

The One Who Knows

Until *it* happened, it'd been an ordinary day. Suzie, dressed up in her cute uniform, had walked to school smiling. A lovely, warm morning. First lesson had been fine – Maths was easy, just putting numbers together. Then came Science – her favourite subject. Be it Physics or Biology or Chemistry, she loved them all.

The day was great, amazing even. Right up until English.

Her least favourite subject.

The English teacher, Miss Taylor, was fine enough. Nice and pleasant, sure. Professional in all aspects of her job. Every aspect, that was, except how she dressed.

Why did 'sexy' women feel the need to flaunt themselves, anyway?

Suzie was pretty. Boys told her as much. She wore glasses and didn't wear make-up, dressed properly and didn't try to show off her budding assets. Sure, she may have been on the smaller side bust-wise. But still, she didn't draw attention to herself.

Miss Taylor, on the other hand...

Today, the busty woman had chosen to wear black business attire. An imitation of professionalism. The black blazer was tight around her waist, designed to accentuate her hourglass figure. The top few buttons of her blouse were undone, exposing enough cleavage that most guys would think it was 'classy'. But it wasn't. She was just showing off her stupidly huge tits in a way that wasn't *blatant*. And the black skirt she was wearing. It reached her knees, barely. Hugged tight to her legs and round ass. If Miss Taylor so much as bent over, she'd almost expose her underwear to the entire class.

And she did bend over. A lot.

Leaning over student's desks, letting them have an eye-full of pale cleavage. Or 'accidentally' dropping something and moving to pick it up.

Her face was undeniably beautiful. Light amounts of make-up, hair tied back in a bun, neat black glasses.

She probably didn't even need the glasses. Probably, she could see just fine. She just *liked* looking like a 'sexy teacher'. Liked getting the boys riled up about her appearance.

Why did good-looking women do that? Show off like that?

It made everything so much harder for all the other women and girls around, having to compete with *that*.

The class was fine, for the most part, right up until the half-way point. Half an hour into the lesson, everything was proceeding as normal.

Then, out of nowhere, the school intercom activated.

One loud beep, followed by an unusual – yet somehow familiar – melody. Ringing and beeping and humming, echoing throughout the school's classrooms and hallways.

Suzie could swear she'd heard that tune before somewhere. Try as she might, though, she couldn't put her finger on *where* she'd heard it.

Her attempts at trying to remember were cut short as she looked up at Miss Taylor.

The teacher's face was blank, eyes empty. She stood frozen, mouth open – mid-way through speaking. Unmoving as the beeping and buzzing and ringing continued. The melody reverberating through the classroom.

Glancing around, Suzie's eyes widened.

Everyone else in the class was similarly frozen. Unmoving. Their eyes hollow and their faces containing not even the barest hint of emotion.

Then the sound on the intercom stopped.

Everyone unfroze, shifting in their seats and blinking.

Life returned to their eyes, boredom and disinterest returned to their faces.

"Textbooks away," Miss Taylor said, walking over to her desk. "You won't need them for the remainder of the lesson. We're going to be learning something practical today."

Suzie raised her eyebrows at that. Practical English lessons?

Quickly, she put her books away and waited. All of the other students rushed to do the same, eager – for whatever reason – to discover what 'practical' English lesson Miss Taylor had in store.

"I'm going to need a volunteer," Miss Taylor said, reaching into a desk drawer and pulling out a bulky cloth bag. "Anyone?"

Almost by instinct, Suzie's hand shot up.

She might not like English very much, but she *always* took part and did what she could to learn. She wouldn't be getting into the best colleges unless she made every effort, did her absolute best.

"Ah," Miss Taylor smiled. "Suzie. Come on up, stand next to me."

Suzie obeyed instantly, rose from her desk and walked to the front of the classroom. Miss Taylor reached into her cloth bag, grasped an object inside it.

"Today, class," she said, pulling the purple object out of the bag. "We're going to learn all about dominance and submission. For this example, I will be the dominant and Suzie here will be my submissive."

Suzie barely heard her teacher's words. Her mouth dropped open at what Miss Taylor was holding.

Why did her teacher have a dildo in her hand?

Something clicked in her head, the words Miss Taylor had just spoken registered for the first time.

Dominance? Submission?

What?

"It is common in dom-sub relationships to have special names for your partner. The dominant will usually have an empowering title – master, mistress, and so on. The submissive will often have a degrading or demeaning name – slut, whore, cocksocket, toilet, etcetera. For the remainder of this lesson, Suzie here will be my stupid little fleshlight. Isn't that right, slut?"

Suzie blinked.

This wasn't real. It couldn't be. She'd hit her head and-

The sound of the sharp slap echoed throughout the classroom. Loud and harsh, and followed by a pained gasp. Suzie flinched, jumped. Stinging warmth spreading over her butt-cheek.

Miss Taylor had just hit her!

"I don't-"

Another heavy spank cut Suzie's words off short. Tears began to form at the corners of her eyes. The spot her teacher had slapped burned.

"A mistress should never have to repeat herself," Miss Taylor scolded loudly. "If my toy is too *stupid* to answer the question, I'll have to train that out of her, won't I class?"

Several of Suzie's classmates chuckled and giggled, oblivious or uncaring that she was on the verge of tears.

What was happening?

Why was it happening?

Miss Taylor stood, walked behind Suzie. Heart thumping loudly in her chest, Suzie closed her eyes – fought back the tears. Her body trembled, heat radiating out from her now-sore asscheek.

When one of her teacher's hands found itself on Suzie's breast, the girl's eyes shot open.

She stood frozen, disbelieving.

This couldn't be happening. It wasn't possible.

She wanted to run, to shout or scream, call for help. But her body wouldn't obey her. Pain shot through her when Miss Taylor squeezed, clutched her small breast far

too-tightly.

The teacher began fondling her. Right there, in front of the entire class. Groping and assaulting a student in full-view of over two dozen other students. And not one of those students did anything about it - protested or moved to stop her. They sat there smiling, laughing to themselves, enjoying the show.

What was *happening*?

Suzie was jolted out of her paralysis when Miss Taylor's fingers moved, began undoing the buttons of Suzie's blouse. She spun on her heels, backed away from her teacher.

Miss Taylor's face shifted, cocky smile morphing into stern disapproval. A terrible glint entered her eyes.

Before Suzie could back up more than a few steps, the teacher lashed out – lunged forward with her palm outstretched. The slap struck Suzie's face hard, knocked her onto her backside. Her face flared with pain and heat, shock rippling through her.

Miss Taylor had just hit her.

Her teacher had just slapped her face.

Even as the thought was registering, a new pain laced through Suzie's body. Her scalp screamed as Miss Taylor grabbed a fist-full of Suzie's hair, pulled her up by it.

Suzie stumbled to her feet, wide eyed.

"Sluts and fucktoys," Miss Taylor said loudly, addressing the entire class, "do not reject their Mistress. Ever. If your submissive tries to push you away, or flee from you, it is your job as their owner to correct that bad behaviour."

Using Suzie's hair as leverage, Miss Taylor yanked her back to the teacher's desk – shoved her onto it chest-first. The teacher pushed her hand firmly into Suzie's back, pinning her student's chest to the bulky desk. Too stunned to even attempt resisting, Suzie remained motionless as Miss Taylor's spare hand reached for the cloth bag on the desk, rummaged inside it.

A moment later, Miss Taylor pulled free a small, wooden paddle.

Suzie trembled. Tried to push away from her teacher's grasp to no avail. Her body wouldn't move, refused to put up any resistance. Worse, it betrayed Suzie completely – moved by itself and shifted position to give Miss Taylor the best angle possible.

Slowly, Miss Taylor moved the paddle out of Suzie's sight. And, a moment later, she felt her school skirt being tugged upwards towards her waist and lower back.

Laughter rang out behind her. Her classmates howling at Suzie's exposed, pink panties.

Heat flushed Suzie's face. Embarrassment and humiliation.

The wooden paddled pressed gently against her bottom, a soft ache radiating outwards from the hand-print Miss Taylor had already left on one cheek.

"Please," Suzie whimpered, body trembling. "Please don't."

The paddle moved, Miss Taylor raising it high.

Then the sound of air swishing, the paddle moving hard and fast through the air.

It collided with Suzie, the loud *clap* of wood-on-skin echoing throughout the classroom; followed immediately by Suzie's howling screech. Which, itself, was cut off by another swish and strike of the paddle.

Why was this happening?

Why her?

The intercom. That was the only explanation. It'd done something to everyone in the classroom. Maybe everyone in the school. Everyone but Suzie.

The tune had felt so familiar.

"Bark for me, little pet."

Miss Taylor's voice was soft, soothing. Yet still commanding.

Suzie yipped. Barked like a small dog would.

Again, the class laughed at her.

Miss Taylor smiled.

"Suzie here has always been a teacher's pet, hasn't she? An annoying little know-it-all. Well, now she's the *class* pet. And Suzie is no name for a bitch, is it?"

"No!" The class answered together.

"So we'll all have to choose a fitting name for our new class pet, won't we? Does anyone have any suggestions?"

"Cuntflaps!" One boy shouted.

"Bimbo!" Another hollered.

"Spot!" One of the girls suggested, pointing to the large freckle just above Suzie's right nipple.

Suzie shut her eyes tight, tried to ignore all the words being shouted. The mean, cruel things her classmates and teacher were saying. She did her best to ignore their eyes staring at her, and the sore, aching welts on her ass. She tried to pretend that she didn't have a dog's collar on, that her teacher hadn't pushed a butt-plug into her asshole with a fake tail attached to it.

This was all just a bad dream. A nightmare she'd wake up from at some point and forget all about.

Most of all, she did her best to ignore the wetness between her legs. Her body's ultimate betrayal. She ignored the fluid leaking onto the classroom floor, and the arousal she felt tingling under her skin.

Her thoughts were cut off by the intercom's loud ringing.

A tune began to play, familiar like the first, but noticeably different. Suzie's eyes shot open, stared at her now silent and frozen classmates. Smiles trapped in place, some mouths open in wordless shouts.

Behind her, zombie-like, Miss Taylor walked over to the bag of goodies on her desk, pulled out a small rag. She walked over to Suzie, oblivious to the girl's flinch, and began swiping away the lady-juice puddle Suzie had left on the floor.

The teacher's face was blank, emotionless.

And, almost as if she instinctively knew what to do, Suzie rose to her feet, pulled the butt-plug from her abused ass and set it on the teacher's desk, along with the collar. Quickly, she put her clothes back on, went to her desk and sat down, watching Miss Taylor.

The teacher slid the cum-soaked rag back into the cloth bag, along with the paddle and dildo and butt-plug and collar. Then slid open a desk drawer and placed the cloth bag nearly inside.

She sat down at her desk, froze just like everyone else in the classroom save Suzie.

A few moments later. The intercom stopped playing its odd, familiar music.

And the school bell rang.

Everyone unfroze at once.

"That's all for today, class," Miss Taylor smiled. "No homework. Tomorrow, we'll be looking at-"

The sound of movement drowned out the rest of the teacher's words. Suzie's classmates getting up from their desks, leaving the classroom. Suzie watched, open-mouthed.

They didn't know. Had no idea what'd just happened.

She could see it in their eyes.

Finally, it clicked.

The intercom. The tunes it played.

Somehow, she knew. She remembered.

They was the same tunes that always played.

Every single day.