Teaching Carol, Ch. 7

By Zenmackie

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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Saturday afternoon, a few days later. It was pouring rain. I made my way over to Carol's dorm and knocked on her door, then let myself into her room.

She had been sitting at her computer but jumped to her feet when she saw it was me. She was wearing dark yellow sweat-clothes with the university insignia on them.

And her glasses.

As I closed the door behind me I noticed something different out of the corner of my eye. Her closet door was standing open and. fastened to the inside with pushpins at what would be eye-level for Carol, were the panties she had been wearing when she came to my room. They had obviously not been washed, as the yellow stain in the crotch was prominently displayed. When I turned back to Carol she was smiling timidly at me like a student who was fairly sure she'd done well on a test but not positive.

I smiled back at her and said, "What a nasty little girl." I thought that hearing that phrase again might be a turn-on for her and when I saw her close her eyes for a moment and take a sudden breath through her mouth I knew I'd been right.

"Take off everything but your panties."

It didn't take long for her to shed her clothing, especially since she'd been barefoot when I came in, and when she was done she immediately assumed what she knew to be my preferred position for her, with her hands behind her head and her feet apart. Her panties were some kind of glossy synthetic fabric in yellow-green with a lot of lace around the edges.

“Don’t move.”

I walked around behind her and sat down at her computer. From my knapsack I withdrew my camera and connected it to her computer. I quickly loaded in all the pictures I’d taken of her the other night. Then I programmed her computer to show them, in chronological order, slowly segueing from one to the next, as her screensaver. I watched the entire sequence once to make sure it worked, then hitched my chair out of the way and said, “Turn around.”

Without changing her basic position she turned so that she was facing the computer screen...just as the first image came up: the shot of her, still fully clothed but tied to my wardrobe, with my underwear over her face.

Carol had seen almost all of these pictures, of course, but only briefly on the small view-screen, and while she had been highly agitated. Now she had time to fully absorb each of the images as it filled her entire computer screen, lingered for several seconds, then slowly dissolved into the next.

I watched her face as the sequence progressed and noticed that almost immediately she had begun to breathe through her mouth. As she watched, I noticed her nipples begin to rise and harden, and I reached over and idly began to fondle her behind through the slick fabric of her panties. She seemed not to notice, so absorbed was she in the parade of images.

After she had seen the entire sequence twice I decided it was time to move on. I rose from my chair and stood between her and the screen. “Do you have a raincoat?” I asked.

She nodded and went to fetch it from the closet. I wasn’t surprised to see that it was a bright yellow slicker—with matching headpiece—such as a young girl would wear; her taste in clothing seemed to run that way. She stood in front of me, the jacket dangling from one hand and the headpiece from the other, waiting to see if they were acceptable.

“Alright, put them on.”

She did so, perhaps wondering if we were about to start another role-playing game as we had when she had been Miss Santiago.

“Boots. Socks if you need them.”

She returned to the closet and brought out a pair of shiny red calf-length rubber boots. She sat on the bed and quickly put on a pair of white knee socks, followed by the boots. Then she stood up and faced me again, waiting. She looked adorable in her rain outfit.

“You can take your glasses off.” She did so, placing them on the desk. “Get your purse. Do you have any money?”

She picked up a small red cloth purse from the table next to her bed and looked inside, then back at me. “Some,” she said. Twenty-three dollars and some change.”

“Alright, come on.” I took her hand and headed toward the door.

“Where are we going?” she asked as I pulled the door open.

“Shopping.”

When we reached the front door of her building I put up the umbrella I’d brought and led her to the side of the nearby road, to the place where the campus shuttle busses stopped. There was a plexiglas shelter there, which was enclosed on three sides and had a roof and a bench.

We went inside. Fortunately the rain was being blown from behind the shelter and I was able to put my umbrella down. I told Carol to stand by the bench and sat down next to her. We had the shelter to ourselves. There was hardly anyone outside: a couple with umbrellas hurried down the sidewalk behind us, their figures blurred by the rain-soaked Plexiglas, and disappeared into the Student Union building.

When they were gone and the immediate area was deserted I told Carol to stand with her feet apart. Then I reached one hand up under her raincoat and slowly began to lower her panties—first the left side, then the right, a little at a time—until they were stretched tightly at her knees, hanging completely exposed between the bottom of her raincoat and the tops of her boots.

“Turn around and stand facing me.” She did so, moving awkwardly with her legs apart in order to hold her panties in place.

“Put down your purse.” She put it on the bench next tome. “Open your coat.”

She started to look around to see if anyone was nearby, but I said, “Now,” and she quickly unfastened the six buckles on her raincoat then stood waiting, arms at her sides, her eyes on mine.

“Hold it open.”

At first she opened it only enough so that I could see her but then, reading my gaze, slowly extended

her arms to as far as the raincoat would allow her. I reached up and began running my fingers through her pubic hair, combing it and pulling on it gently.

Carol watched, fascinated, as if it were happening to someone else.

After a while I allowed my hand to drift down between her legs. I began by stroking her lightly with my middle finger. Carol said nothing, but shifted her gaze to mine anxiously. When I began to feel some moisture there I slowly inserted my finger until my palm was resting against her.

Carol made a soft grunting sound: “Uh!”

I began massaging her there, my finger sliding in and out, the heel of my hand pressing against her clitoris. Her face began to contort, and her breathing grew shallow...

...Then I heard a low rumble, and through the rain-drenched plastic I saw a large blur approaching which had to be our bus. I stopped what I was doing and told Carol that the bus was coming. She quickly pulled up her panties and fastened her coat and by the time the bus hissed to a stop and opened its door she looked like any young college student on a rainy day, except that she was still breathing a little heavily.

The bus was part of the free campus service and would take us downtown. There were very few passengers, the weather being what it was that day, but I guided Carol all the way to the back. She knew why without being told, and as soon as we were settled and the bus had begun to move she reached over and began to massage the front of my pants. I allowed her to continue until we were downtown.

When we had alighted I led her into the local department store. We walked through the women’s clothing department until we reached the girls’ section. I led her into an aisle with shelves of underwear on display.

We had the area to ourselves. I took Carol by the shoulders and brought her face close to mine, then told her, “Nasty little girls who wet themselves aren’t allowed to wear grown-up panties. They have to wear little-girl panties.” Then I turned her around to face the shelves and gave her a shove.

Being as petite as she was she had no trouble finding her size, and with my help picked out a dozen pairs of cotton panties with various little-girl designs printed on them, ranging from balloons to teddy bears to cowgirls on horses to crayons, plus some fancier ones in bright pastels with lots of huge ruffles. She seemed to enjoy selecting them.

After she’d paid for her purchases I took the bag and led her out through the rear exit, which opened onto a small, nearly unused back street.

It was still pouring rain. Partway down the block I spotted an old-style phone booth: clear plastic top half, opaque red plastic lower half, folding door. When we reached it I told Carol to step inside. She stood facing me, rainwater dripping off her yellow rain-hat and coat, her red boots glistening. I stood under my umbrella, looking at her.

I spoke loudly over the downpour: “Give me your hat.”

She put her purse on the shelf next to the telephone, took off her hat and held it out to me.

I took it from her and glanced quickly around while she smoothed down her hair: the street was deserted. I held out my hand to her and said, “Now your coat.”

She swallowed, started to look around, and quickly realized that, just as at the bus shelter, she wouldn’t be able to see anything through the rain-drenched plastic. She unbuckled her coat and quickly shrugged it off and handed it to me, then stood with her arms folded over her breasts, shivering in just her green panties and red boots.

“Panties.”

Her eyes went wide, but she had been expecting it. She quickly lowered them and stepped carefully out of them, the rubber boots making her movements clumsy. She handed them out to me and resumed her position, assuming, I guessed, that she would not be visible below the waist to anyone not directly in front of the booth. She was shivering as much with anxiety as with cold now.

I draped her clothing over my free arm and told her to hold the umbrella over me. She reached out an arm and held the umbrella while I rummaged through the bag of underwear. I pulled out the cowgirl panties and placed them in her hand as I took back the umbrella, saying, “Put these on. And don’t get them dirty.”

Relieved to have anything at all to cover her nakedness she quickly but carefully struggled into them. When she had them on I had her stand with her hands behind her head so I could admire how she looked in them. Extremely cute, especially with her bright red boots. I had her turn around so I could enjoy the rear view as well.

I told her to face forward again, then leaned in close and said, “On Monday, you’re going to go to the campus clinic and get a prescription for birth-control pills.”

Carol gasped, and even though the answer was obvious, said, “Why?”

I leaned in even closer and deliberately enunciated, “So I can pull down your panties and fuck you whenever I want to.”

It was nice to know that I could still shock her. Her “No!” was an immediate, unthinking reaction, spoken in outrage. She even dropped her hands to her sides.

I said, agreeably, “Okay. Let’s go home.”—then, taking a firm grip on her arm yanked her out onto the sidewalk and began dragging her down the street.

In seconds she and her panties were completely soaked, her hair plastered to her head. She screamed, “NO! What are you doing? Stop! Jonathan, please stop!” All the while looking wildly around in case someone could see her in her state of near-nakedness.

As she struggled to free herself I stopped her and said, “You’re going to look very cute on the bus back to campus.”

“ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I’ll do it! Let me go!”

I released her and she scampered back to the comparative safety of the phone booth. I walked back in a more leisurely way. Now she was truly shivering—hunched over, arms across her chest, the water from her hair running down onto her naked shoulders.

“Now—what is it you’re going to do?”

“I-I...I’m g-g-going to th-the c-c-campus c-clinic and get b-b-birth-c-control p-p-pills,” she replied, her teeth chattering. Then, knowing my next question, went right on, “S-sso you c-can puh-p-pull d-d-down my puh-panties and—ohhh, g-g-g-god—fffffuck me...”

“Whenever I want to?”

“Yuh-yes! Wh-whenever you wuh-wuh-want to!”

“Because you belong to me, right? You’re my property?”

At this she looked up at me, and after a moment, in spite of her discomfort and still hunched over, she managed a small smile. “Y-yes. I be-belong to you. I’m yo-you’re p-property!” Her smile actually got a

little wider as she said this.

I lowered my umbrella, stepped into the booth and embraced her, pulling the door shut behind me then dropping the umbrella and her clothes to the floor behind her. I opened my jacket and wrapped myself around her, warming her and drying her as much as I could, which wasn't much. She snuggled against me, the water in her hair soaking into my shirt. We kissed passionately.

After a while I said, "You deserve a reward."

She looked up at me for a moment, smiling, even though her lips were still quivering. She looked behind her, briefly, stood the umbrella in a corner out of the way then knelt down on her coat. This made things very crowded in the booth, and my back was against the door. She looked up again, as if seeking permission, then applied herself to unzipping my pants.

She soon had my cock in her mouth, and I took the telephone receiver off its hook and held it next to my ear for the benefit of any passersby—not that it would have made much difference, as our combined body heat had completely steamed the plastic and we were all but invisible to the outside world.

I stopped her long enough to give her a choice: "Would you like me to come in your mouth? Or on your face?"

She looked up, her expression a little dazed, and replied, "My face." She closed her eyes in anticipation and murmured, "Come on my face," like an invocation before returning to her work.

And in a few moments I had done as she'd requested—pulling out of her mouth in time to spurt onto her eyes, her nose, her mouth and chin. I used my fingers to smear it around on her face and then let her lick them off.

By now she was obviously feeling the cold. I said, "We'd better get you home."

She stood and began gathering up her things. I began rummaging through the bag, saying, "Here, let me give you some dry underwear at least," but she shook her head, causing a few drops of my semen to fly off her chin, and said, "No—I want to wear these."

I said okay, then struggled out of my jacket—no small trick in the confines of that phone booth—and offered it to her to wear under her raincoat, but she declined with another shake of her head.

When she had her coat all buckled up I offered her the rain-hat, but she said, "Not yet," and when I

opened the door and we stepped out onto the sidewalk, she turned her face up into the downpour. It washed the semen off her face...and right down the collar of her raincoat.

Then she lowered her head and said, looking shyly up at me, “I want to ride home with your come all over me,” taking the rain-hat from me and putting it on. She smiled. “So I’ll know I’m your property.”

I liked that so much that as we sat on the bus—again in the rear seat—I slipped my hand inside her sopping wet panties and gave her an orgasm—which she acknowledged with a high-pitched squeak which fortunately sounded enough like a sneeze that someone a few seats ahead of us, without turning around, called out, “Gesundheit.”

And the next time I came to her room I discovered the cowgirl panties—wrinkled and stiff from contact with any number of fluids—fastened to the inside of the closet door, just above the other pair.