Oh god, I'm late".

She picked up her tray and started to hurry off. Then she stopped and came around the table to where I was sitting. She bent down and kissed me quickly, then put her lips next to my ear and breathed, "Thank you". Then she was gone.

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