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The Principal's Wife

by
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Chapter One

For the first time in the three years that she had been teaching at Winston-Radcliffe High, Mrs. Caroline Lambert found herself physically incapable of opening the door to her home classroom. She still couldn't believe the absurd situation she had managed to get herself into, although given the added risks she had been running recently, it was hardly surprising that she had finally been found out.

Lord knew, she had tried to find a remedy – psychiatry, drugs, even hypnotherapy – but nothing had worked. For most of her life, she had been a slave to this horrible compulsive disorder, and it had only been by the grace of God that she had managed to avoid exposure all this time – until now, that is.

She was still unsure of how that hateful little man Mike Kettle, the gym teacher, had managed to catch her stealing from the teachers' locker room on film, but the e-mail he had sent her was as damning as it was terrifying. Her initial reaction had been to sit it out and deny any wrongdoing, but closer inspection of the images clearly showed the items in question being removed from a fellow teacher's locker. Stupid, insignificant things that Caroline had absolutely no need for – cosmetics, a book, a fold-up umbrella, pocket change. It had been Caroline's second excursion into the staff locker room – she had previously kept her compulsion outside of the workplace – and although there had been no formal complaints, her first victim must have mentioned something, which might explain why Kettle had put the hidden camera there.

What had unsettled her as much as the shocking and unexpected e-mail, was his puzzling and troubling proposal. He had suggested a face to face meeting if she wanted to keep her crime a secret – unfortunately that was a no-brainer, given her high station in the local community – and when they had met up at an out-of-town cafe, he had been quite blunt in presenting his plan. After allowing Caroline to squirm and plead for a few minutes, he had agreed that their little secret would remain just between them, with one caveat – she was to report to her home room every Saturday afternoon for 'detention'.

He hadn't even given her time to think about it! A simple yes or no on the spot, and if her answer was the latter, then the photographs would be sent to her husband – who just happened to be the school's principal! The resulting scandal would have been unthinkable. Caroline was a highly respected member of the community. She organized several church fund-raising events each year, she was a committee member on the local women's society, and had even been the recipient of an award from City Hall for her charity work for the homeless. Not to mention the fact that her husband's social circle included judges, priests, wealthy captains of industry, and local politicians. No, for Mrs. Caroline Lambert, mother, educator, and all round pillar of society to be shamed publicly as a common thief was simply not an option!

So as much as it galled her to have to give in to the common little man's demands, here she was on a quiet Saturday afternoon in the deserted school, reporting for detention, as Mike Kettle had disconcertingly put it.

She wasn't sure if she was supposed to knock – the idea struck her as ridiculous – so instead, she placed her ear against the door. She couldn't hear anything, and peering through the frosted glass panel, it was impossible to tell if anybody was inside. For a moment, her heart-rate slowed at the possibility that he had just been toying with her. She checked her Bulgari wristwatch – an expensive anniversary present – and saw that it was actually three minutes past the arranged meeting time.

It was possible of course, that Kettle was sitting quietly inside, and mindful of the catastrophic fallout should he follow through with his threat, Caroline took a deep breath and turned the door handle. Cautiously putting her head around the half-open door, she scanned the empty classroom. Her desk on the far right in front of the blackboard and national flag, was empty, as were the rows of desks facing it.

With a sigh of relief, Caroline was just about to close the door and leave, when Kettle popped out from behind the door. "Hi, there! I'm glad you finally worked up the courage to come in!"

“Oh!” Caroline started, putting a hand up to her chest.

“Did I surprise you?” Kettle grinned. “Well you’d better get used to that. Come on inside and lock the door behind you.”

For safety reasons, the classroom door could not be locked from the outside, but there was a deadbolt on the inside. As she turned it, Caroline felt a knot of foreboding in her stomach. Following him over towards her desk, she also noticed that the blinds had been pulled down on all of the windows. What could he possibly have in mind that would require such privacy?

In fact, that question had been tumbling around in her mind ever since her unwanted meeting with Kettle. He had told her she would have to serve a series of Saturday ‘detentions’ until he was satisfied that she was sufficiently punished, but he hadn’t gone into any details. Caroline had supervised countless detentions during her career, and for the most part they had involved extra study sessions, or long boring hours of just sitting. Was that what he had planned for her? Somehow she didn’t think so.

Kettle had already seated himself behind her desk, and Caroline found herself in the unaccustomed and somewhat belittling position of having to stand before him rather like a naughty schoolgirl. The only other option would be to sit at one of the students’ desks, but that would present an even more deferential picture, so she stayed where she was while the despicable little man studied her with an impudent grin on his face.

He seemed to be enjoying the moment, allowing his eyes to rove up and down her body, and she shifted uncomfortably. Totally in the dark as to what she might have to expect, Caroline had dressed in her usual summer outdoor style – a light floral dress pulled in at the waist with a matching belt, light brown tights, sensible flat shoes, and her customary string of pearls around her neck.

She could only guess as to why Kettle was examining her so intently, but to break the tension, she said, “So what exactly do you want from me?”

“Hmm,” Kettle grinned, tapping his chin. “What indeed? What could you possibly have that I want, huh?”

His cryptic response was as irritating as it was worrying, and Caroline snapped, “Look, I’ve come all the way out here as you asked, so you could at least have the decency to let me know why I am here!”

Her haughty approach didn’t seem to bother him and instead of answering her question, he said, “How old are you, Caroline?”

Bridling at this unexpected over familiarity, Caroline said, “What has that to do with anything?”

“Well, it’s just that I’ve always imagined that you are hiding a rather curvaceous – if a little generous – figure under those frumpy frocks you like to wear.”

The sudden tangent this conversation had embarked upon took Caroline completely unawares. “How dare you talk to me like that!”

“Come now, it was a compliment!” Kettle chuckled. “For a woman of somewhat mature years, I actually think you are quite a looker.”

To her chagrin, Caroline felt herself coloring up. “I-I... who do you think you are talking to?” she blustered.

“A rather pompous woman, who, if I have read the situation correctly, finds herself in a very precarious situation at the moment,” Kettle said, with a nod towards a nearby computer.

The reminder had its effect and Caroline willed herself to calm down. Whatever this vulgar man had in mind would have to be weighed up against the terrible alternatives, because there was no escaping the fact that right now he had the power to destroy her life!

“Well, yes,” Caroline said, clearing her throat. “And I did express my gratitude for your silence in that matter. But I ask you again, what exactly do you want in return?”

His greedy, leering eyes, combined with his recent inappropriate comment should have provided Caroline with a clue as to what was coming next, but even though she was an intelligent woman, the prospect of any improper conduct between them was far too outlandish for her to accept.

“Okay,” Kettle, said, placing his hands flat on the desktop. “I’ll give it to you in simple terms. As I told you over coffee, your little secret is safe with me. But naughty girls deserve to be punished, don’t they? As a teacher, I’m sure you’ll agree. So during your weekly detention periods, I’m going to do just that – punish you.”

Caroline’s head began to swim as the unthinkable started to come into focus.

“P-Punish? How?”

“Oh, I’ll be thinking up a whole variety of ways over the coming months – and I think you’ll find that I can be very imaginative!”

Quite a looker? Curvaceous? Imaginative?

With a sudden twist of dread in her stomach, Caroline could no longer deny the implications of these menacing words. Although she had tried to dismiss it as too outrageous to actually ever become a reality, that nightmare was now in danger of coming true!

“Are you saying that you want to have... relations with me?”

“Relations!” Kettle chuckled annoyingly. “You really are a stuck-up cow, aren’t you? Well, it’s going to be a little more inventive than that, but yes, you’re on the right track finally. I thought you’d never get there. Why did you think I didn’t just ask you for money in return for my silence? I want to play with you every week. You are going to have to submit to my every desire, or face the consequences. That means you are going to have to climb down off that lofty perch and become my obedient little sex toy. Here in the deserted school, you will allow me to live out my fantasies, and in return you can go back to your snobbish lifestyle for the other six days of the week, without fear of exposure. It’s your choice – but I warn you now, once you have committed yourself to my demands, I will not tolerate any noncompliance on your part. If this becomes too much like hard work, the deal is off, and I will post those images of you stealing all over the internet.”

“You... you mean there are going to be more... detentions?”

“Oh yes,” Kettle smiled. “You will commit all of your Saturdays to me from now on.”

Caroline realized that in addition to the fire in her cheeks, she was breathing heavily and perspiring somewhat profusely. “For how long?”

Kettle shrugged. “Who knows? A month? Six months? A year? Maybe more. Until I get bored, I guess. The point is, you get to keep your high society lifestyle. So make a decision, and make it now.”

Feeling a little faint, Caroline mumbled, “I don’t think I can... not with you...”

“Just let me take the lead,” Kettle said. “All you have to do is follow my directions – without hesitation or question.”

Feverishly, Caroline considered her options. She had not been sexually active with Mr. Lambert for some years now. She was forty-three years old, with two grown up children in college. There had been one or two clumsy advances made upon her at some of the various functions she had attended on her own – middle-aged acquaintances taking advantage of a quiet moment away from prying ears to obliquely express their interest in her – but she had always regarded them with bewildered amusement. Surely the time for romantic adventure had passed? Admittedly, she recognized that she had been quite beautiful in her youth, but coming from a deeply Christian family, she had not been allowed to date until Mr. Lambert – with an equally devout background – had declared his socially acceptable intentions.

And so Caroline had remained physically loyal to one man alone all these years, and she had never had a reason or the desire to stray. He was a decent man, if a little stuffy, and if Caroline were to admit that her marriage had become a little stale over the years, there were the children to think of. Affairs? Divorce? Unthinkable!

But now, Mike Kettle, a colleague whom she had had little prior cause to interact with, was articulating the same unsavory proclivities as her other, considerably more well-heeled, would-be suitors – only this time, she was in no position to rebuff him!

Before answering, she fleetingly considered one other terrifying possibility – that of fronting up and admitting her crimes to her husband, thus negating any hold that Kettle had over her. The thought lasted but a nanosecond because she knew that her upstanding spouse would not be able to live with the shameful publicity, and her marriage and comfortable lifestyle would ultimately be over.

Her mouth dry, and with as much dignity as she could muster Caroline said, “Very well, Mr. Kettle, what exactly would you like me to do?”

Chapter Two

Bingo!

Mike hadn't been altogether convinced that Mrs. Lambert would crumble, but having come this far, he had guessed correctly that she was already prepared to do whatever it took to save her reputation.

Now that he had her, it was a question of how quickly he should move things along. At least the naive bitch had finally cottoned on to the fact that her punishment would be of a sexual nature, and the fact that she hadn't bolted right there and then bode well for the rest of the afternoon. Although there was still a risk that she would have a change of heart and report him to her husband, Mike had a gut feeling that he was treading on continually firmer ground.

Oh well, in for a penny, in for a pound!

"As I said just a moment ago, I've always wondered what kind of a figure you've been concealing from us, so why don't you begin by taking off that boring frock?"

Mrs. Lambert's lips parted and she glanced frantically at the covered windows to her left. Her normally pale skin turned pink, and Mike noticed that a little moisture had gathered in her green eyes. After a moment's deliberation, Mrs. Lambert slowly raised her trembling fingers and still looking off to the side, proceeded to pick open the buttons on the front of her frock.

Mike leaned forward as the material parted at the top, giving him a glimpse of her generous cleavage supported by her white brassiere beneath the string of pearls. He followed her fumbling digits down as she finally reached the bottom, but instead of taking it off, she held the two pieces together, still focusing her glistening eyes on the window blinds.

Her mouth had turned down at the corners in a combined expression of misery and disgust, and she really did look as though she was about to cry. My word, Mike thought, how will she react when she sees what I've got in store for her after this?

"Come on, Mrs. Lambert," Mike said, deciding that addressing her formally would heighten the sexual drama that was about to follow. "We haven't got all day. Well actually we have, but I'm getting impatient. Remember what I said? Too much like hard work and the deal is off."

That seemed to snap her out of her inertia, and with an expression of abject desolation on her face, Mrs. Lambert – the school principal's prudish and stuck-up wife! – shrugged the frock off her shoulders and, adding to Mike's enjoyment, carefully folded the garment before setting it on top of an adjacent school desk.

As Mike would have expected from such a prudish woman, she immediately folded her arms across her ample breasts and tucked one knee behind the other. Mike wouldn't have been surprised if he was the only man other than her husband to have seen her in any state of undress. She was probably one of those wives who insisted that marital sex took place only under the bed covers and with the lights out! No, Mrs. Lambert's Rubenesque figure had most likely never been put on display outside of the privacy of her bathroom – but that was all about to change very soon!

"Put your arms down so I can see you properly," he said. "I meant it when I said I wanted to look at your body. And would you also kindly look at me? I don't know what you find so fascinating about those window blinds?"

With a pained expression lining her reddening face, Mrs. Lambert turned her head towards him but still refused to meet his eyes, preferring instead to fix her gaze on the blackboard behind him. Next, almost in slow motion, she unwrapped her arms from her body and brought them hesitantly down to her sides.

Now Mike could finally decide if his suspicions had been correct about her physique – and he wasn't disappointed. Yes, she obviously carried a bit of middle-aged weight, which meant that she was a little thick around the waist, her thighs were on the chunky side, and she had a little belly protruding slightly over the top of her dowdy white briefs, but all the bumps and dips were in the right places. And

then there was the delectable sight of her considerable bust, the twin mounds of white flesh veritably shaking with every little movement she made, and looking ready to burst out of her matronly bra!

Holy fuck! I can't wait to unleash those monsters!

Feeling his cock stiffening at the giddy prospect of playing with Mrs. Lambert's udders, Mike said, "Shoes and tights next, and no dawdling this time."

With just the briefest of delays, Mrs. Lambert leaned down, her strawberry blonde hair hanging forward along with her pearls, and her massive jugs swaying in their frumpy harness. Mike could only guess at how embarrassed she must be feeling whilst undressing in her own classroom for him, but that would be nothing compared to the abject humiliation he planned to heap upon her starting real soon!

Mrs. Lambert stepped out of her shoes, and after a certain amount of awkward tugging, pulled off her tights. Her legs were quite shapely, with surprisingly firm thighs and well-chiseled ballet dancer's calves – a feature that Mike thought would be greatly enhanced if he were to force her to parade around in a pair of five-inch heels!

Putting that heady idea on a back-burner, Mike leaned back in his chair and let the poor woman suffer for a few moments. He could see from the anguish in her eyes that she had already descended into a forbidden world of sin just by stripping to her briefs and bra in front of him. Surely she had to be expecting his next two commands, although not necessarily in the order that kinky Mike had planned!

"Right, then," he said, brightly, "let's get you out of those gigantic knickers, eh? My word, you could go camping in those ugly things!"

His insulting banter must have registered with the tormented woman, because for the first time since she had commenced this unwanted striptease, Mrs. Lambert looked at his face. The slightest expression of contempt flickered in her eyes, quickly followed by a mixture of resignation and despair as she must have finally accepted that he was going to make her strip completely naked!

Mike leaned forward, his chin in his hands, as the stricken teacher gripped the waistband of her briefs, and slowly eased them down over her thighs. His first introduction to Mrs. Lambert's most intimate parts was a most generous reddish-brown bush that sprouted free from the top of the descending material. It seemed that the pious lady was not in the habit of trimming herself down there! Inch by delightful inch, Mrs. Lambert's vulva came slowly into view and Mike's erection grew ever harder.

When she had worked her briefs down to her knees, Mrs. Lambert again bent over, allowing Mike another unsparing view of her dangling cleavage. Now Mrs. Lambert was forced to part her knees slightly in order to maneuver her underwear down to her ankles. When it was finally free, she picked the item up between thumb and forefinger, making sure to cover her crotch with her other hand, and dropped it onto the desk beside her.

Such a neat and tidy woman! Mike thought. Even in these most testing of circumstances!

With both hands clasped over her privates, she was inadvertently pushing out her bust with her upper arms, making her fleshy globes stand out even more prominently!

"Still being coy?" Mike said. "Oh well, we'll get there eventually. In the meantime, why don't you give me a nice slow turn, so that I can check out your fat ass?"

There was real hurt in her eyes now, and after having controlled herself so admirably, Mrs. Lambert blurted out, "You pig!"

"I don't know about that," Mike grinned. "From all that white, wobbling fat I can see, you look more like the porker to me. Don't you get any exercise? Well, we'll soon put that right, now turn around before I lose my patience!"

With a woeful sob, Mrs. Lambert closed her eyes and began her lewd pirouette. When she had her back to him, Mike commanded her to stop. As he suspected, she had a very full and voluptuous backside, and although they were starting to go south, her buns were still holding their shape.

As he surveyed her nearly naked form, Mike became increasingly pleased with himself that he had begun this erotic journey. Contrary to his unkind comments, he was actually very impressed with what

he was observing. Here was a mature woman built for comfort, and Mike had every intention of taking her for a test drive!

In the meantime, the moment had arrived to finally unveil her ‘piece de resistance’ – those delightfully huge tits! Keeping her facing the back of the classroom, Mike cleared his throat and said, “The bra now, if you please.”

A slight stiffening of the shoulders was accompanied by a faint mewling sound, as with shaking fingers Mrs. Lambert reached around behind her and undid the complicated array of hooks and eyes that held the formidable looking garment in place.

Fuck me! Mike thought. There must be a lot of flesh constrained in there to require such a strong harnessing device!

Of course, even with the stuffy frocks that she preferred to wear, it was patently obvious to all that she was a well-endowed lady – there was simply no way that she could hide it. But now she was going to have to show those puppies off to Mike Kettle, and that would be a long-held fantasy fulfilled for him in itself!

Mike watched entranced, as first one, then the other bra strap slipped over her broad shoulders. To his utter joy, she was trembling so much as she freed herself of her brassiere, that even her comely ass cheeks were juddering!

Still following her personal rules of neatness, Mrs. Lambert reached out sideways and the bra now joined the pile of clothes that she had so recently been wearing. It was time for a full frontal view, but Mike wanted to savor the moment for as long as possible, and he said in a suddenly husky voice, “Keeping your hands by your sides, walk to the back of the classroom, and then turn round and come back towards me.”

In almost super slow-motion, his unhappy captive lowered her arms with her fists balled by her sides. Then, as if testing the water, she took an indecisive step forward. After another one, she stopped, and turning her head to one side, said, “Please...Mr. Kettle... Mike. Can’t we...?”

“It’s too late for that,” Mike interrupted. “Just keep reminding yourself why you are doing this. However humiliating and painful it might be, public exposure to your crime would, in the big picture, be much worse, don’t you think?”

On hearing yet another reminder of her predicament, Mrs. Lambert let out an audible, shuddering sigh, and continued her reluctant journey to the back of the room. Mike drank in every quiver of her rotund buttocks as she progressed slowly along. He knew why she was drawing it out of course – to delay the inevitable return trip back to him, during which he would get to feast upon her full frontal nudity!

When she eventually reached the back wall, Mrs. Lambert paused and remained where she was, as if reading one of the notices pinned on the wall. But all Mike had to do was clear his throat, and she painstakingly turned around to face him. Keeping her eyes on the paneled ceiling lighting, she began her naked walk along the length of her own classroom as Mike visually devoured every part of her body.

Her breasts were every bit as spectacular as he had imagined, still surprisingly buoyant as they trembled with every step, and punctuated with bulging pink nipples! Mike rubbed his erection that now strained against his underpants as his eyes traveled down over her rather endearing little paunch, and then to the thick thatch of rust-colored hair that covered her wide vulva.

As she came to a faltering stop in front of him, he looked back up to her face, which was still tilted upward, and he marveled at the intensity of the crimson flush that spread down as far as the tops of her gorgeous breasts, contrasting against the white pearls that hung around her neck.

Her unwrapping complete, Mrs. Caroline Lambert, the principal’s wife, was now ready to be transformed into Mike Kettle’s very own performing sex toy!

Chapter Three

The overhead lights were making her eyes water, which exacerbated the tears of shame that she was fighting to hold back, so Caroline lowered her face but still couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze. This had all unfolded so quickly and unexpectedly that she could hardly believe that she was actually standing stark naked in her home classroom in front of a fellow teacher that she barely knew!

It was a warm summer afternoon, and yet Caroline found that she was shivering because of her absolute nudity. She had been brought up under extremely chaste conditions, and she had carried this modest behavior through her adult life. Only her husband had ever seen her naked before, and that was many years ago!

She waited while he enjoyed viewing her body, impatient to cover herself with her arms but, aware of her vulnerable situation, resisting the urge to do so. She had read once that nudism was regarded by some people as a liberating thing, but here in front of Kettle, she just felt filthy and violated.

Oh, please hurry up, she thought miserably. I just want to get dressed again. What the heck is he waiting for?

But now Kettle reached behind the desk, and she couldn't help glancing down as he placed a leather sports bag on its surface. Curiosity combined with trepidation as she watched him unzip the bag and pull out a strange-looking item that initially made no sense to her whatsoever.

With a wicked grin on his face, Kettle stood and came around the desk towards her. Using all of her emotional reserves to stand her ground, Caroline watched in growing horror as he held the object up in front of her. Now she could see that it consisted of a headband with two abnormally long rabbit ears attached! Each ear was over a foot long, covered in black velvet, and dotted with tiny metallic sequins. It looked like the kind of idiotic apparel that kids wore to fancy dress parties!

"I think you'll look rather adorable in this," Kettle said, with his face so close to hers that she could smell his pungent breath. As he raised the adornment towards her head, Caroline took an involuntary step backward. For some reason, she had clung to the idea that once he had had his fill of ogling her body, Kettle would allow her to put her clothes back on again. Now it was apparent that this was just the beginning of her ordeal.

"You must be joking!" she gasped. "I'm not wearing that!"

"Uh-uh," Kettle admonished. "You know the rules. If you give me a hard time, the pictures go out into cyberspace, remember? Now get back here and stay still."

Caroline gulped and inched towards him, her bare toes feeling unnaturally exposed on the tiles. Then she bent her head slightly, feeling like an utter fool as he fitted the band over her head. With the blinds covering the windows, she automatically glanced at her reflection in the glass panel in the door, and immediately wished she hadn't done so. She looked absurd with her breasts naked and free, her pearls around her neck, and the ridiculously long rabbit ears sticking up from the top of her head! Again the tears welled up and she instinctively brushed a trickle away.

"I don't know what you are so upset about," Kettle said. "I think you look lovely!"

Caroline could have slapped him! Not only was the man a total pervert, but he was loving every minute of this emotional and physical abuse!

The urge to cover her body was even more intense now, as the rabbit ears and pearls seemed to accentuate her nudity even more. She opened her mouth to beg him to stop this cruel treatment, but he put a finger to his lips, stopping her, and then he said, "Now I'd like you to pose for a few photos."

Caroline's mouth was still open, but now her jaw dropped even further. "P-Photos..."

"For my personal use only," Kettle smiled. "Something to remember you by in years to come."

"You're out of your mind!" Caroline snapped. "I'm not letting you photograph me like this!"

"You're not 'what'?" Kettle asked. "Are you forgetting who is in charge here? If I don't get my collection of 'naked Mrs. Lambert' pictures, then the whole town will get to view the 'stealing Mrs. Lambert' shots."

With a low groan of despair, Caroline realized how useless her objections were. Kettle was going to have his way, and that was that. Even though she despaired at the thought of him making a visual record of this nightmare – and where it might end up – she had no choice in the matter.

“Ready for your photo shoot?” he prompted.

Glumly, Caroline nodded her head.

“Excellent!” Kettle beamed. “Now be a good little bunny and hop up onto the desk.”

*

It was impossible for Mike to hide the erection pushing out the front of his pants as he retrieved his digital camera from the sports bag, but he wasn't in the least bit concerned. Under normal circumstances, his obvious excitement would have been a source of embarrassment, but the fact that the only female present was as naked as the day that she was born certainly gave him the upper hand. Besides, the dignified lady would be getting quite used to the sight, touch, and taste of his throbbing dick over the coming months!

When he looked back up, Mrs. Lambert, as expected, hadn't moved. There was an expression of utter contempt on her furiously blushing face, which, given her current state of undress, and the comical bunny ears on her head, added further to Mike's state of arousal.

“Didn't you hear me with those big ears? I want you up on the desk where I can have a good look at you. Hop, hop!”

“I-I'm not getting up there!”

“Of course you are,” Mike said. “Because if you don't get up there this instant, I'm packing up my toys and going home – and you know what that will mean as far as your hypocritical lifestyle is concerned!”

As with all of his casually delivered threats so far, there was a degree of bluff attached to his words. He was very much aware that she always had the option of backing out at any time, but he figured that if he could create an atmosphere of dominance and authority while she was off-balance, there was a chance that she would simply follow his commands until she reached an emotional point of no return. Certainly, the next few minutes would be pivotal, because if he were to grab a handful of lewd naked images of her now, his hold over her would be complete. If he were to publicly circulate those pictures, the shame she would suffer as an exposed thief would surely pale into insignificance by comparison!

Whether Mrs. Lambert had quickly weighed up those same options herself or not, Mike couldn't be sure. But to his ecstatic delight, after a moment's delay, she put her bare foot up on the chair and then climbed as demurely as she could under the circumstances, onto the desk.

Now that she was perched on higher ground, her nudity made her seem even more exposed, and she reflexively wrapped her arms around her before realizing what she had done, and reluctantly lowered them. Mike was tempted to whip off a couple of frames right away in case she suddenly panicked and fled, but her current frigid posture wasn't at all what this photographer was looking for.

“Okay,” he said, circling the desk and licking his lips. “Now I want you to strike a few poses for me. Follow my directions to the letter and I think we'll end up with a lovely little set of 'bunny girl' shots that you'll be quite proud of!”

Pride was the least of the expressions that contorted Mrs. Lambert's face right then. She looked as though she was about to break wind! That triggered an amusing image which caused Mike's already rigid member to twitch in his underwear!

“Put your arms out to the sides,” Mike said, peering through the viewfinder. “That's it, nice and high, out parallel with your shoulders. Now up on your toes, that's a good bunny, and bend your knees slightly so that you are pushing out your nice fat butt!”

As Mrs. Lambert shamefacedly assumed the ludicrous pose, Mike began snapping away. First, he zoomed in on her face, catching the first tears of shame that rolled down her cheeks, then he panned out, framing her entire body in detail. After saving a dozen or shots from the front and side, he moved around to her rear and took a couple from a low angle, capturing the meaty folds of her labia that poked out between her pubic bush.

Mike was so captivated by the sight that he put the camera on the desk and leaned in for a closer look. He could just smell her musky scent and if it was at all possible, his hard-on actually increased in intensity!

Fascinated, he took a pen from one of the drawers and cautiously raised it towards Mrs. Lambert's exposed cunt. Her legs were already shaking from the sustained effort of standing on tiptoe, and mindful that she might start and possibly fall off the desk when the pen made contact with her most sensitive parts, he decided to forewarn her first.

"Don't be alarmed if you feel something," he said. "I'm just going to give you a little check-out. Whatever happens, you must maintain the pose, okay?"

With her back to him, Mrs. Lambert had no way of knowing what was about to happen, and as the tip of the pen made initial contact with her pussy lips, she emitted a shriek of surprise, but to her credit, she managed to maintain her absurd-looking posture.

"W-what are you doing?" she gasped.

"Just having a poke around," Mike said. "This is quite a set of saddle bags you have here!"

Mike prodded at the dangling flesh like an amateur gynecologist, thoroughly engrossed in his task. Then he pushed the tip of the pen gently between Mrs. Lambert's labia, working it in gradually further until a full inch was inside her. When he let it go, the pen remained in place, gripped between her gluey lips, and he excitedly snatched up his camera to record the moment forever.

"Please!" Mrs. Lambert whimpered. "Take it out of me!"

"What's the matter?" Mike teased. "Never had a pen stuck up your cunt? I can't believe you've never experimented before – a cucumber or banana, perhaps?"

He heard a stifled sob as her bodily trembling intensified. Her arms were wavering now, moving up and down as if she were attempting to fly away. A heady rush swept through him as he fully realized that he already had this dignified woman in a state of physical and emotional discomfort, and that she was doing her utmost to comply. How much more would she be willing to take?

"Alright," he said, wickedly. "If you don't want the pen up your pussy, I'll take it out for you. Is that what you want?"

"Y-yes!"

"Are you sure?"

Now she nodded her head vigorously. "Yes, p-please!"

"Okay, it's your call."

He plucked the invading object out of Mrs. Lambert's cunt, and unable to resist, raised the damp end to his nostrils. She smelled vaguely fishy but not at all unpleasant. Licking her out would be a pleasure to look forward to, but there was much playtime ahead before they got down to the real stuff.

Seeing that she had now lowered her heels to the desktop, Mike suddenly slapped her on the right buttock, causing her to yelp from surprise more than pain.

"Up on your toes!" he snapped.

As she shakily resumed her humiliating and uncomfortable posture, Mike said, "For your disobedience, I'm going to put the pen back inside you. You must learn to obey me at all times during your detentions."

He was about to work the pen back between her vaginal lips, when he had a sudden, deliciously rude idea. Unable to keep the smile off his face, he placed the palm of his left hand against her ass cheek, feeling her body tense as he did so.

“Stay,” he admonished, as if addressing the family dog. Then he spread her cheeks with his fingers, exposing her brown puckered asshole. When he touched it with the tip of the pen, Mrs. Lambert yelled, “Oh, dear God, no! Not there!”

Well, well! Mike thought. Seems I’m about to enter previously unexplored territory. Poor old Mr. Lambert! What a boring marriage he must have had!

“I’m afraid so,” Mike said, unable to keep the increased level of excitement out of his voice. “And don’t you dare move, or so help me, I will leave this room and that will be the end of it.”

“Oh, you filthy beast!” Mrs. Lambert wailed, but she did indeed stay put as Mike began to slowly work the pen up inside her virgin asshole.

Chapter Four

Caroline stared intently at the posters and paintings hanging on the back wall of her classroom as she tried to withstand the stabbing pain in her rectum. She could feel the hard plastic twisting and turning inside her soft interior as the disgusting man pushed it in deeper. Never in her life had anything been inserted into that dirty place – mercifully, anal sex had never been a subject broached by Mr. Lambert – but now she was having to suffer the indignity of a relative stranger violating her there with a foreign object!

This whole lurid episode was rapidly spiraling out of control, and although she intellectually understood that she should just climb off the desk and leave right now – regardless of the consequences – she inexplicably found herself rooted to the spot. Her toes, ankles, calves and arms were already badly aching, not to mention the sharp pain inside her rectum, but that was nothing compared to the agony she was suffering emotionally. Only a short while ago, she had been fully clothed, her dignity intact, ready to negotiate with her blackmailer. Now she was actually nude, standing high up on display in the most obscene, and ridiculous of postures, wearing a humiliating pair of rabbit ears, with an ink pen sticking out of her anus!

The degrading and agonizing probing finally came to an end, but then the room was illuminated with bright flashes as Kettle recorded the vile moment for the future. With a heavy heart, Caroline realized that each picture he took would draw her deeper into his trap. Earlier, he had talked about weeks, months, possibly even years more of this torture. How would she ever cope? Was it worth the humiliation? Sadly, in her heart she already knew the answer to that question – as long as this depravity remained behind closed doors, then yes, it was preferable to the shame that she would face if he were ever to expose her compulsive pilfering to the world. This was how she had been conditioned to live her life – appearance above everything else – and the fact that she was prepared to allow this despicable man to do what he pleased with her in order to preserve that public image, served to deepen her current sense of shame and self-loathing.

The camera no longer flashing, Caroline anxiously waited, knees quivering, for his next act of depravity. She had to accept the likelihood that Kettle would demand some form of sexual activity with her, but she still didn't know if she would have the fortitude to go through with it. Quite apart from finding the loathsome man totally unattractive, Caroline had been celibate by choice for several years now. Her children were grown, and as far as she was concerned, she had done her matrimonial duty.

Now she felt the pen moving around inside her again, and she craned her neck to try and see what Kettle was up to. There was a row of glass cabinets along the wall, and in the reflection Caroline saw that he was now taping a small, black pom-pom to the protruding pen – to her horror and dismay, she realized that he was giving her a little fluffy rabbit's tail to go with her ears!

She heard a little chuckle of satisfaction as Kettle completed his task. "There my little bunny! You look delightful!"

Looking at her preposterous accessories in the glass reflection, Caroline certainly didn't feel delightful. The only saving grace was that at least nobody else was present to see her in this embarrassing and degrading situation.

"Okay, Thumper," Kettle said. "Down you get. There's one more detail to add before we go for a little hop about!"

*

While Mrs. Lambert awkwardly descended from the desktop, Mike fished around in the drawers and found a black marker pen. Uncapping it, he came back around the desk and casually said, "On your knees."

But Mrs. Lambert remained still, her wide eyes fixed on the marker. “What are you going to do with that?”

“Just going to give you a little makeover. Don’t worry, it’s not indelible. You can wash it off when we’re eventually done here.”

“Please don’t!” she said, in a shaky voice. “Haven’t you done enough?”

“Absolutely not!” Mike laughed. “We’re just getting started. Now get down on your knees and put your arms down.”

For a moment it looked as though Mrs. Lambert was finally going to balk. A shadow of anger briefly crossed her face as she tightened her fists by her sides. Mike could understand her sense of outrage considering the high esteem with which she held herself. In her eyes, he was nothing but a lowly gym instructor whom she had hardly ever acknowledged in the past, but now here he was, commanding her to kneel before him! He was about to remind her that he already possessed enough damning photos to destroy her reputation in every sense when, with a short, furious scream, she sank to her knees.

Mike felt light-headed with the power rush as he looked down at her tortured features. He reached down, and taking her chin in his hand, tilted her face up towards him. Then he touched the marker against those regal features and drew three lines radiating outward on each cheek to represent rabbit’s whiskers, before fully coating her nose with the black ink. Quite endearingly, while Mike was working, Mrs. Lambert scrunched her eyes shut and wrinkled her nose, rather like a child having her face washed by an adult.

Mike was no artist but the effect was perfect. Now his little bunny girl was ready to be put through her paces—and Mike knew all about physical training!

“It’s time to sweat some of that ugly fat off your body,” he announced in a voice he normally reserved for his gym classes. “Naturally, given your ludicrous appearance, we’ll start off with bunny hops. I want you to lean forward and place your hands on the floor, then get up on your toes and straighten your legs so that your little bunny tail is sticking up in the air!”

With an inarticulate murmur of disapproval, Mrs. Lambert assumed the ungainly position, her hair, pearls, and heavy breasts, all hanging downward. Mike was actually about to put her through a series of squat thrusts but the term ‘bunny hops’ seemed more fitting for the occasion.

He went back to his sports bag and extracted a wooden spatula that had caught his eye in the local supermarket not long after his first meeting with the unfortunate Mrs. Lambert. Camera in hand, he circled behind her and swiftly delivered a stinging stroke across her right buttock. Mrs. Lambert squealed at the unexpected impact and wriggled her upended rump, but admirably, stayed in position.

“That is what you will get if you stop exercising,” Mike said, almost ejaculating in his pants as he watched the ruddy hue spreading across her trembling ass cheek. “Now then, on my command, you will jump in and out like the little bunny you are, until I tell you to stop. Any slacking, and you’ll receive another spank across your ugly butt!”

The view was anything but ugly as the wretched woman began to exercise for him, each outward jump revealing her beefy pussy lips, every part of her curvaceous frame rippling with each exertion. He snapped happily away with his camera as the dew began to collect on her pale skin, and her panting became increasingly audible.

Fuck it, why not? Mike thought suddenly, and pulling down his zipper, he released his rock-hard prick, exposing it to the open air. Now he moved around her, recording every single movement, her swinging pendulous breasts, her crimson, comically decorated face, her hanging belly, and of course, her sweaty, pouting cunt as she went through her routine. The poor woman was tiring so quickly that, fearful she might have a heart attack, Mike permitted her to rest awhile.

Gasping, perspiring, Mrs. Lambert dropped onto her knees and elbows, and looked up at him imploringly as droplets of sweat rained down from her nipples onto the floor. The bunny ears were still clinging to her damp hair, and the fluffy 'tail' continued to protrude from her asshole.

Ecstatic with the control that he had miraculously assumed over this desirable and mature woman, Mike again delved into his bag. Whilst wandering through the supermarket, he had loitered for some time in the fresh food section, casually perusing a variety of phallic-shaped fruits and vegetables. As much as he had relished the idea of forcing the high and mighty Mrs. Lambert to impale herself on a thick marrow or overgrown potato, he had stayed true to his 'rabbit' theme and had selected a decidedly large carrot, complete with a rosette of fresh, green leaves.

As he brandished the suggestively-shaped vegetable in front of her, Mrs. Lambert, too puffed to speak, simply shook her head in horror. By now, it seemed, she had finally tuned in to Mike's warped intentions, so she was definitely not expecting to have to eat it!

Not wishing to disappoint her, Mike crouched down beside her sweat-sheened flanks and moved the carrot into position between her sticky thighs. Instinctively, Mrs. Lambert squeezed them together, so without warning Mike picked up the spatula and landed two sharp smacks on each of her ruddy ass cheeks.

"Aah!"

"I told you you'd be punished if you disobeyed! Now open up!"

With a woeful sob, Mrs. Lambert moved her legs slightly apart. "Wider!" Mike said, tapping the insides of her thighs with the spatula. Evidently fearing harder contact, she complied, and Mike again stared in awe at the combination of soft flesh and matted hair that resided there. When he touched her labia with the pointed end of the carrot, Mrs. Lambert jerked forward.

"Steady!" Mike warned, and when he wiggled the tip of the vegetable inside her pussy lips, Mrs. Lambert made a strange choking sound but managed to hold her obscene position. Gradually Mike worked the carrot inside her cunt which, after a little bit of twisting and pushing slowly accepted the invading root.

"Oh! Ugh!" Mrs. Lambert's vocabulary was now limited to a series of bestial grunts as her pussy received the intruder inch by inch. Mike had correctly assumed that the frigid cow would be bone dry but by the time the carrot was halfway inside her, her cunt began to accommodate it much more readily.

With a final shove, Mike stepped back to survey the kinky spectacle. Underneath the bunny tail, the fat end of the carrot – which was about three inches across – was gripped by Mrs. Lambert's fleshy labia, its leafy rosette hanging down like a second tail.

At the other end, Mike could hear her wretched sobs, which only increased his pleasure as he took several more pictures for his collection. With each added degradation – the striptease, the bunny ears, the pen up her asshole, the whiskers on her face, the forced exercise, and now the carrot penetrating her twat – not only was Mrs. Lambert being reduced to a submissive plaything, but by not ending his games by breaking their agreement, she was indicating that she was prepared – however distastefully – to let him go even further.

So be it, then!

He stood up and went around to her front and waved his jutting cock in front of her tear-streaked face. She turned her face to the side to avoid having to look at his bulging, purple cockhead, but Mike wasn't about to let her get off that easily. Roughly grabbing her chin, he turned her back towards him, and said, "Do want another spanking?"

With tears and snot running down her stricken face, Mrs. Lambert shook her head mournfully.

"Then stick out your tongue and lick it!"

Managing only a gurgled response, she shook her head again.

"Foolish woman!" Mike sighed, and snatching up the spatula, he leaned over her back and began thrashing her ass in earnest.

Chapter Five

After a few minutes of being paddled, the searing pain in her buttocks was becoming intolerable! To her absolute shame, Caroline was bawling like a baby, and to make matters worse Kettle had her head pinned between his legs as he assaulted her badly contused glutes!

She could feel his disgusting penis resting on the back of her neck, and the brief glimpse she had caught of the bulbous head with the little hole at the front seeping clear sticky issue remained firmly etched in her mind! How could he possibly expect her to lick that vile organ? And what next? Prude though she was, Caroline knew what fellatio meant, but like anal sex, she had neither offered nor been asked of it by Mr. Lambert. Was this to be her first experience of the revolting act? Naked on all fours in her own classroom, with a carrot stuck inside her vagina?

These agitated thoughts spun wildly around her head as the steadily increasing fire in her buttocks threatened to overwhelm her! Just when she thought she couldn't take it anymore, Kettle ceased his assault, parted his legs, and freed her head.

"Are you ready to taste my cock?" Kettle asked from above her. Through her blurred vision, Caroline could make out the shape of his erect penis in front of her, and she now understood that he would keep on hurting her until she complied with his wishes.

Even though she knew in her heart that she would eventually yield, Caroline heard herself stammer, "N-No!"

"Really?" Kettle said, the excitement in his voice quite audible. "In that case, you can do some more bunny hops. This time, I want you to hop around the classroom like a real bunny rabbit!"

It vaguely occurred to Caroline as she again hoisted herself up onto her toes, that there had been a subtle, but very definite shift in their relationship. Previously, Kettle had subdued any rebellion on her part by threatening to call off the detention and post the incriminating pictures on the internet. But now her punishment for refusing to obey was simply additional forced exercise, which implied that he knew that she would ultimately accept her fate anyway. Their interaction had therefore moved on to a point where Kettle was now confident that he had her under his control, and as she began to hop between the desks, Caroline could no longer deny that was the truth.

Shouldn't she then have avoided the pain and exhaustion by simply licking his penis in the first place? But to do so would have meant total submission, and somewhere deep in her psyche, Caroline recognized that she was still trying to cling on to some of her dignity and pride, no matter what this twisted man compelled her to do.

*

As he videoed the fluffy tail and carrot-top bouncing wildly behind Mrs. Lambert's wobbling ass, Mike could hardly contain himself! So far it had all progressed so incredibly well, but the sight and scent of her naked, sweating body was proving too much, and he desperately needed release.

He almost had to pinch himself as he filmed her awkward, jerky bounces between the desks. Was this really happening? Mrs. Caroline Lambert? The haughty Principal's wife? Just look at her! Impersonating a rabbit in the nude! Imagine if he were to leak this video!

He followed her progress as she made her way back towards him, breasts swinging, mouth agape, fresh perspiration washing over her body. He knew that she wouldn't be able to keep this up for much longer, but if she was so insistent about not licking his dick, then why hadn't she just quit altogether and then accept the resulting social humiliation after he exposed her? Maybe she didn't know the answer to that herself. After all, she had rapidly descended so quickly into a perverted hell, she couldn't possibly be thinking straight.

As she came to a halt in front of him, Mike landed another swat with the spatula across her jiggling buns. “Another circuit! Then we’ll find out if you are ready to kiss my dick!”

Mrs. Lambert let out an involuntary grunt as she clumsily swiveled on her palms and heels, and then bounced away from him, displaying her plugged-up back orifices. Mike gave his hard cock a few casual strokes as he watched her laughable but still arousing performance. There was no way he was going to allow her to go home without first giving him a blowjob, but he was deriving great pleasure from wearing her down this way. Eventually she would be forced to relent and agree to his lewd request, which would be much more titillating than for him to simply order her to do it, because then she would always have to live with the fact that their first sexual union had technically been initiated by herself!

Mrs. Lambert reached the far end of the classroom, almost toppling over as she turned, and then came bounding back towards him. Her face was colored the deepest shade of red – a combination of intense shame as well as physical exhaustion – her glistening tits swayed back and forth with each trembling buck jump, and the room was filled with the sound of her labored breathing. It was time to give her a rest and find out if she’d had enough.

When she reached his feet again, head down and gasping for breath, Mike said, “Up on your knees, bunny girl!”

Mrs. Lambert didn’t need a second invitation, and she looked up at him with moist, glazed eyes, her tongue lolling out of her mouth and her large breasts heaving. Mike thrust his cock in front of her face and said, “Do you want to do another couple of circuits?”

“N-Ngh,” Mrs. Lambert mumbled, shaking her head.

“Then you know what to do.”

“Plsh!” she slurred. “I... can’t...”

“I’ll keep on sending you around the room until you do. Do you want that?”

“N-No.”

“Well, then...?”

Mike waited, and then to his utter joy, Mrs. Lambert, his boss’s prim and proper wife, miserably poked out her tongue and touched it hesitatingly against the tip of his cock. But as soon as she made contact she grimaced and pulled away, wiping her lips with the back of her hand.

“There,” Mike said. “That wasn’t so bad, was it? Let’s try it again, but this time, I want you to keep your tongue there until I tell you to remove it.”

Mrs. Lambert let out a shuddering breath, and her pink tongue once more came into view between her lips. Mike’s dick twitched on its own as she again tentatively touched his glans with the tip of her tongue, this time managing to keep it there. Almost breathless himself, Mike hissed, “Now open your mouth and suck it!”

Fresh tears rolled down Mrs. Lambert’s cheeks as she closed her eyes and parted her lips. Mike kept his own eyes open as very gradually, the Principal’s wife inched her mouth over his swollen glans. The sight of this proud lady with his cockhead in her mouth almost made him come right then, but he succeeded in controlling himself. She had passed another milestone, and encouraged, Mike reached around and placed both hands on the back of her head.

At his touch, Mrs. Lambert immediately panicked, pulling her head back, and Mike had to tighten his grip on her. “Uh-uh!” he warned. “You don’t any want more exercise, do you?”

The threat was enough, and he felt her relax her neck muscles enough for him to guide her mouth further down his shaft. He reveled in the combined sensations of her soft, velvety tongue slithering beneath his prick, the slight scraping of her teeth, and her warm breath. He hadn’t had a blowjob in years and to be receiving one from this distinguished married woman was Mike’s version of heaven.

He released his hands and whispered, “Keep it going, nice and slow.”

As the patently revolted woman continued to suck him off, Mike flailed around for his camera on the desk and then fired off a couple of shots, making sure that he caught enough of her face to be

recognizable. The flashes brought no reaction from her, and he wondered what was going through her head as she continued to suck him. After a good five minutes, Mike withdrew his saliva-coated cock and Mrs. Lambert coughed and spluttered for a while, her face wet with tears of shame, and then Mike breathed, "Stand up and bend over the desk."

She hesitated, but there was no verbal protest as she wearily rose to her feet and leaned forward, her elbows on the desktop, and her ass out with the tail and carrot still firmly embedded inside her holes. Tugging on the carrot's rosette, Mike slowly extracted it from her cunt, and happily, he observed that it was coated with her pussy juice!

"Goodness me!" Mike said, showing her the slickened vegetable. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

Mr. Lambert closed her eyes and bit her lower lip, but Mike tapped her on the mouth with the carrot, and said, "Open up, dear!"

Snorting heavily through her nostrils, Mrs. Lambert did as she was told and Mike quickly jammed the carrot sideways between her teeth.

"Bite down on it."

The wretched look in Mrs. Lambert's eyes said it all as Mike took his last pictures of the day. Naked except for her pearls, with the bunny ears on her head and the carrot wedged between her jaws, she looked absolutely priceless! Next, Mike pulled the pen out of her asshole, eliciting a squeak of surprise from his hapless victim.

He maneuvered himself into position and pushed his cockhead up against her thick, brown labia and saw her shoulders tense. Placing his hands on her clammy, white ass cheeks, he pushed forward, and was pleased to find that her cunt was still wet.

Mrs. Lambert filled the room with more unfeminine, guttural noises as Mike started thrusting into her. As his frenzy built, he marveled at the pale flesh of her shivering ass, the freckles on her back, and the dimples just above her buttocks. He reached underneath and finally took hold of those beautiful big boobs, pinching her nipples between his fingers. All too soon, he reached his climax and with a low rumbling moan, ejaculated inside her. At the same time, Mrs. Lambert emitted a long mournful wail, allowing the carrot to fall out of her mouth and roll onto the floor.

Panting hard, Mike fell on top of her, his dick, incredibly, still hard between her buns. He rested his cheek on the back of her neck, feeling her damp sweat and inhaling her sweet and sour odor. Listening to her quietly sobbing, Mike finally straightened up, and in a rather shaky voice, he said, "Detention is over for today, Mrs. Lambert. I'll see you here next Saturday."

Chapter Six

The week since Mrs. Caroline Lambert's abject humiliation at the filthy hands of Mike Kettle had flashed past in a muddled blur. She had been present in body, but her agitated mind had insisted upon staying trapped back there in her home classroom, reliving the devastating events of that awful Saturday afternoon.

Unable to face teaching, she had called in sick for the week. Fortunately, her social calendar had been free, and facing her husband had been just about manageable because Mr. Lambert, being the self-absorbed person that he was, hadn't noticed his wife's unusually subdued countenance since the previous weekend. Caroline was fine with that. She just wanted to be left to her own devices so that she could try and empty her head of the terrible things that Kettle had made her do.

Easier said than done. Even her nightly dreams had been invaded by the depravity that Kettle had subjected her to, and his leering face, and – horror of horrors! – his rudely engorged penis seemed to pop up in front of her every time she closed her eyes!

After Kettle had released her last Saturday, Caroline had tearfully gathered up her clothes and rushed home, and knowing that her husband would be out playing golf, she had showered twice and then run a long hot tub. More than anything, she had desperately wanted to get the smell of the disgusting pervert off her body. But as thoroughly as she had cleansed her pale skin, the emotional scars remained deeply embedded within her.

The things he had forced her to do had simply been beyond the comprehension of a woman of Caroline's upbringing and social standing. Forcing her to strip naked in front of him and then belittling her with his crude and insulting comments about her physique had been soul-destroying enough, but the rest of the afternoon had then descended into a hell that she could hardly bring herself to think about!

The ridiculous bunny ears, the pen with pom-pom attached that he had actually inserted into her rectum, the whiskers he had drawn on her face before forcing her to hop around like a rabbit, and then – dear God, just the thought of it! – the large carrot that he had violated her with!

But then her worst nightmare had transpired when he had inevitably ended up copulating with her! She still couldn't believe that she had actually taken his disgusting thing into her mouth and then allowed him to penetrate her! It had all been so sick and sordid that she found it almost impossible to accept that this had really happened to a virtuous lady like herself!

Whilst bathing, she had used up an entire bottle of mouthwash as she had painfully recalled the sensation of his hot member pushing around the inside of her mouth, and then after thoroughly dousing out her vagina to remove any traces of his semen, the terrifying thought had occurred to her that he might possibly have impregnated her!

In a panic, she had rushed out and bought a pregnancy detection kit and a box of contraceptive pills – both for her daughter, as she had blushing explained to the pharmacist. The latter purchase had been the more emotionally difficult, as they served as an unpleasant confirmation that she had already accepted there would be a lot more unprotected sex with Mike Kettle before he was finally through with her! She would obviously do everything in her power to discourage the despicable man but if the previous Saturday was anything to go by, he undoubtedly had many more hideous experiences in store for her in the future!

As the week had progressed, she had anxiously checked her e-mails in the vain hope that she might possibly get a reprieve, but on Friday the dreaded reminder that she was due for a second detention had arrived.

So now she crept along the deserted corridor towards her home room, and with each step the humiliations she had been forced to endure the previous week became increasingly vivid in her mind. At one point she almost lost her nerve and turned back, but she already knew deep down that wasn't

going to happen, and drawing a shuddering breath, she opened the door and braced herself for whatever abominations were to come.

Kettle was already seated behind her desk poring over his tablet, and the disrespectful pig didn't even glance up when he said, "Shut the door, and come over here."

His offhand manner was just another reminder of her subservient position in their new relationship, but keeping her counsel, she nervously approached the desk. After making her wait a moment, Kettle finally gave her a cursory glance and said "Get round here and take a look at these."

Barely able to hide her distaste, Caroline inched around the desk, taking care to keep a decent distance between them. Now she could see that Kettle was scrolling through some photos, and her heart leaped when she recognized her face in one of them – followed by an obscene close up of the most intimate part of her body!

"Remember this?" Kettle grinned up at her.

How could she not? These sick memories had already been burned deeply into her mind, and now she was seeing them all from Kettle's viewpoint in high definition color! Blushing, she looked away, and Kettle said, "What's wrong? Can't stand the sight of your own stinky cunt?"

Oh, you insulting little shit!

"Still," Kettle continued scrolling, "your huge tits have come out well in this one. I'm sure they'll get plenty of 'likes' on the Internet!"

Caroline was still so incensed at his prior rudeness that it took a second for his comment to register. "The Internet?" she gaped at him.

"Why? Would that be a problem?" Kettle asked, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

"You... you know it would! You promised that this would remain between us! We had a deal!"

"Indeed we did," Kettle said, leaning back in his chair. "And as I promised, I won't break it provided you continue to do as you are told."

He reached down and placed a shopping bag on the desk top. "And on that note, here is your uniform for today's detention."

Still off balance from his implied threat of publicly releasing the photos, Caroline looked dumbly at the bag. "U-Uniform?"

"That's correct. We're at school, after all. I'm the teacher and you are the student in detention. So I will be requiring you to wear the uniform I have selected for you."

He patted the bag as Caroline again struggled to digest his words. This was a modern American high school! The kids didn't wear uniforms here! What the hell was the sick man up to now?"

She started to peer into the bag, but Kettle said, "Nu-uh! I want you to put it on in the bathroom down the hall. And that means removing everything else you have on, including your underwear, and dressing only in the items I have provided in the bag."

Caroline stared at him incredulously. She hadn't known exactly what to expect today, but this definitely wasn't it! Did he seriously expect her to dress up as a schoolgirl? Apparently yes, because he nudged the bag towards her and said, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Making no attempt to pick it up, Caroline stammered, "C-Can't we just..?"

Kettle raised his eyebrows. "Just what? Fuck? Like we did last week?"

Caroline flushed with embarrassment and anger. "No, I didn't mean that at all!"

"Well what did you mean? Would you prefer to serve your detention naked instead?"

Good God! The man is relentless!

"Of course not," Caroline said desperately. "I just don't think I can... dress up for you."

"So you would rather be exposed to the world as a thief and a sexual pervert, is that what you are saying?" Kettle asked, tapping the tablet with his fingertip.

Just as she had discovered the previous week, Caroline realized that there would be no negotiating with this man, and defeated, she picked up the bag and headed for the door.

"Don't be long," Kettle called after her. "We've got a lot to do today!"

As she trudged miserably along the passageway towards the bathroom, Caroline tried not to dwell upon what exactly that might entail!

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Mike scrolled through his blackmail pictures one more time as he waited impatiently for his 'schoolgirl' to return to class. Although he had only been teasing her about posting them on the Internet, the significance of his words had obviously made an impact judging from the unmistakable glint of fear he had spotted in Caroline's eyes. That was why he had said it, because even though the 'pilfering' pictures had already evidently done the trick, his additional plans for the principal's wife today might just require a bit of extra leverage!

What he had in mind was quite risky at this early stage, but he figured that having allowed herself to be degraded in such a humiliating fashion the previous week, the respectable Mrs. Lambert would have no option other than to continue along the downward spiraling path Mike had laid out for her. Of course, bringing in additional witnesses to her debasement might just prove too much for her to handle, but with the mounting photographic evidence he was accumulating, what choice would she have but to carry on?

He checked his watch and glanced at the classroom door. She had been gone twenty minutes which was plenty of time for her to get changed. Perhaps the frigid bitch was stalling for time. Mike had allowed for a further hour alone together before the others arrived, during which time he wanted to get her accustomed as much as possible to her 'naughty schoolgirl' role. He was about to get up and go looking for her, when the door opened and Caroline tentatively poked her head inside.

Mike was relieved that she hadn't bolted, but he made sure that he didn't show it. "Well, come inside then, you silly girl!"

If it was at all possible, Caroline's face was even redder than it had been the previous week as she mumbled, "Please, Mike... Mr. Kettle, this is absurd. I feel so...."

"Stupid?" Mike finished for her.

Still hiding behind the door, Caroline lowered her eyes and nodded imperceptibly.

"Well that's because you are. Not only are you a thief, but you are a bad one at that. And now you have been caught and must accept your punishment. Now get in here, this instant!"

He was playing the role of a pompous school teacher not just to add some authenticity to their role play, but also because it excited him. He suspected that Caroline's stealing was the result of an unwanted mental or emotional condition, and that she was anything but proud of it. Now looking at her crestfallen expression as she inched her way around the door, he could see how much his previous words had hurt her! He felt his cock stiffening as he realized that he could exploit her obvious sense of guilt, and more tellingly, how realistic these punishment sessions could actually become!

Head down, Mrs. Lambert finally revealed herself and slowly approached the desk. Mike's erection quickly intensified as he surveyed the uniform that he had purchased online. He had 'guesstimated' her size whilst attempting to err on the small side, and he was delighted to see that he had got it just right – at least as far as he was concerned!

Mike had opted for the 'catholic schoolgirl' look, keeping it simple with a plain white blouse and short tartan necktie, plaid skirt, white ankle socks, and shiny black, buckle-up shoes. He had deliberately denied her a bra, and he was pleased to see that Caroline had obeyed his instructions precisely by not keeping her own one on. Unfortunately for her, the blouse was so small that it hugged her generous breasts tightly, making her puffy areolas plainly visible through the material. After covering her prominent bust, there was not enough material remaining to tuck into the skirt, and Caroline was forced to leave the hem hanging free just above her navel.

The skirt was also ridiculously small for Caroline's ample ass, and as she shuffled closer, Mike caught a glimpse of the gray knickers he had chosen for her. Again, these were way too small, and from the self-conscious way she was moving, he suspected that they had already disappeared up into the crack of her fat ass! That would all be checked out in good time.

When the red-faced woman was standing in front of the desk, Mike fished into his pocket and produced two pink satin ribbons. Having forced Caroline to participate in her own humiliation by dressing herself so absurdly, this part he wanted to do himself. He stood and came around the desk, and when he reached for Caroline's hair, she flinched and drew her head back.

"Stay still," he growled, and then proceeded to pull her strawberry blonde shoulder-length hair out into little bunches and secure them tightly with the ribbons. "There," he said, satisfied with the overall look. "Now that you look the part, we can get started on your detention."

Chapter Seven

As much as she tried to avoid it, Caroline couldn't help but catch her reflection in the glass cabinets, and the sight made her cringe with embarrassment. There were mirrors in the bathroom where she had changed clothes of course, but after examining the idiotic uniform, Caroline had willed herself not to look at herself as she had first stripped off her own clothes and then wriggled herself into the undersized garments. By refusing to acknowledge what he was making her look like, Caroline hoped that perhaps she could mentally distance herself from the humiliations that would surely follow.

But after inadvertently glimpsing her reflection, it was too late to ignore the ludicrous picture she presented, and quite suddenly she really did feel like the naughty little schoolgirl that Kettle wanted to turn her into. She was here after all because she had done wrong, and although Kettle was abusing her in the most immoral ways, a tiny part of her felt that she almost deserved it.

"Take a seat," Kettle said, gesturing to a single chair and desk that he had moved into a space at the front of the class. There was a thick stack of paper on the desk with a pen lying beside it. Caroline wasn't sure, but it looked suspiciously like the same pen that Kettle had anally violated her with the previous week! Wretchedly she sat, feeling the inadequate skirt riding up as she squeezed her ample buttocks into the seat. At first she was puzzled that she should have such difficulty fitting herself in, but then as her knees bumped up against the underside of the desk, she realized to her disgust that the awful man had somehow procured a chair and desk apparently designed for the fourth grade! Not only was she looking more ridiculous by the minute, but the tight space had added to the discomfort of the restricting blouse and the skin-hugging underwear that was painfully riding up her crotch.

Grinning sadistically, Kettle moved around behind her, and then to her horror she felt him tugging the back of her skirt up and tucking it into its waistband, thus exposing her buttocks. Inexplicably, Caroline suddenly pictured a whole class of kids laughing at her from behind, and she felt another rush of blood to her cheeks before hastily dismissing the image from her mind.

Kettle meanwhile was now rummaging around in his sports bag. Next, she watched with growing dismay as he produced a thin bamboo cane, which he flexed a couple of times before laying it out on the desktop. Now very much aware of why her scantily covered rear had been exposed, Caroline's heart began to pump a little faster.

Kettle then turned his back to her, picked up a piece of chalk, and started to scribble on the blackboard. Jammed into the little chair with her knees raised, and fully aware of how vulnerable she was from behind, Caroline was more concerned about the vicious looking cane on the desk than the sentences Kettle was putting up on the board. For a moment she looked helplessly around at the classroom she had been teaching in for the past three years. The surroundings were exactly the same as ever, yet she felt as though she had been transported to a fantasy schoolroom from hell!

"Right then," Kettle said, snapping Caroline out of her daze. "I want you to write out this sentence one thousand times. You have an hour to complete your task. I expect the neatest of handwriting, and if you pause at any time whether due to writer's cramp or just plain laziness, if you misspell any of the words or even so much as look up from your work, you will be caned very hard across your ass!"

At first, Caroline just stared at him in disbelief. Last week she had been sexually abused in the most depraved ways, but somehow being treated like a recalcitrant child today seemed that much worse!

"Perhaps you didn't understand me!" Kettle snapped, and before Caroline had gathered her thoughts, he had picked up the cane and walked quickly back around behind her. In a sudden panic, Caroline scrabbled for the pen, but her trembling fingers only succeeded in knocking it over the edge of the desk onto the floor.

"Oh! I'm sorry..." Caroline tried to lean down to retrieve it but her adult frame was firmly wedged into the cramped space between the desk and chair. A second later, she heard a sharp crack, followed immediately by an agonizing burning sensation across her buttocks.

“Aah!” Caroline wriggled in her seat, her legs jerking out in front of her.

Kettle picked up the pen and placed it back on top of the stack of paper. “Now get started before I really lay into your wobbling ass!”

Caroline resisted the urge to reach behind and massage her burning cheeks, and this time managed to pick up the pen without dropping it. Sniffing back a tear, she finally focused on the blackboard, and her misery was now compounded with another flash of outrage as she processed the insulting words that the vulgar little man had put up there: I AM A THIEF, A LIAR, A DIRTY CUNT, AND I DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED.

As she began to write the devastating humbling sentence, the full shame of how she had managed to wind up in this awful predicament finally struck her like a hammer blow: ‘I am a thief...’ She was going to have to write it over and over, and even if the other two declarations were patently untrue, there was no way she could deny the first part. Hating herself as much as she did Kettle at this time, Caroline set about her monotonous but soul-crushing chore. Here she was, an educated and dignified woman, a respected figure in the local community, dressed up in an ill-fitting catholic schoolgirl uniform, writing out lines in her very own home room!

An unbidden tear landed on the page, and immediately the ink began to run. Caroline instinctively glanced up to see if Kettle had spotted it and in doing so she unwittingly sealed the next part of her fate. He was sitting at her desk again, reading his tablet, but even as she hastily lowered her head, she heard him say, “Good God, woman! Can’t you even obey one simple instruction? I told you not to look up until you were finished!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Caroline whimpered, anxiously watching him pick up the dreaded cane. “It won’t happen again, I-I promise!”

*

Mike stood behind Caroline and surveyed his inviting target. As with the uniform, he had tried to estimate the correct size when he had borrowed the chair and desk from a friend at the local elementary school, and again he had been very lucky. Caroline’s plump ass cheeks spilled over the back edge of the seat just enough to present a perfect shot. And jammed in behind the low desk, there wasn’t even the slightest possibility of his victim squirming away when the stinging blows landed.

“I don’t want apologies,” he snarled. “I want obedience! I will turn you into a good girl, even if it takes all year!”

Without warning, he whipped the pliant cane down across her butt cheeks, and then watched in delight as a red welt appeared across her tender flesh. Caroline’s shoulders tensed and her head came up as she shrieked in pain, but she was well and truly trapped in her chair. With his cock now rigid in his pants, Mike dealt her two more blows in quick succession, reveling in the sound of Caroline’s cries of anguish echoing around the empty classroom.

“You can stop that sniveling right now and get back to work,” he said, admiring the angry stripes that crossed her pale, quivering cheeks. The undersized knickers that he had selected for her had ridden neatly up her ass crack, leaving the rest of her butt effectively naked. Right then, Mike wanted nothing more than to bend her over the desk, pull her underwear down, and give her a good hard rear-end fucking! But there would be plenty of time for that over the coming months, and at the moment Mike was thoroughly enjoying his ‘stern teacher’ role – even if Caroline wasn’t!

He returned to his desk, pretending not to be remotely interested in her, but as he took his own seat, he covertly peeped over his tablet to observe her reddened and tear-streaked face. For all his fabricated insults, she really was an attractive woman despite her age, and with her hair in cute little schoolgirl bunches, she looked quite irresistible. He allowed her to scribble miserably away for the next

few minutes, wondering how she would handle the next trap he had set for her. The pen he had provided was, quite deliberately, very low on ink and guaranteed to run out long before she had completed her quota of lines. Unlike last week, Caroline had appeared by now to have dropped any attempts to stand her ground by arguing with him. The rules of the game had shifted already, he was already her superior – in this room, at least – and from the way she was now trembling and sniffing, he guessed that the painful canings had well and truly cemented his position of dominance in her mind. And that was an encouraging indication that she was becoming increasingly unlikely to run off when the others got here.

He checked his watch. There wasn't much time before their arrival, and he wanted to have Caroline well and truly disoriented by then. Several more minutes ticked by in silence except for the occasional residual sob from his 'wayward pupil'. From where he was sitting, he could see that she was still adding to her list of lines, each one reinforcing her steadily increasing sense of worthlessness. If the pen didn't dry up soon however, he would be forced to invent another misdemeanor for her so that he could put the next phase of her punishment into action.

Just as he was pondering this, right on cue Caroline stopped and began to shake the pen. Mike smiled to himself as she desperately scratched the dry nib onto the page. Her large unfettered breasts began to heave under her tight blouse as she realized that she was again going to be in trouble and that there was no way to avoid it – she could either fail to complete her lines or break another of his strict rules by looking up and asking him for another pen. The trap was set, and when she did finally raise her head, her guilty and anguished expression was almost enough to make Mike come in his pants!

Chapter Eight

Oh God! What do I do now? Caroline thought as she frantically shook the now-empty pen. Before she could stop herself, she had looked up at her tormentor and she immediately understood from the satisfied grin on his face that he had set her up on purpose. Miserably, she recognized now that there was absolutely nothing she could do to escape his demeaning punishments – because that was the whole point of this ludicrous exercise. He wanted her to fail, he wanted her to cry, and most of all he wanted to humiliate her, and unless she had the courage to face the unthinkable consequences of walking out on their arrangement, she would simply have to accept his abuse!

Kettle's wry smile disappeared as quickly as it had come. "I thought I told you not to look up! What is it now, for heaven's sake?"

You mean, nasty little man! Caroline thought angrily. You know exactly what the problem is!

"M-my pen," Caroline said, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice. "It's run out of ink."

Kettle let out an exaggerated sigh. "You kids can't even be trusted to keep your school supplies up to date, can you?"

But you gave me the useless thing! Caroline wailed in her head.

"Well," Kettle continued, once more rising out of his seat. "You're not getting another one because it's your responsibility to make sure your equipment is working, and that means you have failed to complete your lines."

In spite of her growing internal outrage, Caroline just couldn't stop her knees from shaking as he approached her with the cane again. She had no idea what to do as she braced herself for the coming onslaught. Apologize? Beg for forgiveness? Ask for another chance? Just what did this evil man want from her now? Her mental flurry of questions was abruptly interrupted as she felt another stinging, burning blow raking across her exposed buttocks.

"Eek!" Caroline's squeal of anguish reverberated around the classroom.

"Ooh! Agh! Ai!" Three more agonizing slashes of the cane ripped into her behind as she wriggled uselessly in her confined space.

Such was the intensity of the pain that it was a moment before she realized he had reappeared in front of her. Trying to choke back her wretched sobs, Caroline wiped her blurry eyes with the back of her hand and looked reproachfully up at him. He was looking at her in a stern but curious way, and to her consternation, Caroline recognized that hunger in his eyes from when he had started sexually violating her the week before.

After giving her a chance to calm down, Kettle said, "If you can't complete a simple task like this, we'll just have to opt for something that doesn't require any brain power. I'm sure you have enjoyed having many of your errant pupils sit in silence during detention over the years? Well, now you will do the same – only you will also sit perfectly still throughout the duration!"

Caroline now watched with growing trepidation as he returned to his desk – her desk during weekdays – and began to rummage through the drawers. As he began to drop various items onto the desk top, Caroline knew that he was into her stationery drawer, and yet again, she could only wonder what he had in mind for her now!

Kettle scooped up the objects and laid them out on top her desk. There was a pencil, a box of metal bull clips, a glue stick, two steel rulers, a bag of elastic bands, a roll of adhesive tape, and a clipboard – everyday items perhaps, but Caroline was learning fast that in the sadistic world of Mike Kettle, they would undoubtedly be put to far more sinister purposes than they were intended for!

She soon found out to her mounting despair that she wasn't wrong there. Kettle first picked up a bull clip and menacingly squeezed it open in front of Caroline's face. Then raising one of her bunches, he snapped it closed around her ear lobe. Caroline squealed with the sharp, sudden pain, and then whimpered like a child as he quickly repeated the process on her right earlobe. As the pain began to

subside to a steady throb, Kettle took the stack of paper off the desk and said, “Place your hands together and put them out in front of you.”

Uncertain of the exact position he required, Caroline clasped her trembling fingers together but he snapped, “Not like that, stupid!”

Grabbing her wrists, he pressed her palms flat together and positioned them vertically on the desk top. He then wrapped two elastic bands tightly around her thumbs to ensure that her hands stayed together. With increasing disbelief, Caroline then watched him pick up the roll of tape and then squat down beside the desk. She felt his fingers circle her right ankle and then her leg was yanked outward so that it touched the metal leg of the desk. Although she couldn’t see what he was doing, Caroline felt the tape tightly encircling her ankle several times as he proceeded to bind it securely to the desk leg. After he repeated the process with her left leg, Caroline was now compelled to sit with her legs apart, knowing full well that the skimpy skirt would give him a clear view of her gray knickers from the front.

Squeezed idiotically into her chair, her legs taped tightly to the desk, and her hands immobilized in a prayer-like position in front of her, Caroline couldn’t imagine how he intended to use the rest of the items, and she was ill-prepared for his next order.

“Stick out your tongue.”

Caroline’s eye flickered up to meet his and the threatening look she received told her it would probably be in her best interest to immediately comply. Feeling increasingly foolish, she poked her pink tongue out between her lips, but inevitably she had got it wrong again, because Kettle picked up one of the rulers and smacked it onto the desktop. “Open your goddamned mouth and stick it all the way out!”

Startled by the noise of the ruler, Caroline quickly obliged, her eyes now following Kettle as he picked up the other ruler. It took all of her willpower not to retract her tongue when he placed one ruler beneath it and the other one on top so that her tongue was trapped between them. Holding the rulers together, Kettle then wrapped an elastic band around each end to keep them tightly in place. Forced in this way to keep her tongue at full stretch, Caroline quickly forgot about the aching in her earlobes! How long did he intend to keep her in this physically distressing condition?

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Mike studied Caroline’s flattened tongue protruding from between the steel rulers. That had to be extremely uncomfortable and would only get worse as time went by! But if the once proud Mrs. Lambert thought her torturous pose was now complete, she would be sorely mistaken – literally!

With his cock pushing out the front of his pants, Mike picked up a pencil and circled back around behind her. Kneeling on the floor, he took hold of the gusset that had ridden up between her cheeks and yanked it to one side. Because of the generous size of Caroline’s rump, it took a little bit of fiddling and poking around before he located her ring-piece with the eraser end of the pencil.

“Nngh!” Caroline’s head jerked up.

“Quit your moaning!” Mike said as he began to twist the pencil up into her butthole. “It’s not like you haven’t had anything up there before, is it?”

“Agh!” Caroline squirmed in her seat as Mike breached her sphincter and then pushed the pencil a good three inches further inside her body. With the writing implement fully embedded inside her, Mike pulled the gusset back to its original position, leaving it stretched out by the invading pencil. Then he stood up to examine his handiwork, and satisfied with the comical and demeaning effect, he returned to confront his ever more distressed victim once again.

Tears welled in Caroline’s eyes as she shifted her ass as much as was permissible within the confines of her junior-sized chair. With her tongue stretched out as far as it would go, her ears cruelly

pinched by the bull clips, and the pencil jutting out of the most intimate of orifices, her sanity must have been pushed to its tipping point!

There were just two more humiliating adornments needed however, and now Mike carefully placed the glue stick upright on the index fingers of Caroline's supplicating hands. Finally he placed the clipboard on the crown of her head, and said, "If you allow the clipboard or the glue stick to fall, you will earn yourself fifty strokes of the cane with your knickers around your knees, and I can promise you that I will take a very long time about it. Think about that for a second. The choice is yours. You can sit quietly and very, very still, or you can disobey me again and receive a thrashing that will keep you from sitting down for a week. Do you understand?!"

Clearly terrified now, Caroline could only emit a gargled groan in response as a tear trickled down her cheek. For all his pretentious authoritarian showmanship, Mike was beside himself with delight. She looked absolutely ludicrous, and her obvious physical distress could only have been overshadowed by her utter humiliation at what he had just done to her.

Mike thought back to the many times he had seen her working at the school, always prim and proper, self-assured and above all high and mighty – now look at her! The only way her shame and embarrassment could get any worse would be by bringing in other witnesses to observe her in this humbling position – and that would happen real soon!

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Precisely twenty-seven minutes had passed since Kettle had left the room. Caroline knew this because from her tiny chair she could see the wall clock above the blackboard. In fact, because she was terrified of moving a muscle, that was all she had been able to look at. Watching the second hand sweeping around and around had made her ordeal that much more arduous – particularly as she had no idea how much longer Kettle intended to keep her sitting there! If she just knew when her time was up, it would at least give her a target to aim for, but just sitting absolutely motionless like this with no end in sight was almost unbearable!

If that had been all she had to put up with, she might have somehow managed to find the strength to get through it, but her tongue, earlobes and rectum were all on fire! How she desperately wanted to withdraw her tongue just an inch or so, but the wretched rulers ensured that would not happen. She had become sick of the taste of metal on her tongue and swallowing had also become a major challenge. On more than one occasion she had coughed and gagged, but somehow she had managed to control herself enough not to dislodge the clip board or glue stick.

Not for the first time, she dwelled upon the possibility that he was simply going to keep her here until she finally lost her composure and sent the objects tumbling to the floor. Then she would be subjected to fifty strokes – fifty! – of the dreaded cane! How would she ever recover from a thrashing like that?

The second hand kept on going around. Thirty three minutes. And then she heard the fly. Her heart started beating a little faster as she listened to the lone insect buzzing around the room. She tried to breathe slowly through her nose, aware of the glue stick wobbling on her fingers and the clipboard balanced precariously on the top of her head. Fifty strokes! Stay calm! But inevitably the dratted creature was eventually drawn to the only warm-blooded animal in the room, and after circulating her head a couple of times, it decided to settle on Caroline's nose of all places!

Oh please! Get off me!

Terrified of moving her head even slightly, the torture was almost unendurable as the fly's tiny legs tickled her nostrils. Because of her aching confined tongue, she couldn't blow the thing away and she was reduced to wiggling her nose from side to side in a desperate attempt to ease her suffering. But in

every other way immobilized, Caroline's nasal twitching was no match for the tenacious insect, and almost mockingly, it decided to inspect the inside of one of her nostrils. Now Caroline could fight back, and she snorted hard, forcing the little intruder to buzz angrily off.

Unfortunately, the fly's brief, tickly visit had been enough to create a very much undesired effect, and now Caroline could feel with growing dismay, the signs of a sneeze coming on!

Oh God! Not now! Not after lasting out for all this time!

She tried holding her breath, she tried not to think about it – there were plenty of other tormented parts of her body to focus upon – but the urge to sneeze just grew and grew.

This is so unfair! Caroline silently protested, as she sneezed so hard that her hands lifted off the desk and sent the glue stick flying and the clipboard clattering onto the classroom floor behind her.

Chapter Nine

“Now as I explained on the phone, it is vital that you keep whatever happens today between us,” Mike Kettle said. “If it goes any further, I lose my leverage and the game will be over.”

“I sure hope this is going to be worth it, sir. I missed basketball practice today,” said Tony Manning, a straight A student as well as a habitual miscreant during his recent tenure at Winston-Radcliffe High.

“I guarantee that when you see what's in there, you'll be glad you came,” Mike smiled as they entered the main building and set off along the corridor.

“You said we would be able to get revenge on Mrs. Lambert, which I'm most definitely up for,” chipped in Kelly Cross, Tony's attractive girlfriend. “But why drag us all back here to school? Couldn't we have like, just done it over the internet or something?”

“I think you'll find this way will be far more enjoyable,” Mike said.

“Jeez, I never thought I would be coming back to this dump so soon!” groaned Jamal Powell, a star running back at Winston-Radcliffe until his graduation earlier that year.

“Hey look, there's my championship trophy!” said Bud Jeffers, formerly the best wrestler on Mike's team, not to mention a serial bully, and certainly not the sharpest knife in the drawer.

Mike had decided upon this group of very recent graduates of Winston-Radcliffe for two reasons. The first was, at least where Tony, Jamal and Bud were concerned, he knew he could count on them to keep their mouths shut. All three sports jocks had trained under Mike for most of their school lives and were as loyal as soldiers. As far as the girls went, Tony had vouched for Kelly – and her best friend Ava Hammond? Well, Mike had secretly observed the freckled redhead in action many times before, as well as having had a sneaky look at her school disciplinary record – and a crueler, nastier, more vindictive bitch you couldn't hope to meet! Once Tony had assured him that Ava was also sworn to complete secrecy about this, Mike was extremely excited that she was here, because he sensed that she would be the one who would take the lead in Caroline's humiliation.

Which brought him to his second reason – all five of these kids had been kept in detention by Mrs. Caroline Lambert on numerous occasions over the years, and when Mike had learned from Tony that they all hated her with a passion, the seed of an irresistible idea had begun to germinate in his head! What could be more delicious than having Mrs. Caroline Lambert perform in the most degrading of ways in front of her former pupils? And better yet, he fully intended to let these wicked kids dream up their own cruel inventions once they became accustomed to their newly reversed roles!

But Mike had deliberately refrained from telling them the exact nature of their visit – namely that Caroline was waiting for them right now in the very classroom that they had all spent many hours sitting silently at her pleasure. Their shock and surprise – not to mention Caroline's – would provide a significant part of the heady thrill for Mike. Risky and possibly fraught with danger for him, but if Mike had calculated correctly, he didn't think so.

When they reached the door to Caroline's home room, Mike stopped and turned to his restless young group one more time. They were all young, fit, good-looking eighteen year olds, their fresh, attractive faces belying the mischievous personalities that he knew lurked inside.

“Remember, people, total discretion,” he said with his hand on the door handle.

“We get it already, sir!” Bud moaned. “Can we please just see what's in there?”

“Okay.” Mike could feel his heart racing just a little bit faster as the moment of truth became imminent. He opened the door and ushered them in. “Guys, welcome to Saturday detention!”

Caroline was of course, exactly where he had left her, squeezed into the little chair with her ankles firmly taped to the desk legs. At first glance he saw that the clipboard and glue stick were both lying on the floor which meant he already had his excuse for inflicting further degrading punishment upon her, but at this moment he was far more interested in how she would react to her unexpected visitors. Mike had deliberately taken the precaution of physically restraining her, because inevitably her first reaction would be to try and flee, and sure enough, as soon as she recognized the faces of the teenagers, her eyes grew as wide as saucers and she began to frantically struggle to get free.

“Aagh! Nngh!” Caroline began to rock from side to side, as her cheeks turned an impossibly deep shade of red, but here was to be no getting out of her furniture prison and as the open-mouthed youngsters gathered incredulously around, her only form of escape was to tightly shut her eyes.

Mike stood back to observe this pivotal moment, his cock rock solid as he savored the utter misery and shame that Caroline had to be experiencing right now! But of equal importance to him was the reaction of her former pupils, and it was Kelly who spoke first.

“Mrs. Lambert? Is that really her?”

“Yes it is,” Mike said. “She’s gone and got herself into a bit of a pickle and now she’s going to have to pay for her sins.”

Caroline looked as though she was literally trying to vanish as the five teenagers formed a circle around her. With her tongue wedged between the two rulers, her verbal protestations now morphed into a long, despairing whine, and she raised her bound hands to cover her face. Gradually, the initial sense of shock among the teenagers began to transform into one of general amusement – which is exactly what Mike had been counting on!

“Holy shit! Just look at her!” Bud giggled.

“Why is she wearing that ridiculous uniform?” Ava asked with a malicious glint in her eyes.

“Because she’s been a naughty little girl, and now she has to be punished. And that’s why I brought you guys here. I thought you might want to help.”

“Really?” Tony dragged his eyes away from Caroline to look disbelievingly at his former coach.

“What are we allowed to do with her?”

“Whatever you wish,” Mike said. “She’ll obey because she has no choice. Won’t you Mrs. Lambert?”

Still with her eyes closed, Caroline shook her head violently and emitted a garbled scream from the back of her throat. Noting the uncertain looks on the five former Winston-Radcliffe High students, Mike decided that he needed to take the initiative right away. If she could have escape her bonds, he realized that Caroline would already have fled out of the room, so it was imperative that he reminded her of the precarious situation she was in, as well as preserve his position of control.

He walked up to the desk, and roughly grabbed her by the chin. “Look at me! Open your eyes!”

Incredibly, despite her obvious distraught and emotional state, Caroline actually obeyed him.

“Now calm down and listen!” Mike went on, trying not to let his own tension show in his voice.

“The rules of our arrangement remain the same. None of these kids will expose you publicly, I promise you that. Yes, you will have to suffer more humiliation in front of them, but it will not go any further than here, and that is a fact. You need to stop and think and make a decision right here and now – continue with your detention in front of these kids that you have tormented yourself for years, or walk away. And even though I know you can bring me down if you do decide to run, I guarantee that I will also destroy your life in the process – think about it. The choice is yours!”

It sounded grandiose and over-dramatic, but given the obviously distraught and conflicted mindset that Caroline now found herself wrapped up in, he needed to drive the point home hard. Naturally, the last thing on earth that Caroline wanted was for these former pupils to see her in this devastatingly humbling situation, and yet Mike wanted her to understand that the threat still remained of a far worse fate – public exposure and humiliation!

It was a pivotal moment, and although her eyes blazed with shame and fury, she suddenly stopped struggling. Her large breasts heaved beneath the tight-fitting blouse as she breathed hard through her open mouth. Had Mike's words struck home? It was time to find out.

*

Oh please, somebody get me out of here!

In spite of everything she had endured so far, Caroline couldn't have foreseen in her darkest nightmare, the shocking presence of these five former Winston-Radcliffe pupils! And Kettle couldn't have chosen a worse bunch as far as she was concerned. She was very familiar with Tony Manning, a brilliant student, but also a conceited, unfeeling brat who seemed destined to tread on less talented folk on his way to the top. Bud Jeffers and Jamal Powell were of a different ilk. Like Tony, they were both sports jocks but they didn't possess the brainpower to cause his brand of trouble through malicious gossip and psychological torture – no, these two brutes had always relied on their physical strength to inflict pain on their unfortunate victims during their reign of terror at the school.

The two girls she also knew well – Kelly was a stunningly pretty young woman, and didn't she just know it! Last year's prom queen and head cheerleader, she also had a fondness for humiliating the less fortunately endowed girls at the school, and Caroline had often had cause to chastise Kelly after her cruel comments had brought yet another distraught classmate to tears.

But Kelly's mean streak paled into insignificance compared to Ava Hammond's inbred viciousness. The redhead had always appeared to derive an almost sexual pleasure from the cruel practical jokes she inflicted upon her unlucky targets. There was nothing innocent about these pranks either. Her jokes and traps had always been intended to shame and humiliate completely, so much so that one female freshman had even attempted suicide after Ava had installed some secret cameras inside one of the school toilets and then released highly detailed close-ups of the poor girl's defecation alongside her straining face over the internet.

And Caroline had despised them all. She hated bullies and she had always come down hard on this group whenever their transgressions had come to her attention. They had all spent many long hours in this very classroom with Caroline watching sternly over them as they sat in silence, or studied for pop quizzes she would set for them.

But now the tables had been turned thanks to that bastard, Kettle! Unable to handle their astonished and gleeful expressions, Caroline stared miserably at her main tormentor as she struggled against the bonds connecting her to the desk. She was painfully aware of how ridiculous she must look in the undersized school uniform, with her tongue squeezed out between the rulers, the bull clips biting into her earlobes, and not forgetting the wretched pencil sticking obscenely out of her anus!

At first sight, her only thought had been to flee, to get out of there as fast as possible. Kettle had broken his word, and she had no reason to listen to his disgusting orders any more. He had sworn that this depravity would remain between the two of them, but now he had brought in these nasty kids to witness her torment, and as far as she was concerned their arrangement was now null and void.

But then his sharp, stern words sliced through her crimson haze: "If you do decide to run, I guarantee that I will also destroy your life in the process." He was still giving her a choice. To continue in front of these teenagers would be more painful than she could possibly imagine, but Kettle was still dangling the prospect of public humiliation over her head. He had stated that none of these awful kids would say anything about what happened today, but could she believe him? Then again, what did it matter now? They had already seen her in this degrading situation. That could never be undone. She had to decide right now whether to keep on with this in relative private, or have her reputation destroyed in public.

She thought of the vile, explicit images he had taken of her. How would she be able to survive if those got out? She simply didn't know what to do. Neither option was acceptable, and yet she had to make a choice!

Amidst her terrible turmoil, she heard Kettle say, "It's now or never, Mrs. Lambert. If you wish to continue, nod your head. If not, I'll let you go now and then we can both go down together!"

Chapter Ten

There was a palpable silence as they all waited for her reaction. Mike was gambling – he certainly didn't want to go down at all! – but he felt that by now he was holding all the cards. If she went to the authorities now, yes he would be sacked, probably prosecuted, but compared to Caroline, he had nothing to lose. He had never married, had no kids to worry about, and his social standing in the community had always been non-existent. She on the other hand, was fighting to preserve her precious reputation, and that was the difference between them – he was willing to run the risk.

Still looking wretchedly into his eyes, Caroline slowly nodded her head, and Mike felt as though he had just won the lottery! The game was back on, and now, with these badly behaved kids in charge, only a few months out of school themselves, he could sit back and watch the fun.

"I'm glad you've seen sense," he said, keeping the relief out of his voice. "You're not going to enjoy the next few months of detention, but for six days a week at least, you can go back to being that arrogant, pretentious bitch we all despise."

"So let me get this straight," Kelly said. "Every Saturday, we get to punish Mrs. Lambert as if she's the student, and we are her teachers?"

"That is correct," Mike said. "She's just agreed to that, haven't you Mrs. Lambert?"

After a brief hesitation, Caroline miserably nodded her head again.

"Awesome!" Kelly said. "You were right Mr. Kettle – this was definitely worth coming here for!"

"And what kind of punishments can we give her?" asked Jamal, absently licking his broad lips.

"Anything you can think of," Mike beamed.

"Anything?" repeated Ava excitedly.

"Anything," Mike confirmed. "Spanking, caning, exercise, cleaning chores, whatever you can think of."

"With no limits?" Ava asked, evidently weighing up the endless possibilities.

"None at all. Just to give you an idea, Mrs. Lambert has already stripped naked for me, so there's no need for you to be shy. You have a free reign to do what you will with her!"

There was another brief silence as his words sunk in, and then Bud said, "Naked? Holy shit! That I would love to see!"

Caroline was also clearly assessing the implications of this verbal exchange, because another guttural groan escaped her throat as a single tear trickled down her cheek. Mike gave the five former students a moment longer to get acclimatize to the concept that their old nemesis was now totally helpless to defend herself against them.

"So, are we ready to begin?" he said briskly. "I think it's about time we got her out of that silly little chair." Fetching a cutting blade from the desk drawer, he said, "Tony, would you please cut her loose?"

*

Once the tape had been peeled away from her ankles, Jamal pulled the desk away leaving Caroline squeezed into her undersized chair in front of them. As uncomfortable as it had been to spend so much time with her knees jammed under the desk, Caroline suddenly missed its protection as the five youngsters gathered around her for a better look at her snug uniform.

As soon as her ankles were free, she immediately clamped her knees together, aware that her tiny pleated skirt did little to hide her ugly gray knickers. But the boys seemed particularly preoccupied with Caroline's bust, which she was painfully aware was straining against the thin material of her blouse.

“I’ve often wondered what her titties looked like,” said Jamal, with his eyes locked upon the prominent shape of her nipples.

Caroline instantly brought her bound hands up in front of her, but Kettle snapped, “Put your hands up over your head! You are in detention and if they want to look at you, then you will let them!”

His harsh voice made Caroline jump, and she immediately raised her arms which had the effect of thrusting her chest out even further. With Tony, Bud, and Jamal ogling her chest, Caroline hadn’t noticed Ava and Kelly circling around behind her, but she suddenly felt a stabbing sensation as the pencil moved a little deeper into her anus.

“Why has she got a pencil stuck up her ass?” Ava giggled.

“It’s a part of her punishment,” Kettle said, “although I’m sad to say that I think she rather enjoys it.”

“Is that so?” Ava crooned into Caroline’s ear. “I’m sure we can think of a lot of other things to put up there for you, Mrs. Lambert!”

“Before we get ahead of ourselves,” Kettle said, gathering up the glue stick and clipboard, “Mrs. Lambert needs to be punished for failing to keep still as I instructed. I suggest you start with a good old fashioned spanking.”

“We get to spank her?” Kelly giggled.

“I’m hoping that will be the least of her sufferings over the coming weeks,” Kettle said. “I’ve watched the way you lot have tormented the other kids over the years, and I know you’ve all got wonderfully cruel imaginations – especially you, Ava – so I hope you don’t let me down.”

Remaining motionless in her cramped seat with her aching tongue poking out between the rulers and her hands up above her head, Caroline’s world suddenly seemed to visibly shrink. The blackboard – still emblazoned with the hurtful sentence she had written out earlier – actually looked as though it was retreating away from her. She could hear what they were saying, but none of it made any sense. These brats had been at her mercy every time she had caught them misbehaving. She was the authority figure here for heaven’s sake! Mrs. Caroline Lambert, the principal’s wife! How could they even be talking about her in this way? Surely they weren’t really contemplating spanking her?

But yet again, Kettle quickly confirmed that her worst nightmare was about to become a reality. “Up you get, Mrs. Lambert, and bend over your little desk.”

Bend over? Having been forced into a motionless sitting position for quite some time, Caroline really did need to stretch her cramped legs, but the prospect of having to bend over in front of these bad kids kept her firmly glued to her seat.

“Get up now!” Kettle snarled, picking up the cane. “Or your spanking will become a caning!”

That did it. Even as humiliated as she felt right now, the thought of having that terrible cane across her buttocks spurred her into motion and without the use of her hands, it was a struggle to extricate herself from the confining little chair. Nobody offered to help, but she finally managed to stand, and then, trying not to look at any of them, she went to the desk that had so recently been part of her prison and leaned forward.

“Bend right over, and push your fat ass out!” Kettle snapped.

Caroline hesitatingly complied, excruciatingly aware of the impudent pencil pushing out her gray school knickers as her undersized skirt rode up. Her unwanted audience must have been looking at it too, because she heard Ava say, “We’ll have to get rid of that if we’re going to spank her ass!”

“As you wish,” Kettle said. “It’s over to you now.”

If the other four ex-pupils still weren’t completely comfortable with their new dominant roles, Ava appeared to have rapidly adapted to the situation. To her dismay, Caroline felt her tugging the gray school knickers slightly down, and then the physical relief of the pencil being withdrawn from her rectum. But the temporary comfort was replaced by an even deeper sense of humiliation when she felt Ava continue pulling her knickers all the way down to her knees!

“Open your legs, Mrs. Lambert,” Ava chirped, as she flipped Caroline’s tiny skirt up over her back, fully exposing her naked rear to them all.

Mortified, Caroline reluctantly shuffled her feet apart, desperate not to allow them an unhindered rear view of her vagina. But Ava was having none of it. “Wider than that, that’s better... oh my, you’ve got a lot of meat sticking out there haven’t you?”

“Fuck! Just look at those beef curtains!’ Bud laughed.

“That is one big bearded oyster!” Jamal agreed.

Caroline could have died on the spot as their puerile comments cut her to the core. Only last year she had been teaching these youngsters in this very classroom – now she was displaying her most intimate parts to them in the most vulgar of ways!

“Who gets to slap her big butt first?” Bud asked eagerly.

“Wait, I’ve a better idea,” Ava said, and getting very much into her stride now, she came around to the front of the desk and grabbed one of Caroline’s bunches, jerking her ex-teacher’s crimson face upward.

“Keep your chin up, Mrs. Lambert,” she smirked, and then proceeded to pull the elastic bands off the rulers and then free her tortured tongue. As with the removal of the pencil, Caroline felt a moment of blessed release as she was finally able to retract her tongue. Even as she swallowed properly for the first time in over an hour, it was not lost on Caroline that her new chief tormentor had been the one to provide her with a modicum of comfort, which only served to cement Ava’s newfound position of authority.

*

Leaning against Caroline’s regular desk, Mike looked on with growing delight as Ava handed the rulers to Bud and Jamal. As he had hoped, she had quickly assumed the leading role within this group, and he could see from her blazing green eyes that she was reveling in it!

For her part, Caroline looked absolutely devastated as the two boys took their places behind her proffered ass cheeks while Kelly and Tony pulled out their smartphones to video the damning moment for posterity. Ava meanwhile had reassumed her position in front of Caroline, again jerking her face up by the hair.

“Okay guys,’ Ava said, staring manically into Caroline’s damp eyes. “I’m going to have a little chat with Mrs. Lambert here, and when she fails to answer correctly, I want you to each give her a hard whack across her ass cheeks, okay?”

Bud and Jamal nodded excitedly, raising their rulers like swords, and the only sound in the room was Caroline’s deep breathing as she attempted to maintain a degree of composure.

Still holding Caroline’s head up by her hair, Ava said, “You were always such a stuck up bitch, weren’t you? All those hours we spent sitting in here while you sat behind your desk with that haughty expression on your face. We’ve all suffered because of you. Well now look at you, with your ugly knickers around you knees, showing off your cunt to the boys! What do you have to say for yourself?”

This was the Ava that Mike remembered from school. She would continue to taunt Caroline until she made her cry – that was what had always turned Ava on, only this time instead of a younger high school student, her victim was a grown woman old enough to be her mother!

Caroline remained silent, partly Mike guessed because her distress must have reached paralyzing proportions, and also because there would still have been a part of her that refused to admit that she had been in the wrong. After a couple of seconds, Ava nodded at the two boys and a quick succession of blows landed across her backside. Caroline flinched and yelped, but still refused to acknowledge her guilt.

“Answer me!” Ava yelled, shaking Caroline’s head from side to side. More sharp metallic slaps echoed around the classroom as the boys resumed their assault. Caroline whimpered now as the stinging began to accumulate. Mike doubted that it was anywhere near painful as that inflicted by his cane, although the humiliation of being publicly disciplined in this way must have hurt far more!

As if reading his mind, Ava said, “Are you going to say you are sorry, or shall we switch to Mr. Kettle’s cane?”

Mike watched in fascination as the tiny spark of defiance in Caroline’s eyes was quickly extinguished. “I-I... I’m sorry,” she managed in a barely audible voice and turning her eyes to one side.

“Not loud enough,” said Ava. “Again!”

“I-I’m sorry!” Caroline repeated, with fresh tears brimming in her eyes.

“Say it like you mean it and look at me!” Ava said, twisting Caroline’s bunched hair tighter in her fist. She nodded again and the two boys administered another series of blows to Caroline’s naked behind. From her contorted expression, it looked as though they really were beginning to hurt now.

“Yow! I’m sorry! Really I am!” Caroline whimpered, as she blinked up at Ava.

“I’m sorry for being a snotty bitch!” Ava said. “Shout it!”

“I’m sorry for being a... snotty bitch!” Caroline yelled, as the tears began to roll freely down her red cheeks.

“I beg your forgiveness and I deserve to be punished!” Ava mercilessly went on.

“I-I... I deserve... to be p-punished, and I beg your forgiveness!” Caroline sniveled.

While Ava steadily chipped away at Caroline’s crumbling resistance, Mike moved around behind the two boys who were continuing their assault on Caroline’s ass. Her plump cheeks wobbled with each strike, and their white flesh was now crisscrossed with wicked looking red stripes.

“You want to be punished, do you?” Ava said, releasing Caroline’s hair. “Then stand up and let’s have a proper look at you!”

Chapter Eleven

Caroline straightened up and reluctantly turned to face her persecutors, their eyes alight with excitement. Not knowing what to do with herself, she blinked her tears away and stared at the posters on the back wall of the classroom.

“What’s the matter, little girl? Why are you crying?” Ava mocked, as she plucked the elastic bands from Caroline’s thumbs. “And look at me when I talk to you!”

With her hands finally free, it was as much as Caroline could do not to slap the vindictive bitch across the face! Instead, mindful of the repercussions, she willed herself to face her chief tormentor. Caroline had been completely blindsided by how quickly this whole situation had taken such a terrible turn for the worse. Being humiliated and degraded by Kettle had been bad enough, but to have to suffer the taunts and mockery of her former pupils was simply unbearable!

“Did you enjoy being spanked?” Ava asked.

It was such a pointless question that Caroline could only miserably shake her head in response.

“Answer me!”

“N-No... I-I didn’t...” Caroline mumbled, feeling idiotic beyond words.

“I don’t believe you,” Ava smirked. “I think you got a thrill out of being disciplined in public. And I think you especially enjoyed showing off your cunt to the boys, don’t you?”

Oh, you foul-mouthed cow!

“No, I...”

Smack!

Caroline was totally unprepared for the sharp backhander, and with her knickers still around her knees, it almost knocked her off her feet. Her left cheek was suddenly on fire and new tears sprung to her eyes.

“Don’t lie, Caroline!” Ava said. “Yes, that’s right, I called you Caroline. No more ‘Mrs. Lambert’ because you don’t deserve any respect. Now tell us the truth. Do you enjoy exposing your pussy to young men?”

“N-No...”

Crack!

Caroline’s head jerked sideways as Ava viciously slapped the other cheek.

“Tell us the truth? You are a dirty old whore and you fantasize about showing off your body in public. Say it!”

Oh please, just leave me with something!

Ava raised her hand again and Caroline gasped, “Wait! S-Stop! Okay, I-I like showing my...”

“Your what?”

“M-My vag...”

“Your vagina?” Ava interrupted. “No, you don’t call it that, you old prude! What do you call it, Caroline?”

Caroline’s bottom lip came out, and in trembling voice she forced herself to say it. “My... my cunt.”

“You like to show off your cunt!” Ava triumphantly declared, “In that case, take off your skirt and give everyone a good look.”

You cruel bitch! Caroline thought, aware that by removing the skirt herself, it would create the impression that she really was taking a perverted pleasure from all of this!

“Come on, drop it before I decide to take that cane to your fat ass!” Ava said.

With trembling fingers, Caroline popped the button holding the little pleated skirt in place, and after sliding down the zipper, she worked it over her broad hips and allowed it to fall to her ankles. Standing in her blouse and tie, with her gray school knickers stretched between her legs, and her skirt now bunched around her shoes and socks, Caroline could only guess as to how totally stupid she must

look. Somehow she managed to stop herself from covering herself with her hands, as all eyes descended to her pubic area.

Bud spoke first. "Jeez, look at all that hair!

"It's a fucking jungle!" Tony chuckled.

"Don't you ever trim yourself?" Kelly asked in an almost sympathetic voice, and not for the first time, Caroline could have died on the spot.

"You know what?" Ava said thoughtfully. "If Caroline is going to act like a schoolgirl, then I think she should look like one as well."

What is she talking about? Look at this ridiculous uniform! How could I possibly look any less like a schoolgirl than this?

But that naive question was answered in the most ominous way when Ava went over to the desk drawer and returned with a pair of scissors!

*

Ava was proving far more imaginative than Mike had dreamed of, and he was delighted to see that her perverted mind worked very much along the same lines as his own! Mindful that these youths had been totally unprepared for this treat today, Mike had packed a number of items to lead them in the right direction in case they were short of ideas, and he had just the thing in his sports bag for their current project!

He watched with growing admiration as Ava handed the scissors to Tony and said, "Would you please give Caroline a trim?"

"Hell, yes!" Tony smiled. "Guys, let's get her up on the desk!"

To Mike's lecherous delight, Caroline's legs began to tremble as Bud and Jamal descended upon her. Bud pulled her knickers down to her ankles and then off over her shoes while Jamal effortlessly lifted his former teacher up onto the small desktop.

"P-Please," Caroline whined. "Don't do this to me!"

But the vengeful youths were on a roll now, and with Jamal pinning her arms behind her back, Bud pushed Caroline's thighs so wide apart that her legs dangled over the sides. Mike's cock twitched as he studied her hair-covered mound, now so rudely on display to them all. As Tony crouched down and began to snip away at Caroline's pubic hair, Ava said, "Jamal, why don't we give those baggy tits some air, as well?"

The powerful black lad didn't need asking twice, and to Mike's surprise he simply tore the blouse open with one strong yank, sending buttons flying in every direction as Caroline's substantial breasts sprung into view with only her school necktie dangling between them.

"Fuck!" Bud said. "I always knew she had a rack, but I didn't think they were that big!"

Wrapping his large brown fingers around Caroline's boobs, Jamal said, "And they're pretty firm for an old woman!"

Caroline's face was a picture of despair and her cheeks glowed brightly as Tony worked slowly between her legs, tugging on clumps of hair and then cutting them away to form a growing pile on the classroom floor. Now Mike rummaged inside his sports bag and found what he was looking for.

"Maybe this will help," he said, holding up a travel shaving kit.

"Oh, you think of everything Mr. Kettle!" Ava giggled. "Make her as bald as a baby, Tony!"

"Oh Ava, please, no!" Caroline groaned, and immediately received another vicious slap across the cheek from Ava.

"It's Miss Ava, to you from now on! And I don't want to hear any more whining. Just sit still like a good girl and let Tony clean you up!"

This is going way better than I had hoped for! Mike thought happily. Ava is already treating her former teacher like a recalcitrant child! And poor Caroline doesn't know what to do with herself!

He drank in the view of her splendid tits, as Jamal teased her big nipples to erection. Meanwhile down below, Tony sprayed a large glob of shaving cream into his hand and then began to massage it all over Caroline's mons, forcing the unfortunate woman to emit a gasp of surprise.

With her legs spread as far apart as they could go, everyone had a clear view as Tony picked up the razor and started to carefully scrape away the hair around her distended labia.

*

Sitting with her legs obscenely splayed, the shaving foam felt disgusting as Tony smeared it all over Caroline's exposed crotch. But the greatest part of her disgust was directed toward herself. That she was actually sitting on a desk in her classroom allowing these youngsters to shave her while she simultaneously bared her breasts to them. That she should have even allowed herself to get into this unimaginable mess all because of her stupid kleptomania. And that she should have had the courage to refuse to cave in to Kettle's demands instead of vainly trying to preserve her cherished social status.

Now her former pupils were all laughing and making crude remarks as Tony steadily removed every trace of her pubic hair! It was a belittling moment that she knew she would never recover from, but it was too late to turn back the clock now. They were all privy to her most intimate parts and Kelly was even recording the moment on her smartphone!

To make matters worse, each time Tony wiped the foam away, his fingertips kept brushing against her labia, and as mortifying as this situation was, Caroline's treacherous body started to respond. Every time he made contact, her body automatically convulsed and her legs jerked outward, much to the amusement of her audience. And to Caroline's abject horror, she became aware that she was starting to get wet!

It was hopeless to think that they wouldn't notice and when Tony was finally done, she felt his finger probing her vaginal opening. As his finger slipped easily inside her, Caroline closed her eyes in shame and let out an involuntary groan.

"Oh look!" she heard Ava say. "The schoolgirl is getting all excited!"

As Tony slid his finger in and out of Caroline's damp and swollen vagina, now bereft of any hair, Caroline finally began to sob uncontrollably.

*

Tony withdrew his sticky digit from Caroline's inflamed pussy, and Mike leaned in for a closer look. The lad had done an excellent job, leaving her mons absolutely bare, and accentuating her pouting cunt lips!

"Open your eyes and stand up," Ava commanded. "I want you to show yourself off to us!"

Her shoulders shaking, Caroline did as she was instructed while Jamal slipped the blouse off over her arms. With her arms across her breasts, Caroline stood on wobbly legs, now wearing nothing but her shoes and socks, necktie, and the bull clips still attached to her earlobes. Standing awkwardly before them with her hair in bunches and her pussy freshly shaved, Caroline really did look like a parody of a young girl!

What must be going through her mind right now? Mike thought. To be standing as naked as the day she was born in front of these teenage kids that she used to have complete authority over, must be absolutely devastating!

Ava gave Caroline a slap on the ass, and said, “Put your arms in the air, and take a walk around the classroom.”

Caroline looked tearfully at Ava, but obviously seeing a total lack of mercy in the girl’s eyes, lifted her arms as ordered, and then began her tortuous journey between the school desks, her tits and ass jiggling as she went. For Mike it was a wonderful sight to behold, and as he caressed his hard-on through his pants, he contentedly checked his watch – they had only been at it for an hour and they had still the rest of the afternoon ahead of them!

Chapter Twelve

How can this possibly be happening to me? Caroline thought dementedly, as she walked to the back of the classroom with her arms raised above her head. Feeling the air wafting around her bald crotch, wearing nothing but the idiotic school shoes and socks and the humiliating tartan necktie hanging between her wobbling breasts, she had never felt so vulnerable in her entire life!

When she reached the back wall, she stopped, reluctant to show herself off to the grinning brats behind her. Even though they had already enjoyed an obscenely close-up look at her most private parts, she still couldn't bring herself to turn around and face them all again. On trembling legs, she delayed for as long as possible while recalling the many times she had stood before them as an authority figure commanding at least their obedience, if not their respect. Now, thanks to that evil pig, Mike Kettle, the tables were well and truly turned, and she already knew within herself that when the next order inevitably arrived, she would meekly comply.

Unsurprisingly, it was the sound of Ava's sarcastic voice that broke the silence. "What are you doing, Caroline? I didn't tell you to read the noticeboard, did I? Get your fat ass back here and parade yourself!"

Suppressing the swell of indignation rising inside her, Caroline slowly swiveled around and took a tentative step forward. To avoid the leering faces of her former students, she focused on the blackboard behind them and was about to take another tremorous step when Ava snapped, "Stop right there! I told you to parade for us, not shuffle along like a coy little girl. Aren't you proud of your body?"

Caroline exhaled deeply through her nostrils and chewed down on her lower lip. Was the little redheaded bitch actually expecting her to answer that in front of these teenage boys? She was effectively naked for goodness sake! What could she possibly say?

"I asked you a question, young lady!" Ava said.

Young lady? How dare she?

Caroline continued to stare at the opposite wall, refusing to meet her tormentor's face. Her toes were sore inside the undersized shoes, her raised arms were beginning to ache terribly, and her earlobes throbbed under the bite of the bulldog clips, but still she managed to keep her counsel. Just when she was beginning to think she might have scored a minor victory over the sadistic teenage girl, Mike Kettle said, "Well I know how to answer that question, even if she won't. I've got a whole load of pornographic shots of her on my camera. Maybe she'll get a buzz out of seeing them posted up on the school notice board!"

Now Caroline stared at him, aghast. "Y-You wouldn't! You said this would all remain private, just here in the classroom!"

"So I did," Mike said. "On condition that you do exactly as you are told. Now Ava asked you a question, so go ahead and answer her."

Caroline gulped and looked back up at the blackboard. She had been standing in this uncomfortable position for a couple of minutes now, and she doubted she would be able to keep it up much longer. Miserably, she concluded that she had no choice other than to indulge Ava in her puerile little conversation. Clearing her throat, she hoarsely said, "Y-Yes."

One of the boys chuckled, and Ava said, "Yes, what?"

"Yes... I-I am proud of my body," Caroline whispered.

"Say it louder," Ava said, climbing down off the desk she had been perched on. "And it's your *naked* body. Tell everyone how much you like walking around naked!"

Tears began to well up in Caroline's eyes as she stammered, "I-I like walking around n-naked..."

"Look at me," Ava said, stopping right in front of Caroline.

Caroline looked into Ava's malicious green eyes and battled to hold her gaze. She had always believed there was something not right about this girl. Her cruelty toward her weaker classmates had always gone a step further than anything the others here had ever done. She had never seemed to be

satisfied with merely having a joke at someone's expense. She had always been driven by a need to humiliate and emotionally hurt her victims beyond repair. How such a young person could be so emotionally twisted was beyond Caroline, but all that mattered at this moment was that she was totally at the sadistic girl's mercy!

"Are you going to cry?" Ava asked in a low voice as if they were having a private conversation.

Caroline blinked away her nascent tears and raised her chin slightly as she shook her head. "N-No."

Ava leaned in closer and reaching up with both hands, took hold of the bulldog clips stuck on Caroline's ears. "Oh, I think you will. They all cry in the end."

With that, she yanked down hard, ripping the metal jaws away, and for a moment it felt as though Caroline's tender earlobes had caught on fire! She shrieked in pain and surprise, and without thinking, brought her hands down and clamped them over her ears.

"What do you think you're doing?" Ava said with obvious amusement. "Nobody told you to lower your arms, did they?"

"That hurt!" Caroline moaned reproachfully.

"Sassing too!" Mike Kettle put in. "It's like she wants even more punishment!"

That was of course the last thing Caroline wanted, but as she began to raise her arms again, Ava said, "Hold up. I know you're eager to keep walking around in the raw in front of these guys, but scuffling along in those flat shoes is just plain unsexy. You need a better posture when you walk, so take them off."

This is never going to get any easier, no matter how many times Kettle makes me come back! Caroline thought wretchedly as she lowered herself into a crouch at Ava's feet. She still hadn't completely absorbed the fact that she was actually naked in front of her former pupils, and to also be deferentially following Ava's orders while they watched was nothing short of soul crushing. As she unbuckled her school shoes, she found herself again caught up in an internal tug of war. Part of her was just saying run, but the other part kept reminding her of the consequences if she did so.

She pulled her feet out of the restrictive shoes, gaining at least a modicum of comfort from the relief in her toes, and then slowly straightened up. Ava kicked the shoes away and said, "Socks too, and you can do that standing up."

Resisting a powerful urge to slap the bitch, Caroline wobbled on one leg as she plucked the white sock off her other foot. She was about to lay it on top of the nearest desk when to her disbelief she heard Ava say, "Put it in your mouth."

Despite the sheer hopelessness of her situation, Caroline just stared at her. "What?"

"Put the sock in your mouth," Ava repeated. "All of it."

Throughout this unsettling interlude, Caroline had been striving to ignore the smiling group at the other end of the classroom. Now she looked quizzically over at Mike Kettle, who grinned and shrugged. "Don't look at me. Ava's in charge now."

With an increasing sense of despair, Caroline balled up the cotton sock, and with a final hopeful glance at Kettle, opened her mouth and stuck it between her lips. If it were actually possible, she felt even more stupid now than she had when she had first squeezed herself into that ridiculous uniform! But Ava was far from done yet. "No, you doofus, not like that! Push it all the way inside!"

Doofus? How dare you? Who do you think you are talking to? I was your teacher! I am the principal's wife!

It was the briefest of moments when Caroline almost, *almost* snapped. In that sliver of a window, she could have lashed out and backhanded the insolent little tramp across the face, told Kettle that he would be facing charges of confinement, rape and torture, and then stormed out with her head held high. Sadly, the moment passed as soon as it arrived. She knew in her heart that they had her, and there was no point fighting it. Blinking back another onset of tears, Caroline pushed the sock back with her fingertips until it completely disappeared inside her mouth.

“Now the other one,” Ava said. “Surely that big mouth of yours has enough room for it?”

Caroline steadied herself against a desk, and with shaking fingers pulled off the other sock. Then she focused her eyes on the ceiling as she pushed it into her mouth. Unfortunately, with the first sock already occupying most of the space, this turned out to be no easy task. After much manipulation however, she eventually succeeded in stuffing most of it in, although completely closing her lips was now out of the question.

“There, you clever girl!” Ava grinned. “I knew you could do it!”

Caroline instinctively tried to swallow, immediately gagged, and then emitted a guttural moan.

“Oh come on, it’s not so bad. Here, you can have your earrings back!” Ava said, slowly opening and closing the bulldog clips. Caroline watched apprehensively as the vicious teenager raised them teasingly towards her still sore earlobes. Just as she was bracing herself for their reattachment however, Ava unexpectedly lowered her arms and looked down at Caroline’s ample breasts.

“You know what? I think they’d look much better down here. What do you say guys?”

Caroline murmured incoherently through the balled up socks in her mouth, and shook her head frantically as a chorus of approval rose up from the watching teenagers. With a wicked grin, Ava held up one clip with the jaws opened over Caroline’s left nipple. Then she looked up at her former teacher and said, “This may hurt a tad.”

That was most certainly an understatement.

Chapter Thirteen

It's as well she's got those socks in her mouth! Mike Kettle thought as Mrs. Caroline Lambert shook her shoulders in anguish. Ava had deliberately allowed the bulldog clips to snap shut under their own spring power to boost the shock factor. *What a sadistic bitch!* Before Mrs Lambert had time to get over the instant pain, Ava clamped her other nipple, squashing it flat.

"There now, you're not naked anymore!" Ava smiled

Evidently still in an extreme state of discomfort, Mrs Lambert crazily rolled her eyes and snorted through her nostrils. *Not naked!* Mike chuckled inwardly at Ava's mocking commentary. With her newly adorned breasts heaving up and down, the only other remaining item on Mrs Lambert's body was the silly tartan necktie hanging between them. Obviously struggling not to choke, the agitated woman made another garbled noise through the socks.

"What was that?" Ava said. "You want to wear a hat?"

Mrs Lambert blinked rapidly and shook her head, but Ava had already walked back to the discarded school uniform near Mike's feet. Without hesitating, she picked up the gray knickers that Kettle had purchased. Swinging them casually around her finger, Ava strolled back to her naked former teacher, and then carefully arranged them over Mrs. Lambert's head, making sure that she could see through the legs holes.

"That is so fucked up, Ava!" Bud Jeffers snickered. Mike glanced at the dumb sports jock and noticed he was stroking a boner through his pants. A cursory look at the others confirmed that they too were getting turned on by Mrs. Lambert's abject humiliation. Kelly was now sitting on Tony's lap while absently stroking his thigh, and Jamal's twinkling eyes were intently fixed upon his ex-teacher's nude form. *Excellent! No chance of any of this bunch losing their appetite for this one-sided cruelty!*

"Okay, now that you are nicely dressed, let's work on that posture again," Ava said, stepping aside. Mrs Lambert peered idiotically at them through the leg holes of her panties, and then quickly looked up at the ceiling in embarrassment as she took a clumsy step forward.

"No, no!" Ava said. "Up on your toes, Caroline! Posture, posture! Put your hands behind your head! That's it! And you can keep walking around the classroom until you get it right!"

A lone tear rolled down her cheek, and with a little snuffle, Mrs Lambert began to tippy-toe towards them. The emotional torment in her dewy eyes was plain to see as she worked her way between the desks, her cheeks bulging from the socks in her mouth, and the bulldog clips bouncing on her breasts.

Around the room she went, parading her naked body to the very same teenagers she had kept behind after school so many times over the years, setting them pop quizzes, or simply making them sit in silence for hours. With her panties on her head, her socks crammed into her mouth, the silly little necktie hanging between her breasts, the two bulldog clips painfully squeezing her nipples, and her pouting cunt devoid of pubic hair, she looked ridiculous beyond words! This was payback in its cruelest form – or from Mike's viewpoint, possibly it's sweetest!

Kelly and Jamal were both videoing the laughable yet exciting performance, and Mike made a mental note to have them send him their clips later. The more damaging material he had on his hard drive, the tighter a grip he would have on this strangely alluring woman. The previous week, he had informed Mrs Lambert that her detentions would continue indefinitely until he grew tired of her. Right now, Mike couldn't see that happening for a very long time!

After Mrs Lambert had completed three circuits, Ava brought her to a halt right in front of her eager audience. As the wretched woman's eyes rolled around frantically in an attempt to evade the faces of her young tormentors, Mike studied her pale, freckled skin, her full breasts with their pink nipples so cruelly crushed under the bulldog clips, and of course her wide, smooth vulva, bisected by her protruding, purple labia. How dearly Mike would have loved to have stuck his tongue inside there, but he had turned this show over to Ava for now, so he crossed his legs and settled back for the next act.

“Very good, Caroline!” Ava said, mimicking her former teacher’s snobbish accent. “Much better deportment. Now I want to see how much you’ve been paying attention in class.”

She whipped the panties off Mrs Lambert’s head and then plucked the socks out of the red-faced woman’s mouth. Mrs Lambert coughed, swallowed, and ran the tip of her tongue around her dry lips as she watched Ava drag two student desks together until they were approximately a foot apart.

“Up you go on all fours!” Ava said, her green eyes sparkling with malice.

Mrs Lambert wavered of course, because to assume that obscene position would mean exposing her cunt and bare ass to everyone in the room. For a few seconds she must have been calculating the options, but by now Mike knew that she would always come up with the same result. Sure enough, with a mournful sigh, the principal’s wife reluctantly climbed up onto the first desk, then leaned forward and placed her hands on the second so that her breasts dangled over the gap.

What the fuck is Ava planning now? Mike thought excitedly, his eyes now fixed upon the bulldog clips dangling from Mrs Lambert’s painfully compressed nipples. With the distraught woman positioned upon the desks on trembling hands and knees, Ava moved around in front of her naked prey and said, “Do you remember how you liked setting us pop quizzes during our detentions?”

Mrs Lambert kept her head lowered and said nothing.

“I do!” Kelly Cross said, still filming everything with her smartphone. “The spiteful bitch always chose difficult subjects like science or math, and if we didn’t pass we’d be forced to attend extra study sessions.”

“That’s right! I missed a whole bunch of football training because of that shit!” Bud Jeffers growled.

“And she always picked stuff she knew we wouldn’t get right,” Jamal Powell put in.

“So I think it’s only fair that now you are the one in detention, we get to ask *you* difficult questions,” Ava said to Mrs Lambert.

Mrs Lambert continued to remain silent, with only the beautiful shade of pink in her cheeks and the constant quivering of her thighs giving any indication of how much emotional pain she was going through right now.

“And if you get any questions wrong,” Ava continued, “you get extra punishment. Does that sound fair?”

Mrs Lambert actually bit her lip, so Mike said, “Have you forgotten the situation you are in? Answer Ava, right now!”

With a slight nod of the head, Mrs Lambert managed to whisper, “Yes.”

“I didn’t hear you,” Ava said.

“Y-Yes... it’s fair,” the miserable teacher sniffed.

Ava frowned and said, “You know what guys? I don’t think our Caroline is taking her detention seriously enough, do you? I think she needs something to wake her up.”

She tapped her chin with her index finger and looked thoughtfully around the room until her eyes alighted upon a pair of pot plants hanging from a window rail. She flounced over to them and lifted up each of the clay pots in turn, testing their weight, and a wicked grin passed over her lips. “My, these are heavy! Would somebody mind giving me a hand taking them down?”

Bud and Jamal glanced at each other, shrugged their shoulders and went over to the window. Each pot was suspended by two chains connected by a metal hook hanging over the rail. The two jocks reached up and freed the hooks and then followed Ava back with the pots swinging from their chains.

Mike grinned too because he had now figured out what delightful mischief Ava was planning next. Mrs Lambert it seemed, still hadn’t figured it out, although from the worried look on her face, she realized that it wasn’t going to be pleasant – for her, at least! “W-What are you going to do with those?”

“Oh, just something to keep you awake during your pop quiz,” Ava said. “Hang them up, guys!”

Bud looked at her. “Where?”

“Where do you think, dumbass?” Jamal laughed, threading his metal hook through the eye of the bulldog clip clinging to Mrs Lambert’s right breast.

“N-No! Please!” Mrs Lambert cried, but with a nod from Ava, Jamal let go of the heavy clay pot, allowing it to swing freely between the two desks.

“Aah! Oh God, that hurts!” Mrs Lambert yelled.

Mike leaned forward in his seat for a better look at Mrs Lambert’s soft nipple stretching downward, and with a low chuckle, Bud inserted his hook through the other bull clip. As the pot plummeted down, Mrs Lambert hissed loudly and then moaned, “For the love of God, Ava! Take them off! Please take them off!”

Chapter Fourteen

The searing pain in Caroline's tortured nipples was almost unbearable as the heavy pot plants swung around beneath her. She bit on her lip until she tasted blood but was still unable to prevent a pitiful whimper from exiting her throat. Not for the first time, she flirted with the idea of breaking her deal with Kettle. Her life would be ruined of course, but she really didn't know how much more of this abuse she could take.

"Now that I have your attention," Ava said, "it's time for your pop quiz. Are you ready?"

Caroline could only manage a low groan as she nodded her head.

"Don't talk to my shoes," Ava said.

Very slowly, Caroline raised her flushed face and once again faced the sadistic teenager. With each small capitulation, Caroline realized that their newly reversed roles were becoming more deeply entrenched. For years, she had been the undisputed authority figure, and even during those moments when Ava had shown her characteristic insolence, as the older woman with her strong personality and position of strength, Caroline had always eventually won out. But this time around, with Ava in complete control, she was suffering physical and emotional pain that she would never have dreamed of subjecting one of her students to. How much more of this relentless torture would it take for her to instinctively fear this girl outright?

"So before we begin the quiz, we need to work out a system of rewards and punishments," Ava said, resting her tight little butt on the adjacent desk.

Punishments? Caroline thought incredulously. *Is this not punishment enough?*

"Maybe there's something in my gym bag you can use?" Kettle offered.

Caroline cringed inwardly as she recalled the first time she had laid eyes on that leather bag, and how Kettle had, like an evil magician, conjured from it those humiliating rabbits ears, the spanking spatula, and of course that gigantic carrot which he had outrageously inserted into her vagina! She tried not to contemplate what the bag might contain this week – but judging from the ensuing comments of her students, it didn't bode well for her!

"Oh, Mr Kettle, you dirty old perv!" Ava giggled. "Are you planning on using all of these toys on Caroline? She's going to have so much fun! Now let me see, which one do you think she'll like the best guys? How about this one for a joystick?"

"Oh my God!" Kelly squealed. "Look at the size of it!"

"What's the little hooky thing for?" Bud asked.

"Seriously? How old are you, dude?" Jamal said. "It's a clitty stimulator, you douche-bag!"

Caroline didn't possess the type of dirty mind to actually visualize the item they were discussing, but to her chagrin, she certainly understood the gist of Jamal's comment! And that begged a new question – if Mike Kettle had already managed to corrupt her mind to that level with his filth in just one week, what depths of depravity might she descend to after several more months of this torment? Caroline had always striven to be a woman of pure thought. Would she ever be able to mentally rid herself of these perverted experiences?

"Yes, I think this monster will do nicely as a reward," Ava said. "I'm sure that Caroline's bucket-sized cunt will be able to just about accommodate it!"

Oh, you foul-mouthed little tramp! Caroline seethed. *I was your teacher! You have no right to talk about my body in that way!*

"But," Ava continued, "we still need something to punish her with when she fucks up."

"Well, how about this?" said Tony, and Caroline flinched as she heard the loud report of a leather strap cracking onto the desktop.

"Nah, she's already had a spanking, and she'll be getting plenty more of those," Ava said. "Right now, I'm looking for something a little more... appropriate."

Caroline heard the sound of her desk drawers opening and closing, followed by the rattling of metal doors.

The cabinet!

The physical and mental torture over the past hour had been so relentless that her supply cabinet hadn't even crossed her mind until now. But as she turned to look, it now seemed to physically zoom in and fill her entire field of vision!

"So what do you keep in here?" Ava asked innocently.

In desperation, Caroline pretended that she hadn't heard the question, but inevitably, the ever watchful Mike Kettle cleared his throat and said. "Mrs Lambert? Please answer."

As several psychoanalysts had already explained to her, Caroline's kleptomania – the disorder that had gotten her into this appalling mess – was apparently a manifestation of some other emotional trauma deep within her subconscious. As she had already figured out for herself, they had told her she wasn't a thief in the sense that she stole for monetary gain, but was driven by the act of stealing itself. And the fact that these learned people hadn't managed to find the root of the problem meant that she remained unable to resist the impulse to steal random items whether she needed them or not.

Now when it came to stealing other teachers' possessions from the staff room, Caroline had been careful not to leave any incriminating evidence on school property. But as all obsessive compulsive people do, Caroline had always been alert to any opportunity to satisfy her addiction, and an obvious and easy target was the school supply room.

Unlike with the staff room, there was no need for Caroline to sneak around in the supply room, and as long as she didn't make her visits too frequent, there was no call for her to explain her presence if another teacher happened to encounter her there. The requisition system was simple and trusting, just a single computer with a basic inventory database in which to log any withdrawals. After all, why would they need tight security controls for stationery and text books?

To the average person, there really wasn't anything exciting about shelves stacked with boxes of stationery but for Caroline, this brightly lit, windowless room was a veritable Aladdin's cave! Torn between alternating waves of euphoria and guilt, Caroline had relented to temptation and over a period of a few weeks, had literally crammed her homeroom supply cabinet with more boxes of stationery than her classes were ever likely to get through in a year. And the beauty of it was, even though she was satisfying her pilfering urges, she wasn't technically stealing. That said, should her unusually well-stocked cabinet ever become public knowledge, her colleagues would most likely have raised a collective eyebrow – especially since her latest unusual acquisition.

"I-It's only school supplies," Caroline stammered. "Nothing important."

Like a lioness scenting her prey, Ava theatrically held out her hand. "The key?"

Caroline hesitated. It was only stationery. Unusual yes, but she still figured she could explain it if necessary, so with a sigh of surrender, she said, "It's in the pull-out tray above the top drawer on the right."

Ava quickly located the key and unlocked the cabinet. "Whoa, now that *is* a lot of stationery! Why have you got so much in here, Caroline?"

Caroline said nothing, in the certain knowledge that Kettle would – and he didn't disappoint. "Well, seeing as none of you have asked me exactly what Mrs Lambert did to land herself in detention, I guess now is the appropriate time to tell you."

Caroline screwed her eyes shut tighter and lowered her head. For all the physical abasement she had suffered in front of her ex-students today, she sensed that the imminent disclosure of her shameful secret was surely going to be far more painful!

"Before I tell you, remember that as with everything else you have witnessed today, you are all sworn to secrecy about this."

"Tell us what?" Kelly asked.

“Mrs Lambert suffers from kleptomania,” Kettle said, and Caroline wished she could have died right there on the spot.

“Klepto-what?” Bud said.

“It means she’s a compulsive thief,” said Tony.

“No shit!” Jamal said. “That is something I would never have guessed.”

“So like, she steals stuff and can’t stop herself?” Bud said.

“That is correct,” Kettle said.

“And you caught her in the act!” Kelly gasped. “That’s just awesome!”

“Also correct,” Kettle said. “Mrs Lambert, the principal’s wife, has been pilfering from the teachers’ staff room, and I have the evidence on disk.”

“Oh, Caroline,” Ava said. “Aren’t you just the dark horse?”

Balanced precariously on her hands and knees, with her nipples painfully stretched down between the two desks, Caroline suddenly felt as naked inside as she was on the outside. Up until this moment she had been able to partially console herself by the fact that she had been performing in such a disgraceful way purely under duress. But by revealing her illicit activities in front of these teenagers, Kettle was now effectively legitimatizing her punishment by suggesting that she deserved everything that was coming to her! And the worse part was, try as she might, she was unable to wholly convince herself that he was wrong!

“Why don’t you tell them yourself, Mrs Lambert?” Kettle said. “Tell these nice kids what a naughty girl you’ve been!”

Caroline shook her head and stifled a sob. “I-It’s not my fault! I have a medical condition! I’m not a thief! I’m a good person!”

“Is that a fact?” Kettle said. “But that’s not what it says on the board, is it? Do tell us all what kind of a person you really are.”

Caroline let out a hollow moan. She had been in such a state of mortification since these teenagers had entered the room that, as with the cabinet itself, her written ‘confession’ had been temporarily forgotten. Now she opened her eyes and reluctantly looked at the damning words.

Her mouth dry, Caroline croaked, “I-I am a…”

Oh dear God, I can’t say it!

The room fell silent, and for a foolish moment Caroline thought she might have been given a reprieve, but then Ava exclaimed, “Oh just look at all these pencils! How pretty! Do you have a secret fetish for colorful pencils, Caroline?”

Oh, crap! The motivational pencils! She’s seen them! Of course she has! How could she miss them?

Yet another whimper of despair escaped Caroline’s lips as she recalled the rush of delight she had felt when she had first come across the unexpected delivery of pencils that had turned up in the supply room. These brightly colored pencils were intended as a novel – albeit in Caroline’s opinion, very naive – way of rewarding younger students for their efforts. Each box contained a different motivational theme, such as perfect attendance, honor roll, good character, and so on, all printed in cheerful lettering down the pencil shafts. Aimed at elementary school students, the delivery to Winston-Radcliffe High had obviously been a mistake, but before it could be rectified, Caroline had been unable to resist grabbing more than a few boxes.

Kelly now wandered over and held up one of the brightly colored pencils. “Be your best selfie!” she quoted with a giggle. “Oh, Mrs Lambert! That’s so cute!”

“My principal believes in me’,” Ava read from another. “Does he indeed? I’ll bet he doesn’t know that his perfect wife is really a sneak thief!”

Caroline’s body began to quiver on the desk as she heard Ava move around behind her.

“Motivational pencils, huh? Then I think these will serve as just the right kind of motivation for you,

Caroline. Now listen up. I want you to repeat your lines, nice and loud, for everyone to hear. If you do it well, you'll get your reward. If not, then you will receive some... motivation."

Chapter Fifteen

“Now open your flabby legs” Ava said, tapping the insides of Mrs Lambert’s thighs with the pencil. Mike watched with wicked delight as the proud teacher’s freckled shoulders tensed while she inched her knees apart, presenting them with a glorious rear view of her pouting cunt lips.

Ava then contemptuously rapped Mrs Lambert on the crown of the head. “So let’s begin, shall we? Can you remember your lines, or are you too stupid?”

Mike could almost feel Mrs Lambert’s anguish as she forced out the first words. “I-I am a thief...”

Ava glanced up at the blackboard. “Keep going. There’s more.”

“U-Uh... and I deserve to be...” Mrs Lambert stammered in a small voice.

Ava sighed. “Jeez, you really *are* stupid. All these years teaching and you can’t even remember your own lines? Okay then, I guess we’ll have to use your pretty motivation pencils after all. Will one of you guys help me over here?”

Jamal instantly jumped up and said, “Sure! What do you need me to do?”

Smirking at the prominent bulge in his pants, Ava said, “Easy cowboy. I just want you to hold Caroline’s butt cheeks apart so I can help her remember her lines.”

“Shit, Ava!” Jamal grinned. “Seriously? You are plain evil!”

Mike leaned forward in his seat as the well-built African-American sports jock approached his helpless, white middle-aged victim. Jamal’s brown fingers contrasted beautifully with Mrs Lambert’s pale skin when he parted her buttocks, exposing her tight asshole to the brightly lit room. Ava then leaned across Mrs Lambert’s back and held the point of the pencil in front of her puckered opening. Mike craned his neck for a better look as Ava said, “Now start again from the beginning.”

Mrs Lambert had also twisted her head around in a futile attempt to see what Ava was planning. “I-I... what are you doing?”

“Oh, no,” Ava shook her head. “That wasn’t it at all.”

As the black graphite tip touched her anus, Mrs Lambert yelped and instinctively tried to wriggle her broad ass to one side, but Jamal dug his fingers into her soft flesh, holding her in place. Then to Mike’s delight, Ava slapped her hard on the right butt cheek, which brought forth another squeal from her ex-teacher.

“Stay still, you awkward girl!”

“P-Please don’t!” Mrs Lambert moaned, but interestingly, this time she didn’t try to move when Ava began to work the point inside her, and merely let out a low, shuddering breath as the conical point disappeared from view. Ava then twisted the pencil to open Mrs Lambert’s sphincter muscle, and as she began to push, the teacher’s head hung forward as she emitted a desolate groan.

“Oh, come now,” Ava said. “It’s not like you haven’t had one stuck up there before, is it?”

Watching the brightly colored wooden shaft slowly disappear into Mrs Lambert’s asshole, Mike had to agree that Ava had a valid point. Her former teacher had indeed been taped to a chair with a pencil up her ass when they had arrived, and only the previous week, Mike had taken great pleasure in jamming a ballpoint pen up there before forcing her to perform that humiliating bunny rabbit routine.

“So are we ready?” Ava asked brightly.

Through gritted teeth, Mrs Lambert said, “I-I... oh, that hurts!”

“No, wrong again!” Ava barked, albeit with a look of obvious amusement in her eyes. “You are totally hopeless! Alright then, let’s try another of your silly pencils. Kelly, would you like to do the honors?”

Kelly, who had been intently filming everything, lowered her smartphone. “Me?”

“Sure, why not?” Ava said. “I think it’s only fair that everyone gets a turn. We’ve all had to sit through Caroline’s detentions at school, after all.”

Kelly glanced at Tony, who shrugged, so she handed him her phone, picked a pencil from the box, and approached the prone, naked teacher. Jamal was still holding her ass cheeks wide open, and Kelly peered hesitantly at the older woman's impaled orifice. "How do I get it in there?"

Ava gripped the incumbent pencil and wiggled it, eliciting a mournful cry from Mrs Lambert. "Just push it in alongside this one. Don't worry, she will stretch."

With a nervous laugh, Kelly lined up the point of her pencil and pushed.

"Eek! No more, for pity's sake!" Mrs Lambert cried out.

"It's your own fault," Ava said. "If you had just recited your lines as instructed, we wouldn't have to be doing this. So now you can just shut up until I tell you to speak again."

Kelly had managed to insert just the tip of the pencil before meeting with some fleshly resistance, and as she paused, Ava suggested, "Try giving it a twist."

Kelly resumed her efforts with more determination, and as she dug the tip in deeper, Mrs Lambert let out a low, stuttering puff of breath. Mike watched in fascination as the three teenagers went about their work, Jamal holding Mrs Lambert's cheeks apart, Ava moving the first pencil aside, and Kelly gradually gaining purchase until the sphincter muscle eventually dilated and the pencil suddenly slipped inside.

"Ooh!" Mrs Lambert groaned, shaking her head slowly from side to side.

"Sounds like she's enjoying it!" Bud Jeffers chuckled.

"Hmm, well she's not supposed to be," Ava said. "This is supposed to be the punishment part."

She reached over and selected yet another of those multicolored pencils, and to Mike's increasing astonishment, started to force it in alongside the first two! Mrs Lambert's head jerked up and she groaned, "Oh, for the love of God, enough already!"

Ava was really hitting her stride now, and she didn't waste too much time before she had pried another opening, and then she roughly drove the third pencil into Mrs Lambert's sensitive orifice.

"Ungh!" Mrs Lambert threw her head forward again, clinging desperately to edge of the desktop. As her body convulsed with pain, the pot plants hanging from her breasts swung back and forth, clunking together and cruelly tugging on her pinched and elongated nipples.

Ava is really putting it to her! Mike thought ecstatically. *I could learn a thing or two from this demented girl!*

With three pencils lodged tightly inside her rectum, Mrs Lambert's brown starfish was now stretched out almost half an inch in diameter and was looking a little raw. The wretched woman had suddenly gone very still, presumably to stop the plant pots from swinging, as well as to minimize the movement of the rigid pencils inside her soft cavity.

Ava circled around in front of her again. "That's three, but I'm sure you can take a few more up there."

"N-No! I can't!"

"Well, if you don't want to find out, start reciting your lines, nice and loud – and get them right this time!"

Clearly anxious to avoid any further mistakes, Mrs Lambert turned her flushed face so that she could see the blackboard. Mike could tell from her strained expression how much pain she was in – and yet still she remained obediently up on the desks! Had she forgotten that she still had the option of simply walking out of there, or had she already gone past that point?

Mrs Caroline Lambert slowly read the offensive words. "I am a thief... a liar, a dirty c-cunt... and I deserve to be punished."

"Louder!" Ava said, circling the naked woman like a vulture.

"I-I am a thief! A liar! A dirty... cunt! And I-I deserve to be punished!" Mrs Lambert finished the statement with a choked sob and Mike knew exactly why she was finding this so difficult. When she had previously 'confessed' to enjoying parading naked in front of the boys, it was implicitly understood by everyone present she had only been saying what Ava wanted her to because she had no choice. This

time however, although she was still being forced to say them, the words did contain an element of truth. Yes, Mike had only added the dirty cunt part to further humiliate her, but the rest of the statement was basically true – as Mrs Lambert appeared to be very much aware!

“Keep going!” Ava said, her green eyes now gleaming with pleasure.

“I am a thief and a liar and a dirty cunt, and I deserve to be punished!” Mrs Lambert shouted as a single tear rolled down her right cheek.

“Don’t stop until I say so!” Ava barked.

Turning her face back toward the windows, Mrs Lambert repeated the degrading sentence over and over. Each time, her voice sounded as though it was about to break, and her words soon became punctuated with loud sniffs and sobs.

When is she going to crack? Mike wondered. *At what point will she become a blubbing, puffy-eyed mess, begging for forgiveness?* Because Ava would surely keep on heaping on layer after layer of physical and mental torment until this once proud educator could take it no more. *‘They all cry in the end,’* Ava had told her, hadn’t she?

And then what? When she was finally broken, when she had lost every shred of self-respect in front of her former students, how would Mrs Lambert find a way to juggle her two antipodal lives? No doubt she was still clinging to the faint hope that once they had had their fun, these teenagers would soon lose interest in these perverted detention sessions. But even if they did, Mike remained as captivated and aroused by this voluptuous woman as ever – and he fully intending to keep her coming back here for a very long time to come!

Chapter Sixteen

“I am a thief, a liar, a dirty cunt, and I deserve to be punished!”

The disembodied words echoed around the classroom, but Caroline had long since ceased to attach any meaning to them. When that evil bitch, Ava Hammond, had first insisted that she shout them out loud, the pain inside had been far more intense than the throbbing in her pinched nipples and the fire raging around her delicate anus. They say that the truth hurts, and over the past hour, Caroline had discovered just how much. She hadn't just been confessing her sins to these mean kids, she had finally been forced to confront her own failings head on. For years she had sought professional help for her 'condition', always attaching the blame to some undisclosed trauma from her past. But now she realized that she had merely been avoiding the truth – she *was* a thief, plain and simple, and she very much deserved to be punished!

Repeating the negative affirmations over and over, it had been inevitable that she would eventually stumble and fluff her lines – and each time Ava had been alert and ruthless. With obvious relish, she had carefully selected a new pencil from the box, and after making sure to wave it in front of Caroline's face, had pressed it deeply into the center of the bundle penetrating her sore rectum. Desperately concentrating on her lines, Caroline had lost count of how many of the hateful little pencils had invaded her most intimate of orifices, but each time a new one was added, it had felt like a bolt of electricity shooting through her innards!

“I am a cunt... oh! No, I meant I am a thief!”

“Too late!” Ava said gleefully. “Even though you are right about being a cunt, you've still earned yourself another motivational pencil! Whose turn is it?”

“Are you sure she can hold any more?” Kelly asked incredulously. “She's already got... six, seven, eight... nine of them inside her!”

Nine! No wonder I feel like I'm being ripped in half!

“Well then, let's give her asshole a rest and use them somewhere else on her body,” Ava said.

“Stick it in her pussy!” Bud laughed.

“No, we need to save that for her reward – if she ever gets to earn it. Let's see...” Ava walked threateningly around the desks, and then Caroline jumped as she felt the girl's fingertips running over the sole of her foot.

“You've got such pretty feet,” Ava said, wiggling Caroline's big toe. “Cute little piggies!”

Caroline next felt the wooden shaft of the pencil sliding between the first and second toes of her right foot, and she twisted at the waist to see what Ava was playing at. Now she felt another pencil being inserted between the toes of her left foot, and her bewilderment was echoed by Bud Jeffers. “I don't get it.”

“Caroline will,” Ava said. “All she needs is a little squeeze, just like this.”

“Agh!” Caroline screamed, as a sharp bolt of pain shot up through each of her feet.

“Come over here, Bud,” Ava said. “Caroline will now try her lines again. If she fucks it up, you press her toes together. If she finally gets it right, I think she will have probably just about earned her first reward.”

*

Mike Kettle glanced at the gigantic black vibrator that had been sitting idle on the desk for the past half hour or so. He had been so engrossed in watching the pencils gradually stretching out Mrs Lambert's asshole, he had almost forgotten about it! It really was an absolute monster, realistically

molded to look like an actual penis, with protuberant veins, an abnormally oversized cock-head, and a naughty little clitoris stimulator attached to the side.

“Are you ready to try for your reward, Caroline?” Ava said, moving around to her former teacher’s flushed face.

Caroline sniffed and nodded. “Y-Yes...”

“Don’t fuck it up, or you’ll get another pencil up your butt – along with a toe squeeze!”

To Mike’s delight, Mrs Lambert took a quick look at the blackboard again to make sure she had it right. Oh, how this respectable pillar of society’s priorities in life had changed! It was a simple enough sentence, and the woeful woman had repeated it over a hundred times already, but all of a sudden it must have become a herculean task for her! And the best of it was that she was in a no win situation – get it wrong and she would receive more pencil torture, get it right and she would be violated by an enormous dildo in front of a highly amused young audience!

“We’re waiting,” Ava said with a sly wink to her friends.

Mrs Lambert drew a stuttering breath and then said, “I-I am a thief, a liar, a dirty cunt and... and I deserve to be punished.”

“Good job, Caroline!” Ava said, clapping her hands together. “And now it’s time for your reward! Mr. Kettle, would you mind doing the honors here?”

Mike was quite content in his back seat role, but having been put on the spot by young Ava, he now felt obligated to reassert his position in the classroom hierarchy. Picking up the surprisingly heavy dildo, he stood behind Mrs Lambert and allowed his gaze to wander over her cruelly impaled ass, and his semi hard-on immediately intensified. The miserable woman was doing her best to keep her body still but she couldn’t prevent herself from twisting her neck around to try and see what he was doing.

Holding the dildo out of her field of vision, Mike touched its bulbous head against Mrs Lambert’s meaty cunt lips and she drew in a sharp breath as he began to slowly move it up and down. There was no immediate physical reaction to his ministrations other than some low groans of protest at the other end, so Mike switched the device on at its lowest speed. The head began rotating and the plastic phallus throbbed in his hand. This time when he put it up against her pussy, Mrs Lambert emitted a little squeak of distress, and as her outer lips swelled and moistened, Mike nudged the big mushroom shaped head between them.

“H-Huh!” Mrs Lambert let out a staccato breath. “S-Stop that!”

“You don’t really mean that!” Ava said. “This is your reward! You should be enjoying yourself! You’re not being ungrateful, are you?”

The whole of the synthetic cock-head had slipped inside her now, and it’s circular motion was causing the nine pencils jammed up her butt hole to describe little arcs in the air. Mike watched in fascination as her raw sphincter clenched and loosened around the thin wooden shafts before he inched the thick, throbbing dildo deeper into her pussy.

“Ungh!” Mrs Lambert gasped as she tightened her grip on the edge of the desk.

“Oh, just look at her face!” Kelly tittered. “She’s gone cross-eyed!”

“Make her come!” Jamal said excitedly. “Damn, I want to see that!”

The dildo was half way inside Mrs Lambert’s cunt by now, and her damp, puffy labia were stretched around it’s considerable girth. Mike flicked the switch again, and the absurdly large sex toy whirred a little louder. Mrs Lambert instantly started to pant and nod her head up and down, and her white thighs began to quiver.

“Give it all, Mr. Kettle,” Ava said softly.

Mike grabbed hold of the tight cluster of pencils protruding from the wretched teacher’s asshole and pulled them upward while simultaneously driving the thrumming dildo home to the hilt.

“Aah! N-No! Take it out!” Mrs Lambert squealed as she writhed on the wobbling desks.

The plant pots hanging from her nipples banged against the floor as Mrs Lambert arched her back and thrust her butt up towards Mike’s face. Catching a pungent whiff of her flowing cunt juice, the

memory of fucking her the previous week suddenly rushed back and his erection redoubled in strength. If it hadn't been for the watching gang of teenagers, he would have readily replaced the dildo with his own cock, and he doubted that Mrs Lambert would have even noticed!

Within a minute, Mrs Lambert was hanging onto the edge of the desk like grim death! Her cunt had now become so juiced up that the thick, whirring vibrator was actually slipping out of her and Mike had to use his finger to hold it in place! He fondly gazed at her curled up toes as her orgasm rapidly approached, and the whole room fell silent except for a long, low continuous moan originating from deep inside Mrs Lambert's throat.

"She sounds like a wild animal!" Tony Myers snorted.

"She looks like she wants to take a shit!" giggled Bud Jeffers.

"Come on, Caroline!" Ava laughed. "Don't fight it!"

Mike dragged his attention from her inflamed and glistening cunt and joined Ava on the other side of the desks. Mrs Lambert's reddened face was contorted into an expression that was not easy to describe. Her wide eyes were rolling around crazily in their sockets, her tongue was lolling out of one side of her mouth, and her brow was knitted into a deep, fretful frown.

Look at her! Mike thought deliriously. *She's trying so hard not to come!*

But of course, poor Mrs Lambert never stood a chance. With a bestial grunt, she threw her head up, her back jerked, and her thighs trembled so hard that she succeeded in pushing the desks farther apart with her knees. Her feminine emissions splattered onto the floor in such volume that Mike thought for a second that she had pissed herself, and as her convulsions began to subside, the distraught woman laid her cheek on the desktop and shamefully closed her eyes.

Chapter Seventeen.

“Twenty-five!” Ava gleefully declared. “That’s amazing, Caroline! You’re such a clever girl!”

“P-Please! N-No more!” Caroline moaned.

Ava still had her up on display on the desktop but now she was on her back with her legs raised so that her ankles were on either side of her head. The bull clips and chains remained attached to Caroline’s throbbing nipples, albeit mercifully, Ava had deigned to remove the plant pots. Even so, Caroline had now assumed yet another utterly obscene position made worse by the fact that her former students were all huddled around filming her most intimate parts as she blinked up at the overhead lights in horror.

After having been forced to orgasm multiple times by that detestable vibrating phallus, Caroline had inevitably faltered with her spoken confessions and Ava had jumped on the opportunity to punish her some more. But even after all she had been forced to endure so far on this terrible day, Caroline could never in a million years have predicted what Ava was planning for her next.

“All these boxes of pencils,” the cruel redheaded teenager had murmured, looking inside the supply cabinet. “What’s the big deal, Caroline? I mean why did you take many?”

Still struggling to catch her breath, Caroline had lamely replied, “I-I don’t know...”

“Oh but I do, it’s because of your illness, right?” Ava had said. “You don’t actually need the stuff you steal but you just can’t help it, can you?”

Her sneering attitude had almost been enough to prompt Caroline to snap back at her, but the moment had passed as quickly as it had come – the time when Caroline had held the upper hand with these kids had well and truly passed. They had filmed every tiny detail of her naked body, watched her quietly suffering, listened to her absurd confessions, and finally watched in amusement as she had repeatedly sexually climaxed in front of them – what else could she possibly have left to hide from them now?

“Well, I’m afraid I don’t buy any of that psychological crap,” Ava had said as she had slowly and methodically laid the boxes out on Caroline’s desk, and then with great exaggeration, counted them out loud. “Thirty seven boxes! I have to ask again, what were you planning on doing with them all?”

“N-Nothing!” Caroline had panted.

“Nothing? How mean of you to deprive young schoolkids of their little prizes, when you had no intention of using them yourself! Don’t you feel even the tiniest bit guilty?”

“I-I guess...” Caroline had sniffed.

“So by way of atonement, you really should find a use for them, would you agree?”

Caroline had nodded imperceptibly.

“Let me see, thirty seven times twelve makes...”

“That’s easy!” Tony Manning had immediately piped up. “Four hundred, forty four!”

“Okay, maybe not *all* of them,” Ava had tittered. “But let’s see just how many we *can* get up there, shall we?”

Dear God! She can’t be serious! Caroline had thought desperately. But once again she had gravely underestimated just how vicious this teenage girl could be. Caroline’s obscenely widened anus had already felt like it was on fire, but as Ava had added a fourth pencil, the blistering pain intensified tenfold. Caroline could do nothing but tightly grip the edge of the desk as each of the teenagers took a turn to add another pencil to the expanding bundle. Caroline had repeatedly clamped her lips together to avoid giving them the satisfaction of hearing her cry out loud, but with each wooden shaft that was inserted into her body, it had started to become increasingly difficult to keep silent.

They all cry in the end! Ava’s malicious words had kept on echoing around Caroline’s tortured mind – and she had nothing else left now other than try to prove the cruel bitch wrong.

*

Mike watched with lewd fascination as the growing cluster of pencils steadily expanded Mrs Lambert's raw asshole. The first three had been the hardest to get in there but each one that followed had neatly slotted point-first into the middle of the bunch. After the tenth one had been implanted, Mrs Lambert's previously tight butt hole had spontaneously flowered out into a puffy ring of soft flesh as her sphincter muscles had relaxed in anticipation of an imminent dump. This quite noticeable bodily reaction had caused much mirth among her tormentors – as well as a stifled wail of horror from Mrs Lambert as she realized she might well disgrace herself in her very own homeroom!

No chance of that happening just yet however, as Ava continued to oversee the steady anal assault. They were up to twenty pencils now – Ava had insisted upon counting each new one out loud – and Mike estimated that Mrs Lambert's shit hole had now been stretched almost three inches across! Jamal was up next, but as he aligned the point of his pencil, Ava said, "Hold up a second. I think it should be you counting them from here on in, Caroline. They are your stolen goods, after all."

From here on in? Mike thought incredulously. *How many more is Ava planning to put up there?*

Mrs Lambert had a very strained expression on her crimson face by now, and her lips were pursed into a tight, thin line as she desperately tried not to cry out. Unable to take his eyes off her bald cunt, Mike couldn't help but marvel at how far down this proud woman had fallen. She was start naked on her back with her legs spread wide, while her former students penetrated her once-virgin asshole with dozens of pencils that she herself had purloined – talk about making the punishment fit the crime!

"This will number twenty one," Ava crooned as if she were talking to a third grader. "You can say that at least, can't you?"

With obvious effort, Mrs Lambert and breathed, "N-No more! P-Please!"

"Now that wasn't the correct answer either," Ava said with an exaggerated sigh. "I was only intending to put five more of them up your ass, but as a punishment for your disobedience, we're going to make it a round thirty."

"N-No!" Mrs Lambert groaned, lifting her head in time to watch Jamal press the twenty first pencil firmly home.

"So how many was that again?" Ava asked, folding her arms.

The back of Mrs Lambert's head banged back against the desk top as she absorbed the added pain inside her anal canal. "T-Twenty one!"

"Very good! You're not quite as much a dumbfuck as I thought! Right, who's next? Mr Kettle, you haven't stuck one in her yet today, have you?" Ava said with a naughty grin.

Her double meaning wasn't lost on Mike as he stood up and selected one of the colorful pencils. Mrs Lambert craned her neck to look at him between her parted thighs, and even though she had quite obviously almost reached her limits, the accusing look in her eyes was unmistakable. No matter how much physical pain Ava had heaped upon her this afternoon, Mrs Lambert quite rightly held him responsible for all of this – but he didn't regret it for a second!

Mike stared again at her bulging, shaven mound with the thick cluster of pencils protruding from her absurdly enlarged butt hole just below. Then he moved his gaze over her slightly rounded belly and undulating navel, up to her large breasts pulled out wide by the bull clips and chains, then back to her deep red face, teeth clenched, eyes glistening, and filled with loathing.

Aware of his eager young audience, Mike dropped into a crouch and inserted the point of the pencil into the center of the cluster. Catching another wonderful whiff of her adjacent sex, he wiggled the pencil to make space, and then pressed it deeply in with his thumb until the eraser tip was level with the others. As her asshole grudgingly accepted this latest intruder, Mrs Lambert made a peculiar baying sound, and then to Mike's utter delight, a dribble of piss escaped from her bloated snatch.

"Oh, you dirty girl!" Ava exclaimed. "Couldn't you have waited?"

The low sound emanating from Mrs Lambert's throat rose in pitch as the trickle between her legs became a little squirt. Mike moved backward but was unable to tear his eyes away from the fascinating sight. Three more staccato spurts of urine came towards him, the last of them hitting his shirt. The hapless woman was evidently doing everything in her power to hold it in!

Unable to resist, Mike parted her pussy lips with his thumbs and peered at her moist, pink interior. As Ava had just intimated, he had of course already buried his cock in there once before, and now he felt it jerk in his underpants as if it were hankering to get back to where it belonged. Whatever his little head might have been thinking, Mike's attention was focused on Mrs Lambert's urethral opening right now, and briefly forgetting his audience, he leaned forward and dabbed at it with the tip of his tongue. He heard Mrs Lambert squeal as he prodded more, enjoying the bitter taste of her, and then she finally lost control of her bladder.

As Mike opened his mouth to catch the golden fountain, Mrs Lambert unexpectedly jerked her hips and the thick bundle of pencils protruding from her asshole smacked him under the chin. He snatched his head away just in time to avoid the clustered eraser tips from catching him on the nose, and then jumped back to avoid the high arc of piss projecting from Mrs Lambert's spread pussy. The woeful teacher continued to buck around on the desktop, her hands now gripping her flailing ankles, her back arched, and her head lolling from side to side as more feminine fluids spurted from her wide open crotch.

"Is she having a fit?" Kelly cried in astonishment.

"Not at all!" Ava giggled. "Caroline's just having another orgasm!"

Chapter Eighteen.

Mrs Caroline Lambert, the esteemed wife of the school principal of Winston-Radcliffe High, squatted on the floor of her home room, hanging her beetroot-red face in shame as the surrounding group of teenagers took pictures and videos of her on their smartphones. Although she was still technically naked, her nipples were still partially hidden by the cruel metal bull clips, and her pale, freckled skin was now decorated by a motley assortment of scrawled words and patterns.

The fiendish teenagers had just spent an enjoyable few minutes letting their artistic juices flow as they had scribbled over her nude body with a variety of colored marker pens. A long, blue penis, complete with hairy balls, now ran up the length of Mrs Lambert's back, and her breasts were speckled with dozens of little red dots. There was also a smiley face on each one of her butt cheeks, and zebra stripes adorned her flanks. The word 'liar' ran across her belly, and 'cunt' and 'whore' down each of her arms. Finally, in thick black lettering, Ava had printed the word 'thief' onto Mrs Lambert's forehead.

After letting her down from the desktop, Ava had retrieved Mrs Lambert's panties from the floor and arranged them like a bonnet on top of the distraught teacher's head, and as a final insult, placed one of the motivational pencils between the stricken woman's teeth. The main bundle of pencils, which had finally numbered thirty, remained firmly embedded inside Mrs Lambert's back hole, and was now protruding obscenely out behind her like a stiff turd.

Admiring the overall effect, Ava circled her quivering victim and then picked up the loose ends of the chains that were still hooked through the bull clips. Drawing them away, she gave them a little shake which brought a squeal of pain from between Mrs Lambert's clenched teeth.

"Time to take Caroline for a walk," Ava said to Bud and Jamal. Mike looked at the digital screen on his camera as it auto-focused on the crudely drawn penis and balls on Mrs Lambert's bare back, the overhead lights accentuating the bumps of her spine. The two grinning jocks took a chain each and jerked on them, causing Mrs Lambert to put her hands down to stop herself toppling forward.

"You're supposed to walk, stupid!" Ava snapped. "Grab hold of your bunches and don't let them go!"

Regaining her balance, Mrs Lambert unsteadily reached up and grasped the schoolgirl bunches that poked through the leg holes of her panties, and Mike moved around to get a good view of her front side. Down on her haunches, her ample thighs were forced wide and her thick labia hung down invitingly between them. Bud and Jamal again yanked on the chains, pulling Mrs Lambert's breasts straight out in front of her. She yelped again, but this time took a faltering step forward, her bare sole slapping against the floor tiles.

Mike watched enthralled, as this formerly dignified lady waddled up and down between the rows of desks, meekly being led along like a pet. Kelly and Tony were also filming on their devices and had taken up positions in separate corners of the room, thus ensuring that every one of Mrs Lambert's stuttering steps would be recorded for posterity.

As she completed her first circuit of the classroom, Mike zoomed in on her flushed face, her mouth stuck in a mad grin as she struggled to keep the pencil between her clenched teeth. Her moist eyes rolled from side to side in an attempt to avoid the smartphones, and with every waddling step, she let out an undignified grunt, no doubt caused by the intense pain she was experiencing in her rectum from very slight movement.

Hanging onto her bunches with her panties on her head with her naked body covered in crudely described graffiti, she looked ridiculous beyond words, but while the teenagers all laughed and threw out unkind comments, Mike simply ogled her with rapt delight. This was exactly what he had been hoping for when he had set this afternoon session up with her former students – and Ava had delivered big time! How this snobbish woman had been brought down to earth! And as much pleasure as Mike took from watching her nude body, it was the contorted expression of shame on her face that made this such a sexually stimulating experience for him. That was where the real beauty was to be found!

After Mrs Lambert made two more excruciatingly slow and uncomfortable toddles around the classroom, Ava appeared to abruptly tire of the spectacle, although Mike could have happily kept on watching it forever. He detected a certain look of dissatisfaction in the teenage girl's green eyes, and while the rest of them were still laughing and joking as they filmed the hapless teacher's torment, Ava picked up another of those versatile pencils and tapped it impatiently against her chin.

"Stop," Ava said, with a quiet authority that Bud and Jamal immediately responded to by lowering their chains to the ground. Mrs Lambert remained in a squat at Ava's feet, breathing hard, and keeping her eyes on the floor.

"Take off her chains and get her up on the desk," Ava said.

After unhooking the chains, Bud and Jamal lifted Mrs Lambert by the arms into a kneeling position on the desk directly in front of Ava. She looked ready to drop, but when Ava grabbed her by the chin and raised her face, Mike clearly saw that familiar glimmer of defiance in Mrs Lambert's eyes. As the two females stared each other out, it was almost as if the rest of the people in the room no longer mattered, and although Ava was clearly holding all the cards, an unspoken challenge appeared to have been laid down between the two of them.

"We still have a lot of your stolen pencils left over," Ava said. "Do you think you can fit any more of them up your ass?"

She was gripping Mrs Lambert's chin so tightly that it was impossible for the older woman to coherently reply, although she did manage to shake her head slightly. Mike looked again at Mrs Lambert's seriously dilated asshole, and had to wonder how she had even managed to accommodate the thirty pencils already jammed in there!

"Where else then?" Ava said. "Shall we stick them in your cunt? You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you?"

"N-Nmm!" Mrs Lambert protested.

"Well that just leaves your big mouth then, doesn't it?" Ava said, running the eraser tip along Mrs Lambert's closed mouth. "If you don't open up, I'll have no choice but to keep shoving them up your butt. Your call."

From the look of alarm in her eyes, Mrs Lambert clearly didn't want that, but for some reason she still kept her mouth clamped shut. She must have realized by now that Ava would be true to her word, so why then was she putting it to the test? Interesting.

"Really, Caroline? Do you want to try for fifty?" Ava said.

Again, Mrs Lambert frantically attempted to shake her head but still declined to part her lips. Maybe she had already figured out where Ava was going with this. Mike wasn't totally sure, but he now had an inkling of an idea.

Ava pinched Mrs Lambert's lips together even harder, forcing them into an exaggerated pout and exposing her perfectly maintained teeth. She tapped the eraser against them as if she was knocking at a gate. "Last chance, then we go back in via the rear entrance."

With a desolate mewl, Mrs Lambert finally gave in and opened her mouth. Ava banged the pencil up and down against her teeth and the wretched teacher instantly flinched and jerked her head backward. Glancing up at Bud and Jamal, Ava said, "Guys? Some help here, please?"

With Bud pinning her arms, and Jamal holding her head straight, Mrs Lambert soon had nowhere left to hide, and like a nervous kid at the dentist, she looked up at the ceiling lights and opened her mouth. Peering inside, Ava rested the eraser on Mrs Lambert's tongue.

"Say ah," Ava said. "Stick it out."

After Mrs Lambert reluctantly complied, Ava poked the pencil deeper into her mouth, pressing down on the back of her tongue and triggering a gag reflex. Mrs Lambert automatically closed her lips around the pencil and began to struggle again but Bud and Jamal held her firm.

"Bud, would you please put one of Caroline's pencils between her toes and give it a good squeeze?" Ava sighed.

Firmly grasping Mrs Lambert's wrists with one hand, Bud reached over and picked up another pencil. The teacher's bare feet were hanging over the edge of the desk, and he popped the pencil between the big and first toe of her right foot and crushed them together.

"Yah!" Mrs Lambert cried out in pain, and as her mouth opened, Ava wasted no time in pushing the tip of the pencil right to the back of her throat.

"Urk!" Mrs Lambert thrust out her tongue as she gagged again, and then fought against Jamal's vice-like grip of her head. Ava kept the pencil in place, and Mrs Lambert retched again, her tongue wagging out of her gaping mouth, and her watery eyes bulging. There was to be no respite as Ava kept up the torment by gently moving the small eraser tip around the base of Mrs Lambert's tongue.

"Erk! Ugh!" Mrs Lambert continued to retch and gag, saliva now dribbling copiously down her chin while her clamped breasts bounced madly up and down.

After a minute or so, Ava withdrew the pencil to allow Mrs Lambert a chance to catch her breath, but when she moved to put the pencil back into her mouth, Mrs Lambert again pressed her lips together and shook her head as far as she was able.

"Bud? Toe squeeze, please!" Ava said.

Bud duly compressed the wretched teacher's toes together again, and she let out another agonized shriek. Into her mouth went Ava's pencil, and another round of uncontrollable gagging ensued. Mesmerized, Mike lowered his camera. It was a fascinating sight to behold as Mrs Lambert's naked body jerked and convulsed, her anal collection of pencils tapping against the desk top, and her neck and jumping breasts slick with her saliva.

When Ava withdrew the pencil again, she gazed with satisfaction at her former teacher's flushed and tear-streaked face. "You're crying now aren't you, Caroline?"

Between gasping breaths, Mrs Lambert spluttered, "No, I-I..." But her words were cut off as Ava thrust the pencil back down her throat.

"Erk! Ack!" A torrent of yellowish liquid cascaded over Mrs Lambert's chin and splattered on the floor.

"What a mess!" Ava said with undisguised contempt. "You really should see what you look like."

Tony Manning duly handed Ava his phone, and the young redhead held the screen up in front of Mrs Lambert's face. As the stricken teacher watched in horror at what they had turned her into, she let out a loud and mournful sob, and a large viscous bubble of snot ballooned out of her right nostril. Then, with a peculiar rasping sound, a trickle of light brown fluid ran along the bundle of pencils protruding from her asshole, accompanied by a rather unpleasant smell.

"Whoa! What the fuck is that?" Jamal said, backing off.

"Did she just do a wet fart?" Bud laughed.

"Ew! Gross!" Kelly shrieked, pinching her nose – at which point, Mrs Caroline Lambert finally did start wailing out loud.

TO BE CONTINUED