

Hot For Teacher



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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 complete archives of all my public-version stories are available on my website.

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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Introduction:

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 21-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

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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 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 to 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 21-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 118 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

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finished high school.

Paige is my 20-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18th birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is a rather lean girl. She stands about 5'7" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a junior at USA where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, is also in her junior year at USA. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both transferred to USA this year for their last two years of college and will earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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.

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I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (29), Janelle (37), Colette (41), Diane (48), and Olive (47). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and 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!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very careful who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a

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junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



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If you've been reading my stories, you know by now that my life is just getting too busy. I've been paring down my toy box as much as I can this last year. I haven't had to openly get rid of anyone yet, and I hope not to have to. But I have put a number of them, those needing more frequent attention, on "loan" to others. That way, I don't have to see them that often, and I can still keep them well satisfied.

I'm still doing lots of "favors" for my friends and fellow Dommies, but I have been taking mostly those that are one-off sessions and not for newbies. It gives me the variety I like without putting me in the position of adding anything to my over-full toy box. That said, I have seen a couple of newbies in the last couple of months. And one or two that won't be one-offs. But I've only added two to the toy box in the last couple of months.

Usually, it's my Domme friends asking me for a "favor." Maybe because they're the ones with toys that can use a little newness to their spankings. But this time it's my BFF #1, Izzy. Her younger brother goes to school with Howard.

Howard's mother, Sylvia, is a big fan of my stories. She's also too shy to actually write me herself. In a way, that works out better for her - I don't take toys that don't come personally referred by someone I know well. I get too many, an average of 2 or 3 a day, emailing me on my website. I answer every one, but I never play with them. At least I have yet to, I'll never say anything won't ever happen.

I haven't heard how Howard found out that his mother was very enthusiastically reading my erotic stories. It's not exactly a common topic of conversation. But he clearly did. Since he knows Izzy's brother, he asked if he would get Izzy to "mention" Sylvia to me. Izzy did, mostly in case I might be looking for something like Sylvia. She also told me that she's met Sylvia "like twice" in her life

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and doesn't know her well. She did say "she's cute enough - for a mom."

Howard didn't give up when I didn't agree to meet Sylvia. He kept at Izzy's brother, which meant he kept nagging Izzy to "ask" me again if I could "do them just this one favor." At first, Izzy told him that she'd passed the message, and "since it's so personal of a thing," that's all she could do. But eventually, she let me know her brother kept asking. She didn't have to tell me that it was starting to annoy her. She hates being in the middle of anything. Who doesn't?

I did a little research. I asked my younger toys if anyone knew Howard. I wanted a second opinion. Was Howard really trying to help his mom, playing some kind of prank on her, or just overreaching? I got lucky. While none of my toys knew him, one of them, Vivian, spent a couple of years in a foster home with a girl who does know him. A girl who goes to his school. She asked around and found his ex-girlfriend, and I got a full report on them.

They have the same opinion of Howard. That he was being sincere. They'd met his mom, too, especially his ex. They thought Sylvia was overly shy, to the point of being too timid. They didn't know she was reading my stories, but neither was surprised by the idea. All agreed that Howard would never play a prank on her, much less one like this. They believed that he, and she, were serious.

I like surprises. It makes things far more exciting when no one knows what the next line of the script is. As if I'd actually have a script for a session. Well, not much of one. I am known to enlist those around a toy to help with the toy's humiliation, and when I do, I make sure they know what to expect as well as what I'd like them to say and do. The last thing I want to do unintentionally is get into a place where someone sees something and balks at it. Or gets too disgusted by it. Unless that's what I'm aiming for. Sometimes, that's what a toy needs.

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I have two teachers in my toy box, plus there's Lezzie. Lezzie teaches elementary school now. LeighAnne teaches middle school. Felicia teaches high school. And Felicia teaches at Howard's school. It's pure coincidence, but there really aren't that many high schools in the area. It's a small chance, maybe 1-in-10 or 1-in-15, but not unrealistic odds.

I'm not sure if that made me more likely to agree or not. But I have been wanting to do another classroom scene. Another "naughty teacher" scene.

On top of that, I know Felicia well. She's been in my toy box long enough. The one thing that gets her unbearably hot is pushing past a taboo line. More so the first time she steps over it. Teacher/student is definitely taboo. Even when the student is 18, as Howard is. Otherwise, I would have had Izzy's brother tell him very clearly to go away. It's a line Felicia has never stepped over, too. I've used her for a few classroom scenes before, some with "students" in them, but in those cases the students were plants. And she knew it. None of them attended her school. Most of them were college students I knew filling in the "audience." I have an endless list of fellow college students anxious to fill a seat for a show.

Unfortunately, or maybe, fortunately, Howard isn't in Felicia's class. But that doesn't mean they don't know who each other is. It's a big high school, but not so gigantic that the students haven't at least seen all of the teachers. He probably has a few friends who are in her class. He's probably heard about her as a teacher. I know he's seen her in the halls. I know he knows who she is. And I'm just as confident, even if Felicia doesn't know Howard's name, that she's seen him around enough to know whose class he's in. In short, in relevant part, Howard will know that Felicia isn't a plant, she's really one of the teachers at his school, and Felicia will know the same, that Howard is one of the students. A student she's like to bump into nearly

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daily. Or at least pass in the hall.

Scheduling is the big headache. I really only have two times a week that I can do more than a quick session. And quickies are only for experienced toys needing a quick reminder or tease. Never for a newbie. There wouldn't be enough time to do it right, and that would end badly. I have Wednesday afternoons, and Saturday mornings available. The rest of the time, I am working or in class.

I did ask Felicia if she could arrange to have Howard sent to her. She told me that was easy. She could ask about any teacher in the school to send him to her, and no questions would be asked. But Howard would definitely wonder why he was being sent to see a teacher he didn't have, and I'm sure his friends would want to hear that explanation, too. Then Felicia told me that about every other week, she supervises one of the detention halls. All of the "social studies" teachers took turns rotating the chore. She told me that she could have Howard sent to detention, no questions asked, when she had the detention hall. That way, Howard wouldn't wonder, or even think, that Felicia wanted to see him. I liked that idea. I just had to wait until Felicia had a detention on a Wednesday. Luckily that didn't take forever.

Nor did Felicia have any problems getting one of Howard's teachers to send him to detention. I'm gathering it wasn't that hard for her to make up an excuse, either. Close enough that Howard didn't seem to think anything was too unusual about it, despite being a good student and not one often sent for detention.

Felicia still didn't know why I wanted Howard in her classroom. I'm sure she had a few, or a few hundred, ideas racing through her head. Maybe even one close to what I had in mind, although I would bet she'd think I'd never go quite so far. I had to tell her, but I waited until the last minute. I told her to check her email just before detention and instructions would be in it. Then I sent her the email

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with instructions at lunch. But I sent it with a return receipt, so I'd know when she opened it. Obediently, she waited until after dismissing her last class to open it. I'll bet it came as a huge shock to her. Further than she would have thought I'd go.

Once the last class ends, Felicia stands at the door of her classroom. She waits, answering a question or two, as her students leave. Then she waits longer as those with detention slowly straggle in. None of them are ever eager to be there. A few she recognizes as repeat miscreants. Regulars in detention. She tells them all the same thing, to go in a grab any desk, she'll start soon.

Howard doesn't know that anything is up yet. I don't know if he's given up on me or not. It's been several weeks that he's been after a session for his mom. Several weeks of asking his friend to ask her sister to ask me. And so far, I have ignored him. He's even sent me a few emails, which I didn't really answer.

As Howard comes in, Felicia quickly scans her eyes over him, taking in as much as she can without him noticing. Now she's looking at him with very different eyes.

Howard is 18 years old. He's fairly tall at about 5'10", and decently built, if on the lean side, at about 165 or 170 pounds. He has short brown hair and glasses on an ovalish face with slightly strong features. He looks young, and slightly awkward, as most do at his age.

Howard sits slightly slouched at his desk, as does everyone else. His body language clearly says "let's just get on with this." He shows no interest in anything as if he's rather unhappy and bored to be there. As if he has no clue why he's really there.

Felicia picks up on all of it. She immediately guesses that Howard has no clue what's coming. Or why he's in detention. It makes Felicia even more nervous about her

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“assignment” this afternoon. At least, she thinks, if Howard knew, even in the most general terms, why he was there, she’d know he was willing. Interested. But he doesn’t. She wonders how he’s going to react when he finds out. Especially now that Felicia knows most of the backstory.

Felicia gives her ad hoc class the same one-minute welcome speech she always gives detention. It’s nothing more than “I don’t want to be here, either, so serve your detention, behave, and we can all go home.” As she does, she can’t stop her eyes from darting back to Howard. He sits just as disinterested as everyone else is.

But that's not what she's interested in. She's sizing him up very differently than the others. She's trying to remember if he's had any girlfriends. She thinks she remembers him and a girl hanging on each other for several weeks, so probably. She wonders how far that went. How experienced Howard is. What he will, or will not, pick up on. Young boys aren't known for appreciating subtlety.

She decides that Howard is cute enough, albeit rather young looking. Young enough that she wonders if he's 18. she thinks he is. She knows my rules well and knows I'd never allow anyone to cross that line. He looks slightly on the soft side to her, not exactly strong or overly athletic. But not exactly a couch potato either. Maybe it's the glasses, but she adds a touch of nerdiness, too. Then again, she thinks, nowadays, everyone seems to be a little nerdy. Electronics are too big of a part of everyday life for "kids" not to learn some things about them.

Felicia is already wondering what Howard is going to be like. She’s nervous, more half scared, that he’s going to balk the instant he figures some things out. She also reminds herself that she really has no choice. She knows my rules. Obedience now, or punishment until she decides to obey. Either way, she knows this is going to happen.

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Felicia starts passing out the “detention assignments.” Most of them are pretty basic, generic assignments that do little but bore the students and waste the half hour of detention. Or, as the administration would say, keeps them busy.

It's not that unusual for a teacher to send an assignment for a student in detention, especially when the student got his or her detention early in the day. Felicia does when she gives out detention. Most of the more interested teachers do. That way, the time isn't a total waste for the students. At least they're doing something relevant.

It's common enough that Howard doesn't think anything about it when Felicia tells him that his teacher has sent an assignment for him. Maybe he groans a little. Any assignment sent for him is bound to take far more effort than the bland generic one he could have gotten.

Felicia sets the paper on Howard's desk, face down. She steps away. Howard flips the page over. He freezes in place. His eyes go wide. He starts to blush. And then he fidgets rather uncomfortably.

There's only one question on his assignment. What can I say, I wasn't in the mood to write a long one for him. It's my assignment, not his teacher's. His teacher has no clue. "Why is it important to you to bring to your mommy for a session with Miss Rodgers? (500-word minimum)." One simple question.

After a couple of seconds, Howard finally looks up. Quickly. His head more snapping up than rising. His eyes stare at Felicia. He wonders if she knows what the assignment is. If she's the one who gave it to him, or if his teacher sent it. If so, did Felicia read it? Does Felicia know who Miss Rodgers is?

After another second or three, Howard starts eyeing Felicia over a little differently. Now he's looking at her as a

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woman, not just as a teacher.

Felicia is 42, but she could easily pass for mid-to-late 30s. She's somewhat on the petite side at 5'" and about 145 pounds. She has long brown, almost black, hair with some body puffing it out a bit. She has a slim figure, but her curves are fairly hidden under moderately loose clothing.

But now Howard is noticing her soft features. Her face, slightly on the oval side, with its softly rounded lines. Not even her chin is angular. Her big brown doe eyes, now decorated with a touch of blue eyeliner that matches her blouse. Her small-to-average nose over her slightly narrow mouth. But a mouth framed with plump, and silky soft, light pink lips. Lips that glow bright with a thin layer of lipstick now.

He notices that she has a thin frame. He can see her blouse flapping slightly at her sides, telling him that she's going to have some curves to her body. Today she's wearing a short sleeve blouse and a skirt that comes down past her knees. But even that shows off enough for him to see that her arms and legs are narrow, full, and soft. In short, rather feminine.

In his opinion, Her body isn't bad at all for a woman of what he guesses her age to be. He keeps his eyes on her, hoping that she'll stand and turn around, maybe to offer him a glimpse of her bottom. He hadn't paid much attention to it before. He'd considered her "just another teacher," and thus, pretty or ugly, unobtainable.

Her body isn't as young, or quite as firm as the school girls, he's seen before. But she doesn't really have any age lines. Or any flab, at least not that he can tell. In fact, he starts to think, her body isn't too bad at all.

Howard struggles for a second. He can't believe that

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any of the teachers in his school would know me. He knows Izzy and I didn't go to this school, either. So if one of his teachers knows me... He just assumes that she's not my "coffee buddy" from some morning cafe. Then he realizes he knows very little about me, so maybe I do know her from somewhere else. He hasn't even read my stories. About all he really knows, is that I write them, and I'm a friend of his friend's big sister. In college.

After a minute or so, it sinks into Howard that he's going to have to actually do the assignment. Not much choice, he decides. He still doesn't know if Felicia is my contact, or if his teacher left it for him. Which teacher will read it? He doesn't know. He doesn't know if Felicia will say a word to him. She may well collect his assignment and forward it to his teacher, or to me. It may not be read for a day or two. And if it's not done, then he'll never hear from me. So he starts working on it.

Felicia sits at her desk, casually watching all of the students. If she ignores the miscreants, there will be chaos in the room. She thinks little of her class. Her thoughts are almost entirely about Howard and her assignment to come. She wonders how Howard is going to react when he learns that his mom's only chance for a session will be right now. How his mom is going to react.

After about twenty minutes, the students start finishing their assignments. One by one, they bring it up to Felicia, shrug, hand it to her, and hurry off before she can read it. None are going to take the chance of her making them redo anything.

Howard puts some serious thought into his assignment. He's probably the only one who does, too. But it's a question that's surprisingly not easy for him to answer. The reasons are as many as they are varied and personal.

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On top of that, he's afraid that he's guessed wrong, and Felicia has no clue who I am. But that doesn't mean she won't read his assignment. Once he turns it in, it's beyond his control. It would be fatally embarrassing if he said too much, gave too much away, and Felicia didn't already know. It's a risk he won't dare to take.

Finally, Howard brings his paper up rather hesitantly. He hands it to Felicia even more hesitantly. Once Felicia takes his paper, Howard starts hurrying out of the room. Felicia takes a single glance at it. Just enough of one to know that he's done the assignment. "Howard, have a seat for a minute, please," Felicia says, her voice cutting through him.

Howard freezes in place. Then he very slowly turns around and returns to his seat. Now he won't even look at Felicia. Her voice was professional, detached. The same voice he imagines she uses when she's giving a lecture. The same voice she's used with all the others. There was nothing in it to cue him that she knows anything. Nothing the slightest bit sensual or erotic in it, either. Nor the faintest hint of a tease. Nothing that would tell him Felicia knows anything.

Howard was the next-to-last to finish. It's only a minute or two until the last student finishes. He turns his assignment in and leaves quickly. Felicia spends the time shuffling papers around, but not reading his essay. Letting him see that she's not reading it, too. And she completely ignores him. That just makes Howard wonder, and worry, even more about what she may want. Why she's making him stay.

Felicia gets up from her desk and circles around to Howard's. As she goes, Howard tries hard not to stare at her. She flips the lock on the classroom door, but Howard misses that. This late, no one will think twice about it

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being locked. If anyone tried it, they'd just assume Felicia had left for the day.

Felicia stands in front of his desk. For several seconds she says nothing. They're some of the most tense seconds of Howard's life. He knows she has something to say, and it's almost certainly about his assignment, but he has no clue what.

Finally, Felicia leans forward. All the way forward, which brings her face close to his. She rests her forearms on the desk, keeping them apart as she does. She looks him right in the eyes. "Your essay was a little bland, Howard," She tells him, adding just a hint of sugar to her voice. Not enough sugar for the teenager to pick up on it. She grins a little, too.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. White," He says cautiously.

"Have you read any of Ms. Rodger's works?" She asks.

"Yeah," He answers. And now he wonders if Felicia has read any of them. He still hasn't guessed that there's even a tiny chance that she is in the stories. Nor would he. He couldn't imagine that.

"You know that Ms. Rodgers requires that your mom has an escort to come to her playroom, are you willing to deliver her there?" She asks him.

"I guess... I could do that..." Howard hasn't really read any of my stories. He's glanced at one, for about 2 seconds. Reading was never his favorite thing. As far as he's concerned, they're just something his mom likes. So he hasn't read about the escorts. He has no clue what he's getting himself into. He only knows that if he says no, then his mom's chances take a nosedive.

Today Howard is wearing blue jeans. He almost

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always does. He never thought anything about it. He's still looking into Felicia's eyes, wondering just how well she knows me. Obviously well enough, which comes as a relief to him.

He doesn't notice Felicia shifting one hand. But he feels it the instant it touches him. She puts her hand to the soft bulge at the crotch of his jeans. Her hand strokes very slowly and tenderly over the spongy mound.

In about two seconds his cock has sprung to full hardness. Now the bulge in his pants isn't just a small soft mound. There's a definite tube-like steel under those jeans, lying against his pubes, pointing off toward his left hip.

"Uhm!" Howard purrs out sweetly before catching himself and muting it. He's surprised by how erotic, how teasing, and how good it feels. Felicia's fingers keep stroking his now-stiff cock, through the thick fabric. Howard is surprised that the fabric isn't dulling the tease very much.

Howard's eyes go wide. This he definitely never imagined. But it's happening. He's sitting at a desk in detention, and here's a bona fide teacher very sweetly teasing his cock. And doing a very good job of it. Her skill surprises him. He imagined that "older women" would have more skill than the girls he knows, but none of them could do anything close to this. They'd be far more fumbling, but still good enough to get his cock hard.

"Ms. Rodgers doesn't allow her playtoys to bring anything but their clothes to her playroom. Will you be a good son and make sure she doesn't?"

"Uh, yeah," Howard answers, not taking his eyes off Felicia's smiling face.

"That's what I wanted to hear..." Felicia adds a touch

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more sugar to her voice. Her fingers find his zipper and quickly, but casually, slip it down. Now her fingers slip into the open zipper. They find the now steely hard tube of his cock. Her fingers slowly stroke over it, now with only the thin cotton of his briefs between.

Howard purrs softly. To him, it feels as if his underwear isn't even there. As if he can feel the silky softness of Felicia's skin as her fingers dance lightly over the stiff shaft of his cock. The very sensitive shaft.

Still looking Howard in the eyes, Felicia licks her lips. "Toys are only allowed to wear a bra and panties, blouse and slacks, with shoes and socks. Nothing else. It would be your job to make sure she's properly dressed. Would you be a good son and do that for your mommy?"

"Yeah..." Howard purrs.

Felicia grins a little more. She thinks to herself how easy boys are. She wonders if Howard is putting any thought into his answers, or just saying what he thinks she wants to hear. What he hopes will get her to be more affectionate.

Felicia asks him to put his hands on the desk. He quickly does. It takes her about one second, and a deft flick of her fingers to nudge his steely hard cock out of his underwear. It stands up straight, almost reaching up to the bottom of the desk. She runs her fingertips over the now bare flesh of his stiff shaft.

Howard doesn't believe what's happening. He sits still, not wanting to do anything that might make her stop. "And there's one very big rule. You can't tell anyone, ever, about anything that happens during her session. Can you keep a secret?"

"Oh, yeah," Howard purrs.

Felicia wraps her fingers around his shaft, now holding it in a loose grip. She strokes it leisurely. Long, full

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strokes, too. Howard purrs very happily. He almost closes his eyes. But he doesn't. Instead, he takes another, even closer look at Felicia's face. He takes in how soft and delicate it is. Suddenly he notices how pretty she is, something he hadn't put much thought into before.

She keeps going for a few seconds. "And her session started ten minutes ago. So you can't tell anyone about this, either."

"I wouldn't anyway... Mrs. White..." Howard says rather firmly as if trying to reassure Felicia. His voice is starting to get fairly breathy as well. Already Felicia can feel the faint bumping as his cock starts jumping against her hand. She doesn't tighten her grip. She keeps it loose, his cock gliding through her hand as if greased. She thinks, "typical teenage boy, so eager!" Felicia slows down slightly to draw the tease out a little longer.

Felicia waits a few more seconds until she feels his hips starting to squirm as he sits. "We don't have much time..." Felicia laces a bit of a tease into her voice now. "Would you like to see my breasts?" Felicia keeps looking into his eyes as she asks in her honeyed voice. She keeps rhythmically stroking his cock, too.

"Hell yes... Mrs. White," He answers. He finally realizes that it sounds weird calling her Mrs. White, as he's always thought of her. A teacher! But he doesn't know her first name. Not even an initial. And she's not offering it.

"Then you have to be a very good student and keep those hands on your desk." Felicia ramps up the tease in her voice. She reaches up with her free hand and starts casually unbuttoning her blouse. Three buttons and it's hanging wide open. She's not wearing a bra, either. With her small breasts, she can get away without one. And without it being obvious that she's not wearing one.

Howard's eyes lock on her shapely, but small, pert mounds. He's slightly surprised to see just how small her

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breasts are. The first thing he notices about them is how well-rounded they are, in almost every way. As if they simply swell out from her flat, slightly narrow, chest. As small as they are, they leave about an inch of space between them forming a shallow, wide cleavage.

He notices that the skin on her mounds is milky white. It looks to be taut as well, and very soft. He wonders if her mounds will be soft, as he's always thought an older woman's would be, or if hers will be firm like a young woman's. They're certainly perky enough to be firm. He notices there's no sag to them. None at all.

But the first thing he notices is her nipples. Her rings are moderately light purple, roughly the size of quarters. Her nipples are a shade or two darker. They're fairly long, or at least look long atop those mounds. Maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ " long. Now they're standing up as hard as rocks. Their tips are mostly flat, leaving a defined rim at the top. In his eyes, those nipples are poking out just for him.

He stares. He wishes he could get his hands on them. He thinks about how stiff they'd feel. How much he'd love to squish her mounds and find out just how firmly spongy they are. He thinks about it but decides he'd better not. She might stop stroking his cock, and he's getting close enough that he definitely would hate that.

Felicia lets him stare. "They're beautiful," he tells her sweetly, his voice deeply breathy. Felicia wiggles her shoulders slightly, getting her mounds to jiggle a tiny bit. He watches happily.

"What I'd really like... is for you to bend me over my desk and give me that huge penis nice and hard. But we don't have time for that. Not now, anyway." Felicia bats her eyebrows, hinting at more to come later.

She keeps stroking his cock.

Howard keeps purring. He keeps squirming little

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fidgets as well. His cock keeps twitching against her hand, seemingly more powerfully with every stroke she takes.

She slips her phone out of her pocket. She doesn't stop stroking his cock as she asks Howard for his mother's number. She tells him that she's going to call "your mommy to come get her *very naughty* little boy out of detention." She adds a very heavy note of teasing to the "naughty" part.

She tells him that when his mother gets here, he can tell her that she can go meet Ms. Rodgers. Right now. Howard isn't really thinking, but he rattles off his mom's number. Felicia dials it.

Howard's mom quickly answers her phone. Felicia keeps stroking Howard's cock as she switches from her sultry/teasing voice back to her professional one. She tells Sylvia that "Howard was a bad boy in school today, and ended up in detention." She asks if Sylvia could come pick him up so that his teacher may have a word with her. Sylvia says she'll be right there.

As soon as the phone is hung up, Felicia is back to her mildly throaty sultry voice. She asks, and Howard tells her, that she has about ten minutes until his mom gets here. Maybe two more to get to the classroom. "That's plenty of time," Felicia tells him with a huge grin on her face.

Felicia tells him to turn sideways in his seat and sit on his hands. He wonders why, and what Felicia is going to do, but doesn't dare to ask. Or hesitate. Not while she's teasing him. Not now. Not with his cock already aching so strongly for relief. And not with him silently praying for Felicia to give him that relief.

Felicia drops to her knees in front of him. She stretches her mouth wide open. Then the tip of his cock is lying on her tongue, letting him feel the wet heat of her mouth. His cock head glides rather slowly over her tongue

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as her lips close around his shaft and she starts taking in more of his cock. And more.

Howard now stares down, disbelieving, and thrilled.

Like most of the guys he knows, he's had the occasional fantasy about a slutty teacher offering him something in a classroom. But until ten minutes ago, he'd always rather firmly believed that was the domain of fantasies and porno clips. He's not thinking about it now, but he knows that Felicia could get in big trouble for touching him, let alone doing anything more intimate. He'd never imagined any teacher would dare to risk it. Let alone a fairly cute one. One he doesn't even know. He stares down in disbelief, watching as more and more of his cock steadily creeps into her lips.

Howard feels those lips, pulled lightly taut around his shaft. He feels the ultra-soft silkiness of them. The delicate femininity of them. The wetness of her mouth beyond. The heat of her tongue as his cock glides almost too slowly over it.

Felicia keeps going. He feels the hard back of her mouth, as his cock bumps against it. He thinks that she's going to have to stop now, with maybe half of his cock in her mouth. It's more than anyone else has ever taken inside her mouth. And that hard back of her mouth isn't going anywhere. He thinks.

He doesn't notice Felicia crane her neck slightly. But he instantly notices as his cock slides along that hardness, quickly slipping into a wide, but steeply narrowing, funneling. He feels that funneling, a hard, firm, yet spongy, squeezing around the tip of his cock. At first, it's barely squeezing his cock head. But his cock is still moving, another fraction of an inch vanishing into Felicia's plump lips. And then another. Still very smoothly, as if this doesn't bother Felicia at all. With every little bit, the funneling narrows, and the squeeze tightens.

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It's not too much longer, a second or two until Howard feels the head of his cock pressing firmly against a rubbery solid wall. He feels the rubberiness as it gives slightly, bowing down as his cock is pushed more firmly against it. By now her mouth has funneled in and squeezes snugly around the head of his cock. Felicia has about 4½" of his shaft into her mouth.

Howard knows that this is it. There's just nowhere for his cock to go. It feels like a solid wall in front, and the tight squish around it tells him that there's nothing to the sides. He sits there, still sitting on his hands, purring loudly.

He can feel the pressure against the tip of his cock growing. He keeps staring down and watches as another fraction of an inch of his cock vanishes into Felicia's pink lips. Felicia never breaks her rhythm, she keeps inching his shaft through her lips at the same steady pace.

And then the wall in front of his cock is going. His cock is slipping forward again. This time into a rather pleasantly snug tube. Like strong rubber squeezing all around the tip of his cock. His cock glides easily into the tube, letting it snuggle more and more of his shaft.

And then Howard feels her soft lips bump against his pubes and balls. His eyes go wide. He stretches his neck to get a good view, just to see for himself. There isn't a speck of his cock visible anywhere. It's that instant he screeches "AH!" as he feels the soft tip of her delicate tongue flit across the top of his balls.

For a second Howard doesn't believe it. He never imagined any woman could do it like this. But then fiery sparks shoot through his cock. Another line of sparks starts in his balls. Both merge into one and shoot up his spine, shuddering his body crisply as they begin flowing out and filling every bit of him. He stares down, capturing the image of her plump lips flush against his pubes.

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Felicia reverses her stroke smoothly, seemingly never stopping her motion. She backs off, releasing all of his cock from her mouth. As the head emerges from between her lips, she wraps her hand around the spit-slickened shaft and starts stroking it again. She gives it the same very loose and tender grip. The same slow rhythm as she strokes his hungrily twitching shaft.

Felicia looks up to Howard. She licks her lips. In a voice that's pure sultry honey, she says "that penis is as delicious as it looks. Now I really want that penis pounding me... But we can't do that, at least not right now. We have to be ready for your mom..."

Felicia strokes his cock very slowly, keeping him close to climax, but not bringing him any closer. She makes him wait about ten seconds like that. "Do you want me to finish what I started?"

"Oh, hell yes, Mrs. White."

"Like this," Felicia bats her eyes, or do you want me to swallow that delicious penis so you can cum in my mouth and I can taste your sweet cream?"

"In your mouth, please Mrs. White," Howard answers in a voice that's pure horny hope.

"When your mommy gets here, we don't have much time." Felicia pauses for just a fraction of a second while her tongue swirls quickly over the very tip of his cock head. "I know she's very shy, but you're her escort, so you'll have to be a very big boy and make her do what she needs to do to get ready. Can you do that?"

"Yeah, I'll make sure she's ready..." Howard immediately tells Felicia what she wants to hear. What will get her to stop teasing him and finish this. What will get her to relieve the now throbbing ache in his hardness.

"That's good. We want Ms. Rodgers to be very happy. Maybe if we please her really well, she'll let me

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have what I really want. Do you know what I really want?"

"Uh... What's that?"

"I want every last inch of that giant manly penis pounding my bottom. Would you like to bend me over and take me that way?"

"FUCK YEAH!" Howard blurts out before he thinks.

Felicia lowers her lips again, putting them to the tip of his cock. She pauses. "Then we'd better make sure your mommy is ready when she gets there." Felicia resumes the blow job.

"OH, YES!" Howard purrs out loudly. He watches his cock vanish into her lips. He still doesn't believe she can swallow it all. Without even a hint of choking on it. He thinks of the school girl who gave him his first blow job. He thinks about how clumsy it was compared to this. How she didn't even have half of it before she was choking and sputtering. How she used her hand to stroke his cock as she did it, and that's what really brought him to climax. Her hand, not her mouth. Her mouth was just a hot and wet tease. But not Felicia. Felicia isn't touching his cock with anything but her mouth. She's moving smoothly. There's nothing clumsy about her technique. He now thinks that the hard wall and tight tube beyond must have been her throat. He feels his cock plunging into that sweet squeeze, again and again, wondering how she can do it, and not really caring. It only matters to him that she can. He thinks it must be experience. He decides that older women have a lot to offer. Especially ones like Felicia who still have firm breasts and curvy bodies. He wonders what she'd look like naked. He wonders for an instant if he's going to get to see for himself.

Then Howard stops thinking. He sits there doing nothing. He's just enjoying the sensations of her tight throat stroking his cock. He feels how unhurried she is. As if she doesn't care how long this takes. As if she wants

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nothing but for him to enjoy it. He purrs rather eagerly and urgently.

Now Howard figures out why Felicia made him sit on his hands. As slow as he's going, it's almost torture. His instincts tell him to hurry it along, to hurry up and cum. But it also feels incredible as she draws out the sex leading up to the relief. If he wasn't sitting on his hands, he'd be grabbing her head and trying to pull her along faster. Now he can't. He can only sit there and feel the intense tingles welling up more and more powerfully in his cock as it begs for release.

He doesn't last long. Just over a minute. Maybe fifteen strokes of Felicia's mouth. He cums with a loud, satisfied grunt. Felicia keeps going, leisurely sucking on his cock as it goes on spurting his cum into her mouth.

Felicia knows he's cumming. She can feel the sharp twitches as his cock bumps against the inside of her mouth. Sometimes, depending on how deeply into her the cock is, she can feel his hot sticky cream in her mouth and taste its saltiness. Other times she can just feel its heat clinging deep inside her.

When he's done, she slowly releases it. As she does, She presses her tongue firmly against the underside of it. Using it to milk the last drops of cum from his cock. And sucking them off the outside of his shaft. As it emerges from her lips, only a fine layer of her saliva clings to it.

Felicia looks up to him. She opens her mouth, letting him see his whitish cum clinging to the inside of her mouth. She licks her lips. She swallows. "You are so delicious, I wish I could have more of that sweet cream..." She opens her mouth again, letting him see that most of the cum is now gone. Swallowed. She doesn't spit a drop. She doesn't look disgusted by the taste. If anything, he thinks she loves it. She tucks his cock back in and zips his pants up.

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Felicia stands up. She fixes her blouse. Then she turns around and leans over, lifting up her black skirt and letting him see that she's wearing a black thong under it. Letting him see her rounded, slightly soft, but very shapely, globes. Bare globes. She wiggles her bottom. "That's where I want every last speck of that huge penis. And I want it hard..." Felicia drops her skirt. She steps over to the door and unlocks it. He didn't even notice her lock it.



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By the time Felicia has finished with Howard and they're back to looking their parts as teacher and student, it's only about three minutes before Sylvia is coming into the classroom. It's a good thing Felicia got the door unlocked, or else Sylvia might think something was going on. But as Sylvia steps in, there's nothing to see. Felicia is sitting at her desk, and Howard is in his, in the front row. He's still eyeing Felicia over, running through the unexpected events of the afternoon again and again in his mind. Remembering just how skilled, and sweet, Felicia is. How pert her body is, at least what of it he's seen. Those breasts are rather prominent in his mind.

As soon as Felicia sees Sylvia, the first thought she has is that I won't be disappointed with Sylvia. She's definitely not the prettiest mom, but she's attractive enough. She has a somewhat casual, blue-collar appearance to her as if she's a frequent Walmart shopper. It's about what Felicia would expect from a single mom here. Well enough off that she's not worried about paying her bills on time, but otherwise not going on shopping sprees either.

Sylvia looks to be an inch or two taller than Felicia, at about 5'6". Felicia guesses she's a few pounds heavier, too. Sylvia's body seems to be a bit fuller than Felicia's fairly lean body, but still rather curvy. And very busty. Felicia guesses that Sylvia is at least a D-cup. She guesses that Sylvia's breasts are going to be soft, as most larger ones are. She doubts that Howard has gotten a good look at them before, and wonders if he'll notice the differences between Sylvia's ample soft mounds and her small perky ones. Wonders which he'll prefer.

Sylvia crosses directly to Felicia's desk. She introduces herself as "Sylvia, Howard's mom," and asks what Howard did to get a detention - it's so unlike him. Sylvia is soft-spoken, almost hushed, and rather tentative as she asks. She looks at Felicia but avoids real eye

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contact as she does.

"I think it would be better if he told you himself," Felicia answers.

"Uh, Okay," Sylvia quietly answers, then immediately turns to Howard. Her voice loses the tentativeness and uncertainty as if she's no longer unsure of herself. As if she's comfortable with Howard. "What did you do?" She asks, her voice more tired than anything.

Felicia keeps her eyes on Howard. She smiles softly and bats her eyes to encourage him.

Howard hesitates for a moment. For the last minute or so, as much time as he had, he's been running a version of this speech through his head, rehearsing what he was going to say to his mom. He really wishes he'd had more time to come up with something better, but he didn't. He wishes Felicia, who obviously has no problems saying anything, would do it for him. But he's not even going to ask her. Not after the teasing she just gave. There's no way he's going to look weak or unsure of himself in front of her. He mostly wings it. "Mom... You've been wanting to meet Ms. Rodgers, and now you're going to."

Sylvia's face turns bright red. Her hands fly to her chest and hug herself. Her face shows utter surprise. And shock. A fair bit of horror, too. She says nothing. She starts to but ends up stuttering so badly that she never gets a word out.

Howard does as Felicia suggested. He steps close to her. He takes her hand. "You've read her stories, so you should know what to expect, Mom. I'm going to be your escort for tonight."

Howard takes a deep breath. He knows his mom is hating this. He can see it on her face. She's lost. She has no idea what to say or do. She starts shirking inward and pulling back slightly.

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"OK, Mom," Howard begins, trying to make his voice sound firm and confident. In reality, he sounds slightly bullying and demanding. But for an inexperienced teenager, he does decently. "I know you're going to hate this, but this is how it has to be. It's Ms. Rodger's rule, not mine, and it's not negotiable. You're going to take all your clothes off right here, right now, before you can go. So, get on with it, mom."

Sylvia hesitates for a second, trembling hard. "I can't!" she squeaks out in a voice so quiet and timid that Felicia barely hears it. And Felicia is only a few feet away. She's paying attention to the pair, as I asked her to, and Sylvia definitely notices that.

A thousand thoughts run through Sylvia's mind in well under a second. Mostly she wonders who this teacher is, and why she would be letting this happen in her classroom. She wonders if Felicia is a lesbian and eager to see her naked. And definitely, she thinks, Felicia has a better body than she does. Felicia is about the same age, too.

Then a thought suddenly pops into Sylvia's head. She wonders where it came from. It's from one of my stories. Another classroom scene, where a parent served detention. With a teacher supervising. A high school teacher. "Ohmygod!" Sylvia squeals, her voice just as hushed, now slightly fast, and very embarrassed. "You're 'Felicia,' aren't you?" "Felicia," being the "story name," the fake name I made up to hide the real bitch's identity, for a teacher who has popped up in a few of my stories.

Now Sylvia starts to panic. As she'd read the stories, she'd assume they were fictionalized, at the least. She thought maybe one of my toys was a teacher, it's a common enough occupation. But, as exciting as she found the idea of sitting in that detention, she never really thought it was fully real. She just couldn't believe that an actual teacher would do anything in her classroom, even

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without actual students present.

But now, she realizes that it was very real. She'd half wondered what school (there are 23 high schools in SW Alabama) "Felicia" worked at. I never hinted at it in any of the stories, but it is a fair bet that it's somewhere reasonably close to downtown Mobile. To locals, that means anywhere between Florida and Mississippi. Well, maybe not Orange Beach... She assumed, even if "Felicia" was a real teacher, the odds were slim that she'd ever meet her.

And now, Sylvia thinks, here I am standing in front of her. Which means far more than that the story was real. It means that Felicia is going to let this happen. Here. Now. Sylvia blushes even more deeply as that sinks in. She trembles more visibly as well. She cringes harder. And then she feels the hot wetness start soaking into her panties.

"Please, Howard, I can't undress here!" Sylvia pleads rather urgently, her voice still squeaky and hushed. "I can't undress in front of you and her! Please, don't ask me to do it here..."

Sylvia shifts her eyes to Felicia for an instant. "Mrs. White, is your name Felicia?" She asks rather hesitantly, a slightly hopeful note in her voice. As if hoping for Felicia to at least confirm her guess. To confirm that she knows me. That this isn't a first for her, too.

"No," Felicia says with a faint tease in her voice. "But that's what Ms. Rodgers calls me in her stories. Well, that or 'Miss Bitch' when I'm teaching a 'class.'" Felicia would bet anything, now that Howard knows her nickname, that the first chance he gets, he's going to be calling her "Miss Bitch." She also knows that she's going to politely answer to it. I demand it. She just prays that Howard will be smart enough not to use it in front of anyone else. At least after the talk, she knows I'll have for him.

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Felicia glances at the clock. Howard catches the message, that time is short. He doesn't know when they're expected. He assumes that Felicia knows something he doesn't. She seems to. "Mom," Howard says again, glaring hard at Sylvia, "You have to."

"PLEASE, Howard, I can't!" Sylvia squeaks out in a voice that's pure begging. She hugs herself very tightly now. But she doesn't try to leave. She doesn't demand that Howard leave. She doesn't scream out for the security guard. She stands there, blushing and trembling, and pleading with Howard not to make her strip.

Howard takes a deep breath. He knows his mom well enough. He knows how shy she is. He figured she'd balk. That she'd plead with him for mercy - mercy meaning to take her without making her strip first. He asked Felicia for some advice. Felicia told him what she thought I would say to Sylvia. Now Howard recites the line he was given. "Mom, I'm not asking. You are going to undress now, and you are going to go meet Ms. Rodgers. I'm not going to tell you again. Take all your clothes off and give them to me, or so help me G-d, if you do anything but say 'Yes, Sir' and start stripping, I will rip those clothes off your body right here. Now take your clothes off, Sylvia Renee!"

Sylvia gasps. She trembles violently. She glares at Howard, seeing the hardness on his face. It's the same face he uses when he's bullying the nerds. And it works just as well on his mom. She starts crying softly.

Sylvia realizes then that Howard is serious. Her choices actually might be limited to taking her clothes off or having them ripped from her body. That no matter what else happens, she's soon going to be standing very naked in front of her son and his teacher.

Sylvia thinks about how utterly humiliating and embarrassing that's going to be. She thinks about how badly she's wanted to come for a session. Of all the things

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she's imagined, many of them involving her on her knees in front of me, a few more with her over my knees, never did anything close to this enter her mind. Even when she knew that her son was working his friends for an introduction, because she was too modest to write me and introduce herself, she never thought that he'd get one. Never could have imagined that it would begin like this. With him... knowing, much less involved. With her standing in her son's school, a teacher watching as she was ordered to strip.

For about a second, Sylvia stands frozen. Then the thought floods her brain that she's really going to do it. She's going to strip in front of her son and a stranger. She's going to let both of them see her naked body. That she has to because she's not being given a choice. She very reluctantly begins to move. The instant she does, reaching down to get to her shoes, the thing she least minds taking off, she feels a sudden explosion of heat between her legs. There! She feels a zillion icy-hot sparks shoot through her pussy and up her spine, racking her body into a violently hard shudder. She feels a flood of wetness soaking into her panties. She moves a fraction of an inch further. Her pussy throbs intensely. So much so that she blurts out a throaty moan. And then she feels the hard twitches in her pussy. Her panties have got to be soaked after that. She cries out "UH!" trying hard to mute it. She knows that she almost came. She tells herself that she's going to have to work very hard to make sure that she doesn't as she strips. That would just be far too embarrassing to survive.

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia says in the mousiest voice Howard has ever heard. It's so hushed that Felicia doesn't really hear it. Howard barely does.

Sylvia starts pulling her shoe from her foot. She thinks that no decent woman would do this. Only the most shameless of sluts would even consider stripping in her

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son's school. Or stripping in front of a complete stranger. A stranger who didn't even tell Sylvia her name when Sylvia asked. Sylvia still only knows Felicia as "Mrs. White," a teacher. In Sylvia's mind, that places Felicia a rung above her.

To Howard, Sylvia looks to be about the same age as Felicia. He knows that his mom is 38, so he assumes that Felicia is about the same. As he thinks about that, he decides if anything, Felicia might be a tad younger. Maybe 36 or so. Her body is still shapely and fit enough, and the lack of age lines on her face hints at it. He doesn't think that Felicia could actually be older than Sylvia. But she is. Felicia is 41. Three years older than Sylvia.

Sylvia's face is fairly ovalish. It's moderately on the full side as well, but not unpleasantly so. Just enough to round out any lines her face might have, such as at her chin. To soften her features a little. Her face is framed with medium-long straight brown hair that Howard deems "medium brown," as compared to Felicia's black hair. Sylvia's is just long enough to hang down to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. She has a slightly long, and narrow, nose over a medium-wide mouth framed with fine, light pink, lips. Sylvia has slightly thick brows over brilliant green eyes. And Sylvia has the beginnings of faint age lines at the corners of her eyes, but nowhere else. It's one of the features that make Howard suspect that Sylvia might have a couple of years on Felicia. Overall, it gives Sylvia a fairly attractive face. More so when she smiles.

To Howard, Sylvia has always been "mom." He's never really thought of her as a woman before, much less thought about her having the needs women have. Or thought about how anyone else, anyone objective, would see her. He decides, if she wasn't his mom, she'd be cute enough for him.

Sylvia gets her sneakers and socks off fairly easily. Easily as in without her modesty interfering. After all, it

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only shows her bare feet, and that's a sight Howard has probably seen enough of in his life to draw a picture of as detailed as any photograph would be. She doesn't even really mind Felicia seeing her feet. At least not until she feels the slight roughness of the industrial carpet under her feet. That cheap carpeting that institutions, like schools, love to buy. It reminds her and ensures that she can't put out of her mind, that she's in a classroom.

As that thought floods her mind, that her bare feet are now on the floor of the classroom, a classroom that less than an hour ago her son was studying in and one where tomorrow this teacher is going to be teaching classes of 20-25 students, Sylvia tries hard to push it from her mind. She can't. Her eyes lose focus as she tries not to see Howard watching her, and beyond that maps of the world covering the walls. Maps of the world at various stages of history. She's staring at one that depicts the Roman empire at its apex. Another thing that won't let her forget she's really in a classroom.

She can't get those thoughts from her mind. The harder she tries, the more she feels the burning heat in her pussy throbbing. She finally stops trying. She feels herself cringing in shame and horror. As she does, her muscles tensing, she feels another wave of icy-hot sparks shooting from her pussy and shuddering her body violently. She quickly starts thinking about being in a classroom again. It doesn't help. Now her pussy is twitching away as it burns.

Now Sylvia has just her blouse, jeans, and underwear left covering her body. She cringes as she realizes that whatever she takes off is going to show more than she's comfortable showing. She hesitates for a second, considering which would be less embarrassing to take off next. Her blouse, which would reveal her bra and entire upper body, or her jeans. Will the tail of her blouse hang down enough to cover her bottom? She imagines both choices. Howard and Felicia staring at her, seeing some of

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her body. She cringes even more, and her blush deeps another shade to full beet-red. She feels those tingles flowing through her pussy, too.

Sylvia decides to take her shirt off next. Really she decides that she can't take the chance of it covering her bottom. If it didn't, what would Felicia think of her! It would far too slutty, and seem like Sylvia was eager to show off her bottom when she's anything but. Instead, she's wishing she didn't have to, and holding out the flimsiest of hopes that Howard will stop this before she's completely naked.

She starts unbuttoning it. She thinks about trying to turn away from Howard so that at least he gets only an oblique view of her bra-clad breasts. But she can't. Any move away from Howard's sight line is toward Felicia's. Sylvia, given the choice, would prefer to bare her body to Howard. At least, she thinks, he probably doesn't want to see it. Doesn't really care what she looks like.

Sylvia is far less sure about Felicia. Now that she knows this is the "Felicia" she's read about, she knows that Felicia has had sex with women and men. Thus, Sylvia assumes, Felicia must be attracted to both. Otherwise, why would she have done anything with a woman? Which, Sylvia assumes, means there's a fair chance that Felicia is looking on her naked body lustfully.

Sylvia can't imagine being with a woman. Spanked, even touched, she knows she could live with. But not "going all the way." She can't imagine doing that. She thinks it would be disgusting. And then an image floods her mind. The image of Felicia's pussy, with a very well-trimmed bush and long lips. Sopping wet lips, a light pinkness, and a hard swollen clit. Of me, shoving her head down, pushing her lips so firmly against Felicia's mound that the taste of Felicia floods her mouth. She only guesses that the taste will be somewhat like a man's. Hot, sticky, clinging to her, a faint saltiness. She almost feels

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Felicia's lean legs clamping powerfully around her head, holding it there, as Felicia screeches out in her girly voice. That taste flooding her mouth. Felicia's intimate scent flooding her nostrils. Sylvia's pussy spasms hard. She feels the dollop of honey pushed quickly from her snapping tunnel, through her loose lips and folds, almost splattering against the snug cotton of her panties. She shudders so hard that Howard sees it. He hears her moan out faintly, too. Sylvia prays that neither of them noticed.

Now Sylvia is standing before Howard in her jeans and bra. Not the bra she would have chosen for this, either. This one isn't one of her two sexy ones. But that's not what she would have chosen. She would have picked the most modest one she owns. One of the several that would cover everything. This one is light green. It has full cups that almost completely cover her ample mounds. It has a wide strap around her back with a triple hook, as all bras this size do. It has a pair of ribbons at the center, joining the cups together. It has narrow, brightly glowing, ribbon-like straps over her shoulders. And it has a thick wire under the cups to hold her mounds up. To make them look a little bigger and firmer. It leaves a small, but noticeable, slice of cleavage visible at the top. A tiny slice where the moderately loose skin of her mounds is fully bared.

Sylvia imagines that both Howard and Felicia are now staring at that slice of cleavage, even though Felicia is behind her and couldn't see without x-ray vision. She just knows that both are noticing the slight looseness of her skin there.

Then she remembers that she's showing far more than her bra. Her entire chest is bare as well. Fully bare. Now both can see her shoulders. Hers aren't exactly lean, at least not so lean as to show the lines of her collarbones. They have just enough body fat over those bones to soften her shoulders and round them out nicely. Her sides are

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straight at her chest, then curving inward a bit at her waist before flowing out to her hips. Her stomach isn't flat as she wishes it were. It puffs out slightly with a few extra pounds left over from her pregnancy. Pounds she never could seem to manage to lose. Not so much so that her stomach sags or hangs, but enough for it to be noticeable. Enough for her skin to be slightly loose there, too, and its elasticity starting to fade.

For a few seconds, Sylvia wonders if, now that Felicia can see some of her body, if Felicia will deem her too big, or not pretty enough, for me. If she'll be sent away before meeting me. That, she knows, would be too humiliating. She'd never get over that.

Sylvia fidgets energetically on her feet as she holds her blouse out to Howard. Sylvia could see that his eyes were on her blouse. But she imagines them locked on her breasts. As if all guys are drawn to them. Despite the bra still fully covering them.

"AH!" Sylvia gasps, for the first time her voice rising above a whisper, as her body shudders hard and she feels her pussy twitching again. "UH!" She blushes a bit deeper. As she imagined Howard staring at her breasts, it drew her mind's attention to her mounds. She prayed they were covered. But then she felt the fabric of them pressing hard against her nipples. Her very hard and swollen nipples. Nipples that are long enough to poke out the fabric of her bra and be so very visible through the thin cups. Nipples that ache now from the over-stiffness of them, letting her know without seeing, that her nipples are standing out for Howard and Felicia to see.

Now Sylvia knows that she has to take her jeans off next. The only other choice would be her bra, and at least the jeans will leave her panties to somewhat hide her bottom. The bra would leave her naked as the day she was born from the waist up. She starts unbuttoning them and inching them slowly down her hips as if they were skin-

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tight. They're not, they loose enough to hide her shape.

As they slip down, they show Sylvia's legs. There might be a few extra pounds on her thighs, Howard thinks, but those legs are still shapely. He wonders why his mom doesn't wear tighter jeans and flaunt them, as the girls in school would. They're shapely enough. There's no flab on them. Not even much looseness to the skin. He can even make out the muscles in her calves. There's just enough there to round everything out and smooth it over.

Sylvia isn't thinking about her legs. She could stand for Howard to see those. He has before. She's thinking of her panties. And wishing that she'd chosen about any other pair that she owns to wear today. These are "slutty" in her mind. There's a lacy triangle in the front, covering her pubes. There are inch-wide bands around her hips. There's is a solid swath of fabric to cover her pussy mound, and about the bottom half of her crack. But mostly the back of them is sheer and see-through. Very see-through, offering an almost unhindered view of the top of her crack and most of her globes.

Sylvia tries hard to push the thought from her head, but can't. She knows Felicia is standing behind her. She imagines Felicia staring at her bottom. She imagines that Felicia finds her bottom fat. She knows that both Howard and Felicia should be able to see the fringes of her untrimmed bush as the hairs poke out around the edges of her panties. She would have trimmed those, had she imagined any possible way anyone might actually see her in her panties today. But it's been a while since that has been a possibility for her. And now, here she is, being seen again. She wonders if Felicia is going to say something about her unruly bush. Something that would utterly humiliate her.

Howard takes her jeans. "You're doing good, mom," he tells her trying to reassure her. "Let me have that bra now, mom."

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Sylvia cringes hard. It's what she would have given him next anyway. But she was holding out the hope that Howard wouldn't make her take her underwear off. A hope he just dashed. Now Sylvia can't pretend that Felicia and Howard aren't going to see her bare breasts.

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia mutters under her breath, every bit of squeakiness back as her voice hushes again. She reaches behind her back and unclips the straps. The straps fall to her sides. Her mounds begin to lower a bit, but the cups stay in place covering them. Sylvia's arm flies over her chest. It's the first fast movement she's made today. Her arm quickly clamps across her chest, directly atop her mounds. Directly atop the tips of her mounds. She hugs it tightly to her body. She cringes hard and shudders as she feels her steely hard nipples poking against her arms. As she thinks about Howard and Felicia having seen them long ago.

Sylvia takes a minute to reluctantly work the cups off her mounds, and the straps off her shoulders, without revealing anything. Well, hiding as much as her arm can. Her forearm isn't thick enough to cover her mounds. She can cover her nipples and rings, and some of her mounds. But now more of her spongy soft mounds can be seen squishing out under her arm. She very reluctantly hands her bra to Howard.

Sylvia stands frozen and trembling hard now. She imagines herself naked in front of these two. She imagines both of them staring at her dark bush and bottom. A bottom she considers to be flabby. She imagines handing her soaking wet panties to Howard, and him noticing the wetness. She imagines them mocking her, joking about how sloppy wet Sylvia is. How she wet her panties just stripping. She wonders if her bush is dense enough to really hide her pussy or not. She prays that it is. She blushes deeper at just the thought of them seeing her pussy closely. She imagines Felicia eyeing it as a man

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would.

Sylvia tries her hardest to push those thoughts from her mind. She can't. They refuse to leave. She feels her pussy twitching more sharply than ever before. She feels the wetness steadily oozing from her slit, and now having nowhere to go with her panties already soaked. She feels her nipples throbbing against the inside of her arm. She feels the tingles in her pussy, sharpening lightning fast, and flowing out to fill her body. She feels the fiery heat blooming in her pussy, too. She almost starts to reach for her panties with her free hand. The tiny movement sends a fresh wave of icy-hot chills flooding her body and shuddering her wildly. She cries out a squeaky and throaty "UH..MM!" as she does. Now she's afraid to move. She's afraid that pulling her panties down will move her body too much and she'll cum.

"Mom," Howard finally tells her in his bully voice. "Do I have to snatch those panties off of you? I want them in my hand now." He holds his hand out.

"PLEASE, Howard, show me a tiny bit of mercy. May I please let me keep my undies on..."

"Nope," Howard says. "In my hand, now, mom. Or I'm going to take them. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1.." Howard counts down.

"UH-MM!" Sylvia cries out loudly, shuddering hard. She tenses, making her tremble harder, as she quickly slides her panties off her hips. She tries to keep her arm in front of the center of her pubes as she does but mostly fails. The only other way to hide her pussy is to reveal her breasts. Instead, she opts for speed. She quickly drops her panties in Howard's waiting hand. Then her hand flies back to her pussy so fast that Howard almost can't see it move. She puts the top half of her fingers over her mound, covering most of it from a frontal view, and her palm up over the center of her bush to block about $\frac{3}{4}$ of her pubes from sight. She tenses, hugging herself firmly, and stands

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like that. She crosses her legs as well. Anything she can think to do to hide her most intimate places from immodest display.

Howard has Sylvia's clothes casually heaped on the desk beside him. He tells Sylvia to take one step back. She does, shuffling her feet with the smallest of steps. So small of a step that he has to make her take another to equal a full step. She keeps her legs crossed, and her arms clamped over her body, as she does. It puts her about in the center of the space between the student desks and Felicia's desk, where Felicia is casually waiting on Howard. It also puts her clothes beyond her reach.

Howard noticed how quickly Sylvia undressed when he repeated Felicia's line. She immediately stopped begging and started doing as she was told. He doesn't know why that worked but makes a mental note of it for future use. He decides Felicia's advice might not be so bad. "Mom, you are going to show me every last bit of your body. It's my job now to make sure you have nothing. Then I will decide which of these clothes you may wear to see Her. The longer you stand here and argue about it, the longer you are naked. Now, spread your feet wide, and hold your arms out to your sides, and if you know what's good for you, you won't make me make you do it."

Sylvia cries softly. She blushes so red that it's not just her face, but her shoulders up. She cringes. And she stands as directed. Her eyes silently plead for Howard to hurry up.

Sylvia is acutely aware that every last bit of her nakedness is now on very immodest display to Howard and Felicia. No matter how much Sylvia wants to hide what she considers an unworthy body, she can't. She's not allowed to. Howard is demanding that she show off her embarrassment. Her nakedness, as if it were something to be proud of.

Sylvia stands trembling in front of Howard. She shifts

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her eyes downward, staring at his feet so she doesn't have to see his eyes looking at her. She tries hard not to think about Felicia behind her. She can't see or hear anything, but she's certain that Felicia is staring at her backside, seeing her bare bottom, probably with a harshly appraising eye. She can't get that thought out of her mind. Nor can she get it out of her mind that Howard is looking. After about half of a second, she wonders what's taking Howard so long. She wonders what he's thinking of the body he's seeing, but doesn't really want to see.

As Sylvia stands there in silence, not daring to look up and see what Howard is doing, she feels Howard's glare. And she feels the already fiery heat in her pussy burning hotter. She's read enough of my stories to have read things like this before. To know that I'd demand an escort strip his charge before bringing her. Why trust her to dress properly when he could just look? But by now it's been at least a second, and surely that's plenty long enough for Howard to see that she's naked. She wonders why Howard isn't giving her clothes back yet. Why he's making her stand like this, fully displayed, and just... stand there. Waiting naked like a cheap whore, cringing and blushing.

Howard starts his inspection. He tells her to stretch her mouth open wide. Sylvia obeys. It makes her bring her head up, too, as Howard looks into her gaping jaws. And that makes her see Howard staring back at her. Luckily for her, Howard is rather quick. To him there's nothing to see. It really doesn't matter, as long as Sylvia knows that he's actually looked. That she won't be keeping any modesty.

It doesn't take Howard by a second or so to glance over her shoulders and arms. It brings him down to her breasts. Howard would skip this part if he could. But there's no way he's going to in front of Felicia. Not after that teasing. Felicia told him what he had to do, and he's going to do it. He's not going to look wimpy in front of

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Felicia.

“Mom, I have to see all of your body. That includes the underside of your boobs, so I’m going to have to lift them. Stand still so we only have to do this once.” Howard uses his bully voice. It worked last time. He hopes it will this time as well.

Sylvia still trembles hard, and a few tears roll down her cheeks. But she doesn’t move. She doesn’t even pull away as Howard’s hands reach for her chest.

Sylvia’s breasts are huge. They rise off her chest like giant melons, angling down as their weight pulls them down and back to lie against her chest. They’re fairly well-rounded in every direction. But they have a deep crease at their undersides. Her nipples still seem to point almost straight out at Howard, angling only slightly to the outsides, not down. They look like they’re going to be soft.

Atop each pale white mound, Sylvia has a quarter-sized ring of light pink. Howard can’t help but to notice that Sylvia’s rings are roughly the same size as Felicia’s, only as light as Felicia’s are deep. Sylvia has moderately long nipples centered in each. Nipples that are the same shade of light pink. Nipples that are slightly on the wide side, with tips more rounded than flat. Nipples that rise off her mounds like the tips of pinkie fingers almost. Nipples that are pulled up tight and steely hard.

Howard uses the backs of his hands. He puts them gently to the underside of Sylvia’s full mounds. As the backs of his fingers touch the undersides of her mounds, he can’t help but notice how delicate her skin feels there. Or how spongy and soft those mounds feel as he starts lifting them up and his fingers press into the bottoms of those mounds.

Sylvia feels his less delicate skin against her breasts. He’s not teasing her, or even trying to touch them. Merely to lift them. But that doesn’t stop her from feeling his skin.

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From feeling its manliness. Or the rather casual way in which he quickly pushes the undersides up, lifting her heavy mounds up, stretching out the crease underneath of them, and exposing a part of her breasts that Sylvia can't remember the last time anyone saw.

Sylvia shudders. She grits her teeth hard to keep from letting a moan out. Her shudder is small but crisp, like a hard shiver. And she knows Howard feels it. It's just enough to wiggle her mounds atop his hands. She feels a couple of twitches in her pussy as well, but she's sure she hid those.

Howard gently eases her breasts back down. It takes him a second. A second Sylvia spends dwelling on the softness of her breasts and how Howard must think of them as flabby. Not the kind of breasts a man like him would enjoy, Sylvia thinks.

Howard tries hard to do his job properly. Mostly because he knows Felicia is watching and he's not going to disappoint her. He goes somewhat slowly, taking a few seconds for his eyes to get down to Sylvia's pubes.

Sylvia refuses to watch him. She doesn't think she has to. She can feel his eyes upon her nakedness. She feels his gaze linger on her pubes for far longer than it does, too. She frets that he must be thinking her pubes to be about the ugliest he's ever seen. She knows her bush is untrimmed today. She knows it must look like a mess, tangles of long dark hairs all twisted up. Uneven lines, hairs flowing into the creases of her thighs, and probably a few onto her thighs as well. She wonders if her fur is dense enough to hide the mound of her pussy. She prays that it is. More so because she knows she's a sloppy mess. She felt her panties getting soaked. Her mound has to be just as wet and aromatic.

About the time Sylvia thinks Howard is done gawking at her bush, Howard is done with her front side. He stands back up. He puts his hand under Sylvia's chin and nudges

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her head so that she's looking directly at him. "Now you're going to show me your backside, mom. Keep your hands stretched out, feet spread wide like they are, and turn around so that you're facing Mrs. White. Unless you'd prefer we start over and try again until you do as you're told, mom."

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia squeaks out again in her very demure, hushed, and modest voice. She keeps her hands out. Her feet are a little more problematic for her, but she manages to turn around, albeit very slowly, while keeping her feet decently open.

Now Howard has a good view of her backside. Sylvia puts that out of her mind for a moment. Instead, she's focused on Felicia. Felicia who's sitting at her desk comfortably, almost reclining back, but also very openly staring at Sylvia's body. Now staring at the front of Sylvia's body. Sylvia's already convinced herself that Felicia disapproves of Sylvia's body. Sylvia imagines Felicia thinking about how floppy Sylvia's breasts are now that she has a good view of them. It makes Sylvia want to hug her arm over her chest and hide them even more. It makes Sylvia's pussy burn just a touch hotter, too. And that, Sylvia, hates more than anything else.

Howard's eyes quickly drift down Sylvia's back. There's nothing much to see there. Just a bare back. He does note that even from this view, there's no real fat or flab on Sylvia's body. Her feminine curve is obvious as well.

And then his eyes get down to her bottom. He doesn't tell her, and she can't see. She just stands there, quivering and shirking inward, praying for Howard to get done.

Howard decides that Felicia's bottom will be nicer. Not that Sylvia's is bad. Her globes are moderately full, but still, have a fair bit of rounding to them. They do have

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that rounded curve at the bottom, where her cheeks arc inward to meet her thighs. They're full enough that their inside edges are flush and snug against each other, fully closing off all but the very top of her crack. Her cheeks have a little bit of softness to them, as well. Just enough that the tips of those globes start to flatten and lose their roundness, but not so much that her cheeks hang or sag.

"Mom, I am going to pull your butt apart so I can see everything. You are going to stand still, or we'll just start all over again and next time I get this far along, maybe you'll hold still instead of doing it over and over again. Got it, mom?"

"Yes, Sir!!!" Sylvia starts to answer in her squeaky hushed voice. But before she finishes, she feels his hands on the inside of her globes, almost to her crack. She feels the slight manly roughness of his fingers. She feels the rather manly firmness of his grip. Hard, but not uncomfortably so. All against the very tender, very neglected, flesh of her bottom. Her bare bottom, she thinks!

Sylvia feels his hand, just short of roughly, pulling her globes wide apart. He's not making any concessions to her modesty. Instead, he's fully revealing her crack. Sylvia shudders hard as all of that floods her mind. Then a single thought floods her mind, that Howard is looking into the crack of her bottom, seeing her "dirtiest" and most disgusting, place. That he doesn't seem to be thinking about how this must feel for Sylvia, either. Only that he has to do it before taking her to my place, so he's doing it whether she wants him to or hates him for it. That thought sends a few very sharp twitches through her fiery pussy.

Then, after two seconds that feel like a few eons to Sylvia, Howard releases her cheeks. About five seconds later, he's making her lift one foot after the other and show him the bottoms of her feet. Wiggle her toes, too. Sylvia decides then that Howard has done a good job. There's

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absolutely nowhere Sylvia could have anything he wouldn't have seen.

Instead, Sylvia shudders hard as she hears Howard tell her that now she has to bend over. With her feet still wide apart. He doesn't tell her why. Just that he "Has to see the last of her body before he can take her." He adds another reminder that disobedience will just make them start over. He doesn't have to tell her that he'll do everything just as thoroughly again, including her breasts and pubes, places Sylvia thinks he's done with.

But she's not so naive that she doesn't know exactly what Howard is going to be looking at this time. There's not much of her body he hasn't seen. Or much that would necessitate her bending over with her legs wide open. She does it anyway, blushing very deeply and cringing as she thinks about it.

All Sylvia can think of is how messy, how wet, her pussy is. That Howard is going to be seeing it just like that. A total slutty mess. She prays that it won't disgust him too much. She's given up praying for him not to be thorough. She quivers hard as she leans.

Felicia is glaring hard at Sylvia. Before Howard can move it along, Felicia snaps in a soft, but firm voice, "Are you always such a rude little bitch, Sylvia, or just to your very sweet son when he's doing a huge favor for you?" Felicia shoots Sylvia a very scathing look. "Try being a polite little bitch. It's the least you can do for your son while he's doing so much for you. Say 'here is this bitch's vulva, Sir. Thank you for being so nice as to inspect my slutty vulva so that I may meet Miss Rodgers, Sir.'"

Sylvia cries softly as her blush seems to deepen. She repeats the line she was given, now her voice faintly breaking with her embarrassed sobs. Her voice far more hushed and shamed. And even more erotically charged with urgency now.

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Sylvia imagines that Howard is staring directly at her pussy mound as she's repeating the line. She imagines his eyes locked not on her long, narrow lips with the dense layer of fur covering them, but on the fine line of her slit between them. The light pink line where the tips of her inner folds barely rise into her narrow slit. The slit that must be soaking wet. She wonders just what she looks like now. How sloppy and slutty she looks to Howard.

Howard doesn't miss the wetness. It's impossible to. Her slit is sparkling brightly with a thick coating of it. Her fur is soaked with it. There's even a touch of it in the creases of her thighs.

Howard doesn't hesitate. Nor does he dally. He's going as quickly as he can and still see everything. Or at least glimpse it. He spent far longer like this than he planned to because Felicia made her say those slutty things. Then again, he decides, it was rather humble and polite of Sylvia to thank him. That, he thinks, he likes. He just wishes it was someone other than his mom saying it. Like Felicia. Sylvia's pussy is about the one pussy he doesn't want to see.

"Mom, I have to open you for just a sec. Just stand still and it'll be quick, OK?"

"And remember your manners, bitch," Felicia adds.

Howard gingerly puts the tips of his fingers to the wet edges of her lips. He feels her fiery heat. The wetness is still rather hot. And very slippery, making it hard for him to get a grip on those lips. Even with the fur on them. It takes a try or two, but he manages to get the edges of them pinched between his fingers and pulled wide open to expose her pinkness.

"Here is this bitch's vagina and clitoris, Sir. Thank you for being so kind as to inspect my slutty vagina and clitoris so that I may meet Miss Rodgers, Sir," Sylvia obediently thanks him again.

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Slutty is right, Howard thinks to himself. Her pinkness is flushed hot, almost glowing red. Everything is covered with a huge thick layer of her honey. Her intimate muskiness wafts prominently from the wetness. But what makes it slutty is her pea-sized clit. That's standing up proudly, so swollen that it looks deep purple now, and throbbing so hard that he can see it pounding away. That's a sight he's never seen before. He thinks that Sylvia has got to be very aroused for her clit to be so ready. And so far, no one has really touched her. After about two seconds, he lets go of her lips, letting them cover her pinkness.

"Mom, now I have to open your cheeks again. There's one more piece of you that I have to see before I'm done. Stay still, and be polite." He adds the part about being polite, figuring that Felicia wants Sylvia to be and if he doesn't tell her to be, Felicia will. He wants to impress Felicia.

He quickly puts his hands back to Sylvia's bottom and pulls her cheeks wide apart. As he was instructed this time he makes sure to stretch her crack as wide as it will go. To pull the deep purple flesh around her asshole moderately taut, drawing out most of the wrinkles lining it.

"Here is this bitch's anus, Sir..." Now Sylvia's voice breaks a little heavier with the sobs and carries at least twice the shame it has before. It's very hushed and squeaky, too. "Thank you for being so kind as to inspect my... filthy anus for me, Sir, so that I can go meet Miss Rodgers, Sir..."

Howard notices a slightly deeper humility to her thanks this time. A grin on Felicia's face tells Howard that she noticed it, too.

"When you get to Ms. Rodger's, she's going to check inside your butt, too. I'll bet you're just going to love her

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finger all the way up your tight little ass, mom. It's a good thing that it's clean for Her... Maybe she'll take her time and poke around up there really well." Howard tells Sylvia, following an instruction Felicia gave him.

Howard sees the effect that has on Sylvia. He feels her body tense. He sees her asshole squeeze its tightest, and then start spasming sharply. He feels the crisp tremors flow through her body. He even sees that the tremors are strong enough to lightly jiggle Sylvia's breasts. He hears her moan a needy and erotic "UH-MM!" as she shudders, too. He knows right then that his words are prophetic. Sylvia is going to like it. A lot.

"Oh look at that bitch slut around!" Felicia teasingly calls out to Howard. It's nothing Howard didn't notice. Pulled wide open, Sylvia's asshole looks like a steep funnel of deep purple flowing into a tiny, tight pinprick of black at the center. Only now the sides of that funnel are twitching powerfully.

"This bitch is looking forward to Miss Rodgers poking around in her rectum!" Felicia tells Howard. Then something on her face implores Howard to ask Sylvia.

Howard cringes slightly. Mostly because he already knows the answer and doesn't want to hear Sylvia say it. But he takes his silent cue. "Is that true... bitch? Do you want Miss Rodgers to stick her finger up your tight ass and poke around like you're some skank?"

"Yes, Sir..." Sylvia barely squeaks out.

"Yes, Sir, what, bitch?" Felicia firmly scolds.

"Yes, Sir, I want Miss Rodgers to stick her finger up my butt and probe around up inside there, Sir." Sylvia cries as she confesses. She feels her pussy twitching more sharply with every word, too. The fire in her burning hotter and hotter.

Felicia subtly cues Howard not to stop the verbal

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teasing. It takes Howard a second to think of something to say. Finally, he asks her "I'll bet you really wish that my finger was up that ass poking around right now, don't you, bitch? Are you really that shameless, bitch? Do you want me to shove my finger up your tight ass, bitch?"

Howard gets about halfway through it. The instant Sylvia hears the words, his finger in her bottom, her pussy spasms harder than it ever has before. So hard that it pushes a thick dollop of her gooey honey right out of her tunnel and through her lips. Howard sees the big gob get stuck in her fur and just hang there, ready to drop. He sees the faint quivers of her lips atop Sylvia's throbbing clit as well.

"Yes, Sir... I'm that slutty of a bitch, Sir... I'd love to feel your strong finger shoved up my tight butt right now, Sir." Sylvia very shamefully confesses. Please don't do that to me, Sir!!!" Sylvia suddenly blurts out in a very squeaky, urgently begging voice. A very nervous voice.

"Why not, Bitch? You'd love my finger shoved up your tight ass and poking around in there." For about a second Sylvia says nothing. She just trembles harder. Her honey flows as well, and that Howard notices. He starts feeling a tiny bit of disgust. He thinks this is almost like having sex with his mother. Verbal sex.

"No reason? Maybe I'll just take my time and poke around up there nice and hard."

"PLEASE!" Sylvia blurts out far louder, squeakier, and more nervously than he's ever heard from her. "Please don't shove your finger up my butt, Sir..." Sylvia's voice drops to the throatiest squeak of near silence. "I'll cum if you do, Sir. Please don't make me cum on you, Sir..."

"That's gross!" Howard balks. He suspected the answer, the signs were so clear even he could pick them out, but hearing it made it a little too real for him. He lets go of her cheeks and Felicia says nothing to stop him. He

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quickly glances up to Felicia and sees a wide smirking grin on her face. A look of approval. As if Howard managed to get Sylvia to do exactly what Felicia wanted her to.

Much to Sylvia's relief, Howard lets her stand up. He tells her to turn around and face him. He lets her relax, as long as she keeps her hands at her sides instead of covering herself. Sylvia does, but the little twitches in her arms tell Howard she's fighting herself not to cover her breasts.

Howard was given the briefest of instructions for this part. He was told only to give Sylvia her clothes, one piece at a time. To ask her if she wants it. To check it fully, and then, if he decides she needs it to get to my house, give it to her and tell her to put it on. Then have her think him for it and move along. Anything he doesn't give her, he's to shove in his pack and take with them. He's to give her no more than her shoes/socks, bra/panties, blouse, and jeans.

Howard grabs something at random from the heap. It's her bra. He holds it up so that Sylvia can see it. "I guess you'd like to put this bra on now, mom?" He teasingly asks. The answer is too obvious.

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia squeaks out very quickly, a hefty note of hope in her voice.

Howard starts inspecting the bra. He holds it up in front of Sylvia, where she can see everything. He makes sure to run his fingers over every stitch of fabric. He makes sure to take extra time feeling and looking into the cups of it. There's nothing to see.

But it drives Sylvia crazy. She's never liked others touching her clothes, especially her undies. They're just too intimate and personal to her. Yet now she has to watch Howard paw over her bra as if he doesn't care about her little hang-up. It reminds Sylvia that she's at his mercy now. She'll only have what he allows her to have. And like any good warden, he's making sure his prisoner has

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nothing that he doesn't want her to have. And he doesn't care how that makes her feel. How humiliating it is for her to stand naked and waiting while he plays with the underwear she desperately waits for. Even more humiliatingly to her, she's not even allowed to ask him to hurry up. Just to stand demurely and wait until he decides to give it to her. That keeps her pussy twitching.

Howard decides to try and impress Felicia. He doesn't think about Sylvia, about how much more degrading it will be to her. He thinks only about impressing Felicia. He holds the bra up. "Ask me for like a slut, bitch," He tells Sylvia.

Sylvia cringes hard, her eyes squishing up tight and pushing a few fresh tears of shame on her cheeks. "May this bitch please... be allowed to put that bra on her boobs, Sir?" As Sylvia says it, she feels the deep humiliation. And then she starts wondering if her panties are still soaking wet. If Howard hasn't already noticed that, he's about to if they get 1/10th the inspection her bra did. That deepens Sylvia's embarrassment.

"Go ahead," He tells her.

Sylvia snatches the bra out of his hands. In about fifteen seconds she's pulled it on and clipped it. At least now her breasts are fully covered. Even if her steely hard nipples are poking through more prominently than ever before. And they're so tender she can feel the fabric almost grating over the sensitive tips of them. One more thing to excite her pussy a little more.

"What do you say when you're given something, mom?" Howard asks in his bully voice.

Sylvia tries to remember the wording I made toys use in my stories. "Thank you for allowing me to put my bra on, Sir." She ekes out.

Howard doesn't have a clue whether that's a good

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answer or not, but it's polite so he takes it. He grabs the next item. It happens to be Sylvia's panties.

Sylvia cringes hard, blushes deep, and shudders crisply as she has to ask Howard "May this bitch please be allowed to put my panties on my butt, Sir?"

Then Sylvia cringes even harder as she has to watch Howard begin to paw over them. With a sheer backside and a lace front to them, it's not long before Howard's hands are at the cotton crotch of those panties. And his nose wrinkles up slightly as he feels how very wet it is.

Felicia catches it. She quickly scribbles out a sign and holds it up with instructions for Howard. With Felicia behind her, Sylvia doesn't see it. Felicia gets it up long before Howard is finished, so it seems natural to Sylvia when Howard asks her "Why are these panties so wet, bitch?"

Sylvia cringes and bursts into a soft cry. In her very squeaky and throaty voice, she starts answering. As much as she doesn't want to, she's come too far to dare risking starting over. "This bitch's slutty vagina ran over and soaked my panties, Sir."

Howard gives her the panties. In two seconds Sylvia has them on and pulled up high on her hips to cover every last bit they possibly can.

For the first time, Howard's inner bully peeks out. It's probably the way Sylvia is cowering in front of him. And it probably doesn't hurt that he knows she seems to be enjoying the humiliation, despite his thinking that she'd utterly hate it. A wet pussy is hard to deny, he thinks, as is that throbbing clit.

"Did you ask me to put those panties on your cunt, bitch?" He asks her.

Sylvia almost says yes. Then she realizes that she asked to put them on her bottom, not her pussy. She

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properly answers him "No, Sir..."

Before she can say any more, Howard asks her "what did you ask permission to hide with those panties, bitch?"

"I asked to put them on my butt, Sir," Sylvia squeaks out very shamefully.

"Then what are they doing on your cunt, bitch?" Howard snaps with a faint laugh in his voice, just as if he were humiliating some nerd in the lunchroom. He makes her pull the front of her panties all the way down until her mound is fully bared, but leaves the back up to cover her bottom. As she asked, he reminds her.

Howard just stands there for a few seconds. He ignores Sylvia but keeps his eyes on her. That's all it takes for a thick dollop of honey to fall from Sylvia's slit and drip onto the crotch of her panties. Sylvia feels it drip and shudders hard.

"Now be polite and ask for what you want, bitch."

"May I please cover my slutty vulva with these panties, Sir?"

"I don't know..." Howard hums out teasingly. "Turn around and ask Mrs. White if she minds you covering that wet cunt with those panties, bitch."

Sylvia turns around. And now, she thinks, there's not much more that Howard could do to humiliate her. She faces Felicia, a woman whose name she still doesn't know. She stands, holding the waistband of her panties pushed down so that her bush and mound are bared to her. "Mrs, White, would you mind if my son allowed me to pull my panties up and cover my slutty vulva with them, Ma'am?"

Felicia hesitates for a few seconds to make Sylvia wait. "You're lucky your son is so kind to you, bitch. Miss Rodgers would have you feed them to her dog for being such a presumptuous bitch. Bitch. Whatever he decides is

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fine, bitch. I don't need to see that slutty thing drip into those panties."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Sylvia squeaks out before she turns back around. And then she decides to just wait. She's too afraid to do anything else, as bad as she wants to pull them back up. After all, Felicia said it was Howard's decision, and he really hasn't said one way or the other yet.

Howard has realized that the humiliation is exciting his mom. He doesn't exactly like the idea, but he recognizes it. He also figures that whatever I have in store for Sylvia is going to be far worse than undressing. He decides to make her wait for a little. To shame her a little more. Maybe, he thinks, that will make what comes next a bit easier and more enjoyable for Sylvia.

Howard just grabs her socks out of the pile. Without mentioning her panties, he asks if she'd like those. Sylvia asks for them, knowing if she doesn't her bare feet are going to be in her sneakers. He inspects them and gives them to her.

Sylvia has to squat down to put them on. As she does, the panties rise up slightly, barely starting to block the sightline of her pussy. Howard snaps at her, his voice finding its fully bully tone. He tells her that he didn't give her permission to pull her panties up or cover her "slutty wet cunt." Yet she's letting the panties hide it. He tells her for that, she won't be pulling those "soaking things" up after putting those socks on. And she'd better get them on without hiding her pussy again.

It's not easy for Sylvia to do. But she does. It takes some thought to get down and keep her panties covering her bottom and exposing her pussy while she does. The shame of it keeps her pussy burning and twitching ever-so-eagerly. Finally, she's standing up and thanking him for the socks.

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Howard gives Sylvia her blouse now. She asks for it and then watches as he very closely inspects it. She puts it on, and she thinks to keep the front tail of it up so that it doesn't hide her pussy. She's still in trouble for hiding her bush with her panties.

To Howard, Sylvia looks almost comical standing like that, panties pulled down and blouse held up to bare her pussy. To reveal the one place she'd least like to show off. Standing there quivering and blushing, with her pussy steadily wetting, too.

Howard waits several seconds before telling her to pull her wet panties up. Sylvia does it lightning fast and thanks Howard for allowing her to pull her panties up and cover her slutty vulva with them.

Howard gives Sylvia her jeans, and then her shoes. That's all she gets. He quickly shoves her purse and jewelry into his pack. Then Felicia comes out from behind her desk. She tells Howard to take Sylvia by the hand and bring her along. Felicia will take them to me.

"Hear that, mom?" Howard taunts her as any bully would, "time to go get Miss Rodger's finger shoved up your slutty ass." He takes her to Felicia's car.



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The trip to my house was uneventful. Howard rode in the front with Felicia, leaving the backseat to Sylvia. Before they got to the car, Felicia told Howard it was his job to make sure that Sylvia behaved herself on the trip. That meant making sure her seat belt was fastened, and that she sat still, and silent. Once Felicia parked, Sylvia was to wait until Howard opened her door, and told her to unbuckle and step out. Sylvia behaved. She seemed relieved for the little break from constant humiliation as well.

Felicia text me when they were leaving the school. That gave me about 30 minutes' warning before they were at the door. About 29 minutes more than I really needed. Felicia knocked. Howard stood beside her, holding Sylvia's hand, and reminding Sylvia to "be quiet and behave like a good girl."

Like usual, Sophie answered the door. Unlike usual, I was only about two seconds behind her. I wouldn't leave Sophie alone to deal with a newbie with a newbie escort and a toy. That's a lot for one slave to handle.

Slave opened the door. I could see the recognition on Sylvia's face. Not that she knew Sophie. She's never seen her before. But she knew that it was my live-in slave-girl/handmaiden. "Sophie" in my stories. I'm sure she's read plenty about Sophie. She seems to be in almost every story, at least tangentially.

I turn to Howard. As Escort, he is, by a huge margin, the highest life form on that side of the door. Toys, like Felicia, are at the bottom of the totem pole, just beneath slave-whores, which are beneath slave-girls, which are beneath Crown Princess Lilly, who is kind of sniffing around the door. She considers herself to be in charge of security. She can't let anyone in who doesn't sniff right. After a good sniffing, she saunters over to the sofa, hops up on it, and closes her eyes. I guess she's learned the scent of skanky, trashy, playtoys by now. Maybe they smell cheap

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and slutty to her?

"Is this fat pig the worthless fuck toy you've been asking to bring over here?" I ask him in my regular voice.

"Uh... Yeah, this is my mom... Sylvia..." Howard answers, unsure of what's expected of him.

I shake my head slowly as if I'm disappointed with Sylvia. I'm not. I can't see much with her modest clothes on, but I can see enough to know that she has a cute face, and she's not fat. Nor tall. Nor petite. In fact, she's pretty much average. Although it's noticeable that she's a bit busty. Plus she's in the age range that I tend to prefer spanking. She'll do. Not that I'd ever tell Sylvia that!

"Slave, strip this fat thing and inspect it very carefully. Its cute escort can have those Walmart rags it's covered with," I tell Sophie. I have no clue where she got those clothes, but Walmart is a decent guess. It's that level of stuff. Not expensive, but better than a thrift store.

Sophie reaches out to Sylvia. Howard releases Sylvia's hand, clearly expecting Sophie to take it. She doesn't. She grabs hold of Sylvia's blouse, front, and center, her hand between Sylvia's breasts. It looks as if she gets her fingers wrapped around the front of Sylvia's bra as well. "Come, bitch," Sophie tells her.

Sophie brings Sylvia in about three steps, then stops her. Just inside the front door, there are about six feet of empty wall. I keep it empty for exactly this reason. It provides a place for toys to undress. A place with nothing for the toys, just emptiness. It's also the limit of how far toys are usually allowed to go unless they're naked. Clothes really just get in the way most of the time.

Sophie pushes Sylvia back, putting Sylvia's bottom firmly against the wall. Sylvia isn't expecting it, so she stumbles slightly as she's pushed back. She almost gasps, too, but manages to stifle that.

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I turn my attention to Felicia. "Be a good little class slut, bitch. Show my guest to a seat on the sofa and see to him. Skanky has refreshments."

Felicia is slightly surprised. Surprised that she's being allowed to keep her clothes on and come in. She doesn't show it. "Yes, my Queen," she quickly answers. She turns to Howard and smiles. She very tenderly takes his hand. "Right this way, Sir," she says in her sugariest voice. Howard doesn't hesitate to follow her to the sofa.

"I am Miss Slave," Sophie begins telling Sylvia, her voice firm enough to leave Sylvia with no doubt that Sophie is above her on the totem pole. "You will do as you are told, bitch, or my Mistress will deal with you personally, and I assure you that you so do not want that. You will learn to undress properly, like a shameless gutter bitch, now."

Sophie takes her hand from Sylvia's chest. Sylvia's head shifts downward a little, her eyes staring at the floor. Sophie's hand goes to Sylvia's chin and pulls her head up. Sophie starts firmly telling Sylvia what to do. "You will keep your head up and your eyes on me at all times, bitch." In about a minute, Sophie has Sylvia standing properly, her feet spread a shoulder's width apart and her hands behind the small of her back. Sophie tells her that's how a gutter bitch should stand before her betters, and everyone is better than a gutter bitch. Especially the Prince (Butt Monkey) and Crown Princess (Lilly).

"Undress" is a specific command for my toys. While I don't know whether Sylvia will be back, or if this will be her only session here yet (and I might not decide until it's time to bring her back or push her off), that's no reason Sylvia can't learn a few basics. At least sitting, standing, and undressing. If she does come back, it will serve her well to know them. Those seem to be in about any session.

The command means for Sylvia to take her clothes in a specific order. From the top down. Not in layers as most

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people would undress. Whatever piece of clothing is highest (by as much as a single stitch) comes off first. It is to be folded neatly. Then it is to be humbly offered to whoever is supervising the toy. Once taken, the toy moves on to the next highest thing. There's only one exception to the order. If necessary, and only if needed, shoes may be taken off out of order. With tighter-fitting pants, it can be impossible to get pants off with shoes on. Not with skirts, though. Once the toy is fully naked, it is to tell its supervisor so.

Sophie needs a few stern words to keep Sylvia moving. But apparently, Sylvia expected this part of it. She blushes deeply as she undresses. She trembles lightly. She keeps her head up, but her eyes are constantly darting around, paying more attention to who's watching her than what she's doing. The way her arms flinch makes it rather obvious she wants to cover herself, but Sophie has sternly warned her against that. So Sylvia cringes and takes her clothes off.

First off is her blouse. Sylvia unbuttons it slowly enough that Sophie is snapping for her to hurry it along and quit wasting "my Mistress's valuable time." It doesn't speed Sylvia up too much. Sophie has no real interest in seeing Sylvia's body. But that doesn't deter her from very diligently watching Sylvia as Sylvia strips.

Sophie talks Sylvia through the blouse. Reminding her to fold it neatly, and making her refold it once for not being neat enough with nice creases on it. And reminding Sylvia not to use folding it as an excuse to hide her body. To keep her eyes on Sophie, not the blouse, too. Then Sophie coaches Sylvia on how to politely offer it to her. It's about a full minute before I hear Sylvia saying "here is my blouse, Miss Slave."

Then comes Sylvia's bra. I'm not watching so closely, but I can hear. It takes Sylvia just as long to get her bra off as it did to get her shirt off. I'm sure it was

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Sylvia's reluctance to strip in front of people. I can see her fidgeting, shirking back, and blushing deeply as she does.

A couple of minutes later, I hear Sylvia finally announce "This bitch is now completely naked for you to inspect this body fully, Miss Slave."

Sophie quickly comes over to where Howard is sitting. She drops to her knees and holds the neat pile of Sylvia's clothes out atop her upturned palms. "Here are your bitch's things, Sir, would you please hold them for it while my Mistress teaches it its lesson, Sir?" Sophie voice is suddenly very polite and honeyed. Slightly flirtatious and teasing, too. Howard doesn't hesitate to take the clothes from her. And then slave is on her feet, returning to Sylvia.

As soon as Felicia gets Howard settled on the sofa, she drops to her knees in front of him. She keeps her hands behind her back as well. She smiles. She asks him, in her sultry voice, if she "may be allowed the privilege of getting him a drink." Naturally, Howard accepts and chooses a "skanky-fresh sweet tea with lemon" from the offerings Felicia runs down.

Felicia rises to her feet and hurries to the kitchen where Paige is at work. Paige is my live-in slave-whore and house-slave. It basically means that Paige does most of the chores around the house. It also means that Paige's body is there for me to use with the toys or anyone else I wish. Usually as a practice dummy. Sometimes as a reward for someone. However. If I need breasts, a pussy, or a bottom, to use, it's Paige's getting used. Like any slave, Paige has no say in it. She just does whatever she's told. And does her very slutty best at it.

Paige fixes the tea for Felicia. Felicia holds her hands out, palms upturned. Her hands are side by side, forming a little table. They're directly in front of her nipples, and six inches out so that they won't block the view of her breasts. Or wouldn't, if she was naked as she usually would be.

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Paige sets the glass atop Felicia's hands.

Felicia walks back to Howard, carrying the glass atop her hands and keeping her hands steady and in place. She drops to her knees again, her legs wide open, her back up straight, and her eyes on Howard. Her hands stay in place. "Here is your tea, Sir. Thank You for allowing me to serve it to you, Sir," Felicia says in that sultry voice of pure honey.

Howard smiles even wider than Felicia. I guess he likes being served this way. I know he suddenly likes Felicia. He takes his time taking the glass from her hands as if trying to keep her there a bit longer. He doesn't need to. After he takes it, Felicia stays right where she is. She waits to be dismissed. And Howard doesn't know to dismiss her.

I tell him, but I also add that he's welcome to "tell her what else he wishes her to do for him, such as sit beside him." He's welcome to "Leave the bitch on its knees, where it belongs," as well, should he prefer. I'm sure Felicia would be happy wherever he wanted her.

Like any boy, he decides that closer to him is better. He tells Felicia "you're dismissed, Mrs. Bitch, sit beside me for a while."

Felicia very sweetly answers "yes, Sir." And then she moves. She sits down beside him. "May this bitch be allowed to touch you, Sir?" She asks in her sultry voice. Of course, Howard says she may. Felicia slithers close, snuggling her body against his. I think that's when Howard forgets all about Sylvia.

Sophie's inspection is far more thorough than Howard's was. Far more intimate and invasive as well. Howard's inspection was strictly visual. Only what he could see. Sophie's is hands-on. From the very beginning.

She starts at the top of Sylvia's head and runs her fingers through Sylvia's hair. Her fingertips over Sylvia's

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scalp. Then she looks closely at Sylvia's face. She runs her fingers over everything as well. Even Sylvia's eyelids. She peeks into Sylvia's ears and nostrils before having Sylvia open her mouth wide.

As Sylvia stands naked, hands behind her back and mouth stretched wide open, Sophie slips her finger into Sylvia's mouth. Ungloved. She uses the finger to push each of Sylvia's cheeks out, one at a time, and peek between the cheek and gum. She uses her finger to lift Sylvia's tongue and check under that as well. She even pulls Sylvia's lips back and checks between them and her gums.

By the time Sophie is done exploring Sylvia's mouth, Sylvia knows that there isn't a single cell of it that Sophie hasn't seen. Sophie wasn't rough with her, but she didn't make any effort to be gentle either; more as if Sophie didn't care. As if Sophie was simply playing with an inanimate doll. Which is how it is for Sophie. She doesn't care. But she does care about pleasing me, and I want this toy inspected properly, so it will be. The toy could be a blow-up doll and it wouldn't matter. It would get exactly the same thing Sylvia is getting and in the same way.

Now Sophie lets her hands flow smoothly down Sylvia's neck, over her shoulders, and out her arms. All the way to the tips of Sylvia's fingers. Then it's back up Sylvia's arms, this time Sophie's hands flowing over Sylvia's underarms and checking for stubble. Of which she finds plenty. As if Sylvia skipped shaving this morning. I'll bet that's a choice Sylvia is suddenly regretting.

Sophie's hands flow back onto Sylvia's chest, over it to her side. Back and forth slowly as they glide over every speck of bare flesh until they reach Sylvia's breasts.

Sylvia is already beet red and quivering. She looks to me as if she's about to cry. But she stands there, allowing Sophie to inspect her body.

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Sophie fully inspects Sylvia's breasts. She runs her hands over them as much as she can without lifting them. Including the steely hard nubs of Sylvia's nipples. She gives them both a couple of gentle squeezes to gauge their firmness. Then she lightly pinches each nipple. That sends a rather crisp shudder racing through Sylvia's body and brings up goosebumps all around her rings. First, she judges its stiffness. She keeps her pinch and uses the nipple to lift the mound, lifting it up fully and stretching away the crease underneath it. Her other hand flows over the skin of the mound's underside and Sylvia's chest. Then Sophie releases the mound.

Sylvia breathes out with relief as Sophie finishes. Then she shudders crisply. She tries to hide it, but it's just too crisp. Her breaths are already laced with a throaty deep sultry note, too.

As Sylvia stands there, she can't get the thought out of her head of how intimately, and fully, her body is being inspected. It's far more intimate than she imagined it would be, even from reading descriptions of it. She knows, that by the time Sophie is done, Sophie is going to know this body far more fully than even Sylvia does. It's a thought that has Sylvia's pussy burning like the fires of Hell. Or maybe even hotter. So hotly that Sylvia can't make herself stand still. She quivers too much. The burning, and the pounding ache in her clit, making her fidget. They have her breaths sounding half like erotic moans, too.

Sylvia didn't expect that. Reading about the inspections, she thought of them more as a hurdle she'd have to get past. A heavy dose of humiliation that she'd have to suffer through to be allowed in the playroom. She never thought that being so completely looked at, and touched, by a total stranger would be so arousing. The idea of an audience, which she now has of me, Howard, and Felicia, makes it even more arousing. She wonders

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what Sophie's name is. She's sure it's not "Sophie" as she's called in the stories. She wishes she knew, at the very least, who was touching her breasts.

She notices the detached manner of Sophie's touch. To Sylvia, it feels as if Sophie was sizing up a banana at the grocery store or something. As if Sylvia is nothing more than a piece of fruit to her. Something far less than human. Something that really doesn't matter one iota. Like a banana. She also feels how thorough Sophie is. She knows that Sophie has felt the day's stubble on her underarms. That Sophie knows Sylvia didn't bother to shave today. She wonders what else Sophie has noticed. The thin film of sweat in the crease under Sylvia's breasts?

Sylvia knows that it's arousing her even more. She never imagined that being treated like an object would be so hot. Interesting maybe, but she didn't expect it, and nothing but it, to be so hot. So hot that the burning in her pussy makes her want to scream. She wonders if she'll be able to stand here for the rest of her inspection. Or if she's going to end up doing something, anything but behaving, to really humiliate herself in front of the audience.

Sophie works her way down to Sylvia's bush, pausing only briefly to get a good check of Sylvia's navel. Sophie runs her fingers all through the tangled hairs, her fingertips gliding over the skin under them. Sophie goes all the way down, too, her fingers checking the fur lining Sylvia's lips as well.

Sophie drops to her knees then, putting her eyes directly in front of Sylvia's bush for a better view. And only a few short inches from it. Sophie can pick out every speck of lint trapped in those dense curls.

And Sylvia knows it. She imagines that Sophie can see even more. She wonders just what Sophie is seeing. What Sophie's obviously critical eye is thinking of what she's seeing. Sylvia's nakedness. The idea makes Sylvia even more self-conscious. It makes her blush and cringe.

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And it makes her hot.

Sophie finishes Sylvia's front, ending at the tips of Sylvia's toes. She rises back up to her feet. She turns Sylvia around, standing her facing the wall, with the rounded tips of Sylvia's nipples, and nothing else, touching the wall. And then Sophie returns her hands to the top of Sylvia's head and begins again. Sophie is thorough. She does Sylvia's arms and shoulders again. She does everything that she can possibly reach from this side. That way she knows her hands' paths overlap their paths from the front. And thus, she has inspected every bit of Sylvia's body.

Sylvia stands there, staring at the blank wall now. She feels the casual touch of Sophie's hands, inching their way down her back. She knows that soon Sophie's hands will get to her bottom. She prays they'll stop first, knowing that they won't.

She remembers Howard pulling her cheeks wide open less than an hour ago. That, she thinks, was about as humiliating as humiliation can get. She knows that Howard didn't want to see her asshole. He probably barely looked. Nothing more than a lightning-fast glance too brief to notice any detail.

No way, she thinks, is Sophie going to do that. Sophie is going to very closely see, and touch, every speck of her asshole. Sophie isn't going to miss the tiniest speck of dirt.

Worse, it's Sylvia's asshole. That's the one part of her body that she's never shared with anyone. Never had anyone touch or play with. Never even let anyone see. She assumes that her lovers have glimpsed it, it's too close to her pussy for them not to have. But she's never let anyone just see it.

The thought consumes her. Imagining herself standing like this, staring at emptiness, seeing nothing,

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merely feeling her cheeks spread and Sophie's uncaring touch... there. Knowing that Sophie is seeing it, but not knowing what Sophie is seeing. Or how Sophie is sizing it up. She won't even be able to see Sophie's face for a clue, like a nose wrinkling up in disgust. The images make her pussy twitch crisply. And her clit throbs a little harder. That has her squirming a little more and purring those throaty breaths that try to hide their erotic overtones.

And then, before Sylvia realizes it, Sophie's hands are gliding over the naked flesh of Sylvia's cheeks. Sylvia knows it's time. That any second now she's going to feel those soft globes pulled wide apart to expose her secret tightness. Instead, she feels Sophie's hands squishing her cheeks. Sizing them up a little more, judging their sponginess. Their flabbiness, in Sylvia's mind. She imagines Sophie must find her globes to be soft and flabby. In reality, they are a little soft, like wet sponges. The muscles underneath have some tone to them, but not quite enough to be firm. Enough to keep her globes mostly rounded, though.

Sophie notes a single pink pimple on Sylvia's left cheek, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to her crack. Sylvia doesn't have a clue it's there. It's not like Sylvia can see it.

"UH!" Sylvia sucks in a sharp, and very squealing, breath as she's surprised to feel Sophie's fingers suddenly shoved into her crack. She thought Sophie was squishing her cheeks. And then she wasn't. Her fingers were slipping into Sylvia's crack, pushing the spongy inside edges of her cheeks apart to get between them.

Before Sylvia is done with her startled squeak, Sophie has her globes pushed wide open. As far open as they'll go. Sophie isn't like Howard. Sophie isn't going to skim on this just because it makes her look at Sylvia's asshole. Sylvia feels the tips of Sophie's small fingers beside her asshole, pulling the flesh taut.

Then Sylvia feels Sophie's fingertip slowly slipping

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down the length of her crack, feeling every bit of it. It takes several seconds to get there, but then Sophie's finger glides right over the tightly clenched ring of Sylvia's asshole. To Sylvia's surprise, it keeps going. Not even stopping. And keeps going. All the way down until Sophie's fingertip is touching the bottom of Sylvia's very wet slit.

Sylvia shudders hard. She knows Sophie has got to be feeling her wetness. There's way too much for a blind woman to miss it. She knows Sophie is on her knees behind her. She wonders if Sophie is seeing the sloppy wetness of her pussy, or her asshole. Or both. She imagines Sophie's eyes locked on those places. Sophie seeing her body far closer than anyone has in a quite a while.

Sophie keeps Sylvia's cheeks opened only a few seconds. It seems like an eternity to Sylvia. Especially with her pussy burning so hotly. When she feels Sophie finally let go of them, Sylvia breathes out with relief.

Sophie finishes her inspection, going all the way to the tips of Sylvia's toes. The bottoms of her feet as well. She doesn't make Sylvia wiggle her toes. Instead, she pulls them apart and runs her eyes and fingers over the space between every one of them. That's how closely she's inspecting Sylvia.

Sophie puts her hands to Sylvia's hips. She pulls Sylvia back two full steps. Sophie has to pull a little, too. Sylvia knows what's coming next. Howard teased her about it. And it's in the stories. It's something that Sylvia's never had done to her before, too. And that has Sylvia rather anxious.

Sophie stands Sylvia facing the wall. She has Sylvia bend over, which Sylvia does slowly. Too slowly, so Sophie pushes her over. She has Sylvia spread her feet wide and brace her hands against the wall. She makes Sylvia keep

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her back flat, parallel with the floor. And her head up, staring at the wall in front of her.

Sophie warns Sylvia to “stand still, no matter how slutty you’re feeling.” She tells her that I don’t tolerate any “naughtiness” during inspections. And that I couldn’t possibly care less how comfortable, or uncomfortable, inspections are for my toys. I only care that they’re thorough.

Sophie kneels behind Sylvia. Sylvia thinks she knows what’s coming. But not quite. She quickly finds that more detailed than she’s read about.

Sylvia shivers sharply as she feels Sophie’s fingers very slowly, and fully, caressing over the outside of her furry lips again. Then she feels Sophie pulling those lips wide open, stretching them so far that the loose flaps of flesh are pulled taut. And expose every last speck of her pinkness.

Sylvia stands there, staring at the wall. She instantly feels the heat in her pussy blossoming. The wetness as well. She imagines Sophie staring at her pinkness, seeing everything there possibly is to see. Seeing how flushed hot and sloppy wet Sylvia is.

“AH!” Sylvia squeals. Instead, she feels Sophie’s very feminine and delicate finger flowing over the inside of her taut lip. Feeling that wet pink side of it as well. Then it’s Sophie’s finger sliding along over Sylvia’s inner folds, feeling them just as fully.

Sylvia realizes she should have expected that. Sophie has been so thorough and touched everything else. Why would she skimp here? Sylvia gets it in her head that Sophie is going to be touching all of her pinkness as well.

“EEEE!” Sylvia shrieks in a very squeaky voice. Her body shudders hard, thrashing her hips for an instant. Sophie’s finger moves over the too-tender nub of Sylvia’s swollen clit. It sends those icy-hot tingles shooting along

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her nerve lines, and instantly filling her entire body. She feels that ache in her clit flood her entire body as if she's nearing an orgasm. And then Sophie's finger is going, leaving Sylvia's needy clit to ache a little more and throb harder for attention.

Sylvia realizes she should have expected that as well. It is easily accessible, and Sophie is that thorough. But she didn't. The touch there came as a complete surprise to her. An instant later it's all Sylvia can think about. How Sophie now knows just how needy Sylvia's clit is. How incredibly erotic Sophie's fleeting, soft touch was. Her so soft skin.

"UH-UMMMM!" Sylvia shrieks again, her hips thrashing a little too energetically as Sophie's finger pushes quickly, and casually, into Sylvia's pussy. Sylvia doesn't think about it. She can't. Her pussy is too fiery hot now. Her walls snapping hard. Sparks erupt all through her walls. Her honey flows, filling her tunnel around Sophie's finger. She feels that same softness, Sophie's delicate skin, against the spongy firm walls of her pussy. She feels it stroke along those walls just as cock would. She feels her pussy squeezing tightly around it. She feels the sparks flood her body. And the heat.

She feels Sophie's finger pushed all the way to the depths of her tunnel. She feels it moving inside her, Sophie's fingertip trying to touch every speck of her depths. She feels the finger move as Sophie uses it. Feels it rubbing over her already-twitching walls as it moves, sending another fresh wave of hot sparks through her. Making her tunnel twitch and snap more energetically.

And then Sophie's finger is out, after spending about fifteen seconds inside Sylvia. Sylvia still isn't thinking. She pants very fast deep breaths. Breaths laced with equal parts of frustration and urgency. Her pussy goes on twitching for several more seconds. Maybe hoping that finger will come back.

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Sylvia barely notices as Sophie pulls her cheeks wide apart again. She's too busy panting and feeling those icy tingles tormenting her pussy. After a second or three, the thought finally enters Sylvia's mind that she wonders if Sophie noticed how needy, and how long-neglected, her pussy is. How embarrassed Sylvia is for Sophie to have seen that.

And then Sylvia feels the slippery tip of Sophie's finger pressing firmly against her asshole. She feels her asshole snap to its full-clenching tightness reflexively. She feels the fiery heat of whatever is greasing Sophie's finger. And then she feels the hard pressure against her ring.

Panic floods Sylvia's mind. She wonders how she didn't notice Sophie moving from her pussy to her bottom. She wonders just how small Sophie's fingers are. How uncomfortable it's going to be. Then she wonders if Howard and Felicia are watching. She decides they must be. And it has to be fairly obvious what Sophie is doing.

That's the image that fills her mind. Her son sitting there next to the slutty cute teacher, watching his naked mother bent over, standing still, and voluntarily letting this stranger shove her finger up her butt. Humiliation fills her as she thinks of what Howard must be thinking of her.

"UGH!" Sylvia shrieks out loudly. As she does, her hips snap forward, pulling away from Sophie's finger. A finger that had just started pushing into her bottom.

Sylvia wonders if she's in trouble now. She couldn't help herself. Instinct took over the instant she felt that hard pressure pushing against her tight muscle, starting to stretch it wide and push into the space at its center. As she thought about how, in about a second, Sophie's finger was going to be someplace no one had ever been before, touching her dirty insides, getting to know a part of her that Sylvia could never imagine anyone would. A place that Sylvia knew she'd never willingly allow anyone to go. Yet now was allowing it in front of an audience.

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I see Sylvia flinch forward. It's hard to miss. Her hanging breasts jiggle as she does. I let them bounce around for a second. It's a sight I enjoy.

Then I'm on my feet. I cross the three steps to where Sylvia is still bent over, just not properly. I grab hold of Sylvia's hair. I yank hard, snapping her shoulders up and standing Sylvia up. Sophie can see what's coming. She quickly slips out of the way.

I grab Sylvia's shoulders and spin her around almost roughly. Very quickly. "You naughty bitch!" I snap sternly.

Sylvia suddenly trembles hard. She can hear the reproach in my scathing voice. And I'm not raising my voice. Just scolding her. She pulls her hands and arms to her sides, pressing them firmly against her body. It doesn't hide her body, as she wants to do, but more hugs herself without covering.

"Oh, and now you're not even going to stand like a humble peasant bitch?"

Sylvia's eyes go wide. A half second later it hits her and her hands almost fly behind her back. She trembles harder, letting it show more, too. Her face scrunches up into a nervous mask. She looks ready to cry. She blushes. Her breasts wiggle as she trembles.

"So there won't be any further misconceptions on your part, bitch, I guess it's time to teach you where your place is. Your place is to stand there and get your filthy bottom *fully* inspected by my slave. I don't care if you like her finger shoved up your bottom, or hate it. I don't care how much it hurts you. I don't feel a thing, and you don't matter, bitch.

"I think a spanking will teach you some humility. Two strokes for not keeping that fat bottom still for my slave to poke and see just how disgusting it is. And two more for not standing before your Queen humbly."

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I figured Sylvia would quickly earn herself a spanking. It seems like the shy ones always do. As if they need the spanking to allow them to put that modesty aside and be themselves. I have the spanking chair set up already. Sylvia wouldn't have seen it. But Howard did. Since it's facing him and Felicia, he couldn't miss it.

I grab hold of Sylvia's breast, squeezing it uncomfortably hard. I tug on it as I start walking quickly toward the chair. Sylvia stays put for a fraction of a second. Then the pull on her breast starts to hurt and she comes forward. I never break my rhythm. I use her breast to pull the very reluctant Sylvia along. And then another hand on her shoulder, coupled with a little foot tap to the back of her knee, and I drop Sylvia to her knees beside the chair.

"No..." Sylvia squeaks out in a very hushed, shamed, voice.

I ignore Sylvia. I grab her hair again and use it to pull her head over my thighs. I shove her shoulders down, pushing her bottom forward as I do. It drops Sylvia over my knees. I open my legs slightly, getting them into a perfect position. My right thigh is in the bend of Sylvia's waist. My left thigh under her chest, the undersides of Sylvia's ample breasts hanging down along the outside of my thigh. I put one hand to Sylvia's back, pushing her down and pinning her in place.

Sylvia's hands and feet flail. Her knees barely graze the floor. Her head tosses around. Quickly she gets a glimpse of Howard and Felicia. She hadn't known exactly where they were. But now she sees them sitting closely on the sofa. And both of them staring at her.

At naked her, she thinks. As I, a woman young enough to be her daughter, turns her over my knees like a naughty toddler. "Please, Ms. Rodgers," Sylvia blurts out, her voice panicked and so squeaky that I can barely make out her words. Her voice shamefully hushed to near

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muteness as well. "At least don't spank me in front of my son, Ms. Rodgers. Please, don't let him see me spanked like this, Ms. Rodgers."

"Shut your cocksucker, peasant bitch!" I snap. "That's one more stroke for speaking out turn as if anyone would care what repulsive gutter bitch has to say! Do you think I care if he sees you spanked?"

"No, Ms. Rodgers..." Sylvia very reluctantly admits. I hear the squeakiness in her voice getting more shrill, too. That tells me something. The squeakier and more muted her voice, the deeper her humiliation. I make note of the tell. I'll make good use of it.

"You're right, I don't, bitch. It's not me turned over someone's knees. It's not my bare bottom that is going to feel those *five* swats. I'm not going to embarrass myself by crying like a baby when I find out that spankings actually hurt. I will still have a shred of dignity left! If you have any illusions that I care about you, lose them now."

I grab Sylvia's hair and pull her head up. I snap for her to keep her head up, too, not to stare at the floor. I hold my hand out. Sophie goes over to my desk and gets the belt I have waiting on it. It's my spanking belt. It's a basic men's leather belt, about 1½" inches wide, with the buckle cut off. It's made of supple, but firm, leather. It's black. Sophie doubles it over and puts it in my hand.

I very lightly touch the leather to Sylvia's bare globes. She flinches hard, her hips jumping against my thigh. Her bottom goes nowhere. After an instant, when she doesn't feel the sting or swat, she starts to relax a little.

I use my firmest voice to tell Sylvia the rules. I'm sure she's read them. They're in enough of my stories. But I'd never assume anything. I tell her. That way, if she breaks them, she'll know it's her fault when she gets those extra strokes.

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The rules are fairly simple. She's to stay where I put her. That means keeping her head up for everyone to see her face, too. She's not to say a word. Grunts and squeals are allowed but I don't tell her that. She's to keep her hands at the small of her back. That stops her from using them to support herself, leaving her chest to lie over my legs. And making her feel that I am the only thing supporting her body now. No matter how badly her bottom stings or burns, she's to leave it still to be fully spanked. And she's not to touch it or make any effort to cover it. She's to lie there and wait as her "naked bare bottom is tanned like a red-headed stepchild." And she's to count her own strokes. I even tell her what I expect to hear so she won't have to guess.

I ask her, directly and firmly, if she heard what *she is going to do*. She answers "yes, Ma'am," in a very humiliated voice.

I tell her that she's to ask Howard, especially humbly, to watch her "get her spanking like a big girl after being naughty while Miss Slave was being so nice as to inspect her dirty bottom."

Sylvia cringes hard, pulling tense over my legs. I see a few tears from her eyes. And I hear a more humiliated voice than I've heard yet. She asks "Mister Williams... I'm sorry for being a naughty girl while Miss Slave was being so nice and inspecting my filthy butt, Sir. Will you please watch me take my spanking like a big girl to show you how sorry I am, Sir?"

"Uh... I guess..." Howard answers.

I lift the belt. I don't hesitate. I snap it down with about $\frac{3}{4}$ of my strength. It's my normal, my average, spanking stroke. The belt lands with a loud splitting crack squarely across the center of Sylvia's globes. It drives the soft flesh inward slightly as it sears a light red welt line across her milky pale cheeks.

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“OWWWWWWW!” Sylvia screams. She thrashes over my legs, snapping her bottom from side to side for a second. Her feet snap up and kick down against the floor. Tears run down her cheeks. Her body tenses to steel, hanging for an instant, before slowly loosening.

“OW!...Oh, OW, OW, OW!” Sylvia sobs loudly as she stills her bottom.

Her voice is still hushed, squeaking with her shame, and now broken heavily by her sobs. She counts off the stroke. “One, Ma’am. Thank you for spanking my bare bottom to teach me to mind my betters, Ma’am. I deserve four more strokes, Ma’am. Will you please whip my naked bottom another stroke, Ma’am?” I can tell how deeply it humiliates her to have to ask for her next swat.

I snap the belt, landing it just below the first swat. It more widens the light red strip across her globes.

Sylvia screams again as the swat lands. She flinches just as powerfully, thrashing her bottom, too. This time her feet kick wildly for a second. Her hands stay behind her back, gripping each other tightly. As soon as her scream fades, Sylvia bawls hard. Then she counts off stroke number two and asks for the third.

I give it to her. The belt lands just below the second stroke, getting the very bottom of her cheeks, right where they curve in and meet her thighs. But missing her thighs. It has the belt landing a tiny fraction of an inch above her pussy mound. The moderately puffy mound that poking out between the tops of her thighs, thrusting its fur out shamelessly. As this one lands, she snaps so sharply that I feel her breasts dragging across, and bouncing against, my thigh as they return to their place. She cries hard.

If the stroke hadn’t landed so close to her pussy, I might have missed it. But I was watching her bottom, watching my stroke land to ensure I didn’t get her pussy. So I see it. As the stroke lands, her pussy snaps hard,

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shooting a little dollop of honey out of her slit. It gets caught in the dense fur and just hangs there. Her lips quiver, pulsing with the throbbing of her aching clit just behind them.

Sylvia counts off the stroke and asks for a fourth. She gets it. And she reacts just a little more energetically, screaming out a little louder, and crying like a baby. But she asks for her last stroke. And gets that one, too. I notice another dollop of honey squirting with both strokes, too. I'd bet anything Sylvia feels it.

Sylvia has read about a number of spankings in the stories she loves. But never did she imagine it would be so humiliating to be turned over my knees. She feels like she's being treated as a naughty toddler. Never did she imagine that I would add to her humiliation by spanking her in front of her son, either. She never imagined or wanted, him to know anything about her session.

It's even more degrading to her to make herself stay put for it. If she could squirm, she could at least fake and pretend that she was being made to endure it. Not this way. It's too obvious, especially to her, that she's submitting to it.

She never imagined they'd hurt so much, either. She thought it might be more playful. That she'd feel it, but it wouldn't really hurt. The first stroke dispelled that idea. It hurt! That leather stung her bottom far worse than she imagined it could. Now, after five swats, feeling the sharp sting slicing deep into the muscles of her bottom, she couldn't imagine her bottom stinging worse if she sat on every knife Ginsu ever made.

But that's not the worst. She knows that everyone, especially her son, is seeing her cry like a baby. That's humiliating to her as well. So was knowing that everyone heard her scream so pitifully with every stroke. But not as humiliating as having to ask for those strokes. As she asked for that first stroke (her second) she figured that was

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the depth of humiliation. "I was bad. I didn't do what you told me. Please hurt me for that. Please let everyone watch me punished like a little child. Please make sure everyone knows that I'm doing it willingly." Yep, that was the depth of humiliation.

And then the third swat landed. The sting sliced deeply into her globes, and shot up her body, tensing her and making her wiggle like a worm. She dully remembers hearing herself scream loud and shrill. But her most vivid memory is the sudden, totally unexpected, snapping she felt in her pussy. At first, it was just the crisp snaps, but after an instant, she felt the heat, too. It was hotter than anything she'd ever felt. So hot she would have screamed if she wasn't already. Then she felt the gooey wetness, hot, but not as hot, almost cool, shoot through her tunnel and out her lips. She knew what it was. In case she didn't, her clit pounded so much harder, too. So powerfully that she honestly thought it would burst. So much so that she couldn't stand it. The sweetness, now so intense that it hurt. Too much sweetness. She'd have screamed from that, too. If she wasn't already screaming out. But to her, the absolute worst part was that I saw the dollops of honey squirting from her pussy. At least she thinks I did. That I'd never miss anything like that.

Now, as her spanking ends, she basks in the humiliation. She wants nothing more than for this humiliation to be over. But she's afraid for me to put her off my knees. As badly as her clit is throbbing, she's afraid that she'll cum if she moves. That ache, and the burning ache in her pussy, get as much of her brain power as the biting sting in her bottom.

Sylvia decides that she hates her body right now. Not just because, in her opinion, it's somewhat unsightly, but because it's getting so unbearably aroused right now. The idea of running off and hiding somewhere, to die alone in her shame, definitely runs through her mind. Until she

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realizes that sooner or later, she'd have to face Howard again. And that she doesn't have any clothes. If she ran, she run naked.

I shove Sylvia back to her knees. She's still bawling as hard as any hungry newborn with a diaper ever did. Her face is wet with tears. Her pussy and the creases of her thighs are wet with honey that sparkles brightly. Unlike Sylvia, who is still struggling with things well beyond her experience, I know exactly what's exciting her so much. The humiliation. It's fairly common. She wants to be stripped bare and flaunted. She wants to be shoved out of her shell. To be stripped of her privacy and modesty so someone can finally truly know her. And she likes being shamelessly used. As if someone actually wants this body for something. No matter what it is. In fact the worse the use, the hotter it's going to make her.

I grab her shoulders and nudge her to turn and face Howard. She doesn't even try to hang her head in shame. She just bawls on, kneeling in front of him and Felicia. It takes me a second to teach her the proper way to kneel. Feet and knees spread wide. Bottom back between her heels. Back up straight. Hands behind her back. Eyes forward. But she easily gets into position when instructed to.

I tell her, my voice firm, what she's going to do. Sylvia blushes deeply. She shudders crisply as she hears the instructions. So sharply that her pussy mound shakes a few drops of honey from her fur. She cringes. And she says "yes, Ma'am," in that squeaky muteness.

"Mister Williams, thank you for watching Ms. Rodgers give me the spanking I deserved for acting like a stupid naughty little bitch, Sir. I'm very sorry you had to see how badly behaved I was after you were so nice as to bring me here, Sir. I'm very sorry that I acted like a baby for my spanking, too, Sir."

Sylvia takes a raspy deep breath before going on. "I

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really can't remember the last time I was spanked, Sir. It has to be over 30 years ago, Sir. I do remember that only my father ever spanked me, Sir. He never used a belt on me, Sir. It hurts very badly, Sir... I just hope it was enough of a punishment for me, Sir, so that next time I won't dare to be a naughty bitch, Sir.

"Now I have to go back over there and let Miss Slave fully inspect my very skanky vulva, clitoris, vagina, anus, and rectum, Sir. I promise to be a very good girl this time while Miss Slave inspects my most private and intimate parts, Sir. Will you please watch her inspect me, Sir?"

Howard hesitates. I give Sylvia's foot a little nudge.

"Please, Mister Williams, will you please watch Miss Slave fully inspect my most private places, Sir? I want you to see me be a big girl and behave for her, Sir. Please watch me, Sir?" Sylvia's voice is about as squeaking, and thus shamed, as every. I can see her cringing as she asks him to watch.

"I guess..." Howard answers. Probably because it's clear to him that I want him to, and it is just seeing. He doesn't have to do anything.

"May I please be allowed to join you, Sir?" Felicia asks Howard in her honey voice. He quickly agrees. Felicia rises to her feet with him. She leans her body against his, wrapping her arm around him. He does the same.

Sylvia, given permission, stands. She walks over to Sophie and apologizes for "being a naughty little bitch" last time. She asks Sophie to inspect her pussy and bottom again and tells Sophie that she'll be good this time.

Sophie hesitates for a second. She looks upon the standing Sylvia. "Then bend over, bitch, and offer me that vulva."

"Yes, Miss Slave," Sylvia squeaks out. In a few seconds, Sylvia has herself back in place against the wall.

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"There's my vulva, Miss Slave, for you to inspect."

Slave snaps, scolding Sylvia for her rudeness and telling her how to be very humble. Obviously, humility is new to Sylvia.

"Here is this bitch's vulva, Miss Slave. Will you please inspect this bitch's vulva, vagina, and clitoris for the Queen, Miss Slave? I promise to be a good bitch for you, Miss Slave."

Sylvia behaves while Sophie inspects her pussy. Mostly. Sylvia shudders hard a few times and quivers sharply the entire time. She mutters countless little, "Ums" too. Despite the breathy squeaks of those "Ums", there's no missing the moaning, the sultriness of them as well. Nor is there any missing the goosebumps erupting over her body. And there's no missing just how wet Sylvia is. A fair number of drops of honey fall to my floor during the brief inspection. It's a sight that leaves Howard smirking as much as grimacing.

Sophie tells Sylvia to ask for her bottom to be inspected now.

"Miss Slave, here is this bitch's anus. Will you please inspect this bitch's anus and rectum completely for the Queen, Miss Slave? I'm really sorry for being a naughty bitch earlier, but I promise I'll stand still and do everything you tell me to do this time, Miss Slave. Please, Miss Slave?"

Sophie puts her finger to Sylvia's tightly clenched asshole. It lets Sylvia feel the slippery wet heat. And now Sylvia knows what's greasing Sophie's finger - Sylvia's honey. "Do you feel my finger, fatso?"

"Yes, Miss Slave," Sylvia squeaks out.

"Where?"

"Touching this bitch's anus, Miss Slave," Sylvia's voice adds another squeak of shame.

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"You will relax that anus, and you are going to keep it fully relaxed while I inspect your disgusting nasty rectum, fatso. Take a deep breath and hold it..." Sophie waits as the still sobbing Sylvia sucks in a very noisy deep breath.

"Good fat pig. Now push back like you're trying hard to poop and can't. Keep pushing as hard as you possibly can until I tell you to stop, fatso."

Sylvia cringes. But she does as she is told. She pushes. "OOH!" Sylvia squeals loudly and shrill as she does. It pushes her asshole against Sophie's fingertip. It loosens her asshole, too, turning its muscle to rubber and allowing it to stretch easily without any discomfort. Now that her ring is loose and rubbery, Sophie's finger slips easily into the muscle. It barely even has to stretch it, and it stretches so easily. Sophie's finger glides. And Sylvia feels it gliding over the tender flesh of her virgin ring.

A half second later, Sylvia feels that finger emerges from the other side of her ring. She feels the urge to clench her asshole tightly, but resists it and keeps pushing. With her ring loose, there's nothing to slow Sophie's finger. It keeps sliding, easily, into Sylvia's depths. Sylvia feels that, too. But only feels it. It's just weird to her, something gliding in the wrong direction over the walls of her rectum. It's not even uncomfortable to her, just weird.

And then Sylvia feels the webbing between Sophie's fingers flush against the outside of her asshole. She knows what it means. Every inch of Sophie's finger is now inside her bottom.

Sophie gives Sylvia a second, telling her to keep pushing hard, or even harder, as she takes another breath. The breath is fast and noisy. But Sylvia keeps her asshole loose for Sophie. Sophie tells Sylvia that "Now that I'm inside your filthy poop-packed rectum, all you have to do is be a good bitch and stand there like the pig you are while I inspect this nasty thing."

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And then Sylvia feels the pressure. Nothing more. Just a light pressure as Sophie's finger starts moving inside her bottom. Exploring. Seeing what it can touch. Sylvia quickly gets used to that. It's not uncomfortable physically. It just reminds Sylvia what's being done. What she is submitting to. How invasively she's being inspected.

"AH-EEEEEEEEEE!" Sylvia screeches as Sophie's finger finally starts inspecting the bottom of Sylvia's rectum. The part lying flush against the backside of Sylvia's pussy walls. Not that Sylvia knows it. She just feels the sudden explosion of tingles flood her body, a hair more intensely than when her pussy was inspected. She feels her clit as it pounds, ready to burst. And she feels her pussy twitching sharply. She feels the dollops of honey her pussy is pushing out, too. And knows that Sophie is going to see them.

The tingles don't ease. They grow stronger. They explode more powerfully inside every bit of her body. They make her shudder hard. They make her cry out a few undeniably urgent, needy, and slutty moans. Loudly. She feels her asshole tense and squeeze hard around Sophie's finger. She feels the muscle spasming around Sophie's finger. She doesn't really feel Sophie inside her bottom. But her pussy burns so hot that she finally screams "I'm on fire!... OH!"

Sophie stops teasing Sylvia's pussy through the filmy thin walls of her rectum. She lifts her from them. The tingles slowly ebb. Sylvia stands, panting hard, her voice very frustrated and needy now. She stares at the wall, certainly pretending that no one saw that. It takes Sylvia a moment to get herself back together and start pushing, loosening her asshole around Sophie's finger again.

What the heck was that? What did she do to me? OMG, I just about came! Sylvia thinks to herself. She tries to focus on one thing only, relaxing her asshole before Sophie scolds her again. She does, but she can't stop

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wondering how that happened. How her pussy came so close to cumming while Sophie wasn't touching it. While Sophie was up her bottom.

Now that her body has been fully inspected, Sylvia is allowed to stand back up properly. And turn around. That has her face Sophie and Howard. Sylvia blushes from breasts to the top of her head as she realizes Howard just saw and heard everything. The grin on his face tells her that.

Slave tells Sylvia that "You will be weighed and measured now so that my Mistress will know exactly how fat of a pig you are, bitch."

Sophie takes her by the shoulders and walks her over to a scale. She stands her on it. She notes her height, weight, and measurements.

Then Sophie walks her over to where I'm waiting. To where Howard is waiting with me. Sophie has Sylvia stand facing me. She waits until I tell her "inspection report, slave."

"This fat pig weighs 152 pounds, at 66 inches, snout to tail, Mistress. It's 36-32-38 with D-cup breasts. It is filthy, Mistress. Its mouth still has a bit of lunch in it. It did not shave its underarms or legs today and doesn't appear to ever shave its bottom, Mistress. There is sweat under those flabby breasts, its vagina and vulva are flooded with its mess, there's dirt between its' toes and under its nails, and worst of all, its rectum is full of poop, Mistress. On top of that, it appears that it never bothers to groom its pubic hair, Mistress." Sophie laced a fair bit of disgust into her voice.

Sylvia stands there, naked, facing everyone, as Sophie recites the litany of nastiness. She cringes harder as every new thing is listed. She blushes. And she stands there, suffering the shame and feeling the burning ache in her pussy driving her crazy. She almost screams out again.

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I turn to Howard. "You're this filthy bitch's escort, so that means it's your decision to make. Would you prefer to take it away now, or would you prefer this bitch get a proper grooming now?"

Howard didn't know he'd be making any choices for Sylvia. Especially personal ones. He thinks for a moment. He has no idea what I mean by a proper grooming but assumes that I mean a shower or something. Maybe make her shave, too. He knows that Sylvia would be very disappointed, and now obviously unsatisfied but very needy if she had to leave now. He figures, after what Sylvia has already done, she shouldn't mind a bath too much. "Go ahead and groom her," he tells me.

"Then let me interview it quickly," I tell him for this interview he's to take her hand. He's to hold it until she's answered the last question and he's told to get her up. I have him walk her over to the stool beside my desk. I show her how to sit properly on it. Her legs crossed right over left. Back up straight. Hands behind her back, Howard holding her hand there. Eyes forward. The desk at her left side.

Then I ask her the questions. It's basic information. It takes about twenty minutes. It does get rather personal, asking when her periods are, and when she last had an orgasm. How many lovers she's had, and making her name them. What she's done with each of them. But that's after the mundane lulls her into comfort. Like her birthday.



Chapter Four - The Bottom

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Sophie takes Sylvia to the playroom, leading her along quickly. Sylvia tries to walk rather slowly, but Sophie isn't having any part of it. She almost drags Sylvia along. I follow, with Howard and Felicia behind me. Felicia keeps her hands sweetly on Howard to keep him thinking of her instead of Sylvia.

As I've told her to, Sophie gets Sylvia in position, on all fours paws, atop the massage table in roughly the center of the room. It's a specific position I want Sylvia in. Sophie has Sylvia get on the center of the table, with her bottom facing the door. She has Sylvia spread her knees wide, to the very edges of the table, and put her feet, in line with her knees. That has the soles of her feet up and her calves running along the edge. Sophie has Sylvia put her hands at the edges of the table, but with her palms flat on the top, not gripping the edge. Fingers spread. Then she has Sylvia move her hands forward, lowering her shoulders until Sylvia's back is flat with the table. She has Sylvia pick her head up, and that has Sylvia staring at the far wall.

The position also has Sylvia's thighs spread as wide open as possible, and that has the furry mound of her pussy displayed a bit prominently. Her bottom, however, is a hair too soft to display her asshole as shamelessly. Her cheeks start to pull apart, almost opening her crack, but not quite. It has Sylvia's ample breasts dangling freely, and hers are big enough that they hang over halfway down to the table. Her nipples are still fully stiff. I can see the pink nubs standing down from the tips of her mounds.

It's a position that lets the softness of her stomach show as well. She's not fat, so there's no roll to hang down or anything. But her flesh has lost its elasticity. And that lets it droop slightly downward. I'd bet Sylvia knows it, too. Knows that she looks a touch fat in this position. And hates it.

Felicia hugs Howard softly and moves him over to the

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two chairs I have set up for them. She scoots hers against his, letting her keep snuggling him as they take seats for the show. They both have a good view of Sylvia's pink and sore bottom, and her mound. The backs of her thighs, too. I doubt Howard has noticed that. He's far too interested in Felicia now to be paying any attention to Sylvia.

I stand in front of Sylvia. As petite as I am, I'm still tall enough that Sylvia is staring at my chest, not my eyes. I squat down to put my face even with hers so I can look her in the eye. It has me facing Howard and Felicia as well.

"Since your escort brought you here far too filthy for anyone to actually touch, your fat butt will get a good proper grooming. You will be groomed like the nasty bitch you are, bitch. Inside and out. I think I'll just start at the bottom and work up. Your flabby bottom that is. Time to get that disgusting bottom cleaned out squeaky clean! I hope you like big, cold, enemas!" I giggle.

Sylvia cringes. I've come to expect that from her. She cringes at about everything. Her face scrunches up in a horrified mask, too. That's not surprising. Neither are the nervous tremors flowing over her. They're powerful, though. Enough to have her breasts jiggling and the cheeks of her bottom wiggling slightly. She mews a few strained, very anxious "OOH-Mms" under her breath.

Sylvia is nervous now. She reminds herself that she should have thought about an enema. They're prominent enough in my stories that there was a better-than-fair chance she'd get one. If not her first trip here, then her second or third.

She's never had one before. It's something that she never thought of. She still can't imagine it doing anything for her, except being rather uncomfortable. She can't imagine how she could like it.

She wonders how bad it's going to be. How badly she's going to feel the urge to empty herself. Will she be

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able to handle it, or will she embarrass herself by squirming around and crying? Or worse, will she explode?

She wonders how I will give it to her as well. She's read a number of variations on the theme. Fast or slow. She can't decide which of those would be worse: fast is more uncomfortable as it fills her, but slow drags it out so much longer. Hot, or cold? Oil, water, or something else? Fat nozzle to stretch her ring wider, and more uncomfortably, or a narrow one? A short one, or a deep one that's going to slip all the way to her depths?

As she kneels, hundreds of images flash through her mind. So strongly that she's certain she can already feel the cramping and pressure in her bottom. It gets her fidgeting.

I ignore Sylvia and tell Sophie to fetch me a pair of suppositories. One white and one red. Sophie smirks. She knows the color codes as well as I do. She knows what Sylvia is in store for her. Sylvia doesn't, but hearing me call for suppositories, she can guess they aren't for me. Or Sophie.

Sophie brings them over and sets them on the table between Sylvia's calves. She adds a couple of pairs of latex gloves, knowing anyone is going to want those. It's not like Sylvia is going to give those to herself.

Sophie brings over the enema bag next. As I've told her to do, she makes sure Sylvia gets a good look at the liter-sized bag full of slightly blue-tinged water. That Sophie sets in front of Sylvia, almost directly underneath Sylvia's chin. Sylvia shouldn't be able to see it there, not if she keeps her head up as she's supposed to. But I can see those nervous eyes constantly shifting down to steal a glimpse of it. And I know she's imagining the horror of feeling every drop of that water inside her bottom.

Once Sophie has everything laid out, I tell Sylvia that before the filth can be rinsed from her bottom, her bottom

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will be cleaned. This will be done with a pair of suppositories. I tell her nothing about the pair of suppositories. I don't tell her that the first is a stool softener and laxative. Nor do I tell her that the second is mostly nothing, with a little bit of deodorant soap and a couple of drops of pepper juice in it. I just tell her that she's going to get them, to help clean out her filthy bottom.

I hesitate for a second. Then I act as if I've just had a sudden, and great, idea. I stand up, but I stay in front of Sylvia, leaving her to stare at the front of my scrub shirt. I look to Howard and I ask him if he's planning to continue acting as Sylvia's guardian between sessions, or if it will be necessary for me to arrange for a stranger to take on responsibility for making sure that his mother "does a few simple things." I don't say what those things are. And I most definitely do not mention the coming suppositories or enema.

I see Felicia wiggle her body every so slightly against him. "I guess I could do that..." Howard answers.

I signal Felicia. She leans over and whispers softly to him "That is so sweet of you, studly. You are such a wonderful son... and man." Felicia gives him a big, and very hot, kiss. She winks at him, too. I think that adequately lets him know that Felicia wants him to accept. And that's all it takes. She already has him wrapped around her little finger.

"In that case, it's possible that Sylvia will need a little help with her hygiene, at least considering how gross she came here. Why don't you come over here and give her the first suppository? I'm sure she'd prefer you doing it for her, instead of me. You'll probably care about making it easier for her." I grin. I also let him know that I won't worry about Sylvia's comfort, but he can. As I hoped, although Howard clearly doesn't want to administer it, he can't bring himself to say no. So he reluctantly comes up.

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Of course, I bring him to stand behind Sylvia. Here, he has a good view of her bottom and pussy. He's not looking, though. His eyes keep flitting back to steal glances of the smiling Felicia.

Sylvia fidgets far more anxiously now. She knows he's behind her, but she can't see anything. She doesn't know he's more interested in Felicia. He could be staring at her nicely displayed pussy. He could be doing anything for all she knows. Sylvia sees nothing but the wall now. And that makes her antsier. It makes her pussy burn a bit hotter, too as she realizes that she's at Howard's mercy – she won't know what he's seeing, or doing, to her body. Not until she feels it happening.

I wait as Howard reluctantly pulls on a pair of latex gloves. He makes enough noise that Sylvia should hear it. I would have snapped them – that always gets me a good flinch – but he doesn't. I whisper directions to him.

Howard does as I told him. He puts the thumb of his left hand again the other four fingers. Then he pushes the tips of his thumb and fingers into Sylvia's crack directly over her asshole. He pushes down until he feels the valley of her crack. Then he opens his hand, the back of his finger pushing one cheek out and his thumb pushing the other out. It opens her crack wide.

And it fully exposes the tight little ring of her asshole. Her is deep purple. The ring is about the size of a dime, but there's a fairly wide swath of purple-tinge flesh around it, lightening up as it flows out from her hole. Her muscle is clenched tightly now, giving it a little more definition. The purple flesh is lined with a zillion tiny wrinkles, all flowing to a small speck of darkness at the center. Her ring sits flush with the valley of her crack, neither funneling inward nor puckering out. It still glistens slightly from the thick layer of her honey coating it. A layer that hasn't fully dried to stickiness yet.

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I unwrap the first suppository for him. As I do he keeps his eyes everywhere, and anywhere, but on Sylvia's waiting asshole. I hand it to him and tell him just to put it in place. Then I watch as he brings the long, slightly fat, bullet-shaped suppository up and very gently touches the tapered tip of it to the center of her tight ring. He uses the thumb and one finger of his other hand to hold it in place.

Sylvia shudders sharply as she feels the cool bullet against her asshole. She sucks in a sharp breath as if expecting it to be shoved in. then, when it just sits there, she lets it out and pants a few breaths. She quivers enough that her spongy soft breasts stay lightly jiggling. Her nipples stay rock hard, too.

"uh..." Howard begins softly, his voice full of uncertainty. "uh, Sylvia." I told him to use her given name, not to call her mom for the moment. I do that when I don't expect the pair to be intimate with each other. It serves as a reminder to Sylvia that, for the moment, she's Howard's ward, not his mother. That Howard is in charge of her and her body. That she's expected to obey. It sounds as if it's unnatural for Howard to address her by name. And it sends a little flinch through Sylvia, so I know she's picking up on it.

"You are going to relax and just stay still Sylvia," Howard tells her in a voice that's half bully, half firm. He recites the line I gave him.

Howard puts the tip of a finger squarely against the base of the suppository. He starts pushing, fairly gently. The tapered tip moves forward, diving slowly into the speck of blackness. It's no wider than my finger, and I have slim fingers, but it's quickly pushing her tightly resisting asshole open, stretching the unwilling muscle a little, until her asshole is wide enough for it to slip through.

It slips through. Once its shaft is in her ring, her muscle stretched as wide as it needs to be, which isn't very much, and it starts moving quickly. It slides easily through

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her ring, gliding over the tender purple flesh on a layer of lubricant and the honey still clinging to her.

“OOH!” Sylvia blurts out as she feels her ring starting open. “OH-EEE” she squeals, really more of a whine, as the suppository slides into her bottom. She shudders, lightly but crisply, as she wonders what it is, and what it’s going to do to her. As if just having it shoved up her bottom in front of an audience isn’t bad enough.

Sylvia almost sighs with relief after a second that felt like an eternity to her. She feels the last of the suppository sliding through her asshole. She figures that’s the end of this part. Now she just has to wait and see what the suppository is going to do to her. That makes her nervous. She’s always hated the feeling of needing a toilet, and been very quick to find one before it became uncomfortable to her. Only now, she realizes, she’s going to be at Howard’s mercy. No matter what this thing does to her. She worries that it will make her too uncomfortable, her urge too strong for her, and make her act... embarrassingly.

Sylvia feels the suppository jump slightly, slipping the last bit of the way into her bottom. She feels her asshole starting to clench back tight. She feels the tip of Howard’s gloved finger now flush against her ring. She wonders what Howard must be seeing. How dirty, and unappealing, the sight of her asshole must be to him. If he’s looking at her furry, untrimmed, and very sloppy pussy. If he can see her wetness weeping from her slit. If he can see the heat burning like fire inside her. If he knows how aroused she is.

“AHH!” Sylvia screeches in a squeaky voice of pure panic. She still feels the tip of Howard’s finger against her ring, only now it’s pressing firmly. It’s not letting off as she expected to it. She wonders what he’s doing. If his finger is going to stay like this to hold the thing in.

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“UGH!” Sylvia grunts hard, her entire body shuddering a second later. Howard’s finger hasn’t stopped pressing against her asshole. Now it’s moved into the center of her ring, pushing her very firm and tightly resisting muscle wider than the suppository did. His finger presses against her ring so much that the very tip of it has almost pushed through her asshole. She says a silent prayer for Howard to stop. Especially after the rather harshly critical report Sophie gave, describing her rectum as “full of nasty poop.” She prays, as intensely as she’s ever prayed, that Howard won’t feel that.

“UH-UHM!” Sylvia cringes hard. It’s a mistake on her part that tenses her body up. Including her asshole. But she can’t help herself. She feels Howard’s finger. It’s now pushed through her ring, and the tip of it emerged into her bottom. Goosebumps erupt around her ring, covering the purple swath of flesh as a crisp tremor racks her body. A tremor sharp enough that her breasts bounce, knocking against each other, as it hits her chest.

Howard does as I told him to. He keeps the pressure constant and steady. And that lets his finger slide deeper and deeper. Steadily. He feels the tight squeeze of her unhappy ring around his finger. He feels the drag from it. But it doesn’t slow his finger. It keeps pushing into Sylvia’s depths.

About half of his finger has pushed through her asshole when he feels the firm, gooey mass inside her. He knows immediately what it is. He cringes hard, his face wrinkling up. But he keeps his finger moving. He feels the mass shift to the side, allowing his finger to slip deeper along of side it. He barely feels the wall of her rectum against the other side of his finger. It’s just too loose and filmy. He feels... things beyond, on the other side of that so-thin film, but he doesn’t know what he’s feeling. Just a spongy soft squashiness. He guesses it’s her insides and tries hard not to think about anything he’s feeling.

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Sylvia feels it all, too. She feels a faint burn in her asshole, a combination of the unwilling muscle being stretched and mostly the drag as its tightness squeezes around his finger. She doesn't feel the firm mass inside of her until she feels it shift. Then she feels every bit of it. And she knows that it's shifting only because Howard's finger is shoving it aside as it pushes yet deeper into her bottom.

Sylvia just doesn't have time to think about it much. Howard's finger moves steadily. About the time she's dwelling on what he's feeling inside of her, she feels the webbing of his finger firmly against the outside of her asshole. Then all she can think about is that Howard's finger is all the way inside her bottom. She doesn't feel the suppository anymore. She doesn't realize that, either. Every cell of her brainpower is focused on the thought of Howard's finger deep inside her bottom.

I told Howard to push his finger in right behind the suppository, pushing it as deeply as he can. Then to leave his finger there for a minute or so, to hold the suppository in place while it begins to melt. That way it will dissolve at the center of her bowels. And there won't be a chance of it popping back out. He does that, stopping his finger at its deepest and just leaving it there.

Very softly, Howard asks me how he'll know when to take his finger out. I tell him he won't be able to feel the suppository anymore. It will have melted into a waxy puddle. Once it does, it's not going anywhere. It's going to work on her. And there's nothing left to hold in place. He nods.

I tell him to slowly count to 20, adding that will give the pill time to begin melting inside her bottom. That way it will stay where it is and not slip back to her asshole. The deeper it is, the better.

He counts slowly, taking a bit over 20 seconds to

reach the count.

Sylvia kneels there, mewling rather whiny "UHMMM!" over and over again. I can see her face scrunched up in a mask of pain as if in agony. I know she's hating this. I can also see her plump lips quivering slightly, and that tells me that her pussy beyond is twitching rather sharply. Her mound is covered in honey. Her slit is weeping more of it. Her nipples are rock-hard. That I don't point out to Howard. Not yet. The time will be right for that later on.

Instead, I firmly scold Sylvia, calling her "the stupidest rude bitch to ever kneel on my table." I tell her that her son has just done something very nice for her. I ask her "do you really think your son wants his finger up that poop-filled nasty bottom of yours, bitch?"

Sylvia answers with a very strained, heavily muted, "no, Ma'am."

I tell her then she should be a very polite bitch and humbly thank him for giving it to her. Since I had to tell her to be respectful, I expect the utmost humility from her. I leave the "or else" off. I hope she's figured out by now there's always an or else here, and else is never the desirable choice. "Thank you for giving me the suppository, Sir. I'm sorry you had to put your finger into my filthy butt, Sir." Sylvia says, her voice now different. It still has the strain that tells me she hates it. But now it's demurely soft and accepting. And very squeaky.

I nod for Howard to slowly pull his finger from her tight asshole. He goes slow, but his face says that he'd prefer to yank it out as fast as he could. "You're welcome, Sylvia," he tells her in a rather kind voice.

His finger quickly slips the last bit from her asshole. And then he stops, as I've told him to do. He uses his hand, including the finger just out of her bottom, to pinch her asshole lightly, holding it shut for several seconds. Then he lets go.

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"Sylvia, you are to stay just like you are and wait," Howard tells her firmly.

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia squeaks out in her overly humiliated voice.

I suggest he takes a seat and waits the ten minutes. He does. And I cue Felicia. Felicia goes over to him and sits on his lap. She puts her hand around his shoulders and snuggles close to him. She tells him that he's such a good son to help take care of his mommy. Then she takes his hand and slowly brings it up underneath her blouse. She puts it right to her breast. She tells him "the hand that helped his mommy gets a reward." He's welcome to play with her "tiny breast" all he wants.

He needs no more encouragement. For the first time, he presumes to take a little liberty with Felicia. To do something not explicitly offered. He uses that hand to push her very lacy bra up and off her small mound. It slips up easily, leaving her pert mound fully bare under her blouse. Felicia smiles and purrs softly. "There you go, Sir... enjoy these puny little breasts all you want, Sir."

He kneads her mound gently, feeling it and toying with it while Felicia purrs. He strokes her long, hard nipple with its almost flat tip. Then he pinches it very lightly.

Felicia shudders. He pinches it more firmly. Felicia shudders hard. He pinches it hard. Felicia shudders hard and lets out a moan. He smirks wide. He spends the entire ten minutes playing with Felicia's breasts.

Sylvia spends her ten minutes on all fours, staring at a blank wall. That way there's nothing to distract her from the sensations in her bottom. Which isn't much. Her imagination is far worse than reality. She doesn't feel her waste softening into a goo. Really the only thing she feels is in the last minute of the wait. Then she feels her urge to run for the toilet slowly blossoming. She starts to wonder how much longer she's going to have to wait. How strong

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that urge is going to get? It's already annoying her. It's strong enough that she'd be on the toilet by now.

Except she's not allowed to. She remembers seeing one just across the hall from the playroom. Maybe ten good steps, she thinks. She could be sitting on it in a few short seconds. But she's not allowed to. She's required to stay where she is and just endure the annoyance. To suffer the urge and ignore herself.

Sylvia knows that there's a second suppository. That doesn't stop her from desperately praying that Howard will allow her to use the toilet. And that reminds Sylvia that she's now subservient to him. She could run for the toilet, as she so desperately wants to do. There's nothing tangible stopping her. The only thing keeping her there is intangible. She now needs her son's permission to go. Permission she's not allowed to ask for. Or even tell him that she needs. All she can do is wait and pray that he grants her permission.

That, Sylvia decides, is even more humiliating than anything she's endured so far. Worse, she doubts that permission is soon coming. Instead, she thinks, she's waiting here, on her hands and knees, for him to come shove another one of those things up her bottom.

She wonders how long she's going to have to wait. Staring at the wall, she has no concept of time. In her mind, it's already been closer to half an hour, not the ten minutes it actually is.

Sylvia hears Felicia behind her. She can hear Felicia's soft, very erotic, little purring moans. She heard Felicia offer her breasts to Howard as a reward. She knows that the young man will be toying with them. Any man likely would. Even Sylvia could see that Felicia's mounds were firm and perky. Just what guys like, she thinks, not fat and floppy like mine.

Sylvia can't believe that a teacher would allow a

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student to touch her like that. But, she realizes, Felicia isn't a teacher here. She's another of my toys. My property, like Sylvia, is for the moment. And if the stories are true, which Sylvia now is confident they are, Felicia has done far more than let a student play with her breasts.

That makes Sylvia wonder what else Felicia has done for Howard. Obviously, she's teased him, she's been nothing but a slutty tease from the minute Sylvia arrived. Sylvia figures that's how Felicia is manipulating Howard to so readily go along with everything.

She feels the fiery burning in her pussy, too. And the tingles erupting as it twitches. She feels her honey steadily weeping from her slit and drenching her fur. She prays Howard won't see that. She wonders why she's so hot now.

I spend it watching Sylvia. Watching her pussy steadily weep honey, drop after drop.

After ten minutes I wave for Howard to come back over to Sylvia. Felicia gives him a long kiss and a few very sugary words. She reaches up under her blouse and fixes her bra as he rises to his feet. Then I whisper instructions to Howard. This way Sylvia will hear them for the first time from him. She'll wonder if they're his words, or if he's just reciting a line.

He pulls a fresh pair of gloves on and picks up the suppository. He gives her the same instructions. Then he presses it into her bottom. If he notices the shudders flowing over her as he does, he probably assumes that it's just her discomfort showing. He puts it all the way in, just as he did last time.

This time he feels her ring squeezing around his finger with all its might. He feels the tiny, crisp spasms snapping that muscle as well. "Sylvia, this one is going to burn slightly as it works. I still expect you to be a big girl

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and behave yourself." He tells her. Then he starts counting. He reaches twenty and gives his finger a tiny wiggle to remind Sylvia what's expected of her.

"Thank you for giving me my suppository, Sir. I'm sorry that you had to put your finger in my filthy butt, Sir." Since the words worked last time she tries them again. "I promise to try my hardest to be a good girl, Sir," she adds. He takes his finger out of her bottom, snaps his gloves off quickly, and doesn't waste any time returning to Felicia.

It only takes about a minute. That's a minute from the instant Sylvia first felt the cursed thing touch her asshole. At first, the sensations are faint. It's just a light burning. More of just a warmth. It starts right where the suppository dissolved, but quickly flows out until it covers her entire rectum. All the way to the very depths of it, about seven or eight inches beyond her asshole. And right up to the inside edge of her asshole.

It only takes a few seconds, maybe fifteen or twenty, for the warmth to turn into a burn that Sylvia couldn't even describe. It's as if she's eaten the world's hottest nachos. It's still not really painful, but it is very uncomfortable. As if her insides were suddenly warmed well beyond what they should be. Butt burn, like heartburn, but in the opposite side of the digestive tract. What she does know, is that she wants this heat gone. She wants it to end. She wants that toilet now.

Yet she doesn't move. She stays on her paws, cringing and shuddering. She weeps softly, but not from the discomfort. From the utter humiliation of having to wait and endure, until her son deigns to return and offer her a toilet. Of having to wait with her asshole fully displayed for anyone to see. Her pussy, too. The pussy she knows is still flowing with honey, burning 1000 times hotter than her bottom, and twitching away.

Every second she waits, she believes that her urge doubles. The intense pounding pressure against the inside

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of her asshole growing unbearable. Reaching the limits of what she can hold. It's not, but she imagines that it is. She starts breathing crisp breaths, each one laced with faint "ow" as she waits.

Felicia doesn't hesitate either. Her job is to distract Howard. To entertain him while Sylvia waits and squirms. She stands in front of him and smiles wide as she tells him "You are such a strong man..." in her overly honeyed voice. Then she turns her back to him.

Felicia lifts her skirt, showing Howard her bottom with just the lacy strap of her thong running up her crack. Showing him her bare globes, and giving him a very close view. A good enough view for him to pick out several light freckles dotting her white cheeks. He notices that there's no softness or looseness to Felicia's cheeks. Not even a little bit like Sylvia's. Hers are smooth and well-rounded, her skin taut over them. They look to be firm, too.

And then Felicia gently sits down on his lap. Deftly she sits so that the hard shaft of his cock, covered by his jeans, comes to rest directly in her crack. With the mound of her pussy atop the spongy head of his cock. She uses her legs and arms to support her weight, keeping her body gently atop his hungry cock.

Felicia starts rocking her hips gently. And slowly. Using her bottom to stroke his cock. On every stroke, he feels the heat, the dampness, of Felicia's puffy mound, too. Howard purrs very happily. After a minute or so, he takes a chance and brings his hands up. He doesn't put them under her blouse, but they quickly find her breasts. She ignores him, focusing on getting her lap dance perfect for him. He takes that as what it is, permission to play with her breasts. That makes him purr even more eagerly.

This time I only make her wait five minutes. I don't call Howard over. I let him enjoy Felicia. Instead, I just take the enema around behind Sylvia. I have slave hold the bag

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up. I push the nozzle (7" x ¼") into her bottom.

That drives Sylvia crazy. As she kneels there, she can feel the hard tube slipping endlessly into her bottom. It lies against the walls of her rectum, so she feels it steadily pushing deeper and deeper. Then nearing her very depths. She wonders when, or even if, it's going to stop. And then it does, just before it gets to the back of her bowels.

The tube holds her asshole slightly open as her ring squeezes hard around it. She feels that, although it's not uncomfortable. It's just annoying to be there.

Now Sylvia realizes that the enema is going to begin deep inside her bottom. That it's going to fill every bit of her bottom. She quivers as she thinks about it. As she imagines every inch of her bowels straining and flooded, an urge to empty so strong she can't control it.

More than anything, Sylvia wonders if Howard is watching. It wouldn't matter. Watched or not, she feels the full embarrassment of it. She imagines Howard seeing her on all fours, the tube shoved up her bottom, the hose running up to the bag, knowing that his mom is kneeling there, humbly waiting as her bottom is pumped overfull of this water.

Then I release the clamp and let the water flow. Firmly, in an icy voice, I tell Sylvia "stay still while your rectum fills up completely." I hope my voice lets her know that I'm all business and there will be no slack for her.

Sylvia isn't still when it begins. She's fidgeting anxiously. As she feels those cold drops against her fiery insides, she quivers and shivers hard. The goosebumps flow out of her crack, sweeping over her globes and the mound of her pussy as well. Sylvia pants a series of hushed, very squeaky, "Oohs."

Sylvia feels the coolness inside her bottom. It starts at the very depths, but quickly races out and washes over

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her entire bowels. It dulls the burn of the suppository. It also makes her feel the water steadily and slowly, flooding her bowels. Filling her up. With every drop, her quivers grow stronger, jiggling her breasts a bit more.

But what I most notice is her pussy. By now it's so wet that a faint, tiny rivulet of honey runs from it. It flows down, a tiny little string of honey, all the way to the table. And there it begins a decent-sized little puddle.

I'm sure Sylvia feels the honey flowing. She won't be able to feel it falling from her mound, though. She will feel the wetness clinging to the outsides of her lips and soaking her fur. I know she has to feel the coolness of the enema against the backside of her pussy walls - there's nothing between them except for the filmy thin walls of her bowels. But I doubt she realizes what she's feeling. More just the burning heat and icy coldness, both inside her at almost the same place. But her pussy is going to feel that enema leeching the heat from it. And that will end up making it burn her hotter.

It's not long before Sylvia is groaning rather strained "Ows" as the enema keeps flowing into her bottom. From the level left in the bag, I'd guess it's about the point where her rectum is full. Actually full. That will be a sensation new to her. Her rectum is filled to where its loose walls are pulled taut, but not stretched. Her bottom demanding, forcefully, that she run for the toilet. Her asshole squeezing hard to hold the enema inside her.

As she keeps filling, her bowels now starting to have to stretch, their walls pulled even tighter, Sylvia wonders how much more she's going to have to take. How much more she can take? Already she feels as if a hammer is pounding on the inside of her asshole, trying to force its way out of her. As if her bowels are expanding inside her, turning firm and hard as they do. Taking up space they weren't meant to, pushing the rest of her inside away.

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Sylvia has no idea how much of the bag is left. Or how much is inside her? She's about halfway through the half of the bag that I'm going to give her. About 8 ounces. Give or take. I notice the tears flowing from her eyes then. Her face scrunched up hard, into a tight mask of agony. I hear her sobbing softly. I hear her groaning soft, squeaky, and strained, "Ows."

I give her bottom a very soft little tap with a spanky stick. Those are just paint stirrers that Home Depot gives away for free. But the thin slats of wood make excellent spankers. Like rulers. I use my icy firm voice to remind Sylvia "behave. Just stay still and wait while your flabby bottom fills all the way up."

The faint swat, just enough for her to feel it on her still sore globes, is enough to let Sylvia know that there will be consequences if she doesn't obey. Consequences she's decided she doesn't want. Not that she wouldn't choose another spanking over this enema, but because she knows that's not her choice. Her only choice is how sore her bottom is going to be when she finally kneels still and lets it be filled.

The thought makes her sob harder. It makes her quiver crisply, too. And it makes her groans take on a very needy, urgent, and throaty tone. I can see the lips of her pussy quiver every time her clit pounds just under them. And I see her honey flowing.

Sylvia kneels and waits. She cries softly as her bottom fills from unbearably to... whatever is worse. She feels the pressure inside her bottom as if it's going to explode from her body any second now.

She decides that being given an enema in front of others, in front of her son, is a new depth of humiliation. She feels the sharp snapping twitches in her pussy. The tingles erupting all through those spongy walls, too. She reminds herself that the one dignity she has left is that no one can actually see that.

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I give her a couple of more gentle swats on her bottom, as I remind her to behave. Each swat sends a sharp spasm into her pussy. So crisp that it makes her pussy snap and push out a good-sized dollop of honey. She feels that. It does nothing to slow the steady trickle of honey, either. All it really does is make her pussy and clit ache more intensely and throb harder.

I give her half the bag. That's the same 16 ounces I usually give. I stop the flow, leaving the nozzle in her bottom. Then I ask her if her bottom is "completely full."

Sylvia very urgently blurts out "Yes, Ma'am, my butt is so full I can't hold it, Ma'am!" but her voice is still soft and demure.

I take the nozzle out of her bottom. She breathes a sigh of relief before she goes on moaning.

I tell Sylvia that it's time for her to get up now. I tell her very firmly, in a frigid voice, that I don't want to see her acting like a baby unless she'd enjoy some "quality time over my knees." I tell her that I know she feels the need to use the toilet. I don't care. I ask her if she's "potty trained or if she needs a diaper."

She tells me "I don't need a diaper, Ma'am."

I tell her "then there's no reason that you can't control yourself and get up." I tell her that I expect to see her getting up as if nothing had been done to her bottom. Whatever discomfort the enema has brought her, that's her problem. It's what she deserves for showing up with such a filthy bottom. She'll just have to deal with it like a big bitch. It's not like I feel anything. Then I snap my fingers and bark for her to get up and stand facing me.

Sylvia screams out as she moves. It's unwarranted. All she feels is the pressure in her bottom, pushing hard against the inside of her asshole, and a few light cramps behind her pubes. It tells me she's an actress. She makes

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everything seem like it's far worse than it is. Despite the discomfort, she moves almost normally as she gets up. I wait until she's standing properly.

I ask Sylvia if she'd "like to be taken potty now."

"Yes, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, I really need to use the toilet, Ma'am! Please let me go now, Ma'am."

"No," I tell Sylvia firmly, offering no explanation. Just one word and a cold stare at her. I wait about ten seconds, watching the hope vanish from her face. I watch the strain return to it. And the dullness of acceptance blooms. As if I've decided her fate. And her fate is to accept whatever's decided for her.

"Your son was very nice to give you those suppositories," I tell Sylvia in my all-business voice. "You will go thank him for taking care of your slutty bottom, bitch. You WILL tell him exactly how you are feeling right now." I grab her jaw and hold her head in a hard grip as I glare into her eyes. "All of it, not just that bottom, bitch. And don't be so stupid as to think you're hiding anything from me, bitch. Now go!"

Sylvia's face scrunches up in horror. "Yes, Ma'am," she says in the most cowed and squeakiest voice, the softest voice, yet. Her eyes drift down to stare at her feet. She grimaces hard as she walks the three steps to where Howard is. She notices that Felicia is now standing behind him, rubbing his shoulders. She's also leaning forward enough that her breasts are touching his head. Sylvia wonders if Felicia has a bra on under that thin blouse or not.

Sylvia drops to her knees, as she's been told to do when addressing "a better" - anyone better than her, which means everyone. She kneels properly, her knees spread wide and her hands behind her back. She looks him in the eyes, her back up straight. Her body on full display. Her asshole straining hard to hold back a tidal wave. Her

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rectum throbbing as if so overfull that she's about to explode.

Sylvia begins with a bland "thank you again for giving me my suppositories, Sir. I'm very sorry that my butt was so filthy and you had to put your finger in there, Sir. Thank you for being so kind to me, Sir." then she tells him how the enema is pure agony for her. When she's run out of things to say about that, she confesses "my pussy is throbbing very hard and burning me, Sir. I know I'm leaking, too, Sir. I'm really sorry, and so embarrassed to admit it, Sir, but even with my butt killing me, it's all I can do not to touch myself right now, Sir. It aches so badly I don't know if I can wait another minute, Sir." A cold stare from me, not a single word, and she adds "my nipples are aching so badly that I couldn't stand for them to be touched by anything, Sir... they're just so eager that they're so sensitive I couldn't stand it, Sir. And now I feel completely humiliated, and I've never been more embarrassed in all my life for having to tell you all of that, Sir."

I whisper to Howard. As instructed, Howard asks her, trying hard for a firm voice, "which disgusting urge is stronger, Sylvia? Would that fat body be more comfortable if its bottom was taken potty, or if its vagina and clitoris were masturbated right now?"

Sylvia hesitates. "I don't know, Sir... Both, Sir. I want to do both so badly, Sir..."

"I told you to pick one, Sylvia Renee. Since you didn't pick one, the choice is neither. Now you'll go stand in the corner where you'll have plenty of time to think about obediently doing as you are told to."

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia sobs as she starts bawling. She cringes inward as she realizes that she could have had one. At least one of the unbearable aches could have been relieved. She still can't decide which she would prefer.

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Both ache so badly that she wants to die rather than suffer another second of either.

Sylvia cringes hard as it dawns on her that her son just punished her. Even more degradingly, she readily accepted his power to do so and humbly agreed to submit to the punishment dolled out. A punishment, she thinks, which is by hundred miles the most humiliating, and absolute worst, that he could have given her. He's sentenced her to suffer both aches. And worse, to do so in a demeaning way. Another punishment that's appropriate for a toddler, not an adult. Not even a middle schooler. The thoughts just make her pussy ache more intensely and burn a bit hotter.

I don't wait. I grab her hair and snap for her to come to the corner. I take her to the far corner and stand her in it. With the tips of her toes touching the baseboards. Usually, that's all I allow to touch anything, but Sylvia's breasts are large enough that the tips of her very stiff nipples touch the wall as well. I let that be, otherwise, she'd have to lean backward to keep them off of it. I tell her that she'll be there 38 minutes since she's 38 years old. When her time is up, "maybe your son will remember to come fetch your disobedient bottom." I make sure she's standing with her hands at the small of her back and I remind her that she's not to make a sound or move. Not even a tiny little fidget. She's to stand there, her eyes wide open and staring at nothing. She can use her time to think about why it's important for a worthless bitch to obey her guardian.

Sylvia quivers sharply as she stands there. Even with her feet together, I can see the honey flowing from her slit. I can imagine the agony of standing there, with nothing to distract herself, feeling the wall against the too-sensitive tips of her nipples, then exploding, pounding ache in her pussy, and the swelling fullness in her bottom. And knowing that there's nothing she can do about it.

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I know Sylvia is imagining Howard and Felicia staring at her, seeing her bare bottom with her cheeks squishing hard together, her muscles tensed, as she stands in the corner. How she must look like a naughty two-year-old. And reminding herself, that even though she had to tell Howard how badly her pussy was aching, at least he can't see that standing in the corner is exciting her even more.



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If one word could sum up the sight that is Sylvia standing in the corner, it would be pitiful. But that word isn't nearly enough.

It doesn't really convey just how uncomfortable she appears. Her body is tense. So tightly so that her steely muscles quiver. That alone will soon be a problem. Those muscles are going to tire and start burning her if she doesn't relax. Her cheeks are tight, too, firmly clenching together. It reveals the muscles underneath, which are moderately toned, but it also emphasizes the thin layer of body fat atop those muscles. It leaves her milky white flesh quivering hard.

And it doesn't convey just how humiliated she must be feeling. She stays still, merely quivering. She can't see anything but the empty walls in front of her. And she has to keep her eyes wide open to see the walls. No daydreaming allowed. She has to be feeling like a little toddler sent to the corner. More humiliated knowing it was her own son who so casually punished her like this.

And it doesn't hint at how slutty she looks. Even from behind, with her legs together, I can see the fresh wetness glistening at the tops of her thighs. I know her pussy is steadily weeping. She has to be able to feel it. I'm sure she's praying that no one else can. And certain that everyone can not just see it, but is staring at it.

She tries hard to be quiet. She breathes deep, controlled breaths. Breaths with a very needy and urgent undertone to them. A rather erotic undertone, in a slutty way. They're more like fast-panted, and heavily muted, moans.

The enema still fills her bottom rather uncomfortably. As she stands, she feels the intense pressure straining her bowels and pushing hard against the inside of her asshole, ready to explode from her bottom. She knows she can't let that happen. It makes her strain hard to hold it in.

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She can also feel the crisp electric tingles erupting all through the twitching walls of her fiery pussy. She wonders - tries to figure out, why her pussy is so aroused right now with her bottom so uncomfortable. She doesn't imagine her bottom is part of the reason - that stretched firm rectum is lying against the backside of her pussy. Nor does she imagine that the shame, the humiliation, of being firmly controlled, and openly degraded, is arousing her. I'm sure at some level she knows that it's what she needs. She needs that modesty forcibly stripped away. That's the only way she's getting past it. And she wants past it. She wants to be sexual. Used. Teased. The bringer of pleasure to others. All things that her shyness stops her from being. Or did until this afternoon, when the shyness was ripped from her.

After a couple of minutes, it starts to sink into her that she deserves a worse punishment than this corner. She obviously disappointed Howard by not choosing when he told her. She thinks about how much trouble he went through to arrange this session for her. How ungrateful she must seem to him, not making a simple choice when he told her to.

She thinks that Howard would probably rather be anywhere else, too. Watching his naked mother standing in a corner is probably near the very bottom of his bucket list. Shoving those suppositories up her bottom, she thinks, might well be the very bottom of his wish list. Yet he didn't hesitate to do all of it for her. He's selflessly doing something very kind for her. Something he's obviously not liking. She decides that she's a horrible person now. Worthless.

The thoughts make her feel more ashamed of herself. And that makes the fire in her pussy burn just a little hotter.

What kills her is the pounding ache in her clit. It throbs so badly, begging for a touch to relieve it, that she

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can't stand it. She thought standing here shamed would ease the arousal – the ache. But it isn't. Her clit aches just as powerfully as ever. Maybe a little more so.

She tries to guess how long she's been in the corner, knowing it hasn't been that long yet. She imagines standing there for the full 38 minutes she's going to be. She imagines how tired and sore her legs will be. How she's going to endure the blossoming pressure in her bottom? She can't imagine enduring that sweet ache in her clit. That, she thinks, she might well misbehave and relieve.

I ask Felicia “would you like to entertain your date while that fat bitch stands in the corner, bitch?” It's not really a question, and Felicia knows it. Howard doesn't. When Felicia quickly responds with a very honeyed “oh, yes, my Queen,” he assumes that she's eager to entertain him. He wonders what she's going to do for him now. So far, Felicia's “entertainment” and “company” skills have been limited to the sultry and slutty. And he likes that.

Felicia stands in front of Howard, facing him. She smiles wide. She keeps her voice very quiet so that Sylvia won't hear her. “This is for, Mister Stud,” she tells him.

Felicia begins dancing to silent music. She's good, too. Her body flows, undulating sinuously and fluidly. Almost flowing like water. It captivates Howard, drawing all of his attention to Felicia.

As her body rhythmically dances before him, Felicia starts to unbutton her blouse. Facing him, letting him slowly see more and more of her flat, toned stomach. And then her black lace bra. She lets her blouse slip off her shoulders, and down her arms, and catches it in one hand. She drops it on her chair. She goes very slowly, erotically drawing it out. It takes her a couple of minutes just to get her blouse off.

She slips her shoes off next. Howard's attention is

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far more focused on her bra as she does. It's a tease by stalling. Making him wait for her to reveal more of herself.

And that's what Howard is wondering. Just how far Felicia is going to go. Will she take everything off and let him, at the least, see every last bit of her body? He knows that he's dying to see her pussy. He realizes then that he's just as eager to see her asshole. He bets hers is going to be far more attractive than Sylvia's. But just as private.

Felicia keeps her body moving fluidly, never missing a beat. Nor is there anything but the smooth flow to her movements. Her hands come up to her waistband. And then, excruciatingly slowly, her skirt is creeping down the sides of her hips. Just as slowly it begins to bare her black lace thong. He's glimpsed the back of it, what tiny back there is to it. But not the front. He wonders how much of her pubes it will show. He wonders if Felicia will have a thick bush, as Sylvia does, or if she shaves as younger women tend to. He hopes she shaves, at least somewhat. It will give him a better view of what he's dying to see. No hairs in his way.

Howard is pleasantly surprised to see the front of her panties finally exposed to him. To see the petite little triangle of lace that only pretends to cover her pubes. He can see enough through those little holes to see that there isn't a single hair to be found. Felicia's pussy is going to be bare. And her mound is about the only thing those panties do hide. Even so, he can see it puffing down slightly between her thighs.

He watches as her skirt slips down her lithe legs. He's surprised to find her legs so enticing, but they are well-toned and very shapely. Very feminine as well. Felicia takes good care of her body. Her hips, curvy and lean, but not bony, are about perfect he decides. And now he can see the feminine curve at her waist as well. That, he thinks, is about perfect as well. Deep enough to be noticeable, but still have smooth, flowing, gently curved

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lines to it. He decides that her body could be that of a 20-year-old woman. There isn't a single bit of looseness to it. Nor are there any lines, much less wrinkles, to be seen.

Felicia's is the second naked female body he's seen. The first was one of the girls in his class that he dated. Already he's comparing the two in his mind. He'd always thought he'd prefer the younger body. But he decides he doesn't. Felicia's is about perfect. Unlike his ex-girlfriend, Felicia's body is very well taken care of. There isn't a stray hair anywhere. Not even her stomach. Nor her navel. Not a speck of lint, either. It's clear to him that Felicia puts a good bit of effort into keeping her body in top shape. It shows. He notices just how smooth and soft her skin is, too. Very feminine, he decides.

Felicia brings her foot up, planting her toes on the front edge of his seat. Right between his thighs. It bends her knee almost fully. She reaches to the top of her stocking and begins, teasingly slowly, rolling it down her leg. It doesn't stop her hips and body from dancing to the music either. Howard watches her leg closely. His eyes steal glances up between her thighs now, too. With her leg up, he has a rather good view of the puffiness at the center of her panties. No matter how hard he tries, he can't quite see through the fabric there.

Felicia turns, offering him a view of her slowly wiggling bottom. Then she turns back around and takes her other stocking off the same way. It leaves her in just her bra and panties.

Felicia is a very good tease. She puts that skill to work now. Very slowly she reaches up behind her back and unclips her bra. She turns, her body still sinuously dancing, in a pair of circles that lets Howard see her unclip it. The straps fall to her sides and hang loosely. It makes the entire bra hang from her shoulders rather loosely. But its cup still hides her petite mounds. The fabric wiggles as her body does, telling Howard that any second now it's

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going to fall away and show him those breasts.

Felicia leans forward, bringing her face close to his. As she does, the front of the bra falls forward, hanging limply in front of her breasts. It no longer covers them. Howard knows they're hanging down freely just behind the fabric. But it does block his view. Felicia brings her arms and hands up, holding them just above Howard's thighs. "Here are this bitch's breasts, Sir. Please enjoy them, Sir." Felicia lowers her head the last inch, planting her lips against his. He feels her tongue dart into his mouth and kisses him passionately. He doesn't notice her shoulder shift slightly. But when she breaks the kiss and rises back up, he notices the bra fall away, Felicia doing nothing. It just drops right off her shoulders, down her arms, and into her hands.

Felicia dances another moment or two, flaunting her bare breasts and their steely hard nipples before his eyes. Now she has only her panties left on. It lets Howard see almost all of her body. With her back to him, she wiggles her body seductively. When she turns back to face him again, she's holding the front of her panties down, revealing about the top $\frac{2}{3}$ of her pubes. It's far more than necessary to show him those are very smoothly shaven. She keeps flowing through the teasing turn, and when she gets back around to face him, her hands are slipping up her sides to cup her breasts. Her pubes are again covered.

Felicia squishes her breasts gently, poking her nipples out more and making sure Howard sees just how hard they are. She sucks her finger, miming a blow job. She keeps smoothly dancing as she does.

She stops her turns with her back to Howard. Her hands are already at her hips. Still dancing she bends over just as smoothly. She pokes her bottom out to him, still wiggling fluidly. She slips the waistband of her panties down to just under the bottom curve of her globes. Now her crack is fully bared. And unlike Sylvia's, Felicia's taut

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firm globes leave her with a “real crack.” One where her cheeks don’t quite touch, offering him a faint tease of her asshole in its valley.

She turns around, showing him that to his horror, the front of her panties is still up. She leans over, putting her breasts an inch from his eyes and wiggling her shoulders to wiggle the pert mounds. Then she’s back up, rotating around so Howard can see that her bottom is still bared.

A couple of teases later, Felicia faces him. She sensually thrusts her hips toward him with tiny rocking motions that flow smoothly. As she does, she begins slipping the front of her panties down. The narrowing triangle of lace lowers, tortuously slowly revealing more and more of her pubes. She stays close to him, showing off how silky her pubes are. Not even a speck of stubble to be seen. Just very soft, smooth feminine flesh. She stops with the panties covering her mound, and nothing but.

Felicia teases him a little longer. Then, with her facing him, her panties slip down and finally show him her mound. Her long, narrow lips that leave a wide slit between them. The light purple tips of her inner folds rising into that gash. The knot of purple flesh where they meld together. And her pea-sized clit, standing up hard from that knot, poking the very tip of its head just above. The glistening wetness coating everything.

Felicia stops now that her mound is bared. She keeps dancing, turning around, and teasing him with glimpses of her entire body. It takes another minute or so, but Howard notices that as she danced, her panties have vanished. Somehow, they made their way down her lean legs and over to the chair. While he focused on her nakedness.

Now Felicia stops her turn with her back to Howard. Her feet about a shoulder’s width apart, she slowly leans over. Fully over, until her back is flat. Then she arches her back downward, poking her bottom back a little more and

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showing him her pussy even more shamelessly. Felicia takes the very tip of one fingernail and begins slowly drawing it up and down her sopping wet gash. She purrs softly, and sweetly, as she feels the little tingles in her mound. Felicia turns her head back to see Howard staring at her pussy. She licks her lips. Then, in a voice so soft and sensual even a boy would catch her hint, she tells him "this is how I'm going to be when you bend me over my desk." Felicia gives her bottom, and her pussy, a tiny wiggle. "Aren't I such a naughty bitch, Sir?" She adds a bit of a tease to her voice. "You might have to spank me first..." Felicia spans her bottom. Lightly, but enough to leave a light pink handprint that will take several long seconds to fade.

Felicia smoothly slips back, pushing her pussy a little closer to Howard's face. She leans over a little more, too, now resting her one free hand on the floor. It pulls her thighs and cheeks even more taut, emphasizing their leanness.

Felicia pushes her cheeks wide apart, baring her tight asshole to his eyes. He sees the swatch of faintly purple flesh surrounding the moderately purple little ring. He sees the shallow, gentle, funneling of her ring as if her asshole is inviting him inside. He clearly sees the faint little wrinkles lining it. Felicia turns her head back to see him again. She can see that he's staring at this last little secret place, too. His face tells her that he's wondering how tight it is and if his cock would even fit in something so small. "But that's where I really want your huge penis, Sir... all the way inside me, right there, thrusting hard, ramming into me like a strong man... taking me like a woman... using this tight little place for your pleasure, Sir... Oh, I want to feel that so badly I can't stand it, Sir..."

Felicia lets him have a few more seconds to stare at her bottom. She slowly rises and smoothly turns to face him. She shows him how limber she is. She brings her foot

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up, smoothly and slowly setting it very gently on his shoulder. So lightly that Howard thinks none of her weight is on it. Felicia slowly leans back, rotating her mound up to give him a very full view of her mound. She puts the tip of a finger to her slit. She moves it in a slow circle. She gasps out a very sultry “AH!” as she starts touching herself. Her finger circles around her clit, pushing in on the flesh around it, and that pokes her throbbing clit out further, maximizing it for his eyes. It’s rock hard, swollen to a moderately deep purple, and pulsing gently. Enough that he can see the little throbs in it. “See what that does to this bitch, Sir? See how badly this slutty clitoris wants you to pound my trashy little bottom, Sir? See it aching me so very badly just for imagining you, Sir?”

Howard gawks at her clit. The nub is standing up and throbbing just like she says. She’s not faking anything. She’s as hot for it as she sounds. She wants his cock in her bottom. He sees the wetness clinging to everything, too. He even catches a whiff of her sweet, faint, muskiness laced with the flowers of her perfume. There’s nothing sweaty, or dirty, or anything else about this pussy. This very wet, welcoming pussy. It’s decidedly feminine and eager for him.

And then Felicia is on her feet, teasing him again. Howard knows Felicia is doing, by a mile, the best job ever of tormenting him with her teases. He can feel the aching stiffness of his cock. The little twitches as it begs to get out of his jeans and jump Felicia. To give Felicia what both she and his cock really want.

And now that Felicia is naked, she starts lap dancing for Howard, using her breasts and bottom, and just often enough to agonize him, her pussy mound, to very softly stroke over his body. It has Howard purring the most urgent moans that plead for her to do more. To relieve the ache. Instead, she keeps teasing him. She even lowers her breasts to his lips, putting her nipple into his mouth a

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couple of times. He takes advantage of that, sucking on the hardness, gently nibbling it, and licking its tip with his tongue. Which makes Felicia purr out a very needy moan.

By the 30-minute mark, Howard has been entertained to the tune of what would have cost several hundred dollars in a strip bar. And probably gotten better entertainment. Sluttier, which is better for this kind of entertainment. I'm not sure how far a strip bar will allow a customer to go, but I doubt it's quite as far. Howard has Felicia's nipple in his mouth and his hand on her pussy. Felicia purrs so sweetly.

And then I cue Felicia with a 2-minute warning. She stops, leans over, and whispers to Howard "I have to stop having fun now, Sir, it's almost time for you to take care of your mommy..." Felicia dresses very quickly and in under a minute she's back in her seat, snuggled close to Howard, and fully dressed. Her fingertips gently stroke his body.

Sylvia can hear the little sounds of it. She can hear the soft words of encouragement, such as "Oh, yeah, Mrs. W, you are so beautiful" and "wow, what a cute little bottom you have Mrs. W." And even when Howard says "Um, your boobs are so firm and pretty, Mrs. W, I can't get enough of those long hard nipples..." It lets Sylvia figure out that Felicia is being slutty with him. But she can't see anything. She doesn't know exactly what she's doing.

Howard barely glances to Sylvia to make sure she's staying put.

I've kept a constant eye on Sylvia. I don't need to watch Felicia strip and lap dance for him. Not that she was ever a stripper, but she could put a fair number of them to shame. I had her taught well. And I know she'll behave. She'll do what I want her to, and nothing more. No matter how much her pussy aches for it.

Sylvia, I don't know about. She cringes as she hears every sound from behind her. I know she's imagining what

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slutty things Felicia might be doing. Her imagination torments her far more than reality would. That's the real punishment of her standing there. She's fully excluded from the "action" in the playroom. She's only imagining what's happening without her.

Sylvia wants nothing more than for her punishment to be over. She wants to be back in the "action," not put in the corner like some unwanted blow-up doll. And that's how she feels standing there. As if her son has utterly forgotten her, leaving her to just stand in the corner while her pussy kills her and her bottom begs to explode. Forgotten and unwanted.

As those thoughts flood her mind, she feels her pussy aching even more unbearably. She feels as if her clit is pounding so hard that she feels it hammering against her lips. Tears well in her eyes as she fights her instinct to relieve that ache. Her body starts quivering even more crisply. Everything suddenly feels so intense to her. She starts moaning softly, urgent, erotically pleading moans. She doesn't even know she's moaning.

I tell Howard that it's time to return our attention to Sylvia now. He can "play with Mrs. Bitch later." A hint that more of her may be to come. Her clothes may be back on, but that doesn't mean they'll be staying on. Or coming back off.

I tell him what plans I have for Sylvia's supervision in the immediate future. Softly so that Sylvia doesn't hear them. My plans are fairly straightforward. And simple in my book. But they require a fair bit of involvement by her guardian. I tell him the reason for my plans as well. They're to "force" Sylvia out of her shell a little. To make her accustomed to both intimate supervision, being obedient, and giving up her privacy in front of him. I ask if he's still willing to be her guardian, or if I need to find someone. Not that I promise to find someone, I haven't thought about if she's worth that much trouble to me.

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Somewhat cautiously, he agrees. He knows Sylvia is going to hate it. But, after hearing how hot she was earlier, he thinks maybe she really won't mind so much.

At 38 minutes he goes to fetch Sylvia. She very quickly comes out of the corner, her face showing the strain in her bottom and the ache in her pussy.

Howard walks, more marches the cringing, quivering woman, back over to his chair. He makes her stand properly in front of it and waits as he takes his seat again. I did tell him to reinforce his superiority over the naked Sylvia. He's doing a decent job of it so far.

Howard gets comfortable. Then he very casually asks her "Sylvia, are you still as horny as you were before?"

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia squeaks out in her shamed voice, very hushed and thus humiliated to be answering. More so as her only thought now is whether her son will choose to allow her the relief she desperately wants. And how it's up to him if she gets it. Even if she tries without his blessing, she thinks, I'll stop her before she can get it. She's right about that. It's the first time, she thinks, that she's needed his permission for anything. And definitely the first time she's needed anyone's permission for something intimate and personal. Her pussy throbs as she thinks about that. "Even more so than I was before, Sir." she bashfully adds.

Howard shakes his head in disbelief. He can't imagine how she could be hornier after standing in the corner. But he has no doubt that she is. He asks again "which is more urgent, Sylvia, the urge to masturbate your vagina or to empty your rectum?"

This time Sylvia doesn't dare to play around. Standing in that corner with nothing to distract her from the swelling flood in her bottom and the pounding ache in her pussy was far too hard to bear. She's not risking another 38 minutes in the corner. Or worse. She stutters

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hard, having trouble making her mind up. Then, suddenly, a large dollop of honey falls from her pussy. Sylvia moans out a very sensually agonized "OOH!" and shudders crisply. "I would rather masturbate, Sir," Sylvia says in a voice that's utterly humiliated into a meek softness.

Howard can see how hot her pussy is. He has no doubt that she needs a good orgasm. He just can't imagine her needing it so badly that she'd choose to endure the awful fullness in her bottom. At least until he sees her pussy drip so immodestly. "You may ask me for that like a polite bitch."

Sylvia blushes beet red. Her voice shames into a squeakier, more muted, hushness that trembles badly. "May this bitch please have permission to masturbate its vagina now, Sir?" She timidly asks her son, now unable to look into his eyes as she does.

Howard reaches up and puts his hands to her face and cradles it softly. He turns it slightly so that she's looking directly at him. "If I allow you to masturbate, you will do so properly. You will do it in front of me, and I will watch you closely to make sure you behave. If you are the least bit naughty and misbehave, I will not only stop you, I will spank you for it. Do you understand, Sylvia?"

"Yes, Sir," Sylvia says, a bit more of the meekness in her voice. And for the first time, a slight softening on her face.

"Yes, Sir, what Sylvia?"

"Yes, Sir, I will masturbate properly while you watch me, Sir."

"And if you are the slightest bit naughty?"

"You will stop me and spank me for it, Sir... And I'll try my hardest to be a big girl for my spanking, Sir." Howard tells her to stand with her legs opened fairly widely. He tells her to keep her body straight, and her eyes on him.

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Her eyes open, too. I want her to see him closely watching her.

I tell her to give me her right hand. I ball her hand up into a fist leaving only one finger extended out. I put the pad of that finger to her slit, pressing it in slightly to that it barely touches the tip of her pulsing clit. Then I start it moving in a very slow circle, the pad of her finger barely touching her nub. It glides over her clit on the thick layer of honey.

“UH-AHHHH!” Sylvia moans out very urgently as she shudders hard. I feel her hand pull against mine as she wants to speed up and finish it off. I hold her hand firmly, keeping the pace slow and steady. I warn her not to speed up. Or slow down. Or press harder on that “eager little throbbing nub.” I remind her that she promised her son that she’d behave herself. I hold her hand firmly, keeping her rhythm steady. It keeps Sylvia screeching out very desperate sensual moans. And shivering crisply. It keeps her pussy flowing heavily, too. I know that’s twitching sharper than ever before. I make sure her left hand stays behind her back, too. There’s no question it’s driving Sylvia insane. Quickly.

I nod to Howard, cuing him to take over. He does. Getting his hand on the ruler.

“Oh, and you may not climax. Don’t even think about it. I will tell you when your pussy is ready to climax, and then you will climax immediately. Got it, Sylvia?”

“Yes, Sir,” Sylvia answers in a very sheepishly mute voice.

I release Sylvia’s hand. About three seconds later, Howard yanks her hand away from her body. “OW!” Sylvia cries out from the intense frustration.

“You were told not to speed up, Sylvia. Now turn around so I can spank you.”

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"Yes, Sir," Sylvia sobs in the softest, and meekest, voice yet. She shuffles her feet as she spins around, turning her bare bottom to Howard.

In the first instant, it hits Sylvia that she's now offering her very naked bottom to her son so that he may spank her. She thinks it's going to be a real stroke, too. He's not going to just go through the motions. It's going to hurt. Then she realizes that she doesn't care. She doesn't care how badly it hurts. Not even if it draws blood from her bottom. Or how demeaning this is for her. None of it matters. At least not now. Only one thing matters: getting this over with so that she can get her finger back to her slit and hopefully, after a few more seconds of that, her clit and pussy will stop aching so badly she's crying.

Then the ruler snaps hard against her soft globes. "OW!" Sylvia screams out as it does. As the needles of sharp pain lance into her cheeks. As they shoot right through her globes, turning to high-voltage tingles, and shoot into her aching pussy, making it suddenly, for a second, ache so badly. The sensations are, to Sylvia, far more intense than what she's felt during an orgasm.

Howard tells her to turn back around. "That's for being naughty, Sylvia Renee. Now if you'd like permission to climax, I suggest you be a good little girl for me. Now masturbate your clitoris only again, just as Ms. Rodgers showed you how to do."

Sylvia's forgotten her modesty. She'll remember it later, but for now, her only thought is getting her finger to her pussy and finishing this. Relieving that unbearable ache in her clit. "Yes, Sir. Thank you again for allowing me to masturbate my clitoris, Sir."

It's only about five or six seconds before her hips shudder so hard that it's impossible to ignore. Howard stops her and spansks her again, this time two strokes. It's a constant rhythm. Sylvia starts masturbating. She lasts a couple of seconds longer, then does something to make

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Howard stop her and spank her. Her bottom steadily becomes pinker and pinker, despite the lightness of the strokes.

By the five-minute mark, I've lost count of how many strokes Sylvia has gotten herself. Maybe 20 or so. That's why I gave Howard the ruler instead of a paddle or a whip. Her bottom would be well bruised by now with either. Instead, it's just stinging with needles and sore. I nod to Howard that she's lasted long enough. I'd make her masturbate for the full five minutes without stopping, but she'd never finish it. She can't.

I wait a few seconds until Howard stops her. Then I wait as she gets her spankings. Seven swats this time. One swat gets added every time he stops her. As he turns her around, I nod to him that she's waited long enough.

Howard lets her start masturbating again. Her body trembles hard the instant she touches herself. It's coincidence, but that's the exact moment that Howard tells her "Sylvia, go ahead and climax now." He was only telling her at the moment she started.

Sylvia obediently answers "Yes, Sir, I will climax now, Sir. Thank you very much for allowing me to climax, Sir." And then she stops holding it back. Her body tenses hard. So hard that her muscles tremble as they strain. An instant later she screams "UHHHHHHHH!" And then, just as quickly, her body goes limp. So fully limp that she drops to the floor, landing on her bottom and falling over to her left side. As she's dropping I see the first wave crash hard over her. It's impossible to miss the snapping spasm that sweeps her entire body. The spasm keeps coming as she lands on the floor. Each one squirts a heavy dollop of honey from her pussy. The first hits the floor. The second her heel.

She trembles crisply for a couple of seconds. Then that vanishes as well. Her eyes close. Except for the spasms that keep snapping her body hard enough to toss it

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around, she could be dead. Maybe a second after she falls limp, I see the brown water begin flowing out from her cheeks. Howard sees it, too, and wrinkles his face up in disgust. It's maybe two seconds after that when we both see the jet stream of golden pee shooting from her furry pussy mound. It hits the toes of her left foot. Sylvia doesn't notice either. She just lies there, spasms racking her body, and emptying herself. Or rather no longer "present" enough to hold herself. And too far gone to notice, even as the mess flows over her body.

Everyone takes a step or two back. I'm suddenly very thankful that my floor isn't carpeted. That would be a mess! This is going to be bad enough. Oh well, I'm not going to be the one cleaning it up. Skanky gets all the "crappy" jobs around here.



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Sylvia spent close to ten minutes lying there in her own mess. Not that she noticed it. She was way too far gone for that. She just lay there, her body's twitching slowly ebbing until she lie fully limp and spent. It was then that I started snapping for her to get up.

And it still took a couple of minutes for her to hear me. I know when woke up that much because that's when she realized what a mess she'd made. And was laying in. Her nose wrinkled up. Then she blushed deeply.

I kept snapping at her to get on her paws. After a few seconds, her rubbery limbs moved very clumsily. It took close to a minute for her to drag herself up onto those wobbly "paws."

"I'm so sorry, Ma'am..." Sylvia mutters sheepishly, the deep humiliation evident in her soft squeaky voice. "I've never done anything like this before, Ma'am... I'm so embarrassed..."

I tap her bare, and messy, bottom with my spare crop. The plain horsewhip. I'm not using my favorite crop on a bottom this messy. "Shut up, bitch," I snap firmly, my voice almost pure reproach. "I didn't tell you that you want to apologize."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," Sylvia says a little squeakier.

I tap her other cheek with the crop. "I said shut up, you nasty bitch."

Sylvia says nothing this time. She shuts up. She kneels on all fours, quivering faintly again, in the middle of her mess. A few drops of mess fall from her body as she does. Mostly from her dangling, lightly bouncing, breasts. She cringes hard. A little harder, blushing a bit more when I make her pick her head up.

Howard still has a look of disgust on his face. "I take it... that was a bit good for you, Sylvia Renee?"

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"Yes, Sir," Sylvia's voice squeaks a little more. "I've never... a tenth that... intensely before, Sir."

I swat Sylvia's bottom again, this time harder. About half the strength I could put into it. Sylvia yelps a very shrill "OW!" as the crop sears its pink splotch onto her bottom. "That's for acting modest, bitch. You are an utterly shameless whore, bitch. Anyone can see that. You're kneeling in your own mess after pooping all over yourself while cumming, and not even having the brains to get out of it. Now, answer your guardian properly, like the shameless whore you are, bitch."

Sylvia's voice is a bit squeakier, as she quickly, and nervously, blurts out, "I'm sorry, Ma'am. Yes, Sir, I've never climaxed even a tenth so intensely, Sir. I've never lost control of my body and made a mess before, Sir. I don't know why I did now, Sir."

For a newbie, that will do. I send slave to "fetch this bitch something to clean her poop off my floor." Sadly (for skanky) it's not the first time the playroom floor has been disgustingly messy. Not even the tenth. Skanky, who gets all the crappy jobs here, has gotten rather proficient and cleaning anything off this floor. Slave knows exactly what skanky will use. It tells her what to get now. What skanky will get later when she re-scrubs the floor, no matter how clean Sylvia gets it.

Slave is back in about a minute. She has two two-gallon buckets. One has a disinfecting floor cleaner in it. The other is empty. She brings an old-fashioned scrub brush and a couple of spongy rags. She sets it all in front of Sylvia.

I tap Sylvia's bottom with the crop, getting a good flinch as it reminds her that she's still messy. And that my floor will be getting cleaned before her body. I tell her to get busy scrubbing. She's to stay on all fours. She's to scrub hard. She is not to stop until her guardian tells her that she may. And that won't be until he thinks my floor is

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"clean enough to eat off of."

Sylvia says "yes, Ma'am" and gets the brush. She gets scrubbing, lathering the floor up. The rags are to soak up the sudsy cleaner, and the mess. She wrings them out in the empty bucket. We wait as that bucket slowly, and steadily, fills with a brownish/yellowish/sudsy mess.

I keep giving Sylvia little taps with my crop on her bottom. Mostly just to urge her on and remind her that she's being closely watched. I doubt I have to tell her that this is a punishment. There are far more dignified ways to clean a floor. Like with a mop.

I don't just keep her moving, either. I'm constantly scolding her for "dallying like a lazy bitch," and urging her to scrub faster. I scold her for "scrubbing lightly like a sloppy bitch," too, and urge her to scrub harder. I mock her for "taking her time and playing around like a bitch too shameless to care if she's kneeling in poop," too.

Howard just watches her, almost feeling sorry for her. Felicia stands with Howard, her arms around him holding him close and distracting him.

Long before Sylvia has the floor clean I see the wetness at her slit beginning to weep again. Her mound has been covered with a sticky, almost dried, and heavy, coat of her honey. A coat that was dried into her fur. Now I see the sparkliness of fresh wetness. I point it out, using my crop as a pointer. Howard sees it and just shakes his head in disbelief.

I mock Sylvia for it. Scathingly. "And what is that pussy doing, bitch? Are you so horny and so shamelessly filthy that scrubbing your poop off the floor is getting that pussy hot again? What a total gutter whore!"

I know it's not the scrubbing that's exciting her. That's just distracting her mind a little, adding a bit to the soreness of her bottom, and tiring her muscles. It's the

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supervision that's exciting her. Knowing that her every move is being closely watched and that she's not being given any slack. She's being watched closely enough that any "cheating" on her part is instantly caught and punished. More importantly, she feels that no one, not even her son, considers her any more important than a doll. Or a mop. That she's just another of my things. A floor scrubber now. That even her son won't offer her the tiny dignity of cleaning the mess off her body. The floor is more important to us all than she is. That no one cares how degrading it is for her to do this naked and messy.

It takes Sylvia about ten minutes to scrub the floor to my satisfaction. Meaning until I can't see anything but the bright sparkle of cleanness. By then her entire mound is covered in a fresh layer of wetness. Her body is sweaty and flushed a light pink, too. When Howard finally tells her to stop, she pants lightly as she kneels on her paws.

Slave puts the cleaning supplies away, then returns for Sylvia. It's slave's job now to groom Sylvia. As slave comes back into the playroom, she unrolls a film of plastic, like a painter's tarp, over the floor to make a walkway to the bathroom. That way, no more of my floor will need disinfecting.

Slave slips a chain choker collar over Sylvia's neck, with a chain leash already clipped to it. She pulls, drawing the collar flush against Sylvia's neck, but not choking her. "Grooming time!" Sophie announces enthusiastically, "come, bitch!" Sophie starts walking toward the bathroom. She keeps a firm hold of the leash. She moves quickly enough that Sylvia doesn't have time to think or get to her feet. All Sylvia can do is shuffle her hands and knees as fast as they'll go and keep up with Sophie.

In a second or two, the rest of us watch Sylvia's bottom jiggle softly, constantly flashing the wet furry mound of her pussy, as she crawls along behind Sophie. I invite Howard to come watch as "his ward" is groomed up

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to my standards.

Sophie starts by putting Sylvia in the bathtub. There's no reason to offer Sylvia a toilet, not after that mess she just made, so Sophie doesn't. She puts Sylvia in the tub, Sylvia's bottom towards the spigot, on all fours. And with her head up so everyone can see her face.

This is the "spare bathroom." the one everyone but me uses. It has a simple standard tub/shower combination in it with a shower curtain. The curtain sees little use. I don't allow slaves to close it. I insist that it stays fully open, just in case I want to peek in and check on my slaves as they wash. It's not like they need, or even deserve, any privacy. They're there to wash, so only one thing matters, cleaning those bodies of mine fully. The same applies to toys when they're in it. They get no privacy either. Like now. Like Sylvia, with an audience to watch her grooming.

Sophie is very thorough of a groomer. Skanky is almost as good, but Sophie is a bit more... intense.

A grooming is a rather degrading way of bathing a woman. It's about as far as you can get from my preferred bubble baths with massages. It's far closer to what a dog would get. A little "intense" for a dog, though.

Sylvia gets cold water only. Hot water is a reward here, a privilege earned by devout obedience. One Sylvia hasn't earned. Sophie begins by hosing Sylvia off. Sylvia begins by staying on all fours, squealing as the cold water rains over her body, and shivering as she drips.

Sophie moves on to finish cleaning Sylvia out. She'll be grooming from the inside out. The only thing left to clean is Sylvia's rather sloppy pussy. Sophie doesn't hesitate to pull Sylvia's lips wide open to expose Sylvia's tunnel, either. To Sophie, Sylvia really is nothing more than a doll, and in the way she moves, and the way she handles Sylvia, it shows. It gets a few shudders from Sylvia, so I know Sylvia is sensing it, too. Sophie douches Sylvia's

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pussy out. Twice. It takes an extra to get all the honey out.

Next Sophie shaves Sylvia. She lifts one arm at a time to get Sylvia's underarms. Then one leg at a time to get it. She opens Sylvia's crack, shaving away every stray hair there, all the way down to the tip of her slit. Then she just reaches under Sylvia to shave Sylvia's pubes away. If I'd wanted Sylvia to have a bush, I would have told Sophie. I didn't. So Sylvia won't. Sophie knows that almost always I have newbies fully shaven, as well. I save bushes for after they learn to groom properly. Unless it's a concession to a husband, which Sylvia doesn't have.

Sylvia blushes and cringes as she's shaven, but says nothing. She just dully kneels on her paws and waits as her body is groomed.

Next Sophie shampoos and conditions every hair left on Sylvia's body. Including her eyebrows.

Sophie takes the polish off Sylvia's nails, and quickly but skillfully clips them. Fingers and toes. Fingers are left long, or the slight length they have. Toes are clipped short but rounded. Sophie cleans under them. She cleans Sylvia's ears, too.

That leaves her only one thing to do. Bathe Sylvia. She starts by spraying her down again with the cold water. Then she lathers every last speck of Sylvia's body. She's not shy about pulling Sylvia's cheeks wide open, stretching Sylvia's asshole taut, and scrubbing that either. She even makes sure she smooths out all the little wrinkle lines to get it fully clean. Sylvia's pussy gets about the same treatment. Sophie scrubs her lips. She opens Sylvia's lips and scrubs the insides of them. She scrubs Sylvia's loose inner folds. She scrubs Sylvia's stony clit, getting a gasped, raspy "OOH!" from Sylvia. She scrubs around Sylvia's douched tunnel. And then Sophie hose Sylvia down very thoroughly, getting every bit of the lather off of her.

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Sophie moves on to Sylvia's mouth. She leaves the dripping-wet woman in the tub while she flosses and brushes her teeth, spraying water into Sylvia's mouth to rinse.

And then, she tells Howard that it's time for Sylvia's "flea dip." I have a little sprayer for these. It's a bug sprayer I bought at Walmart for less than \$10. Sophie pumps it up. Then she sprays Sylvia's body down, taking care to spray every bit of her with the disinfectant.

Sophie makes Sylvia crawl back out of the tub and stops her kneeling on a towel. Sylvia stays kneeling as Sophie first looks her body over closely, making sure nothing was missed, then dries Sylvia fully. She even brushes out and blow dries Sylvia's hair. I'm sure, long before Sophie is done, Sylvia feels like a poodle at the groomers. Then again, Sylvia is a bitch, so...

Sophie walks Sylvia back to the playroom, the rest of us following behind.



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To keep Howard interested and distracted, Felicia again entertained him while Sylvia was being groomed. She danced, fully nude, and fully captivating him. This time I had her use her nude body to tease him, which she did exceedingly well. And just as erotically. By the time Sophie was drying Sylvia off, I doubt there was a single part of Felicia that hadn't been rubbed all over Howard.

And this time, I allowed Felicia to open his shirt and free his cock. That let him feel her bare flesh against his skin. Naturally, Felicia made sure the naked flesh he felt was the flesh covering her breasts, bottom, and mound. The flesh he truly wanted to feel.

When I cue Felicia to get dressed again, Howard has had another half hour or so of teasing. Not that he was ready for her to stop. At the time, his bare, and very stiff, cock was lightly between the silky cheeks of her bottom as she used those firm globes to tenderly stroke it.

I don't want Sylvia to see Felicia undressed. After the sweet purrs she had to listen to while she was in the corner, and Howard's rather graphic compliments to Felicia, I have no doubt that Sylvia can guess that Felicia has been rather "friendly" with him this afternoon. I'm just as sure that she thinks Felicia has shown him her body. And knows that Felicia is constantly teasing him. I want her to. I just don't want her to see it.

Seeing it would actually be a bit of a relief to Sylvia. Now she's imagining all the slutty things Felicia might be doing. Her mind will come up with far more things that Felicia actually has the time to do. Or that I would allow her to do. It should powerfully remind Sylvia that it's Felicia, not her, that truly has Howard's interest. Almost as powerfully as it motivates Howard to both tend to her, and to do so casually, showing how uninterested he is in his mother. That disinterest will just make Sylvia hotter.

More importantly, seeing Felicia nude would reduce her, in Sylvia's eyes, to the status of a bitch. Just another

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of my fuck toys here to join in the fun and games. Even if Howard never figured it out, Sylvia would know then that Felicia was only following instructions. That she may or may not be interested in Howard. She may not be able to stand him. Howard isn't likely to figure that out any time soon, even knowing that she's my property. She's too good of a slut to give it away so openly that a young boy could catch on. Sylvia would, though. Girls never miss such things. Instead, I hope, Sylvia will envision Felicia as one of the teachers. One I obviously know. One who knows, and doesn't disapprove of, the kind of games played here. But one who maybe doesn't play them. One a few hundred levels above a gutter bitch. Above Sylvia.

When Sophie leads Sylvia back in, both Howard and Felicia are fully dressed and seated. They're close beside each other, more cuddled up than waiting. Definitely not bored. Not even looking too eager to get this lesson over with.

Sylvia, on the other hand, looks ready to get on with things. Not that she's lost interest or that she's unhappy with her lesson. She looks utterly humiliated. As if whatever I might have in store for next can't possibly be as degrading as what she's just done. I strongly suspect that she doesn't mind the humiliation. Her pussy is too wet, her nipples and clit too hard, for her to be less than fully aroused.

"Skanky, get your skanky butt in here, now," I call out. I'm sure Sylvia knows who skanky is. She's been in more stories than not. I'm sure Sylvia has read of her countless times. "Paige" in the stories. The young college girl who is my live-in slave-whore. I'll bet Sylvia is thinking now she's going to get to see skanky and see how close she is to the pictures in the stories. She's going to be surprised. Maybe very surprised. Most of the pictures of Paige are actually of her, not of a model who looks (generally) like her. That's because skanky is in a different

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category than the others (except Sophie). She is wholly my property. And nothing else, for anyone else. She's mine. Around town, on campus, most of those she sees know it, too. There's no reason to protect her identity. She's "too much" mine. If anyone asked her anything, even something simple like "are you seeing anyone?" her answer would give it away. She'd tell them that she belongs to me. She "sees" who I tell her to see, and not who I haven't told her to see. Anyone wishing to "see" her, for a date or anything else, must ask me, not her. She can't even give out her phone number without my permission. And anyone who's read one of my stories likely knows how I use her. As a slave whore should be used. As I'm about to use her. She's a female body, offering a bottom, breasts, a pussy, legs, arms, hands, feet, a mouth, a tongue, and all the rest. All of which is mine, to do whatever I wish with. Whenever. Wherever. On whomever. When I have use for a female body, maybe as a training aid, maybe just to flaunt, maybe as a tip to a delivery guy, for anything, it's skanky's body I make full use of. And that's what she likes. She's right where she wants to be. And very happy to be there. She also does most of the chores around the house, freeing Sophie up to serve more as my handmaiden, seeing to my personal needs.

"Yes, my Queen," Paige calls out from the kitchen, where she's been doing her chores. She hurries to the playroom, not wanting to make me wait on her. That's a spankable offense here.

In about ten seconds, Paige is shuffling in as fast as her feet will move. Well, as fast as the police-issue leg irons around her ankles will allow her feet to move. She always wears those inside, just to remind her that she's property. Otherwise, the only thing she wears is her collar. Ever. Paige is never allowed clothes inside the house. If there's something going on that she can't be naked for, then she's in her cage, not allowed out to be seen. She

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only gets clothes when she leaves the apartment, and only then because it's kind of necessary. I wouldn't care to flaunt her naked to the world. She knows it, too. I'm sure she likes it. I can see those little grins on her face when I flaunt her nakedness.

Paige is definitely Howard's type. His eyes can't resist taking her in the instant she's in the room. She's decently tall, about 5'7", and at 112 pounds, rather lean. She has a good, girly, curvy figure, not the boniness you'd usually see on someone so light. She's just narrow. I say like a toothpick. Her arms and legs are narrow, too.

But she has a pretty, slightly oval face, with green eyes and a wide smile framed with light pink, plush lips. She has long, light brown, curly hair that hangs down to her shoulder blades. She also has a pair of decently-sized, extra pert breasts that stand out from her chest. They have a slightly pointy look to them, but they also have wide rings of light pink and wide nipples that stand up nicely from the tips of those firm mounds. As they're standing up now while Paige imagines that I might have some use for her body. She's fully shaven. Other than her head, there isn't a hair on her body. It lets the rather puffy mound of her pussy be easily seen. Her firm, petite, and rounded little bottom is just as fully on display. She's not the least bit self-conscious of it, either. She's accepted, truly accepted, long ago that it's not her body. She doesn't have a body. It's my body. If anyone is going to be embarrassed to show it, it should be me, not her. She'd only be embarrassed if it were her body being so casually flaunted.

As Paige is walking in, and Howard is eyeing her over closely, I'm telling Sylvia what's going to happen next. "Time for an old bitch to learn a new trick, bitch. Time for you to learn how to properly eat a pussy. This skanky whore can be your practice dummy!" By then Skanky has made it into the playroom. Howard, by the look on his

face, hasn't heard a word.

I snap my fingers and point to the massage table. "on the back, open those little legs and give me that pussy, skanky." Paige doesn't flinch. Or hesitate. She goes straight to the table, hops up on it, and lies back. She opens her feet as far as her chain will allow, then opens her knees wide. It fully displays her mound.

Sylvia stares at it, a horrified look on her face. Paige has long, but somewhat narrow lips. They're soft but only moderately plump. With her legs so fully opened, her lips don't even come close to meeting each other. Instead, they nicely display the tops of her loose inner folds, letting their soft tips rise into her slit. And look as if they rise well beyond, which they usually don't. It shows off the dense knot of light pink flesh where those folds flow into each other and nestle her clit, too. It doesn't take much imagination to pick out the hard nub of her pea-sized clit. It takes less imagination to notice how wet she is. Honey clings to every speck of pinkness, and even to the tips of her lips.

I don't wait for Sylvia to get over her surprise and inhibitions. That would just waste time. I grab the back of her head, lacing my fingers through her hair as I do. "come on, flabby, show your little boy how a closet lesbian eats a pussy." I shove hard, quickly pushing her head around and then down. I push until her lips are flush against Paige's wet mound. "There you go, dyke. Get a good taste of that pussy. It's so skanky, you'll love it!"

Sylvia cringes hard. I push a tiny bit harder, pushing her lips firmly against Paige's pussy lips. A little swat to her bottom gets a squeal from her. A squeal that makes her open her mouth to blurt out. The pressure against the back of her head nudges her a little further down, and that brings part of Paige's pussy mound between Sylvia's lips. It stops Sylvia from closing her mouth, at least without really trying. It puts those tips of Paige's folds in Sylvia's

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mouth as well.

I give Sylvia another swat on her bottom and sharply snap "why isn't that tongue-licking pussy, bitch? You know you love it. You know you really want your little boy to see what a lesbian whore you are, bitch. Eat up! While you still have a bottom."

Sylvia cringes harder, and now that I've reminded her that Howard is here, she's blushing as well. Howard is avidly watching. I'm sure he's both wondering if his mom is seriously going to do it. And, like most males, rather eager to see two girls together. Even if one of them has to be his mom. At least the other is cute.

Sylvia's tongue pops up, just barely glancing over the tips of Paige's folds. I leave her at that for a couple of seconds. It's enough for her to get a good taste of Paige's pussy. I'm sure it's her first taste of pussy. It shows. Her nose wrinkles up slightly as she gets her fist tease of the hot, sticky, slightly sweet girly taste.

I don't let her have much more than those short seconds. It is a waste of time. I doubt it's doing much for Paige. It's a horrible technique, and I'd bet Sylvia knows it, too. I give her a good swat on her bottom and scold her to stop playing around.

It shows too much that Sylvia has never done it before. That Sylvia doesn't have a clue what to do, beyond whatever little she remembers of what men have to do to her. When she really wasn't paying any attention to their technique, just enjoying the feeling. Enjoying it that someone else was finally touching her sweetly.

As I swat her bottom, I tell her, my voice icy and professional, but not raised or scornful yet, to stretch her mouth wide. To have her lips surround Paige's mound, covering as much of her lips as possible. It takes her a second, but Sylvia obeys.

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So I tell Sylvia to put her tongue against, not atop, the hard nub of Paige's clit. I even tell her where to find the nub, as if she wouldn't already know. I have her put her tongue just along the side of the stiffness, and then slowly circle her tongue around its hardness. I can't see with her lips in place, but I know when Sylvia does it. Paige tells me by purring out a rather sweet and eager moan.

Sylvia's flinch tells me that she hears it as well. The smirk on Howard's face tells me that he does. Felicia wouldn't have missed it.

In short seconds, Paige is moaning sweetly and starting to squirm around, grinding her firm bottom against the table.

I keep giving Sylvia detailed instructions, each with a little swat to her bottom to encourage her to follow it. I have her make a single lap around Paige's clit with her tongue. Then I have tongue caress its way down one fold, all the way to Paige's tunnel. I have it make a single lap around the rim of Paige's tunnel, caressing and teasing the very end of Paige's pussy walls. Then it licks up her fold back to her clit to begin another trip around. And then another.

I make sure Sylvia keeps going, her tongue slowly inching its way around and around Paige's most sensitive places. It keeps Paige steadily purring more and more urgent moans as she squirms. I don't have to be able to see Sylvia's tongue. I know Paige well enough that I can hear it in her moans if Sylvia changes anything. Like when she starts speeding up, eager to finish Paige off. It makes Paige moan a little deeper. And that tells me to swat Sylvia and scold her for "thinking about rushing her lesson along instead of allowing the skanky whore to enjoy her tongue, which a real woman would expect, should one ever allow her to eat her pussy." the swat gets a good little yelp from Sylvia. It gets her attention back on the proper technique as well.

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Howard watches from his seat. I doubt he's really watching his mom, but he is definitely paying close attention to Paige. I think he notices the honey clinging to Sylvia's lips and chin, though. It sparkles brightly in these lights. And it's irrefutable evidence of what Sylvia is doing. But it's Paige's squirms that seem to have his attention. Now they're growing strong enough that her firm breasts, standing up from her chest with those rock-hard nipples, are waving around. Not so much jiggling, they're a touch firm for that but definitely shaking with her chest.

Paige doesn't cum. I know she could have, probably two or three times, but she didn't because she wasn't told to. She knows that she'd be punished for sneaking in an orgasm. That pussy cums when I want it to, not when it wants to. She knows, however, that by morning I will allow it some relief. I never make her suffer too long.

I give Sylvia a good ten minutes of practice on Paige. When I finally pull Sylvia's head up by her hair and scold her "for not even being able to lick a pussy decently enough to make a skanky whore cum" she pants, catching her breath. She blushes as well, her blush darkening as I scold and mock her.

I just wave my hand, cueing Paige to get up. She does, then waits for her next instruction.

I pull out a blindfold and quickly tie it around Sylvia's eyes. Then I put my hands to her shoulders and nudge her back until her bottom bumps against the edge of the table. Once she's there, I tell her to lie on the table. Sylvia gets up, moving slowly and hesitantly. I'd bet she's thinking it's time for role reversal now. That I am going to have Paige eat her pussy. That it's going to be as good for her as Paige's moans it sounds. That she's going to quickly, and messily, cum on Paige. Cum on a woman's face. With her son here to watch.

I have Sophie fetch me a couple of short lengths of

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rope. My favored rope. The finger-thick, old-fashioned, rough, raw hemp rope. Probably the same rope cowboys used to lasso cattle 300 years ago. Probably the same rope Columbus had on his ships. Probably the same rope cavemen used. I wrap one of the ropes around Sylvia's wrist, and the rail under the edge of the table that holds up the mattress she's lying on. I wrap half a dozen loops around her arm, snug against each other, covering about half of her forearm with the rope. Then I tie it off and do the same with her other arm. That should make sure Sylvia, and her hands, behave nicely. It has her elbows pulled to the edges of the table, her upper arms angling a bit and her forearms straight along the edges. Those forearms aren't moving a bit. Her upper arms and shoulders won't be going anywhere either. And that means her head won't be doing much more than rolling in place.

But then, once Sylvia is firmly bound in place, I tell her what she's going to do. "I think Mrs. Bitch deserves a nice tip for driving you and your little boy here. You can thank her by eating her pussy.

"Oh, bitch," I call out to Felicia, "stand up and strip. If you ask him *very sweetly* perhaps Mr. Williams there will watch your clothes so Butt Monkey doesn't help himself to anything. You know how 'extra skanky' is his favorite flavor."

"Yes, Ma'am," Felicia answers. Quickly she's on her feet, grinning, and moving to silent music again. She goes faster this time. She has to. My command to her, "strip," tells her to strip dance, get naked, and not to waste my time. Just put on a very erotic show as she gets her clothes off.

I see her silently mouth to Howard "watch me, Sir, this is for you... all yours, Sir," as she starts. Then Her blouse is coming off again.

It only takes Felicia bout two minutes to get everything off, despite her fluid and sensual movements.

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She just doesn't really have time for much teasing. Just erotically slipping her clothes off, neither hurrying nor dallying. As soon as her blouse is off, she holds it off to the side. She leans over, wiggling her shoulders to wiggle her breasts as she holds her small mounds right in front of Howard's eyes. About 3" from his eyes. She asks him, very nicely, "would please be so kind as to take care of my clothes for me while I please my Queen and your mommy eats the sopping wet pussy I really want you to get, Sir?" Naturally, Howard agrees. Felicia rises up, thanking him politely, and just lets her blouse fall onto his lap. And then her skirt. Her bra soon follows.

And now, fully naked, Felicia slowly walks over to the table, wiggling her bare bottom at Howard as she crosses the few steps. I just point to Sylvia's head and tell Felicia, "straddle that. Sit on that useless face, bitch. Bottom toward its feet." Felicia says her quick and soft "yes, my Queen," and gets up on the table.

Felicia kneels with her feet against the tops of Sylvia's shoulders. She spreads her knees wide and sits back to lower her bottom between her heels. As if kneeling properly. She wiggles her bottom a little, bringing her sloppy mound to rest directly on Sylvia's lips. Then she leans forward a bit, bracing her hands on her thighs. That shifts her slit, drawing it over Sylvia's lips until Felicia's clit is centered flush against Sylvia's top lip. This way, Sylvia has easy licking access to Felicia's clit and her tunnel.

I snap at Sylvia. "What are you waiting for, bitch? Eat Mrs. Bitch's pussy and show her how much you appreciate her bringing you." to make certain Sylvia understands it's not a request, I give her a little tap with my crop. Her bottom squirms a bit, her thighs together so that her thighs can grind her pussy between them. That has most of her pussy hidden. The top of my crop lands at the very top of her slit, where it joins her pubes. Sylvia yelps loudly.

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A second later Felicia lets out a good, but moderately urgent, moan. I wave my finger, gesturing to Sophie to pull Sylvia's legs open. She grabs them, roughly opening them to fully expose Sylvia's glistening wet pussy mound. And the glistening creases of her thighs. There's some honey smeared on the tops of her thighs, too. Sophie holds her legs open, her knees pulled to the edges of the table.

I scold Sylvia "It doesn't sound like you're too thankful, bitch!" I give Sylvia a light tap on her pussy lips, not even really pinkening them. "I want her properly thank, bitch! Stop thinking with this nasty slop pit and start eating pussy, bitch!" I give her another, slightly firmer, tap on her pussy with the crop. "I want to hear your little boy's teacher screaming her moans from that pussy licking, bitch." I give Sylvia a slightly firmer swat on her mound.

I definitely got my message across. Sylvia knows that I'm going to keep whipping her pussy until I'm satisfied with Felicia's moans. I'm sure she notices that the strokes are getting harder, too. "I don't hear the teacher screaming yet!" I swat Sylvia's pussy again.

Sylvia is putting her best effort into it now. She's licking steadily, trying to resist the urge to speed up, remembering that leads to punishment as well. Her tongue makes near-perfect laps around Felicia's pussy. I swat her pussy again, "and I don't see the teacher squirming! Make her like it, bitch!" I swat Sylvia's pussy again. This one finally has her lips glowing a light, but stinging, shade of pink. It has her bottom squirming hard, too.

And it has her tongue lapping eagerly at Felicia's pussy. Everyone knows it. It takes about half a minute, but now Felicia is moaning very urgently. Her moans are high and girly, with a distinct raspiness to them. Her hips squirm energetically, grinding her pussy against Sylvia's

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mouth. It has her body shuddering crisply, too, and that has her little breasts dancing for Howard's eyes. Her mouth even hangs open as she moans out.

Howard watches, enthralled. I doubt he even sees Sylvia, much less remembers that it's her eating Felicia's pussy. He's too captivated by Felicia's very erotic, and slutty, display. How shamelessly she's showing the intense arousal. How she doesn't seem to care that it's a woman under her. I'm sure he's imagining several more uses for her, should he ever get the chance.

I leave Felicia to endure a good five minutes of that. All of which she spends breathing out deeper and deeper, more and more urgent, pleading, and sultry, moans. Shuddering, shivering, squirming. And her pussy steadily weeping honey onto Sylvia's chin.

Then I snap a firm command, getting Felicia's attention, and tell her "that's enough acting like a slut, bitch, get off that dyke's face!" Reluctantly Felicia gets her to her feet, panting hard and deep, and very frustrated. She was definitely hoping for an orgasm. One that she wasn't told to allow herself.

She stands, quivering lightly, and faces me. "Oh... I guess you've been a good bitch today." I sigh. "Go ahead and go ask your guy if he'd care to reward you, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Felicia says very eagerly. I doubt Howard is exactly her type. He's definitely young, but that's never stopped her from being interested. From what I've seen of his cock, it's decent enough for her. It's his demeanor. He's a bit of a bully, something few girls really like, but not too big of one. It's that he has treated her too nicely. He acts too eager for her. She gets aroused by being demeaned. He's nowhere near as... domineering with her as she'd like. He hasn't degraded her once.

But it doesn't stop her from being very eager for him now. I've humiliated her decently today. I'd bet she's

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suspecting that whatever else I have in store for her, it's going to be very humiliating, and thus arousing. Besides, I own her, she knows it, and I've told her to be "hot and enticing." So she will be.

Felicia, still fully naked and now with the mound of her bare, shaven pussy glistening brightly with her honey and Sylvia's saliva, strides quickly over to Howard. She reaches down, taking his hand tenderly in hers. She smiles, batting her eyes at him as she brings her breasts to a stop right in front of his eyes.

"This bottom is just such the slut, Sir..." Felicia uses her most honeyed voice, still laced with a bit of the sensual raspiness of her moans. "My Queen has so sweetly allowed me to offer it to you, Sir. Would you please bend me over, Sir, and pound my slutty tight bottom so hard, Sir?"

"Hell, yeah," Howard answers. Before he finishes, Felicia is nudging him up to his feet.

Howard doesn't hesitate to undress. He quickly sheds his clothes, piling them haphazardly on his seat. I suspect, if something had missed the seat, it would stay where it landed. His eyes are locked on Felicia.

She waits, watching and grinning as he undresses, her eyes roving hungrily over his body. He's cute and decently manly, but there's still enough boyishness to him. He does, however, have a rather nice cock. I'd guess it's around 6" long and 1" thick, maybe a hair thicker. Enough to take good care of Felicia, but not exactly huge. And now I can see that he shaves his pubes as well. It shows off a fairly large pair of balls hanging in a smooth sack under the stiff cock. The rock-hard cock jutting out so eagerly for Felicia.

Felicia keeps his hand and walks him over to where Sylvia is still bound to the table. She stops him, turning her back to him. She backs her bottom up to him, softly

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wiggling it up and down, her globes stroking his cock, as she says “you’re going to be my reward, Sir. My Queen wishes me to sit on this whores face while you *really* pound my bottom, Sir. Will you *really* pound this tight little butt so hard for me, Sir?”

Of course, Howard says he will. But his face tells me more. He's wondering if she's serious. He can't imagine any woman asking for it hard in her bottom. He thinks that would have to be unpleasant for her. That's not the place for a hard pounding in his mind. It also tells me that he's not thinking of the mechanics of this.

He's still not as Felicia hops up into place. He's too busy letting his eyes feast on her sloppy wet and eager pussy. And her firm rounded globes. It doesn't take Felicia long to get back into the same position, straddling Sylvia's blindfolded face.

Felicia never lets go of Howard's hand. Once she's in place, she nudges him close telling him to get up behind her "dirty little bottom." He starts off at near warp speed. But once he's up on the table, his knees straddling Sylvia's chest, he immediately slows. The massage table isn't that wide (about 20"), and that leaves him nowhere to put his knees, calves, and feet except flush at Sylvia's sides. With his knees right up in her underarms. And his thighs bumping against the sides of her soft ample breasts. It has his bottom just behind Sylvia's breasts. And it has his loose sack hanging down, his balls resting on Sylvia's chest. That slows him, but not too much.

I tell Sylvia to start “eating pussy” again, and remind her that I expect her very best effort this time. Better than last time, especially since “even this teacher didn't enjoy your tongue enough to cum, so now she has to have your nice son come help you to make an actual cunt cum. It's a good thing he has a nice manly cock to plow this bitch, or you might be in big trouble, bitch. Now, eat!”

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Sylvia starts eating Felicia's pussy again. And by the hunger in Felicia's moans, the deep throaty raspiness lacing them, Felicia is already holding her orgasm back. She knows what a reward means here. She may cum, but only after everyone else is done using her body. Until then, she waits and suffers sweetly. Their pleasure comes first. Her reward comes only once they want nothing more from her.

Felicia isn't taking any chances. Her hands reach behind her bottom. Clumsily they flail for a second before she finally grabs onto Howard's steely cock. She grips it, pulling it forward. She brings the head of his cock to her body, to the very bottom of her slit. She rubs the head over her sloppy wet slit, getting a good coat of her clingy, slippery honey on the tip of his shaft. Howard purrs softly, and with a bit of surprise in his voice "Oh, damn, Mrs. Bitch, your pussy is on fire!" as the honey covers his cock-head with its sticky wet fiery heat.

She reluctantly releases his shaft. Quickly she grabs her cheeks and pulls, more yanks, them wide open to fully expose her tight little purple asshole to him. "Right there, Sir. Please, Sir, will you please pound that huge penis right in my tiny, tight, little anus, Sir? Drive it so deep in my butt, Sir. Please!"

Howard moves reluctantly. He still can't believe that Felicia would so eagerly want this. Something any other girl he knows would castrate him for asking her for. But there's no missing the way she's holding her cheeks wide, offering him easy access to her tight ring. Or the urgent pleading in her moaning voice as she asks for it. He puts the tip of his cock, now slippery with her hot honey, against her ring. He doubts his cock is the biggest on the block, but he thinks it's decent. Still, his eyes look wide as he stares at where Felicia's asshole used to be. Now it's just the valley of her crack and his cock. The head of his cock fully covers her ring. He wonders how it's going to work -

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how his cock is going to fit into a hole much smaller than it is. He puts just a little pressure on it, pushing against her asshole.

Felicia feels the pressure. She knows it's not nearly enough to shove his cock into her bottom. But it is enough for her to feel her rubbery ring being pushed forward, deeper into the valley of her crack.

Felicia pushes back with all her strength. It pushes her asshole against his cock. He feels it for a split second. Then he feels a sudden rubbery looseness to her ring as if it's no longer clenched tight or resisting his cock. Just as he realizes that he sees the purpleness of her ring begin to emerge from under his cock, steadily expanding out to surround his cock. Her flesh looks taut to him, but it keeps opening. And then he feels the rubberiness, slightly firm, squished against the tip of his hardness. He feels the rubberiness getting tauter, but also expanding out, leaving a void in its center.

And then it happens quickly. With just the firm gentle pressure he put against her, her ring is suddenly no longer in front of his cock. Nothing is. His cock jumps forward about $\frac{1}{4}$ ". At the same time, he feels the rubberiness snuggling around the sides of his cock. Taut, squeezing lightly around his stiffness, but not stopping his cock from gliding forward and slipping deeper into her bottom. He stares in disbelief, mumbling to himself that "her ass just swallowed my dick." he definitely looks intrigued. And much more interested.

Felicia holds her quivering bottom still while his cock plunges into her bottom. With Sylvia tonguing her, that's not easy to do. Her bottom wants to squirm hard.

Howard keeps his cock moving, his eyes locked on the overly taut purple flesh of her asshole stretched tightly around his cock. He watches more and more of his cock vanish into the purple netherworld, wondering when Felicia

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is going to want him to stop. But hearing only Felicia screeching more urgent and needier moans.

He ends up with every bit of his cock buried in her bottom. And clearly shocked, still not believing, that he didn't hear a word of objection, or even so much as a grunt of discomfort, from Felicia. Instead, she just releases her cheeks and braces her hands on her thighs again. Howard feels her hands move. His hips are pushed firmly against her globes. Enough so that, once her hands slip away, her cheeks don't move. His hips hold them apart. And then he feels the tightness. It's not too much, but it is tighter than a pussy. It's even, squeezing firmly all around his cock. As if hanging onto it. All the way to its tip, a good six inches deep inside her bottom.

"Pound my slutty bottom, Sir!" Felicia cries out with a needy hunger in her voice. "Give me that huge penis, Sir. Pound this whore's slutty bottom, Sir."

Howard, light years beyond his experience, still doesn't completely believe that Felicia wants it rough, especially in her bottom. But, like any boy in his place, he's going to find out. He cautiously starts pulling his cock back, stroking it through the tightness gripping it. He comes almost fully back, leaving only a little sliver of his shaft and the spongy head in her bottom. Then he reverses again, still cautiously pushing his cock back into her bottom. He feels the tightness grip him just a bit tighter. Squeeze his shaft a bit hard. But Felicia doesn't object as he keeps pushing back into her. She just moans a bit more eagerly. So he keeps going.

He takes a second stroke. "Stop teasing me, Sir, Please!" Felicia cries out, her voice pleading and needy. "Pound my slutty bottom, Sir! PLEASE! Pound me hard, Sir!"

He starts putting a little more power and speed into his thrust, imagining that it's going to hurt Felicia. He sees her body starting to tense up and quiver. He hears her

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moans deepen and grow louder. But he doesn't see any signs that she's in the pain he'd think she would be. And then she cries out "YES! Please, Sir, POUND ME! Give me everything you have, Sir! Pound my trashy little butt, Sir! Use it like the whore I am, Sir!"

His face says he's lost. His head, the little one, takes over the thinking and his cock starts thrusting a bit hard. About like he did when he had a pussy. He thinks the girl liked it a lot. He thinks, maybe that's the right power for a stroke. Maybe it's what Felicia wants in her bottom, too.

"That's it, Sir! HARDER! PLEASE, SIR! Pound my trashy little butt with everything you have! Please, stop teasing me and really give me that huge penis, Sir! Please, Sir, I need it up my butt so bad! Pound it all the way up my butt, Sir! HARD!" now there's a bit of a desperation to Felicia's screeched, moaning pleas.

Howard starts putting some more power behind his strokes. Steadily it ramps up. With each stroke, Felicia moans more urgently. She shudders harder. She shivers more crisply. Now her head is snapping back and forth, thrashing around as well as she cries her moans. Moans that seem to become hotter, and more hungry, with every bit of power he puts into the thrusts.

He keeps adding power, thinking that if Felicia looks uncomfortable he'll quickly back off. He sees the goosebumps erupt, covering her crack, her globes, and down over her mound. Up her spine, too. He sees her squirming more wildly and hears her screeching more desperately needy moans. But nothing says she's in pain. Not even when he feels her asshole start spasming around his length.

Soon he's giving her exactly what she asked for. He's thrusting into her bottom as fast and with as much power as he can. So much so that every thrust has his hips crashing against her globes with a slapping that jostles her

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entire hips.

“UGH!” The primal moans bursts from Felicia’s lips. “YES! Thank you, Sir! Pound my little butt, Sir. Thank you, Sir!... MMMMMMMMMMM!” Felicia’s body stiffens to steel, trembling violently, and she cries out the long “MM.”

Howard finally feels it. A powerful, snapping twitch. A spongy soft muscle, twitching sharply. Directly under his cock. Right, where Felicia's pussy is. And then he realizes that Felicia is loving this. Her pussy is far more aroused than he's ever seen anyone's before. And, if that wasn't enough of a clue, her honey weeps steadily from her slit, most of it clinging to the front of his balls as they bump and knock against her mound with those thrusts.

At first, Howard cringed. Not from his cock being buried in Felicia's bottom. That he loves. But from what's under him. He can feel Sylvia's body. His thighs drag over her chest and sides as he thrusts his hips. Her breasts are soft, hanging loosely and expanding out as she lies. That makes his thighs bump them with every thrust, knocking them around like jelly. And usually driving her stiff nipples along the underside of his thighs. But more so, he feels his balls dragging up and down along her chest. Usually bumping Felicia's fiery hot, so hot that he can barely stand for his balls to touch her, pussy. And most of the time, the bottoms of those same balls bumping Sylvia's chin.

Now, as he thrusts Felicia’s bottom with all his strength, he grips Felicia’s hips to steady his strokes. He stares down, watching his cock shove, almost flying, into her bottom. Seeing her purple flesh, pulled so tightly around his cock, still managing to quiver faintly as he thrusts.

Only now his thrusts have so much power behind them, that he's losing some coordination. Not much, but enough. His strokes have Sylvia's mounds bouncing wildly. Now, about half of those strokes catch her mound with his thighs, driving them forward, and smashing them roughly

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between his thighs and Felicia's firm globes. That does one thing to Sylvia. It makes her nipples strain to stiffen even more. Howard stops caring. Or noticing. As if Sylvia is nothing to him. A mere thing on the table, doing nothing but interfering with his pleasure of Felicia's bottom. As if he wouldn't care one iota if it was gone. Might even prefer it gone, instead of getting in the way as those spongy soft mounds were crushed by his thighs. And that feeling, of being so irrelevant to the sex act the trio is in, drives Sylvia crazy.

I know. I can see the honey flowing from her slit. I can see her lips quiver faintly as her clit pound behind them. I know what it's doing to Sylvia. I'm sure the feeling of his balls bouncing off the underside of her chin, as if her chin is in his way, too, adds to it.

Howard doesn't last long. His grunted moans, far too hungry and sweetly urgent, tell me he won't. I didn't think he would, even feeling his mother's nakedness under him. It's his first time doing anal. That shows too plainly. Anal tends to be tighter, and thus a bit more intense, for the man. Add to that the burning fire and snapping sharp twitches of Felicia's pussy against the tender underside of his cock, and he's a goner.

He lasts about three minutes. Two minutes after he reaches full power and Felicia screams out "thank you, Sir! Thank you for pounding my slutty tight butt like such a *real* man, Sir! May I please have more, Sir?"

I watch as Howard silently tenses. His hips fly forward hard, roughly slamming his cock to the depths of Felicia's bottom. He grunts out "UHHHH-AHHHH!" and shudders. Then his strokes slow, taking a far more measured tempo.

"THANK YOU, SIR!" Felicia screams out. More blurts out in a throaty deep breath exploding from her lungs. "Give me that hot cum, Sir! Oh, I love the feel of your hot

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cum squirting against the very back of my butt, Sir! I want all of it, Sir! May I please have all of your wonderful cum deep in my trashy filthy little butt, Sir? Please, Sir?"

Howard doesn't hesitate to oblige that request. He keeps going, his thrusts steadily ebbing, as his cock spurts more and more cum into Felicia's bottom. Finally, he runs out of cum for her and slowly pulls his cock from her bottom.

"THANK YOU, SIR!" Felicia cries out urgently. "If you are done with my nasty slutty butt, Sir, may this bitch please be allowed to cum on your mommy's face now, Sir?"

"Uh, sure, Mrs. Bitch."

"THANK YOU, SIR! Will you please watch me cum on your mommy's face, Sir? Please watch my trashy whore's pussy cum all over her, Sir." Given permission, Felicia doesn't wait. She stops holding her orgasm back. She explodes, screaming loudly, and shuddering wildly. Her pussy explodes just as much, squirting her honey out her slit and covering Sylvia's mouth and chin with its sticky, clinging heat.

Howard gawks at Felicia's smoothly bare pussy as it spasms hard, wiggling her lips, and squirting her honey. There's no missing her relieved, deep, and erotic, screams.

Finally, after well over a full minute of that, Felicia is done. She lifts her pussy from Sylvia's lips. Her head falls limply forward. Her hands, on her knees, brace her body up. Her body falls loose. She pants hard, her breaths laced with relief and satisfaction.

Felicia hangs there for a moment, catching her breath and pulling herself together. She already knows what's expected of her now. She drags her wobbly body off of the table. She drops, half falling, to her knees in front of Howard. "This bitch is very sorry for getting its disgusting filthy on your huge, handsome penis, Sir. May I

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please have permission to clean my nasty mess from your incredible penis, Sir?"

Howard wasn't expecting it. He stares down at her kneeling naked before him. He doesn't see anything for her to clean his cock with. It doesn't stop him from accepting her request, though. Partly just to see what she does. Mostly because he's rather enamored of her touch, and welcomes any more of her.

Felicia cleans his cock as a bitch should. She swallows it, fresh from her bottom, and sucks everything from it. Mostly it's just a fine smear of Felicia's honey, speckled with tiny flecks of the mess from her bottom, and dotted with Sylvia's flying spit. When his cock emerges from Felicia's lips, there's nothing but a fine layer of Felicia's saliva left on him.

"Oh, Sir, I am so sorry! Look how I dirtied up your scrotum and those huge testicles with my skanky mess, Sir. Let me clean that up for you, too, Sir!" Felicia says very teasingly sweetly to him. She lifts his semi-stiff cock up, holding it out of the way, and licks every drop of her honey from his balls. Howard just purrs as she does.

Felicia stays on her knees. She shakes her hair back to hang over her shoulders, exposing her face. She looks up, right into Howard's eyes. Her face now a dreamy mask of pure bliss. "Thank you so much, Sir, for pounding this bitch's slutty little butt like the cheap gutter whore I truly am, Sir. Thank you for allowing this bitch a very sweet orgasm, Sir."



Chapter Eight - A Sweet Ending For A Slutty Bitch

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Now that Howard is taken care of, which I know because his cock is soft (probably for the first time since he got here). Felicia is taken care of as well. She's still panting those sweet, satisfied deep breaths. She's a bit wobbly on her legs, too. That makes it time to finish this session up. I have only two things left to do. First, Sylvia needs to fully understand the new rules of her life. Second, I guess I ought to see to it that Sylvia is allowed another orgasm.

I have slave open Sylvia's pussy, stretching her plump lips wide apart to bare everything. I get the job of getting Howard to look. I nudge him until he does. Sylvia's pinkness is so wet it's beyond sloppy. A thick, creamy layer of her honey clings to everything. Enough that her slightly aromatic honey is now broadcasting her intimate scent. Her clit is swollen up hard, standing up eagerly, and throbbing hard enough that I can see it. I point all of that out to Howard. And I do so in a voice loud enough for Sylvia to hear me. I'm sure Sylvia can feel it and knows exactly what Howard could be seeing. I just don't want her to lie to herself and try to think that, just maybe, Howard missed something. That he didn't see her pussy at its neediest.

Sylvia does her part. She lies there, breathing fast and squealy little mewling breaths. She wiggles like a worm, her bottom squirming against the table. Her legs pull against Sophie's elbows, but Sophie easily keeps them wide open. That way Howard can watch as the honey slowly, but steadily, weeps from Sylvia's twitching tunnel.

Blindfolded, Sylvia can't see anything. Still, she has a pretty good idea of who's here, and probably roughly where everyone is. Or at least most of us. I rather casually put my hand over Sylvia's mouth, keeping her from saying anything and (at least mostly) looking like I'm not gagging her.

I tell Howard that if he's going to be Sylvia's guardian

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for the time being, then he needs to "get used to making some rather intimate choices for her. And this bitch will need to understand that those choices are yours to make, not its. Whatever your choice, this bitch will be living it. And that you don't care what this bitch wants. It will just have to trust that you have its best interests at heart and will make the decision that's best for it. It doesn't need to understand, or even know, why it's best for it."

I tell Howard that now is as good of a time as any to start. "Obviously this bitch's pussy is rather aroused and in need of some relief right now. I'm sure this bitch has some ideas in its useless little mind of how it might get that itch scratched. Those ideas are irrelevant!

"There are four ways that bitch may get that intense orgasm that this pussy is begging for: First, you may relieve it yourself with your finger. Second, you may have this bitch clean Mrs. Bitch's bottom up with its tongue, which will get this bitch very hot, and then allow it to masturbate. Third, you may have my skanky whore relieve that pussy with its tongue. And of course, there's always the option of not allowing this bitch its relief and taking it home as is, where, just maybe, it could behave well enough to convince you to grant it relief."

The look on Howard's face tells me he wasn't expecting to make this intimate of a choice. I see him thinking for a second, wondering which of those options Sylvia would prefer. Sylvia tries to say something, but it's quickly muted by my hand. It ends up as nothing but a droning noise. Would Sylvia rather do it herself? Would she prefer it done for her? By a woman? I'm pretty sure that he would not enjoy doing it for her, and thus he's not considering that choice. I'd bet he is considering denying her now but allowing her to masturbate alone as soon as they get home, too.

Then I see him glance at Paige and Felicia. He takes a long, hard, look at the thick glaze slowly drying around

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Sylvia's mouth. I'd bet he's remembering that eating pussy is what got Sylvia so hot.

I grab his hand gently and bring it up, holding it just above Sylvia's freshly trimmed bush. Very softly, too soft for Sylvia to hear, I tell Howard to "tenderly give her a little pat and rub, and tell her what choice has been made."

Howard hesitates for a couple of seconds. Then he softly, reluctantly puts his hand atop her bush. I'd bet he's barely touching her. "Sylvia, skanky is going to eat your pussy now so that you can cum."

I take my hand off Sylvia's mouth. Before she can say anything, I give her a light slap to her face and snap "what does a polite bitch say when her guardian gives her a treat?"

"Thank you, Sir..." Sylvia says softly.

I slap her face again and scold her for being a mousy modest bitch. I remind her that she belongs to her son now. Thus she has no privacy, or modesty, or shame, or anything else from him. She should thank him openly and fully.

"Thank you for allowing skanky to tongue my... clitoris and make me cum, Sir," Sylvia says. Her voice is softer, almost more embarrassed, but also more eager. I hope Howard catches it. Sylvia wants to get past that modesty of hers.

I just wave my hand and point at Sylvia's pussy. "Eat pussy, skanky."

"Oh, yes, my Queen," Paige answers, lacing a hint of eager tease into her voice. I know Paige prefers men. Howard wouldn't be her type either. But she doesn't mind being a little tease. I suspect the honey in her voice was for him. She definitely knows that Howard is eager to see this. She probably knows how closely he watched Sylvia using her as a practice dummy.

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Paige doesn't hesitate to get into place next to Sylvia's knee and lean over it, bringing her mouth down to Sylvia's waiting pussy. Sophie simply releases Sylvia's lip and takes her hands away, turning the pussy over to Paige.

I tell Howard that it's also his job to tell Sylvia when to cum. I remind Sylvia that a proper bitch, like Felicia just did, doesn't cum when its slutty pussy wants to. Its slutty pussy isn't there for its enjoyment, but for the use and enjoyment of its owner or guardian. It doesn't matter what that pussy wants, only what its owner wants. She's no longer its owner, so it doesn't matter what she thinks she wants. She's entrusted her body to her son, and thus it's now his place to decide when and if that pussy gets to cum. When he thinks it is fully ready to cum, and that it would be best for her pussy to cum, he will tell her to cum. When he does, she's expected to be an obedient little bitch and cum. Right then. And not try to mute her orgasm. Just let it happen so that her pussy will get the full release he's giving it. Or else.

Sylvia, rather softly and with a deep squeak in her voice, tells him "yes, Sir. I will not have an orgasm until you tell me to, Sir."

And then skanky's tongue is against Sylvia's clit. It begins its first slow circle around the hard nub.

"UH-AHHHHHHHHHH!" Sylvia screams out loudly, her voice pure sultry need and aching urgency. Her hips squirm hard, more thrashing around, with a sharp snap to them. Her legs slam closed, instantly clamping around Paige's head like a vise and hold it in place. Her body quivers from head to toe.

Paige ignores Sylvia and lets Sylvia's snug legs drag her head around with Sylvia's hips. That keeps Paige's mouth in place on Sylvia's pussy. Paige keeps her tongue going, licking laps around Sylvia's clit and tunnel exactly as Sylvia just learned to do. As Sylvia just did to Paige's

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pussy.

Sylvia goes on squirming, her thrashes steadily growing stronger and more violent. She goes on screaming out a guttural "UH-UM-AHHHHHHHHHHH!" over and over again with each breath she sucks in. Her nipples are as hard as rocks, atop the spongy soft mounds of her breasts. Her wiggles have those soft mounds almost flying around atop her chest. Her hands, still bound to the edges of the table, grip the mattress hard. There's nothing else she can do with them.

In a few more seconds, Sylvia's hips are thrusting up and down, as if trying to snap her pussy against Paige's lips. But the tight grip of her legs on Paige's head means that Paige's head and lips are moving with Sylvia's hips. And Sylvia's pussy. Paige's tongue goes right on teasing Sylvia.

Howard glares at Sylvia, trying not to actually see Sylvia's nakedness as she's having lesbian sex with a "hot college chick" as Howard later described Paige to me. Mostly he can't believe how Sylvia, who has long espoused a rather low view of anything homosexual, could now be screeching and squirming in such obvious ecstasy as another woman tongues her. If he still had any doubts, the rather thick and clingy coat of honey growing around Paige's pink lips should dispel it. Sylvia's pussy is steadily weeping honey.

Sylvia looks like she's in some porno clip. Her light white flesh quickly flushes hot pink. She squirms so eagerly and screeches even more urgently. She looks as if she's going to explode any second now. And it hasn't been half a minute yet.

Howard looks to me, the question on his face telling me that he has no clue how to tell when Sylvia, or any woman, truly can't stand it and needs to cum now. Sylvia looks, to him, as if she's there now. She definitely could cum now. If I didn't enjoy watching her squirm so much, I

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might think about letting her. But squirms are just so hot to watch. I intend to enjoy a bit more of them. So I shake my head, silently telling him "not yet."

Felicia, still naked as well, slithers up next to Howard and snuggles her body against his. It definitely gets his mind off Sylvia's sweet agony.

Sylvia lies there, squirming and screeching her moaning pleas. But she obediently holds her climax back. I'm sure her pussy is burning hotter and aching harder for release. I'm sure by now she can feel the icy hot sparks tingling her twitching walls. The erotic chills shooting along her nerve lines, up her spine, and shivering her entire body. I'm sure the only thought filling her head is the exploding ache to cum. As if her entire body is feeling what her pussy is.

Then, at about the three-minute mark, Sylvia's head starts snapping up and down, beating itself against the mattress. Her hips freeze in place, trembling crisply but not thrashing. Her scream vanishes, replaced by a deep, sensual "UH-MMMMMMMMM!" through tightly clenched teeth. Every muscle in her body tightens up to steel. So tight that her body more vibrates than anything else. Sylvia's eyes pop wide open and stay like that.

Howard decides that Sylvia has had all she can handle. He glances at me again and I just shrug my shoulders. I'm sure that Sylvia will climax soon, whether she wants to wait or not. The sudden shift in her reactions, the sudden tension in her body, tells me that the urge, the throbbing ache in her pussy, will soon overwhelm her.

As instructed, Howard reaches down and takes Sylvia's hand in his. He has to fight for it. He has to pry her fingers off the edge of the mattress and wiggle his fingers under hers to get her hand. Immediately, her hand clamps down, squeezing his with all her strength. It surprises Howard.

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"Sylvia, I want you to cum now," He tells her.

"YES, SIR!" Sylvia screams at the top of her lungs. She gets the first syllable out before her body is snapping hard, her hips again thrashing. This time so powerfully that it's tossing her body around the table. Sylvia screams another "YES!" and goes on snapping sharply around the table.

Howard wouldn't know to look for it. But I do, so I see Paige give me a little wiggle of her bottom. It's a signal to me. It tells me that Paige is sure Sylvia is cumming. From the little twitches, I can see flowing over Sylvia's pubes, I would guess that Sylvia's pussy is snapping so strongly that she's squirting a bit of honey out with each one. Honey that will be squirting directly into Paige's mouth.

Paige keeps tonguing Sylvia. She hasn't been told to stop, so she doesn't. She does as she was told to. Eat pussy. She wasn't told to make Sylvia cum, or anything else that would imply she should stop now. She won't stop obediently eating Sylvia's pussy until she's told to.

I don't tell her to. I just wait, watching Sylvia jump and flop around the table as she cries out the sluttiest and more satisfied moans of relief. I do, however, quietly tell Howard that he "may tell the whore to stop whenever he feels *his* new pussy has enough of its skanky tongue."

Howard watches for a bit. After about half of a minute, I hear Sylvia's moans start taking a faint, yet building, shrill note to them. It tells me that her orgasm is ebbing away, and now her clit is rather over-sensitive. If Paige isn't stopped, she will end up quickly pushing that too-tender nub to a second climax.

I'm not sure if Howard picks up on the change or not. But that's about when he calmly says "that's good, skanky, you can stop now." So I don't say anything.

"Yes, Sir," Paige says as she lifts her head, pulling

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hard to get it from the grip of Sylvia's thighs. "Thank you for allowing this whore to eat your mommy's sweet pussy, Sir."

Sylvia falls limp, fully spent, on the table. Her body twitches with little quivers that steadily flow along its length. She pants hard. Her pussy goes on weeping honey, its flow slowly ebbing away. Her lips quiver lightly for a long moment. Her eyes close as she basks in the wonderful afterglow.

Howard peeks, but he's only looking to see if she messed herself up again. I don't know. She's empty now, so even if she did go that loose, there's nothing to mess up my table.

While Sylvia lies there, her body slowly calming after the orgasm, I tell Felicia to get dressed. Howard doesn't need to be told. Despite the show he just saw, his cock is still soft. I guess twice in one afternoon is its limit.

Howard quickly dresses, a naked Felicia pretending to help him while really just using it as an excuse to caress his body again. Once his clothes are on, she nudges him onto a seat.

Felicia picks up her panties. Then she reaches over to a table where I have "conveniently" left a white paint marker. She grabs it. She leans over, her small mounds hanging in front of Howard's eyes, showing him all of their pertness. She sets her panties on his thigh.

Felicia slowly writes "Thank you for pounding my slutty bottom so hard, Sir – Mrs. Bitch" on the lacy front of her panties in a rather girly, neat, handwriting. The front, even though it's all lace, is the only part of them that's big enough for her to write on. Felicia holds them up, showing him what she's written on them. She gives him a moment to read it. Then she brings the panties down to the waistband of his jeans. She slips them into his briefs, her hand following them in, and pushes the silky lace against

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his cock. Her hand slips slowly out. The panties stay put. Felicia bats her eyes at him.

And then she gets dressed. Only now she doesn't have any panties on under her skirt. She takes her seat beside Howard.

I untie Sylvia. Then I snap firmly, ordering her to "quit lying around like a gutter slut and skanking all over my table." I order her to her feet.

We all watch as Sylvia slowly and clumsily pulls herself off the table. She stands her body wobbling so much that I slip over next to her just in case her legs give out. Now, with her standing, I can see the honey glazing about the bottom $\frac{1}{3}$ of her globes, too. That pussy ran with honey. Sylvia loved it.

I grab hold of Sylvia's shoulders and nudge her over to where Howard is sitting. I move her slowly, not wanting to push her too much. Or risk her crashing to the floor. She quickly drops, mostly falls to her knees in front of him. It takes her rubbery limbs a moment to get in place so that she's kneeling properly.

Sylvia kneels, her eyes looking up slightly to stare at Howard. She shows no shyness now and doesn't try to hide or cover her body. She just kneels, quietly and demurely, fully naked, her body on display for him. And Felicia.

I Ask Sylvia "is that pussy fully satisfied now, bitch?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Sylvia answers in a soft, breathy, and still slightly sultry, voice. "This bitch's pussy is very fully satisfied, Ma'am."

"Good. Listen carefully, bitch. Your guardian is going to give you his house rules. You will agree to each one. You will obey them. If you are the tiniest bit ungrateful and misbehave, bitch, he will punish you, bitch. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am. This bitch will obey whatever rules

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my... guardian sets for me, Ma'am."

I hand Howard a paper with the basics on it. He glances over it, seeing the rules for the first time himself. It tells him what's going to be expected of him as well. At least what rules he'll have to enforce. And what he's going to have to decide for her.

Howard starts reading the rules to her:

1. Sylvia is not allowed to date (never does anyway) or masturbate. Not allowed to ask or even hint that she's horny.
2. Every night before 2200, Howard will tell Sylvia it's time for bed. Sylvia is to drop everything and go to him.
3. Sylvia to undress fully. Must show pussy to Howard. Howard will decide if it gets relief.
4. Sylvia's only relief will be supervised masturbation.
5. Sylvia is to remain in bed until Howard comes back in the morning.
6. Sylvia will make the bed then use the bathroom and groom herself.
7. Sylvia will be fully inspected by Howard. Must be perfectly groomed or will be spanked and sent back to the bathroom to start over with Howard standing over her.
8. Howard to chose her clothes and allow her to dress for the day.
9. Howard to email daily after speaking "intimately" with Sylvia about her feelings as his ward, and her pussy (arousal and relief).
10. Sylvia will fully obey Howard, 24/7, no matter what he tells her to do. If he tells her to do something inappropriate, she's still to obey him. I'll

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deal with him later. Unless, of course, it's illegal or dangerous.

11. Sylvia will be humble and polite to everyone. Always. From now on, Howard is to be addressed only as "Sir" or "Mr. Williams." I don't care who is there, who will see her humble herself before her son.
12. Sylvia is never to question Howard. The only questions ever allowed are those necessary to follow her instructions. If told to scrub the toilets, she can ask which cleaner he wishes her to use. But not "can I do it later."
13. Sylvia must answer every question asked of her, by anyone, fully and honestly, without any modesty or privacy. If the question is inappropriate, Howard will tell her not to answer. Otherwise, she will assume that he expects it answered.
14. Howard is always to know where Sylvia is. She is not to leave the house, without his direct permission, and then she's to only go where she was given permission to when she was given permission to, and do what she was given permission to do.

After every rule, Sylvia answers in the same hushed, breathy, accepting voice "Yes, Sir." She repeats the rule as she promises to obey it, such as "I will show you this pussy every night so that you may see for yourself how slutty it is and decide whether it will climax or not, Sir."

Howard reminds Sylvia that there will be very real consequences should she disobey him or break a rule. He warns her that he will be very strict, too. He points to the belt around his waist, an inexpensive leather one. "Remember what you used to threaten me with when I was about three? Do you want this belt upside your little bottom?" Howard smirks wide. "I promise you, I'm not threatening. Misbehave and you will be over my knees

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with this belt upside your bottom."

Sylvia glares at the belt as he asks her "now, what happens if you're a bad girl?"

"You will put me over your knees and whip my bare bottom with that belt, Sir." Sylvia answers. I hope Howard caught it. I did. Sylvia added one word to her answer. "Bare." I'm sure it's her way of telling him that she expects to be spanked for real, not through her clothes to cushion it.

I have Sophie fetch Sylvia's clothes for Howard. She takes them to him. He sets them on the floor in front of Sylvia. "Mrs. Bitch will take me back to school to get your car now. Put your clothes on for the trip."

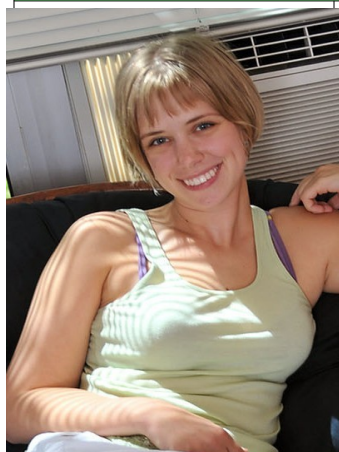
"Yes, Sir," Sylvia answers. She neither hurries nor dallies. She gets to her feet and dresses as she normally would. Then she drops back down to her knees. She hasn't been told to, yet, but she's read enough of my books to guess what's expected of her. And I was planning to tell her. "I'm dressed now, Sir, as you told me to."

Howard tells Sylvia that she will be blindfolded until she's inside *his* house. She simply accepts it with a "yes, Sir." he takes the blindfold, mine, and ties it around her eyes. He tells her to put her hands in her pockets and "make sure they stay there." She agrees and obeys.

Howard, with Felicia close beside him, takes hold of Sylvia's arm to guide her down to Felicia's car.

GUEST APPEARANCES

My other play toys who make an appearance in this story



Slutty FuckToy ("Hailey")

Age	Height	Weight
24	5'5"	137
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-C	28	36

Debuts In: "Slut Delivery"



Dildo Boy ("Kevin")

Age	Height	Weight
21	6'1	203
Hair	Eyes	Penis
Black	Brown	7" x 1½"

THE "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	118
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Blond	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	26	34



Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

Age	Height	Weight
20	5'7"	112
Hair	Eyes	Pubes
Brown	Green	Shaven
Bust	Waist	Hips
34-B	29	34

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"

	Princess Lilly		
	Age	Height	Weight
	6 (Human)/42 (K9)	2'2"	60
	Hair	Eyes	
	Black & White	Puppy Dog	
	Prince Butt Monkey		
	Age	Height	Weight
	13 Mo.	2'10"	80
	Hair	Eyes	
	Brown, Tan, White	Puppy Dog	



Isabelle (BFF #1)

Age	Height	Weight
21	5'4"	
Hair	Eyes	
Blond	Green	