



Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

The Seduction & Lust Archives:

Akasha's Trip: Part One
Angel Dust
A Dark Letter Of Desire
Allen 1996
Burning Inside
Dark Desires
Double Vision
My Mystery Slave
Night Club Kidnapping
Once in a Blue Moon
Open Letter to a Monday
Night Goth
Remember Me
She Lost Control Again
Submission of a Stranger
The First Kiss
The Heat of the (Femdom) Moment
A Toy Gun, A Femdom, and a Soloflex
Tragedy
Training The Professor
Using You
What Happens To Teases
What I want for Valentine's Day
Your Abduction

More Archives:

Forced Femme
Strap-On & Anal
Humiliation & Groups
Chastity
Cockold
Pussy Worship
Feet
Sheila's Show
Romance
BDSM
Illustrated Stories
Unfinished Stories
Behind Closed Doors
Space Age Love Song
The Corporate Slut

Training the Professor

It was my Sophomore year in college when I dominated my history professor. His name was Professor O'Reilly, but he made the big mistake on the first day of telling the entire class they could just call him "Jim."

Those professors that insisted the students call them by first name always intrigued me. I mean, what were they thinking? Trying to fit in, to recapture their youth perhaps by not being too old, too out of touch to be on a first name basis with the entire class?

Or was it an attempt at bringing a casual nature to the classroom, to revolutionize education by engaging students who would otherwise be nodding off, because, after all, they were just hanging out with Jim?

Sitting in the second row, close to the door, I caught Professor Jim looking at my legs. I was in a tennis skirt and Adidas since I had tennis class after History. His glance was unmistakable. Then he kind of looked at my eyes, but kept on talking. He had this apologetic gaze about him, though.

I pursed my lips. And I was doodling in my notebook. "Bad boy," I think I wrote. Very, very bad boy.

**

My non-major courses in college sucked. I was whizzing my advertising courses and business management classes, but things like History and Polysci were the death of me. I'd spend the entire time imagining elaborate ways to torture men or writing short stories about kidnappings and turning boyfriends into sex slaves.

That quarter I was between relationships, rushing a sorority and on the tennis team, so I didn't have much time to pursue my interest in dominating men. That's not to say I didn't think about it, though.

In fact, it was only the second week of history class that I was sitting in the front row, showing off just the right amount of thigh, waiting for Professor Jim to take notice. He was a handsome man; very Irish, dark hair (almost black) and blue eyes, the way I like my men. He was young for a professor -- probably in his first year at the university (that explained the whole "Jim" thing). Naïve.

How terribly naïve.

The next time I went to class, I wore a low-cut top and approached him after class, leaning against the podium,

feigning dumb-blondness (tough call for a smart brunette) and told him, point blank, that I missed half the class because I was day dreaming.

The professor looked at me, slightly nervous, I could tell, and pushed his glasses up as he looked down, shoving his books into his oversized bookbag. "Well, Janie, you need to be a little more focussed. I can suggest a little reading to help you catch up on what you missed today."

"Could you tell I was daydreaming?" I asked him, standing painfully close, watching him try to ease back and regain his safe space.

He started to speak, but I cut in.

"Or were you too busy trying to figure out the color of my panties?"

The professor looked at me, blinking. Oh, he was shocked alright. But I just smiled, turned away, through my backpack over one shoulder and sauntered out.

Then the next day, in class, I held up a white piece of paper when I saw him looking my way during his talks about the Civil War.

It had one word on it.

"PINK".

**

I knew I didn't have time to stall on this one as it was an accelerated class. So I made my way to his office the next week, during his posted hours. The minute he looked up and saw me enter I could see the nervousness come over him.

But before he could speak I shut the door behind me, let my book bag fall to the floor, leaning back against the doorknob as he stood.

He was already fiddling with his glasses, his dark, thick hair hanging over one eye and his hands scrambling to shove some papers into a folder. "Janie. Hi. Come on in."

"I'm in," I said slowly, deliberately. I looked him up and down. I can't explain to you the look, but it was definitely one of ownership and possibility. Here I was, a 19-year old in my professor's office, and I had all the control.

When he stepped around his desk to pull out a chair, he knocked a stack of books off the corner of the desk and scrambled to lean down and pick them up.

"That isn't a cheap excuse to look up my skirt, is it, Professor Jim?"

He chuckled to humor me, scraping up his books but not looking up to even acknowledge the comment with eye contact. I stepped over, slowly, and put a foot right where his hand was, threatening to lower it and crush his fingers.

When he looked up, curious, I was smiling.

"Off-white," I said. "Thong. Want to see?"

He swallowed, but stayed crouching down, holding his books on one thigh. He blinked at me from behind his glasses and said, coolly, "Janie, I think you should leave."

I raised my eyebrows, "What, I don't get any extra help before exams Friday? I have some questions for you, Professor Jim."

He just stared.

"Are you going to get up, or do you like it down there on the floor?" I asked him as I pulled the chair out and sat down, carefully crossing my legs, putting on my own glasses and opening my notebook.

The professor cleared his throat, got up quickly, set his books down with a thud and moved around to his side of the desk, obviously grateful for the barrier that was now between us, and that would hide the erection that was visible in his trousers.

I proceeded with my questions. I can't remember them all now, but they were genius. They started off very normal, and with each question they would get more sexual in nature, until I was asking him if he thought Hitler liked to get fucked in the ass.

"Pardon me?" he stuttered, his eyebrows raised curiously at me.

I leaned forward slowly. "Do you know anything about anal sex, Professor?"

"I hardly think this is appropriate."

"I think the sexual relationships of some of history's most intriguing figures is definitely appropriate. I think it would shed a lot of light on their motivations. I personally think some of the most tyrannical men in history probably were closet submissives."

"I don't know what you mean," he said, now focussed on his papers on his desk, shuffling things around.

"I think you do know," I told him. "I think you have considered submission yourself. I think you enjoyed being down on the floor by my feet earlier. I think you enjoy me manhandling you right now. I bet you're hard in your pants just from the tone of my voice."

He stopped everything, let out a laugh, then shook his head at me. "Janie, you have quite an imagination. I hope you are putting it to good work in some of your advertising classes."

"How did you know I was an ad major?" I asked without a beat.

His face turned serious. "I know what all my students study," he defended at once. "I make it a point to know."

I stood up slowly and he backed into his chair, almost knowing what was about to happen. That I was coming toward him, for him, and about to take things to an entirely new level.

Meanwhile, I was on fire. My short skirt barely hid the thigh highs and garters, and my thong was already soaked. I stood, and as I spoke, I very casually, very slowly, reached under my skirt and started removing my thong.

"Professor," I said calmly. "I think you know about me because you want me. I think you have wanted me since the first day when you were looking at my legs. I have caught you sneaking glances up my skirt when I uncross my legs. I have found you standing with a big bulge in your pants in the middle of a lecture, and I know it's because you are thinking about sticking your tongue in my pussy."

I could tell he was about to stand up to order me to leave. His face got all stern and his cheeks flushed. But he did not stand; I knew why. He was rock hard and knew it would show. He was trapped behind that desk.

And I was loving it.

**

So he sat there, frozen, as I placed my wet thong panties right on his desk. He watched as if pretending none of it was going on. I leaned over on my elbows on his desk, pressing my breasts together in my low cut blouse, ensuring he had a great view down my top. But his eyes stayed on me.

I picked up the thong and held it up with my pinky, twirling it around a little. "Well, I've thought about it too, Professor. I've thought about you on that desk of yours, the one you sit on when you lecture. I've thought about you bent over it while I take to your ass with a ruler."

I saw him swallow. I saw the first beads of sweat forming. I was getting to him, and it turned me on more than anything. He was frozen, unable to do anything.

I leaned over the desk to peer down at his crotch but he grabbed a book and put it on his lap, hissing, "You should leave."

"Not until I get a peek, teacher," I grinned, reaching down with my other hand to pry the book away. "What's the matter, afraid of your little dick?"

"Janie, you need to leave, right now."

I frowned at him, then pouted. I pursed my lips at him and sighed. Then I tossed the thong at him so it landed in his lap and stood up straight. "I thought you could handle it. Guess I was wrong. Later, Jim."

Then I turned and walked away, smiling once at him over my shoulder, knowing he was probably sitting there with my panties in his lap thinking about my fine, naked ass under that short skirt, and how long I would go the rest of the day totally naked under there.

I wondered how long it would be before he masturbated into my thong.

I looked at my watch. Not long, I thought.

**

Even at 19, I was a bright femdom. I knew what to do next.

I ignored him.

I kept my head down in class, I focussed on my work. He always was looking at me -- not much at first, but then more and more, probably unsure of why I was suddenly ignoring him, relieved but somehow disappointed that I had lost my fascination with him.

All men are that way. You get them hard once, you show them you know what you are doing, they wuss out on you and then when you dump them, they come crawling back and beg for more.

What's worse, I got As on my tests and papers. He could find no fault with my work. I sat next to my best friend, Jeannie Turkleson, and the two of us giggled before class, and I could see him lingering around his desk waiting for class to start, wondering, hoping, we were talking about him.

But I would have nothing to do with him. I was the first one out of class when the time was up, and I was the last one sauntering in, just in before the start of class.

Two weeks later, he lectured with a ruler in his hand, sitting on the desk. He lectured about something he was obviously passionate about, but was nonchalantly rubbing the ruler on his leg, then tapping it a little.

And then he looked at me.

I grinned. "That little fuck," I whispered to myself.

And I knew he was mine.

**

That day, after class, I paddled his ass red in his office with that ruler.

I came into the office, slammed the door, and he turned to me, startled, catching his breath.

"Over the desk," I hissed. Oh, I had the tone. I had the tone, and I had the look. I was already pulling my fingerless gloves from my backpack and putting them on, and his trousers showed a rock hard erection just begging to get out.

"Lock the door," he hissed in a whisper.

I slammed a chair into the door so no one would come in, then reached for his trousers.

He was backing up, into the wall, breathing down at me, looking at me. God, I could tell he had been fantasizing about me. Non stop. In fact, I bet those panties were right in his top drawer. His erection poked into me through his pants, and he was holding my face in his hands. He was leaning down to kiss me.

I pushed him away.

"I'm not a skanky fuck for you, Professor. This is about my pleasure, not yours. Understand?"

"Yes, Janie," he breathed.

I took the ruler from his desk and pulled down his pants, turning him around and bending him over the desk. He held the edges of the desk so tight his knuckles started turning white. What a sight he was -- and his body was even better than I thought.

I took some time moving my fingers, my nails up and down his chest under his shirt, then down around the curves of his hips, then finally digging into his tight, round ass cheeks. They were white -- soon to be cherry, I smiled.

And he had no idea, no idea in hell, how much a ruler would hurt.

After the first smack, which wasn't even a hard one, he bucked into the desk so hard the books toppled off the other side and he gasped and started to get up but I pushed him back down. "Not so fast, Professor," I hissed.

"God I want to touch you," he said.

It was apparent that the professor was a horny man. In his fantasies, I knew, he always got what he wanted -- his tongue in my pussy, his dick in me, or up my ass. A blow job by a hot little co-ed sorority chick on her knees, sucking him off for that A+ grade. I knew Professor Jim was not the type, not in a million years, but even the most straight and narrow still fall prey to the fantasy, and still find themselves unable to stop thinking about it when it looks like it might happen to them.

"You are so beautiful," he hissed as the third smack of the ruler landed solidly on his right ass cheek. I stopped to massage his round cheek and admired my handy work -- the definite outline of a rectangular imprint, bright red, was shining through. I reached under his ass to find his cock, sure enough, it was throbbing and oozing pre-cum.

"The Professor is a nasty, nasty little boy," I said, pushing into his ass, rubbing my crotch into him suggestively as I massaged his balls and the base of his cock. He was moaning and groaning and twisting, trying to hold still but failing miserably.

"I want to please you," he said. He was indeed Mr. Submissive, I found, and probably had never even known it, that's why he was falling prey so hard to the swats on his ass and my massaging of his balls, the pressing of my index finger into the crack of his ass, threatening to penetrate him, god forbid.

His yelps started getting louder, and sure enough when I opened the top drawer of his desk I found my panties right there. Soiled and crusty -- dirty. Obviously he'd cum into them, the nasty bitch, and god knows what else.

He craned his head around, mortified that I had found them. Ironical, since he was perfectly comfortable bent over his desk with his pants down around his ankles.

"You've been cumming into my panties!" I hissed.

I pushed a finger into his ass right as I leaned over and shoved the soiled thong into his mouth when he opened it to gasp in shock and pain. I'd lubed the finger when he wasn't looking so it slid in easier than I thought, but he tightened every muscle he had and was howling into the crusted thong that filled his mouth.

Then I gave him fifteen more swats on each cheek, made him kiss the ruler, then kiss my ass, once on each cheek.

He was all sweaty and his eyes were red, he gingerly was positioning himself upright and looking to embrace me, probably for reassurance.

So I gave him a quick hug, then surely I felt his hand reaching down for my ass, his lips on my neck. He thought was going to get laid.

"I've got to go," I said. "My friends are waiting."

And I packed up my stuff and split.

**

The next day in class I watched, amused, as Professor Jim did not sit once on the edge of his desk. No, he stood there the whole time, careful to not even more, and avoiding eye contact the whole time.

Poor Jim moved gingerly and slowly, he had considerably less energy and looked like he had not slept a wink. I felt a smug sense of accomplishment as I listened to his lecture idly, more interested in thinking about the party that was coming up on Friday and the jock I was hoping to get into bed.

Next thing I knew people were passing back slips of white paper. I snapped out of my daydream wondering if we were having a pop quiz, only to find out it was another one of Professor Jim's cool progressive teaching concepts. We were going to pick the questions for our own finals.

I smirked as I passed the paper back to the people behind me. Professor Jim was pacing, explaining the rules. We would

all write two questions on the piece of paper, anonymously, and he would select the best 25 questions for the exam. He wanted us to think about what we, as tomorrow's leaders (ok I made that part up), though were the most important things to come away from the class with.

Everyone had their pencils and pens moving in hyper speed, writing what they thought would be the easiest questions of course, everyone trying to save their own skin.

"Nothing blatantly obvious," Professor Jim added. Sounds of crumbled up papers started to permeate the room, followed by a round of chuckles and the passing around of more paper.

Of course, my contribution was unique. I took out my red pen and wrote neatly, "I want to sit on your face."

**

After we turned in our papers we were supposed to read Chapter 17 quietly while he went through them at the front of the room, taking notes. Of course I just watched him, watched his expressions, trying to identify when he saw my paper.

Sure enough, I saw his eyes read through it, once, then twice, blinking to be sure. Then he folded it up and looked right at me. I smiled, holding my pen to my lips seductively, my long legs sticking out from under the desk, crossed at the ankles.

"Janie," he said softly, not getting up. "Could you see me after class please?"

"Sure," I said.

And everyone looked at me.

**

So I stood there at the podium as people rushed out of the class, waiting to see what Professor Jim had to say to me. I predicted it was a re-evaluation of our "relationship" and request for me to stop. I figured after sleeping on it, on a sore ass all night, he would realize he was fucked.

He had the folded up piece of paper in his fingers. He looked at me seriously. Big blue eyes behind those glasses, his hair tucked back behind his ears. He looked so cute, I had to admit.

"Janie," he said, slipping the piece of paper back to me. "I think you need to submit new questions."

I took the piece of paper and nodded, smiling slightly. "Ok. Sorry. I was just kidding around."

He smiled affectionately, but almost condescending, as he patted my hand like a typical professor to a student. But he let his fingers linger as he pulled away, and he looked at me. And I saw it in his eyes. Urgency. Need. Helplessness.

I turned and walked out of class, a little confused at the mixed

messages.

Until finally I opened the folded piece of paper he had given back to me. Under my scribbled request to sit on his face he had written clearly, "Tonight at 8pm. Ratskellar."

**

The Ratskellar was a pretty popular bar right outside of town. It was odd to me that he picked such a frequently traveled place to meet up, but I realized he was naïve, and was not used to seducing students or being made into a slave by one.

Of course, I found this all really amusing. And I did go to the Ratskellar that night. But I went with girlfriends, and we ordered a few pitchers and sat in the back so I could watch the Professor stand there at the bar, alone, for an hour waiting for me to show up (which I did not).

And it got me wet, of course, watching him vainly sit there hoping to see me, watching the door eagerly, his hopes squashed finally when he gave it up and paid the bartender. I kept my head down when he walked past our table and he never even saw me.

Poor thing, I thought.

It was obvious he was hoping to score with me. He was less into the spankings and humiliation and more into wanting to get his dick between my strong thighs, to fuck a ripe 19 year old with a great body and beautiful long hair.

I sipped my beer and smirked. Not a chance.

**

Don't get me wrong; I fantasized about the professor a lot. In my dorm room, when my roommate was out partying, I had one really hot night of fantasy about Professor Jim. It had everything -- romance, passion, raunchy sex. I was sitting on his face in his office, pumping slowly, making him use his tongue on me.

I was still in my tennis skirt and shoes, and my doubles partner, a hot blonde who I really had a thing for, was sharing him with me. Tina was working his ass with a vibrator and looking at me seductively, we'd lean into each other and make out from time to time, two soft tongues intertwining to the sounds of a muffled professor's pleading, lost somewhere down under my ass cheeks.

It was a blur, the whole fantasy, a mish mash of oral sex and cock sucking, culminating in him fucking me doggie style over his desk while Tina used that ruler on his ass to keep him up tempo, the way I needed it in that position. He fucked me until it started to hurt, until I screamed in orgasm because his dick was so hard it nearly split me. His hands were around me, holding my breasts and pinching my nipples, and he was such a good fuck I never wanted to stop sleeping with him.

Of course, this was all fantasy. But it was good fantasy.

**

In class, the next week, the professor seemed downcast. He obviously felt rejected and sad and looked at me once solemnly. He did his entire lecture from the stool at the podium, never even standing, not walking around, waving his arms, animated and passionate about the subject.

He kept his head down a lot, pushing up his glasses, looking his train of thought.

I left class early that day, I heard him lose his place when I collected my things and made my way to the door. I knew my A in the class was a dead lock; I had better things to do.

Like his TA.

**

Jesse Creighton was Professor Jim's teaching assistant. A senior history major, Jesse was a typical college stud with a twist -- he was brilliant. He and I had met at a party that weekend in the dorms, and as soon as I found out he was the Professor's TA, my plan came together in my head.

And it didn't hurt that Jesse was gorgeous. He had an awesome body, was 24 and could have any girl on campus. Of course, after a night making out and feeling each other up in the South Hall dorms I was the one he wanted. We fucked all night -- like rabbits -- two of the last people on the planet. We sucked, we licked, we did everything. I think we fucked about seven times between 2am and 11am the next day.

What's better is that I knew Jesse had a big mouth and liked to tell everyone about it. I was pretty sure he probably would tell Professor Jim, even, because the two were known to hang out and have beers on Tuesday nights and shoot the shit.

I could imagine what the professor would think when he found out the types of sex I had with his TA.

He'd definitely realize his position then, and understand that if, and when, he was ever to have sex with me it'd be on my terms only. And that it was not likely.

**

The next week I went up to the podium after class to collect my final paper. Professor Jim was standing there, looking serious. He had been looking at me longingly all week and I just smirked at him, dangling a high heeled shoe in his direction.

"I'd like to talk to you about your paper, Janie," he said, handing me the folder with his scribble marks all over the cover.

I glanced at it with little regard the shoved it under my arm into my book bag. "I can't, I gotta go..I have friends waiting and stuff I need to take care of, I'm super busy this afternoon."

He lowered his voice and leaned forward, looking at me pleadingly. "Janie," he whispered. "I can't stop thinking about you. I have to see you. Tell me when you can see me."

I sighed and thought, rolled my eyes, looked away, and started running through my calendar in my head.

Then I heard Jesse's voice. "Hey cutie pie!" he said as he entered the room. I could feel the professor's gaze burn into me, then look at Jesse, and back at me.

The built ball player was behind me, kissing me on the back of the neck. I giggled and spun around and we kissed, a long, wet, messy kiss, right there in the middle of the classroom as students filed in and out between courses.

Professor Jim, of course, was silent. In shock.

"You wanna grab a bite?" Jesse asked me, his hand just kind of lingering on my ass over the skirt the way jocks tend to do.

"Sure, I'd love to!"

Jesse waved a hand at the Professor. "Back in an hour, teach."

And I made sure to pull Jesse's mouth to me once or twice as we made our way out, and I said, "Let's make it a few hours,"

Then he grabbed my ass and I giggled, and we were gone.

**

The poor professor was downcast the next day. He looked like he had gotten even less sleep the night before. Probably up all night thinking of the stories Jesse had told him, about how I fucked him like a psycho bitch, about how I could fuck for hours, how strong my thighs were. About how I loved my body, loved to masturbate for men. How I was totally bi and had at threesome with him on our second date, bringing my best friend over and saying, "I like to share with my friends, is that ok?"

I'm sure Jesse told him how I liked to tie him up and ride his face, how I liked to have sex in the nastiest ways, for him to fuck me in the ass even and of course how I like to have my crack licked clean. Oh, I'm sure Jesse shared all of the best details.

Meanwhile, the professor was feeling inadequate, insecure, discarded, and definitely obsessing about how he'd never get to fuck me. He was thinking about how lucky he would be if he could ever even just kiss my feet -- anything.

I'm sure he was thinking about how he'd crawl a mile just to suck a dick that had been inside of me. How he'd worship any soiled garments I pushed his way, or lick the dirt from the bottom of my shoes.

He knew, now, what a goddess I was, and that he'd been lucky I'd even turned my eyes on him. And he knew he had

been a toy for me, that I was the one in control, and he had been played like an instrument.

So it came to no shock to me that when I slipped him a note asking him to be at the Ratskeller at 9pm that night he was there by 8:30, all dressed up.

I waited until 9:25 and made my entrance, wearing a tight black dress, pumps, and my hair pulled back into a tight ponytail.

**

He looked at me hopefully as I pulled up to the bar. His eyes were wide. "You look great," he said, swallowing.

"Thanks," I replied, placing my purse on the table. "I'm going to party," I explained. "So I just have five minutes."

I could see his shoulders slump. "I was hoping I could buy you a drink, maybe take you to dinner."

I laughed. A sweet laugh, looking into my makeup mirror as I re-applied lipstick. "I can't, I'm seeing Jesse. You know that."

"Look, Janie," he whispered, leaning over and looking at me desperately. "I cannot stop thinking about you. About what you do to me. I -- I am totally infatuated with you."

"I know." I said simply.

There was a silence.

"What can I do?" he begged, holding my hand with his, squeezing my fingers. "I'll do anything to be with you, anything."

Of course, begging always gets me going. I looked at the professor and smiled. I smiled and searched his expression. Oh, he was being painfully honest. "You can be with me," I told him. "As my slave."

He nodded. He gave in at once.

"You will do as I say, when I say. Be available when I call." I leaned over and put a hand to his crotch, pressing into the bulge that was so apparent. "Your dick will be mine. You don't cum, you don't touch it, you don't even think about it without asking me first."

The professor nodded and brought my fingers to his lips to kiss them.

I stood and opened my purse, taking out a slip of paper and placing it on the bar. "And you say a word about any of this, I publish this in the school paper."

It was, of course, the proposition he had sent me, foolishly in his own writing, the week before. It had been graphic and quite forward, and certainly means for being ejected from the university.

But, deep down, I felt he sent it on purpose, hoping I would blackmail him in just that way.

As I made my way to the door I could feel him staring after me, pleadingly, holding the paper tightly between his fingers.

He was, indeed, mine.

(c) Copyright 1999, 2004 All rights reserved. akasha@akashaweb.com

© 2007 **Akasha's Web** All Rights Reserved.