

Teaching Carol, Ch. 5

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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Although we actually did spend time together without doing anything sexual, it was obvious that the intensity of those encounters was what kept drawing us together. Carol was becoming more comfortable with her nature and seemed willing to try whatever I came up with. Some of things we did were improvised around the circumstances we found ourselves in; others were, for me at least, planned set pieces though I didn't always tell her what was about to happen. An example of the former would be the Friday night I noticed her heading into the university library. I followed her in without alerting her to my presence. The library was mostly deserted, as was to be expected on a weekend evening. I trailed her at a distance as she made her way toward the stacks in the rear and took note of which aisle she turned into. When it seemed as though she were going to stay there for a while I made my way there, checking each aisle for other people as I did. No one. She had her back to me as I came down the aisle toward her. She was dressed simply in a shapeless gray summer dress and sandals, and she was holding a book open in her hands and flipping through the pages searching for something. I leaned back against the shelves and waited for her to sense my presence. It didn't take long before she lifted her face from the book and slowly turned around towards where I was standing. When she saw me she registered no surprise; she simply closed the book she had been looking at and returned it to the shelf. Then she reached down and opened the purse which was lying at her feet. She pulled out her glasses and put them on, then stood looking at me, not smiling or speaking. Just waiting. I held my hand out, palm up, and made a lifting motion with my fingers. She looked around quickly to make sure there was no one nearby, then reached down, grasped the hem of her dress with both hands and slowly lifted it until her panties, and then her stomach, and then finally her bra were revealed. Her underwear was white, with a pattern of small blue and red stars and larger yellow shapes that looked like asterisks. She continued to simply look at me and wait. After a while I held out my hand again. This time I waggled two fingers toward myself. At first she thought I'd meant for her to come closer and started to walk toward me, but I held up my palm and shook my head and she stopped. I reached out and tugged gently on the material of her dress. Then she understood. She let go of her dress and allowed it to fall back into place. Then she reached behind her and unzipped it, pulled it free of her shoulders and allowed it to fall to the floor around her feet. Then she stepped out of it, bent down and picked it up and held it out to me. I took it...then turned and

walked away. She gasped slightly when she saw that I was leaving, apparently thinking that I was going to leave her stranded in the library wearing nothing but her bra and panties. But she said nothing. To confirm her impression I went a couple of aisles back toward the entrance then ducked into one and stashed her dress on an empty shelf. Then I crept back around the other way to see what she was doing. She was simply standing there, arms at her sides, waiting. But there was an anxious expression on her face. I continued to watch her for several minutes. After a while she walked to the end of the aisle where I had left and carefully leaned her head out—looking for me, I assumed. I made a small throat-clearing sound and she whirled around to face me, her expression terrified. But when she saw it was me she relaxed again and stood quietly. I walked over to her and began to fondle her breasts through her brassiere. She raised her hands and put them behind her head and closed her eyes. I turned her around and continued to massage her breasts as I pressed my erection between her buttocks. After a while I reached up and took her right hand and drew it down to her waist, pressing it flat against her stomach before sliding it beneath the waistband of her panties. Then I turned her around to face me again and withdrew, leaning against the shelves behind me and crossing my arms. She slowly lowered her other arm to her side, staring back at me—knowing what I wanted her to do. Then, still holding my gaze, she began to stroke herself, the movement of her hand inside her panties causing them to undulate in rhythm with her strokes. Her mouth slowly fell open as her gaze, without leaving mine, became inward, lost in the mixture of pleasure and shame that she found so irresistible. If someone had come along right then and caught her masturbating in front of me in her bra and panties she would have been devastated, but the possibility of such a thing happening was obviously very arousing to her. I decided to refine the situation somewhat and stepping forward, I knelt in front of her and slowly peeled her panties down so that they hung inside out on her thighs, leaving her loins exposed. She kept her eyes on mine and made only a small sound, a groan that seemed to fall between pleasure and sadness, as I did so. I remained kneeling for a while, watching her hand, now visible, sliding in and out between her legs. Then I stood, still very close to her, still holding her gaze, as I unfastened and unzipped my pants and took out my cock and gently wrapped the fingers of her other hand around it. I let her stroke me for a while as she continued to touch herself. I could see she was beginning to get anxious again; I guess masturbating in her bra and panties in the university library didn't seem as bad as masturbating with her panties down and fondling someone's cock in the university library. Things could be worse, however—as she was about to find out. I put my hand on top of her head and gently pressed down. She immediately fell to her knees, thinking that I wanted her to take me in her mouth. Instead, I moved my hand to her forehead and began pushing her backwards. Confused, she let go of my cock and leaned back on her hands, not knowing what I wanted. I continued to push her back until she was no longer able to balance on her hands and fell onto her back with a small cry, her legs unfolding from beneath her. She looked up at me from the floor, blinking behind her glasses and breathing hard. I nudged her legs apart with my foot, then stood between her knees and began stroking myself. I doubt she had ever seen a man masturbating, and I could tell it shocked her. I imagined that being discovered fondling my cock was beginning to look fairly conservative to her, at least in comparison to

being found lying on her back, panties pulled down, while a man stood between her legs and masturbated over her. I was a little nervous myself, so I didn't try to hold back. And anyway the mixture of terror and arousal on her face, combined with her position and state of undress, was more than enough to bring me to orgasm. She had covered her mouth with her hands because she was gasping so loudly, and I had to do the same with one hand as I climaxed. Carol seemed nearly petrified as I spurted my semen all over her—a few drops landing as high as the uncovered point of her chin, some on her brassiere, and the rest on her stomach, plus a little in her pubic hair. As soon as I was able, I refastened my pants and walked away. Carol must have wondered if this time I was really leaving—and if so what she was going to do. But I only went to retrieve her dress and hurried back. The look of relief on her face was very clear when she saw that I was carrying her dress. I helped her to stand, some of the semen on her stomach running down into her pubic hair as she did so. She pulled her panties up, then looked at me. I held out the dress. She shook her head, indicating the glistening trails of semen on her stomach—she wanted to clean them off. For an answer, I lifted her arms, one at a time, then dropped the dress over her and pulled them through the arm-holes. When the dress was settled, I turned her around and zipped it up. I turned her around again to face me. I held up my hand, palm outward. And as she watched I pressed it against the front of her dress and ran it deliberately all over her breasts and abdomen. Immediately dark stains began to appear in the fabric of her dress, showing where my semen still lay wet on her skin. I extended a forefinger and wiped some of the semen from her chin. I held my finger in front of her so she could see it then placed it against her lips. She bent her head slightly to take it into her mouth, and I could see she was looking at the stains on her dress as she licked off my finger. And suddenly she began to climax, pressing both hands between her legs and bending over as though trying not to pee. Her glasses fell to the rug. She made a sound, “Oooo. Oooo,” over and over, as quietly as she could, and her expression seemed almost pained as she looked up at me. When she was done and had straightened up again I picked up her glasses and set them back on her nose. Then I lifted up her dress and ran two fingers between her legs to gather some of the moisture from the now sodden crotch of her panties. I smeared the moisture across her lips. Then I picked up her purse and handed it to her, went behind her and, putting my hands on her shoulders gave her a gentle push in the direction of the exit. I grabbed the book she'd been looking at off the shelf and followed her. Carol had obviously hoped to sneak out unobserved, and gasped when I grabbed her shoulder just as she was passing the checkout desk and said loudly, “Hey Carol, don't forget to check out your book.” She had to turn around and rummage through her purse for her library card under the eyes of the dorky student librarian in thick glasses. He seemed not to notice her shiny lips, the small white glob on her chin, or the stains on the front of her dress—although these last had already dried somewhat and weren't as obvious as they had been. But she knew they were there and blushed a deep crimson throughout the entire transaction and continued to blush all the way back to her dormitory room. When we got to her door, she turned to me and said, with some anger, “Jonathan, I don't want anyone else to know about...” She stopped and looked down, blushing. “...about what we do.” I put one hand on her shoulder and smoothed her hair with the other as I replied, “Relax. He didn't notice a

thing.” I began massaging her shoulder blades, at the same time stealthily unhooking her dress at the top as I continued. “Just be glad I gave you your dress back.” And with that I quickly unzipped her dress again and pulled it off her shoulders so that it fell to the floor around her ankles. Then before she could react I pulled her into a passionate kiss, fondling her behind for a moment before releasing her. With a gasp she frantically dug through her purse for her room key, opened the door and dashed inside. I managed to kick her dress inside before the door slammed behind her.