

Your Reward: Part 1

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For Princess101, my pet, for being a good girl.

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You have been in my "Intro To Poetry" class as a college freshman for about four weeks. You are quiet, sit near the back, dress conservatively. Lately, you've had thoughts about me, your professor, but never dreamed I might be looking at you in the same way.

At first, I didn't notice you, but over time you caught my eye. I assign a poem each night. And each student is to write a short paragraph reacting or analyzing the assigned poem. As the weeks move along, I start to notice a quiet intelligence in your writing. After that, I start to notice you in class. I notice how you always answer a direct question with "yes, sir," how you rarely look up or speak up in class, how you dress conservatively, almost shy to be seen at all. I start to wonder if you have submissive tendencies.

I decide to test this. Usually, when I return the previous day's paragraph to you, it just has a simple one-word comment like "good" or a short response like "more detail, please." Today, as you glance at the paragraph I hand back to you, you notice a longer note. You stop and read it before leaving class. I wrote, "You always dress so conservatively for such a bright student. Such a shame, really."

You tuck the paper into your shoulder bag and head home. That evening you re-read the note, wondering over it. Was your professor, the professor you've had thoughts about actually commenting that you should dress in a more daring fashion?

The next day, I'm at my desk, sifting through the previous day's paragraphs as all of the students are filing into class. I look up, and as I have been for the last week or so, make sure to cast a glance in your direction. I am surprised to see you wearing something unusual. Usually you are wearing jeans and a sweat shirt or loose t shirt with a jacket over it, or something equally covered-up. Today, you are still wearing jeans, but you are wearing a floral, button-up top. Even more surprising, the top two buttons are unbuttoned, revealing just the hint of cleavage.

I go through class as usual, handing out the paragraphs just before everyone hustles to leave for their next class. You make sure and glance at my comment. "Good work." Then, in a different color pen,

"Stay after class."

I sit at my desk, watching all of the students file past, but you stay seated, until, you are the last one left in the room. I know there is only 7-10 minutes before the next class begins to pour in. You stand up and walk slowly to my desk, facing me, but looking down. I can see just the hint of a tremble in your hand, you fidget with your fingers, giving away your nervousness.

I decide to be cautious, just in case I misjudged your behavior.

"So, you followed my advice."

You nod.

"And you....enjoyed being challenged like that?"

A pause, still looking down you say, "Yes, sir."

"Do something else, now, to show that we are both talking about the same thing."

You flash a glance at me, as if to ask if it was okay. I stare back, nodding slightly. You look back down and unbutton one more button, revealing just a bit more cleavage, but nothing the average person would raise an eyebrow at.

I smile. "Good. Very good."

I stand up, walk around the desk, standing near you now. "We don't have much time. Lean over my desk."

You breath deep, not saying a word, you lean over my desk, your covered breasts pressed against it. Without any warning, you feel the sharp crack of my hand on your jeans-covered ass. You gasp out of shock and surprise, then feel another crack, and another...and one more. You feel the beginning of the stinging warmth that you haven't felt since a child.

"Now, stand back up." You do as told, breathing deeper now. I can tell that you are both nervous, yet excited, I can sense it coming off of you like waves.

"Listen closely, because we only have a few minutes before my next class starts arriving. Tonight, when you go home, you will decide what to wear tomorrow. You will dress up like you are preparing to go on a date with me, a date you hope will end up with me fucking you."

You gasp, still looking down, shocked by the bluntness and profane nature of my statement.

"You will wear make-up....and a suitably sexy outfit. This is a test, so I wont tell you what to wear this time. I want to see what you come up with. Now, you may feel that everyone is staring at you. This is okay. You are doing this for my eyes, to please me. Do you understand?"

Trembling now you say, "Yes....sir."

"Do you agree with this?"

"Yes, sir."

I smile, standing very close now, close enough that you can feel my hardness pressed against your hip. I whisper in your ear, "When you leave here, you will go straight to the bathroom and touch yourself until you cum. This will be the last time you are allowed to touch yourself or cum without my permission. Do you understand?"

Barely able to speak now you say, "Yes...I understand."

I pull away, sit down at my desk, talking in a normal tone now. "Well, then, see you in class tomorrow."

You turn slowly, as if in a daze, your legs wobbly, your hand trembling, and leave the classroom.