

# Teacher's Pet (Chapter 2)

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*Second chapter of a dominant professor and her student sharing a lesbian romance*

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It had been three agonizing days since I last saw Professor Morgan. My heart pounded when she arrived in the classroom that day. A warm feeling of arousal filled my body and my senses when I saw her. She was my tall raven-haired goddess. I shuddered when her big brown eyes searched around the room and stopped on mine. She gave me an assuring wink and then began to pass back our essays.

I watched her strut around the room with confidence. Her strong athletic legs carried her around the tables gracefully. She wore the cutest outfit consisting of a tight black skirt and tights, emphasizing her beautiful figure. I could not take my eyes off of her firm butt as she made her rounds. My chest rose and fell rapidly with the beating of my heart as she came to me last. She laid my graded essay in front of me and leaned her full sexy lips towards mine.

“Great job,” she whispered.

I sighed, I wished I could grab her and kiss her sweet face. I knew I could not, however. I flipped through my essay to the last page and saw that she game me a big fat A plus. I probably did not deserve the grade. She had circled my grade with a heart and an arrow. I darted my eyes around me to make sure nobody else saw her romantic gesture. I stared at it for awhile, my body tingled at her sweetness. I locked in a quick gaze with her, she smiled when she saw the flushed look on my face.

I felt a warm wet feeling between my legs. Miss Morgan sat on the table in front of the class and crossed her long legs. I looked at the legs which were wrapped around my head just three nights ago. I recalled darting my tongue around her sensitive button and diving it in her velvety tunnel. She had stroked my hair while I gave her a shuddering orgasm.

I glowed as she lectured the class. My eyes were drawn to firm breasts, lifted by her bra. She spoke

confidentially , reminded me of her dominant ways in the bedroom. A lot of people liked her at the university, but I was the only one who was also her lover. I flipped the pages of my essay to the heart she drew for me again. I shuddered warmly, feeling very special.

It took forever for the class to end, I was dying to talk to her. I sat in my chair uncomfortable, because my panties were well soaked and starting to itch me. I felt a void that I knew Miss Morgan could fill. I could only grit my teeth though, because another student was still in the room talking with Professor Morgan. The girl was complaining about her grade. My heart burned because someone dared question my lover. Miss Morgan could do no wrong in my mind. I got madder, wanting to jump up and tell the girl to leave. Thankfully, I didn't for I knew it was important to keep our relationship a secret. I did not want to get Miss Morgan hurt or have people find out I was having a lesbian relationship.

I sighed happily when the girl finally left the classroom. I raced up to Emma, who was still sitting on the table. Her short haircut bounced slightly as she eyed my every step towards her. She stood up and walked towards the corner of the room, beckoning me with her finger. I followed her to a corner of the room that was concealed from the windows and doors, so no one could see us. We embraced, pressing our bodies together. I gasped as she pulled my head to hers. I put my arms around her neck and raced my tongue around in her sweet mouth. She sucked on my lips and squeezed me around my waist. My heart pounded against my chest as we shared several passionate kisses. We had to be careful to not get caught though. The forbidden nature of our love made it more exciting to me.

We broke our embrace and I watched her gather her things up in that graceful manner I had become accustomed to see. I admired her thin muscular arms as they packed her things in her sleek handbag. I saw a dreamy, loving look in her deep brown eyes as she gazed at me.

"I've been thinking about you a lot, Kimberly," she said. Her voice had a dominant quality in it with a sweet subtle tone. My body shivered when she spoke to me. I felt a burning sensation in my nipples and my sex. Her body exuded sexuality as she put her handbag over her shoulder.

"I had a great time with," I moaned.

"I'm glad to hear that. Do you have time now? I thought you might like to come up to my office with me," she said, brushing my hair back delicately with her fingertips.

"Yeah, I don't have any classes the rest of the day," I replied, walking with her to her office. I wasn't going to say no to her, I felt very alive when I was with her. She could make me shudder just in the way she gazed at me or spoke to me in that dominant voice of hers.

We locked ourselves in her office. I saw that she had cleaned it up considerably since I was last

there.

“Sit down,” she said sweetly as she pulled her comfy chair out for me.

“Thank you,” I said, taking a seat as she stood behind me, placing her hands on my shoulders.

“What's your major, Kim?” She asked as her feminine hands pulled on my tense shoulder muscles.

“Journalism,” I squeaked, sinking down in her chair.

“You should be a women's studies major,” she told me. It felt to me like she was trying to convert me to her lesbian lifestyle. It was not a long shot considering her power over me. She leaned over me and tilted my head back, pressing her fingers on my forehead. I kissed her warm mouth, planting my hand behind her head. Her arms slid down my chest as we made out, placing her hands over my breasts. She groped me tenderly as her tongue darted about in my mouth. I sighed, my panties were absolutely soaked from the stimulation. She felt me up, squeezing my tender breasts, and then kissed my forehead.

I was heaving, I stood up and threw my arms around her neck. She was wearing a perfume that made me even hungrier for her. I nibbled on her ear as she rubbed my back.

“Oh Miss Morgan,” I cried. She squeezed me when we heard a knock on the door. We both froze, my heart pounded like crazy. We held each other and tried to keep quiet. Miss Morgan lifted my shirt and put her hand on my tummy though. I gasped quietly as she pressed down firmly on my stomach. I felt a warmth growing rapidly within me. I looked up at her, begging her to stop. She was going to make me moan very loudly.

She began to tickle me as the person outside the door knocked again. I started to giggle and then buried my face between her firm breasts. I kissed her chest lightly as we both started to laugh like idiots. It was so hot to make out with my professor while someone was knocking on the door. Hiding like this made my heart pound and my body sweat.

“I have to teach a class tonight,” she whispered regretfully.

“Aww,” I whined. I didn't want to leave her. She held me around my waist and lovingly stroked my hair back.

“Are you free tonight?” She asked.

“Yes, of course,” I said, rubbing my hands down her hourglass shape.

She let go of me and took a set of keys from her purse. I straightened myself out somewhat and began to look at the artwork in her office. She had lots of pictures of semi-naked women, I felt special to be her lover. I looked at Miss Morgan's breasts bounce as she pulled two keys off of her keyring. She took my hand and placed them on my palm. I bit my lip and grinned at her as she closed my fingers around her keys.

“These are my keys, will you wait in my apartment for me?” She asked hopefully. I held them in my hand tightly, getting even wetter as I thought about another night with Miss Morgan.

“Yes, I'll wait for you Miss Morgan,” I answered obediently. She smiled the submissiveness in my voice. I knew this aroused her tremendously. I could smell the scent of her sex as she gave me one last kiss. I put my hand in her short black haircut, feeling incredible warmth as our bodies melted together.

I left her office while she prepared for her night class. I noticed a girl sitting by her door who almost jumped up when I stepped out from the door. She was staring at me with a wide-eyed look, I feared she was the one who was knocking earlier. I held my head down and skipped by her as fast as possible, my heart pounding against my chest. I started to giggle when I got further away from her, feeling excited about being caught.

I raced home and grabbed a pair of running shorts and clean underwear. I drove to Miss Morgan's apartment building, thanking God that my car started. My body buzzed as I let myself into her apartment. I spent some time observing the framed photographs of artistically naked women. The subjects were holding their breasts or had their long hair concealing their nipples. The whole lesbian lifestyle intrigued me, I didn't know anyone else who had pictures like these hanging on their walls.

I danced around her apartment, eagerly awaiting her arrival. I snooped around in her bedroom, wondering what to do with myself. All of her toys from before were there. Miss Morgan was super kinky. She talked a lot about the nature of power and the struggle of women in her classes, yet she had collars and whips that were made for willing women into submission. I desperately wanted her to make me her pet again. I wished she would collar me and use her toys on me to give me that magical orgasm.

I ended up taking a cold shower while I waited anxiously for dominant lover. I pictured her sitting in her class, lecturing the students at that moment. Her skirt would be stretched around her strong

thighs, the boys and girls all wishing they could experience her love. I imagined her velvety insides were gushing as she thought about me waiting in her apartment. I groped my breasts under the splash of cold water as I fantasized about her.

I put on my clean panties and my running shorts after my shower. I wanted to look cute for my professor so I fixed my hair into a ponytail and got into her makeup. I used a little of her blush and mascara so I could surprise her when she came home. I liked the idea of putting a smile on her face, so I rummaged around for something to light her candles with. I found a lighter and began to light the many scented candles she had around her apartment. I dimmed the lights real low to give the places a very romantic feel.

I was sitting on her couch staring at the clock when she knocked on the door. I jumped up to let her inside. Her deep brown eyes lit up when she saw me and all the candles. I was elated to see her smile like she did.

“You look great, wow,” she said, walking inside after a long day of teaching.

“I was bored waiting for you,” I grinned.

“Well, this is nice. I should clean up a little,” she said. We kissed and then I let her fix herself up. I went into her bedroom and laid back on her comfy bed. My body ached for her. It was not going to take much to push me over the edge.

She came into her bedroom in just a soft robe. She knotted the front of it and sat down beside me. I sat up and started to rub her back. I rested my other hand on hers and felt her breathing deeply as I massaged her lower back. She took my hands and stopped me for a moment. I trembled as she stripped my shirt off of me. She cupped my bare breasts, tugging at my nipples with her delicate fingers.

“Do you want to be my pet again tonight?” She asked teasingly.

“Yes I would Miss Morgan,” I replied submissively.

“Good. Go get your collar pet,” she commanded and touched her finger to my nose. She gave my butt a good hard spank as I got up to retrieve my collar. I put it around my neck as she watched me with those beautiful dark eyes. She brushed her wet hair back and lured me over to her.

“You are so precious,” she moaned. She took the leash into her hand and gave it a sharp tug. It felt incredible being on a leash. I felt a little guilty demanding all her attention after she just got out of work, but I ached for her.

“On the bed pet,” she commanded in that strong lecturing voice of hers.

“Yes Miss Morgan,” I whimpered playfully as I crawled onto her bed and rested on my knees. My chest rose and fell rapidly as she carefully tied the leash to the bed frame. She stood up and undid her robe. My lust-filled eyes were drawn to her smooth body, lit up by the light of the candles. The candles created beautiful shadows on her body, not unlike the women in her photographs. She dropped her robe to the floor and smiled at me. Her furry pussy glistened in the light as she knelt on the bed. I put my arms around her waist and hungrily attached my lips to her breast. I swirled my tongue around her hardening nipples, sucking on the swollen little button. Her fingers gracefully brushed my hair behind my ears while I squeezed her waist and sucked on her breast.

“Erm,” I moaned, taking her other nipple into my warm mouth. I made it wet with my saliva, licking my coarse tongue over the soft fleshy point. I pressed my fingers into her back as I took her nipple into my mouth.

“Oh, my precious little pet,” she gasped. She placed her feminine hands on the sides of my head and pulled me from her chest. I sighed, feeling her exercise her power over me. The collar around my neck intensified my trembling.

I felt shivers deep inside me, exciting my arousal.

“Here,” She demanded, as she took my hand and placed it over her stomach. I looked in her eyes as she shuddered. I pushed my hand over her warm pussy, squeezing it tightly. I stroked my fingers up and down the wet folds of her labia, tickling her clit as she stared at me with burning eyes. She squeezed my wrist and guided my hand around her. She gazed at me as if teaching me how to pleasure her. I became conscious of how I touched her, carefully remembering sensitive spots that made her quiver. I touched them again and again, rubbing her clit as she bit her lip. I separate her flesh and poked my finger into her. She patted my hand and pulled my wrist until my finger penetrated her deeply. She squeezed her fingers around my hand as I wiggled my finger inside of her, using my thumb to tease her little button.

“Oh Kim,” She whined.

She held my hand as I used two fingers to touch her deeply. I spread them apart in her velvet tunnel, making her shudder more and more. She was squirming as I twirled my fingers around inside her,

rubbing her clit wildly.

“Oh yes, right there,” she gasped. I penetrated her wet hole, spreading my fingers apart wider. She thrust her hand down and started to rub her clit with me. I scooted closer to her, kissing her breast. She was heaving, this encouraged me to wiggle my fingers faster, trying to find that sensitive spot that would send her over the edge. She pushed my head to her breast as I sucked her swollen nipple. I nibbled it lightly, feeling her squirm about. Her juices coated my hand as I rolled my fingers around in her until, together, we brought her to orgasm.

“Oh,” she moaned. I was very pleased with myself, working my fingers around her as she pushed my head between her breasts.

“Very good pet, Very good,” she sighed. She pulled my fingers from her and kissed my lips. I felt her full lips cover mine and her warm tongue poking in my mouth. The enclosure of the collar and the tension of the leash reminded me I was her captive. I felt a responsibility to make her orgasm.

She glowed as she stood up and went to her closet. I stared at her firm butt as she bent down to look for something. She had such elegant curves to her body, all of them emphasizing that crucial spot between her legs. I couldn't take my eyes from her. She stood up with two pairs of furry handcuffs. They were padded with faux fur and destined for my wrists. My heart pounded as she approached me with those devices.

“Put your hands on the frame pet,” she commanded.

“Yes Miss Morgan,” I whimpered. I balanced myself on her bed, placing my hands on her bed frame. This made my insides gush and my nipples get very sensitive. She leaned over me and put her arms around me. I trembled at the sound of the handcuffs being locked around the frame. Her breasts pushed against my side as she took my hand and moved it towards one end of the bed frame. I grasped the wood as she locked the handcuff around my wrist. I could feel her hard nipples scraping across my back as she took my other hand and forced it to the opposite side of the frame. Her scent drifted in my nose, driving me wild. I felt incredibly vulnerable and hot as she locked my other wrist to the bed frame. I held onto the wood to keep my balance, giving my body submissively to Miss Morgan.

“Can you hold this position for awhile?” She asked sternly.

“Yes, I think so,” I gasped. My pussy ached. A fire burned in me that I had never felt before as she

rubbed my bare back. She slid her hands down to my breasts and tweaked my nipples around.

“Ooooh God,” I whined. I scooted my knees back to keep my balance. She tugged my nipples as I sat there helplessly. She was teaching me real pleasure, pleasure that I only dreamed about. I eagerly submitted myself to her, knowing she would give me a mind blowing orgasm. She groped my breasts, creating a wetness in me that soaked my panties.

“Oh my God yes,” I groaned. She laughed a bit and sat up. I felt her grab my shorts and tug them down. I scooted my knees back so she could strip my shorts and panties from my legs. She grabbed my foot to get them off, making me shudder. She tossed my clothes on the floor and gave my bare butt a good smack. She laughed when I moaned. I was anxious for her.

Then she got up and opened the nightstand next to me. From it, she took out a kind of dildo. It was a rubbery thing attached to a pair of panties and a couple of straps. My eyes grew wide as I looked at the strap on. I'd never seen one before but I knew exactly what it was. I was anxious for her to fill me with it, to penetrate my sex with her fake erection.

“You like this, don't you Kim?” She said as she began to put her toy on.

“Oh Miss Morgan,” I groaned, as I scooted my knees back. I lifted my hips up submissively, preparing myself for the delightful penetration. She got closer, I felt the rubbery cock poke the back of my leg. I lifted my pussy higher for her. She laughed at my eagerness. I spread my legs apart as I felt her fingers spread my flesh apart. She gave a shove and forced the dildo inside my tight ring.

“Ahh!” I screamed. She placed her hands on my waist and snaked the phallus in and out of my tunnel. I gripped the bed frame, feeling intense waves of pleasure ripple throughout my body. She squeezed her fingers around me, pulling my body back until I was impaled on her strap on. She exercised the sensitive muscles within me, pulling and pushing the thick cock from my openness. I felt my insides being separated deeply.

“Oh God! Ummmm!” I squealed. Her strong hands gripped my waist like handles, using me as a balance so she could penetrate me over and over. Each thrust of her dildo tickled sensitive spots in me. It glided through my velvety insides, making me feel one with her. She held the rubbery thickness



in me and slipped her hands underneath me.

“Augh!” I screamed, feeling her fingers buzz my clit. She rubbed it and began to slowly push in and out. I went over the edge, feeling my body shudder in intense pleasure. She swirled her fingers around my button lightning fast. Her strap on stretching me deeply, massaging my sensitive muscles. She was driving me wild, bringing me over the edge and then some.

“Oh my God, yes! Yes!” I yelled. She wouldn't let up. I felt waves of pleasure crashing over me as I squeezed my pussy around the rubbery phallus. She was making my eye water. Finally she put her hands on my butt as slowly tugs the strap on from my depths. I squealed, feeling submissive love for Miss Morgan. I loved her for making me cum like she did.

“Whew, you're a loud little pet,” She laughed as she stroked my hair back. I smiled and struggled to catch my breath. My pussy dripped sweet wetness. I no longer ached with desire. She leaned down and pushed my thighs apart. I squirmed, sensitive to her warm breath on me. She kissed my wet pussy, planting lots of tender kisses. She lapped the wetness from me with her tongue, making me shudder from within. I was still coming down from the intense orgasm as she sucked on my pussy and squeezed my thighs.

“Oh Miss Morgan,” I whimpered. She laughed at my utterances and then gracefully removed my handcuffs. She unsnapped the leash from my collar. I looked at the objects that bound me, in awe of how much they intensified our love making.

She left the collar around my neck as she took my head in her hands. Her sexy lips planted firmly on mine. We darted our tongues in each other's mouths, our hands grabbed at the naked flesh of our opposite. I spooned with her that night, the collar around my neck reminding me I was hers.