

Detention

Nadia Saran



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Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

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Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

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moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

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a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

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I like doing “favors” for my Dom/me friends. It gives me the chance to play with their toys. Toys I wouldn’t otherwise get to play with. And the one thing that I like more than almost anything else is variety in my playtime.

Dmitri is a Dom I know somewhat. He, and his wife (a fellow Domme), are friends of my friend Nikolai. Like Nikolai, Dmitri lives in Pensacola, not Mobile. It’s not nearly as far away as it sounds. About 30 minutes, and that’s with some traffic on I-10. The only thing between the two cities is Baldwin County, where I was born and raised.

Dmitri doesn't often ask for favors. I think this is the third time he's asked. He does have his wife to share his toys with. There's only one thing I have that She doesn't. Youth. I'm 20. His wife is in her mid-40s. Otherwise, my style and theirs are pretty similar.

The favor is Janette. Dmitri tells me that’s she’s a 40-year-old Baldwin County housewife. I know Baldwin County housewives rather well, at least as a type. He tells me that her husband is some sort of banker that Dmitri does “business” through. I know enough about Dmitri to know I’m better off not asking about it. I doubt he’s doing anything illegal, he’s too smart for that.

He tells me that Janette has been his challenge project. Humiliation is what arouses her. The worse she’s degraded, and the more publicly it’s done, the hotter she gets. The trick for him has been humiliating her both publicly and safely. By safely I mean where it won’t affect her, or her husband’s, reputation in the community. That, Dmitri tells me, would be devastating for them. I’m pretty sure he means for his business relationship, too.

He tells me that Janette is a cry baby. She always cries for him, as she’s enduring whatever shame he thinks up for her. And she’s a modest woman, at least in public. But lately, over the last several sessions, she’s becoming comfortable with Dmitri, and with being nude in front of him. She also hates anything lesbian. She’s never been comfortable with his wife touching her. Or any other woman.

Plus she has three kids, a 16-year-old son, a 10-year-old son, and a

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seven-year-old daughter. Those three have, as with most Baldwin County housewives, turned Janette into a soccer mom. Dmitri is confident that Janette will find it especially humiliating to be forced to submit to a much younger woman. Someone who could be the age of her son, or at least close to it.

Naturally, I agree to humiliate her. It's an irresistible offer for me. There's nothing that arouses me more than humiliating a "mom-aged" woman. I've just never figured out how I developed that little kink. I ask Dmitri what public humiliations he's subjected her to before, so I don't repeat anything. Whatever I dream up for her, I want it to be fresh.

And I want it to be a surprise for her. So far, she's known all of her humiliations were play. Sure, Dmitri has stripped her naked in front of strangers, but he's done it at his house, where Janette knew it was playtime. Thus, she knew it was "safe humiliation," that the audience, whoever they were, were also part of the scene.

My idea is to humiliate her in front of strangers, but this time, Janette isn't going to know that it's safe play. It will be, but she's not going to know it. It's a humiliation that will be far deeper than anything she's ever suffered at Dmitri's hands. Now she's not going to know that her audience is part of the scene. She won't know that her secret will be kept.

It's something that's not easy to arrange. There are a limited number of public places where I can control everything. But the hardest part of it is summoning the toy without letting the toy even suspect she's being summoned to a play session. At the least, the toy will figure it out when she arrives and finds her Mistress there.

But Janette is Dmitri's toy. She doesn't even know that I exist, much less that I'm a friend of her Master. Dmitri won't be present for this scene. It's my scene, not his. I have an idea. And if I pull it off right, Janette is never going to know this was just a scene. At least not until it's over.

Baldwin County is the wealthiest county in Alabama, which, I know, isn't saying much. But it's not an especially populous county. It's

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more the ritzy suburb of neighboring Mobile, Alabama and Pensacola, Florida. That means it doesn't have that many schools in it. There are three high schools. And I have a toy that's a teacher in one of the three. It doesn't me much to figure out it's the same school that Janette's son attends.

I wonder if Janette knows Felicia, my teacher-toy. It's definitely possible. She teaches English, and that's a class everyone takes all four years. There are several English teachers, though. But it is his third year taking those classes, so it's entirely possible that one of the five semesters, she's been his teacher.

I call Felicia and ask. I'm hoping that she can at least convince one of his teachers to help out and summon Janette for something like a meeting. A meeting that the teacher will not be attending. But Felicia surprises me. Not only does she know the student, but he's also in her third-period class this semester. She doesn't need to lean on one of her teacher friends. I can just lean on her.

But I don't have to. Felicia is a fairly obedient toy. When I tell her to summon Janette for a parent-teacher conference at a time when we can be assured of privacy in the classroom, she simply says "yes, Ma'am," and suggest 4:30 on a Monday afternoon. According to Felicia, that's a time when the building will be mostly empty. The time when the fewest extracurricular activities are going on, and most of the teachers will have finished whatever conferences and detentions they have and left. I tell her that will be fine. I can be there.

Then I tell Dmitri what I have in mind. He loves the idea and agrees to my one condition: that nothing at all be said to Janette. Not even that he's "loaning" her to another, much less to me. Janette is to think this is a real parent-teacher conference. She's to have no idea that anyone knows she's a toy. And even less of an idea that she's going to playing.

I have Felicia set it for a week from Monday. That gives her plenty of time to schedule a conference with Janette. And it gives me time to set up for it.

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Now that it's Monday afternoon, I arrive at the high school just before 4:00, when I told Felicia to be expecting me to arrive. The halls are already almost deserted. Perfect. There's always security at the front door, where visitors have to sign in and out. If security is gone, the doors are locked. But there's never security at the teacher's door. I call Felicia and have her come let me in that door. That way, there won't be any record of my being here.

I have a few friends with me. I didn't tell Felicia to expect them. I have my BFF #1 Izzy and her boyfriend with me. I have Paige, my 18-year-old live-in slave-whore with me. I have two other girls, Allie and Kate, who are freshmen at USA with me. I have another boy, Danny, a freshman at Bishop State College where Sophie, my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl and handmaiden, and Paige, are students with me. They all have two things in common. First, they're at least eighteen. Second, they look young, and they're dressed as high school students would be.

Felicia looks surprised to see the group with me. I hadn't told her they were coming. But I never tell my toys anything. Felicia should be used to that by now. She quickly walks us to her classroom. It's clear that she would prefer no one see any of us. I can't blame her for that. I would too. It would only necessitate explanations later.

No one sees us. The halls are that empty. And the walk is fairly short. Plus we avoid the main hall, the only one that likely has anyone in it.

As soon as we're in Felicia's classroom, I tell her to sit at her desk. I don't have to say anything more. She takes the seat behind her desk, crosses her legs, and folds her hands in her lap. She sits up straight. It's the position I expect when I tell my toys to sit. And Felicia has been around enough to know that disappointing me guarantees her a swift punishment. She stays silent, too, something else I demand of my toys.

I tell the others to help themselves to the student desks and to mix it up. I don't want the boys sitting together. I want them scattered in with the girls. "Gawd, I never thought I'd be sitting in one of these desks again," Izzy giggles as she pulls her boyfriend to sit beside her.

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All of the "students" know that they're participating in one of my scenes. They all know that it's going to get "interesting" and do so fairly quickly. My scenes always do. They also know they're never to speak of it. I trust they won't. I picked people who have all been in an audience before and kept the secret. To most of them, it's just a show. Like reality TV. Like the proverbial train wreck. How low will this woman go? How far will she allow herself to be humiliated? It's as entertaining as the Kardashians! Only this is one hundred percent real.

"Okay, everyone!" I announce. I glance over my shoulder at Felicia, "you, too, bitch." I turn back to the students. "Here's the scene. You six are here for detention. You naughty students were caught talking in class, or whatever, it doesn't matter. For detention, you'll be given an assignment to complete. I don't care if it gets done, or not. I don't care how good of a grade you get on it. I'm not even going to bother grading it! I just want you all to look like you're hard at work on it.

"Felicia, that's the teacher bitch up here, has a parent coming in for a parent-teacher conference at 4:30. When the student's mom gets here, you are all to be diligently working on your assignment or at least look like it. From then on, pretend you are real students and act accordingly. High school students. It hasn't been so long that you all can't remember high school."

None are still in high school. Although three of them graduated only a few short months ago, including Paige. Only Izzy and her boyfriend are 20. The rest are sophomores, so they're 19. There is no way I would have used actual students for this. The risk, should they gossip, would be too high. But I don't tell Felicia that. I'll just let her assume whatever she assumes.

I hand out some textbooks and "assignments." It's on grammar, something appropriate for an English class. It's a long and fairly advanced assignment. It's one I downloaded from the school board's website. One that Felicia should use in her class. The textbooks are from Felicia's stock in the classroom. The same ones her students have.

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Anything else would be an inconsistency that should be a clue for Janette. Should be. I doubt she'd actually pick up on it. But always better safe than sorry.

The first sight I have of Janette is when she tentatively comes through the door of Felicia's classroom. I've seen a couple of pictures of her before now, courtesy of Dmitri, but I've never seen her. I couldn't have. It would spoil the setup. She'd know I was a friend of her Master.

Janette is average in height, around 5'5". She's also probably average in weight, I'm guessing around 140 pounds. Today she's wearing a turtleneck sweater over loose-fitting jeans that I can already tell have a high-end designer label on them. Probably the sweater, too. I can see it's cashmere. It's not snug-fitting either, as all of my sweaters are, but loose enough that it obscures the shape of her body. But even still I can tell that her body is not going to be heavy. It will be, as Dmitri said, shapely.

Janette has a slightly rounded face with soft features. There's neither an ounce of extra weight on it nor a sharp or angular feature to be seen. She has green-gray eyes that sparkle. She has a slightly long, smooth nose. She has a slightly narrow mouth framed with a pair of very plush and full lips that are a medium shade of pink. It's all framed by long, straight hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. Her hair looks like it's naturally dark brown, but now it has so many blonde highlights in it that it looks to be two different colors, brown and blonde, all mixed up together. Except at the bottom, from her jaw down, where it's dyed all blonde. It's a fairly unique style, in that she does little with it besides brush it out. It hangs close to her face, and down to cover about half of her forehead.

Of course, now most of that face is covered by a "cutesy" purple mask with a picture of a very adorable poodle on it. Welcome to the new reality. No one leaves home without a mask. Not even for school. For now, my "fake students" have on generic plain masks, except for Paige and Izzy. Paige always wears a pink mask with frilly white lace trim that I got for her. Izzy seems to never wear the same mask twice.

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Today's is bright pink with random-colored polka dots on it. Felicia has a yellow and blue mask, the school's colors. Mine is crimson with a giant Alabama Elephant on it. It is football season, and a girl should support her teams!

"Hi, I'm Janette Morris, Tony's mom..." Janette introduces herself to Felicia. It's still early enough in the school year that they haven't met yet. The traditional parent-teacher night is still a couple of weeks away, and now it's going to be so uncomfortable for Janette!

I'm sitting beside Felicia. Today I've worn one of my professional business suits. And like most of my stuff, it has a designer label. A girl has to look good! But more importantly today, I want Janette to notice my youth, but also to project a professional image. Felicia introduces herself, then she introduces me as "Ms. Rodgers, her teaching assistant." Janette won't know the difference. But I see the little smirk flash over Paige's face, even with that mask on.

I signal Izzy with my hand. It's just a little motion, but Izzy is watching for it. Janette couldn't possibly see it. I use the desk to hide my hand from her eyes. Izzy quickly raises her hand and waves it around to get Felicia's attention. "Ms. Miller, could you please help me with this? I swear there isn't a single gerund anywhere in this paragraph!" Izzy tries to sound desperate and frustrated. I nudge Felicia with my foot, telling her to go help, Izzy.

Then I turn to Janette and seamlessly take over the conversation. "We've been having an issue with Tony getting all of his homework done. He's been doing the assignments, but he's been blowing through them. I'm afraid it's getting to the point where he might end up with a D, or worse, for the class. You know what that would do for his chances of getting into a decent college." It's not true, at least not according to Felicia. Tony is about a B student, maybe leaning towards a B+ if he picks it up a little.

It has the desired effect on Janette. Immediately I see the look of horror on her face. I just assumed that Tony was hoping for college. Most students, especially those taking more than the minimum-state-

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standards level classes, are. Good. Now I have Janelle's attention.

"When Ms. Miller asked Tony about his study habits, he told us that he mostly does his homework on his own, locked away in his room. Is that accurate?" Of course, it is. It's how 99% of teenagers are going to do their homework. Felicia didn't ask, and I don't know. But I *know*! And that's good enough for me. Sometimes, it's all about the image I project. Like now, I'm projecting that I know something I'm only guessing at.

"It is..." Janette answers.

"So you haven't been checking over his work before he handed it in?"

"I try..." Janette answers the first hint of reluctance, or maybe embarrassment, in her voice. "But Tony is so private. He pitches such a fit whenever I try to involve myself..." Of course he does. He's 16. What did she expect? I so want to scream "DUH" in her face. But I don't. I keep my professional attitude.

"I'm sure you saw all those handouts we sent home at the beginning of the year? Including the one on preferred study habits?"

"I did..." Now Janette sounds a little unsure. And she's lying. I know that because there was no such handout. I'm making it up. And Janette is falling right into my trap, unwilling to admit that she barely glanced at all those beginning-of-the-semester handouts she got from all her kids. She just assumed they all said the same things they say every year. Which they did.

"Oh, good. Then you must realize that you're part of the problem." I keep my voice business-like, just stating a fact. "If you'd been looking over his work, you would know that he's breezing his assignments."

"I will definitely be paying more attention from now on." She says. I have no doubt she means it. No parent likes getting called into school.

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I pull out a photocopy of Tony's latest homework assignment. One he turned in today. I haven't graded it, and obviously, Felicia hasn't had the time to, but it's probably a B, as are most of the assignments he hands in. The photocopy has a giant red "F" on it. I put it there a few minutes ago. "As you can see, his work is really slipping. I'd hate to ruin his chances of college just because you haven't been supervising him properly, but this assignment is a decent part of his grade.

"We usually don't allow extra credit. Students live with the grades they earn in this class." I tell her, still in my all-business voice, as Felicia returns from giving Izzy the help she definitely didn't need. Felicia takes her seat at the desk. "But we've decided since it's half your fault, that we're going to make sort of an exception to the rule this one time." I have to fight myself. I really want to smirk a wide grin right now.

Janette instantly looks relieved. I'm sure it's relief that Tony will be given the chance to improve his grade. Not relief at being called a bad parent. But like any parent, she'll take all the insults I want to heap on her if it will benefit her son. Mothers are so predictable!

"When students don't do their assignments here, they get detention for it. Since you didn't do your assignment, which was to supervise Tony's homework, we've decided that fairness requires you to serve a detention. Then, Tony will be allowed to make up the half of the grade that's your fault. He'll still have to live with the half that's his fault, but a B-/C+ won't hurt him. The F will.

"Are you willing to serve the detention you've earned?"

Now Janette looks slightly nervous and rather embarrassed. "Yes..." She says, her voice a few dozen decibels lower than before. I knew she'd accept the offer. Any mother would.

"Good. At least you're willing to take responsibility for your failures. And, as they say, no time like the present. Detention is just beginning."

I reach over to the corner of the desk and pick up a textbook and one of the fake assignments that I handed out to the other "students" a

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few minutes before Janette arrived. I hold them out for Janette. "Here's a book and the detention assignment." Janette hesitantly takes them from me. I hand her another sheet of paper. "And here are the classroom rules for detention. You'll be expected to follow the rules just as everyone else does, or suffer the appropriate consequences.

"Oh, and there's no breezing through a detention assignment. It has to actually be done. You'll need to get a 90% or better on it. Now, go take a seat with the rest of today's miscreants, and begin." Now I do smile. I can't help myself.

Janette blushes. She says nothing. But I can see the humiliation on her face already. I've just "demoted" her, or at least her status. She's no longer a student's mom. Now she's just another naughty high school student. Something she hasn't been in close to three decades. She hesitantly rises and picks a seat in the back row.

Felicia and I just sit there and keep an eye on our students. Janette very slowly gets to work on the assignment. I'll bet it's going to be hard for her. Housewives don't exactly use their grammar skills often. I'll bet she's forgotten a good part of it.



Chapter 02: First Offense

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It's been close to two decades since Janette has been in a classroom, at least as anything other than a parent. I hope, and it definitely looks like, she's slightly embarrassed to be sitting in those desks doing high school work herself. More so surrounded by students who look to be the same age as her son.

The rules I've given her for detention are just standard classroom rules. High school classroom rules. Rules like "no talking" and "stay in your seat." I'm sure Janette had to follow the same rules 25 years ago when she was in high school. And I'm sure she's forgotten all about them since. I'm counting on it.

And I'm not disappointed. It's not more than ten minutes before we all hear Janette sigh out "This is impossible!" She's busily searching through the textbook, scanning sections here and there, trying to figure out the right answers to the assignment. I'll bet she's wondering if she's really forgotten that much, or if this assignment has purposely been made difficult.

Felicia is doing what I've told her to do. She's meandering between the desks, going from student to student to check on their progress and offer help when needed. Students now including Janette. Hearing Janette, Felicia moves over to her. And the first thing Felicia does is remind Janette that she needs to obey the class rules and be quiet. This is her only warning, next time there will be consequences for an infraction. Felicia tells her that's the same policy she has for her other students. Then Felicia spends a few minutes showing Janette which sections of the text she should be studying.

Janette makes it maybe another five minutes before I hear her sigh out a stressed "Aargh! No wonder he got an F!"

"Janette!" I snap firmly, not raising my voice but using the firmest tone I can. "Come up here." I point to a seat beside the desk.

Janette must realize that she's broken a rule. It's the same rule that Felicia warned her about just a few minutes ago. She rises and tentatively starts toward the desk.

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In the audience, Paige gasps loudly as I call Janette up. Izzy giggles. Izzy knows that the show is about to start. She knows me too well. Felicia smirks, but quickly catches herself and wipes it off her face. Janette never sees any of it. They're all behind her back.

It takes Janette a minute to get up here and get in the chair. I glare at her the entire time and keep pointing to the chair until she's sitting in it. She does bother to cross her legs or sit up properly, as a slave should. But she doesn't know that I know she's a slave. As far as Janette knows, I think she's just another mother. So I don't correct her posture. That would give it away. I let her sit, half slouching, almost just like a teenager would be.

I scold her. "Janette, Ms. Miller just spoke to you about minding the rules." The hardest part for me is to scold her as a student would be, instead of in the more demeaning way a slave would be. It is so hard not to let on that I know anything! "You were warned that there would be consequences for infractions. Obviously, detention isn't a choice, since you're *already* in detention. And I'd really hate to have to throw you out of detention because then you wouldn't get to do the extra credit and Tony would be stuck with your bad grade.

"Well, thank G-d Alabama is such a conservative state. They've left me other options for when detentions aren't effective. So unless you want to forfeit the extra credit, you'll just have to get the same punishment that anyone else would for acting up in detention. A paddling. I think three strokes will be enough to teach you to obey the class rules." I have no idea if paddlings are still allowed in Alabama, or anywhere else for that matter. I do know I've never heard of anyone getting one since, like, the '80s! But it sounds good. Besides, Janette was always going to get this paddling. I'd decided that long before she got out of bed this morning. This is just the pretext for it.

Janette's eyes immediately pop wide and she starts to fidget in her seat. I can only imagine the thoughts running through her head. I know it will be far from the first spanking she's gotten – Dmitri paddles his slaves frequently. I can't decide if she's old enough to have been in

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school back when paddlings were actually used or not. She's close enough to that age where it probably depended on where she went to school. I imagine she's thinking about how humiliating it's going to be paddled by her son's teachers. And she's thinking of the price of not allowing it, which I know is more than she's willing to pay. It's why I'm using her son's grade, or rather the threat of it, to hold over her head. Because I think it will motivate her to allow whatever to happen to herself instead of risking the grade.

"Stand up." I firmly command Janette. I glare at her firmly. My hand reaches under the desk where I have my old-fashioned school-house paddle. I bring it out slowly. It's about 18" long and five inches wide. It's a good inch thick, made of a light wood with holes drilled in it to reduce air resistance and speed up its swing. It looks exactly like the ones I've seen in old pictures of real school paddles from the '50s. And it looks painful.

Janette sits frozen for a second. She nervously turns to me and says "now? Here?" in a very hushed, very anxious, voice. "In front of these... kids?" Everyone in the room is at least 18, but they don't look it. They're trying hard not to. I guess it's working.

I just glare at Janette. "Four strokes. One more for not behaving. You were told to stand. Stand for your punishment." I tell her in my firmest voice.

Janette's eyes moisten. She hesitantly rises to her feet, already trembling as she does. Her face wrinkles up as if she's about to cry. "Please, Miss Rodgers..." Janette squeaks out in a muted, nervous voice, "may I please not be spanked in front of everyone, Miss Rodgers?" I doubt Janette even realizes how submissive her plea sounds.

I sigh, keeping the paddle in my hand, and rise to my feet. I use my free hand to reach up to Janette's shoulder and take a firm grip on her. "Over you go." I push Janette's shoulders down, bending her over the side of the desk.

Janette doesn't exactly resist me, but she doesn't exactly lean herself over either. It has her standing back a couple of feet from the

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side of the desk. I push her down until her back is flat, which has her forearms resting on the top of the desk. She quickly turns her head toward the whiteboard, looking away from the students. Undoubtedly trying to pretend to herself that there isn't an audience of youths watching this.

Janette seems to have learned better than to argue about it. But she's still quivering nervously as she stands there. Her breaths start to sound more like mute sobs, too. And she's blushing brightly now.

I set the paddle on the desk beside her for a second. I reach up to her head and grab it lightly. I turn it so that it's lying on her other cheek, with her facing the audience. I want her to see them watching her. I want this to be as humiliating as it possibly can be for her. After all, humiliation is why she sees Dmitri in the first place.

"There is only one rule, Janette. You will stand here. You will not get up." I reach for Janette's waistband. I move fairly quickly, not rushing, but moving as if I've done this too many times to count before. I unbutton her jeans and pull the zipper down. A second later I yank her jeans down, pulling the loose denim over her bottom. I stop with the jeans at about mid-thigh. Too bad for Janette that she wore such loose clothing today. They're so loose on her thighs that the jeans just fall to her ankles. I leave them lying there.

Janette shrieks a loud "AH! NO! Please, Miss Rodgers..." as I pull her pants down to uncover a rather cute pair of white panties.

I ignore Janette completely. My hands go right back to her hips. And this time they pull those lacy panties down. I stop those at mid-tight as well. Those are snug-fitting, so they hang there around her thighs.

It leaves her bottom completely bare. The closest clothing is her panties, and that's a good two inches beneath the bottom of her cheeks.

It bares a pair of full, rounded cheeks. If she were standing, they'd make a small, but full, "bubble butt." With her leaning over, they're pulled taut, smoothing out some of their plump curviness. Her

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globes look soft, but I don't mean flabby. Just spongy. As she leans over, their tightness has pulled her crack wide. It leaves me a good view of her tight little asshole. Hers is almost the same shade of white as are her globes. There's only the lightest of dark swath around the equally light pink ring. And hers is very wrinkly, with slightly prominent folds of wrinkles flowing together and inward with a pinpoint speck of darkness at the very center.

Her thighs are lean and toned. They allow me to see every bit of her pussy between the tops of them. I can see two long, narrow lips, covered with a long, brown fur that's neatly trimmed out of the creases of her thighs. It lets me see the edges of her light pink-brown inner folds poking their tips up into the slit between those furry lips, at least over her tunnel. Towards the top, her lips flow together into a narrow line of a slit that hides her folds.

And I can see enough of the long, brown curls tangling together underneath her flat pubes to tell that she's going to have a dense bush covering those pubes. I'm sure I'll get a better look at that later. I know that Janette is in for far more than a simple paddling this afternoon.

I another thing Janette doesn't. I know that all of the classrooms around us are empty. There's no such thing here as a grammar club or any other extracurricular activities in this part of the department. And none of Felicia's fellow teachers are going to hang around this late just for fun. They're long gone. I know, according to Felicia, that the security guard doesn't make rounds – he just sits at his desk by the front door. And most, if not all, of the administration, is long gone, too. It all adds up to us not being disturbed. And I'm especially thankful that Felicia's classroom doesn't have any windows in it.

"Everyone," I announce, looking out at the audience, but keeping a hand on the small of Janette's back to keep her leaning over with her bare butt sticking out for all to see. "I'm sure you all heard Janette talking in detention, and I know most of you have spent enough time in detention to know what that earns you. Janette will be getting four strokes, three for talking and one for disobeying me when I told her to

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stand up for her paddling like a big girl. Let's take a quick break now so we can all watch Janette punished for her infraction." I add just a trace of eagerness to my voice.

All eyes are on Janette. The girls mostly watch her face. It's almost comical the way it's blushing so red and scrunching up at the same time. The boys mostly stare at her bottom, no doubt trying to see more than the side-view they have affords them. I pick up the paddle.

I raise the paddle up high and pause for just a second to let the audience see how high, and how "evil" looking it is. Then I swing it, putting most of my strength into the stroke. It lands squarely across Janette's taut, white globes with a loud, splitting crack.

"OW!" Janette cries out loudly. Her cry is a mixture of surprise and pain. As if she hadn't expected the stroke to be nearly as hard as it was. "OW! That hurts! Please, Miss Rodgers, take it a little easier on me."

I lift the paddle again. Now I see a pair of white cheeks with a wide pink stripe across the center of them. Two cheeks that are far from still. Instead, her hips squirm hard, as if trying to wiggle the sting off those globes.

I bring the paddle down again, just as hard as the first stroke. It lands with just as loud of a crack. It makes the two "vanilla" girls in my audience flinch hard from the sound. Or maybe from Janette's shriek.

Janette shrieks loud, her voice now mostly pain as she cries out her "OW!" Her hips quickly wiggle her bottom again. She sobs lightly. And she tries pleading again. "Ow!... Please, Miss Rodgers, not so hard... it hurts too much!"

It wouldn't be much of a punishment if it didn't hurt, would it? I ignore Janette. She still has two more swats coming. I raise my paddle back up. It reveals the pink stripe across her white globes. Now it's a bright, angry shade of pink that loudly announces how sharply it's stinging her cheeks.

I bring my paddle down again. Janette definitely has some full

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cheeks, but they're also fairly small cheeks. Just well-rounded ones. It leaves me nowhere to land my paddle except mostly atop the already stinging stripe across her bottom. I keep my swats the same. This one lands just as hard, and with just as loud of crack, as the first two did.

"OW!" Janette screeches with pain in her voice. Her bottom reflexively snaps forward with the blow, her knees buckling until they knock against the side of the desk. Her bottom wiggles hard from side to side, more so as the paddle rises of her cheeks. "OW!" Janette sobs loudly now. "Stop! Please, Miss Rodgers, please stop hurting me! Please, I've learned my lesson! Please, don't paddle me again, I'll behave! I'll be a good girl! Please, don't hurt me again!"

"Those three were the price of talking in detention, Janette," I tell her firmly, but softly, as the paddle is rising for the final stroke. "This one is for not doing as you were told." I snap the paddle again.

The stroke isn't any harder, but it has nowhere to land but atop the light red, painfully stinging, strip across her bottom. Atop the already stinging flesh, it feels worse for her.

"OW!" Janette screams this time. Her bottom again goes forward with the swat and quickly starts trying to wiggle off the sting. Janette cries. It's not a full-blown bawling cry, but it's enough to have tears rolling down her cheeks and ruining her skillful makeup job. It's enough that everyone in the room can hear her sobs now, too. And thus, everyone knows that she's crying.

There's no reason for her to beg anymore, and she knows it. Her spanking is over. She stays put, leaning over the desk, and sobs endless "OW!s..." with a few "It hurts!" mixed in.

I give her a second or two, but not much more than that. It's enough time for me to casually glance down to the puffy mound of her pussy between her thighs. And to see that her slit now glistens with a fresh wetness. A wetness that already has her dense fur slightly damp. And that tells me that I'm doing what Dmitri asked me to do: humiliating her.

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I reach to Janette's panties and indifferently pull them up for her. Janette screeches a loud "OW! Please! Be gentle!" as I pull them over her now-red cheeks. I ignore her and just pull them up, covering her bottom for her. That way, when she stands, the boys in the audience won't get to see her bush, although I'm quite sure they're still going to be trying to see it. It's not a kindness. I'm just saving that humiliation for later. Detention is a whole hour long!

I tell Janette to stand. She quickly stands, then turns to face me. It puts her bottom mostly towards the audience, but with her panties on, they can't see too much of the stripe glowing brightly across that bottom. "Janette, that was *part* of the price you're going to pay for breaking the class rules. The second part is that you have lost some time to get your assignment done. Since you lost that time because of your bad behavior, you won't get any additional time. The last part of the punishment is that, since you brought it on yourself, we will not be making any accommodations for your sore bottom. Now, pull your pants back up and return to your seat, you still have a few minutes to get part one finished. You'll just have to sit on your sore bottom and do your assignment. Go on."

Janette quickly squats down and pulls her jeans back up. Clearly, she's grateful to be allowed to cover herself again. She walks fairly quickly back to her desk. Then she hesitates with her bottom just off the seat. I hear a deep, sucking breath as she winces hard when her butt touches the hard plastic seat. She fidgets, but she also picks up her pen and tries to focus on getting that assignment done.



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Janette has about three or four minutes left to finish part one of her assignment. I've divided my hour of detention into four sections, and each section has its own part to the assignment. Each part will get its own grade, too. Janette should know that. It's all in the directions on the first page. I doubt she read them too closely, though.

Not that it would matter. She's nowhere near done when I call for part one to be handed up so that I can grade it. And she can't really blame the paddling on it. That didn't take more than about three minutes out of the fifteen she was given.

I tell the students to move along to part two while I grade part one. I start with Janette's paper. It's the only one I'm actually going to grade. The only one I care about. And there's no way she's getting a good grade on it, even if she actually does! I'll still give her a D or an F.

It's not a hard assignment, at least not if you've been studying grammar, or not if you're a writer or someone who actually uses it. But Janette has been out of school for better than 20 years now. And seriously, how many "average Jane's" could actually define what a gerund is, let alone pick them out and explain their purpose in a sentence? Even if she is using them correctly anyway.

Janette's first answer is copied verbatim from the textbook. She gets that one right. But that's the only one she could copy. The rest require some application of the lesson. Those questions, she gets something wrong in everyone. Little stuff, but that's plenty. I'm only looking for an excuse!

I score her assignment at 70%. "Janette, come up here," I call out and point her to sit in the chair beside the desk. She winces just as painfully as she takes the seat. Then she looks at me, her eyes still wet from crying.

"You got a 70 on part one. Your scores for all four parts will be averaged together to make up your final grade for the assignment. Let me be blunt. A 70 is way too low. Even if you somehow manage to get a perfect score on the next three parts, that's only a 92 for a final grade. You can afford to lose only ten more points across all three parts. That

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means no more than one error per. If you can't get a passing grade, then Tony lives with the grade he has. Do you think you can get that high of a score on the next three parts?"

Janette hesitates a second. Reluctantly she offers muted "no..." As she does, her eyes moisten up as if she's going to start crying again.

"Then you have three choices. Number one, you can pray and hope you don't lose too many points. Number two, you may 'roll the dice.'" I set a standard die on the desk. "It goes like this. Whatever number you roll, that's how many strokes you get with the paddle. Then, you get three more rolls. If you roll the same number again, you get to stay after detention and redo the assignment. Whatever grade you get on the makeup assignment, you're stuck with. But if you don't roll the same number on those three rolls, you're stuck with the 70." I watch Janette's face show true horror at the thought of another paddling.

"Option number three is extra credit." I set a small pink box on the desk. Inside are ten pieces of paper, all folded up into tiny squares. "It works like this. You pick one of the 'extra credit' fates out of the box. No two are the same. They can be anything. All will not be enjoyable. Some are humiliating. Some are painful. Some are stupid. Some are a combination. None are easy. Once you draw, detention pauses for ten minutes while everyone watches you do whatever you've drawn. That means everyone has to stay late, not just you. If you do your extra credit, I add 20 points to your grade for this part. If you don't do it properly, I subtract 10 points. That would mean you'd need a perfect score from here on out to get a passing grade. They're all something that you can do. There's nothing that's impossible, even for you.

"So, what will your choice be?" I grin very slightly as I ask. It's all I can do not to smirk, knowing that whatever Janette picks, my fun is just beginning.

"I'll draw for extra credit..." Janette very reluctantly chooses. I can see her quivering slightly, wondering just what agony she's about to subject herself to for the sake of her son's grade.

I already know. I know because all ten of the "fates" have the

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same fate on them. It doesn't matter which square she picks. But all folded up as they are, she'll never know that. I never said detention was fair!

I hold the pink box out to Janette. Tentatively she reaches into the box and after a second picks one of the squares. She draws it out. "Everyone..." I call out to the students. "Your attention, please. Janette has drawn an extra credit assignment, so now we are all going to see what she's drawn and watch her do her extra credit."

Janette blushes brightly as I make the announcement. She quivers a little more and fidgets in her seat, too. It's enough for me to think that she knows she's going to suffer.

"Janette, open your fate and read it aloud," I tell her.

Janette starts unfolding her square. She gets it open and sees what's written on it. She instantly freezes. After a second, I snap "Janette!" to get her attention again. "Read your extra credit to the class."

Tears roll down Janette's cheeks again. "It says... naked dunce." Janette sobs out. Paige gasps in horror, loudly. She's faking it, but she does know what the naked dunce is. She's seen it before. "I am to stand facing the class and take off all of my clothes. I am to give my clothes to Miss Rodgers. Then I am to stand naked in the corner, wearing a sign and a dunce cap, for ten minutes. I must stand still and silent, facing the class for the entire time, on my tip-toes. I may not cover any part of myself. I may not look away from the class. I do not get my clothes back until I get my grades up." Janette reads it exactly as it's written. I wrote it in the first person.

"No sense in wasting any more time, Janette. Stand up now and face the class. It's time to hand over your clothes. And I mean absolutely everything. Right down to the last hairpin. Even your rings..." I pause for about a second. Janette sits frozen. I snap, "let's go, bad girl!"

Janette hesitantly rises to her feet. She turns to face the class,

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standing in front of the chair to put it between herself and the students. I just use my foot to shove the chair out of the way so that nothing blocks their view of Janette.

Everyone stares at Janette. The girls mostly gawk with curiosity, as if waiting to see Janette humiliate herself as entertainment. The boys have far more lewdness in their gawks as if they're hungry to see her naked. Boys!

"Now, Janette." I snap again, adding extra firmness to my command.

As any woman would do, Janette starts with her shoes and socks. Then her jewelry, taking off the things that reveal nothing first. I just love that prim modesty! It has the blush on her face steadily deepening as each item comes off and bares nothing. Unless she's modest about the very nice pedicure she has. And the nice deep-red paint on her toenails.

It takes her a minute or two, or three, to get down to where she has nothing but her sweater, jeans, bra, and panties left. Now, whatever she takes off, is going to start exposing her body to the audience. An audience that's anonymous to Janette. And one that she assumes is made up of her son's classmates. Whom, I'm sure, she assumes will be gossiping about this tomorrow. I'm sure she assumes that Tony will hear about it, too.

She reaches for the bottom of her sweater. All she can do is pull it up and over her head. She does that as slowly as possible, steadily baring more and more of her flat, toned stomach and the defined curve at her waist. The feminine shape of her waist is enough for the boys' interest to grow. Her face may look "mom-aged," but so far her body looks pretty good to them.

It bares a lacy, three-quarters cup bra. It's white. It covers most of her mounds but leaves enough bare at the tops and center to make a nice cleavage. A cleavage that most women wouldn't mind flaunting. I can already tell her mounds are ample. Not especially huge, but big enough. I'd guess she's a 36-C.

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Now that her chest is essentially exposed, except for her breasts, I can see the leanness to her body. I can see that her skin is still taut, having lost only a tiny bit of elasticity over the years. It's milky white, too, like skin that rarely gets to see the sun. Her chest is flat. Her shoulders are just lean enough for the outlines of her collarbones to be made out. Her arms are lean, too, and just as toned. I don't see any loose skin anywhere.

Janette has to fight her urge to try and cover her breasts, even though her bra still hides them. Everyone can see her hands wants to move up to her chest. "Keep going, Janette." I remind her in a very firm voice as she hands me her sweater.

Janette reluctantly begins unbuttoning her jeans. This time they move far slower. She hangs onto them to keep gravity from pulling them down her legs. It must take her close to a minute to get them down to her ankles and step out of them.

It reveals the white lace panties I saw earlier. And it reveals a pair of long, lean legs without an ounce of flab on them. I can see her hips have a nice curve to them as well. And if I look closely, I can see the slight darkness behind her panties where her bush is.

Now Janette really doesn't have a choice. Her hands move very reluctantly up behind her back to get to the clasp of her bra. When they get there, they fumble. Hard. The clasp keeps slipping from her trembling fingers. It takes her several tries to get the single hook undone. Only then do the straps fall to her sides, still not showing off anything. She reaches her unsteady hands up to her shoulders and unwillingly pushes the straps along until they fall free down her arms. Her hands eagerly fly to her chest, catching the bra, and covering her breasts as they do. I'm staring hard at Janette. She knows better than to linger with her hands covering herself. But she still moves slowly as she pulls the bra down, baring her breasts to the class.

Janette's breasts are moderately soft. Now free of the underwire bra, they lie back against her chest with a decent crease at the underside. They still have a good bit of roundness to them, despite the

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touch of looseness that has them lying slightly to the outsides of her chest. It has her nipples angled slightly outward, and also slightly upward atop her mounds. Nipples that are very wide, almost as wide as dimes. Nipples that rise up prominently, maybe around ¼", but also are fully rounded, rising like half-marbles instead of like rods. They're a hot, light, shade of pink. They're surrounded by fairly modest rings of the same light pink. And now, those nipples are as hard as ever.

Janette hands me her bra. She uncomfortable keeps one eye on me, watching as I drop it into a drawer of Felicia's desk along with the rest of her clothes.

She moves slower than she ever has as she puts her hands to her hips. I hear her suck in a deep breath, her hands frozen to her hips. I see her close her eyes. Then, very slowly, her panties start inching their way down her hips.

Soon they begin to expose the top curls of her dense bush. The top line of it doesn't look to be trimmed perfectly straight but does seem to be naturally close to straight. Her waistline, above her bush, looks to be flat and decently taut, too. And very pale white.

As her panties slip down her hips, I can see that her bush is as dense as I thought it would be. And that its curls of fur are long and tangled together. Her fur looks to be dark brown. It looks to be trimmed, not into perfect lines, but out of the creases of her thighs.

Finally, her panties are down enough for the class to see that her pussy mound is more flat than puffy. Slightly on the narrow side, too. But her lean thighs do nothing to hide the mound poking down between her thighs. Or the long curls of fur covering her lips that stick down from her mound. Fur that's dense enough to make it hard to see the fine slit at the front where those lips meet in a light purple line.

Janette finally hands me her panties. I take just a second to glance at them. And I make sure that Janette sees me glance at the crotch of them. It's moist, telling me that her pussy is getting pretty wet. It's moist enough for me to get a whiff of her moderately strong muskiness, too. And to know that it's a sweet muskiness.

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I reach under the desk and take out the dunce cap. It's white, and it's big. Its sone is probably close to two feet tall. It has a narrow elastic band to go under her chin and hold it on. And it has "DUNCE" on it in big, black letters. I hand it to Janette.

Her face scrunches up hard, pushing another tear from her wet eyes, as she hesitantly puts it on. The elastic strap leaves only two ways it can go on. Either has the word "dunce" in front.

I hand Janette the sign. It's not that big, slightly larger than a legal-size piece of paper. It's white. It's made of a stiff, hard cardboard. It too has a cord on it to go around her neck and hang from. It has "Standing in the corner. This is as shameful as my grades are," written on it in big black letters in two lines. "Standing" is circled in red and has an arrow pointing to it. Above the arrow, also in red, is the word "gerund."

Janette reads the sign.. then she reluctantly hangs it around it her neck. As soon as she does, she discovers that her prayer is not going to be answered. The sign hangs just below her breasts, leaving them completely exposed. And it hangs just above her waist, leaving all of her bush and pussy exposed, too. It covers nothing except for her stomach. I designed it that way. Knowing her height, it wasn't hard to guess how long to make the string.

I take hold of Janette by the shoulder and guide her to the corner. It's mostly empty. I turn her to face the students and nudge her back into the corner until she standing the way I want her to. With her heels against the baseboards, and her feet almost together. Apart just enough that her shoulders and bottom aren't touching anything.

I tell Janette that she's to put her hands behind her and keep them there. Then I put a hand under her chin and nudge her head up until she's looking straight at the class. Now she has to see the girls giggling at the humiliating display. And see the boys gawking at her breasts and pubes.

"Remember, you have to keep your eyes open and stay on your tip-toes." I teasingly warn her. I take out a stopwatch. I see Janette's

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eyes dart around the room and realize that the only clock is above the whiteboard behind Felicia's desk, where she can't see it.

"Up you go, dunce!" I tauntingly tell her. Janette rises up to her tiptoes. I let her see me push the button on the stopwatch.

She stands there. It doesn't take but half of a minute, maybe a few seconds less, for me to see the strain in her calves as she stands on her toes.

Everyone stares at Janette, watching her stand there. It keeps the blush on her face at full-beet redness. And in a minute, it has tears of shame rolling down those cheeks.

That's when I take a picture of her standing there. And I make sure that she sees me take it.

Not much happens for the next ten minutes. Mostly we all just watch Janette. I'm pretty sure I'm the only one watching her eyes, to make sure they stay open, and her feet to make sure those heels stay off the floor. They do, but by the end of the ten minutes, I can see the uncomfortable strain in her calves as she struggles to stay up.

I call her to come back over to my desk. I allow her to stand facing me, which keeps her rosy red bottom to the students, as she takes her sign off and hands it back to me. Then I allow her to return my dunce cap. She seems relieved to get them both off.

She looks at me, but she keeps her eyes angled expectantly at the pile of her clothes that sit neatly on the corner of Felicia's desk.

"Would you like to demonstrate that you've learned something now and get your clothes back?"

"Yes!" Janette answers eagerly.

"I believe your fate says you get them back when you get your grades up. All you have to do is answer three questions about the lesson. If you get them right, you get your clothes back. Now face the class for your quiz." I make Janette turn and stand facing the class. IN the corner they had a good enough view of her body as she stood angled

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about 45 degrees. Now she's closer to them. And there's no angling of her body. She facing them full-on frontal. I make her put her hands behind her back so that she knows her body is being displayed.

Felicia, the teacher, is standing in the audience just behind the students. I nod to her and tell her to "give the bad student her pop quiz now."

"Define 'gerund.'" Felicia gives her the first, and easiest, question on her quiz.

"It's a verb used as a noun," Janette answers in a voice that's mute, heavily shamed, breaking slightly with light sobs, but also confident of her answer.

"Good. Now use a gerund in a sentence and tell me what the gerund is." Felicia gives her the next question. It's open enough that Janette can use anything in her answer, and that makes it a fairly easy question.

"Learning by humiliation can't be fun. 'Learning' is a gerund." Janette answers. It's a twisted modification of the textbook's first example sentence "Learning can be fun." But it's also a correct example. It was an easy answer, too.

"What year was the word 'gerund' first used in the English language?" Felicia asks. I told her to make the first two questions easy to build Janette's confidence up. And I told her to make the third hard, to pick something obscure, but also something that was clearly in the text. It was in the first sentence of the lesson.

Janette starts crying silently. After a few long and tense seconds, she admits "I don't know..."

"The answer is 1513. It was in the first sentence of the first paragraph of the textbook. Clearly, you're not reading the text as diligently as you should be." Felicia tells her in a condescending voice. It's the voice she uses to scold her lazy students. "Miss Rodgers?"

"Too bad, Janette. No clothes for you! You can try again after the

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next lesson. Now, go back to your seat and everyone get back to work on part two."

Janette blushes a little deeper, something I hadn't thought possible, as she quickly scurries back to her desk. Even before her feet are moving, her arms are across her chest, covering her breasts, both hands extended down to cover her pubes. She stakes her seat, hunching over and trying to hide her breasts as she starts work.



Chapter 04: Twenty Questions

Detention

Janette spends the next fifteen minutes blushing deeply as she sits naked, and fidgeting, at her desk. She looks to be trying rather hard to get the assignment done well this time, too. As if she definitely does not want to suffer another humiliation for a low grade. She tries just as hard to cover as much of her nakedness as she possibly can, too. To me, it's funny to watch. It can't be easy to write with one hand over her bush and the other arm across her breasts. Next time, I'm adding a penmanship grade – that should take care of that shyness!

The other students know that they are window dressing. Their work isn't being graded. No one cares if they even do it. Just as long as it looks like they are doing it. Thus the boys neglect their assignment, instead trying hard to get glimpses of the naked Janette. Mostly Chris, the boy here without a girl, but I can see Izzy's boyfriend stealing a few peeks at those breasts, too. I guess any boy would. But he is trying just as hard to make sure Izzy doesn't notice him. Smart boy. Izzy would definitely torture him if she caught him.

As with the first lesson, Janette never has a chance of getting a good grade on this one. That's why, fifteen minutes after she started her lesson, I'm calling Janette back up to the desk to discuss her work. This time, I've given her a 68, two points lower than she earned on the first lesson. Even with the extra credit, she's going to need to do better on her last two assignments to make up those two points, or fail.

I offer her the same three choices: keep the low grade, roll the dice, or pick her fate. This time, she looks long and hard at the pink box of fates before very hesitantly choosing to draw one. It's really her only choice. She can't keep the grade, and if she rolls the dice, the odds are only fifty-fifty that she'll get the points she needs. Picking a fate is the only certain way to get the points. And yes, that's by my design. I want her to pick a fate, so I left her no real choice in it.

This time there are only nine fates in the box. As there should be since she picked one last time. Janette doesn't know that all nine are the same this time, too. They're just not the naked dunce they were last time. I switched the folded papers while she was working.

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Janette reluctantly opens the fate she's drawn. Just like last time, she has to stand and face the class while she reads her fate aloud. Then everyone will watch her suffer it. The only difference is that this time she's reading it naked. That's her "fault" since she didn't earn her clothes back after the last fate. Not that she ever had a real chance to, but she doesn't know that either.

"Play twenty questions," Janette reads her fate to the class. As she does, all eyes are on her. Especially the boys. I won't allow her to cover herself as she stands there.

"I am to undress and give my clothes to the teacher." I put that as the first instruction so that Janette wouldn't know how rigged this is. If the fate assumed she was already naked, then she might be smart enough to figure out I knew she wouldn't have clothes. It would mean that this fate couldn't have been in the box the last time she drew. And it would mean that I knew she wouldn't earn her clothes back.

"I will stand in front of the class, naked. I will hold a textbook atop each of my outstretched arms. I will answer twenty questions. You may ask me anything you can dream up to ask, and I will answer it fully and honestly.

"If I am asked a question about the lessons and I do not answer it correctly, I will be punished. If I am asked a question about anything else, and I don't answer fully and honestly I will be punished. I will be punished with a rap of the teacher's ruler, where ever she decides to give it to me. If I drop either book, I will get three raps and start over."

Janette looks less than thrilled about the fate. I wonder if she's thinking about what kinds of questions these students might be dreaming up to ask her.

"Everyone... we'll take turns asking questions. Everyone will get three questions. Ms. Miller and I will get one each. That's 20." I announce. Then I get two more of the two-inch-thick textbooks. I'd guess they weigh a couple of pounds each. No wonder everyone is going digital!

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I have Janette stand with her feet about a foot apart. That way, everyone has a full view of the slightly puffy mound of her pussy and its fur between the tops of her thighs. I have her stretch her arms straight out to her sides, her palms turned upwards. I set one of the heavy books atop each upturned palm. Then I make sure Janette has her eyes open and is looking out on her audience.

I suggest Felicia goes first. Felicia's single question was scripted by me. Paige has three scripted questions for Janette. I'd never allow a toy to make up its own questions. Izzy has one. Izzy's boyfriend has two, and that was at Izzy's request. I think she didn't want him making too much up on his own. The vanilla girls, and the other boy, don't have any. They'll make up their own questions.

"Janette... Are you cheating on your husband? And by cheating, I mean doing anything that involves taking your clothes off." Felicia asks with a wide grin on her face. She knows enough to already know the answer to the question. Everyone does. But Janette doesn't know that. To her, Felicia is asking a very unwelcome question.

"Yes..." Janette answers very quietly, with a deepening blush on her face.

Instantly six hands go up. Everyone wants to ask the next question. "We'll start at my left and work around the room." I decide. I point to Izzy, at the far left of the first row. Her single scripted question is the follow up to Felicia's question.

"Janette, what are you doing and with whom?" Izzy asks a wide grin on her face, too.

Janette winces, even though she had to know whoever I picked was going to ask some variation of this question. "I... uh... sometimes – not very often! - play some sex games with a man named Dmitri..."

I take my ruler. Janette is about to learn what I meant by full and honest answers. I snap the ruler straight, landing its tip squarely atop the stiff nipple of her right breast. It makes a decently little crack as it lands.

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"OW!" Janette screeches. Her chest snaps backward, away from the impact. As it does, her bottom thrusts out behind her. And her hands come forward. The books atop her hands waver, almost falling from her hands. It looks as if she's going to lose them, but she somehow manages to hang onto them. Barely. "Fuck, that hurt!" Janette adds.

I don't have to bring the ruler off Janette's breast to see the pink splotch it left. It covers her nipple, the pink ring around it, and a little bit of the milky whiteness of her mound. It's not a deep pink. But it is bright. And it definitely stings. The nipples are rather sensitive, and thus one of the more painful places to be spanked.

"Ow... Ow..." Janette whines. Her eyes are moist now, too.

"That was your punishment for giving less than a full answer. You won't get away with simply saying 'sex games.' That could be anything. You will tell the class what games you've been playing. The rest of your punishment is that you will answer her question fully. After twenty questions, you will be punished for breaking the class rule with your potty mouth. Now, answer her question." I scold Janette.

"I... uh... I play kinky games... the kind where He owns me and gets to do whatever he wants with me and I don't get a say in it... things like whipping me, spanking me, having sex with me, giving me to someone, tying me down, and stuff like that... is that enough, Miss Rodgers?"

I nod. Then I point to Izzy's boyfriend. I wonder if he'll ask his scripted questions, which at Izzy's request are tame, or if he'll use his one free question to ask Janette something kinky.

He goes with one of the scripted questions. The look on his face tells me that he's saving his free question for his last, hoping that maybe someone else will ask a few of the ones he's surely thinking up. That way, he'll get to hear the answer, but not have to spend his question to ask. He knows some of the others have three free questions. He just doesn't know that he would too, except that Izzy asked me not to leave him too many. So I had to. Girl code. He is her boyfriend.

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His scripted questions are about the lessons. He asks Janette a question about participles, which was the second lesson. It's the easy one out of the two I've given him. Easy enough that he probably knows the answer despite not having done the lesson. I know he's been faking it. I suspect all six of them have been faking it. Or more likely just writing in the answers they already know, and BS for the other questions.

Janette answers. Felicia nods, letting Janette know she got the question right. Janette lets out a huge sigh of relief that she won't be spanked with the ruler again. Now that she knows what a "rap" with the ruler is, she is definitely eager to avoid another. I'll bet she's wondering where she'd get it, too. Maybe her other breast first, but after that, there are so many painful possibilities.

Now it's Paige's turn. All three of Paige's scripted questions are kinky ones. Questions I wrote to make Janette seem slutty to the audience. "How often do you have anal sex, and how does He prefer to do it with you?"

Janette winces again. And blushes a little deeper. "Uh... maybe half of the times I see him, so like maybe every five or six weeks. He usually likes me to bend over something, then he ties me with legs apart."

Now it's up to one of the vanilla girls. Her name is Emma. She's in a couple of my nursing classes. She's also fairly flighty, always looking to have fun. She's been after me to invite her to something, anything. "Do you enjoy it? What's it like for you? Are you always tied?" Emma just earned herself an invite to another show with that question. OK, it's three questions, but they're closely related. Besides, this game is about embarrassing Janette, and Emma has done that nicely. Although something in my voice tells me she's less concerned with embarrassing Janette and more interested in getting some information out of her.

"I... uh... cum if that means I like it... but it hurts! That's why He always ties me, because if He didn't... I don't think I'd stay there and let Him do it to me."

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"You get off with Him in your butt? Is it the same as when He's in your pussy? How's it different?" Kayla, the other vanilla girl asks. I know she's friends with Emma, and now I wonder if they've silently coordinated their questions. I could see these two doing something like that. Or maybe just having agreed to get all the information they could from Janette about the topic.

"Yes, I cum when He's using my butt... if He allows me to. It... hurts me. He's rather large, and my butt is tiny. It's a lot more intense for me when He does it my butt. It's the same feeling, it's just a lot stronger that way in spite of it hurting me. And if He makes me do it a second time, it's even stronger for me."

I notice that both Emma and Kayla are paying close attention to her answers. No doubt both are taking mental notes. I just wonder why. It's as if one is thinking about doing it with her boyfriend and wants the information. I notice Janette blushing deeper with each word of her answer, too.

I notice one other thing about Janette. Her arms are starting to show the strain. I knew they would. I don't know if Janette did. But holding even those few pounds up, her arms stretched out, takes a lot. I know that as time goes on, and her arms strain more and more, it will get harder for her to hold the books up. And that will make it more likely that she drops one, and then has to start over. I'm sure a few of the students are hoping she drops one. I'll bet they have plenty of questions they could ask her.

Now it's Chris' turn. None of his questions are scripted, either. "Janette, what's the sluttiest thing you've ever done. Specifically." He asks.

Janette takes a few seconds to think about it. With each passing nanosecond, her blush deepens. Finally, she answers very quietly, her voice almost pure humiliation. "Once He made me make a sex video. In it, I was having sex with two men at once. I was on top of one, having sex with him, and I had to lean forward a little and allow another man to use my butt at the same time. He insisted didn't have me tied, so He had

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to punish me a few times before I'd hold still for the second man to go in my butt. He made me ask the... bigger guy to use my butt, and this guy – I never knew his name – was huge! It hurt so much. But I also screamed my way through three too-intense orgasms. I looked, and sounded, like a porno star."

Now the questions go back to Izzy. And Izzy has free reign. "OK, slut, what's the most disgusting thing He ever made you do, and did it get you off?" It's not a scripted question. But Izzy has been around enough of my scenes to know what I want. And she's not shy about humiliating someone.

"He once made me be a urinal at a party. He had me bound very tightly, on my knees, with my hands behind me, and blindfolded. Then, whenever someone wanted to pee, he put his penis in my mouth and I had to swallow every drop of it. When the guy was done, I had to thank him for allowing me to drink his pee. I was there for several hours. I never even saw who was at the party. He had a bedpan underneath of me, which He called an 'overflow' pan. I needed it a bunch of times. He also had a tiny vibrator inside my pussy, and that drove me crazy. It was the third guy to pee in me that made me lose it. He just peed so much I choked on it. He didn't stop when I did. I screamed and came with him still peeing in my mouth. It got me very dirty, and I had to stay that way for the rest of the party. Plus He punished me for not swallowing it all by taking away the bedpan for a full hour. That was awful because by the time I got it back I had to go so badly it hurt. Everyone watched me use it, too. Then, some woman used me. She pushed my head back and put her pussy right on my lips, which put her butt hole so tightly against my nose that it might as well have been up it. All I could smell was her butt. About halfway through, she... passed gas right in my nose. Everyone laughed at me. And I screamed and came again. But this time I managed not to spill any!" Janette tells the story to answer his question. "I smelled butt for the rest of the night, too." Everyone laughs hard at Janette.

Izzy's boyfriend asks another lesson related question. This one, also written by me, asks for something obscure. And Janette doesn't

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have a good answer for it.

I point to Janette. "Well, we have a whole body here, where would like it spanked for her wrong answer? You may pick absolutely anywhere you can dream up."

"I guess on her other boob," Jacob answers as if he's just going with the safe answer. The same place I picked for her first spanking. As if he doesn't want Izzy to know what he'd really pick.

I don't hesitate. I snap the ruler, landing its tip a little harder directly atop the stiff nipple of her left breast. The swat isn't that much harder, maybe five percent more, maybe, tops, ten percent worse.

This time Janette screams "OW!" She quickly sobs a few more pained "Ow!s" but this time she doesn't say anything else. I do see a couple of tears roll down her cheek. And she jumps from it. It looks like she comes even closer to dropping those books, too. But she keeps them on her hands.

"What else has he done with your butt. Everything!" It's Paige's turn to ask the question.

"He's put all kinds of toys in there. Everything from fairly small balls, to butt plugs, to really big dildos. And lots of fingers. Once He even put a plug it in with a fake dog's tail on the end of it in there."

Paige looks almost disappointed by the answer. Obviously, Dmitri doesn't make as much use of Janette's bottom as I would if she were mine. That's something Paige knows very well. It would have taken her longer than this game is going to take to tell everything I've done with Paige's butt.

"Do you deep throat cocks, too?" Emma asks.

"Only when He makes me. I never do it for my husband."

"Why not?" Kayla asks her question. "Don't you want to do it for your husband? Is it hard? What's it like?"

"I do want to do it for my husband, but I just can't seem to make

myself no matter how hard I try. It's too hard for me. I get about half of it, and then I can't stop myself from choking. When I'm with Him, that's different. He makes me choke. If I don't do it myself, he just whips me so I scream then shoves it down my throat and holds it there. Plus if I make Him do it, then He is really rough with me. I choke the entire time. It's very hard for me, that's why I can't do it with my husband. I can't even breathe while it's in my throat, and I choke hard."

"You like it, don't you?" Chris asks his question. "You like being manhandled like that. How hard does it make you cum?" It's a perceptive question.

"I guess I like it... I don't cum then, but I do get very hot, and afterward, whenever He finally makes me cum, it's very hard."

Izzy, knowing that I want to humiliate Janette, asks her questions next. She asks Janette to describe her favorite masturbation fantasy.

"I don't do that often... my husband usually takes good care of me." Janette begins her answer. "But when I do, I usually imagine myself with my hands cuffed. I'm wearing just this little dress that's completely shoulderless. My husband is walking me around a room full of people, offering my body to whomever he chooses. I'm not allowed to say anything. From there, in my fantasy, every time I imagine a different person gets me. My husband takes my dress off of me, fairly roughly, then lets the person do whatever to me while he just waits and watches. The last time, I imagined – and this is a rarity for me – that he gave me to a black man for anal sex. I was so nervous, I've always heard jokes about how big black men are. My husband just snatched my dress off of me then quickly shoved me over a table. He held my shoulders down. I imagined that the penis was gigantic, and the man shoved it into me so roughly. I screamed. My husband just held me there, telling me that I wasn't good for anything but f**king, so I needed to shut up and 'take it like the whore I am.' I'll bet I wasn't thinking about that huge penis in my butt for even a minute before I came."

Now it's Jacob's turn. And he's saved his free question for this last round. "How many guys have you been with in a single night before?"

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"Five..." Janette very reluctantly admits.

The question passes to Emma. She glances at Kayla, and with a wink between them, Emma asks an impossible question out of the lesson. I guess now I know why she was glancing in the textbook. She was searching for some obscure fact to ask.

Janette gets it wrong. I kind of wonder if anyone would have gotten it right. I wouldn't have known the answer. But that doesn't make me hesitate. I just point to Janette again and ask Emma where she'd like Janette to be spanked for the wrong answer.

"I'm having fun," Emma answers. "Wherever you think will make her drop one of those books," Emma smirks wide. I guess she and Kayla have a few more questions they'd like to ask Janette. What a bitchy thing to do! I love it!

I'm standing just behind, and to the left of Janette. The ruler is in my right hand. I don't hesitate for a second. And with me behind her, Janette doesn't get any warning. I swing the ruler, bringing the tip of it straight up between Janette's thighs. It lands perfectly. It lands with a loud crack directly atop the mound of Janette's pussy. Only the fur on Janette's lips cushions the sting of the swat on that so sensitive place.

"OW!" Janette screams. She jumps, too. Her feet snap up onto her toes hard and sharply enough that they lift off the floor. Her hands first fly up several inches, then come in towards her body as she tenses up. Her head snaps down, her chin almost hitting her chest. Then her knees buckle, pulling her feet up, leaving her several more inches to fall free before those feet crash onto the floor again. She freezes in place, almost looking to be curled up on her feet, for a fraction of a second before she starts rising back up. "OW! That hurt way too much!" Janette cries out, a fresh tear running from each eye. She pants a couple of very pained, very nervous breaths. She rises before she starts stretching her arms back out again. "Please, Miss Rodgers, don't hit me on my pussy again. It just hurts too much. I can't stand that. Please!" Now on her feet, she still sobs, her face red.

I point to Kayla and tell her to ask her question. She's come up

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with one just as obscure as Emma did. She asks, adding "and if you get it wrong, Miss Rodgers can whip your pussy again."

Janette gets it wrong. It's clear that she doesn't have a clue what the right answer is. She gets about five words out of her mouth before her answer is irreparably wrong.

That's enough for me. I snap the ruler back up between her thighs, again while I'm standing behind her. As it snaps Janette is still talking, giving her wrong answer in an especially wordy way. Clearly, she's trying to stretch out her answer to get as much of a rest as she can for her pussy between spans. She doesn't expect me to swat her before she finishes her answer. But there's no chance of her answer being even close to correct, no matter how much more she adds to it. So I swat her now. I want it to take her by surprise. Emma and Kayla clearly have a little plot going on, and... there's no reason for me not to help them out!

Each stroke has been just a little harder than the one before it. Increasing punishment with each wrong answer. Her pussy has had maybe a minute of rest since the last stroke when it gets this one. And not only is it harder, but it also lands right atop the already stinging flesh of her tender lips.

Janette screams. She jumps up again, this time her hips snapping forward as soon as the ruler is off her pussy. This time her head snaps backward, not forward. And this time her hands fly inward so fast that both books fall from her hands. Her hands fly to her pussy, covering it protectively as she lands back on her feet. She cries for a few seconds before getting back up to her feet.

I pick up the textbooks and firmly snap an order for Janette to get her hands back out. I set the books back on her upturned palms. I move to stand beside her, only now slightly in front of her as well. I reach down and grab hold of her bush, giving a sharp tug upward on those long hairs. "Now you can start over." I release her bush.

Emma and Kayla are both grinning wide and giggling slightly. Those two definitely got their wish. I'm just glad to help. I point to

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Felicia and tell her to ask her "first" question.

This time, Emma and Kayla ask all three of their questions about oral sex, making Janette describe her deep throat technique in detail. In a very vivid level of detail, even asking her to describe what it's like when the guy cums with his cock so far into her throat, and what she tastes.

Janette blushes deeply. But those two strokes on her pussy did the job for her. Any pretext of modesty is long gone. She just answers, not willing to risk another of those swats. And, I think, smart enough to know that Emma and Kayla now know where to have her spanked to get more questions. Something they just proved they're willing to do to her.

I get the final question. The 38th question Janette has to answer. I ask her to tell everyone who she is. Not just "Tony's mom," but everything about herself. The mundane details, too.

"My name is Janette Catherine Jenks. I'm 40 years old. My phone number is 251-509-1212. I wear a size 36-C bra and size 6 panties. I'm from Tallahassee, where I went to high school. The first time I had sex was in my junior year. I don't know how many men I've had sex with now. I've had five lovers, plus now my Master and all those he's given me to."

I see Chris making note of her information. Not that I think he'd call her or anything. But I've seen the three of them, Chris plus Emma and Kayla, sneaking a few pictures on their phones. I'm sure those are just for their scrapbooks. And maybe to show friends to prove that they got to see the scene.

I have Janette stand facing the class, her hands behind her back. I stand off to the side as I sentence her for her infraction of "potty mouth." Bad language isn't allowed in school, and as a parent, Janette should know better. But if not, it is on the class rules I gave her.

I tell her that she's to go to the whiteboard. There she's to write "I will not use bad words in school ever again," fifty times. It's to be written in neat cursive script, and if anything isn't readable, it doesn't count. She also forfeits the chance to earn her clothes back this lesson. Once she's done, she may return to her seat and start work on part

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three. I tell the students to start on it now, the fifteen minutes beginning. And then I remind Janette that the time just began. The time it takes her to write on the board she's losing from the time to get her work done.



Chapter 05: Teacher's Pet

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Lesson three doesn't go any better for Janette, not that there ever was a chance of it. It doesn't help that she loses about five of the fifteen minutes allotted for the lesson, either. The five minutes she spends writing on the whiteboard. Five minutes that everyone else spends watching the still-red globes of her bottom constantly wiggling slightly as she hurries to get it done and not lose more time than she has to.

I shouldn't have to say it. As soon as time is up, and I've collected the papers, Janette is back up at the desk to discuss her grade. This time, I've scored her paper at 65. I figured, losing a third of the time on this assignment, she ought to get the lowest grade she could. It gives her a total of 243 points, or 263 if she does the extra credit. She'll need 360 to pass her detention class. Thus, she has no choice but to take the extra credit. And to pray for a very good score on the final lesson. Even with the extra credit, and more extra credit on that assignment, the lowest grade she could take would be a 77. And that's 5 points higher than she's gotten so far.

And as always, I offer Janette the same three choices: accept her grade, a choice she can't accept without failing the detention, roll the dice, or pick her fate. She must not be much of a gambler. Either that or she just hates the thought of another paddling, once that could be twice what she got early on. Janette reaches for the pink box of fates.

There are eight folded pieces of paper in the pink box this time. As if the two she's already picked are gone. I've swapped them out again, and all eight are identical again. I'm never going to leave her humiliation to chance. I've planned all four out, and the order in which Janette will have to choose to suffer them. So when she draws her fate, I already know what she's picked. There was only one possibility.

I stop her from opening it. I tell her that this time she's to wait for just a second to read her fate. I have her stand and face the class. I remind her that she's not allowed to use her hands to cover her body. Then I tell her she's to open it and read it aloud. The class will get to hear her fate at the same time she learns what she's picked.

"I will be teacher's pet." Janette reads. It sounds fairly tame. At

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least I hope it does. I didn't want to give too much away too quickly. I hear the tiniest trace of apprehension in Janette's voice. It's enough to tell me that she's come to know the name of the fate isn't much of a clue as to what the fate will be.

Paige and Izzy, the only two who know what "teacher's pet" means, giggle loud.

"I will strip naked and give my clothes to the teacher. My clothes will not be given back to me until I pass detention. If I fail detention, my clothes will be donated to the needy, and I will be on my own to get home." As she reads it, Janette's voice betrays just how nervous she is about that. She blushes, now knowing what I've known all along, that she will spend the rest of detention naked.

"I will be leashed, as a pet should be. I will be on all four paws, as a pet is. I will be walked around the classroom three times. Then I will eat the teacher's pussy for ten minutes. I will make the teacher cum. If I fail to make my teacher cum, I will be paddled five strokes. If I stay still for all five strokes, I still get my extra credit points."

Janette cringes hard. She stands quivering. Very hesitantly she turns to me. In the quietest voice, one that breaks with humiliation, she asks me the question the final instruction demands that she ask. "Teacher, will you please leash your pet now?"

I take the paper from her trembling hands. I've brought a choker collar suitable for the largest of dogs. There was a picture of a rottweiler on the package. It already has a chain leash attached to it. I make Janette stand with her hands behind her as I very slowly lower the collar over her head. Then I give the leash a light tug, just enough to pull the collar snug around her neck without it cutting into her.

I order her down to all fours. She moves reluctantly but gets down. I have to scold her sharply to get her into a proper posture. I want to whip her for the slack posture she tries to get away with. I know Dmitri would never tolerate it. But she doesn't know that I know Dmitri, and I'm not giving that away yet. In fact, she ought to have figured out that the entire detention is just a big set up long ago. But she hasn't.

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She's been too busy. Her mind has been too distracted by the humiliations and the need to do well on the assignments to have thought of much else. So she hasn't figured it out. I'm pretty sure I'll notice a change in her demeanor if she does.

I scold her to get her back flat, moving her front paws up. And I have her move her knees so that her thighs are roughly straight up and down, but apart enough that her pussy is fully visible between them. Then I have her pick her head up so she's looking where she's going.

I walk her for a leisurely lap around the classroom. Like most schools here, the floor is a hard and cold, and cheap, tile. I'm sure she feels that hardness under her knees. The first thing I notice is how the red cheeks of her bottom wiggle as she crawls along. And how she wants to lower her head and look at the floor, something I won't let her do.

I want her head up for one reason. I want her to see the students. All six of whom are gawking at her as she's walked around the edges of the room like a dog.

On the second lap, I walk her a different route. I walk her along in front of the first row of students. In front of Izzy, the first student in the row, I stop Janette. "This is Dummy, the teacher's new pet." I tell Izzy, "would you like to pet it?"

Izzy wouldn't. But with a little giggle, she reaches down and chastely strokes her hand along Janette's side. She's very careful to avoid touching Janette's breasts and bottom.

I walk her along to Jacob, the next student in the line. He pets her just as Izzy did. Smart boy. If he'd done anything more than Izzy did, she'd give him hell for it.

Then it's Paige's turn. I've given Paige some specific instructions. I just hate leaving anything to chance! Or worse, leaving it to a slave! As I told Paige to do long before detention started, Paige reaches her hand down and strokes Janette's side once. Then, on the second stroke, she lets her hand slip down and lightly caress one of those red cheeks. I hear

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Janette suck in a sharp breath as her sore bottom is touched. "Oh, Dummy has such a soft tail!" Paige squeals excitedly. Then her hand slides back up, moving slowly over Janette's lean side.

Paige's hand glides along Janette's side straight. When Paige's hand is next to Janette's hanging breast, it very quickly slips down to the mound. We all see Janette tense up as she feels the soft, feminine touch of Paige's delicate skin on her breast. Paige takes a moment to caress the dangling mound with the tips of her fingers. Then she gives the mound a gentle squeeze, cupping her hand around it. Finally, she teases a finger lightly over Janette's stiff nipple. "I think your pet has had a littler or two of puppies!" Paige giggles just as excitedly, "Its boobs are just so spongy! But those nipples are even more eager!"

The class giggles. The boys look on lewdly, enjoying the sight of the pretty young Paige fondling Janette's ample breasts. Janette cringes inward and tenses up again as she's giggled at.

Paige strokes her hand along the center of Janette's back, caressing her slowly. When Paige gets to the top of Janette's taut cheeks, she lifts all but a single finger from Janette's skin. Paige uses the tip of that finger to stroke it's way slowly down Janette's crack. She stops with her finger over the center of Janette's slit. "Dummy must be in heat!" Paige squeals in the most excited giggle yet. "Its pussy is just so sloppy wet!" Paige lifts her hand.

I walk Janette to the second row of students, starting with Emma, the closest of them. I offer Emma to pet the new pet. I hope for a little more than the chaste petting Izzy gave. That's why I had Paige touch her everywhere, so the three vanillas in the back row would know that it's okay to touch her anywhere. I don't expect Emma to touch too much.

She reaches down, putting her hand right to Janette's breast. She starts with a gentle squeeze of the mound. I admit I'm slightly surprised by her brazenness. Pleasantly surprised. Emma squishes the mound just a little harder. With it still cupped in her hand, she gives it a gentle kneading. "She's right! This boob is so soft!" Emma uses her other hand to nudge Kayla to get her full attention. "Look how it hangs down

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and jiggles as she walks!"

Kayla giggles. Neither Emma nor Kayla have quite the chest that Janette does, although neither is exactly small either.

Emma teases her finger around the rim of Janette's nipple. It doesn't take but a couple of seconds for the tease to send a shiver racing through Janette. And the crisp shiver is enough to get a jiggle from the pendulous mound. That gets a good jiggle from Kayla.

Emma pinches the nipple lightly in her fingers. "O.M.G!" Emma squeals, "she's as hard as a rock!" Emma takes her hand away. Then she turns and glares at Kayla. It leaves me no doubt these two have dared each other to do something with Janette. And that's fine by me. I'm sure Janette will find it rather demeaning.

I walk Janette over to Kayla. Kayla puts her hand to Janette's bottom. She tenderly caresses the glowing red globe. After a few strokes, she gives the cheek a gentle pinch in her hand. "But it does have such a soft tail!"

Kayla takes a quick deep breath, hiding it as much as she can. It tells me I'm right, she and Emma have dared each other to something. Kayla, slightly reluctantly, moves her hand across Janette's globe to the furry mound of her pussy. It takes her a fraction of a second to work up the nerve. Then she leisurely strokes her finger through the fur of one of Janette's lips. "Oh, G-d! EW!" Kayla squeals in distaste. "Even her fur is wet!"

As Kayla pulls her hand back, Emma steals a glance at Janette's pussy. Chris is on the wrong side to see. I walk Janette down to Chris.

Chris isn't shy, or reluctant, to pet Janette. Although petting might not be such an accurate description. He starts by fondling both of her breasts. Then he caresses her back, sides, and even her stomach. He spends some time petting her bottom. And a little more stroking his fingers over the wet mound of her pussy. Boys!

I walk Janette around the classroom one more time. Her final lap. Then I walk her up to the desk.

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Felicia is now sitting in the teacher's chair behind her desk. Felicia knew this was coming. She slides her chair out, over to the side of the desk. I tug lightly on Janette's leash. She doesn't move. I tug again, this time much harder on the leash. It's enough to almost drag Janette over. It leaves her on all fours in front of Felicia.

Felicia stands up. She's decently tall for a woman, around 5'8", and rather lean. 135 pounds last time I weighed her. She has very short black hair, styled so short as to leave her ears fully showing. It's slightly butch-looking, (I don't what the style is actually called, my hairstylist calls it a boy-cut) but she has the face to pull it off in a feminine look. Her face isn't really rounded or oval, but she does have a strong jawline with angular, instead of rounded, lines to it. Narrow eyebrows that look well-plucked, over blue eyes. She has a slightly small and soft-featured nose. Then a wide, straight mouth framed with medium-pink full lips.

Today, Felicia is wearing a modest gray skirt. It looks woolly. I call it modest because it covers her down to mid-calf. Over that she on an almost white, short-sleeved blouse with the faintest of gray tinges to it. It's silky looking, and she has it buttoned up most of the way. Far enough up that, not a hint of cleavage is visible. It looks fairly good on her. It also looks very professional, as a teacher should look. She has low-heeled slip-on shoes with it.

She reaches behind her waist and unzips her skirt. It's just loose-fitting enough that once she has it unfastened, it falls freely to the floor. It reveals a pair of light beige stockings, a hue called "nude" by the makers. Those rises just beyond the halfway point of her thighs. A silky white, and very lacy, garter holds them up, its shiny straps taut against the white skin of her lean, slightly muscular, athletic thighs. Along with the garter, a pair of tiny white panties are about half visible. Enough that we can all see the front of them is nothing more than a small white triangle of silky sheer fabric fringed with lace. And we can all see the thin ribbons that run around her hips and are tied with big bows. Those narrow ribbons are the only sides of the panties. The little triangle barely covers her pubes. The rest is just that ribbon.

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Felicia puts her hands to the sides of her thighs and seductively moves them up to her hips. She slowly pulls the end of the ribbon, slowly pulling out the bow. Once the ribbons have unfurled, the panties drop. They hang by a single strand of ribbon from her hand.

Her hips are curvy, her height, and thinness combining to give her a figure that could have modeled. Still could. There isn't a blemish to her waistline or hips, or legs either. And only the faintest trace of her hips bones, and only at the top of her hips.

Her legs are long-looking. Her thighs don't have a single cell of extra weight on them, instead, they're gently shaped, sloping towards her knees. On the inside, they're almost straight, none of her thighs even trying to hide anything between them. Her calves are just as shapely with a nice muscle to them.

Her narrow thighs leave her furry pussy mound swelling prominently down. She has a very dense bush of deep, jet-black curls that look tangly and long. But they're well trimmed with neat lines at the tops and inside the creases of her thighs. At the bottom, the thick mat of fur flows down over her mound. It's jungle-dense, but it still doesn't manage to hide her mound. I can see a pair of narrow and long lips. On a mound puffy enough that it makes those lips look as if they're rising up her front, through her pubes when they're really just plump lips. Her lips don't come close to meeting. They're too narrow for that. But she doesn't have a slit between them. Instead, her deep-purple inner folds poke out well beyond the edges of her lips, filling all of the space between them, and forming a loose ridge that rises a small fraction of an inch into her fur.

Even with her blouse on, it's obvious that Felicia has a good feminine curve to her waist. And just as obvious that she has small but hard and pert, breasts. Small enough that they barely make a ripple in the front of her blouse. But it's a ripple that doesn't move, not even the smallest jiggle, no matter how active she gets. Plus, I've seen and touched those breasts countless times by now, and I know exactly how firm they are. And how well rounded. But that's not visible now.

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I told her to wear a "short" blouse. And she's done so. The bottom hem of her blouse hangs just barely below her waistline. Barely enough to stay tucked into her skirt. I ordered that so that her blouse wouldn't hide any of her pubes. Or the lace garter.

Felicia is a fairly athletic woman, and her body looks it. She's pretty, but not movie-star pretty. It's more of a professional kind of pretty, like something you might expect from a stereotypical businesswoman who values her career over her looks. She wears little makeup. But there's no hiding her curviness. And now, there's no hiding the sexiness of her lean legs in the garter and stockings. Or the immodesty of her now bare pubes. Or the lewdness of her so prominent mound completely uninhibited between those narrow thighs.

I had Felicia dress this way for one reason. I'm playing to my audience. I can't imagine that Jacob and Chris have never had a fantasy about a sexy teacher. The slight strength in Felicia's face might not make her the prettiest of teachers, but her figure definitely does. The way those two are gawking at Felicia's body, a treat they didn't know was going to be offered to them, tells me I'm right. Both have had the fantasy about a "hot" teacher. And now they're seeing that hot teacher.

Felicia retakes her seat. She leans back in her chair. She grins from ear to ear to ear. Then, she slowly parts her legs, fully exposing the furry mound of her pussy in all of its shameless glory. Through her dense, jet black fur, I can see her slit and the edges of her folds peeking out. I know Janette, her face a mere foot or so from Felicia's pussy, can see it all, too. I'm less sure if the boys can see every little detail, but their eyes tell me they're trying hard to.

I give another firm tug on Janette's leash, jerking her head forward as the chain collar squeezes into her neck. She comes forward. She really doesn't have much choice about it. It's either move or choke. I pull her forward until her lips are flush against Felicia's furry pussy lips. "Eat your teacher, Dummy. No paws, just that long bitch's tongue!"

Janette reluctantly sticks her tongue out and puts the tip of it to Felicia's slit. Felicia's slit is already sopping wet, her honey, with its faint

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white tinge, covering her lips and sticking to her fur. I'm sure Janette is getting a good whiff of Felicia's feminine muskiness. And now, as her tongue touches the edges of those wrinkle folds, Janette is getting a good taste of it.

She wrinkles her nose up as she begins drawing the tip of her tongue along Felicia's wet slit. It takes Janette a couple of licks to work up the nerve to get past her distaste at having sex with another woman. As she does and remembers that she is in for a very painful paddling if Felicia doesn't cum, her tongue steadily begins licking Felicia's slit more eagerly.

After a few more seconds, her tongue has pressed into Felicia's slit. That's when I hear Felicia moan out a throaty breath. That's when I know that Janette's tongue has found Felicia's clit. I know that Dmitri has given Janette plenty of experience pleasing women. Just as I know that Janette finds it the most disgusting and unnatural of things to do. I'm sure Janette is feeling especially humiliated now, as she lowers herself to performing what she considers the most repugnant of sex acts for the sake of Tony's grade. And worse, she's doing it in front of an audience.

But after half a minute or so, Felicia is breathing out loud throaty moans that announce just how intense the pleasure she's getting is. We all watch the show. Janette obediently stays on all four paws, her blond hair almost hiding the sight of her tongue. We watch as Felicia's hands grip the armrests of her chair until her knuckles turn white.

Then we watch as her legs begin vibrating as her muscles stiffen up to their very tensest. We watch as Felicia's head lolls back, pressing against the back of her chair. As her neck muscles stiffen, even more, her head forces her shoulders off the chair, arching her chest out toward the audience. That pulls her blouse a little tighter around her. It's just enough for the gentle mounds of her breasts to press against the inside of it. Now the outline of her immodestly cut, and lacy, bra is visible through the fabric if you look closely. The nubs of her slightly narrow nipples straining hard against the bra are far more noticeable.

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Slowly, but steadily, Felicia's trembling legs close. After a couple of minutes, her thighs are squishing hard against Janette's head, holding Janette's face to Felicia's pussy. Felicia's moans deepen, growing throatier as they grow louder. And far more urgent.

Felicia's hips start squirming. Her bottom grinds into the chair. Her tight thighs simply pull Janette's head along with her squirming hips. After maybe another minute, I see Felicia's feet kick up hard. They freeze, her legs straight and her knees locked, for a fraction of a second. Then her feet slam together as they fall. They land atop Janette's back, Felicia's ankles crossed. Instantly the stiffness returns to Felicia's legs. The tension forces Felicia's heels to dig into Janette's back. But it also holds Janette's mouth firmly against Felicia's pussy.

With about two minutes to go, Felicia starts losing control of herself. That's enough to tell me that Dmitri has taught Janette to eat pussy decently. Although one of my slaves could have pushed Felicia to where she is minutes less. Four minutes the last time I made a toy do it.

We all see Felicia's head start beating back against the chair. Thankfully it's a padded chair. At the same time, her hips start to rise off the seat. They don't get too far. Her vise-tight thighs refuse to release Janette's head, forcing Felicia's body to lift Janette. Her body doesn't have the strength to lift even half of Janette's weight in this position. Instead, it just tenses Felicia a little more.

I wait until nine minutes and fifty seconds have elapsed. The two boys are eagerly watching the show. I'm sure they're wondering if Felicia is going to go over the edge, and how good of a show it will make if they do. Emma and Kayla are watching fairly intently as well. I'm less sure of what those two are thinking. But I am sure neither has ever been with a woman before. They told me that as a condition of coming. But I didn't ask if either has ever been curious. Now I can see they are. Just not why.

I tap Felicia on the shoulder. It's a silent signal to her to cum. I thought about making Janette fail and endure the paddling, but I've decided not to. I can tell that it will humiliate her far more to make

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Felicia cum. It will be an irrefutable proof that Janette has been really eating Felicia, as would an eager lesbian, instead of just going through the motions of her extra credit.

Felicia freezes at the tap. She hangs froze for a fraction of a second. Then she collapses into the chair, her body falling limp. She doesn't stay limp. In the blink of an eye, her body snaps back to full tension. Then it's as if she's sitting in an electric chair. Her body snaps hard, thrashing wildly every which way. As it does, Felicia screams out the most satisfied of cries.

Felicia's legs stay tensed. It drags Janette around with Felicia's wild thrashes. And now Felicia's body is pulling so powerfully that she's moving Janette, forcing Janette's hands to scramble around to keep her up.

Felicia's orgasm has the chair sliding around, too. It goes on for close to two minutes. Only as Felicia's cries begin to ebb, do her legs loosen their grip enough that Janette is able to move her head back when I tug on her leash.

I leave Felicia sitting in her chair. She lies back, her body quivering lightly, her eyes closed. She pants for her breath. And now everyone has a good view of her sloppy wet pussy. I walk Janette, turning her around to face the class. It lets the entire class see Janette's face. To see the thick coat of creamy honey clinging to Janette's face, covering everything from Janette's nose down to the tip of her chin.

Chris starts the class by applauding. Janette cringes. Jacob, Paige, and Emma join in. Janette cringes more, trying to move her shoulders back as much as she can. The rest join in. "Now that's what I call hot!" Chris adds, "girl-on-girl!" Emma glares at him reproachfully and shakes her head.



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I didn't hesitate to take the collar off Janette's while she was still on all fours. Nor did I hesitate to send her back to her desk with her face still covered in Felicia's aromatic honey. As she scurried back to her desk, blushing deeply and still trying to cover her body with her hands, I rather firmly told the class that it was time to get busy with the final lesson. "We've already wasted too much time this afternoon with Janette's, and only Janette's, constant need for extra credit."

All of them get the full fifteen minutes to do the final lesson. And only Janette has to do it naked. The assignment is simple. It's to write a 200-word essay entitled "my most private secret." Of course, the essay has to be grammatically correct, since this is an English class. And it must use gerunds and participles properly. More than that, each one of them has to be identified. Not only will significant points be lost for improprieties there, but also points will be deducted for basic grammar mistakes such as misplaced commas.

I time it precisely. At exactly fifteen minutes I call for everyone to turn their essays over. Then I start with Janette, telling the entire class that I might as well get the "most work" out of the way first. I summon Janette up to the front of the class, telling her to bring her essay up with her. I have Janette sit in the chair and wait silently as Felicia grades her essay. Felicia has instructions to find just enough errors for Janette to score a 78. It's exactly the score she needs to get. If she does the extra credit, then she'll just barely pass the detention. Otherwise, she won't.

Felicia sets the paper in front of me. It's scored a 78. Just as Felicia was told to do. I pick it up and glance over it. It takes me a minute to read it. To read the secret Janette revealed.

I sigh out. Then I point to the desk where the dice and the pink box are waiting. I ask Janette if she wants to do extra credit again, adding that she'll need all twenty points to pass detention. I'm really telling her that she doesn't have a choice. If she doesn't do the extra credit, Tony's grade will be stuck. I'm never going to tell her that her work isn't going to affect his grade at all. Nor does he need it.

Janette, her hand trembling nervous, reaches for the pink box and

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the now seven fates left in it. Again, I've switched the fates out so that all seven are a new horror for Janette to endure. I'm sure Janette is wondering what could possibly be left in that box. Just as I'm sure she still thinks there are seven possibilities in there. But she knows she has no choice. The fates are the only way to ensure the points she needs.

I have her read it aloud as she reads it herself again. She stands, facing the class, and unfolds the fate. "The bottom of the class." Janette reads the title of her fate, which tells her nothing about her fate.

"I will strip naked and give my clothes to the teacher. After I've completed my extra credit successfully, I will be given the chance to earn my clothes back, piece by piece. For each piece of clothing, I will be asked one question. If I answer it correctly, I get the piece back. If I do not, then that piece of clothing will be donated to the needy. I will not be offered a second chance to get any piece of clothing back, even if I have to walk out of here naked.

"I will be given a large enema-" Janette stops reading and starts crying. She trembles hard. She stands like that for a few seconds. It's all the time I allow her before scolding her to get on with reading the fate. "to fill my bottom completely. As I am given my enema, I will tell you exactly what is happening and how it feels. Once I am full, I will not have an accident. I will redo my essay. I will ask one of my smarter classmates to help me redo the essay. I will not hurry to redo my essay, no matter how uncomfortable my bottom becomes. I must score a 90 on my reworked essay. If I do not, the penalty is six strokes of the paddle, administered immediately. I will get three of them. My study partner will get three of them, or he/she may choose to have his/her three given to me instead. I will stand still, my bottom not moving at all, and silent for all of my spankings. If I do, I get my points. If I move my bottom or make a peep, I do not get my points.

"After all of that, I may win my clothes back. Once I have won or lost all of my clothes, I will dress. Then I will leave. I may not use a bathroom at the school."

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With her fate read, Janette stands there silently sobbing. The tears run down her cheeks. I would never pass up the chance to torment a toy just a little more. "Janette, have you ever had an enema before?"

"No..." Janette squeaks out in a very nervous and hushed voice.

I reach into my over-sized purse and take out a disposable, syringe-type, enema. It has an eight-inch long, pencil-thick, pre-lubricated nozzle already attached to it. A plastic cap covers the nozzle. And it's already filled with 16 ounces of a clear yellow solution. The yellow is just food dye to remind me what's in it. This one is full of mineral oil. I set it on the desk.

Janette can't stop her eyes from looking at it. The syringe is as big as a bottle of water. The instant her eyes see how big it is, they dart away from it. And Janette starts trembling even harder. Another rivulet of tears rolls down her cheeks.

"Lean over the desk until just your hard nipples are touching it. Not the rest of your breasts, just your nipples." I order Janette. She's at the side of the desk, so as she leans over it, the class has a side-on view of her. "Now, turn your head to look at the class." Janette reluctantly turns her head to see the entire class staring at her as if they're about to see the unbelievable. "Now reach around your hips and pull those cheeks wide apart to offer your anus up for the enema."

Janette's hands start slowly. As they move towards her bottom, they steadily slow down. Finally, they reach her cheeks. She pulls them wide apart just as reluctantly.

She doesn't stretch them fully. It's still enough to bare all of the light swath of color around her little ring. But it's not enough to pull those prominent wrinkles flowing into the darkness taut. I scold her that this is her only warning, to spread her cheeks all the way. She pulls them wider, stretching out the smaller wrinkles atop her ring of muscle. It leaves only two, the most prominent wrinkles, folded up. One at the top, and one at the bottom, both almost perfectly aligned with her crack.

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I have to remind her to narrate her enema. Janette's voice is hushed, laced with extreme embarrassment and just as much nervousness. "I am holding my cheeks apart," she says. I scold her for the briefness of her answer, telling her that she's to give a vivid description. And reminding her that she has to tell the class how it feels as well. "I'm spreading my cheeks to offer my anus to Miss Rodgers for the enema. I am very scared. And this is definitely the hardest, most degrading thing I've ever had to do."

I accept Janette's narration. I pick up the enema syringe and pop the cap off its nozzle. It's covered with a thin film of lubricating jelly. I touch the slippery, rounded tip of the nozzle to the ring of Janette's asshole. Instantly her ring snaps, cinching to its full tightness, reducing the blackness at its center to less than a pinpoint. I hold the tip against her ring, waiting for her narration.

"Miss Rodgers is holding the tip of it against my anus. I'm even more scared than I was a second ago. All I can think about is that thing being shoved up my butt. I'm worried that I won't be able to stand the enema."

I start pressing. The nozzle is just a plastic tube. It's rigid, but it's also flexible enough to curve along with Janette's bowels. I've picked a long one to reach to the very depths of her rectum. It will make sure she gets the full experience. It doesn't take long or much pressure. The tube is thin enough that its rounded tip easily presses against the pinpoint. As it does, it forces her muscle to stretch just enough for the tube to slip into the tensed ring.

"Oh..." Janette squeals. She pants a few nervous breaths. "Miss Rodgers is pushing the tube up my butt now!" Janette narrates, although her narration is more of a nervous whine than anything. "I feel it sliding through my hole into me! I don't want it up my butt! All I can think is 'get it out of me!' please!"

Janette squeals a couple of more "Oh!s" as I very slowly inch the tube deeper into her. She decides to appeal for sympathy. "It's still going up my butt! I can feel it going way too deep into me! It feels like

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it's all the way to my stomach now! I'm too scared! Get it out of me!"

I keep going. It takes me about twenty or thirty seconds, as slow as I'm going, to ease the nozzle fully into Janette's bottom.

"Now I can feel that enema pushing against my butt hole! The whole mile-long tube must be up my butt! It's too much!" Janette starts sobbing, her narration fading into the sobs.

I start pressing the plunger slowly. I'm going about as slow as I can.

"EE!" Janette screeches. "She's filling me! It's so cold! I hate this! Please, may I draw a different fate? Anything! Please, don't make me suffer this!"

I keep pushing the plunger. "Class, come up here one at a time and get a good look at Janette's bottom. I want you all to see that she's really getting the enema she's drawn. Come on."

Izzy leads the class. She barely glances at Janette's bottom. Jacob is right behind her. He knows better than to let Izzy see him looking for too long. But he still gets a decent glimpse of the white tube vanishing into Janette's bottom, the tight pink ring of her asshole clenched snugly around it. Then it's Paige's turn. She takes a few seconds to peek, but it's nothing Paige hasn't seen countless times before. Or endured countless times before.

Emma takes just a little longer to peek. As if she's making sure that the tube is really up Janette's butt. As if she doesn't believe that I could have gotten Janette to stand here and allow this. In public. Kayla takes about the same glance.

"OH! EE-OW!" Janette screeches. Her body starts trembling. Her feet fidget on the floor. If her hips could move forward, they would. "I'm too full! Oh, Lordie, please! Tell me that's all of it!" Janette pleads.

I give Janette a quick swat on her bottom with my hand as I scold her to narrate, not whine. Chris takes his peek, staring at the sight of the tube vanishing into her body. "My butt feels like I have to poop so

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badly I'm going to explode! I have to run for a bathroom, now! It hurts, I'm too full! Please, Dear Lord, please, tell me this is all of it!"

It's not even half of it. I don't bother to answer Janette.

"OW!" Janette cries out, "I feel like my insides are being stretched out and they're going to burst. I'm so full it hurts! And my butt hole hurts from straining to hold this in! Miss Rodgers just keeps putting more of it into me! Please! There's no room left in my butt!"

"OW! IT HURTS!" Janette cries out, "IT HURTS! I'M CRAMPING!" Janette pants a few desperate breaths. "My bottom is so full it hurts. My butt hole wants to explode! Now I have cramps, like female cramps! I know that's because I'm too full!"

"OW! OW! EE-OW! Please, mercy! PLEASE! IT HURTS TOO MUCH!" Janette cries out.

Now she has all of the enema. And despite her whining, she hasn't exploded yet. I know she can hold this in. It's just enough to ensure that her rectum is filled to capacity, but not to make it too painful for her. I start easing the nozzle back out of Janette's bottom.

"Miss Rodgers is finally pulling the tube out of me! I am more scared than I have ever been! It hurts. I have to poop so badly that there is no way I'm going to be able to do the assignment without making a mess!" Janette stops talking and cries.

A few seconds later Janette tells the class that the tube has slipped out of her asshole, and that's a relief because now she knows she won't have to get any more, but it's also a torment. Her asshole is straining with all her might to hold a tidal wave in. And it hurts!

I tell her to stand up. Janette starts to rise. She moves a few inches, then screams out. She freezes, then tells the class that a sharp cramp hit her. She starts rising again. Cramps again. Finally, she gets up.

I tell her that she has to find her own study partner. To pick anyone, since everyone has better grades than she does. And to go ask

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some politely, since no one has to agree to be her study partner.

Janette picks Izzy first. Maybe just because Izzy is the closest one to her. Maybe because Izzy hasn't really done much to her so far and she thinks Izzy will be the safest choice. Izzy just shakes her head, telling Janette that "this is a new outfit! No way are you and your butt sitting anywhere near it!"

Janette blushes, cringes, and then starts to double over. She takes the tiniest step as she turns to Kayla, the next closest girl. She asks Kayla "Please, Miss, will you please help me redo my essay?"

Kayla stares at Janette for a second.

"I'll do it." Chris offers. A wave of relief sweeps over Kayla's face.

Janette cringes a little more. Enough that it's clear she didn't want a boy to be her partner. But she's smart enough not to refuse his offer of help, no matter how much she wants to keep her distance from the boys while she's naked. Otherwise, she might find herself having to beg someone else. "Thank you so much, Sir." Janette politely says.

He stands and moves to take a seat beside Janette's desk to Emma's left. Janette goes to her desk, walking with tiny steps as she keeps her thighs squished tightly together, and her cheeks clenched just as tightly. She sits.

Immediately Janette cries out a long "OH!" drawing her cry out. "OH! Lordie, I'm going to lose it!" She sobs a little harder.

Chris takes a seat next to Janette and suggests they get busy. Janette's eyes are squished so tightly they're barely open. She gets out a fresh sheet of paper and her pen. Chris uses the moment to get a good peek at her breasts. And I'm sure he doesn't miss how her stiff nipples seem to be straining to stand up even further now.

I call Izzy up to "grade" her essay. She comes and hands me her paper. On it, she's written "We've been BFFs since the day I was born! You know all my secrets! Can I peek at Jacob's??? Pretty please, Pepper?" I giggle. I pretend to read it, taking a couple of minutes. I

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grade it and hand it back to her with "100" written on it. I write "No" on it, too, answering her question. Then I loudly announce that she's gotten a perfect score. Grinning widely, Izzy returns to her seat.

Jacob hasn't revealed any secrets. His just says "She is such a skank!" He gets a 98.

Paige has actually written the essay. I told her to before class. She's offered her biggest secret is that she hates the way I've never let her see me do anything with my toys Anita and Wayne just because they're her parents. She feels that since she is just my slave, she no longer has parents, just a Mistress, and she wishes I would "make full use of her as a slave should be used, instead of worrying about stupid little taboos that only apply to people." I already knew it. But I've still kept her away when I was her parents. Every time I tuck her away I can see it on her face.

Next up is Emma. She has not written the essay. She's just scribbled "I wonder if anal would hurt me as much as Janette says it hurts her. My boyfriend wants to try it." Emma is a very slightly heavy girl. I'd guess she's about 5'5" and maybe 155 pounds or so. I scribble "98" for a score on her essay and add "it doesn't hurt if you know what you're doing. Call me if you want a lesson." I hand it back, announcing her grade to the class. Emma's eyes go wide. She hurries back to her seat and hands her paper to Kayla.

I call Kayla up. She's simply written, "Emma's boyfriend is pressuring her for anal." That's her entire essay. I give her a 99. When I hand her paper back and announce her grade, I tell Chris that he can wait for his grade until he's done helping Janette. I add that we're all stuck in detention until Janette is done.

Janette works on her assignment. She whines near-constant little "OH!s" and "OW!s" as she does. Everyone else is mostly quiet, although Emma and Kayla chat idly about some TV show, and Izzy and Jacob chat about where they might go out together this weekend. All four are careful not to break one of the rules they had to agree to, not to say anything that would reveal they aren't high school students.

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Chris and Janette talk only about the assignment. I'm sure that's all Janette can think of. The sooner she gets it done, the sooner she gets out of here and can race for a toilet. But she's also smart enough to know that she needs to do it well, so she listens to Chris' advice.

Neither she nor Chris knows that Janette is going to pass her essay, but by the skin of her teeth. Whatever she hands in, as long as it's close to the assignment, I'm going to pass it.

It's about fifteen minutes later when Chris tells Janette to raise her hand to tell me she's done. "Miss Rodgers, I'm done with my second essay."

I call her to come up with it. I make her walk back up here and sit in the seat beside my desk while I read over her essay. I don't put a grade on it. Instead, I tell her to stand and face the class and she can read them all her essay.

"My biggest secret is that I don't like to have sex with my husband. Being with him is just too plain. But it is that way with any man.

"I want a man to be a real man. I want a man to take me and just use me for his pleasure. I don't want to be asked. I want to be taken. And I don't mind at all if I'm taken roughly.

"That's why I see Dmitri. It's the only time I can be myself. The only time sex makes me cum. He knows how to take me and make me do things I secretly want to do, but never would do on my own. He's rough with me. Sometimes He even hurts me. He always makes me do things that are disgusting.

"He also never allows me to cum. When I'm with Him, cumming is a treat, a privilege that I must earn. I may only cum when He gives me permission. Otherwise, He will punish me harshly for it, then make the trip back to the edge of orgasm so much worse for me. Once I'm there, He'll make me wait three times as long before thinking of allowing me to cum.

"I wish all men were like Him."

Chapter 06: The Bottom Of The Class

Janette blushes, but the pressure in her bowels motivates her to read her essay without stalling. Modesty yields to the urgency building her bottom.

"Fine..." I sigh out. "I'll give you the points. Now you've managed to pass detention right to the point. Talk about cutting it close!"

I take out Janette's clothes and set them on the desk. Then I give her shoes to Emma and her socks to Kayla. Chris gets her panties. As I hand them to him, I whisper for him to make it easy for Janette to win them back. The bra goes to Jacob. Paige gets the sweater and Izzy gets the jeans.

"I suppose you'd like your panties back?"

"Yes, Miss Rodgers." Janette answers.

I tell Chris to ask her a question about the lessons we've studied this afternoon. He does as I've asked and gives her an easy one. She gets it right. I nod to him.

Then I tell Jacob to hold up Janette's bra. He does, and as I've asked him to do, he gives her a very difficult question. She misses it. I take her bra from Jacob, and as I hold it up in front of the class, I announce "some needy woman just got a new bra!" and I drop it on Felicia's desk.

Next up Kayla holds up Janette's socks and gives her an easy question. Janette gets her socks. Then Emma holds up Janette's shoes and gives her a difficult, but not impossibly so, question. Janette gets that wrong. So I take her shoes and announce that they are gone.

Now Izzy holds up Janette's jeans. She comes up with a question so obscure that I wonder if the answer is even in the text. It is, but it's in a footnote! Janette doesn't have a prayer. She forfeits her jeans.

And now, having won back only her socks and panties, she's starting to look very nervous, and blushing very deeply. I taunt her by reminding her that the sweater is the only thing left. And it's the only thing that will keep her from having to leave here with naked breasts.

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Paige holds up Janette's sweater. Then she asks Janette a question that's not easy but also is easy enough that Janette should get it right.

Janette gets it right.

I tell Janette to go to one of the students and politely ask for the article of clothing she's won. She's to ask the student to choose whether he or she wishes to give it to Janette or to put it on Janette's body for her. Then she's to politely thank the student.

She goes to Chris first. She wants those panties. "Sir, will you please either give me my panties or if you'd prefer, put them on me?"

Chris decides to put them on her. And he takes his time as he slides them up her legs and over her bottom, allowing his hands one last caress over Janette's nakedness as he does.

"Thank you very much for putting my panties on for me, Sir," Janette says, her voice trembling as badly as her body is from the enema she's still holding in.

She goes next to Paige and asks for her sweater. Paige, as she's been told to do, elects to put the sweater on Janette. She does it slowly and sensually, just as Chris tried to do. Except Paige is far better at being sultry. She stops when the bottom hem of the sweater is just above Janette's breasts. She plants a quick, fleeting kiss atop each of Janette's stiff nipples. Each kiss making Janette shiver and raising goosebumps on Janette's breast. Then she lowers the sweater the rest of the way down.

Kayla just hands over the socks, leaving Janette to put them on herself.

It leaves Janette standing in front of the class with just her sweater, panties, and socks on. She pulls hard at the bottom of her sweater, trying to stretch it far enough down to cover her panties. It just doesn't quite make it all the way down.

I return her jewelry and purse. I make her stand there and put it

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on. Then, I tell her that Tony's grade will be benefiting from her extra credit detention. But from now on, she's to stay atop of his studies, because, from now on, every bad grade he gets will earn her another detention.

I see the look of fear that tries to hide the excitement on her face as I tell her that.

I send her away, telling her that she may go now. Detention is over.

Janette hurries out of the classroom, almost running for the door.

I quickly send Dmitri a text.



Chapter 07: A Slut's Thank You

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The text I sent was another set up for Janette. I text Dmitri letting him know that I've just sent Janette out. We'd planned for him to start calling her as soon as he got my text and keep her phone ringing until she answered it. We both figured it would take more than a couple of rings for her to answer it. Right now, she's not thinking of anything beyond her bottom and getting out of the school.

It takes four minutes for a very sheepish looking Janette to hesitantly return to the classroom. I know it's because Dmitri ordered her to. That was why he called her. He was going to ask her if she was horny right this instant. When she said she was, he was going to order her to return and tell me.

As she comes in the students are gathering their books up. As soon as Janette had the door closed behind her, I told them she'd be back, to take their time leaving. It looked as if Kayla and Emma doubted me.

I can see Janette's phone in her hand, still on a video call. Dmitri was watching her to ensure she didn't masturbate before returning. And from what I saw of her pussy, she's definitely eager to masturbate. Only her face looks less than eager, but that's busy showing just how uncomfortable she is with her bottom still full.

Janette ends the call. Then she turns to me and stands mute for a moment. Finally, in the most humiliated voice I've heard from her, she says, "Excuse me, Miss Rodgers... I'm sorry! I have to tell you... that I've gotten so horny in detention that I can't stand it. My Master caught me thinking about... masturbating. I don't even think I can wait long enough to empty my butt out. My Master wanted you to know what a complete slut I am."

I stand silent for a long moment just glaring at Janette, letting her feel the shame and unease of knowing that I'm harshly judging her. Without any warning to her, I slap Janette's face hard, tossing her head off to the side and searing a bright pink handprint onto her cheek. "No wonder you did so badly on your work, slut! You were too busy worrying about that slutty little cunt between your legs!"

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I slap her face again, leaving a fresh handprint atop the already stinging one. "Now you are going to learn about slutty around in detention instead of studying! Get your clothes off, now!"

Janette jumps. Her hands fly to the bottom hem of her sweater. Before she can even start moving it, my hands are on it. I rip it off, pulling it roughly over her head and throwing it off to the side. Somewhere. Before Janette can even move her hands for her panties I'm shoving them down her hips. They fall freely to her ankles. "I said get naked, slut!" My hand on her shoulder shoves her to squat down. Janette gets the message and squats to pull her socks off.

I grab her hair the instant her last sock is off. I yank hard, pulling her up to her feet. Then I spin her around to face the side of the desk. I shove her forward, hard. So hard that her face knocks into the desk. I use a foot to kick Janette's feet apart, opening her legs and giving me a full view of her pussy.

Janette just grunts and gasps as I'm knocking her around. She doesn't really resist me, but she's no help either. I can feel the light tension in her muscles, stiffening for the instant each time I move her.

"Stay!" I snap. I reach down and grab hold of her lips. They're moderately thick, and I can feel the plumpness of them in my hand. I pull them roughly, opening her lips wide to bare every bit of her pinkness. Her pinkness is light. But it's also flushed bright and hot. And everything is covered with a heavy, clingy film of her honey. Honey that's moderately thin, like oil, shiny clear, and has only the faintest tinge of muskiness to it.

But that's not what draws my attention. My attention is caught by her clit. It's rather wide, as wide as a marble. Its tip is gently rounded, curving up. It's also long enough for its tip to be standing above the nest of light purple folds of its nest. It's so hard that its tip looks to be almost white, not the purplish of everything else, and it's throbbing so powerfully that I can see it pulse.

Above that, I can see the entrance of her tunnel. It looks slightly narrow. It's rather "meaty," its rim jutting out slightly with its uneven

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edges. It's flushed just as hot and bright as everything else. And it's virtually flooded with more of her honey.

I quickly put my fingers to Janette's pussy, pinching the nub of her clit between two fingers. It's a decently hard pinch. Janette sucks in a fast deep breath, squealing a loud "AH!" as she does. Her hips shudder hard as a crisp shiver sweeps over.

"OOH!" Janette moans out, drawing her cry out.

I roll the nub as I hold it pinched in my fingers.

"OH!" Janette cries out as a fresh shiver sweeps over her body. As I continue rolling her clit between my fingers, I see a line of goosebumps shoot up along Janette's spine. The same goosebumps that I can see under her fur, covering her lips.

I pinch just a little harder as I roll her clit some more. A crisp shudder racks Janette sending her bottom snapping up as she rises to her tiptoes, knocking her knees against the desk. She cries out another loud "AH!"

I release her clit. I grab the ruler off Felicia's desk. I give Janette a hard swat with the ruler, landing it across her still-pink globes. "You skanky slut!" I swat her bottom.

Janette grunts a hard "UH!" as the ruler cracks against her cheeks, leaving a pink line across the pink flesh.

"You've been skanking up our classroom this whole time, and now you come back here just because you're horny?" I swat her bottom a couple of more strokes, earning nice grunts from Janette. "And to top it all off, you never even gave your friend a proper thank you for saving your worthless butt by helping you write your essay?" Another crack, this one a little harder and louder, snaps against Janette's cheeks. "What in G-d's name makes you think I'd allow such a rude cunt to actually enjoy her pussy and diddle it to cum?" Another crack of the ruler rings loudly against her cheeks.

I grab hold of Janette's wrists. I yank them hard, bringing them

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up, pulling them around behind her back, then bringing them up until her shoulders are strained and I'm pressing her face into the top of Felicia's desk. I hold her hands up high above her back. I slip a pair of handcuffs out of my back pocket and quickly snap them around Janette's lean wrists. I close them tightly, the cold steel snug against the bones of her wrist. I want those cuffs uncomfortable on her.

I let go of Janette's wrists. They fall softly, landing atop the bottom of her spine. I reach up and grab hold of her long hair, the soft, full strands lacing through my slender fingers. I yank it hard, pull, jerking, Janette to stand back up. I kick the back of her knees with a foot. At the same time that my foot is buckling her knees, I yank straight down on her hair with all my strength.

Janette's legs buckle, dropping her onto her knees. Her knees land hard on the hard floor. Her shoulders bounce off the edge of the desk. Janette grunts an "OW!" as she kneels.

I ignore Janette completely. I grab her shoulders and jerk them to turn her to face the class. Her knees shuffle on the tile as she spins. The class, already standing, all stare at the naked Janette on her knees. I can see on Emma's and Kayla's faces that the pair did not expect the sudden burst of "violence" from me. The hard, rough way that I'm handling Janette.

I wave for Chris to come over to me. He walks over, his stride indifferent to the events. But not his eyes. Those feast upon Janette's nude body.

Chris isn't a boy I know that well. I know his name is actually Christian. I know he's just barely 20, starting his sophomore year at USA. I know that he's a "rookie," a first-year brother, in a frat house where I know a number of guys. I know that last year he dated Ariel, whose BFF Jenna is a friend of mine. I know that Ariel doesn't have anything bad to say about him. If she did, Jenna wouldn't hesitate to announce in on a billboard at the campus entrance. I don't know why they ended. I only know that Ariel claims she dumped him, no reason given. But the next weekend Ariel was all hot with a different guy, so I'm drawing the

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conclusion that the dumping was over the new guy, not Chris. I know his frat brothers like him. And I know he's been eager to see a scene live. Oh, and he was more than willing to play high school student to see one. I've seen that his eyes definitely appreciate Janette's body.

"Would you care for a proper thank you?" I ask him in my sweetest voice, batting my eyes at him as I do.

"Uh, sure," Chris answers, his eyes never leaving the kneeling Janette.

I reach over to Chris's pants. I don't hesitate to unzip them. I reach inside the open zipper. My hand feels a pair of boxer shorts. I mentally deduct a point – I hate boxers! I reach right through the front of them. I feel a quick tremor run through Chris, letting me know that he's surprised by everything now. Maybe by my brazenness. I grab hold of his cock, feeling that's it's already halfway to full stiffness.

I pull his cock out of his pants. It only takes it a couple of very short seconds to rise to the occasion. I add a couple of points to my evaluation of Chris. His cock looks to be close to seven inches long. I can see at least six of those inches sticking out past his jeans. And it's thick. I'd guess just over 1 ½" across. It's circumcised, letting me see its fat bulbous head, its deep purpleness standing above, and swelling wider than, the hard shaft.

I slap Janette's face hard again. "Go on, slut. Be a slut. Suck that delicious cock!" I smack Janette hard on the back of her head, knocking her head forward. My smack is hard enough that Janette's lips tap the tip of his cock.

Janette opens her mouth. She starts moving her lips forward slowly. Soon their pinkness surrounds the tip of the deep purple head of his cock.

I grab Janette's jaw, pinching the corners of her mouth my hardest. That way it's more uncomfortable for her as I force her to stretch her jaw to its full wideness. "He'd better like your useless mouth, cunt. A lot. Or you are going to be the sorriest cunt ever."

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Holding her jaw wide, I use my other hand to smack her on the back of her head again. It knocks her head forward about a half-inch, driving his hard shaft that much deeper into her mouth.

Janette obediently starts her head moving again, slowly inching the cock into her mouth.

I want this to be rough for Janette. I want her to feel that she's being taken, being used, and that absolutely no one cares one iota about her. She's inched maybe a quarter-inch of cock into her mouth before I smack the back of her head again, driving another half-inch of his cock into her. "Swallow it, cunt." I knock the back of her head again. It drives another half-inch or so of the shaft into her mouth.

By now she's taken about two inches of cock into her mouth. It would have the tip of his cock head just short of touching the back of her mouth. Judging by the thickness of his shaft, it would have her mouth stuffed rather full, too. I sigh as I put my hand to the back of her head. I roughly shove her head forward. As I do, it forces the cock into her mouth. Almost immediately I feel it bump against the back of her mouth. That doesn't deter me. His cock easily forces her to straighten the angle of her neck a little to allow it to slip easily past her mouth. I feel it start moving easily again as the soft part of the head flows toward Janette's throat. I keep shoving her head forward. A second later, with about four inches of shaft now beyond her lips, I feel the hard resistance. To me, it's like pushing against a stiff rubber. Slowly I feel his cock shoving the rubberiness. The rubberiness, I know, is the entrance of the tube of her throat. A tight tube. A narrow tube designed to swallow well-chewed food, not a thick and long unyielding shaft. It happens suddenly. The resistance is gone. The cock is sliding forward. Only now I can feel the drag of the cock as the rubbery tube of her throat squeezes tightly around it.

Janette chokes. I can feel the crisp snap run through her body. But that's about all she can do. And this has been done to her enough that she's learned to suffer through the choking.

"OH, yeah!" Chris purrs under breath as the tightness of Janette's

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throat cradles his cock. I keep shoving her head forward. All the way forward.

The whiteness of his cock steadily slides into the pinkness of her lips lying snug around it. Then I see her lips brushing into the edges of his wiry, curly hairs. Her lips touch the denim of his jeans. I keep shoving her head forward. Her lips vanish into the opening of his zipper. Then I feel them firmly against his pubes. All of that fat cock now down her throat.

I hold Janette's head in place. I slap her face, hard. This time, the shaft stuffing her mouth and throat too full holds her head in place, keeping it from knocking off to the side with the blow. I slap her face again, this time on the other side. "Suck it like the cheapest of sluts, cunt. It should be easy for a gutter whore like you."

I release her head. Janette starts sucking it. She moves her head with a steady rhythm. She takes short, fast strokes. Short enough that his cock never leaves her throat. She does that for about twenty seconds. With the cock in her throat, Janette has no way to get any air to her lungs. After those seconds of shorts strokes, she takes a single, long, stroke that brings enough of the cock out of her throat for her to suck in a fast breath of air. Then she takes all of the shaft back into her and resumes the fast, short strokes.

Chris stands there, moaning the sweetest of purrs. The rest of my audience stands and watches Janette suck his cock. I glance at Emma and Kayla. They're the only two whose reaction I don't already just know. Those two gawk wide-eyed, as if they didn't believe Janette when she described deep throating a cock. As if they didn't believe it was really possible, not just some urban legend or the exclusive domain of porn stars. Whatever they used to think, now it's clear to them that this slut is quite capable of swallowing a cock. A cock I saw both peeking at with appreciative eyes.

I give Chris about a minute, maybe a minute and a half of Janette's blow job. I'm not sure how long it will take him to cum, but judging by the strained wrinkling of his face, I'd bet not too much longer.

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The happy look on his face tells me that it's the first time his cock has been swallowed, too. I'm sure he's appreciating that.

I wink at Chris. I hope it tells him to be quiet and let me do what I'm planning to do, that he won't be disappointed.

"You lazy cunt!" I harshly scold Janette. As I do, I slap her face again. "A virgin who'd never seen a cock before could suck it better than you are!" Slap. "You call that a thank you? It's more of a fuck you, cunt." slap.

I grab Janette's hair, pulling it tight as I lace the strands through my fingers with my knuckles against her skull. I yank hard, pulling with sharp jerks to move her. The first tug snaps her head back until the cock slips from her lips. Then second yanks her up hard. It forces Janette to scramble to get to her feet as she tries to lift her head fast enough to save her hair from being pulled out.

I use my grip on her hair to throw her over the desk again, bending her over the desk. Before I release her hair, I use my foot to kick her feet wide apart. I kick her ankles hard, getting a grunted "OW!" from Janette as I do. I kick them all the way apart, until her chest is lying flat on the top of the desk, Felicia's assorted "desk junk" under her. It leaves her pussy very openly displayed between her lean thighs.

I point to Janette's pussy. "Help yourself." I sweetly tell Chris. "Maybe this skanky bitch's pussy will be more satisfying than her useless mouth."

Chris hesitates for a fraction of a second as if he's wondering if the married Janette might not be so eager to be fucked by a stranger. Despite their having worked together, Janette still doesn't even know his name. Or anything else about him. In the end, after only the briefest of indecision, the hard dick wins out. Chris puts the tip of his cock to the outside of her furry lips. And then he plunges it into her with a single, powerful thrust.

"UH!" Janette grunts out loudly as he thrusts into her. Her head lifts up from the desk, letting her stare forward at the wall. She doesn't

move. She doesn't ask him not to fuck her.

Chris starts fucking her. His strokes are fast and powerful, almost ramming his cock into her tightness with every thrust. He uses long strokes that are about half the length of his cock. Thrusts that drive most, if not all, of his length into her pussy.

The first stroke alone has Janette screeching a loud, and needy, "OH!," followed by hard grunted "UH!" But her cries are pure erotic desire. No one would think she's being hurt.

I, however, am not known for being overly nice to my toys. I take my ruler. I use it. I snap it hard against the cheek of Janette's face. "Stop being a complete whore!" I snap it against the other side of her face. It brings tears to her eyes. I'm sure she'd cry out from it if she wasn't too busy crying out those urgent and hungry moans. "Don't you dare think about cumming all over him!" I slap her first cheek again with the ruler, leaving a decently red strip across her cheek. "I'll tell you if I decide to take pity on your skanky butt and allow you to cum, cunt." I crack her again with the ruler. "Even as stupid as you are, I think you can manage to lie there and get used like a hole in the wall, cunt." I smack the back of her head, knocking her face against the top of the desk.

"Damn, she's tight!" Chris says to me softly.

"Oh, that's just the enema," I tell him in a voice loud enough for everyone to hear. "It has her rectum so full that it's taking up half the space her pussy normally does. Otherwise, she'd just feel like a sloppy whore."

It takes Chris about three or four minutes of pounding her pussy. He cums with a loud, and very satisfied, grunt. Then his strokes slow slightly as he finishes spurting his cum into Janette's pussy. I know Dmitri well enough to know that Janette is healthy and using some form of birth control. Like me, he requires all of his toys to be regularly checked and use precautions so they don't get pregnant. Thus I know there won't be any complications from Chris cumming inside her. Unless you count his cum leaking from her lips for the next hour. But I don't count that. It's part of the price of sluttiness.

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As Chris's cock slips from Janette's pussy, we can all see the thick coating of their mingled cum clinging to its entire length. A final drop of his white cream falls from the very tip of his cock. "Would you like that big cock cleaned for you?" I very sweetly offer.

"Oh, yeah," Chris answers with the biggest of grin on his face.

I'm sure Chris isn't sure what I mean to do, but he's equally sure that he's going to love it. I'm just as sure he expects me to have Janette clean it for him. He's never met any of my toys, so he doesn't know Paige is one of them. I'm sure he thinks Paige is just another college girl that I invited to attend this session and fill out the audience.

I snap my fingers and point to Felicia. "Clean it," I say softly, but firmly. I watch Chris's eyes go wide. As if he hadn't realized that Felicia was my toy. I mean, like, duh. She did just allow everyone to watch Janette eat her pussy. And, like double duh, she's allowing me to use her classroom, something she would be fired for if she were caught.

Felicia doesn't hesitate. Nor does she say anything. I've told her not to. She simply drops to her knees. She kneels just beside Janette, her face a scant couple of inches from Janette's freshly-fucked pussy and bottom. She puts her hands on Chris' hips and guides him to turn and face her.

Felicia stretches her mouth wide. Unlike Janette, I don't need to "motivate" Felicia to suck like the cheapest of skankiest whores. She's my toy. I've taught her to always suck like that. She takes the head of his cock into her mouth. Then her head is moving forward, smoothly, a little slowly, allowing the still-hard shaft to steadily slide into her. She keeps going smoothly. As the cock reaches the back of her mouth, she doesn't miss a beat. She keeps going just as smoothly. And she doesn't even seem to notice as it reaches her throat and shoves its way into her tight tube. She just keeps going, never hesitating for even an instant, and swallowing every speck of his length. Not even its fat thickness slowly Felicia down.

Felicia is still fully dressed. I never told her to undress. I didn't want to wait while she did. I didn't want the fresh, hot mixed juices to

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start drying on his cock.

Felicia doesn't stop when her lips reach his pubes. She deftly reverses her stroke. She sucks a little harder, turning her fine pink lips into snug squeegees as they slowly inch their way along his thick shaft. She uses her tongue to caress along the sensitive underside of cock as it slips back out of her mouth.

Chris shudders. He purrs a very sweet "OH, yeah!" as Felicia sucks his and Janette's cum off his cock.

Felicia gives him five full strokes of her mouth. That's how I've taught her to "clean" a cock. As his cock slips from her lips the last time, there's nothing left on it but a very thin film of Felicia's spit. His cock stands out straight, and stiff, for several long seconds as if waiting for more. Then, finally, it slowly starts softening back up. Chris tucks it back into his pants.

I have Felicia rise up from her knees. Seeing Chris looking at her appreciatively, Felicia seductively licks her lips. Naughty teacher. So totally a young guy's fantasy. I'll bet he's wondering if Felicia is a real teacher. If the "F. Miller" nameplate on the desk is really hers. Or if she's just a toy I've brought for the occasion.

I grab Janette's hair and yank her back up to stand. I have to reach around her chest to grab one of her breasts, squishing it hard in my hand as I use it to spin her around to face me.

I pick up Janette's panties. Then I grab a red sharpie marker off Felicia's desk. I thrust both out to Janette. "A souvenir. Autograph them with a very polite thanks."

Janette cringes as it dawns on her that she's going to lose her panties as they become Chris' souvenir. She writes "I hope swallowing your entire cock and my tight pussy told you how much I appreciate your helping me pass detention, Sir. Janette." She holds the panties out to Chris.

I snap a picture of her handing them to him. He takes them and tucks them in his pocket.

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I suggest Chris take a seat. Then I have Janette, still naked, sit on his lap with her arm around him. I take another picture. It catches Chris' hand touching her bare breast.

I tell Janette to get to her feet. I toss her sweater to her. It lands atop her head. My hard stare tells Janette to leave it there. I reach in Janette's purse and get her phone out. I hit redial, knowing that Dmitri was the last number. She was on the phone with him as she came into the classroom.

He answers with a grin on his face. I "introduce" myself as "Miss Rodgers, Ms. Miller assistant. I tell Him that "His slut" is obviously very skanky, and just as horny. Then I turn the phone so that he can see her standing there with her sweater on her head. He laughs. "This useless slut has been nothing but cheap and slutty here. And rather rude. I don't have the time to properly supervise such a skanky whore as she diddles her pussy. But I do have some mercy... If she can manage not to touch her pussy for a few minutes that is. Once she gets home, I think this skank should fuck her husband. It sounds as if she's been neglecting him. Then, if he'd be so kind as to supervise her, he could take her to the toilet and allow her to masturbate until she's completely emptied herself. If she can behave that long, maybe she could be allowed to cum."

Dmitri laughs. "Hand phone to shlyukha," He says. Shlyukha is a Russian word that can mean slut, whore, tramp, prostitute, skank or any number of similar epithets.

"Russkiy? Vasha shlyukha segodnya byla dovol'no interesnoy. Yey nraivilas' yeye publichnaya klizma." I rattle off. My Russian is very good, considering that my father was a Russian diplomat and spend a few weeks there every year. It translates to: "Russian? Your whore was pretty amusing today. She loved her public enema." I just didn't want Janette to hear it. My use of Russian surprises only Janette, if she catches it.

Dmitri laughs again. "I make sure it behave."

I hand the phone to Janette. We all listen as Dmitri tells her that

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she's not allowed to masturbate or use a toilet until he gives her permission. Then he asks her how her bottom feels. Janette very urgently blurts out that the pressure is killing her and that she wants the toilet almost as much as needs the orgasm. He tells her that she's to keep the phone on her body until he says differently and that she's to make sure that her pussy is always in the picture so that he can see that she's not touching it. He offers her only one little mercy – he tells her that she may beg someone to hold the phone for her while she dresses in whatever clothing she has left. Which, he says, judging by the sweater on her head, isn't very much, but is also far more than a whore deserves to wear.

Janette glances at the class. Everyone is still busily gathering up their stuff. Chris has moved to the back row where his desk was. Emma is the one weaving through the desk, Kayla close behind her, as they inch toward the door. They go as slow as they can, knowing the scene isn't quite over.

Janette looks at Emma. "Miss, please! Will you please hold the phone for me, Miss? Please, Miss, my Master has to keep an eye on my pussy because I can't be trusted not to play with myself like a naughty slut, and I have to put my clothes on to leave. Please, will you please hold the phone for me, Miss?"

Emma tentatively takes the phone from Janette's hand. She points its camera roughly at Janette's bush. Janette hurries to get the sweater off her head and pull it down over her. It covers only the very top of her bush, leaving her bottom and pussy visible. She squishes her legs tighter together to try and hide her pussy. Emma thrusts the phone back at Janette.

"I'd turn left and use the back door, slut." I add, "unless you want the security guard to see your naked butt. Hell, he might help himself to it, too." I laugh.

"You go left," Dmitri adds. "You have been too slutty already."

Janette scampers out the door and hurries off to the back door. I'll bet she doesn't realize that will have her walking naked outside!



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It takes Emma a week and a half to work up the nerve to call me. Despite seeing me almost daily in class. But in class, she never mentions the scene I allowed her to watch. She played the role of an audience member. Of a high school girl serving a very weird detention. She's actually 19, and a student at USA with me. But she looks young enough to so easily pass a high school girl. She, and her BFF Kayla, made perfect audience members.

During that scene, Janette, a 40-year-old mother with a rather curvy body, and very shy, who is also a toy belonging to my friend Dmitri, had to play a game called twenty questions. My version of that game. While she stood nude, the "class," which included Emma, got to ask her anything and Janette had to answer. I'd noticed that Emma and Kayla both harped on questions about anal sex. I'd wondered which one had the interest in it. From the depth of their questions, it was obvious that one of them did. Later in the scene, I learned that it was Emma with the interest. Her boyfriend wanted her to try it. Or, I think, he wants to try it and wants to push Emma to be the one to satisfy his curiosity.

I'd slipped Emma a note offering her a "lesson" if she was interested. Then I never mentioned it again. The offer was made. If she wanted it, she'd have to ask for it. I'm not going to pressure anyone into anything like her boyfriend is so probably doing to her. One of the rules of attending one of my scenes is that it's never to be discussed with anyone who wasn't present. Emma and had never been alone, so Emma never had the chance to discuss it. And she never tried.

When she finally did call me, the first thing she asked me was if I would swear to never mention this call to anyone, especially Kayla. I agreed. I keep more secrets than the average spy does! I never talk about my sessions. Sure, I write stories about them, but I always hide the identities of the toys in those stories.

Then Emma asked me if I've ever done anal sex. I told her I do it decently often. That I enjoy it. And that it makes me cum rather sweetly. She asked me if the offer for "advice" was still open. I told her that it was. I'll answer whatever questions she wants to ask. And I

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reminded her that my offer was for a "lesson." I told her that no amount of advice was going to be enough. I could tell her how to do it comfortably, but that would never enable her to actually do it easily. There's simply no substitute for practice.

She asked me a ton of questions, most of them related to one of two topics. How to do it easily and how it felt to me. Finally, Emma relented and asked me what a lesson would involve.

"Simple," I began. "You come over here. I will teach you exactly how to do it comfortably. When you leave, you'll be able to do it easily. I'm sure your boyfriend will appreciate your skill and have no clue that it's not an inbred skill for women."

Emma asked me if there were any "conditions" on a lesson. I just laughed. "Relax, I'm not trying to make you into a playtoy. You'll have to get naked. But you'll only be seen by me and Sophie, my live-in slave girl. Neither of us will mention it ever again. I won't force you to do anything. I won't tie you unless you ask me to. No games, just a friendly lesson."

Emma told me she'd think about it. The next day she called me back and asked if I was still willing. I said I was. We agreed on Monday afternoon.

When Emma knocked on my door, Sophie answered it. Sophie always gets the door. It's kind of a slave type of task. She politely greeted Emma as "Miss Tanner," as she would any of my friends. Sophie only gets to be rude and condescending to toys. She invited Emma in, showed her to a seat on the sofa, and served us both a cup of fresh tea. Emma and I talked for a few minutes about school and the few friends we have in common. Sophie waited patiently, and silently, on her knees.

Finally, Emma said, "I guess we should get on with this... I hope this doesn't hurt too much. I'm so totally not good with pain!"

I stand, cuing Emma to rise with me. She's around 5'4" tall and maybe 155 pounds. I'm guessing at both. But I've gotten very good at guessing. If she were my toy, I'd know exactly. But I'm sure that Emma would balk if I asked her to step on a scale. She's just thick enough that

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I'd bet she's sensitive about her weight.

She's what I call a "cute enough" girl. She's neither thin nor heavy. She's cute, but she's never going to win any beauty contests. But still, cute enough to get dates. But not so cute that the guys are lusting after her. So boringly average.

She has short black hair. Usually, she wears it straight, hanging freely to the tops of her shoulders. At least she does for class. Now she has it pulled back into a tight ponytail behind her head. I wonder if she's only doing that to keep it out of the way, or if she does that for social occasions. She has pretty green eyes hidden behind some rather cute, and equally prim, black-framed glasses with long oval lenses. Her face is neither rounded nor oval, but somewhere in between. It has the softest features. She has a small nose over a medium-wide mouth framed with pale pink lips that are decently full and slightly plush at their centers. As is the rest of her face, her jawline is smoothly rounded with soft lines.

"Okay, whenever you're ready, just take your clothes off. My slave will take care of your things for you." I leave Sophie where she is on her knees beside us. Then I step away to allow Emma some privacy as she takes her clothes off in my living room. I hope it silently says that Sophie shouldn't be considered. Sophie is a mere slave. Emma shouldn't think anything more of taking clothes off in front of Sophie as she would taking them off in front of Lilly, my Regal Princess the pitbull. I head for the playroom, the room that's appropriate for a lesson, to get things ready.

It takes a couple of minutes for Sophie to appear. Emma, with her arms folded across her breasts, follows Sophie into the playroom. Sophie doesn't even bother to glance back. She's already seen that I consider Emma a person. People are able to walk unmonitored.

Emma looks slightly uncomfortable as she steps into the playroom. We're both nursing students, so we've both seen our fair share of naked people before. Me more than her, but that's because I play. Still, it's clear Emma is far less comfortable being the naked person. I chalk that up to her shape and her sensitivity to it.

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As she stands, I get my first good look at her body. I can see that she would have a straight figure, almost rounded, like a tree. Her sides, at her waist, are just full enough to line up with her ribs instead of curving inward. But her hips are proportionally wide, swelling outward with a full curve and ruining the straightness of her figure. Her stomach has just the faintest of paunch to it, swelling out barely enough to look rounded instead of flat, but not enough to have any sag to it.

I can see that her pubes puff outward as her stomach does. And I can see that she's fully shaven. It looks like she's freshly shaven, too, her pubes silky and stubble-free. Her legs are thick enough to have a somewhat loose look to them, but also thin enough that they don't look flabby and they don't hide her pussy. From the front her pussy looks to be flat and small. I can see only the tops of her lips as they lie along her mound, almost flat with the ground under her.

Her arms are like her legs. Their skin looks slightly full and loose, but they also look moderately thin. It takes her a minute, and a little glare from me, for her to reluctantly let them fall from her chest. "I guess you'll see me anyway..." she mumbles under her breath as her hands fall to her sides.

It shows me a pair of breasts that are roughly average-sized. The look to be a hair on the small side, but that's owing to the slight thickness of her body. I'd bet she's about a 38-B, maybe a 40-B, but my money is on a 38. Her mounds are soft. Soft enough that they'd sag if they were much bigger. As is, they lie back against her chest just enough to make a small crease where they meet her body. They also appear to be slightly off-center, rising off her chest more to the outsides than straight. It leaves a wide V of cleavage between them.

Her mounds are topped with slightly narrow nipples. Nipples that are maybe the width of a pencil eraser, and that rise off her mound about as far. They're fully rounded nubs. They're a medium hue of pink-purple. But they're surrounded by rather wide rings of the same shade. Rings wide enough that they appear to take up a decent share of her breasts.

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I ignore Emma's nakedness. I casually ask her to come over to a cabinet along the wall. Inside there's a large selection of dildos. I have them from "tiny" which is about four inches long, up to "equine," which is a full foot long. I ask Emma to pick one that's about the size of her boyfriend. She points to one that's six inches long and slightly over 1 ¼" across. I reach for one that's two sizes larger. This one is seven inches long and just over 1 ½" inches across.

Emma's eyes go wide as she looks at the large-appearing dildo. I smile at her. "Yeah, it's bigger than he is. That way the real thing will be even easier for you. Trust me, Emma, you can do this." I set the dildo on the rolling tray I have beside the padded massage table in the center of the room.

The tray already holds a tube of lubricating jelly and a box of my famous pastel green latex gloves. Everyone at USA has seen them. They never have size small, so I always bring my own. Emma just watches that dildo with a slight anxiousness in her eyes.

I tell Emma to climb up on the table. As she does I get my first good glimpse of her bottom. It's what I'd expect, seeing the rest of her body. Her cheeks are moderately loose-looking. But they don't sag or hang down. They do have a nice rounded curve at their bottoms. And their faces look to be halfway between rounded and flat. They're full enough to lie flush against each other, completely closing her crack and totally hiding her asshole. As she climbs onto the table I see them jiggle slightly. She sits on the table, her feet hanging over the edge.

She sits, her nervousness showing. "Is this going hurt?"

"I warned you, the first few tries will be uncomfortable for you, but it won't really hurt. You just have to listen to me carefully and do what I tell you to. I'll take this slow and gentle for you."

"Okay..." Emma says nervously and quietly. She lies down, laying on her left side as I suggested. She pulls her knees up as if spooning with her boyfriend.

I reach over and take hold of Emma's legs near her knees. I move

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her thighs slightly, maybe an inch, so that her waist is bent at a right angle. The position of her calves won't matter, so as long as her feet stay out of my way, she can put them wherever she wants to.

"Relax Emma, I'm going to tell you everything I'm doing. There won't be any surprises for you. Nothing will happen before I tell you it will. I know you're nervous. But it's important that you relax. The tenser you are, the harder it will be for you."

Emma takes a few deep breaths. I doubt it does much to relax her. "I'm just going to lift your cheek so I can get to your anus," I warn Emma. Then I use my left hand to lift her soft cheek high, pulling her crack open fully. It leaves me a good few inches between the inside edges of her globes. The inside edge of her right cheek, the one lying on the table, looks almost straight and flat to me.

But now I can see Emma's asshole. It's a light purple shade, surrounded by a swath of deepening purple flesh. Her ring is about average sized, smaller than a dime. It gently funnels inward, pulling back only slightly, less than ¼", from the rest of her crack. It's wrinkly, but the wrinkles are small gentle ones, not thick, puffy, or prominent ones. Just countless little folds flowing into that shallow funnel, then towards the center. The wrinkles disappear into a smallish squiggle of a dark line.

"Emma, this is just my finger. I'm going to lubricate your anus to ease it for you. You'll feel the tip of my finger, and some pressure, but that's it. Okay?"

"Okay..." Emma sounds even more nervous.

I put a decent little drop of the slick gel on my fingertip. I touch the tip of my finger to her ring. I hold my finger still, letting Emma get used to it being there. I feel her ring snap to its full tightness at my first touch, then slowly relax a little over several seconds. I wiggle my finger, slowly and gently, smearing a thin film of the gel across the wrinkles of her asshole.

Then I put just the tiniest bit of pressure against her ring. My finger sits in the shallow funnel, her tensed muscle almost hard against

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its tip. It's obvious that Emma is more than simply nervous.

"Okay, Emma. Feel my finger pressing against your anus?"

"Yes..."

"Good. That's as much as I'm going to press. *You* are going to do the rest of it for me. Take a good deep breath and hold it. Then push hard, like you're constipated and trying to go. Don't worry about making a mess, you can't with my finger there. Just push hard. When you push, your anus is going to dilate slightly. As it does, you'll feel my finger a little deeper into your anus. I will not let it go all the way through the ring of muscle. You just have to push, then when you feel my finger inside that muscle, *keep pushing*. I'll tell you when to stop. Can we do that?"

Emma says "maybe" and I tell her to go on and do it. She takes a very noisy deep breath as if she's exaggerating so I'll hear it. I write that off to her nervousness. She pushes. I quickly feel her asshole turn to rubber and my finger starts easing into the center of the ring. As soon as I feel it moving, Emma tenses back up hard. The tight cinching of her muscle pushes my finger back out of her. I keep my pressure constant. "I'm sorry!" Emma squeals.

"It's fine, Emma." I try to reassure her. "Can you feel that the pressure against your anus hasn't changed? It's not going to. You have to control here. Push, and my finger will ease into your muscle and lubricate the inside of your anus. Don't push, and it won't. Tense up your anus, and you'll push my finger out of it like it is now. It's all up to you. Try again. I can stand here as long as it takes. Just keep trying until you're able to allow my finger into your anus. Take your time."

Emma takes just a few seconds to push again. And again, as soon as she feels that slender finger easing forward, her instinct takes over and she squeezes it out again. I just keep the pressure constant as she pushes me back out of her. After several long seconds, she tries again.

On her fourth try, she manages not to tense up too quickly. It allows my finger to slip into the ½" (or so) thickness of her ring. This

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time, as she tenses, my finger is far enough inside her asshole that it doesn't push back out. Her muscle just squeezes down around it. She feels that, and squeals a nervous "OOH!" But she also quickly relaxes again, pushing harder than before.

My finger is already deep enough inside her asshole that I hold it still as she pushes. It just relaxes her ring around my finger. I feel it turn to a soft rubber as it snuggles around me. Without it moving, Emma is able to stay relaxed and pushing.

"See, you can do it." I encourage her, "does that hurt?"

"No... but I can feel your finger going up my behind!"

"But it doesn't hurt you, which is what matters. You had to know you'd feel it there. So take a second to get used to it. Then, when you tell me to, I'm going to wiggle my finger just a tiny bit. That will spread the gel around so everything is slippery for the shaft. We'll do it as many times as it takes for you to stay relaxed while I do. It will not hurt. It's not going to feel much different than now."

It takes Emma two tries before, on the third try, she manages to keep her asshole relaxed as my finger twists about $\frac{1}{4}$ turn and smears the gel around the inside of the thick ring. But she does, squealing only slightly for her anxiety, as I do it. When I'm done, I stop my finger. I hold it still for a second, Emma not tensing up, then I pull it from her. She stays soft while I pull out, but quickly tenses again once my finger is gone.

I get the dildo. The collection I showed her is the realistic ones. They're all shaped exactly like real cocks. This one is beige, with a far purple head on it, and even has realistic fake veins lining its length. I smear a thin coating of the gel on the top half of the rubbery cock head.

"I'm going to touch the dildo to your anus. Just touch it." I warn Emma. Then I lie rounded tip of the fake cock against the tightness of Emma's asshole. I barely touch Emma with it. She gasps, then quickly stills.

"Okay, Emma, I'm going to add the pressure. It will not push it into you. Just pressure. Relax." I warn her. Then I add some pressure. I

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have to guess at how much pressure to add by the resistance I feel from her asshole. And the way she has it clenched so tightly kind of skews the way it feels to me. But I have plenty of experience to fall back on.

Emma squeals nervously as she feels the rounded tip pushing against her ring. Now a good part of the cock head presses against her body. Now Emma can feel the width of the rounded tip. She can feel how it's far wider than her cinched ring, eclipsing it and pressing against some of the flesh around it. I'm sure that accounts for the sudden nervousness she shows.

I give Emma a couple of seconds to get used to it. "Oh, my G-d!" Emma squeals quietly, "that feels freaking giganto-normous! Please tell me that's a baseball bat or something, not just a dick!"

I giggle. "Trust me, Emma, you can handle it. You have all the control. I'm not going to do a thing. You will do it all yourself. All you have to do is to push exactly like you just did. Only as hard as you can possibly push. Your anus will allow this into you.

"The pressure you feel now is all the pressure I'm going to put on it. Ever. From here on, it's all up to you. And unlike a guy, I won't get anxious and try to take a short cut. This is what you want your guy to do. Just hold this much pressure against your anus, and let you do it all. You have all the time in the world. As many tries as you want. Relax and it will ease into your bottom. Tense and you'll push it back out of you. It's all on you, girl."

"It's going to hurt! That thing is so freaking mile-wide!" Emma squeals.

"It's not going to hurt. You are going to feel your anus being stretched. You'll feel the shaft slide steadily into your rectum. As it does, you'll start feeling full, like you need to poop. As it slides deeper, then you'll feel the fullness deeper. It will feel weird. It will feel 'wrong.' you'll feel full. It will not be painful. The only thing that will make this painful is if you don't relax your anus or roughness. I'm not going to do anything. And I'm pretty sure you're not going to be rough with yourself."

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We wait. Emma lying there, trying to build her courage up. After a few seconds, I ask if she'd like Sophie to hold her hand. Emma quickly accepts. I nod. Sophie comes over and stands at Emma's head, holding both of Emma's hands. "I can do it." Sophie quietly reassures Emma, "and it doesn't hurt me." Like me, Sophie is a tiny woman with narrow hips.

It still takes Emma a long moment to work her nerve up. Finally, I feel her asshole pushing back against the toy in my hand. Then I feel the toy start to move. "Oh my G-d!" Emma shrieks. "That's freaking too huge!" At the same instant, I feel the toy pushing backward. I hold the constant pressure as Emma's asshole cinches tight again and pushes the toy back. "Freak!" Emma blurts out, "there is no freaking way that's going to fit in me!"

I softly, in my calmest voice, tell Emma that will fit, if she allows it to. I suggest that she keeps trying. I advise her to just keep focusing on pushing and try to ignore her bottom. Not that she'll be able to ignore it.

She tries again. I feel it start pressing forward into her. I see her hands clamp down and grip Sophie's hands with all her strength. "Oh my G-d!" She shrieks again. She pants a pair of very nervous breaths, fast and almost panicked. Then she tenses up and forces the toy backward again. "It's going to rip me wide open!"

I reassure her that it won't. I doubt Emma truly believes me. She seems like she's the kind who is always nervous about new things. The kind of girl who is always dead certain that it will be worse than it turns out to be.

On the third try, Emma shrieks again. I think I'll feel her resist the toy again any second. But instead, I feel her ring softening around it. And I feel it start inching its way into her bottom, very slowly. I glance down to see the purple ring of Emma's asshole stretched around the top half of the darker purple head of the cock. The wrinkly skin of her asshole isn't taut yet. There are still plenty of wrinkles to smooth out before her skin has to stretch. All of those wrinkles sparkling with the

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film of lubricant gel on them.

Emma shrieks a second time. She doesn't really say anything. It's more a too-nervous squeal. I see the head of the cock as it inches into the rubberiness of Emma's asshole. Just as the wrinkles are almost fully smooth out, the widest part of the cock head vanishes into Emma. Her asshole quickly cinches down, clamping tightly around the shaft. But now her body doesn't push it out. It squeezes tight around the shaft. The bottom rim of the head is the fattest part of the cock. And now that it has slipped through her asshole, her ring would have to stretch to let it back through. For that, Emma would need to relax. Unless I pulled it out, which I don't do.

"OH FREAK ME!" Emma screeches in a panic. "IT'S STUCK UP MY BEHIND!" I see her asshole squeeze tighter around the beige shaft.

"Relax, Emma," I tell her, my voice now firm, but still soft and gentle, too. "It's not stuck. You tensed up. Your anus is clenched so tightly around it that you are holding it there. If you relax, it will start sliding deeper into you. Now that it's inside you, your body won't push it out with the pressure on it." I see that Emma is still gripping Sophie's hands with all her might. And she's about to really panic.

"Emma." I firm up my voice to get her attention. "Does it hurt?"

"I don't know!" Emma cries out. She pants a few more nervous breaths. "I guess not really..." She adds reluctantly. "It just... screams for me to get it out of my ass!"

I laugh, but I do it very quietly. "Relax Emma. You just said it doesn't hurt. So relax. I'll tell you a secret. You just did the hardest part. You took the thickest part of it through your anus. Now it's just a matter of letting it slide in and fill your rectum. Take your time, Emma. When you're ready, push as hard as you can again. You'll feel it sliding deeper, but it will not hurt. Trust me. It's just going to make you feel full."

It takes close to a minute before Emma tries again. I hold the pressure on the shaft constant. Hard enough that it will push the toy

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into her, but light enough that her clenching asshole will hold the shaft still.

"OH!.." Emma cries out. "EEEEEE!!!!" she squeals loudly as it slips further into her bottom. "I'M FULL! I GOTTA GO!!!" She tightens up again twice, stopping the shaft's movement before all of its length has slipped into her bottom.

Once all of it is inside Emma, it stops moving. "Emma..." I coo softly. "Guess what? You have all of it. Every bit of that big cock is inside your bottom right now. This is all of it."

Emma says nothing. For a few seconds, she pants nervously. Then she finally asks "really? I have a whole dick up my behind?" Her voice is tentative, questioning, and afraid of the answer. I'm sure that nervous, edgy girl in her is wondering if I can be trusted to tell her the truth. Or if just maybe I'd trick her as some form of amusement.

I lie my left hand, still holding her cheek up, against the protruding end of the shaft, right next to its fake balls. I use my right hand to slip my phone out of my back pocket. I use it to snap a quick picture. A picture that shows the beige shaft with the deep purple flesh of her asshole stretched taut around it. And that shows the fake balls as they stick out from the shaft just over the smooth lips of her pussy. I keep the picture on the screen of my phone and pass it to Sophie.

"See for yourself," I tell Emma. She takes the quickest glance at the screen. After a second she finally lets her eyes go back to the screen. "Oh my G-d! Oh my G-d! Oh my G-d!" Emma squeals. "It fit! Holy freak me! It fit!" she hesitates for a couple of seconds, then goes on. "Erase it! Please don't keep that picture! I don't want anyone to see it! I look like a slut! My butt hole can't be that big!"

I giggle. "Slave, delete," I say. Sophie deletes the image. It's not gone. My phone has an app that automatically uploads every picture I take to my cloud in Russia. It'll be there until I erase it from there. It's even a free service. I think they even have an English version of the Yandex Disc app.

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"Now will you relax, Emma?" I'm actually stalling for time. The extra seconds will be plenty for Emma to start getting used to the sensation of being stuffed full. "You have the whole dick inside your bottom. And it's bigger than your guy's dick. I told you it would fit. Does it hurt?"

"Not really..." It sounds like it kills her to admit that. "It just... I'm so freaking full! I want to poop!"

"How does your anus feel?"

"Like I'm stuck mid-poop!" She blurts out. It makes me giggle again. I guess that means that her asshole feels like it's opened to its widest.

"Are you ready to push it out now? It will feel like taking a big poop."

"Okay... I can do that." Emma says.

"Okay, then I'm going to ease off the pressure a little. You'll have to push hard to get it to move. Whenever you're ready." I ease up a hair.

Emma quickly pushes again. "OOH!" she squeals, drawing her whine out. The shaft begins moving slowly, but steadily, backward as the thin wall of muscle around her rectum pushes it out of her. I just watch the beige shaft emerge from the dark ring of her asshole. "OHMYG-D!" Emma shrieks out nervously at the very end of it, just as her asshole stretches a tiny bit more to allow the widest part of the head through. Then the shaft jumps back, popping out of her bottom. "UH!" Emma squeals. I see her asshole quickly tightening back up and cinching down.

Now Emma knows that it's out of her. I hold the steady pressure, keeping the tip of it pressed snug against her asshole, but not pressing enough for it to slide into her. Realizing that she still has control, Emma relaxes a little. After about half a minute, Emma finally asks me, "That's it?"

"That's it. You just took it all into you and back out again. Try it a

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couple of more times, now that you know you can do it."

It takes Emma five minutes to make three more tries. But the third she's finally gotten past the nervousness. I guess by then she's decided it's really not so bad. I have her try it one more time.

This time, I stop the shaft once she has all of it. "Do you believe that you can take a dick in your bottom?"

"Yeah, so duh, like there's a dick up my behind right now!" Emma answers.

"Okay, then are you ready to feel anal sex?"

"I am!" Emma blurts out, the nervousness instantly back.

"No, you're not. You've taken his dick. You know he's going to do more than just put it in you. It won't hurt at all. Trust me."

"Okay..." she agrees quietly.

I grip the protruding end of the shaft. I start slowly, moving it in and back out with short strokes that are maybe an inch long. As I do, I carefully aim the shaft so that its tip should be pointed straight for her navel. It's the perfect angle.

As soon as Emma feels the shaft moving inside her, she tenses. I stop for a second, letting her relax. She doesn't need to be pushing for this. But she doesn't want to be tensed either. It takes several long moments, and about a dozen little wiggles of the shaft before Emma finally accepts that this won't hurt her. Then she doesn't tense up and forces me to stop.

Now that I'm moving the shaft freely, I very slowly pick up its speed until I'm going at about the same pace as an eager guy would. But I still keep the strokes short.

Emma lies there, letting me fuck her butt with the toy. For about half a minute, Emma is mostly silent. Then she finally breathes out a quiet "MM!" it's not a pained sound.

A few seconds later I see her grip on Sophie's hands tightening

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again. Very slowly, but steadily, her sounds morph into sweet moans. And then grow in volume. And pick up the pace. It takes about a minute more, but then Emma is grunting very sweet "MM!s" they're crisp, but they're also laced with sweetness.

I don't mention it to Emma. I stop stroking her bottom with the shaft. She pants a few breaths. I tell her that she should push it out now. She does that easily. As it slips the last little bit from her asshole, she purrs a soft "Ah." I move it back a little until it's no longer touching her ring. Then I wait for a quarter minute or so until Emma's asshole has cinched back to its full tightness.

"There!" I tell Emma excitedly. "That's what a guy *should* do to you. Did it hurt you?"

"No." Now Emma sounds confident of her answer. I'm tempted to ask her if she liked it. I already know she did. There was no disguising the sultriness of her sharp grunted moans. But I don't. She seems like the kind of girl who would freak out if she thought I knew that she liked it.

I suggest that we do it three more times before we take a break. Emma agrees, telling me that's fine with her. She only tenses up once on the next try. On the one after that, Emma does it fine. On the final try, I have Emma grunting fairly urgent moans of "UM!" that I still pretend I don't notice.

I suggest Emma sits up for a minute, calling it a break between lessons. I know Emma is wondering what more she has to learn. What more of a lesson I could have in mind for her. I offer her a drink or something, but she declines it. She just sits, a little shyly, and quietly. She asks me a few questions. Including "is that really what it's going to be like with an actual guy?" Her eyes are still on the dildo as if she still doesn't believe the size of it. And will never believe that somehow she made it fit in her bottom.

I give her about five minutes before I ask if she's ready for the final lesson. "I guess..." Emma says, then with the anxiousness back in her voice, asks me "what's the final lesson?"

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I smirk. Wide. In the corner of the room, there's a silk screen that blocks off any sight of whatever is behind it. It starts at the floor and rises about five feet up. There are only two things hidden behind the screen. Both are the same. Large dog kennels. One is Paige's "room" in this apartment. She's in her room now, silently listening to the sounds of Emma's lesson. Emma is never going to know Paige is there.

The other Kennel has Rob in it. He's a toy of mine. He's 6'0" tall and a muscular 185 pounds. He's 24. I require him to work out hard daily just to keep those muscles toned up. Sometimes, I have use for a manly looking toy. The kennel is just a hair small for such a big person. Just enough to have him nicely cramped in. I have him in the cage with his butt towards the door, as if he'd just crawled straight in. Which he did. I have to reach in and take a firm hold of his dangling balls to pull him backward and out of the cage. HE readily crawls backward, following his balls.

I grab his shoulder gently to guide him up to his feet. He has short, sandy hair and blue eyes. None of which is visible now. He's wearing a leather hood over his face. And under the hood, he's wearing a ball gag that ensures his silence. The hood blocks his sight even better than a blindfold would.

Rob has a very nice cock. I know. I've measured it. It's 7 ¼" long. At the thickest point, the shaft is 1.58" across. But the head, at the very bottom, measures 1.91" across. But the head is spongy and soft, unlike the shaft that's rock hard. Naturally, he's circumcised, letting all of the purple head stand out atop his shaft. I take a firm hold of his shaft, wrapping my hand around and squeezing it lightly.

I don't have to say anything. Cocks make perfect leashes. A guy will always follow his dick. "This is dick," I introduce Rob as I lead him into Emma's sight. A strong wave of shyness instantly hits Emma. Her arms fly up to cover her breasts and pubes. It takes her a second to realize that he can't see anything. Nor can she see his face. The hood hides everything. It takes another second for her eyes to glance down at the large cock in my hand. They quickly avert, then just as quickly return.

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Then they're wide as if she didn't know cocks came this big.

"Here's the rest of your lesson. You get to try it with a real dick. Dick here will be the dick donor. Then, you'll really know what it's like. That should build your confidence and knowledge up enough that you can do anything.

"Dick here is certified disease-free. I have him checked regularly. The choice of a condom is up to you. It's not needed, but I have them if you'd feel better."

Emma nervously eyes Rob's cock. She hesitates for a couple of seconds, then she asks "You want me to do it with *that* dick?"

"It's almost the same size as the last one. The only difference is this one isn't plastic and latex. You have to admit, no matter what you're talking about, the imitation never measures up to the real thing! Trust me, girl."

"Who... is that? I have a boyfriend!" Emma blurts out.

"I told you, this is dick. Dick is one of my toys. I know you have a boyfriend. But this isn't cheating. That would require another *person*. This isn't a person, it's a toy! Just like that dildo. Just one of my sex toys. Except this one is self-powered." I smile.

Emma looks slightly uncomfortable about it, but she watches as I lock Rob's hands behind his back with a pair of steel cuffs. That's so that he can't touch Emma. He doesn't get to touch a girl unless I want him to. And now I only want his dick. Emma, still looking uneasy, lies back on the table.

I have to guide Rob to get up on the table and wiggle himself into place behind Emma. I smear a film of lubricating gel on the top of the head of his cock. Rob can't do anything without his hands and eyes. So I have to take hold of his cock and position the tip of it snugly against Emma's asshole. I use my hand to set the pressure against her ring.

"Dick... you will keep that pressure. Do not ease up. Don't get eager, unless you want your balls in a vise." Rob energetically nods that

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he understands. "Okay, girl, you know what to do. It's all on you."

Emma lies there for a second. "It's different!" she squeals. "The.. head of it, it's like a sponge or something. It's not... firm and rounded! I..."

I cut Emma off. "You can do it, girl. Just do exactly what you've gotten good at. Trust me."

I watch, holding Emma's cheek up high for a view. I am not going to let Rob get too eager on her. I can't say that for her boyfriend. But I control Rob. He will behave.

It takes Emma a few seconds. But she finally pushes, loosening her asshole up. Just like the dildo, as her ring turns to rubber, his cock begins slipping into her. She squeals, but she manages to keep going. It only takes about ten seconds for Rob's cock to have slipped all the way into her bottom. He obediently stops with it fully buried.

"Hey, girl..." I say softly to get Emma's attention. I'm purposely not using her name so Rob will never know who's bottom his cock was in. He shouldn't know Emma. They don't travel in the same circles. But still, I wouldn't him to recognize her and know what he's done with her. "I'm just going to check the angle of that dick inside you. It won't hurt. You'll just feel my gloved finger slip right into your pussy for a second. Trust me."

I don't give her a chance to object. I already have Rob's legs mostly straight behind Emma. That leaves Emma's pussy bared in the space between his thighs and her calves.

Emma's mound is mostly flat. Her lips are silky smooth. They're short and narrow, but decently plump. They leave a wide gash between them, allowing the edges of her medium-purple inner folds to poke into the gash. The shortness of her lips makes her pussy look small.

I put the tip of my finger against Emma's slit, directly over where her tunnel will be. I press it firmly, and gently, between the loose folds of purple. It slips easily between them. As soon as my finger is between her folds I feel a burning heat. And I feel the slipperiness of her honey.

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Enough so that I know she's all but dripping wet. I pretend not to notice anything. I slip my finger forward. It glides into her tunnel on the slickness of her honey. Her tunnel is tight. At least now. I can feel it's meaty walls snuggling down around my finger.

But that's not what I'm interested in feeling. I already knew that her pussy would be aroused. Her moans told me that much. I can feel what I'm after, too. I can feel the hardness of his cock as it stuffs her rectum full. It's impossible not to feel. His cock is as hard as steel now. Only the thin, sausage casing-like membrane of her rectum, the paper-thin layer of smooth muscle around it, and the spongy walls of her pussy separate my finger from his hardness. I press against the inside of her pussy wall and against his eager cock.

I nudge Rob to move forward just a hair. As he does, it shifts the angle of his cock. It pulls to where it's pressing a little firmer against the backside of her pussy walls. Right where I want it to be. I slip my finger back out of her pussy. "There. Pay attention. Feel how the dick is sitting inside you. That's how you want it to sit. Feel how his body lies against yours. That's the other way to position the dick. You'll want your dick donor snuggled up to your bottom just like this one is.

"Hey, dick. Fuck her." I command. "And don't you dare get eager."

Rob starts rhythmically stroking his cock in Emma's bottom. He uses the same short strokes that I did with the dildo. It's what I told him to do. He picks up his pace a little faster than I did, but he stays short of getting too fast.

This time it doesn't take Emma long to start grunting strong "UM!" over and over again. Very erotic grunts. Only this time she doesn't have Sophie's hands to grip. Her arms pull up close to her chest, hugging herself, not trying to hide herself. She hugs herself tightly. And then even tighter. Her grunting moans slowly and steadily grow stronger, faster, and deeper. And even more hungry.

Rob, as do all of my toys, knows that he's not allowed to orgasm unless I tell him to. He also knows that, no matter what Emma does, he's not allowed to stop fucking her bottom until I tell him to.

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It doesn't take Emma too long. I'd guess about five minutes, maybe six at the most. I don't know how quickly her boyfriend will cum, but that's not so long that it's unrealistic to think Emma might get her own orgasm in first. Wouldn't that shock him!

That's when I hear a slight tremble creep into Emma's grunted moans. It's the same point I see her toes curl up, something that's far more noticeable in this position. I've seen goosebumps on Emma for a few minutes, but now I see them covering the lips of her pussy, too. And I can see the honey seeping out from between her loose folds. Enough honey that it's clinging to the back of her thigh as it lies just beneath her mound.

I lean over close to Emma's ear. I whisper, "do you want me to let you cum?" She knows she's close. I doubt she's thinking about how I might know it. I doubt she cares that much how I know. At least not right now.

"Y- Yes..." Emma stutters.

I just stand back and leave Rob fucking her bottom. It only takes half a minute. Emma suddenly screams out a loud "OOH!" Reflexively she bucks her hips back, pounding her bottom against Rob and driving his cock hard into her own butt. She shudders hard. Her hips buck a couple of more times as Emma cries out very strained "OH!s" She shudders all through her loud, squealing cries. Then she falls spent for a short second.

"Dick, cum."

Rob grunts once, the gag muting it. I see his cock twitching as it thrusts softly into Emma's bottom.

"UH!" Emma squeals out in surprise. "Oh my G-d! It's so hot in me!" She means the cream she's feeling spurting against the insides of her bowels. A tiny little cum enema! "Oh my G-d! Dick just came up my butt, didn't he!" she finally realizes what she's feeling.

I giggle. "Yes, and now you know what that feels like, too. So you'll know it when you feel next time."

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I tell Rob to stop. I quickly have him get off the table and take him back to the kennel. It gives Emma a minute to just lie there and "recover" from the fucking. When I return I offer her a hand, which she takes, and help her sit up. The dreamy, glassy look in her eyes tells me all I need to know.

"I think you've got that down pretty well, don't you?"

"Oh, so yeah..." Emma's voice is a sweet purr now.

"In that case, the lesson is over. I'd love to hear how it goes with your guy."

"He'd better behave himself..." Emma says, "because if he ruins that for me, I will so totally kill him!"

"Uh..." She finally thinks to ask, about five minutes later, "do I need to, like do something, about his... mess... up me?"

"Does it bother you?"

"I don't feel it."

"Then not unless you want to. You'll poop it out. You can decide if it's worth a special trip."

I send Sophie to fetch Emma's clothes for her. When Sophie brings them, everything has been neatly folded and stacked up. I doubt that's the way Emma handed them over.