

# The Principal's Wife

by  
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All of the characters in this story are over the age of eighteen.

## 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—medication, psychiatry, hypnotherapy, even acupuncture—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.

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 email 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 email, 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 homeroom every Saturday afternoon for detention.

*Detention?* Caroline couldn't believe her ears! She was a senior teacher, for heaven's sake!

And Kettle 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 principal! The resulting scandal would have been unthinkable! Caroline was a highly respected member of the community. She organized several church fundraising events each year, she was a committee member of 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 expensive Bulgari wristwatch—an anniversary present—and saw that it was 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 toward her desk, she also noticed that the blinds had been pulled down on all 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 toward 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 held 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 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 an old-fashioned cow, aren’t you? Well, it’s going to be a little more inventive than that, but yes, you’re finally on the right track. 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.”

“Y-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.”

Caroline frantically 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 her 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 intention to marry her.

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 even 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—within reason!

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.

*Ah well, in for a dime, in for a dollar!*

"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 flushed 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 prissy woman, she immediately folded her arms across her ample chest 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 toward 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 while 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 backburner, 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? Jesus Christ, 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 her unwilling 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 really 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 forward, 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 bare 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 this 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 outside, 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 Kettle 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 toward 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 instead."

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.”

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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 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 up onto the desk as demurely as she could under the circumstances.

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 inside 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 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 through 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 were 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, 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! 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!”

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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 who 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, as if she were having her face washed.

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, she stayed in the obscene 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. While 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 realized she was shrieking out loud with each smack, and to make matters worse Kettle had her head pinned between his legs as he assaulted her bright red 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.

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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 toward 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 gasped, 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 hesitantly 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!

"Well damn 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. It's feeding time for bunny girl!"

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!

While 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 messages 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 toward her homeroom, 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, "Lock 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!*

Kettle continued scrolling. “Still, 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.

“Y-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. “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 toward 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 *student* 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 Mrs. Lambert'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 Mrs. Lambert 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, Mrs. Lambert'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, Mrs. Lambert 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 schoolteacher not just to add some authenticity to their role play, but also because it excited him. He suspected that Mrs. Lambert'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 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 while 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 Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert was forced to leave the hem hanging free just above her navel.

The skirt was also ridiculously small for Mrs. Lambert'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 Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert'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 undersize 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 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 sentence 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 scrambled 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 devastatingly 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 and 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 homeroom!

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!”

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Mike stood behind Mrs. Lambert 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. Mrs. Lambert’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. Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert’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 undersize 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 right now Mike was thoroughly enjoying his stern teacher role—even if Mrs. Lambert 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, Mrs. Lambert 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 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 Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert 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 inside 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."

Despite 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 desktop, 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 of 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 desktop. 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 Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert’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!” Mrs. Lambert head jerked up.

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

“Agh!” Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert’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 her 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 Mrs. Lambert'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, Mrs. Lambert 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 be happening 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 clipboard 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 achingly 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 Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert’s homeroom, 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!”

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Mrs. Lambert 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!” Mrs. Lambert began to rock from side to side, as her cheeks turned an impossibly deep shade of red, but there was to be no getting out of her desk and chair 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 Mrs. Lambert 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.”

Mrs. Lambert 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 must 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 Mrs. Lambert 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, Mrs. Lambert 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 escaped her bonds, he realized that Mrs. Lambert 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, Mrs. Lambert 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 teenagers 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 Mrs. Lambert now found herself wrapped up in, he needed to drive the point home hard. Naturally, the last thing on earth that Mrs. Lambert wanted was for her 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.

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*Oh, please, somebody get me out of here!*

Despite 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 undersize 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 anymore. 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!

Amid 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 Mrs. Lambert, 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, Mrs. Lambert 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 teens 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, Mrs. Lambert 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 rein 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!"

Mrs. Lambert 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 acclimatized 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?"

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Once the tape had been peeled away from her ankles, Jamal pulled the desk away leaving Caroline squeezed into her junior 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 tittered.

"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—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 inadequate 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.

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

“Okay guys,” Ava said, staring manically into Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert’s deep breathing as she attempted to maintain a degree of composure.

Still holding Mrs. Lambert’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 your 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 Mrs. Lambert 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!

Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert’s backside. She flinched and yelped, but still refused to acknowledge her guilt.

“Answer me!” Ava yelled, shaking Mrs. Lambert’s head from side to side. More sharp metallic slaps echoed around the classroom as the boys resumed their assault. Mrs. Lambert whimpered now as the stinging began to accumulate. Mike doubted that it was anywhere near as painful as that

inflicted by his cane, although the emotional 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 Mr. Lambert’s eyes was quickly extinguished. “I-I’m sorry,” she managed in a barely audible voice, turning her eyes to the side.

“Not loud enough,” said Ava. “Again!”

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

“Say it like you mean it and look at me!” Ava said, twisting Mrs. Lambert’s bunched hair tighter in her fist. She nodded again and the two boys administered another series of blows to Mrs. Lambert’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!” Mrs. Lambert 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!” Mrs. Lambert yelled, as the tears began well in her eyes.

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

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

While Ava steadily chipped away at Mrs. Lambert’s crumbling resistance, Mike moved around behind the two boys who were continuing their assault on Mrs. Lambert’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 Mrs. Lambert’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 nascent 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 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, didn’t you?”

*Oh, you foul-mouthed cow!*

“No, I—”

*Smack!*

Caroline was totally unprepared for the sharp backhand, 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—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 pubic 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!

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Ava was proving far more imaginative than Mike could have 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 several 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, Mrs. Lambert'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," Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert's thighs so wide apart that her legs dangled over the sides. Mike's cock jerked 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 Mrs. Lambert's pubic hair, Ava said, "Jamal, why don't we give those baggy tits some air, as well?"

The powerful young black man 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 Mrs. Lambert'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 Mrs. Lambert's boobs, Jamal said, "And they're pretty firm for an old woman!"

Mrs. Lambert'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!" Mrs. Lambert 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 disobedient child! And poor Mrs. Lambert 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 Mrs. Lambert'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.

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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 revulsion was directed toward herself. That she was actually sitting on a desk in her classroom allowing these youngsters to shave her private parts 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 phone!

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.

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Tony withdrew his sticky digit from Mrs. Lambert's inflamed pussy, and Mike leaned in for a closer look. The young man had done an excellent job, leaving her mons totally 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, Mrs. Lambert did as she was instructed while Jamal slipped the blouse off over her arms. With her arms across her breasts, Mrs. Lambert 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 schoolgirl!

*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 Mrs. Lambert a slap on the ass, and said, "Put your arms in the air, and take a walk around the classroom."



Mrs. Lambert 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 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 undersize 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 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 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 else'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.

"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 really 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 left 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 even 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* 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 toward her 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 legholes.

"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 fondling 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 toward 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 its 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 mature 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 phone. “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 that 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, you get extra punishment. Does that sound fair?” Ava continued.

Mrs. Lambert bit down on her lip, so Mike said, “Have you again 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 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.

Ava said, "Now that I have your attention, 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 rabbit 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 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 we still need something to punish her with when she fucks up," Ava said.

"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 if 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 textbooks?

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 have 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 tight 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—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 phone. “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, selected 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 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 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 teens, 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.”

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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 oversize cockhead, 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.

Mrs. Lambert 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 dozens of 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 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 cockhead 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 thick wooden shafts before he inched the 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 halfway inside Mrs. Lambert’s cunt by now, and her damp, puffy labia were stretched around its 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 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 circling 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 pressed her cheek against 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! No more!” Caroline moaned.

Ava still had her up on display on the desktop but now she was on her back, holding her thighs so that her ankles were on either side of her head. The bull clips and chains remained attached to Caroline’s throbbing nipples, but 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 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 murmured, looking inside the supply cabinet. “What’s the big deal, Caroline? I mean why did you take so many?”

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

“Oh, but I do, it’s because of your illness, right?” Ava 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 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 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 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 sniffed.

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

Caroline 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 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 another 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 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 be 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 breathed, "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 desktop 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 wriggled 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 female fluid 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 homeroom, hanging her beetroot-red face in shame as the surrounding group of teenagers took pictures and videos of her on their phones. 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 autofocused 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 legholes 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 household 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 moved from side to side to avoid the phones, 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 every 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?"

"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 were 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 desktop, 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—”

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 distraught 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.

## Chapter Nineteen

During the following week, Caroline's mindset took on an unexpected shift. She had been so traumatized by her humiliating detention sessions, that she was barely able to hold a discussion with her husband over dinner—not that they spoke much these days anyway.

At night, all she could dream about was her public nudity, Ava's vicious face, the leering expressions of Mike Kettle and the boys, and the physical pain that she still felt in her tender nipples and violated anus. Unable to face school again, she was going to apply for another week of sick leave, but Kettle had vetoed that. He wanted her public life to remain as it always had been—leaving just the Saturdays free—when Mr. Lambert was out golfing—for his sick fun and games.

Facing her latest batch of senior pupils had been a nightmare. She was so distracted by her ordeal that she kept fluffing her presentations and on more than one occasion had been unable to answer a simple question from one of her students. Every time she looked up, all she could see was her naked body parading around the classroom with her arms above her head, or kneeling on the desks with those painful pencils sticking out of her ass, or being led around the room by the chains attached to her nipples.

Whenever she made eye contact with one of her students, she wondered if they knew about her disgraceful little secret. Had Ava already circulated the pictures around the school? If so, then Caroline's deal with Kettle was off, but her life and reputation—and marriage—would surely be over. But there was no indication that these students had any knowledge of her sordid Saturday detentions. Instead, they looked somewhat bewildered that the formerly formidable Mrs. Lambert was acting like a nervous trainee teacher.

But Caroline was convinced that it was the guilt in her eyes that was surely giving her away. Through all the years of covert treatment, the medication and the counseling, she had always believed that her condition was an external thing. She was a good woman, a highly respected Church-going pillar of society. Her kleptomania was a disease, nothing more. But since Kettle had trapped her and forced her into admitting her guilt, it was slowly dawning upon her that maybe she was responsible for her despicable actions, and she alone.

She cast her eyes around her attentive class. No knowing looks, no subtle smirks or passed notes. Caroline had been afraid that Ava might have gone ahead and posted the lewd pictures and videos online, but it seemed her ordeal was still limited to her small group of tormentors. Looking at her current class, she wondered how many of them had dirty little secrets to hide. They couldn't all be sweet little angels—and yet, right now Caroline felt like the dirtiest person in the room.

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Now it was another dreaded Saturday again, and this time Kettle had emailed Caroline with a very long list of instructions that she'd had to memorize. Apparently this week, instead of serving a detention, she would be conducting a class—and judging from the obscene notes she had been compelled to study, this would be a class like no other she had taught before. She had already been through enough torment to know that she should learn the notes and script carefully—no matter how embarrassing the wording. She also knew Kettle well enough by now to know that the whole charade was designed to create the impression that she was taking pleasure from this vulgarity.

To make her ordeal even more painful, he had ordered her to dress in sexy lingerie which she had covered with a plain brown raincoat for the drive over. And as a final indignity, Kettle had commanded her to purchase the most garish makeup possible—glossy red lipstick, false eyelashes, bright blue eye shadow, rouge cheeks—which made her look like an aging hooker! Talk about mutton dressed as lamb! When she had looked at her reflection in her bedroom mirror, she had nearly burst into tears, but forced herself to hold them back because then she would have had to redo her entire makeup. As she clopped along the passageway on her newly purchased red four-inch

heels, Caroline's heart rate quickened. Even though these awful brats had seen her naked already—and in the most demeaning of circumstances—this never got any easier.

She cautiously opened the door to her homeroom and was dismayed to see the entire class of ex-pupils waiting patiently at their desks. There were also another two ex-students present who she recognized—Briana Rocha and Wilson Chapman—all of whom had spent time in her detention classes!

Caroline's jaw dropped and she looked at Kettle.

"But you said—"

Kettle put up his hand. "Same rules. What happens in this classroom stays in the classroom."

*Yes, but the crowd is getting bigger all the time! Now there are eight of them ogling her!*

Caroline inched closer to her desk upon which sat Kettle's dreaded sports bag. This time however, thanks to Kettle's email, she knew most of what was inside it. Worryingly, there was another black bag on the desk, the contents of which remained a mystery to her.

Kettle settled in a chair and gestured for Caroline to stand in front of her desk and face her class. A ripple of subdued tittering circulated around the class when the students saw Caroline's garish makeup. She needn't have put on so much rouge to make her cheeks even redder!

"You may begin, Mrs. Lambert."

Caroline had rehearsed her role over and over during the week, but it was one thing standing in front of her bedroom mirror, yet quite another in front of a live audience of eager young teenagers!

"G-Good afternoon class," she mumbled.

"We can't hear you!" said Ava Hammond, who was sitting in the front row.

Caroline drew a deep breath and said, "Good afternoon class! My name is Mrs. Lambert and today we are going to learn all about—"

*Oh, God! I can't say it!*

The class waited patiently, some smiling, others curious. Did they already know the subject matter of today's lesson?

"Well?" Mike Kettle prompted.

With another shuddering breath, Caroline whispered, "S-Sex Education."

"What was that?" grinned Tony Manning.

Feeling her cheeks burning, Caroline repeated it louder. "Sex Education!"

Some of her students gasped while others snickered.

"Mrs. Lambert, really!" Ava smirked. "I thought you taught math!"

Ignoring her, Caroline glanced at her script on the desktop and then brought her trembling fingers to the top button of her raincoat. Very slowly she fumbled her way down the buttons until the two sides of the coat fell apart. After a moment's hesitation, she shrugged the raincoat over her shoulders and let it slide to the floor.

There was a collective buzz of excitement around the room as Caroline's skimpy lingerie was revealed to the class. She was wearing a sheer black lace teddy that clearly exposed her large, pink nipples. But all eyes were drawn to the open crotch through which Caroline's brown labia protruded. Even though the lesson hadn't even begun, Caroline turned her face to one side in shame, her cheeks already turning to a deep ruddy hue.

After a moment, Kettle said, "Your class is waiting, Mrs. Lambert."

Caroline willed herself to face the group of grinning students—and was mortified to see that they all had their phones pointing toward her. Feeling stupid beyond words, Caroline blurted out, "Smartphones are not allowed in class!"

"But we're not students anymore," said Ava. "And we want to film this class in case we forget anything."

More laughter circulated the room as Caroline checked her notes.

"F-First, I am going to demonstrate how a woman ma-ma—"

*She couldn't bring herself to say the word!*

"Ma-ma?" Kelly Cross snickered. "What does that mean?"



Her breathing now coming in short gasps, Caroline said softly, “How a woman—pleasures herself.”

“Pleasures herself how?” asked Ava with a glint in her eye.

Caroline coughed and said, “By stimulating her—”

“Yes?”

“Her—”

“Follow the script, Mrs. Lambert!” Kettle said impatiently.

Caroline sniffled and hurriedly said, “Her vagina.”

“Vagina!” Jamal Powell snorted. “Do you mean cunt?”

Caroline shamefully nodded.

“So you are going to stick your fingers in your cunt until you come?”

Her eyes now glistening with tears, Caroline nodded again.

“Do you do this at home?” Ava said.

The truth was that Caroline never played with herself. Even when she was younger, she had been taught as a good Christian girl that masturbation was a sin. But Kettle’s script said otherwise.

“Yes,” Caroline whispered.

“How many times a day?” Ava asked.

*Oh, you relentless bitch!*

“F-Five,” Caroline breathed.

“Five!” Kelly shrieked. “You masturbate five times a day? You horny old bitch!”

“Don’t you ever get any cock from Mr. Lambert?” asked Bud Jeffers.

Here, Caroline could answer truthfully. She had ceased her matrimonial duties after the birth of her second child, a long time ago.

“W-We sleep in separate beds,” she admitted.

“Poor Mr. Lambert,” said Ava. “I’ll bet he’s got a nice young piece on the side. He’s probably not golfing at all right now!”

“Bet he’s got a hole in one, though!” Tony laughed.

The thought of Mr. Lambert cheating on her had never once crossed Caroline’s mind, and she had remained loyal to him throughout their married life. But now look at her!

Kettle said, “Well now that we all know Mrs. Lambert is a chronic masturbator, perhaps she can give us all a demonstration.”

Still standing in front of the desk, Caroline looked at him and shifted uneasily.

Kettle said to her, “Get up on the desk and open your legs as wide as they will go.”

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Mike watched gleefully as Mrs. Lambert reluctantly obeyed. When she had assumed the obscene position, her pussy lips were stretched apart, giving the class a glimpse of her pink interior. She turned her head to the side again, unable to face her smiling audience.

“For the last time, you will face your class while giving your demonstrations,” Mike huffed.

Her breaths now coming in shallow gasps, Mrs. Lambert did as she was told. Mike now rummaged through his black bag and fished out a small green bottle. He uncapped it and handed it to Mrs. Lambert.

“Drink this. It will make the demonstration much more enjoyable for you.”

“W-What is it?”

“Just drink it! All of it!” Mike snapped.

Mrs. Lambert flinched at his sharp words and tentatively swallowed the sweet liquid.

“You should start to feel the effects in a few minutes. Now show us all how you finger yourself every day.”

Mrs. Lambert’s cheeks couldn’t have flushed any brighter as she brought her trembling hand down to her wide open crotch. Mike had insisted in his email that she practice all week, so it would

be interesting to see what she had learned about her pussy. He doubted that she would have masturbated herself to orgasm—too much self-shame for that—but that was all about to change today. The little bottle of liquid that she had just consumed contained a highly potent aphrodisiac—specially created by a chemist friend of dubious repute and definitely not FDA approved! The chemist had told Mike that one or two drops would be enough to make the most frigid woman come, but Mike wanted much more than that! How would poor Mrs. Lambert’s body respond now that she had drunk the entire bottle?

But there was also an added side-effect of the unnamed aphrodisiac—the chemist had warned him that the liquid was highly addictive and too high a dosage could easily turn the user into a raving nymphomaniac! If everything the chemist had said was true, the class could be in for a fascinating and titillating afternoon!

Remaining in her obscene pose for a moment, Mrs. Lambert frowned, and a few beads of sweat formed on her neck. Mike figured that the aphrodisiac was already having a slight effect on her. According to his email instructions, she was supposed to spend some time massaging her breasts, but he could see through the sheer teddy that her nipples were already fully erect, and with an even deeper look of confusion on her face, she gently touched her clitoris.

“Oh!” she gasped.

“What is that thing you’re touching, Mrs. Lambert?” Ava asked innocently.

“I-It’s my—clitoris” Mrs. Lambert mumbled, averting her eyes.

“Your happy button, you mean?”

“Huh—?”

Mrs. Lambert rubbed it a little more and her vaginal opening quickly lubed up. Interestingly, she no longer needed her script as she slipped a finger from her other hand inside her vagina. Her whole body was shiny with sweat now, and her thighs were jerking slightly.

*This stuff acts fast!* Mike thought. *She’s almost forgotten she’s in front of a class of ex-students!*

“Is this how you do it at home?” Kelly asked.

Mrs. Lambert couldn’t answer the question. Her labia were fully inflamed, and a sticky issue was seeping onto the desktop as she thrust her finger in and out of herself. Then, with a throaty groan, Mrs. Lambert arched her back, curled up her toes, and an arc of female ejaculate splattered onto Ava’s desk.

“Eew!” Ava shrieked pushing her chair back.

As Mrs. Lambert’s muscles relaxed, her head slumped over the back end of her desk and a milky white fluid dribbled out of her gaping cunt. Mike cast his eyes around the stunned group of ex-students. For three years they had been compelled to respect her authority during her dull and disciplined math classes. Now, even though they had already witnessed her in the most degrading sexual situations, this was the first piece of evidence that Mrs. Lambert was a raving closet nympho!

## Chapter Twenty

*What is happening to me?* Caroline thought frantically as she lay panting on her back.

In the bygone days when she and Mr. Lambert were sexually active, she had thought she might have climaxed on one or two occasions—but nothing came close to this! And in front of this group of wicked teenagers! Her mind was spinning with the conflicting emotions of unbelievable physical pleasure and deep humiliation!

When she had regained a semblance of self-control, Kettle said, “Sit up please, and tell the class how that felt for you.”

*How did it feel? Couldn't they all see? I nearly fell off the desk!*

Slowly, hesitatingly, Caroline raised herself up onto her elbows and then into a sitting position. Suddenly aware of the indecent view she was giving them of her sopping crotch, she snapped her thighs together.

“Well? The class is waiting,” Kettle said.

Avoiding Ava’s gleaming eyes in particular, Caroline stammered, “It felt—nice—”

“Nice? Jamal said. “That was more than nice! You pissed all over Ava’s desk! You’re a goddam fuck bunny!”

Jamal’s description brought back to mind that first devastating session with Kettle. Since then, events had gotten progressively worse, and there was nothing Caroline could do to reverse them!

But how could she refute their cruel observations? Emotionally, she was crushed. She had just betrayed one of the golden rules of her pious upbringing! But she couldn’t lie—her out-of-control body had propelled her into a state of physical ecstasy! And the worse part was the feeling of arousal was getting even more intense—her body was tingling all over!

“Are you ready to continue the lesson?” Kettle said.

Caroline was most certainly not ready! But what could she do? These teenage brats had seen everything! They had it all on video! She was their slave now, and she had to do as she was told!

She looked at the script which was now spotted with drops of her ejaculate. She already knew what was expected of her next, but her heart sank anyway as she read the lines.

“A-Another pleasurable solo experience for a horny woman is through—anal stimulation,” she said unsteadily.

“You mean you like sticking things up your ass?” asked Briana Rocha, an olive-skinned beauty who had once received a sharp reprimand from Caroline.

Caroline nodded woefully.

“Like those pencils the other week?” said Ava.

“Pencils?” squealed Briana. “She puts pencils up her ass?”

“All kinds of things,” Kettle said. “What are you going to use today, Mrs. Lambert?”

Caroline peered into the bag and immediately saw the sex toy she was going to have to use in front of everybody—a long silicone string of multiple balls that increased in size until the last one was larger than a ping pong ball! There was a ring attached to the end in case the whole string disappeared completely, and Caroline now dangled the hideous object in front of her, awash with shame.

“What are they, Mrs. Lambert?” Ava asked sweetly.

“T-They’re called anal beads,” Caroline said.

“And you’re going to shove them all the way into your asshole—even that giant one on the end?”

“Y-Yes,” Caroline nodded.

“But why?” asked Kelly. “Does it excite you?”

Caroline sniffled and glanced at Kettle. She knew what she had to say.

“Yes, it excites me.”

A titter went around the classroom as the rapt audience awaited the next part of this most unexpected lesson.

“You’re going to have to make a hole in that teddy,” Kettle said. “Here let me help.”

He got off his chair and said, “Kick off your shoes and get on your hands and knees so the class can see your fat butt.”

Caroline looked at him in horror before shaking her shoes off, turning around, and leaning on her elbows.

“Ass in the air,” Kettle said.

Caroline closed her eyes in shame as she meekly complied. Then she heard a disturbing shredding sound as Kettle ripped the crotch hole open until Caroline’s naked buttocks were fully exposed.

“Come on, get those thighs apart,” Kettle said. “It’s not like we haven’t seen it before.”

With a sob of despair, Caroline shuffled her knees apart until she was positioned in the most obscene and vulnerable position possible.

“That’s quite a tidy little buttonhole you’ve got there,” Kettle chuckled. “Now why don’t you show the class how wide you can stretch it!”

With her left hand, Caroline reached behind and touched the tiniest bead against her anus. A shiver went up her body and goosebumps rose up all over her skin.

*What is going on here?*

“Why don’t we help Mrs. Lambert by counting the balls as they go in?” Kettle suggested helpfully.

Another ripple of laughter came from the class, and then Ava shouted, “One!”

The last thing Caroline needed was for that bitch to act as the cheerleader in this degrading moment, but by now she knew that resistance was futile. The bead pushed through her sphincter without too much discomfort—unsurprisingly considering how much abuse her most intimate orifice had been through recently!

“Two!” the class shouted, and Caroline forced the next bead inside herself with just a little more difficulty.

“Three!”

Caroline pushed, aware that each bead was stretching her anus that little bit wider, but to her chagrin, feeling the experience not too unpleasant.

The class kept counting and Caroline continued to insert the chain of increasingly larger silicone beads into her rectum. The unwanted arousal was still there, but the pain was now becoming quite intolerable.

“Nine!”

This bead was big, and Caroline had considerable difficulty inserting it. She paused for breath, trying not to think what she must look like up on all fours on her desk with her backside and vagina exposed to these arrogant youths—and the giant ball was yet to come!

“I think you might need lube for that monster,” Kettle said. “Stick your fingers in your cunt and coat the ball with your pussy juice.”

Oh, the shame of it that her vagina should still be wet and inflamed so long after her orgasm. As she touched her labia, she yelped, and when she slipped two fingers easily inside, her whole body went rigid.

“Ugh! N-No!”

But she couldn’t fight it, and another powerful orgasm pulsed through her body.

“Oh my God! She just came again!” squealed Kelly.

Kettle gave Caroline a minute to recover and then he said, “How many balls left class?”

“The biggest one!” the class yelled in unison, and feeling thoroughly disgusted with herself, she wiped her vaginal juices over the big ball and pushed. At first she thought it wouldn’t go. Her sphincter had been steadily expanding with each bead but this one was a giant step up!

Caroline pushed and grunted, and the class laughed and shouted their encouragement, and suddenly Caroline’s anal opening could resist no more and the huge ball popped inside her. Now there was just an orange tail with a ring on the end poking out of Caroline’s asshole. She was fully plugged.

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Mike gazed fondly at Mrs. Lambert's big, white buttocks with the rubber ring rudely sticking out between them, and just below, her cunt was still dripping, and the poor woman hadn't got a clue why!

"Your muscles must be cramping by now," Mike said. "Climb off the desk and face the class. We'll soon get your blood circulating again."

With the string of anal beads painfully filling her rectum, Mrs. Lambert cautiously backed off the desk before turning to face the animated faces of the teenagers. Kettle reached across and tweaked Mrs. Lambert's right nipple and her body immediately jerked. He pinched her left nipple and got the same reaction.

*Amazing! Her entire body is sensitive to the slightest touch!*

"Your nipples are as hard as stone!" Mike said. "We'd better give them some air too."

He grabbed the neckline of the teddy and easily ripped the thin fabric down the middle. Then he slipped his hands inside and plucked out her breasts so that they were pushed out forward and pressed together. Even though she was still technically dressed in the ruined teddy, Mrs. Lambert's tits, ass, and bald cunt were now all on public display.

"Let's start with some bouncing," Mike said. "That should get your heart pumping!"

"And her tits bouncing!" laughed Bud Jeffers.

Mrs. Lambert gave Mike an imploring look before making a half-hearted attempt to lift off her toes.

"That's not a bounce!" Mike said. "Bend your knees and get your feet off the ground!"

Looking up at the ceiling, Mrs. Lambert managed a higher jump, and her restrained tits jiggled wonderfully.

"Not high enough!" said Mike. "Perhaps you need a little more incentive."

He dipped into his bag and came up with two small silver bells attached to sharp, serrated clips.

"Oh, don't, please!" Mrs. Lambert begged.

"The pain will be really quick, don't worry, then you won't feel a thing!"

But it wasn't quick. Mike deliberately took his time slowly closing the vicious metal clips around Mrs. Lambert's erect and highly sensitive nipples.

"Aah! Take them off!" Mrs. Lambert screamed.

"Not a chance," Mike chuckled. "Now really get those knees up, keep your arms by your sides, and bounce yourself around the classroom. If you don't put all your effort into it, I'll have you going around again until you do!"

Every phone in the classroom was raised as the red-faced Mrs. Lambert began to hop around the perimeter of the classroom. Pushed together by the torn teddy, her big breasts flew up and down in unison, squashed nipples sticking out like bullets, bells ringing and banging against Mrs. Lambert's face as she bounced as high and as far as she could manage. When she finally returned to the front of the class, she stopped, huffing and panting.

"Did I give you permission to stop?" Mike said. "Do another circuit—and faster and higher this time!"

It really was a ludicrous sight watching the undulating naked breasts of this formerly prim math teacher. By the time she got back to the front of the class again, she was totally out of breath and her mouth lolled open as drool trickled down her chin. Her eyes were wide, her normally immaculate hair was a sodden mess, and her body was shining with perspiration.

"Okay, that's got you warmed up for part two of the lesson," Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert looked at him quizzically—he deliberately hadn't mentioned part two in his email.

"I will be conducting this session," Mike announced to the class. "And Mrs. Lambert will be my assistant."

As she regained control of her breathing, Mrs. Lambert watched Mike anxiously as he continued his speech.

“In the first part of the sex education lesson, Mrs. Lambert kindly demonstrated how she loves to pleasure herself at home every day. But her sexual deviancy goes further than that, as we have already witnessed. We all know that Mrs. Lambert is a kleptomaniac, and today we have discovered that she is also a nymphomaniac,” Mike said. “But her sick mind runs deeper than that—because Mrs. Lambert, your former math teacher, is also a masochist.”

“What the hell is that?” said Bud Jeffers.

“It means she derives sexual pleasure from being physically hurt and humiliated—preferably in public.”

“You mean she’s been enjoying all this shit?”

“Just take a look at how wet her cunt is and how hard her nipples are.”

“So why does she look so miserable?” asked Brianna Rocha.

“Guilt and shame,” Mike said. “She hates herself for the pleasure her body feels, but she can’t control herself. Just like her kleptomania. She doesn’t have to be here in front of you today, but she gives herself no choice.”

“So really she can leave anytime she likes?”

“Absolutely,” Mike said. “Mrs. Lambert, would you like to go home now?”

Mrs. Lambert glared at him with such intense hatred that he thought for a moment that she might fly at him. But she seemed to regain control just in time and shook her head sheepishly.

Relieved that a potential flash point had passed, Mike said, “I don’t think anybody heard that. Say it out loud.”

Her breaths coming in short gasps, Mrs. Lambert said, “I-I am a masochist.”

“And—?”

“A-And I enjoy being humiliated in public.”

“Mrs. Lambert!” Kelly Cross giggled. “You’re into bondage! Your secrets keep getting darker and darker!”

“And what better way to begin a bondage session than with—”

Mike fished into his black bag.

“—handcuffs!”

The amusement in the classroom subtly shifted to an atmosphere of hushed curiosity—Mrs. Lambert was going to be cuffed!

“Turn around and bend over the desk with your arms behind your back,” Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert didn’t move, her eyes locked on the shiny cuffs dangling from Mike’s fingers.

“Come now,” Mike said. “It will only be a matter of time before the shopping mall security march you outside in cuffs anyways!”

His words seemed to hit home. It was as if she was finally beginning to accept that she deserved to be punished like this. She turned and bent forward, her breasts squashed against the desktop as Mike snapped the cuffs around her wrists, and a sticky glob dripped from her pussy onto the floor.

“It’s true!” Kelly squealed. “She likes it!”

Like a magician, Mike rummaged in his bag again and then produced an enormous lifelike dildo. Hearing the gasps of surprise behind her, Mrs. Lambert turned her face to the side to see what the fuss was about and when she saw it, a woeful moan escaped her lips.

“N-No more, please!” she whimpered.

“You know you want it,” Mike smiled. He slipped two fingers inside her cunt and then held them up to the class.

“She’s soaking!” he declared.

He wasn’t wrong, and it didn’t take a lot of maneuvering to work the giant rubber phallus inside her. With the amount of juice she was producing thanks to the unlicensed aphrodisiac, it was going to be difficult to keep the dildo in place, but Mike had prepared for that. He dipped into the back again and pulled out a tangle of plastic straps. Once he had shaken them out, he clipped one

around the base of the dildo and another around Mrs. Lambert's waist. He attached the other two straps tightly between them, ensuring that no matter how many times she climaxed, the dildo would remain firmly embedded deep inside her cunt.

Mrs. Lambert was already groaning and squirming on the table by now—and Mike hadn't even switched the dildo on!

## Chapter Twenty One

“Let’s see,” Kettle said. “Cuffs, nipple clips, anal beads, a giant dildo—what other toys would you like to play with?”

“T-That’s enough!” Caroline wheezed. “I can’t take anything else!”

“Its true your ass and cunt are nicely jammed, but you still have three more orifices we can play with.”

Into his bag he went again—and this time he had a red dog collar in his hand!

“Stand up and face the class—we’ll see if we can’t do something about improving your looks.”

Caroline wearily did as she was told. Her shame, humiliation and self-loathing were as intense as ever, but she simply didn’t have the strength to fight back. Barely able to hold back the tears, she submissively allowed Kettle to secure the dog collar around her neck, but by now, she figured he was far from finished with her new adornments.

Now he held up two lengths of string joined together at one end by a metal clip while the other two ends were attached to metal hooks. Kettle put the hooks inside Caroline’s nostrils and then pulled the string up over the crown of her head and down to the back of the dog collar where he secured it nice and tightly.

Her ex-students were already laughing and taking pictures by the time Kettle came back round to examine his handiwork—and he could see why!

“Mrs. Lambert! You look like a fat piggy!”

Caroline’s painfully stretched nostrils were all she needed to know what she must look like—her normally regal nose had been converted into a pig’s snout!

“One last hole,” Kettle said, dipping into his bag again. He held up a metal ring with two leather straps attached. Despite everything she had been through, Caroline still knew very little about bondage toys, but she was in no doubt about where this contraption was going to be placed.

“Open wide,” Kettle said like a friendly dentist.

Caroline knew she would have to obey but for some reason she kept her mouth firmly shut. Kettle tapped her on the lips and grinned.

“Easy way or hard way?”

Caroline snorted frantically through her enlarged nostrils.

“Alrighty,” Kettle said. “Ava, would you mind getting my cane from my bag?”

Ava jumped out of her seat with enthusiasm and came back with the bamboo cane.

“Last chance, Mrs. Lambert,” Kettle said.

Eyeing the cane in Ava’s hand, Caroline dearly wanted to open her mouth but her lips seemed to be paralyzed!

“Ava, whip Mrs. Lambert’s tits please,” Kettle said.

Ava didn’t need asking twice and landed two vicious blows in quick succession across Caroline’s naked breasts.

“Yah!”

Caroline’s breasts felt like they were on fire! And before she knew what was happening, Kettle had jammed the metal ring into her mouth and up against her teeth. The ring was apparently larger than it looked and within seconds, Caroline’s jaws started to ache.

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Mike regraded Mrs. Lambert for a moment—her mouth forced wide open, her nostrils stretched painful upward, serrated bell clips pinching her erect nipples, her hands cuffed behind her back, a painful string of anal beads stuffed up her rectum, and a huge dildo secured deep inside her cunt, ready to do its dirty work! And to top it all off, the addictive aphrodisiac seemed to be reaching its peak as the insides of her thighs were coated with a gooey fluid seeping from her cunt!



With her body so tightly restrained, the only way he could discern anything about her current mindset was the look in her damp, puffy eyes. Obviously, she was hugely embarrassed and uncomfortable, but there was a kind of resignation in them too, as if she had finally decided that they had all seen her at her despicable worst, and she had nothing left to lose. Or was there something else in there? Throughout her ordeal, Mike had been forcing her to admit her guilt and accept that she deserved her retribution—was she now beginning to feel the same way?

Mike said, “As you have now lost the ability to speak like a human being, you’ll have to answer my questions through sign language. Face the class, and make sure you look everybody in the eyes. There will be no hiding from your confession, Mrs. Lambert.”

Mrs. Lambert did as she was told. How many times over the past three years had she stood before these students dressed in her matronly clothes, maintaining a quiet and disciplined classroom? Now these youths were laughing and joking and filming her on their phones, and her proud reputation was in tatters!

“To answer no, you must keep your titties perfectly still. If you want to say yes, then just ring those bells. Understood?” Mike said.

With drool dripping down her chin, Mrs. Lambert nodded.

“No, that’s not how you say yes, is it?” Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert gently shook her tits from side to side, and the sound of the tinkling bells was drowned out by the raucous laughter in the classroom.

“Very good,” said Mike. “That wasn’t so difficult, was it?”

Clearly learning her lesson, Mrs. Lambert remained stock still.

“Okay then, let’s start,” Mike said, rubbing his hands together. “First question, have you been a thief all your life?”

Mrs. Lambert held her breath and stayed still.

“So it started in your teenage years?”

Feeling even more ridiculous than she thought possible, Mrs. Lambert wiggled her breasts.

“Why do you do it? Does it give you a thrill?”

Mrs. Lambert paused and then slightly bounced her breasts sending a barely audible tinkling sound around the classroom.

“Do you feel guilty about stealing?” Mike asked.

With her cheeks reddening and her eyes glistening with fresh tears, Mrs. Lambert gave her breasts another little bounce.

“I think you need to be more emphatic with your answers,” Mike said. “If you really do feel guilty, show it to the class! Throw your big jugs about!”

Mrs. Lambert breathed out through her gaping mouth and then bounced up on her toes so that her tits flew up and down and the bells rang much louder.

“Much better!” said Mike.

“Now about your other mental illness,” Mike said. “Your nymphomania.”

Mrs. Lambert blinked away a tear and caught his eye. They both knew she abhorred sex—or she had done until he had fed her that bottle of aphrodisiac.

“Do you own a vibrator?” Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert stayed still.

“I’m surprised,” Mike said. “So you use your fingers every time?”

Mrs. Lambert’s cheeks were a deep rosy color now. Of course she didn’t masturbate at home, but she had to give him the answer he wanted, so she rocked up and down giving the class another tinkling titty show.

“I find it interesting that with such a craving for orgasm, that you don’t have an active sex life with Mr. Lambert,” Mike said. “Aren’t you interested in cock at all?”

Sensing what was coming up, Mrs. Lambert tensed her body so that her breasts remained still.

“Haven’t you ever cheated on your husband?”

With terror growing in her eyes, Mrs. Lambert held her breath for fear of even the slightest wobble of her tits.

“Aren’t you even curious? What about blow jobs? Did you enjoy the one you gave me?”

Mrs. Lambert was a statue.

“Tell you what, there are four virile young men you could practice on,” Mike said.

“Not my Tony!” Kelly Cross said, gripping her boyfriend’s hand.

“Well, three then,” Mike said. “A nympho like you would be sure to get a taste for semen.

Jamal, Bud, Wilson? Are you up for it?”

All three youths nodded enthusiastically.

“So what do you say, Mrs. Lambert? Would you like to suck these boys off?”

Mrs. Lambert was keeping so still that she might as well have been frozen in ice. Unfortunately for her, this was never going to be a battle she would win. Mike pressed a button on a remote control in his pocket and the huge dildo inside Mrs. Lambert’s pussy whirred into life. With the powerful aphrodisiac working its wicked magic, Mrs. Lambert reflexively jerked her shoulders and twisted her torso and then her legs buckled and with a loud jingling of her nipple bells she sank moaning to her knees.

Mike looked down at her as a staggering orgasm pulsed through her trembling body.

“I think we’ll take that as a yes,” he said.

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As Caroline knelt in a sticky pool of her vaginal fluids, every last ounce of her resistance finally evaporated. They were right. She wasn’t just a compulsive thief, she was a sexual pervert too! How else could she explain the carnal ecstasy her body was feeling right now? But her mind wasn’t willing to join in the fun and her thoughts were filled with self-disgust.

“Who’d like to go first?” Mike said.

The four boys looked at each other.

“Come on, a free blow from Mrs. Lambert?” Mike said. “I would have thought you’d be fighting each other off!”

Caroline listened to this exchange with an almost dreamlike detachment. She was slowly coming down from her orgasm and very soon she would have a penis in her mouth—a penis that belonged to one of the students she had been teaching over the past three years! And when this ordeal was finally over, nothing could ever change what had happened to her—or what she herself had done. They would all remember this for the rest of their lives!

Finally, Jamal pushed back his chair and came to the front of the class. Caroline stayed on her knees, staring blankly at the sizable bulge in his pants. She wasn’t sure if Kettle expected her to do something, but with her hands cuffed behind her back, there was little she could do!

“There she is,” Kettle said. “The dignified Mrs. Lambert with her mouth wide open, just waiting for you to fill it in.”

“Come on dickwad!” said Bud Jeffers. “Or I’ll take first turn!”

Jamal quickly unbuckled his belt, unzipped himself, and dropped his pants. He was wearing red boxers much to the amusement of the girls, but their giggling ceased when he pulled them down to reveal his thick manhood!

Caroline turned her face away, but a pair of hands gripped her head and turned her back forward.

“Next time you look away, I’ll give your tits another whipping!” said Ava. “Now stick out your tongue!”

Caroline tentatively poked out her tongue but then instinctively withdrew it—there was a viscous, clear liquid seeping from the hole at the end of Jamal’s black penis!

Ava pushed Caroline’s face closer to Jamal’s cockhead. “Lick it! You know you want to!”

Nothing could have been further from the truth! And yet, something was pushing her to have just a little taste—and it wasn’t Ava’s hands!

*No! This is vile and disgusting! She'll have to make me do it! I will not do it myself!*  
And yet to her horror, Caroline realized that she had already stuck out her tongue again!  
*This is not me! It's that wicked liquid Kettle made me drink! It's taken over my body!*  
“Oh, look at her! She really wants to taste it!” Kelly Cross giggled.  
*Stop this! Show some self-control!*

But it was too late. The tip of Caroline's tongue made contact with Jamal's meatus and a delightful shiver ran down Caroline's spine. Mortified, Caroline pulled her tongue back bringing a string of precum with it! She felt that now familiar warmth in her lower belly and to her dismay, she knew she was on the verge of climaxing again!

Then Jamal edged closer, his bulbous cockhead touching Caroline's stretched lips. She tried to move back but Ava held her head firmly in place as Jamal's glans slid over her tongue and probed deep inside her mouth.

Caroline breathed heavily through her elongated nostrils as Jamal's erect cock filled her mouth and then touched the back of her throat.

“Ak!”

Jamal pulled out, his cock covered in Caroline's saliva as she gasped for air. But he was immediately back in again and Caroline gagged, her eyes watering. Jamal gave her some more air but pushed back in quicker this time. As he built up momentum, Caroline realized that he was going to come in her mouth and there was nothing she could do about it!

In her peripheral vision, she could see the blurry image of another erect penis, inches from her face. This one was white which meant it probably belonged to Bud Jeffers. She swiveled her eyes to the right and saw another black penis indicating that Wilson Chapman had now joined the party—she was surrounded!

Jamal pulled out, and Bud quickly inserted his smaller dick into Caroline's mouth. She was reduced to a gagging, gasping wreck as Bud slammed his shaft quickly in and out of her mouth. Then he moved aside and Wilson slapped Caroline across the cheek with his cock. It took some effort for him to push it through the mouth ring because his member was considerably thicker than the others.

So it went on, the three boys taking turns to fuck Caroline's mouth as she struggled for air. Then Ava said, “I don't think it's fair that the boys should do all the work! You're supposed to be sucking them off yourself!”

Caroline was now beyond caring. She just wanted it over with. As she felt Ava's fingers letting go of her hair, Caroline started moving her head back and forth. Wilson's fat cock was inside her now and she figured that the quicker she moved, the sooner he would come, so she increased her rhythm feeling the skin of his black cock moving over her tongue.

Then Wilson groaned and Caroline felt his hot, salty seed spurting into her mouth. He pulled out and ejected another line of semen onto her forehead. Unable to close her mouth, Wilson's seed must have been clear to see as it pooled under her tongue. A couple of photos were quickly taken and then Bud Jeffers had his pink dick inside her. Caroline got to work fast, she already had a mouthful of semen, so this would be no different. Bud didn't last as long as Wilson, but instead of ejaculating in her mouth, he withdrew and fired a white sticky salvo over Caroline's nose and chin.

Now it was Jamal's turn. She worked on him as rapidly as possible, and like Bud, when he was ready to come, he pulled out and shot his load over her cheeks and chin. Unfortunately for Caroline, she climaxed again at that precise moment, and her body convulsed with pleasure as the mixture of semen dribbled down her face.

While she jerked and groaned a sudden silence descended upon the group. Panting and coughing, Caroline wondered if they were preparing for a second round. As she slowly came to her senses, she blinked through the sticky jism in her eyes and found herself staring at a pair of shiny gray Santoni shoes. She recognized them immediately because she had bought them herself for Mr. Lambert's birthday last year.

She also recognized his voice as he yelled, “What the hell is going on here?”

With her orgasm still sending shock waves through her body, her over-made up face covered in sperm, her nose and mouth stretched obscenely open, and her hands cuffed behind her back, there was only one thought now spinning around in her head.

*It's over! My life is over!*

## Chapter Twenty Two

But as it turned out, her life wasn't over.

Mr. Lambert was not only the principal of Winston-Radcliffe High, but like his wife, a highly respected member of the community. The Lambert family went back several generations in this city and their reputation was untainted. There was even a public library named after them.

Mr. Lambert was also a well-connected member of the business community and was on first name terms with several local politicians. One of his closest friends and golfing partners just so happened to be the Police Chief.

On that particular Saturday, both the Lamberts and the Police Chief and his wife were among the guests of honor at a popular charity fair in the city park. Because they rarely spoke to each other more than was necessary, Mr. Lambert thought nothing of it when his wife left the house that morning dressed in a raincoat. It was cloudy outside and she no doubt had some purchases to make for the fair in the afternoon. He hadn't thought it necessary to remind her about the fair—it was even marked on the kitchen calendar—because she was always on top of such social matters. But when she hadn't returned after two hours, he began to get concerned. He called her number but her phone was switched off.

He went upstairs to dress, noticed that his wife hadn't laid out her dress in her room, and when her phone drew another blank, his concern turned to worry—they had never missed a public engagement since they had been married. He started calling friends, then around the hospitals and finally he called the Police Chief. After checking with his assistant, the Police Chief informed Mr. Lambert that Mrs. Lambert's whereabouts was unknown.

This was most unheard of! Mrs. Lambert never missed an occasion like this! The Police Chief kindly offered to drive Mr. Lambert around to check if Mrs. Lambert might have taken a fall that had not yet been reported. After an hour touring around, and with the charity fair soon to begin, Mr. Lambert could only think of one last place to check—her homeroom at Winston-Radcliffe High.

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Six recently graduated students of Winston-Radcliffe High—Tony Manning, Kelly Cross, Jamal Powell, Bud Jeffers, Ava Hammond, Briana Rocha, and Wilson Chapman—sat nervously along one side of a conference table on the top floor of the police headquarters. On the other side, were Mr. Lambert, the Police Chief and one of the most influential legal prosecutors in the district.

A neatly typed document sat in front of each of the teenagers along with a ballpoint pen. The documents had already been explained to them, but the lawyer wanted to make the message loud and clear before they signed.

“You understand that these confessions are legally binding and will be kept on file permanently. There will be no statute of limitations in this case.”

The six youths nodded.

“Of course, you have the right not to sign, in which case you may appoint a lawyer in your defense. However, you should be aware that we have copies of all the damning evidence against you and you will most certainly be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. I will push for the maximum jail time, but far worse than that, your futures will be ruined. If you decide to go to trial, the facts of this terrible crime of sexual and aggravated assault will be leaked to the press and will quickly spread across the internet. In that case, not only will you serve time, but your chances of a college education will be zero. No high-paid corporate jobs, no career paths, heck, a fast food chain would be unlikely to touch you. And then there are your families to think of. Basically, you have a simple choice—sign and you can get on with your lives. If you choose to be difficult, your collective futures will be over—of that I can assure you.”

The only one of the six who didn't seem intimidated was Ava, and she let out a derisive snort.

The lawyer fixed her with a stern stare.

“Having reviewed the disgusting footage, I would be pressing for the harshest of penalties for you as the ringleader, young lady.”

“But I wasn’t—”

“Quiet!” snapped the Chief. “The only reason we are giving you a chance to walk away from this unscathed is at the insistence of Mr. Lambert. As he is an upstanding member of this community, we are bending the rules, so to speak, in order to keep the fine reputation of the Lambert family intact. But mark my words. Should even so much as one photo video clip make it onto the internet, or should we hear word on the street that you have been talking about this, the deal is off. It doesn’t matter where it comes from or who did it—you will *all* go down. Do I make myself clear?”

The teenagers nodded miserably.

“Good,” said the lawyer. “Now pick up those pens and sign.”

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After Caroline spent two nights in an exclusive private clinic, she was sent home with a clean bill of health. The doctor and nurses in charge had been sworn to absolute secrecy about Caroline’s admittance and had been warned not to ask any questions regarding the bruises on her breasts and nipples, the contusions on her buttocks, and the inflammation of her anus. It was pretty easy to speculate how she had come by these unusual injuries, but it was none of their business. The medical staff were handsomely paid for their silence.

On returning home, Mr. Lambert had just one question for her—how did she manage to get herself into that sordid situation? Even though she protested vehemently, he believed she had been performing for her former pupils voluntarily. After copious tears and the most heated argument they had ever had, Caroline finally explained her kleptomania to her husband, and how Kettle had used it to blackmail her.

He was of course furious that she had kept her illness from him, but he immediately made arrangements for her to have the best therapy available in the state. He also informed his wife that the photographic evidence of her ordeal would never see the light of day, and as far as the authorities were concerned, it never happened.

As relieved as she was to hear this news, Caroline knew that Mr. Lambert hadn’t gone to all this trouble to save the reputation of his wife. His only priority was to protect his own social standing and the honor of the family name. Their marriage had gone stale many years ago and the only times they showed any affection toward each other was at public gatherings and whenever the children visited from college. It was all an act.

However, as the days since Caroline’s perverted detentions passed, the formal interactions between the two deteriorated rapidly. They ate their meals separately and at different times and only spoke when something of importance came up—such as the charity fair that Caroline missed.

On that fateful Saturday, Caroline’s psyche had been so scrambled that she had totally forgotten about it! Saturdays were detention days and they had come to dominate her thoughts and emotions so much that she could think of nothing else.

So Caroline’s formerly loveless marriage was now reduced to a charade in which she and her husband avoided each other as much as possible. In fact, on the rare occasions they crossed paths, she could clearly see the disgust in his eyes. He had seen her performing the most sordid of acts with a bunch of miscreant teenagers and she doubted if he would ever be able to shake the image from his head.

Had their marriage been a happy one before, Caroline might have died of a broken heart, but in the end all that had happened was that their frigid relationship had merely become considerably

colder. And when Mr. Lambert secured her another teaching position in a different school district, her home life wasn't that much worse than before. Now she had a job to keep her mind occupied, she still had her social circle of friends, and apart from a nagging anxiety that the photos and videos might somehow get leaked onto the internet, her life was returning to a semblance of normality—except for an extremely persistent sexual craving that simply refused to go away!

It had been imperceptible at first, and with everything else going on, she hadn't paid much attention to it. But at night alone in her bed, she would catch herself gently pinching her nipples, or worse, wake up with her hand between her legs!

Before her detention ordeal, Caroline would have described herself as asexual, but she couldn't accept that the horrors she endured in her homeroom had awakened a latent sexual desire in her. She was still indifferent to the thought of being with a man, and yet her body was increasingly demanding release as the days went by. As much as the idea disgusted her, masturbation seemed to be the only solution.

So with her bedroom door locked, she would work her fingers over her breasts and inside her vagina in an attempt to reach orgasm and get some sleep. Unfortunately, just as she was about to come, an image from the classroom would pop into her head and she would lose her passion and have to start all over again. After several failed attempts at reaching orgasm, she often broke down in tears of frustration.

But there was something else going on inside her. A niggling and burgeoning longing that was as powerful as her foiled carnal needs. She couldn't put her finger on it—both figuratively and physically speaking!—and by the end of the week her bothersome sexual urges had become most urgent!

And then, lying in her bed with her night dress around her waist and two fingers slipping in and out of her wet pussy, she finally figured it out. The mysterious liquid that had sent her into wild, uncontrollable climaxes. The aphrodisiac. That's why she couldn't come. She needed more or she would surely go mad! But where could she buy some? Who made it? The bottle had no label. She began to panic as she realized that the only person she could ask was the one man she had hoped never to see again—Mike Kettle.

## Chapter Twenty Three

Mike was idly gazing at the round ass of a pretty girl in the electronics department when he noticed a dark-haired woman cautiously approaching him. Since losing his teaching license, he had found work in the sporting goods section of a department store, but he spent most of his time checking out the female customers.

This hesitant woman didn't do much for him at first, all bundled up in a thick coat, a floppy hat on her head and large round sunglasses, but as she crept closer, his heart picked up a beat. This woman looked familiar—very familiar indeed!

When she was a few feet away, he recognized the mouth, the regal nose, and the light freckles on her cheeks. It was her alright! He didn't know whether to be afraid or excited!

"How did you find—?" Mike began.

"Shut up and listen. There is a small coffee shop in the alley across the street. Take a work break and meet me there. I'll be waiting."

Without another word, she turned on her heel and walked out of the store. Mike tried to make sense of what had just happened. She had sounded calm and in control, just as she used to be, but there had been an edge to her voice, as if she were taking a risk coming here. Mike glanced around but didn't see anyone that looked like they might be a plain clothes cop. Besides, he had signed the same confession as the teens, so as long as he kept his mouth shut, he wouldn't be arrested. Unless one of those idiots had opened her mouth—Ava Hammond, most likely.

But no, it wouldn't have played out like that. The cops would have come in and cuffed him, plain and simple. And then there was her disguise. She didn't want anybody to know she was meeting him. Was this a trap? Or was there another reason for her surprise visit?

Then Mike had a sudden inspiration as to what this was all about. My God, that aphrodisiac must have been powerful! Weeks later and she was still horny? And his illicit pharmaceutical supplier had warned him that the mixture was more addictive than heroin! He had also recommended a dosage of only two or three drops—Mike had made her drink the entire bottle! He wasn't the one in trouble—she was!

His pulse racing, Mike arranged for an early lunch break. As he walked toward the store entrance, he had great difficulty hiding the massive erection that was now pushing out the front of his pants!

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Mrs. Lambert was sitting in a corner booth in front of a cup of espresso. She was still wrapped up in her disguise even though the coffee shop was quite warm enough. Mike slid into the seat opposite and said, "So, Mrs. Lambert, how are you?"

"Don't use my name!" she hissed. "You are a despicable man and if I had my way, you would be rotting in jail right now!"

"But that would mean exposing your bizarre sexual perversions to the cyber world, and I am sure Mr. Lambert wouldn't want that. So, what can I do for you?"

Even though he couldn't see her eyes behind the sunglasses, Mike detected a hint of uneasiness in her face. She was trying to play the upper hand but now Mike was sure he knew why she was here—which meant he held all the cards.

"I'm here to propose a business transaction," Mrs. Lambert said haughtily.

She fished into her purse and took out an envelope which she placed on the table in front of her. Mike noticed that her fingers were trembling slightly.

"There is one thousand dollars in cash in there," she said. "For you."

"And what do you want in return?" Mike said.



“Information. During that last detent—sexual assault, you forced me to drink a bottle of an unidentified liquid. As we both know, the liquid had a very distressing effect on me,” Mrs. Lambert said, her cheeks turning pink.

“Really? You looked like you were really enjoying yourself!” Mike smirked.

“Do not mock me, Mr. Kettle! We both know that I hated every minute of that horrific nightmare!”

A couple of customers looked over in their direction and Mrs. Lambert lowered her voice again and took a deep breath, “I want some more—and I am willing to pay.”

“I thought you hated it,” Mike chuckled.

“I-I hate what it did to me but—it hasn’t stopped.”

*Wow! After several weeks, her body is still responding!*

“So why do you want more?”

Now Mrs. Lambert was beginning to sound agitated.

“B-Because—I can’t.”

“Can’t what?”

In barely a whisper, Mrs. Lambert flushed and said, “I can’t finish.”

Mike leaned back in his seat.

“So let me get this straight. You’re masturbating like a nympho every night, but you can’t reach a climax?”

Mrs. Lambert lowered her head and nodded.

“What makes you think more of the aphrodisiac will help?” Mike said, thoroughly enjoying himself now.

“There’s something else,” Mrs. Lambert sighed. “I-It’s like a craving and it’s getting worse every day. I don’t know what has happened to my body, but I can only think that the answer is that liquid.”

“Well, it certainly worked before!” Mike said. “So, you are feeling horny as fuck all day long, you are addicted to the aphrodisiac, and it’s gotten so bad that you were driven to go through the humiliation of finding me. Have you seen a sex specialist?”

“Out of the question.”

Mike regarded the envelope on the table.

“A thousand bucks, huh? How many bottles do you think that will get you?”

“As any as you can give me.”

Mike rubbed his chin. He could make a lot of money out of this stuck-up woman, but a delicious alternative had entered his mind.

“How about I give you the aphrodisiac for free?”

Mrs. Lambert frowned.

“Free? Why?”

“I feel bad that I have gotten you into this dirty little quandary.”

“I don’t believe that for a second,” Mrs. Lambert said. “What’s the catch?”

“Alright. You come visit me every Saturday and we have some fun together and you get your weekly fix. And the bonus is during the week you can flick your bean to your heart’s content knowing you will come over and over again! Everybody wins!”

“No way! I never wanted to see your disgusting face ever again! So if you think I’m going to have—relations with you every week, you can forget it!”

“That’s a pity,” Mike said checking his watch. “I have to get back to work now. It was nice having this little chat with you.”

As he went to stand, Mrs. Lambert suddenly reached out and grabbed his arm.

“Wait!”

Mike stopped, feeling a little throb in his dick.

“If I agree to this—arrangement, you promise you’ll give me the aphrodisiac?” Mrs. Lambert said.

“Absolutely. In fact, I will insist on you drinking it before each session—the sex will be mind-blowing!”

Mrs. Lambert took out her handkerchief and blew her nose and a tear trickled down from under her sunglasses.

“There’s no other way?” she sniffed.

Mike shook his head.

“I’ll pay more money! Two thousand! Five!”

“The money isn’t important to me,” Mike said. “It’s you I want. And if you agree to our deal, I’ll have you every Saturday while dear old Mr. Lambert is out playing golf.”

“You are a beast of a man!” Mrs. Lambert sobbed.

Mike wrote his phone number on a napkin and slid it toward her.

“Give it some thought. Today is Wednesday. That gives you three frantic sleepless nights trying to satisfy your raging body while you come to a decision.”

He grabbed his crotch and gave it a few tugs.

“Don’t worry,” he grinned. “Mr. Kettle will take you to the moon and back!”

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The next two days for Caroline were sheer hell. The effects of the aphrodisiac were getting worse! She was just about managing to carry out her teaching duties, but she was forced to bring several spare pairs of underwear to work because her vagina was perpetually soaked! On the Friday at recess, she had rushed to the washroom and locked herself in a cubicle in a futile attempt to relieve her unwanted desires.

Then there was the addictive aspect of the drug. Quite apart from her now desperate need for sexual release, she discovered that her body was craving other aspects of the liquid. Even though she had been humiliated and in pain in the classroom, she had felt an overall tingle of pleasure that she had never experienced before. Now it was gone, and in its place was a deep craving that was threatening her sanity! It wouldn’t be long before people began to notice her agitated behavior, not least Mr. Lambert, and then what? She needed her life back. She wanted to be the articulate, educated, composed woman that she used to be. And more than anything else, she needed to orgasm before she went out of her mind!

In disguise, she had made a few discreet inquiries at pharmacies, and Google had turned up nothing of use. This clearly illegal concoction wasn’t an approved drug—she didn’t even have a name for it—and she had no chance of solving this awful dilemma by herself before Saturday. And what if she didn’t call Kettle before then? He might tell her it was too late and the deal was off!

All she could think about was that little green bottle. Just one drink and all of this physical torment would go away. But the price made her feel sick to her stomach. She would have to be Kettle’s weekly sex partner! What would he make her do? The man was a total pervert, and she would have no choice but to comply with his filthy wishes.

With a sob of despair, Caroline took the napkin out of her purse, picked up her phone, and tapped in his number.

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Mike hadn’t had much time to purchase the supplies he wanted before Mrs. Lambert arrived for their appointed meeting. Online ordering might not arrive in time, so he had made a couple of visits to a local BDSM shop that catered to folk with bizarre sexual tendencies. He would make some

more orders over the coming weeks, because he knew that Mrs. Lambert would be making many more visits to his apartment over the next few months—maybe even years!

He had popped a tadalafil tablet earlier, and taken just two small droplets of the unnamed aphrodisiac. He didn't want to risk getting addicted, but why should Mrs. Lambert have all the fun?

With time ticking away, Mike was relieved when the BDSM store delivery arrived early, and he hurriedly tucked his new toys away in his bedroom closet. In time, Mrs. Lambert would become very familiar with these depraved items, but he wanted to surprise her with them one at a time—for now, the poor woman was under the impression she was just required to have regular sex with him!

They had agreed that she would arrive at eleven, which was Mr. Lambert's tee time. Mrs. Lambert had arranged an alibi with one of her friends just in case, but the fact was Mr. Lambert didn't care where his wife was right now. What little affection he had had for her before had been replaced by utter revulsion at what he had seen in her homeroom that day. Even though he knew that she had been blackmailed into it, he still held her responsible for keeping her kleptomania secret and thereby allowing herself to be drawn into that ugly situation. He was also confident that there would be no repeat of that vile performance. The perpetrators had all been terrorized into silence, and there was no way Mrs. Lambert would voluntarily get involved in anything of a sexual nature. She was frigid, and had been for years.

So while Mr. Lambert was driving off the first tee, Mike heard the downstairs buzzer at his apartment block.

“Hello?”

“It's me.”

“Right on time. Come on up.”

Mike pressed the security button and massaged his rigid cock. The tadalafil was already doing its work and he had a hard-on you could have knocked a wall down with!

## Chapter Twenty Four

Kettle's apartment was larger than Caroline had expected with a kitchenette as part of the living room, and two doors to the left which she presumed were the bathroom and bedroom. There wasn't much to the place—Kettle had been forced to move to the next town and he had received no severance pay of course. After her quick survey of the room, her eyes settled on the green bottle on the dining table and she swallowed hungrily.

"So how are you?" Kettle said. "Still having sexual problems?"

Caroline's eyes remained fixed on the green bottle, and she said, "I didn't come here for small talk."

"No, you came here for a right royal fucking, you dirty bitch, and I assure you that is what you will be getting!"

Caroline glared at him but didn't reply. The thought of voluntarily submitting to this ugly man filled her with shame, but the little green bottle served as a stark reminder that he was in charge. She had no choice—she simply had to have it.

"Can we just get this over with?" she said.

"What's your hurry? Once you've got that magical elixir zipping around your bloodstream you won't want to go home."

"Just give it to me!" Caroline snapped.

"If you're going to be snippy about it, we might as well call the whole thing off," Kettle said.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars right now if you just give me that bottle and let me go," Caroline said.

"Oh, yes. Very smart. Then you'll whisk it away to some fancy laboratory to have it analyzed and find out a cure for your smutty little predicament. No, my dear, you will consume it all right here and then we'll begin our fun and games."

Caroline fumed silently but she was at her wits end.

"Okay! Give me the bottle and I'll drink it in front of you."

"Still giving orders, huh?" Kettle said. "I'll wager you're so desperate for your fix that you'd do pretty much anything for it now."

Caroline's stomach fluttered. "What do you mean?"

"Well for starters, try saying please."

Caroline snorted angrily.

"Please give me the bottle."

Kettle frowned. "Nah, not convincing enough. I think you should beg me for it."

"Beg you—?"

"Naked, and on your knees."

"For God's sake man, are you insane?"

"Sick in the head maybe, but perfectly sane," Kettle said. "You're the one that's slowly going mad."

"I will not strip or beg for you!" Caroline snapped.

"Fair enough, then you may as well go home," Kettle shrugged.

He picked up the bottle and put it in his pocket.

"You can show yourself out," he said.

Caroline remained rooted to the spot. She was fuming but she absolutely had to drink that confounded liquid!

"Go on, get out, you stuck-up cunt!" Kettle said.

Caroline's anger was quickly morphing into panic. She couldn't spend another day in this state.

"A-Alright, I'll take off my clothes for you," she mumbled.

"Oh, how very accommodating of you," Kettle said. "You came to me, remember? So now you will politely ask me if you can show me your naked body."

*What? He doesn't just want to have sex with me! He wants to crush my very soul!*

"Well?" Kettle said.

Blushing furiously, Caroline looked down at her feet and said, "Please may I—"

"Look at me," Kettle said.

Caroline reluctantly raised her chin and looked him in the eyes.

"P-Please may I show you my naked body?"

"What a tramp!" Kettle sneered. "Go on then, if you must."

Caroline had dressed conservatively as she always did. She had visualized being led to Kettle's bedroom, given the aphrodisiac, and then as her body's desire took over, undressing and having sex with the horrible man. Her intention had been to leave as soon as he had finished, but she was afraid of the power of the sex potion. What if he wanted to keep doing it all afternoon? Would she even be able to stop herself?

But now she was learning that a straight sex session was the last thing on Kettle's mind. He wanted to toy with her, humiliate her, and make her feel guilty. Who knew what warped plans he had in his head?

Looking off to the side, she untied her coat and placed it on the couch. She was wearing a knee-length plaid skirt, peach blouse, gray tights, and sensible flat shoes. She hadn't come here to turn him on. Then she took off her hat and sunglasses and put them beside her coat.

"Frumpy as ever," Kettle chuckled. "Never mind, you'll be getting into the spirit of things very soon. "Now get naked so we can begin with the horseplay."

*Horseplay? What the heck is he talking about?*

There really was no point in stalling, and the longer she took the more it would look like a striptease, so she tried to pretend he wasn't watching her and quickly undressed, piling her underwear neatly on top of her outer clothes, and finally removing her black wig. Even though this man had already seen every inch of her nude body, she still couldn't stop herself from covering her breasts and crotch.

Kettle grinned and held up the bottle, and Caroline involuntarily gulped again.

"Oh yes, you really need this, don't you?" he laughed. "Okay, down on your knees with your hands behind your head."

"What?"

"You heard. Do you want this, or not?"

Her blush deepening, Caroline sank to her knees in front of him and then slowly put her hands behind her head. Kettle greedily ogled her breasts and said, "Spread your thighs."

With a desolate sigh, Caroline obeyed.

"Well, I see you haven't bothered shaving since our adventure in the classroom," Kettle said. "I might have to do something about that. Now, open your mouth and stick out your tongue."

This wasn't the first time he had made her put her tongue out, but she figured that if this was how she was to take her medicine, then so be it. Kettle paused, making her suffer a little longer, and then poured a couple of drops onto Caroline's tongue.

"Swallow, and then stick your tongue out again," he said.

Within seconds, Caroline's body began to tingle, and that vital warm glow filled her belly.

"Oh, look at you!" Kettle giggled. "Your nipples are growing before my very eyes!"

To her shame, Caroline looked down to see that her nipples were indeed stretching and bloating at a rapid rate! She could also feel the dampness gathering in her crotch—and this was after only two drops of the liquid!

"Say, ah!" Kettle grinned.

Caroline poked out her tongue again, her mind a conflicting whirl of urgent need and trepidation. She felt the sticky fluid drip onto her tongue and swallowed it hungrily. She felt the increasing effects immediately—the tension and frustration of the past few weeks were almost gone.

"Now, if you want the rest, you'll have to do it yourself," Kettle said.

Caroline reached for the bottle, but he lifted it out of her grasp.

"Uh-uh, not like that," he said.

With a sudden realization of dread, Caroline watched as he undid his pants and dropped them to his ankles. His boxers followed and she gazed in amazement and disgust at his rock-hard penis! Then he poured the remaining contents of the bottle into the palm of his hand and began to masturbate himself slowly, coating his jutting cock and dangling balls with the damnable liquid!

“If you want it, come and get it!” Kettle chuckled.

Caroline had had this revolting man’s thing in her mouth before of course, but that time she had been under extreme duress. This time he was inviting her to suck him if she wanted any more of the aphrodisiac. It would have to be her choice! She would have to willingly perform fellatio on the very man she despised most in the world!

Her pride, honor, dignity, outrage and humiliation all told her to resist—but her sexually supercharged body was not to be denied. She had to have more of the nectar, and she wanted it all! With a pathetic whimper, Caroline leaned forward and touched Kettle’s meatus with the tip of her tongue. Goose bumps covered her arms and legs and her nipples began to ache with desire. Before she even realized it, she had wrapped her lips around Kettle’s glans, thirstily sucking the liquid into her mouth.

Now her entire body was electrified. She could have reached that elusive orgasm with her finger in seconds if she wished, but the entire room had zoned out and the only thing that mattered was the aphrodisiac covering Kettle’s erect prick. She pushed forward, eagerly now, slurping and licking to get every last drop inside her, and when her nose was buried in his pubic bush, she gagged as his cockhead touched the back of her throat. On she went back and forth in an uncontrollable frenzy until she had consumed the entire contents of the bottle.

*There must be more!* she thought, and she lifted up his cock.

And there were his balls, all shiny and wet and she began to lick them, feeling the movement of his testicles with her tongue, and with a final effort to catch every last drop, she opened her mouth wide and took his entire scrotum into her mouth.

“Whoa lady!” Kettle said. “I think there’s a little more trapped underneath my cockhead.”

Indeed there was and Caroline flicked the tip of her tongue under the small bridge of skin, but as she was about to swallow, Kettle shot his first load straight down her esophagus! She had no choice but to swallow it before she coughed and retched. Such was her muddled state of sexual frenzy that instead of being revolted, she almost relished the taste of his cum!

When she had her breathing under control, Caroline said, “I-I’m sorry, I don’t know what came over me!”

Kettle gently squeezed her left nipple and her whole body shivered delightfully and a little feminine fluid squirted between her labia and onto the carpet.

“I do believe you are now ready for a little horseplay,” Kettle smiled.

He disappeared into his bedroom and returned with a mask—but this was no ordinary mask. In fact, Caroline wondered if the potion was giving her hallucinations!

*Horseplay! He really means it! He’s totally sick!*

It was a vinyl mask in the shape of a horse’s head, white with black patches, a long nose, pointed ears, and a muzzle with large nostrils and a wide grinning mouth. It was clearly not intended to look realistic—in fact it reminded Caroline of a pantomime horse.

“Come over here and let’s get this on you,” Kettle said.

Despite the flustered state of her body, Caroline managed to keep her distance.

“Y-You can’t seriously expect me to wear that ridiculous thing.”

“I do, and you will, if you want me to keep you supplied with your weekly fix.”

“I thought we were just going to have sex!” Caroline said.

“And so we shall—but fun and games first.”

“I won’t do it!” Caroline said, reaching for her bra. “I’m going to take a blood test and find out once and for all what you have done to me!”

“Do that at your peril,” said Kettle. “The test trail may lead back to some extremely nasty criminals I am acquainted with—this isn’t the only drug they deal in—and the hospital will be duty bound to inform the police, who will be very keen to know where you got it from.”

“From you, of course!” Caroline spat. “You’ll go down too!”

“Most likely,” Kettle said. “But you will have undone all of your husband’s hard work keeping this under wraps. Is that what you want?”

Caroline considered this and then weakly said, “Give it to me.”

“Uh-uh,” said Kettle. “I’m putting it on you. Now be a good girl and come over here.”

Her cheeks now bright crimson, Caroline inched closer to her tormentor.

“Face the wall mirror,” Kettle said, taking up position behind her.

Caroline closed her eyes as he lifted the mask and began to work it down over her head. It was a snug fit but the long nose wasn’t filled so she had plenty of air to breath. She felt Kettle tucking her hair inside and then a zipper closing down the back of her head.

“Open your eyes!” Kettle chuckled.

Caroline reluctantly obeyed and through the round eye holes she saw a comical cartoon horse grinning right back at her!

*Oh, what has he done to me? I’m never going to be the same again!*

“You look so fucking stupid!” Kettle roared with laughter. “I’ve got to get a picture of this!”

“You can’t! You’ll go to jail!”

“Nobody will know it’s you!” Kettle said. “Besides it’s for my own private collection.”

Kettle made Caroline stand in the middle of the room with her hands behind her back, naked expect for the absurd horse’s head. After snapping a few shots, he went back into his bedroom and came back with an item that could only have one use—a black rubber phallus with a white horse tail attached!

“Horses don’t stand on their two legs, do they?” Kettle said. “Down you go.”

Caroline hesitated and then dropped to her hands and knees. Kettle wandered around behind her and slipped two fingers into her dripping pussy.

“A bit of lube,” said.

Then she felt the tip of the phallus against her anus, and she groaned as Kettle pushed it all the way in.

“Wonderful!” he cried. Just a couple more pictures and we can begin our horseplay!”

## Chapter Twenty Five

Mike went back to his closet and pulled out the reins and bit he had purchased from the BDSM store. The bit was made of rubber and wouldn't hurt her physically, but it was the demeaning effect on her pride that mattered more—he'd turned her into a farmyard animal! There was one more item needed, of course, and armed with a leather riding crop, he was ready to go riding!

"Brace yourself, Mrs. Lambert," Mike said. "You're going to take me for a ride around the living room."

"Wha—?"

But before she could finish her protest, Mike slipped the bit between her teeth and pulled back on the reins.

"Ank!" Mrs. Lambert said.

"Ready?" Mike said straddling Mrs. Lambert's bare back.

"Oof!" Mrs. Lambert said as Mike lowered himself onto her.

"Off we go then, around the living room," Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert didn't move. Maybe she couldn't with his weight on her. So Mike decided to give her a little incentive.

*Crack!*

He whipped the crop hard across Mrs. Lambert's right buttock and she shrieked in pain.

"You want another slap?" Mike said. "Giddyap old girl!"

Somehow Mrs. Lambert found the strength to move her hands and knees forward. It was slow going, so Mike lifted his ass off her back and walked with her—but not before he landed another stinging blow on her left cheek, and to Mike's amusement, she actually made a whinnying sound around the bit between her teeth!

"Oh, you're really getting into this!" he laughed.

With much effort, they made a full circuit of the room. Mike then got off her and removed the reins and bit.

"Okay I want you to keep going around while I film you."

Mrs. Lambert's horse head looked up at him and he burst into another fit of giggles.

"Get up on your toes and part your thighs," Mike said. "I want some good pictures of your wet cunt. And wiggle your fat ass, I want to see that ponytail waving around!"

There were no arguments this time as Mrs. Lambert lifted her ass in the air and began crawling around the room. Mike snapped merrily away, aware of the shameful tears in her eyes as she struggled around and around with her big breasts swinging to and fro and her ass wiggling from side to side. Amazingly, she made four circuits before she collapsed exhausted on the carpet.

"Did I say stop?" Mike said.

"I-I can't do any more!" Mrs. Lambert wheezed.

"If you do three more rounds, I'll take you into the bedroom and make you come. Would you like that, you dirty mare?"

Mrs. Lambert snorted through her muzzle and nodded her head.

"Off you go then," Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert wearily rose onto her hands and toes and slowly crawled around the room. Mike could hear her heavy breathing through the mask and knew that she had reached her limit.

"Crawl into the bedroom and get on the bed," he said. "And stay on all fours."

Still wearing the ludicrous grinning horse head, Mrs. Lambert stayed up on her toes giving Mike a glorious photo opportunity to capture her red striped ass and wet cunt. He put his phone down and stripped off his clothes as he watched Mrs. Lambert clamber up onto the bed. He stroked his cock a few times and was impressed with how hard it was—the combination of tadalafil and the mystery aphrodisiac was working wonders—he would remain rigid for hours!

His cock pointing the way, he picked up the crop and strode into the bedroom and squeezed Mrs. Lambert's buttocks.

"Would you like me to remove your horse tail?" he said.



“Y-Yes” Mrs. Lambert sniffled.

“Then ask nicely.”

It seemed that Mrs. Lambert was not only physically drained, but emotionally too, because she meekly replied, “Please will you take out my horse tail?”

Mike chuckled at her submissive response. He grabbed the tail and slowly withdrew the rubber phallus from her rectum. Her anus was still dilated, and it was a matter of course that Mike should swiftly push his cockhead into her stretched orifice.

“Oh!”

Mrs. Lambert’s head came up off the pillow, as Mike eased his rock-hard dick into her asshole. He took it slowly, withdrawing almost completely before pressing forward again—and then the most unexpected thing happened. Mrs. Lambert suddenly thrust her hips backward so that her buttocks were pressed up against Mike’s thighs! She began to wriggle and writhe but kept pushing back against Mike’s groin, and then she let out a most bestial growl, arched her back and scrunched up the sheets with her fingers!

Mike heard the cascade of fluid as she came, and her orgasm seemed to last forever. Finally, she collapsed forward, her face buried in a pillow, and her whole body trembling.

“Wow! You must have needed that!” Mike said. “Want another one?”

Mrs. Lambert could only manage a gurgling sound as Mike pulled his dick out of her ass and immediately pushed it into her accommodating cunt. This time there was plenty of movement as Mike pumped her vigorously, and to his delight, Mrs. Lambert responded by matching his rhythm!

She lifted herself onto her elbows and Mike stared at the back of her horse mask in amazement as she cried out and her whole body shook again!

He slipped out of her and turned her onto her back. Her horse head was grinning merrily, but her eyes were damp and puffy. Clearly this was nothing more than physical release, and the more she got into it, the more self-disgust she had to be feeling. This was no longer a coerced sexual assault—she had lost control of her body and all she wanted to do was fuck the man she hated.

Mike unzipped the horse mask and pulled it off her head. Her face was bright red and soaked with tears. Mike lifted her legs up and said, “Hold onto your ankles.”

Mrs. Lambert immediately complied, and then gasped as Mike pushed into her again. He leaned forward so that his face was inches above hers and said, “Kiss me.”

Despite her rebellious body, Mrs. Lambert said, “No!”

“Come on, you haven’t had a decent kiss in years. What do you get from Mr. Lambert? A peck on the cheek on your birthday?”

“I-I’ll never kiss you!” Mrs. Lambert sniveled.

Mike could see her point. All this sweaty gymnastics was one thing, but a proper kiss was a suggestion of love and affection. He was attacking Mrs. Lambert’s last bastion of defense.

“If you don’t kiss me, this will be our last sex session together. You might be feeling sated now, but remember how you felt last week? And I mean it. You do exactly as I say, or your life will become a living hell. Don’t test me on this.”

A shadow of doubt passed over Mrs. Lambert’s face as she absorbed this information.

“Just one kiss?”

“No, as many kisses as I want, whenever I want. And you’d better do it right. I want tongue and passion.”

More tears trickled out of the corners of Mrs. Lambert’s reddened eyes. Mike was indeed about to take away the last remaining particle of her self-respect—almost. There was one more thing he wanted.

“But first, tell me you love me,” he said.

“W-What?”

“And say it like you mean it.”

“I-I can’t say that! I’m a married woman!”

Mike began to slowly pump into her soaking wet cunt, and her eyes rolled back in her head.

“Say it!” Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert whimpered as she felt another mind blowing orgasm approaching.

“Say it!”

Mike increased his tempo and he felt Mrs. Lambert’s cunt muscles tightening around his rod.

Mrs. Lambert opened her mouth, but only to let out a groan of desire.

Mike stopped pumping, and withdrew.

“D-Don’t stop now!” Mrs. Lambert whined.

She tried to put her fingers between her legs, but Mike slapped them away.

“If you don’t say it, you can get dressed and leave and you’ll never see me again!” Mike said.

“P-Put it back in!” Mrs. Lambert cried.

“I’m waiting,” Mike said.

Mrs. Lambert let out a loud sob and said, “I-I love you!”

“What’s my name?”

“I love you, Mike Kettle!” Mrs. Lambert said, almost choking on the words.

“Do you want to fuck me again?”

“Y-Yes!”

“Do you want to fuck me every week?”

“Yes! Please put it in!”

“Why do you want to fuck me every week?”

“B-Because of the bottle of—no, because I love you, Mike Kettle!”

*I’ll allow her that misstep. In a few months’ time, she’ll be so addicted to my cock that she will have forgotten how this all started!*

Mike slipped easily inside her and said, “Open your mouth and give me a nice, long French kiss.”

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Resisting the urge to retch, Caroline poked out her tongue until it touched Kettle’s.

*Ugh!*

They exchanged saliva for a while, then Kettle closed his lips around Caroline’s tongue and then proceeded to suck on it. Caroline closed her eyes, and mercifully Kettle didn’t tell her to open them.

*The sick maniac probably thinks I am enjoying this!*

Unfortunately for Caroline, despite her total revulsion, her body *was* responding pleurably to the wet and awkward kiss, thanks to the unnamed narcotic controlling her physical responses. Kettle began to slowly fuck her again, and her euphoria built fast.

*No! Not another one! I’ve had enough now!*

As her climax rapidly approached, in a brief moment of clarity, Caroline realized that she was actually tongue wrestling with a despicable little ex-gym teacher who had his hard cock inside her without any protection and any moment now he was going to ejaculate! And she had asked him to do it!

Caroline’s tears of shame and self-loathing became a flood now as she locked her ankles around Kettle’s waist and gripped him tightly around the neck. As she felt him spurting into her, she lifted her hips and moaned into his mouth as fireworks exploded through her entire body.

They lay together for a few moments, panting and sweating, and then Caroline heard her phone buzzing in her bag in the living room. Kettle slowly raised himself up and pulled out of her.

“Mr. Lambert?” he said.

“It will only be a text,” Caroline said tearfully. “He doesn’t speak to me much anymore. He’s just keeping tabs.”

“And will you tell him you’ve been cheating on him?”

“I told him I am visiting a friend. She will cover for me if necessary.”

Caroline looked at her watch. "His golf game will soon be done. I should be getting back."

"Of course," Kettle said. "But first I want you to answer a couple of questions."

*What now?*

"Do you love me?" Kettle said.

"Yes."

"Then tell me."

"I-I love you Mr. Kettle."

*I hate you!*

"And do you enjoy fucking me?"

*No! Only my body does!*

"Yes, Mr. Kettle, I enjoy fucking you."

"And do you enjoy our little sex games?"

*Enjoy them? You are a sick pervert!*

"Yes, Mr. Kettle. I love our sex games."

"And now the big question," Kettle said. "Will you be coming back for more? Every Saturday while silly Mr. Lambert is playing golf?"

This time Caroline didn't reply. Kettle climbed off the bed and wrapped himself in a towel.

"Ah yes, clever Mrs. Caroline Lambert is still going to try to figure a way out of this trap. And well she might. But just remember as your sexual frustration rises to excruciating levels this week, I am the only person who can satisfy you. And don't expect me to call you. If you want to spend your Saturday afternoons with me acting like a street whore, you will have to ask nicely. If I don't hear from you, it's no skin off my nose. You'll be the one shoving vibrators up your cunt and crying tears of disappointment when you can't come."

Caroline lifted her knees up to her chest and wiped her runny nose with the back of her hand.

"I need to answer that text," she sniffed.

"Go ahead. I'm done with you for today."

She walked naked into the living room and texted her husband when she would be home. She would cook his dinner and he would eat it alone and then she would eat hers alone. She would sleep well tonight and tomorrow, but by Tuesday the pangs would start again. By Friday, if she hadn't found a solution, she would be so crazed with sexual frustration that she would have no choice but to call Kettle. But what if he didn't pick up? What if she lost contact with him completely?

She walked back into bedroom. Kettle was lying on the bed playing with his phone.

"Want to use my shower?"

"No, thank you," Caroline said.

She hovered by the door and Kettle looked up at her.

"Well go on then. You can fuck off now."

Caroline shuffled her feet.

"I—"

"Yes?"

"Can I see you next Saturday?"

Kettle put his phone to one side.

"Hmm. I'll have to check my diary."

"But you said—!"

"I'm kidding! Saturday. Same time. I'll buy some more toys for you to play with. Introduce you to the pleasures of BDSM. I might give you an enema. Have you doing jumping jacks with a big, bloated belly. Wouldn't that be a sight? Now before you leave, I've just thought of one more thing for you to do."

He pulled off the towel and Caroline looked at his hard, twitching cock in dismay. Aware that her husband was due home within the hour, she silently climbed between Kettle's legs and began sucking on his engorged cockhead.

THE END