

I'm Hot For Teacher: An Epiphany

By Lyric69

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Lust and tyranny suffices through the testaments of time; even as an apt pupil.

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He said I had belonged to him. He said he did not want to share me with anyone else. He said he loved I was his Lyric. I had missed him dearly. My heart wept for the words or one look from my teacher. Sleepless nights, restless days, four long weeks have passed. The scarlet laced choker has sat on the vanity case for three days now. Class is just class. A temporary teacher had taken the place of Mr. Diaz for weeks at a time. My teacher was in Mexico for a seminar for one week, yet no response when he was coming back to school. I started dating Ely, the black man who I had coffee with at the time Mr. Diaz encountered me with his cold stare. Perhaps, I had been dating Ely to gain some sort of temperance for a penance to involve myself with a teacher who was in reality, a closet sadist. I longed for my teacher's stare. I wanted to feel a flogger on me again. Wednesday, class seemed different. The class had turned in our midterm papers from break. The temporary placement gathered the papers, along with mine turned in on time, and made an announcement. "Class, it has been a privilege to be with an audience such as yourselves. I will be leaving today. However, here is Mr. Diaz your assistant professor to presume class. Blessings to all of you! May you excel in your midterm grade!" My heart sunk to my stomach. I was not dressed for the occasion. Mr. Diaz looked at the 300 students in the lecture hall with no remorse. I had avoided eye contact. My clit was throbbing; my cervical walls were clinching together as if I was going to squirt in my pants. I remained tranquil as if I was nonchalant of his return. That son of a bitch! He knew I would walk on needles and pins for him as an obedient slave, yet he was ungrateful. I acted fool hardy, left the class early out of spite. I figured, fuck it! I was going to drop this elective anyway. I did not need it. So, I exited the class gracefully, so cunningly. Ely and I were at my apartment. I showered and I wanted to wash away my carnal desires for my teacher. The harder I scrubbed, the more I sobbed silently. Ely wanted to have sex, I could not though. We had not experienced sexual intimacy together. I guess my heart could not tolerate knowing I had given myself so freely to one I do not belong to without Mr. Diaz consent. I fell asleep into Ely's arms. I woke up the next morning, Ely was not present. He felt flustered and inadequate since I could not perform sex with him. He suggested we needed space with words written on my beautiful stationary. I took the response as he wanted to fuck, but I was not ready for the commitment. No more Ely. He can disperse himself into the four winds for all I care. I am not a sex slave. Well, not for him anyway. I knew I had a scheduled appointment with my advisor to drop

the course of Latino Cultural Studies at eleven o' clock Thursday. I was on the prowl, single free of Mr. Diaz, physically as I assumed, and intentionally, I had put my red velvet corset on, fishnet pantyhose, my Steve Madden heels and a pencil skirt to go. The red lipstick was fierce. I was running late (some habits never change) grabbed the scarlet lace choker without knowing what intention possessed me to do so, grabbed the keys, and a cup of coffee. On the way to school, I was fully prepared to get rid of Mr. Diaz forever. I had put on my scarlet choker he had given me to match with my red velvet corset. Yet, at the advisory, I had realized I had forgotten my phone. I left it on the vanity case where my choker was. I paid no attention to my phone. Everything was going wrong today! My advisory appointment was cancelled per the advisor having the flu. Ely dumped me, my phone was on the vanity case, yet I have this wretched choker on. Perhaps it was a coincidence I was wearing it today. Perhaps, what was leading to the events which were to unfold led to such a calamity, thereafter. Mr. Diaz was amazed I was walking away from the advisory office with my choker on. He shared no dialogue, yet his eyes looked directly at me. I was so pissed at him, I ran in my heels towards the elevator. I had broken my heel when it was wedged between the elevator entrance of the floor and elevator space. He tried following me and rescued me, I sneered and threw my broken shoe at him along with the choker around my neck which I savagely torn out of spite. He opened the elevator door through a crevice, and then the unthinkable happened. We were stuck. "Must you be so difficult, Lyric? I have missed you, and this is the gratitude I get?" "Fuck subtlety! You deliberately go away without a phone call weeks at a time, leave a note at the cabin, have some audacity to flog me, punish me, then neglect me! You are a sadistically heartless son of a bitch! I have had the shittiest day since I had placed that stupid choker around my neck. Now we are stuck in this shithole? I loathe you! I terminate all reign of your tyranny! I do not want to love you!" "Get on your knees. I was trying to stop you to get in the elevator. This one was out of service. We will be here for hours before we get help. Where's your phone? I have been calling you the entire day with great news to inform you with." "Fuck your news, fuck your class, and fuck you! I have not fucked you anyways. I despise you!" I was on my knees telling him this in this small elevator. I felt a sense of accomplishment. I was at a moment of triumph. I was not his girl anyway. He was married. I am free. "Bend over, you know the drill. Count and thank me after each time. You will climax me for willingly, Lyric." "NO!" "Do you defy me?!?! I will not take no for answer," he said this with a devilishly handsome grin. I had bent over, with a struggle of course. He unbuckled his pants. He caressed my ass. His fingers curved my line, brushed softly. His strokes from his hands on my legs were pleasant. Holy fuck! I had missed his touch. I started to sob softly. He placed his hand over my mouth and nose to avoid any noise. He then inserted his manhood in me. "I love you. You are mine. Don't you ever do that again, understand me?" I could not breath, I wanted to scream. In that moment, I had fallen in love with Mr. Diaz again. He whispered softly when we climaxed together. He did not pull out. He then gave me 120 slaps on my ass for not responding to him and leaving class early. "I called you several times, Lyric. I called you and that asshole answered your phone. He said you were in the middle of fucking. I did not believe it. You broke me, Lyric. I told you I am your master, you are my slave. You belong to me. Why did you defy me?" Was this a different side of my teacher? I was shocked to hear

such words from him. "I am within degradation. I am past the point of redemption. I have left my wife for you, Lyric. Was this the gratitude you show your master?" "No, it was the pain I did not welcome, freely. Sir, the pain was of heartache. You did not call or text me. I thought you were in trouble because I was involved or you were caught by your wife." "I am always a part of you, Lyric. It is no coincidence you decided to wear your choker, broke your heel and now trapped here?" "You hear the sounds of the elevator? They are going to get us out of here!" I had avoided answering him. I was relieved we finally fucked, yet puzzled of all what had transpired. Thirty minutes had passed, and we were out. Good thing I was not naked when the fire department rescued us. When I walked out of the elevator, I walked with my head held high. I did not respond to my teacher. My lover, mine to the fullest aspect. I called the advisory center to cancel my appointment for dropping the course. I arrived home, Ely was at the doorstep. I gave him the third degree and tossed his things out of my apartment. Good riddance! My teacher has an appointment with his lawyer today to file legal separation. I arrived in his office, late as usual, and I was given 20 hits of the nine tails flogger for lack of punctuality. I guess some things may never change. I was branded with a small symbol of "J" to signify the ownership of my master's first initial of his first name. As for the choker, I am currently wearing a necklace with a frog on it to symbolize the transformation of my former self. He had given it to me recently. I was told to never take it off. We have grown as individuals and transformed into better beings. I do hope things will blossom with my master. Yet, still remain his devoted and apt pupil.