

Teaching Carol, Ch. 8

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A young student-teacher learns the joys of submission.

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Teaching Carol, Ch. 8 By Zen Mackie When Carol told me that she was going to have to make a presentation on Parent's Night at her school I knew I'd have to do something to make it memorable for her. I didn't tell her I was planning to attend; I simply arrived at her room about half an hour before the meeting was supposed to begin. She answered my knock on the door in a dress of dark maroon silk—or some fabric that looked like silk. It was very conservative in cut and came down past her knees. It buttoned down the front and was cinched with a thin black leather belt with a gold buckle. She had on simple gold earrings and was wearing more make-up than usual. She was surprised to see me, and became a little flustered when I kissed her on the cheek and made my way into her room “Hi, Jonathan,” she said. “I can't...I have a...” “I know,” I replied. “I'm coming along to lend moral support...” Her eyes widened at this. “...And I brought something for you to wear. Lift up your dress.” She was by now so habituated to doing what I told her that she automatically reached for the hem of her dress. Then she hesitated, caught between two self-images: the elegantly dressed future teacher who would soon be addressing an audience of parents of the grade-school children she saw every day, and the sexual submissive who thought of herself as my property and deliberately sought humiliation at my hands. She had so far been able to keep the two separate in her mind, seemingly, and was reluctant to let the line be blurred. She remained frozen, slightly bent, her hands extended toward her knees, for several seconds, looking at me and several times starting to speak. Each time she faltered. Finally she said, “I'm wearing pantyhose. I'm sorry.” I smiled. “Oh, that's all right. I'll forgive you this time.” Still looking at me, she lifted her skirt, holding it delicately so that it wouldn't wrinkle, and stood with her feet apart. I knelt down in front of her and quickly pulled her pantyhose down to her thighs, not noticing until I'd done so what she was wearing underneath: a pair of the ‘little girl’ panties she'd bought when we were downtown; pink cotton with big yellow, red and green lollipops. I looked up at her, grinning, and she blushed deeply. So she wasn't keeping her lives as separate as I'd thought! “You told me I had to...that I couldn't wear, you know, grown-up ones,” she said, not looking at me. I leaned forward and nuzzled her gently between her legs for a moment. I couldn't see her face above her skirt, but I heard her draw a quivering breath. I nuzzled her some more and kissed her there, gradually adding my tongue. She started to moan and press herself against me, then caught herself. “Jonathan, I—I have to...oh jeez...I have to...please, I...” I stopped.

“All right. Close your eyes.” She couldn’t see me over her skirt anyway but I wanted to be sure. After a moment I reached into the bag I’d brought, pulled out something made of soft plastic and fastened its straps around her waist and between her legs so that it nestled right against the now moist crotch of her panties. Then I pulled her pantyhose back up, stood and gently pulled the skirt out of her hands and let it fall back into place. She opened her eyes and touched the place where the strap circled her waist under her dress. “What is it?” “Time to go,” I said, pulling open the door. I behaved myself all through her presentation, sitting a few rows back so she wouldn’t be distracted by my presence, though her glance sought me out a few times. She did very well, even if she was a little nervous. And she only stumbled slightly when she saw my camera as I took a couple of shots of her while she spoke. I waited until she was done, and most of the parents had left. She was sitting down at the teacher’s desk, checking something for one of the parents but at that moment not actually speaking with them, when I reached into my pocket for the remote control and switched it on. With all the usual background noise—ventilation, a few people still talking—I was the only one who noticed the sudden low-level hum, and that’s because I was listening for it. I would have known that the vibrator was working anyway, of course, by the way she suddenly sat bolt upright, looked down at her lap and then just as suddenly darted a panic-stricken look at me. Just at that point the mother of one of the children leaned down to ask Carol a question, and I switched off the power. Her relief was obvious as she looked quickly down at her lap again before turning to answer the woman who’d asked the question. Which apparently had to do with her child’s artwork, as Carol rose from her desk and led her over to a wall, which was covered with drawings in crayon. After pointing out the drawing in question and making a few polite remarks Carol turned and began walking back towards the desk. At which point I turned the vibrator back on. She stopped in mid-stride and began to bend over as if she had a sudden stomach cramp. She looked up at me just in time to see me take her picture like that, then forced herself to straighten up and continued to her desk on somewhat shaky legs. There she allowed herself to bend over, placing her hands on the desk and looking down as if studying something there, but I could see that she was biting her lip and that she was breathing unsteadily. She glanced up at me, her eyes pleading, but I simply took another picture of her and left the power on until someone, a woman who was possibly her teaching mentor, came over and spoke to her. And so it went for the next twenty minutes or so: when she needed to focus I left her undisturbed; as soon as she was unattended the vibrator was switched back on. By the end of the evening she was regularly dabbing at her brow and upper lip with tissues and I had captured some of her more interesting facial expressions with my camera. Finally there were only a few stragglers left. I switched off the vibrator, put the camera away and gave her a friendly wave before making my way out of the room. I’m sure she thought I was planning to meet her outside or back at her room. In fact, I simply waited outside the main door until I’d seen all the other visitors leave, then hurried back to the classroom, making sure the school doors were locked behind me. I did a quick check to make sure the halls and bathrooms were empty, then made my way back to the classroom. Through the glass in the door I saw Carol. She had her back to me and was bent over one of the school desks at the far end of the room, apparently arranging papers of some kind. I switched on the vibrator for the fun of

seeing her suddenly straighten and whirl around. Then I opened the door and stepped into the classroom. Carol said nothing, just leaned her hands back onto the desk as if for support. I pulled the remote out of my pocket and showed it to her before moving the control up to the next highest setting. Her eyes closed and her mouth fell open, and she now half-leaned against, half-sat on the desk. She remained like that even when she saw me take out my camera again to capture her in that pose. After taking the shot I hung the camera around my neck, then said, "Take off your shoes and your pantyhose." She quickly checked to see that we were alone and that the blinds were down then did as she was told, kicking off her shoes then reaching under her dress to remove her pantyhose. She held them out to me, and I took a picture of her doing so. After draping her pantyhose over a nearby desk I took her by the hand and helped her to climb, first up onto the chair by the desk she'd been leaning on, then onto the desk itself. It was small, designed for grade-school children, so there wasn't much room for her to stand, but she did. She stood unsteadily, nervously biting her lip and rubbing her palms on her thighs and looking anxiously down at me as I took another picture. The hum of the vibrator was much more obvious in the empty room, as was its effect on her now that she didn't have to conceal it. Her expression seemed almost pained, and she stared into my eyes as I reached up and removed her belt, then, beginning at the bottom, slowly began to open the buttons of her dress. When I'd unfastened the top one and her dress was hanging open I slipped my hands inside and fondled her breasts through her brassiere for a while, molding them and gently pinching her nipples, already upright beneath the fabric. At first she murmured faint protests, afraid that we would be caught and her career ruined. My reply was to flick her dress off her shoulders so that it fell whispering into a shiny puddle around her feet. She gasped, but made no further protest, even when I reached behind her, unfastened her bra and allowed it to fall to the desk as well, leaving her wearing only her pink lollipop panties and the vibrator strapped over them. I told her to put her hands behind her head and she did so, though the vibrator's effects made her continue to try to press her thighs together as if to dampen the sensation, and her face contorted with the effort to remain upright. I took several pictures of her like that. Her breathing was very ragged and I saw a large semi-circle of dampness in the crotch of her panties extending well beyond the vibrator. I took a couple of close-ups then reached up and traced the stain's edge with a fingertip. Though the room was warm she shivered under my touch. She was facing away from the blind-covered windows, and I slowly walked behind her to have a look at them. They were the old-fashioned kind that were raised and lowered by a cord. I took the end of the cord in my hand and told her to turn around. She did so, balancing precariously on top of the desk. She stared at the cord in my hand, and gasped in horror when I gave it a small pull, raising the blinds enough so that anyone outside the window, if they were crouched to the right height, could see in, although they wouldn't be able to see much more than her bare feet. "No!" she cried out. But she stayed put, her arms behind her head. "No...what?" I asked innocently, raising the blind a few more inches. "Please don't!" Her voice was an urgent whisper. "Don't...what?" A few more inches. "Don't open the blind!" "Oh." I stopped. "Why not?" "I-I don't want anyone to see me!" "Why not?" "Ohhhh...you know..." "Tell me. Why don't you want anyone to see you?" A tear rolled down her face and her lip began to quiver "I...because I'm...s-standing on a desk in...in just my

panties with a...with a..." She took one hand down and gestured at the humming object in her crotch and looked at me desperately. "Vibrator," I told her. "V-vibrator between m-my legs." "And that's why you don't want me to open the blind?" "Yes...yes." I took her hand, the one she'd gestured with, and placed the end of the cord in it. She looked down at it and then at me in confusion. I said, "All right then. You do it." I knew, and she must have known, that this side of the school building was at the back and faced nothing more than a swampy wooded area that was actually fenced off from the rest of the school grounds. The odds against anyone being there were infinitesimal. But Carol didn't care. She looked at me with horror and whispered, "No!" I looked calmly back at her and asked, "What are you?" She was so distracted by her panic and by the vibrations between her legs that she stared blankly at me for several seconds, before being able to marshal her thoughts –and when she did they brought her little hope of escape: "I-I'm your, your p-property," she finally stammered, "b-but Jonathan..." "That's right. You belong to me— and you'll do as your told, right?" "I..." "Good. And just to be nice I'll go outside and make sure there's nobody watching, all right? When you hear me tap on the window, open the blind." And I left before she could protest any further. I walked quickly to the only door that led out to the back area and propped it open with a rock before making my way to the lit window and, after a cursory glance around, tapping on it. To Carol's credit the blind immediately began to rise like a curtain and I was soon able to see her, still standing on the desk and pulling the cord hand over hand, her small breasts jiggling somewhat with the effort, her eyes seeking me out. The look on her face was terribly anxious but she continued to raise the blind until it reached the top. Then, still holding the end of the cord she placed her hands behind her head again, her eyes imploring. She watched me as I took a picture of her like that, framed in the window and the darkness around it. Her eyes followed my hand as I reached into my pocket and brought out the remote control. I held it up to make sure she could see it as I turned the switch to its highest setting. Her face immediately began to contort and her mouth fell open and her body bent forward at the waist. I wanted to get another picture then, but the last things I saw were her hands, darting between her legs before she let go of the cord and the venetian blind fell with a crash, cutting off my view.

"OHHHHHHHHH!" The sound of Carol's climax was clearly audible even through the glass. I waited a few seconds, then turned off the vibrator and slowly made my way back to the classroom. Carol was sitting on the desk, bent over, leaning her crossed arms on her thighs and gasping for breath, her face hidden by her short black hair. I gave her some time to recover, looking around the classroom as I did so. I noticed she had written her name in the upper left-hand corner of the blackboard, which gave me an idea. I walked over to where she was sitting and said, "You let the blind close." She glanced up at me, then down again. "I'm sorry," she whispered, still out of breath. I took her chin in my hand and raised it so she was looking at me. "Go and open it again." Warily she got slid off the desk and stood. As she walked past the blackboard I told her to stop. "Pick up the chalk." She did so and stood looking at me. "See where your name is?" She glanced at it then back to me and nodded. "After it I want you to write, 'is a nasty little girl'. She stood blinking at me for a moment, then turned to the blackboard and wrote the words I'd given her. When she'd finished I told her to write her name again under the first one and when she had done so I said, "Now write, 'stood on a desk in this

classroom in just her panties’.” She carefully wrote the phrase after her name. Then I added, “...’with a vibrator between her legs’...” She wrote that as well, her hand shaking slightly as she wrote ‘vibrator’. When she was done she put down the chalk, turned back to me and waited. I took a picture of her standing beside what she’d written. “Good. Now open the blind.” She walked over to the corner of the room, seized the cord and raised the blind until it was fully open, carefully standing to one side so as not to be visible. I told her to tie it off so it would stay that way, and while she was doing that I placed a chair in front of the counter that ran along the line of windows. “Get up there. Stand facing the window.” Her face was a mask of shock, and she started shaking her head, but I grabbed her wrist and pulled her toward the chair. She balked for a moment, whimpering, “Please, Jonathan, don’t...” Then with a stifled sob she climbed up onto the chair and then onto the counter. She stood there, breathing heavily, for a long moment then slowly raised her arms to place her hands behind her head again. I let her stand there, peering out into the darkness, for a while. Then I reached up and loosened the vibrator, allowing it to fall around her feet. When I tapped her ankle she stepped out of the tangle of straps and stood next to it, feet apart. Unable to resist I reached up and fondled her buttocks for a while, enjoying the feeling of the warm cotton under my hands. She squirmed a little as I did so and made a few small noises, but otherwise said nothing. But when I slipped my fingers into the elastic of her panties and pulled them down to her thighs she let out a long, sad “Ohhhhhh...” I told her not to move and walked outside again. Standing so close to the window, with the light behind her, her features were barely discernable. Still, I took several full-length shots and a few from the waist up in that light before switching on the camera’s flash and repeating the sequence. All that time Carol stood there looking down at me, her expression nearly blank now. When I had all the shots I wanted I went back inside and climbed up to stand behind her on the counter. I enjoyed myself for a while, pressing my erection between her naked buttocks while I reached in front of her to fondle her breasts and between her legs while she stood motionless in front of the window. I could see she was staring at our reflections in the darkened glass, seeing what anyone standing outside looking in would see. I took a couple of one-handed shots of our reflection. Then I turned toward her and, taking her elbow, slowly turned her to the left before edging around to stand facing her. Even though she was nearly naked her face was sweating, her expression more anxious than ever. Especially when I placed my hand on top of her head, indicating that she should kneel. “No, Jonathan, I can’t!” she cried out. “Please don’t make me...” Her voice trailed off and she gestured miserably toward my zipper. “...Suck my cock,” I prompted her. She recoiled from my words, but forced herself to meet my gaze. “Please don’t m-make me ss-suck your cock...not here! Not in front of the window!” Her expression grew desperate. “L-let’s go back to my room. I’ll...I’ll...” She swallowed, her throat dry, then went on, “...suh-suck your...c-cock there, okay? As much as you want, okay? I took her in my arms, she relaxing her arms and wrapping them around my neck, while we kissed. Then I looked into her eyes and said, “There’s only one problem with that.” She looked up at me, her eyes fearful. “What?” she whispered. I held her gaze for a long moment, then went on, “The problem is...you really want to suck my cock right here, in front of the window where anyone can see you...right? Again there was that moment, that inward, almost hypnotized look, as she realized all over again just what she was...and

what she wanted. The expression on her face became one of anger, and without another word she sank to her knees and began, with swift jerky movements, to open my pants and zipper. When she had my pants and underwear down she wasted no time, opening her mouth wide and taking in as much of cock as she could, glaring up at me as she began to caress me with her tongue and lips. It went on like that for several minutes. Carol's eyes never left mine as she pleased me—I took several close-ups of her looking directly into the camera with her lips around the head of my cock—and as I watched she seemed to get angrier and angrier until suddenly she stopped and jumped down to the floor. She pulled her panties back up and stomped over to the blackboard, where she picked up the chalk, wrote her name again just below the first two and followed it with, "...sucked Jonathan's cock in the window where anyone could see her." She then retrieved her purse from under the desk, opened it and rummaged around for a moment before coming up with a small prescription bottle. She walked back to me and slapped the bottle into my hands, then returned to the desk and with one sweep of her arm cleared it off, books and papers flying everywhere. She glared at me again, then turned to the blackboard, wrote her name again and followed it with "...let Jonathan pull down her panties and FUCK HER ON HER DESK," followed by an exclamation point slashed onto the board so hard that the chalk squealed and then broke in two when she made the dot at the bottom. She threw the remaining piece at me, coming surprisingly close to my head with it, then without another word lay down on top of the desk, legs apart and feet dangling over the side. I looked down at the bottle she'd given me and saw from the label that it was a prescription for birth-control pills. Immediately I jumped down to the floor and, holding up my pants with one hand, went to stand at the end of the desk, looking down at her from between her knees. "Is this what you want?" Her eyes were small glittering points as she stared at my erection from beneath her lowered eyelids and her words came out in a low hiss: "Yesss... Pull down my panties...and...fffuck me." Then, as if she couldn't help it she continued, whispering as if to herself, "Pull down my panties...fuck me...fuck me...with your cock...put your cock...in my pussy...fuck me...oh, fuck me!" I was tempted—very briefly—to glance at my watch and say, "Whoops! Gotta go!" and pretend to leave, just to see what she would do. But of course I didn't. Couldn't. But I couldn't resist making her beg a little more. She fell silent and watched as I first took a picture of her spread-eagled on the desk then removed the camera from around my neck and put it aside, then pushed my pants and underwear the rest of the way down—believing, I'm sure, that I was about to do what she'd asked. But then I leaned forward and slid just the tips of my forefingers under the elastic of her panties and began moving them slowly back and forth, together and apart, across her stomach there, saying, "You'll have to speak up, I couldn't hear you." I pulled the elastic up and let it snap against her stomach a couple of times then reinserted my fingertips and continued to move them back and forth, smiling innocently at her. "Did you want me to do something with these?" She looked bewildered for a moment, then realized she was being toyed with. She swallowed, her throat dry, then managed to gasp, "Pull them down..." "What?" More loudly: "Pull down my panties!" "You're not being very polite..." "Oh, God! Please...PLEASE pull down my panties! Oh god!" Just my fingertips, slowly moving together and apart, now tugging slightly downward. "Now why would you want me to do a thing like that?" Her

voice fell to a whisper again. “So you can...ffuck me.” “What?” She couldn’t take it anymore. She sat bolt upright, wrapped her legs around my waist and her arms around my shoulders and began rubbing herself up and down against me, whimpering into my ear, “Please...Oh, please...fuck me! Pull down my panties and fuck me...OH GOD! FUCK ME NOW!” So after all that there wasn’t even a chance to pull down her panties—I just reached between her legs and pulled them aside so she could impale herself on me, which she did immediately. She was already so wet that there was almost no resistance as I slid my full length into her. She kept her arms and legs wrapped around me and I held her up as long as I could with a hand on each of her buttocks as she rose and descended on my shaft before I finally slammed her back onto to the desk and finished her there. When we were both done I retrieved my camera and took one final shot of her, limp and covered in sweat and lying on her desk with the crotch of her panties still pulled aside—and the words she’d written on the blackboard, slightly out of focus but still quite readable, behind her.