

Teaching Carol, Ch. 6

By Zenmackie

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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Teaching Carol, Ch. 6 by Zen Mackie Carol avoided me for a week or so—I assumed she was upset because of the incident at the library checkout desk. But I did nothing. She had enjoyed it—she may not have liked the fact that she enjoyed it, but she did—and that kind of enjoyment can be addictive. Sure enough, one night there was a knock on my door and there she was. She was wearing floral-patterned shorts and a white t-shirt and she looked timidly at me when I opened the door. “Hello, Jonathan.” I said nothing; just looked at her inquiringly. After an awkward moment or two had gone by, she looked down, then up at me again and said, “I want to see you again.” I nodded slightly. “And...?” She answered by opening and rummaging through her purse until she found her glasses, then put them on and looked back up at me. I saw that the small dribble of dried semen was still there. I said, “Tell me.” She blushed and looked down. “You know,” she muttered. “I want to hear you say it.” Still looking down, she said, “I want you to...” “Look at me.” She kept her face down but raised her eyes to meet mine and spoke in a near-whisper. “I want you to...tell me what to do...” She waited for me to reply and, when I said nothing, went on. “I want you to...make me...do bad things.” I continued to look at her in silence. She didn’t know what else to say. She started to speak a couple of times, stammered, and fell silent. Suddenly her eyes welled up and she fell to her knees. Still looking up at me, she whispered, her voice quavering, “I want you to h-humiliate me.” Then: “P-please.” I leaned down and kissed her gently, laying my hand along the side of her face. Then, placing my hands on her shoulders, I pulled her forward until she rested on her hands and knees. I turned and walked back into my room, leaving the door open, and she crawled in after me. “Close the door behind you.” She turned and closed the door, then crawled after me until we’d both reached the center of the room. My dorm room was a little smaller than hers was. It was constructed of cinderblock so there were no built-in closets or shelves; everything was freestanding. There was a large combination wardrobe/bureau against one wall, and that gave me the inspiration for the evening’s entertainment. First, to keep Carol busy while I got organized I pulled the plastic laundry basket from under my bed. It was about half full, mostly dirty underwear and t-shirts. I dumped it on the floor in front of her and set the basket next to the pile, saying “Put those back.” I watched as she lifted a hand from the floor and began to reach for something in the pile, hesitated, put her hand down again—then leaned down and picked up a pair of my dirty underwear in her teeth, crawled over to the

basket and dropped them in. Then she crawled back to pick up the next item. While she was thus occupied I opened one of the wardrobe drawers and rummaged around until I found what I was looking for: the remains of a spool of speaker wire and some wirecutters. I cut four two-foot lengths and put the rest away, along with the cutters. The top half of the wardrobe was designed as a closet, with two doors. I opened them and tied the end of one piece of wire around the top hinge on each side, then closed the doors again, leaving the ends hanging loose outside. I tied the ends of the remaining pieces of wire to the front feet of the wardrobe. I was ready. Carol had had her back to me the entire time, working at her task. I watched her for a while—ducking her head to seize an item of clothing with her teeth, turning and crawling over to the basket, dropping it in, returning for the next item. She seemed totally absorbed in what she was doing, as if it were the most important job in the world. I noticed her picking up a particularly unsavory pair of my underpants, old and full of stains—some quite recent, I thought. “Stop.” She halted where she was, the underwear dangling from her teeth. I came around and crouched in front of her. Not surprisingly, her glasses were crooked and had slipped down her nose. I straightened them for her. I took the underwear from her mouth. Then I held the waistband open with both hands and fitted it over her face—turning the underwear sideways so that the top of her head came through one of the leg-holes...and the crotch, catching on the top of her glasses, covered her eyes. And nose. And mouth. She cried out in disgust. “No! Unh!” and shook her head back and forth. But she kept her hands on the floor and made no effort to remove the underwear, even as she was forced to breathe in the nasty odors I was sure the underwear were giving off. When she had settled somewhat I told her to stand up, and when she had done so—a little unsteadily, being unable to see—I placed my hands on her shoulders and walked her backwards until she was against the doors of the wardrobe. She was panting a little, and not just from lack of air. And when I began fastening her wrists to the hinges above her head on either side, she was practically hyperventilating. I nudged her feet apart as far as they would go—which couldn’t have been very comfortable—and fastened her ankles to the feet of the wardrobe. She was now completely immobilized. She must have been desperately wondering what I would do next. Would I fondle her? Undress her? Nope. It was worse than that—I did nothing. I lay down on my bed and read for awhile, glancing up occasionally to see how she was doing. Her breathing had calmed somewhat, but she was still obviously quite anxious, not knowing what I was up to. After a while I got up and fished under my bed until I found my digital camera. I set it to use the available light—mostly from my desk lamp, which I turned on her like a spotlight—and took a full-length picture of Carol tied to the wardrobe with my underwear over her face. She reacted to the quiet click the camera made, but said nothing. I walked closer to her and said, “Open your mouth.” She did so and, using my index finger, I poked the crotch of my underwear as far into her mouth as I could. She made small noises of protest but knew she was helpless. I took a close-up shot of her face with the crotch of my underwear in her mouth. Then I said, “Stick out your tongue.” She forced the material as far out of her mouth as she could with her tongue, and I took another close-up. Then I said, “Lick.” I took several more shots of her with her tongue in various parts of my underwear as she licked out the crotch, but of course I couldn’t capture the sounds of revulsion and near-nausea she made while she was doing it. Still, when I checked I had

some very good shots. I cued up the first one on the viewscreen, then held it in front of her face as I lifted the crotch of my underwear and let it rest on her forehead. The first thing she saw was the long shot. Then, when I judged she'd taken it in I clicked to the next, where her mouth was open and full of my underwear. I leaned close and said, "You're very photogenic—I think I'll print these out and put them on my door so everyone can see how nice you look." Then I clicked slowly through the rest...and as I'd expected, she went into orgasm before I'd reached the last one. It was just a small one—a little tremor that shook her from her ankles to her shoulders as if she were cold. I pulled my underwear back over her face. Then I lay down again to read. When I thought it was time to let her know I was still there I got up again and went over to her. I lifted her t-shirt and left it bunched above her breasts. To my surprise her white brassiere was unlike her normal underthings—it was extremely romantic and feminine, covered with lace and trimmed with frills. I picked up the camera and added another shot to the series. Then I leaned close to her ear and, running the tip of my finger along the top of her brassiere, said, "Very pretty. Did you wear this just for me?" "Yes." And then, remembering my preference, continued, "I wore it just for you." Then she added quietly, "I bought it just for you." I cupped her left breast in my hand and squeezed it gently, saying, "Because you like to please me, right?" She sighed a little from the pleasure I was giving her and breathed, "Yes—I like to please you." I moved my hand to her other breast. "So you'll lick the shit out of my underwear whenever I tell you to, right?" I pinched her nipple through the bra, hard. "Ow! Yes! Yes, I'll...Oh god—I'll lick the shit out of your underwear whenever you tell me to!" I went over to my desk and rummaged in the top drawer until I found a couple of alligator clips. I lifted her bra above her breasts and attached one of the clips to the nipple I had just pinched, making her cry out again, then suck in her breath in arousal. "You're a nasty little girl, aren't you?" I asked as I pinched her other nipple erect and attached the second clip to it. Carol began to writhe against her bonds in sweet agony. "Yeeeeessss...Oh! Yes, I'm a nasty little girl! Ohhhhh...." I used my tongue to trace a circle around each nipple, then flicked the alligator clips a few times, making her gasp with pleasure. I picked up the camera and took another picture. Then I breathed into her ear and whispered, "You are a nasty little girl—you'd probably let me pull your pants down, wouldn't you?" Not that she had any choice; I just wanted to hear her say it. Her reply was barely audible. "Yesssss...I'll let you pull my pants down." "Do you want me to?" "Ohh...yes, I want you to pull my pants down." "Say 'Please'." "Oh, oh god...Please pull my pants down!" I reached behind her to unfasten and unzip her shorts, and slowly eased them down over her hips until the separation of her legs wouldn't allow them to go any further. Her panties, as expected, were just as frilly and fancy as her brassiere. I took another picture, then asked, "Do you like showing me your panties?" "Yes...I like showing you my panties." "Will you show me your panties whenever I tell you to?" "Yes—I'll show you my...my panties whenever you tell me to." I slipped a hand between her legs and fondled her there. The crotch of her panties was, not surprisingly, wet. She moaned with pleasure as I touched her. I said, "You're really wet. Did you come in your panties?" "Yes, I...came in my panties." I continued to squeeze and stroke her there. "Because you're a nasty little girl?" "Oh. Ohhhhh.... Mm-Yes, I'm a nasty...nasty little girl." "A nasty little girl who comes in her panties?" I pushed the wet fabric a little way in with my finger. "Ohhh, god! Yes! Yes! I'm a nasty little girl who

comes in her panties! Oh! Oh god! Mm!” She seemed as if she was about to come again, so of course I pulled my hand away and let her writhe in place while I thought about what to do next. Seeking inspiration, my gaze traveled slowly around the room...and came to rest next to the sink. The electric toothbrush seemed to offer some possibilities. I rooted around in the cabinet under the sink until I found the original box, which had a couple of spare brushes in it. I selected one with soft bristles and put it in place of my usual brush in the motorized handle. Saying nothing, I went and knelt in front of Carol. She was in an agony of desire still, having been brought so close to a climax and then left with no means of completion. Her hips were twitching slightly as if seeking something to rub against. I put the toothbrush on the floor beside me and began stroking her thighs with the palms of my hands, gently, sensuously. It seemed to calm her and arouse her further at the same time. I slid my index fingers under the elastic in the leg-holes of her panties and pulled upward so the fabric pressed tightly between her legs. She took a sudden, hissing inward breath and let it out in a shuddering sigh, but said nothing. Still holding her panties tight with one hand, I picked up the toothbrush and without switching it on began delicately stroking the lips of her vagina, which were clearly visible through the wet fabric of her panties. The subtlety of this caress, after the rough fondling she had just received there, took a while to be effective. But when I applied the same technique to the little bud of her clitoris she definitely became more aroused, taking deep gasping breaths and writhing against her bonds. She was so aroused that I doubt she even noticed when I pulled her panties aside and gently inserted the head of the toothbrush into her vagina—with the bristles facing forward—until it was well inside her. But she definitely noticed when I switched it on. She screamed—or tried to. Anticipating her reaction I had clamped my free hand over her mouth—which was still covered by the crotch of my underwear—the moment it opened, and a good thing, too. Uncovered, her screams would have been heard for a great distance even through cinderblock and probably would have caused a number of 911 calls to be made. But even muffled I was amazed at how strong they were for such a petite woman...and how long they went on, as she came and came and came, thrashing against her bonds with such ferocity that I was afraid she was going to pull the wardrobe over on top of both of us. When I finally judged that she’d had enough and withdrew the toothbrush, then took my hand from her mouth, she let the remaining air out of her lungs in a whoosh as if being deflated, then seemed to pass out, hanging silently from her bonds head down like an abandoned puppet. Her glasses fell out of the underwear on her face and landed on the rug in front of her, and I retrieved them and put them aside. I pulled the chair out from under my desk and placed in front of her. Then I loosened the bonds around her ankles, followed by the ones on her wrists, and just before she sagged forward I snagged the pillow from my bed and placed it over the back of the chair. I took her hands, walked her a few steps forward and draped her, still only semi-conscious, over the chair. To make her more comfortable, as well as for my own aesthetic pleasure, I pulled her shirt the rest of the way off and helped her step out of her shorts. Then, using the same lengths of wire from the wardrobe I fastened her ankles to the back legs of the chair and her wrists to one of the front rungs. Then I lay down again, to read and wait. After a few minutes she raised her head and said “Jonathan?” --her voice slightly muffled by my underwear, which still covered her face.

I said, "Hmm?" in a careless, distracted way, and let her hear me turn a page in my book. She turned her head in my direction. "I need to use the bathroom." I made no reply, and after waiting for several uncomfortable moments she tried again. "Jonathan, I really have to pee." Nothing. All was silent for a while. "Jonathan?" "Yes?" "I have to pee." "I heard you." "Can you untie me so I can go to the bathroom?" "Yes." There was a long silence as she waited to hear some sign that I was getting up to do as she'd asked. Then: "Are you going to untie me?" "No." "But you said..." "You asked me if I could, not if I would." "Jonathan, it's not funny, I really have to go!" I got up, and she sighed with relief as she heard me. I picked up the wastebasket from next to my desk. There were only a couple of crumpled pieces of paper in it—I inverted it and let the paper fall to the floor, then righted it. I went over and lifted the underwear off of Carol's face, waited long enough for her to see what I was carrying, then let the underwear fall back into place. Her expression, before disappearing behind the fabric again, was bewildered. I walked behind her and placed the wastebasket on the floor between her legs with a loud thump. Then I lay down on the bed again. As soon as Carol heard those sounds she understood. "Jonathan! No!" Her voice was a horrified whisper. Silence. "Jonathan! Let me go! Please!" She started to twist uncomfortably on the chair as she fought to control her bladder. "Noooo...please... Jonathan! I...I can't wait!" She struggled silently for almost five more minutes. Then she let out a long moan of despair and mortification—"Ohhhhhhhhhhh..." And I saw, then heard, a golden stream trickling from between her legs and making a faint metallic echo as it fell into the wastebasket. When I was sure she had finished I got up and pulled my underwear off her head, dropping it to the floor in front of her. Her face was red and tear-stained and she was sniffing with embarrassment. I let her see me walking casually around behind her. I crouched down and put my hands on the back of her thighs so she would know I was looking between her legs. "You wet your panties, didn't you?" I asked, as if it weren't obvious. She said nothing, merely sniffled some more. She may have nodded, but I couldn't see it from where I was. I raised a hand and gave her a stinging slap on the right buttock, making her cry out with surprise and pain. "I said, you wet your panties, didn't you?" "Y-yes!" she gasped. "I w-wet..." She took a sudden breath and let it out, sobbing. "...m-m-my p-panties! Ohhh, oh god..." She continued to sob. "You sure did," I replied, still crouching behind her. "There's a big yellow stain, right here." I used a fingertip to trace the outline of the stain in the crotch of her panties. I put my face close to it and sniffed conspicuously. "You smell like piss too. God—how could you ruin such nice panties like that? I can't believe you peed in your panties." Her sobbing increased. I grabbed the camera and took a close-up of the stain, then walked around in front of her. I said, "Just look at what you did," and showed her the picture. She looked at it and then up at me, her eyes tearful. "I'm sorry," she whispered. I picked up my underwear from the floor. With my free hand I held her nose shut, then said, "Open your mouth." When she did so, I crammed as much of my underwear in as would fit. Her eyes went wide. Then I released her nose and walked behind her again. I said, conversationally, "You nasty little girl." Then I raised my hand and smacked her behind again, much harder than before. Her scream, again, would have been very loud if it hadn't been severely muffled. I gave her ten hard strokes, taking my time about it and leaving her lots of room to wonder when the next one was going to fall. By the end she was practically leaping into the

air, chair and all, with each stroke. And when it was done she was nearly in a state of collapse—her nose was still stuffed up from crying and it couldn't have been easy to breathe with her mouth full of my underwear. She alternated gasping with sobbing. Her hair was soaked with sweat and standing up wildly all over her head from her convulsions. I went around in front of her again and smoothed it down with my hands, then took my underwear out of her mouth, saying, "There. Now. Are you sorry you peed in your panties?" She drew in a huge sobbing breath and said, "Y-ye-yes! I-I'm sorry I...I p-p-peed in my...my pa—my p-panties!" "That was a very nasty thing to do. Just smell this." I reached behind her to pick up the wastebasket and placed it in front of her so that her face was practically inside it. "I think you deserve to be punished some more, don't you?" Her voice was barely a whisper, and it echoed strangely into the wastebasket: "Y-yesssss." I went behind her again and eased her panties down as far as they would go. Her naked behind was brick red and I could see the outline of my hand in a couple of places. I took another picture, then went around in front of her and lifted her chin with my hand so she could see it. She only said, "Ohhhhh..." and lowered her head again. I picked up a bottle of skin lotion from next to the sink and squeezed some out onto my index finger, then went back behind her. With my free hand and I pulled her left buttock aside and then began smearing the lotion around the entrance to her rear passage. When she felt my finger there Carol raised her head, and asked, her voice plaintive, "Jonathan, what are you doing?" I didn't reply until I'd finished applying the lotion, worming my finger a little way into her passage to lubricate that as well, which made her gasp. Then I said, "I think you deserve to have my cock up your ass...don't you?" She was genuinely horrified, I think—by my language as much as my suggestion—and cried out, "No!" in a hoarse whisper. I stayed where I was. "I said, I think you deserve to have my cock up your ass..." I slapped her behind again, even more viciously, making her breath hiss in between her teeth. "...Don't you?" She shook her head vigorously. "No! Jonathan, I..." I slapped her behind again. "Don't you?" She cried out, "Ahh!" then hung her head. She knew she had no choice anyway. "Yes," she whispered. "'Yes'...what?" She began sobbing anew. "Y-yes, I d-deserve to have your..." she hesitated, then forced herself to speak the nasty word, "...c-c-cock...oh, oh god...up...up my..." She hesitated again then blurted out, "...my ass!" and continued to cry. I stepped in front of her. She raised her head and watched as I unfastened and unzipped my pants and stepped out of them, followed by my underwear. I stood with my erect cock in front of her face and said, "Lick." She immediately stuck out her tongue and began. I said, "Make sure you get it nice and wet or you'll lick it off after it's been up your ass." She did her best, considering her awkward position and the fact that her hands weren't free. When I judged it was ready I told her, "There, it's nice and wet. Now, where do you think I should put it?" She hung her head again and whispered, "Up...m-my ass." "Look at me." She looked up. I feigned shock. "You want me to put my cock...up your ass?" Her eyes began to overflow again, but she kept looking at me and said, "Yes. I-I want you..." she broke off and took a sobbing breath, "...to p-put...your c-cock up my ass." "Say 'Please'." She must have known that was coming, but for some reason it made her sobbing increase. "Oh...god!" she whimpered, "Please put your cock...up my ass!" So I did. Everything about her was petite, so it took time and patience to get my cock fully buried in her passage. From the moment I entered her Carol began to writhe and arch her back as if she

was expecting it to hurt terribly—and I think she was surprised when it didn't, even when I had filled her up completely. And I know she was shocked, when I began slowly sliding it in and out of her behind, to discover that it could feel so good. I could tell because her sobs were gradually replaced by little "Oo" sounds. I kept my strokes very slow at first, allowing her to get used to the sensation. After a while I asked, "Do you know what I'm doing?" It was hard for her to focus, for obvious reasons, but she tried. "You're...you're..." Then, nothing. I leaned down as close to her ear as I could, and whispered, "I'm fucking your asshole!" She took a huge gasping breath at this, but made no reply. I began to pick up the pace, and said, "What am I doing?" She let out a long groan of arousal. "You're...you're fucking..." and for the first time she seemed to take pleasure from what she was saying. "...my asshole!" And to my surprise she began to repeat it over and over—"You're fucking my asshole! You're fucking my asshole!"—in rhythm with my strokes, both of which gradually became faster and faster until she had to shorten her contribution to, "Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass! Fuck my ass!" And when I reached around her hip and slipped my hand between her legs her voice lost all its language and became a kind of strangled howl as she went into orgasm—with me not far behind. So to speak. After a long rest I pulled myself upright and my cock out of her behind and after cleaning myself up somewhat at the sink drew on my underwear and pants again. Then I untied Carol's bonds, though she continued to lie over the chair, her body like rubber, for quite some time. Finally she stirred and attempted to stand up, moaning with soreness and fatigue as she did so. I told her to put her hands behind her head. She did, and I took a picture of her like that: face red, hair askew, nipples still clamped, panties down around her knees. Then I said, "Take off your panties." She looked at me as if she couldn't believe we weren't done, but did as I asked and held them out to me. I took them and threw them on the chair, then kicked my old, rotten pair of underpants—now wet with her saliva as well—towards her, saying, "Put those on." She stepped into them as though into a sewer—which wasn't far wrong. They barely managed to hang from her hips without falling down. I reached out and removed the alligator clips from her nipples. I made her stand with her hands behind her head again while I took another picture. Then I stood close to her and said, "I'm going to do you a favor and let you wear my underwear home. Isn't that nice of me?" She glanced down at them, then back to me. "Yes," she whispered. "Thank you." I reached out and held her chin as I continued. "But I want them back tomorrow...and I want them to be clean. White. I want you to scrub every last little stain out of them, no matter how long it takes, understood?" Inadvertently she glanced down again, taking in the collection of primordial stains that mottled the front of the underwear being discussed. Then she looked back up at me and I could see she knew it was an impossible task. But she simply nodded and said quietly, "Yes." "All right, get dressed." I turned away and lay down again. When she was ready to go, having put on the rest of her clothes and brushed her hair into some kind of order, she came and stood by my bed and waited. I finished the page, marked it, and stood up. Aside from still being flushed, she looked quite presentable, if rather exhausted. I took her by the shoulders, turned her around and had her stand in front of the mirror over my sink. I picked up her discarded panties from the chair and placed the waistband over her head so that she wore them like a hat. I arranged them so the yellow stain in the crotch was prominently displayed in front. When she saw that her flush

deepened and she looked away, though she said nothing. I told her, "You'll keep these on your head until you get back to your room. Understood?" She brought her gaze to meet mine in the mirror, and nodded, although her face betrayed her dismay. "And if anyone asks you why you're wearing them on your head, you'll say, 'I have come dripping out of my ass and I didn't want to get them dirty.'" Her face began crumpling into tears again. I said, "Say it. Why are you wearing those panties on your head?" She was sniffing again but managed to say, "I of my...a-a-ass...a-and I di-didn't want to get them d-dirty. Oh, Jonathann..." I knew she'd hide in the bushes until three in the morning rather than have to say that to anyone, but I knew she would wear those panties on her head all the way back to her room. Because I'd told her to. I took her by the shoulders and turned her around again. I made her pretend to smile while I took a nice close-up of her, featuring her new headgear. Then I handed her purse to her and ushered her to the door. I had forgotten, but she hadn't. As I held the door open for her she stood up on her toes, kissed me, and said, "Thank you, Jonathan." Then she was gone. She must have stayed up late that night, or else gotten up early, because when I went out the next morning I found a small plastic bag hanging from my doorknob. Inside it I found my old underwear. They were cleaner than I had ever imagined they could be. They had been scrubbed so hard that the fabric was nearly worn away in the crotch. Then ironed. And folded.