

# A Passing Grade

by John Dylena

[Wyrnwood Publishing and Editing](#)

Copyright © 2014 by John Dylena

All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

## Disclaimer:

This story contains adult material and was not suitable for readers under the age of 18. It also contains strong language and sexual situations. Most are of erotic nature and contain graphic and detailed descriptions of sex and/or masturbation.

If you, the reader, are of legal age (18+) and are fine with the previously mentioned themed story, then continue.

Enjoy.

## J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

“What do you mean I’m going to fail?! I... I have to pass this class if I want to graduate!” Tyler paced frantically in the front of the classroom. He rubbed his face with his hands as he tried to figure a way out of this hole. A senior in college, he was almost done with his very last semester of school. His college degree in Economics was so close he could taste it.

He had it all planned out and had worked his butt off in all his classes so that he could coast through the last semester. But even the best laid plans often go astray, and one of his classes this semester had completely caught him off guard.

Everything else was going smoothly; the other classes he was taking were easy A’s. Needing one more core class, he thought it would be fun to take a psychology class about sex. Not only that, but he’d heard that the teacher was pretty hot. A class about sex with a hot teacher? Who could resist that?

That hot teacher, Ms. Abby Kilia, turned out to be rather difficult. The reviews for her all said the same thing: “hot, but strict,” and Tyler knew that going in. He figured the reviewers were exaggerating, but the workload for that class made up for the rest of the ones he was taking, and while the material was interesting, it was ultimately Ms. Kilia that kept him coming back to class.

Smart, cunning, and cold, Ms. Kilia showed no mercy. With a class that talked about sex and the psychology behind it, things could get out of hand fast, especially if the students were all horny coeds and immature frat boys who still laughed at dick jokes. Fortunately, Tyler was neither.

Two weeks into the semester, half of the class had dropped out. All that remained were the psych majors and other students like Tyler who needed the class to graduate. Unfortunately, the few women left either already had boyfriends, or were too unattractive for him, which left him with little to daydream about during lectures.

Ms. Kilia was the only hot one left. Her outfits were almost always skirt suits of different colors and styles, and she always wore high heels. When it wasn’t a suit, it was a dress; rarely did she wear pants.

She had black hair and dark eyes that glimmered behind short, rectangular glasses. When lecturing to the class, she often held the frames in her hands and she’d occasionally bite down on the curl.

Tyler never really had student-teacher fantasies. Most of the time, his sexual dreams were about slutty sorority girls, or the quiet nerdy girls with a secret wild side. It wasn’t until he stepped into Ms. Kilia’s classroom on the first day of the semester that he found himself fantasizing about visiting her during her office hours for some “one on one” time.

He figured that the combination of a body like hers—incredibly sexy for a woman who was probably forty—plus all the knowledge she had about sex would make her a very competent and skilled lover. Not to mention that she wore no wedding ring, which meant she was fair game.

Throughout the semester, Tyler tried to get to know her better, hoping to get on her nice list and score a date, and hopefully some amazing sex, too. But as the weeks went by, he found that just wanted to pass the damn class, which at the moment, wasn’t looking all that good.

Crumpled up in his hand was his graded essay, marked up with plenty of red ink and the terrifying letter “D” circled at the top. Tyler’s heart had sank when she’d handed it back to him in class earlier. But he wasn’t the only one; several others scored pretty low, but for every D and F, there was also an A and B. There were a couple other seniors in the class alongside Tyler, but

he was the only one that was on the verge of failing.

Ms. Kilia watched him as he paced back and forth. She sat on her old school wooden desk, her legs crossed and her hands resting on the edge. She leaned forward and patiently waited for him to calm down, occasionally checking her nails or adjusting her seated position. “I’m sorry, Tyler, but there is nothing I can do. Study hard for the final.”

He stopped pacing and set his essay on the desk behind him. “I have to get above a 95% if I even want to *pass* this class.”

“Like I said, Tyler, study and you’ll do fine.” She looked at him from behind her shiny black frames. Her voice was calm and collected; professional and apathetic. He would find no solace from her.

“Ms. Kilia, is there some way I can make this up?” he whimpered. “I’ll do *anything*.”

She hesitated. Normally, she’d reply right away with a cold, hard *no*. Tyler was not the first to come begging for extra credit or leniency, and he wouldn’t be the last, either. But she was feeling strangely accommodating today, and Tyler was different from the rest of her students.

Everyone else just came and went without a single hello or goodbye. It was just business with her students. But Tyler was so much more capable than they were, and she knew that he wasn’t trying hard enough. He needed motivation; a push. She thought about it for a second more, but ultimately, she shook the thought away.

She knew that he was attracted to her, and that complicated things. He wasn’t the first. In the years she’d been teaching there, she’d had male—and female—students straight up ask her out. Abby always reminded them that she was their teacher, and if they brought it up again, she would report the student.

Tyler was different. She would notice him staring at her, his eyes not on her chest or face, but on other parts of her body. At times, she’d catch him staring at her heels and legs. He was shy and timid in her class, never raising his hand to answer a question. He’d only say something if he was called on.

“Sorry, Tyler, but it wouldn’t be fair to offer extra credit to you and not to the rest of the class. But like I said, you can still pass. You just have to study.” Ms. Kilia slid down from the desk and stood in front of him. With her high heels on, she was just a tiny bit taller than him.

Tyler hung his head. His shoulders slumped. “Okay, I’ll try.”

“Don’t just *try* to work harder,” Ms. Kilia said. “*Actually* work harder. I know you have it in you.”

Tyler said nothing as he slowly walked out of her classroom, dragging his feet. Ms. Kilia watched him go.

*If Tyler really wants to pass this class, he’ll have to study **extra** hard*, she thought, her lips curling into an evil grin as she packed away her notes. His offer to do *anything* in order to pass remained on her mind, and the following week, she decided to take him up on it.

“Tyler, would you mind hanging around for just a few minutes?”

Tyler remained by his desk while the rest of the class shuffled out of the door. It was the Friday before a long holiday weekend, and about half of the class had decided to skip in order to get an early start. He was one of the few that remained. Even though there was nothing he could do to save his grade, he figured it would still be a good idea to stay on Ms. Kilia’s good side.

She stood behind her desk and waited until they were alone. Even after the last student left, she remained quiet for another minute or two.

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

“Did you need me for something?” he asked, looking around suspiciously.

“Last week, you asked me if there was something you can do to help with your grade. Well, there is something, but it will require some effort on your part.”

Tyler’s face lit up and he smiled from ear to ear. For all he knew, she could be offering him the best sex of his life, but that didn’t matter. At that moment, all that he cared about was not failing, and he hadn’t been looking forward to spending hours every day studying.

“Come to my office tomorrow morning at seven-a.m. sharp,” she told him, narrowing her eyes. “Tardiness will only harm your chances.”

The smile and the glow on Tyler’s face vanished, and she added: “You don’t have to come if you don’t want to, but you’re the first person I’ve ever offered this chance.”

“No, no,” he said quickly. “I’m sorry, Ms. Kilia. I’ll be there. I promise.”

“Seven-a.m. sharp!” she reminded him.

“Understood.” He smiled a fake smile as he grabbed his backpack and walked out the door.

“Don’t fail me, Tyler,” she said to herself once she was sure he was gone.

*This place is creepy when it’s empty,* Tyler thought, yawning as he stood on the top floor of the school. He looked down at the lobby below him. The building was long and rectangular with a wide, open middle. Plants grew out of pots on the bottom floor, and the early morning, sun beamed in through the skylights that covered the rooftop.

In the four years he’d been attending this university, he’d been in this building many times. Even on the weekends, there’d usually be people here, but on this extended weekend, it was entirely empty.

The quiet was unnerving. He expected to see a security guard patrolling, or even a janitor, but there was nobody except him.

The sunlight gave way to blinding fluorescent lights as Tyler left the atrium and entered one of the hallways. Most of the classrooms had doors that opened to the atrium, but all the offices had to be accessed from one of the passageways.

He walked down the long, narrow hallway that ran parallel to the atrium until he arrived at the psychology department. All the offices were cluttered together, their doors facing a large, open room with couches, tables, and desks.

The only office with a light on was Ms. Kilia’s. Clenching his backpack, Tyler walked up to her door and raised his fist to knock on the wood, but Ms. Kilia opened the door before he even had the chance.

“You’re late,” she said. Tyler looked away from her to the large clock mounted on the wall, then at the watch that he wore. The clock on the wall said it was a few minutes past seven, while his watch said it was seven-a.m. exactly.

“Guess my watch is slow.” He forced a laugh, hoping to lighten the mood. Ms. Kilia stared at him, unamused.

“Come with me,” she said, walking past him. He opened his mouth to speak, but his attention turned to the small suitcase that wheeled behind her. “Hurry up!” she called over her shoulder, sensing his hesitation.

“Yes, ma’am!”

He followed her down the labyrinthine hallways until they arrived at a small, secluded classroom located deep within the bowels of the building. *I could probably find a doorway to*

*Narnia in this place*, he thought as he watched her unlock the door.

The classroom was small and square with five rows of six desks. At the far end was a rectangular wooden desk, and in the corner, there was a desktop computer hooked up to the room's projector. The whiteboard on the wall was pristine and Tyler noticed a thin layer of dust on the smooth desk surfaces.

Ms. Kilia said nothing as she walked down one of the aisles with her suitcase in tow. The walk from her office to this classroom was short, maybe a couple of minutes, and the entire time, he'd wondered what was in her suitcase. Normally she carried a large designer bag where she kept her laptop, book, and notes, among other things.

When he left her classroom the previous day, his mind went over all the possibilities of what was in store for him. He figured it was going to be a private study session, but lingering in the back of his mind was the belief, and the hope, that the tutoring would get rather... *intimate*.

He thought there might be some validity to this possibility when he arrived at her office earlier. She'd greeted him wearing a long black coat pulled tight across her body. Other than the coat, she wore dark stockings and black patent stiletto heels. She moved so gracefully in them it was like she was defying gravity.

Ms. Kilia left her suitcase by the desk at the far end of the room. Then she walked up to Tyler and sat on the desk in front of him.

"You said last week that you'd do *anything* for the chance to raise your grade, correct?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Are you still willing to do *anything*?"

Tyler hesitated, his words stuck in his throat.

"Tyler?" Ms. Kilia prompted him. "This is your last chance."

*Last chance for what?* he wondered, though he answered anyway.

"...yes, I am."

"Good." She climbed down from the desk and walked to the door. He watched her poke her head out and look around. His eyes went wide when he saw her close and lock the door. *Oh god, what did I get myself into?*

She winked at him as she walked past and to the metal computer desk in the corner. After searching through a couple of the drawers, she pulled the cap off of the dry erase marker, inspected the tip, and then walked up to the whiteboard.

Tyler's jaw hung slack as he watched her write the word "detention" in big capital letters on the whiteboard. He nearly died when she turned toward him after writing the word and removed her thick coat. His mouth dried up and he stared at her.

Ms. Abby Kilia stood behind the desk wearing a tight white blouse, gray miniskirt, black stockings, and high heels. Tyler could see the tops of her stockings and the garters that held them up. Her white blouse had the top buttons removed and her cleavage was in full view.

Tyler found himself in a real life student-teacher themed porno.

He remained seated in the desk, as standing up would've revealed the massive boner in his jeans. His dick pressed hard against the fabric of his pants and threatened to burst through the denim. It throbbed when she spoke.

"Tyler, you've been a bad girl, and you need to be punished."

He was so entranced by her beauty that he only caught on to the last part of what she said. Tyler fidgeted in his desk as she sashayed toward him. Ms. Kilia played with the buttons on her blouse as she stood next to him. She bent down and placed her hands on his desk as she

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

inched closer and closer to his face, her lips puckered and moist.

He lifted his head toward her as he slowly lined up to kiss her. Tyler closed his eyes as she moved within inches of his face, only her lips never touched his. He opened his eyes to see her lingering, taunting him with her beautiful red lips. His heart pounded in his chest and he whimpered quietly as she moved away from him back to the large desk at the front of the classroom.

She picked up the suitcase and set it on the desk. He heard the zipper open and he watched her remove the contents. Tyler went pale when he saw what she brought with her to “detention.” He saw a pink plaid miniskirt, a white button down blouse, white lace panties and a matching bra, a pair of shiny, pink patent Mary Jane high heels, white stockings, a brunette wig, and a makeup kit.

He sunk lower in his desk as she continued removing items. There was a strap-on, double-ended dildo with harness, an inflatable butt plug, a pink leather collar, a riding crop, and finally, a clear plastic chastity cage.

The raging boner he had seconds ago vanished. He looked back at the door and considered making a break for it.

“If you leave now, I’ll fail you,” she said, catching his furtive glance. “But if you stay and play along, you might just get an A.” Ms. Kilia walked around to the front of the desk and sat up on it. She crossed her legs and looked down at him. “You told me you’d do *anything*.”

“I... I...” Tyler’s heart raced and beads of sweat formed on his brow. He bit his index finger as he went back and forth in his mind. She said nothing, only smirking as she waited patiently for him to decide.

*Either I fail and don’t get to graduate, thus losing the amazing job waiting for me, or I endure a couple of hours of sexual humiliation and I get an A.*

Over the long winter break, a family friend told Tyler that there would be a job waiting for him once he graduated. All he needed was degree, and he would have a solid career right out of college.

*Not many get that opportunity...*

He hung his head low and grumbled a reply.

“Louder.”

“I... I’ll do it.”

It took all his willpower to say the words, and once they left his mouth, he wanted to grab them and stuff them back in. She got off the desk and walked up to him, holding the pick collar in her hands.

“From now on, until I unlock that door and set you free, you belong to me. You’ll address me only as ‘Mistress.’ Failure to do so will earn punishment. Do you understand, Tiffany?”

He grimaced at name. It was bad enough that she was going to dress him like a slutty schoolgirl, but did she have to give him such a girly name? “Yes, Mistress.”

“Good girl,” she replied. “Now stand up and take off all your clothes.”

Tyler gulped as he did as he was told to do. He obediently took off his shirt, jeans, shoes, and socks and set them on the desk.

“Those too,” Ms. Kilia said, pointing to his boxers.

His face turned red as he slid the solid-colored boxers down past his ass, to his knees, and finally to his ankles. The cold air of the classroom touched his naked body and he felt

goosebumps on his arms and legs.

Ms. Kilia stuffed his clothes into a black trash bag and set it down by the door alongside his backpack. When she returned, she picked up the pink collar that she'd left on the desk next to him and wrapped it around his neck.

The collar was tight, and a shiny gold heart shaped tag dangled from the front of it. Etched into the metallic surface in a cursive font was the name "Tiffany." Ms. Kilia grabbed his hand and led him to the desk where all the items were laid out for him.

"Sit on the desk and spread your legs."

"Yes, Mistress."

He climbed up onto the desk and opened his legs, exposing his flaccid cock. The desk was cold and prickled his bare ass. Tyler said nothing as he watched her play with his dick for a moment before locking it away in the clear chastity cage. He grunted as she slid it over his shaft. It was tight, but not too tight.

"So thin, and with barely any body hair! I lucked out," she said with a devilish smile.

"Now, put these on, Tiffany."

Ms. Kilia handed him the white lace panties and he hesitantly took them from her. He held the dainty garment in his hands, his fingers stroking the soft, sheer fabric that would soon cover his groin.

Tyler paused, and he was rewarded with the sharp sting of her riding crop. Almost fumbling the panties, he froze when she placed the rubber tip of the crop under his chin.

"Pick up the pace, Tiffany. I don't have all day."

"Yes, Mistress," he whimpered.

Tyler looked down at his feet as he stepped into the panties. He pulled them up past his knees until they were snug on his groin. His dick pulsed, and the fear of getting turned on by this grew in his mind.

The panties were light and delicate; he could barely feel them on him. There was a decorative floral pattern in the design, and the bra that she handed him had a matching pattern.

He slipped his hands into the straps and Ms. Kilia tucked her crop under her arm as she walked behind him to fasten the clips. The cups of the bra deflated against his flat chest, but that was quickly remedied with the insertion of some balled up socks that filled the B-cup bra.

Unlike the panties, it was hard to ignore the bra, and he felt the warmth in his body gather at his groin as Ms. Kilia led him to the large wooden desk and gestured for him to sit up on it. Tyler watched her roll up the snow-white stockings into a donut and slowly slide them up past his feet. The thin, stretchy material caressed his legs like a second skin.

He bit his lip as he watched her put the stockings on him. With each item added, he grew more and more aroused.

When she finished with the stockings, Ms. Kilia handed him the tiny pleated skirt. Tyler stepped into it and pulled it up to his waist, then buttoned the two round, flat buttons on the side. The pleats jutted out, and the tops of his stockings were clearly visible. This outfit was obviously designed for either a stripper, or as part of a sexy Halloween "costume."

After the skirt came the blouse. The thin white top had sleeves that went just past his elbow and had large cuffs that were folded over. He started to button the blouse, but she slapped his hands away from the silver buttons.

"Unbutton the top two, leave the last one buttoned, and tie the bottom."

*This is ridiculous*, he thought, but only said: "Yes, Mistress."

## J. Dylana - A Passing Grade

He unbuttoned the top, and thanks to the stuffed bra, his blouse opened wide. The bottom half was tied in a knot, showing off his bare belly. She sat him back down on the desk and slipped the five-inch heels onto his feet.

The bright pink shoes reflected the white lights of the classroom, and thanks to the stockings, they slid onto his feet effortlessly. Ms. Kilia buckled the tiny strap and helped him back onto his feet.

“Walk up and down the aisle, one foot in front of the other.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

He turned and walked away from her. His movements were slow, and he extended his arms out to his sides as he tried to maintain his balance. Walking became a chore, and he tried his best not to fall.

“Move your hips, slut! Show off that ass of yours.” Ms. Kilia walked parallel down the row next to him, her eyes focused on him. She barked orders at him like a drill instructor. “Arms at your sides, hands flat, fingers pointing outward!”

Tyler lost track of how many times she made him walk up and down the column of desks. With each pass, he felt his movements get smoother and walking in the heels became easier. His hips swayed back and forth and he pulled his shoulders back, forcing his chest—and imaginary breasts—outward.

“Looking good, slut! Now, sit down at the front middle desk. Time for your makeup.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said as he scurried to the desk.

“Cross your legs!” she said, hitting the top of the desk with her crop. Tyler crossed his legs in the feminine fashion and watched as she placed her portable makeup kit on the desk and bent down in front of him. He said nothing as she transformed his face.

Much like the hair on his body, Tyler had very little on his face. He could go a year without shaving, and at the end of the twelve months, there would be nothing but stubble. The hair on his head was short and thick, but his eyebrows were thin in comparison.

She applied plenty of makeup to his face, hiding any blemishes and imperfections with foundation and concealer. Then she moved to his eyes and used a dark, earthy color for eye shadow. Mascara followed, and she finished with bright pink lipstick—a color that matched his shoes and skirt—and topped it off with a shiny coat of gloss.

“Perfect lips for sucking cock, don’t you think, Tiffany?”

“Yes, Mistress,” he whimpered. Tyler dreaded having to walk, talk, and act like this. But there was nothing he could do. Ms. Kilia was tenured and very good friends with the dean. Not only that, but who would even believe his story? If he went around telling people that she dressed him like a slutty schoolgirl, it would only make matters worse.

“Pucker those lips for me,” she said. Tyler mimicked her and she smiled. “Perfect. Almost done.”

Ms. Kilia dug around her suitcase and came back with a handful of costume jewelry. She clipped gold hoop earrings to his ears and glued a piercing to his belly button. In addition to the temporary piercings were a couple of dangly bracelets and a rhinestone anklet.

She had him bend over the desk, and he felt the cold, wet application of a temporary tattoo. The tramp stamp that she gave him was nothing more than the word “slut” with a tribal pattern. Ms. Kilia was going all out for this. He half expected her to produce a futuristic voice changer.

The final addition to his transformation was the layered brunette wig. It was styled, and

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

once she put it on his head, the makeover was complete. Ms. Kilia handed him a small hand mirror and he took in his new appearance.

"Like it, Tiffany?"

"I... I can't believe that this is me, Mistress. I look so—"

"Girly? I know. It's as if it was meant to be." She swiped the mirror from him and put it back in the suitcase along with the makeup. "Now the fun begins. From now on, you must talk like the slutty schoolgirl that you are, understand?"

"Yes, Mistr—" He jumped when he felt the sharp sting of her crop. *I forgot she had that.* "Yes, Mistress," he said again in his best female voice.

"Good girl. Now, sit back down."

Tyler returned to his desk and faced her. He crossed his legs and waited patiently.

"Tiffany, you are here in detention why?"

"Because I've been bad."

She slapped her crop on his desk.

"Because, Mistress, I've been, like, a bad girl," he said again, trying to talk like a bimbo schoolgirl.

"Yes you have, Tiffany. And now you need to get punished. Stand up and bend over."

"Yes, Mistress." Tyler placed his hands on the desk and his back to her. He could hear her walking around behind him, but he couldn't see what she was doing. She lifted up his skirt and exposed his panty-clad ass.

"Bad girls get spanked," she whispered softly into his ear and he yelped when her hand made contact with his rear. The sting lingered for a moment, but before it could fade, she smacked his ass again. "Tell me you've been a bad girl."

"I've been a bad girl, Mistress."

She slapped his ass. "Again."

"I've been a bad girl, Mistress."

Another smack. "If you want to get an A, you have to play along."

Tyler swallowed. "I've been, like, a bad girl, Mistress. I need to be punished."

Ms. Kilia pulled down his panties and rubbed his now red cheeks. "Still not convinced," she said, slapping him once more.

"Please punish me," Tyler cried. "I've been a naughty girl!"

He waited for another slap, but it didn't come. Instead, he felt the cold application of lube around his asshole.

*Oh shit.*

He remembered seeing the inflatable butt plug as one of the items she pulled out of her suitcase. Looking over his shoulder at her, he saw Ms. Kilia grin as she held up the black toy. He looked away and prepared for the inevitable insertion.

Tyler gritted his teeth and groaned as Ms. Kilia slid the rubber plug into his tight asshole. She didn't slide it in all at once; instead, she pulled it out and pushed it in deeper; two steps forward, one step back. It was tight and awkward, but the foreign object managed to inch its way into his rectum until his sphincter swallowed the last bit. The flared tip kept it in his ass.

She pulled his panties back over his still red cheeks, the hose for the pump hanging out through one of the leg holes.

With a playful slap and a rub, she ordered him to straighten back up. Tyler did so unwillingly, forcing his back into an odd curve. The toy in his ass rubbed his insides with every

little movement he made.

“Now, Tiffany, I want you to go up to the whiteboard and write: ‘My name is Tiffany, and I’m a naughty girl.’ Use any color marker you like.”

“Yes, Mistress.” He took a step forward and grimaced, the plug was right up against his prostate, making his dick throb inside its plastic cage. *God damn it, why is this turning me on?!*

Tyler’s gait was stiff. His body moved like he was incredibly sore. His trek was only made worse by Ms. Kilia’s riding crop. It repeatedly struck his ass as she urged him to move faster.

“What’s the matter, slut? Never had a dick in your ass before?” Tyler said nothing as he grabbed the marker and walked up to the whiteboard.

“Legs together, ass out!” Ms. Kilia commanded. She sat on the desk and watched him like a hawk as he wrote the first sentence on the top left corner of the whiteboard. She reminded him of her presence with the occasional whipping.

“You call that handwriting? Erase and start again. You write like a man. Dot your I’s with hearts and throw some curves in there!”

“Yes, Mistress,” Tyler said, wiping away the sentence with the black Styrofoam eraser. He cursed her under his breath and cringed as he wrote each sentence and dotted the I’s with little hearts. The process got easier with time, but an unfortunate side effect was that he was repeating it over and over in his head as he wrote it.

*My name is Tiffany, and I’m a naughty girl.*

He bent his knees and squatted in order to write the last couple of sentences for the first row, only his action earned him a couple strikes.

“Bend at the waist, not the knees. Stick that ass out.”

Tyler stood back up and bent over. He felt the toy in his ass swell up and he looked back at Ms. Kilia. She had the football-shaped pump in her hand and a cruel smirk on her face as she squeezed it again. The plug expanded and stretched the lining of his rectum. He said nothing as he returned to his sentences.

*My name is Tiffany, and I’m a naughty girl.*

Only a third of the board was filled with the sentences. He sighed as he straightened back up and moved further down the whiteboard. Tyler lifted the marker up and started with the second row, and removed ‘detention’ when it got in his way.

Halfway through the second column, Tyler could no longer stand still. He squirmed as he wrote the words, his stocking-clad legs rubbing together and he gripped the hem of his micro-skirt with his free hand. Biting his lip didn’t help to dull the arousal that was building up inside of him. His dick throbbed more and more often as the toy rubbed his insides, and Ms. Kilia inflating it only exacerbated the situation.

He covered his mouth as he moaned, and a dollop of cum oozed out of his imprisoned dick into the lacy panties.

Ms. Kilia snickered behind him. “Is my little slut getting all wet between the knees? Are you getting off on this, Tiffany?”

Tyler said nothing as he tried to recover from the sexual ordeal. No release came from the ejaculation; no relief from the erotic tension that was building up inside of him. He returned to writing the sentences and hoped that this would be the end of it.

He was wrong.

When Tyler finally covered the entirety of the whiteboard with his girly handwriting, he

realized that his punishment was only just beginning. He set the marker down on the tray triumphantly and turned toward Ms. Kilia. The movement was so quick that his skirt flared up and exposed his panties. Anyone with eyes quick enough would've noticed the wet patch on the front.

She smiled and quickly glanced at the writing on the wall. "Very good, Tiffany. Looks like you've earned a reward."

Tyler's smile grew wider as he watched Ms. Kilia remove her gray skirt. She unzipped it, and he realized that she wasn't wearing any panties.

The smile on his face vanished when she turned around and grabbed the double-ended strap-on. Fear and arousal fought for dominance inside his mind as he watched her step into the harness and insert one of the ends into her pussy. She moaned as it slid into her, and Tyler's heart raced in his chest. Ms. Kilia exhaled and adjusted the straps.

"I don't know, Tiffany—would a slutty girl like you consider this a reward, or a punishment?" While waiting for his reply, she playfully stroked it. "Well? On your knees, slut."

Tyler once again hesitated. It took three whips from her crop to get him moving.

He whimpered as he got down on his knees and came face-to-face with Ms. Kilia's dildo. It was a silicone replica similar to the phallus that he had locked away between his legs, and much like the one he had, the dick pointed at him had a bulbous head, veins, and a pair of heavy balls that hung from the base.

Ms. Kilia pushed her hips forward, bringing the tip of the dick to Tyler's hot pink lips. She moved it around his mouth and slid it on his cheek, teasing him. After slapping his face with it a couple times, she pressed it against his lips once more and pushed forward.

"Take it, you cock sucking slut! You want that A?"

*I do want the grade... Just get this over with, Tyler.*

He closed his eyes and opened his mouth. The rubbery phallus slid in and he wrapped his lips around it. She pushed it in deeper, then pulled it out. The dildo left his mouth with a *pop* and he took a couple deep breaths.

"Use your tongue. Show me how much you want that A."

Tyler sighed and went to work on the dick in front of him. He leaned forward and stuck his tongue out, cradling the head of the dildo with his slippery appendage as he licked the tip and moved down the base to the shaft. He stroked it with his left hand as he sucked on the fake testicles that hung below it.

Ms. Kilia moaned as the other end of the dildo writhed around inside her pussy. Every bit of movement sent jolts throughout her body, and watching Tyler suck on the dildo heightened the pleasure.

He took the cock in his mouth once more and bobbed up and down on it, sliding it deeper and deeper. In no time, he was taking in the entirety of the pole, the slurps and the sucking noise filling both his and Ms. Kilia's ears.

She gripped the desk with both hands as the Tyler picked up the pace. The faster he moved on the shaft, the quicker Ms. Kilia approached orgasm. Tyler's own dick throbbed in its cage and he ignored the spurt of cum that leaked out into panties. He needed to get this over with as quickly as he could, and if it meant throwing his inhibitions to the wind, then so be it.

Her moans grew louder and louder until she jerked her hips forward and orgasmed. Tyler watched her knees buckle and he removed the dick from his mouth. He looked up at her and waited for her to tell him that he was free.

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

Unfortunately, she wasn't done with him yet.

Ms. Kilia's body was flushed and her breathing heavy, but she was an experienced woman and she wasn't quite ready to throw in the towel.

"That was wonderful, Tiffany. I wonder how many men you've satisfied?" Tyler said nothing, his face turned bright red. "Up on your feet. Hands on the desk."

She stepped away from the desk and watched Tyler climb to his feet. He placed his hands on the flat surface and stuck his butt out instinctively. He looked over his shoulder and watched her smile as she lifted up his skirt and pulled down his panties. She rubbed his ass, and seconds later, he felt immeasurable relief as the butt plug inside of him deflated.

He grunted as she pulled the plug out and set it aside, but his ass wouldn't be empty for long. Tyler felt the tip of the dick press against his asshole and he knew what was next. Closing his eyes, he gritted his teeth.

Nothing could prepare him for what came next.

Ms. Kilia gently slid the head of the dick into his ass, then thrust forward all the way to the hilt. Tyler cried out as he rocked forward. His right arm gave out and he fell onto his elbow.

She pulled the dick out slowly, then thrust in again. If it weren't for the inflatable plug that had stretched out his insides, he would've been in agony.

Ms. Kilia moaned as she thrust her hips backward and forward, the dildo inside of her moving her toward a second orgasm. Tyler's grunts turned to moans as she fucked him relentlessly, her pace constant.

His hips and legs hit the desk with each thrust, and the antique piece of furniture moved slightly. Tyler grabbed the edges of the desk, his knuckles white from the force of the grip. He was bent over at a right angle and his face rested on the smooth wooden surface.

"Scream for me, Tiffany!" she demanded, slapping his ass.

"Ohhhh!" Tyler cried out, his voice high and feminine.

"Oh god, you're such a whore! Come on, beg!"

"Please... please fuck me, Mistress." He let go of the desk and lifted his chest off of it with his elbows. His jaw hung slack and his tongue flopped around his pretty pink lips.

"Louder, slut!" She slapped him again.

"Fuck me, Mistress! I'm such a slut!" Tyler could feel the orgasm building up inside of him. His dick fought to be free from the cage, but the plastic held firm. He swelled up inside of it, longing for release.

Ms. Kilia pulled out of his ass and turned him around. Tyler's body moved on its own and he climbed up onto the desk. She lifted his legs into the air and he fell onto his back. Only a couple seconds passed before her dick was once again pounding his ass.

Tyler moaned loudly as she fucked him relentlessly. The desk rocked like a boat until she cried out once more. His own climax was delayed from the constricting chastity cage, but the front of his panties was completely soaked. He breathed heavily as Ms. Kilia's thrusts grew weaker and slower until she stopped all together.

Both parties were exhausted and breathing heavily, but there was one more thing left.

"Up on your feet."

Tyler slowly climbed off of the desk and stood by her. He didn't even smile when she produced the little key to his cage.

"I see you enjoyed yourself," she said noticing his soaking wet panties.

She pulled aside the soiled undergarments and unlocked the cage. Tyler's dick sprung to

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

life, hardening instantly.

“Kneel.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he said, obeying her command.

“I’m sure you would like to finally cum.”

“I would, Mistress.”

“Well, I will allow it, but only if you cum on my heels and lick it up.”

She leaned against the desk and slid her foot toward him. Her black patent heels reflected the white lights of the classroom. He wanted so badly to cum—to release the potent arousal that had been building up inside— but he would have to lick it off of her shoe.

*Ah, fuck it. I’ve already gone this far. Who the hell cares anymore?*

Tyler lifted up the front of his skirt and grabbed his dick. He eagerly stroked it, and it wasn’t long before he was about ready to blow. Ms. Kilia moved her foot right up to him and he aimed his cock at her. Seconds later, white-hot cum erupted from his tip and blanketed her stocking and heel. He jerked forward, the milky-white fluid jetting out of him in bursts until at long last, his balls were empty and the soothing post-orgasm chemicals flooded his brain.

It was the best orgasm he had ever had. But it was not over yet.

Knowing what he had to do, he bent down and licked his cum from her heel. The salty, sticky treat wasn’t as bad as he thought it would be, and after several good licks, her foot was clean.

“Good girl, Tiffany,” Ms. Kilia said as she removed the double-ended dildo from her vagina. Tyler watched her lick her own fluids off of the dildo as she removed the harness. He waited patiently for her to remove the clothes he had on.

She hummed to herself as she put her belongings into the suitcase and zipped it closed. Tyler stood there confused as she put her skirt back on and walked away from the desk toward the door, wheeling her suitcase behind her. Tyler was still in the outfit she made him wear. His eyes went wide when she grabbed the black trash bag that contained his clothes and unlocked the door.

“Wait! Ms. Kilia!”

“Don’t worry, Tyler. You’ve earned that A.”

“But—”

“See ya next week!” She smiled as she walked out the door, leaving him with nothing but his backpack and the slutty costume he still wore. He looked back at the whiteboard and the text scribbled all over it. *My name is Tiffany, and I’m a naughty girl.*

“Son of a bitch!”

J. Dylena - A Passing Grade

## STILL WANT MORE?

Check out these other works by John Dylena:

### *Raethiana*

When a man survives the sensual ritual meant to sate a succubus' supernatural appetite, she decides not only to stay the night, but to move in as his new roommate and introduce him to her world; a realm full of demons, magic, and a discovery that will change his life forever.

### *The Succubus' Sub*

Brett comes back to his apartment one night to find a succubus waiting for him. Myserra, as she calls herself, has an offer for him.

She promises an end to his solitude on one condition: he becomes her sub.

Follow Brett as Myserra takes him on an adventure where he will explore the depths of his own sexuality as she introduces him to a wide array of kinks and fetishes. She'll bind him in latex, dress him up in lingerie, change him into a woman, and even give him a body that is anything but human.

*[www.johndylenaerotica.com](http://www.johndylenaerotica.com)*

*Twitter: @JohnDylena*