

Blackboard Blackmail

**She's
going to own
her teacher**

**By
Mina Black**



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Mina Black

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"Have you seen your rosters yet?"

Daniel had been entirely focused on his phone until he looked up at his colleague. "Not yet," he said. Jack was a nice guy, one of the older teachers, though Daniel usually assumed that he wasn't entirely up to speed when it came to the latest teaching techniques.

"There's a girl in one of your classes, Katrina. You should be careful with her."

"What kind of issues does she have?" He expected him to say something about self-esteem or maybe ADD. As a high school teacher, he saw a lot of that.

Jack sat down at the table, only he didn't start speaking right away, instead, he glanced around, and Daniel got the strange feeling that maybe Jack was actually nervous if not actually scared.

What could this girl possibly do that would intimidate a veteran like Jack? Maybe he didn't practice some of the newer techniques when it came to high school instruction, but that didn't mean he couldn't control a classroom with the best of them.

"This girl, there's something about her. For one, she has some special connections."

"Jack, you're making it sound like a political drama. Seriously, what does this girl do? Is she just disruptive or something?"

"No, she's actually very well behaved." Jack leaned back in his seat, almost like there was something else he needed to say but couldn't quite find the words. "Look, I'm just telling you to be careful. That's it. That's all, be careful when you see this girl." Cutting himself off right there, Jack got up, and he left Daniel alone in the teacher's lounge.

Daniel was actually very pleased with his schedule. He only had seniors in his history classes, which was rather fortuitous. By this point, the students didn't generally complain to their parents about any of the content. Sure, there would always be griping about grades, but at least he didn't have to worry about explicit content quite so much.

But then his final class of the day began, and he called out roll. For the most part, he did everything the way he always did it. He cracked a couple of jokes, he asked a few questions of each student, doing his best to make sure each pupil really felt like he cared about them. Then he hit the next

name on his roster: Katrina. He looked up at her, doing his best to appear nonchalant.

She was gorgeous.

Daniel actually froze for a moment. Then he coughed, getting his brain to reboot. As hard as he tried, he couldn't force himself to think clearly. Instead, he just stared at her for a second, maybe two, though those moments felt a lot longer.

What was it about her? Daniel had been teaching for a couple of years now, so he had no problem seeing some hot girls walk through his classroom door. Cheerleaders, blondes, girls just on the cusp of adulthood, they all looked so incredible, yet Daniel played the same game as all of the other male teachers, pretending he didn't notice.

His mouth went dry when he looked at Katrina.

Was it the way her wavy blonde hair cascaded from the top of her head down around her shoulders? Could it have been the vivid blueness of her eyes? When she made eye contact, he had to look away first. That didn't make any sense. None of his other students could force that kind of reaction from him, but Daniel had to face the reality of his situation.

And he didn't mean to do it, but his gaze drifted just a little bit lower to her perky, bouncy breasts. On the first day of class, she had on a tight little T-shirt. It showed off her contours beautifully, highlighting exactly how good it would feel to run his hands over those curves. Swallowing, he seriously wondered if he could already see her nipples barely sticking out under the confining fabric.

In the first couple of days, he expected trouble, especially considering Jack's warning.

But nothing happened.

She came into the room each day, she seemed to do the readings, at least in class, and she never really argued with him. After that first week, Daniel decided that she wasn't going to be a problem student after all. And it made sense. This happened sometimes. Occasionally, a student would have some massive conflict of personality with one teacher, only to be a model student in another class.

And yet, he couldn't quite get her out of his head either.

As the days turned to weeks, Daniel would go to bed at night, he would close his eyes, and he would start to fantasize. He tried to think about supermodels or actresses, yet one pretty face always popped back into his

head.

Katrina.

Occasionally, she would be chatting with her friends in class, and Daniel would surreptitiously eavesdrop. She would talk about cheerleading practice or some of the boys on campus. She didn't seem to have a boyfriend, which shouldn't have affected Daniel one way or the other, yet he occasionally fantasized about seeing her walking home from school and picking her up. He could offer her a ride because it would be raining.

She would get into the car, soaked, and she would pull off her cheerleading top. That would expose those gorgeous breasts of hers, and her nipples would be puckered out because it was so cold. He would offer to take her home, but then she would smile at him, and then she would make a confession.

"I've had a huge crush on you, Mr. Trenton."

Because it was a fantasy and he didn't have to worry, he would just smirk, cocky and condescending like so many other high school teachers. "There's nothing wrong with that," he would assure her.

"Really? Because I feel so naughty? I feel like you should spank me," she'd say.

And he would reach out, sliding his hand around the back of her neck. He would guide her down, and then he would pull back her skirt. This would all happen in his car, and he would see the light of her cute little cotton panties.

Her skin would be so warm, and then he would raise his palm, bringing it down hard to smack her little ass. She would yelp. Her face would turn an adorable shade of scarlet, and then she would eye that spot right between his legs.

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Trenton. Isn't there something I can do to make up for my bad behavior?"

Daniel would smile down at her, and without another word, she would unzip his fly, unbutton his pants, and take out his cock. With expert precision, she would lick her lips, and then she would go down on him.

Usually at that point in the fantasy, he would climax, blowing his load into her imaginary mouth.

Of course, whenever Daniel saw her, he would be nothing but professional. He treated her the same way he treated all of his other students. And that should have been enough, but it wasn't.

Since it was the end of the year, Daniel was actually pretty tired of talking about extra credit and makeup assignments. So many of his students blew off their work until the last minute. After having failed to pay attention for eight or nine months, they would finally come to the conclusion that they really wanted to pass, that they really wanted to get into college or they really wanted to impress their parents. It didn't matter that he warned them a hundred different times on so many different occasions.

So when the door opened, Daniel couldn't help but let loose a sigh of exasperation. He thought he was going to have to give another student another lecture on the notion of fairness and responsibility, but then a cute little cheerleader sauntered into his room.

Katrina.

His breath caught in his throat, especially as the door closed. This was their first time being alone together, though Daniel tried not to think anything of it. He'd been alone with female students plenty of times.

She had on pink flats, a shimmering green skirt, and a matching top with straps that crisscrossed over her shoulders. Katrina practically skipped into the room, coming down the aisle before she swung off her tiny backpack and dropped it into the spot where she normally sat.

"Hi there, Mr. Trenton."

"Katrina," he said with a polite nod. Considering how many papers he still needed to grade, he didn't know how much time his going to have for small talk. More importantly, he couldn't help but think back to those fantasies.

"I think we should talk," she said. She stood right there in front of him.

"What should we talk about? You have any questions about the final exam?"

"Actually yes, I'm really worried about my final grade. You see, I've been working so hard on my cheers lately that I haven't really been able to study. I was wondering if you could help me," she said, pouting out her lower lip. Her eyes got very big, and she looked right at him, practically radiating helpless desperation.

Daniel let out a sigh of aggravation once more. Seriously, did she think that this routine was going to work on him?

Katrina didn't just stand there. She leaned forward, putting her

knuckles on the edge of his desk. By doing so, she gave him a gorgeous view of the valley between her breasts.

It took an almost physical act of will to keep his hand steady, but he licked his lips.

That was all she needed. She sauntered around the side of his desk, and she leaned right there.

More than anything, Daniel understood how he should have gotten up, opened the door, and told her to leave. Or maybe he could have talked to her about having a conference during class.

None of those words made it past his lips. His half formed ideas dissipated the second she reached down and brushed her fingertips along his leg.

"I really want to be successful in your class," she said. "Maybe you could tell me my grade?"

Clearing his throat, he snapped out of it just long enough to turn his attention back to his computer. He brought up the standardized grading program, and then he showed Katrina where she stood in the class.

"D? Really? But Mr. Trenton, I really feel like we have a connection. I really feel like I should get a higher grade than that."

"I'm sorry, Katrina, but this is the grade you've earned it. If you wanted a higher score, you should have turned in all of the homework assignments."

"I want a higher grade," she said, sounding like a petulant little girl.

Daniel smirked this time, regaining some of his old confidence. She may have wanted a higher grade, but he really wanted to spank her. Sometimes, people didn't get what they craved. Only then she moved her hand back down to his leg, maneuvering her fingertips toward his and her thigh.

His body reacted instantly, his cock growing hard, and she peeked down at his crotch for just a moment, just long enough to see his pants tent upward.

Looking, she reached out, and she stroked his shaft. She could feel his hardness through the layers of his underwear and pants, but he closed his eyes for a moment, forgetting who he was and where he was, Just the Way, Katrina wanted.

"You sure we can't talk about my grade some more? I really feel like I deserve something higher." She grinned even as he kept his eyes closed. Had

he looked into her beautiful face, Daniel would have seen her predatory expression. This girl wanted him. And she wanted him for more than just his grades.

"Maybe, maybe I could give you some extra credit work to do," he said as she continued to move her hand along his shaft.

"I don't think I want to do any more work. I'm already so busy with cheerleading," she said, her high-pitched voice laced with a giggle.

Then she pulled her hand back, and she stood up, practically towering over him because he remained seated. It was a strange vantage point, he reflected as he licked his lips, doing his best to get a handle on his thoughts and libido.

He swallowed again, doing his best to sound articulate and in control. After all, wasn't Daniel the teacher? Wasn't he supposed to be able to tell this young girl how things were going to proceed? Whenever he stood in front of his class, he would have a couple dozen eyes on him, and they would do what he wished.

Only now, she touched him again, gently, teasing. His cock hardened even more, and Daniel sincerely didn't know how much more he could take.

"Daniel, pet, you are going to give me an A." She reached up, touching one finger to her lower lip. "Yeah, I think that sounds good. That way, my father won't be disappointed, and I won't have any trouble at all getting into college. You wouldn't want me to have any trouble, would you?"

Katrina pouted out her lower lip, and she almost appeared nervous and contrite. But really, Daniel could see through that thin veneer. This girl was having fun. She was teasing him, wrapping him around her little finger, and he didn't know how to make it stop.

"Katrina, Katrina," he said, stumbling on her name. His tongue seemed thick and awkward in his mouth, as though he couldn't really speak any more. Then he shook his head, doing his best to clear his thoughts. "Look, I can't give you an A. what if someone realized that the grades don't match up? It just wouldn't make any sense!"

"Well, I think that's your problem. That's not my problem," she said with a little shake of her head. "No, it's not." Katrina talked down to him, making this sound so painfully obvious. Then she put her hands on the shoulders of his chair. She looked right into his eyes. "Mr. Trenton, you are going to give me a good grade. You're going to give me a wonderful grade, and if I ask for it, you are going to write me a glowing letter of

recommendation. Do you know why you're going to do all of this for me?"

"Because you tried really hard and want to do your best?" Daniel asked, knowing that those words sounded silly once they left his mouth. She threw her head back, laughing all the while. Then she actually wiped a tear away from the corner of her eye.

"Oh no, silly. You are going to do all of this because I am in possession of some very interesting footage. Did you know my friend, Tiffany, videotapes all of the cheerleader practices?"

"What you mean?" Daniel asked, feeling his lungs and heart constrict.

"I mean," she said, poking one finger into his chest. "Tiffany records everything so that we can go back and watch. But in one of those videos, you walk by, and it's very clear that you are looking up my skirt. Now, Mr. Trenton, that was very naughty of you. And I'm sure you could probably try to say something clever or witty to defend yourself, but did you know something else? My daddy is on the Board of Trustees, so he could have you fired. That's right. If he found out about how you've been lusting after your student, I don't think it would go very well for you. In fact, I bet you'd even be blacklisted."

His nostrils flared, and Daniel struggled through the miasma of emotions pounding at his core. On the one hand, she kept touching him, stroking him, teasing him. His underwear was probably soaked with his excitement, yet he had never imagined a scenario where a girl like Katrina could take control so easily. She was just a little girl, some silly high school student! How was this happening?

"Now, are you going to be good, pet?"

He looked into her eyes. He came to the only reasonable decision possible. "You will get your A."

"Oh goody!" she said, hopping back and clapping her hands. "You see, everything's so much easier when you really just cooperate, take a breath, and think about what you're going to do. And that reminds me, you also need to promise to be nicer in class."

"What are you talking about?" Daniel looked up, thinking that the blackmail was done. After all, she was going to get a good grade and maybe a letter of recommendation, one he had no idea how he could possibly write. But still, she had one, so she should have left him right there.

"I'm talking about your behavior in class, silly."

"Katrina, I don't have time for this. You'll have your good grade. Now

get out."

She turned away for her backpack, which she had been about to slide over her shoulders, only she spun around, and her face hardened. Normally, she always looked so silly with her hair pulled back in pigtails. Only now, she pouted out her lower lip, and she stomped back down the aisle of desks right up to Daniel.

She jabbed him in the chest with two fingers. "That's not very nice. And that's exactly what I'm talking about. Mr. Trenton, you need to learn to be a better teacher. You need to learn to consider your students feelings. Here, get up from your desk. I want you to stand up in front of me."

"I am not going to—" Daniel started to say.

Katrina had no problem cutting him off. She knew how to run the cheerleading squad, so handling a teacher like Mr. Trenton really wasn't a challenge, not for a girl like her. "Board of Trustees." It only took three words to remind Daniel of his position.

And that was the thing about blackmail; it didn't have to stop at just one request.

He grabbed onto the side of his chair for a moment, gripping so hard that his knuckles turned white. But then he remembered his place, and he got up.

She shooed him away, and Katrina sat down right there at his desk.

"Oh, I like this. This is a good view of the classroom. When you sit up here, and you feel like you're in charge?"

"Not right now," he said, crossing his arms over his chest. He spoke like some petulant little kid, which only made her laugh.

"No, you're right. You're not in charge. But you know, maybe you should have a seat. Maybe that would give you a better understanding of what means to be a student in your classroom."

Daniel couldn't believe he was doing this, but he took several tentative steps, and then he sat down in one of the desks.

"Here," she said, holding out a sheet of paper and pen.

"What do you want me to do this?" Daniel really didn't like where this was headed.

"Let's see..." Katrina said, letting her voice trail off. "I think you should write some lines. I think you should start by writing *I'm a very bad boy* five times."

"I'm not going to do that," he declared, huffing through every syllable.

"Are you sure? Because if you're not going to do that, then I'm going to have to go give my daddy a call. Is that what you want me to do, pet?" She let a special emphasis fall on the final word. It sent a shiver of nervousness down his spine. Maybe Daniel didn't really enjoy teaching. Maybe he didn't really care for it except for the brief glimpses of young girls like Katrina herself, but he didn't want to lose his position.

"Fine. I will write it."

"No, you're going to write it out ten times," Katrina corrected.

"You said five!"

An impish grin crossed her lips. "And now I've changed my mind. You're going to write it out fifteen times. Oh, and I'm going to be grading you on your hand writing."

Blushing brightly, Daniel looked down at the page. He tried to stare back at her, to show her exactly how resolved and defiant he could truly be, only there was something about the bright blue of her irises. As hard as he tried, he just couldn't match her stare, so he looked away, losing the battle of wills with some cheerleader girl.

And he started writing. His pen moved across the page, going over that one sentence again and again.

I'm a very bad boy.

I'm a very bad boy.

I'm a very bad boy.

I'm a very bad boy.

After just a couple of sentences, his hand started to hurt, yet he didn't stop. He kept going, writing faster and faster until he finished. Then he practically threw the piece of paper and pen back at Katrina.

She picked it up, hardly offended at all. Only when she leveled her gaze upon him again, she snapped her fingers and commanded, "Mr. Trenton, get up. Come over here right now."

On some level, he couldn't believe that this girl could order him around, but he still had those three words booming in his skull. Board of Trustees.

If Katrina really brought her accusations against him, then his entire life could be ruined.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" asked the precocious cheerleader when he finally stood before her.

She reached out, and she touched his cock. Even through the layers of

pants and underwear, her caresses pushed him to the brink. Only then she pulled away, and then she tapped her lap. "I think you need to get across my lap right now."

"What, what you thinking?"

With a sigh of annoyance, she reached up, and she grabbed her teacher by his tie. She yanked down, and he stumbled. Under normal circumstances, Daniel probably could have remained up on his feet. He was bigger than her, and he should have been stronger, yet this girl intuitively understood exactly what was required to drain away his willpower.

Just like that, the world blurred around him, and then he reclaimed some semblance of equilibrium, only to find himself spread across his own chair, right on Katrina's lap.

"Bad boy! Very, very bad boy!" She giggled all the while, having so much fun with her teacher. He wiggled and squirmed right there on her lap, and he tried to relax his body, yet that erection pressed the down into her thigh.

"I'm sorry!" Daniel finally called out. "I'm really, really sorry!"

The spanking came to an abrupt halt, and then she brushed her fingertips along with the meat of his neck. "What are you sorry for?"

"I'm sorry I'm so mean in class," he told her.

"But you're not going to be mean anymore, are you? From now on, you are going to be a very good boy for me and my friends, aren't you?"

"Yes, fine, whatever you want," he said.

Katrina leaned down, and she breathed into his ear, "I'm going to remember that, Mr. Trenton." Of course, when she used his official name, her voice dripped with disdain. He may have been the teacher. He may have been the adult, but she was the one in charge, whether he liked it or not.

She slapped his ass one more time, and she pointed down at the floor. "I think you should spend some time showing me just how good you're going to be."

"What you talking about?"

"Get down on your knees right now, pet," she commanded, that same hostility permeated every word.

Surprisingly nervous, Daniel fell down into a kneeling position. He looked up at her. She was just as small she had always been, yet this young girl had no problem ordering him around.

He held his breath, waiting for her to make some kind of decision.

Ultimately, he kept clinging to the possibility that she would get bored with this game. After all, the year was almost over. He just had to get her through and off to college, and then she would be someone else's problem.

Or maybe he would be able to get out of this, and he would figure out some kind of solution. Right now, he couldn't think, not with that storm of arousal stiffening his cock and the shame prickling along every inch of his skin.

She crossed one leg over the other, and as she moved those beautifully shaped calves and thighs, he caught just a glimpse of her panties. It sent another shiver of desire running through his body, a volcanic temptation which he couldn't ignore. As she moved, he understood just how little power he had here. Alone, he would have fantasized about, about her nervous little squeal when he put his arms around her and hitched up her skirt, sliding his fingers into her panties.

But now, she smiled at him, and she dangled her foot right in front of him. "You know, cheerleading practice has been really hard lately. I think I need a foot massage. Can you do that for me, pet?"

"Stop calling me that," he said.

She used one foot to slip off her other shoe, and then she dropped it down, right in front of his knees.

"I'm going to call you whatever I want, pet," Katrina promised him, her face flushed with excitement because she understood perfectly well she could get away with all of this and so much more. Actually, the prospects made her naughty bits tingle.

With her bare foot right in front of his lips, Daniel resisted the urge to retreat back. He could have withdrawn. He could have jumped back up on his feet and told this girl that she could go tell the principal whatever she wanted, only something about her overwhelming confidence held him in place. A girl like Katrina never should have been able to maintain that air of intimidation with such ease.

He licked his lips.

"I'm not going to give you a foot massage."

Katrina leaned forward. "You are going to do it unless you want to lose your job for ever and ever. I'm very sure daddy could get you blacklisted. Is that what you want, Mr. Trenton?"

She stared him down again, and once more, he looked away, almost like he couldn't match the indomitable will of this young girl. Before he knew

it, his hands moved toward her feet, and he started to massage her toes, her arch, and the ball of her foot.

"Oh, that's very nice. You see, isn't it better to be a nice teacher? Do you like helping to support and encourage your students? Right now, I feel like I could do anything...to you!" She giggled, clapping her hands, yet Katrina didn't take her foot away. Oh no, she loved seeing her teacher down on his knees, servicing her just like that.

"Okay, time for the other one," she said, kicking off her other shoe. She let it tumble down onto the floor, and then he faced her other petite foot. Of course, Katrina was the kind of girl to keep her toenails painted. He licked his lips, not quite able to tear his eyes away from the bright pink along each of her nails.

"You like that color? You know, if you are really a fan, I could probably do the same thing for you," she said, raising both eyebrows.

"That won't be necessary," he mumbled, feeling small and helpless and pathetic before this girl.

Of course, Katrina could easily read his face and body language. She may have spent most of her time with high school boys, but then, she was coming to the conclusion that men were boys who just never grew up. Mr. Trenton may have wanted to think of itself as some impressive adult, but he was just a boy deep down, like all of her classmates.

"Switch," she said, raising her other foot. She wagged it just takes a few inches from the tip of his nose.

Biting down, he had to control his temper. He moved his hands to her other foot, and he squeezed and kneaded, doing everything he could to keep this girl happy, at least until he found some way to get out from under her thumb.

"Oh yes, that feels really good. Yes, you are so good at this! Maybe I'm going to have to make you into my official foot masseuse. What you think of that? I'm pretty sure I could go get you a name tag made and everything! People everywhere on campus would know that you belong to me. Would you like that?"

"I don't belong to you," he said, surprisingly quiet despite the fact that his voice normally boomed through that classroom.

Katrina slid her foot away from his touch, and then she tapped her toes against his nose. "Sweetie, I can do whatever I want with you. Or do you need another demonstration?"

"No, no demonstration," he said, growling down at the floor.

Katrina slipped her feet back into her flats, and then she leaned forward. "Yes, I think you need to understand exactly where you belong. Down on your knees is a good start, but maybe you should use that tongue of yours. Let's start with my toes."

He watched, horrified, as she slipped out of her flat again, only this time, she brushed her big toe along his lips.

"Worship me," she commanded, her eyes glittering. "Use that tongue of yours. Show me exactly what you can do with that pretty mouth, Mr. Trenton." She loved to sing his name, if only because it highlighted his demotion.

Licking his lips for a moment, Daniel didn't know if he could really do it. Again and again, some instinct pounded at the back of his brain, telling him that no job was worth this. And yet, he was a certified teacher. He didn't have any other practical skills, so he swallowed his pride again, promising himself he would figure out some way to escape her clutches. Then he started to suck on her big toe, just the way she wanted.

"Very nice," she said, purring a lot like a kitty with a mouse her paws.

She was playing with him, and they both knew it, but that didn't give Daniel any sort of advantage.

She leaned back, closing her eyes, savoring the feel of his tongue all over her feet. He licked and he stopped. He nuzzled, servicing her.

"You're very good at this. I think it's time to switch again," she said, lowering her heel back down to the floor. But then, he opened his eyes, and there was another petite foot right there in front of him.

"Go ahead and get started," she ordered.

Only an hour ago, Daniel never would have believed he could be in this position. And yet, he leaned forward, opening his mouth and nuzzling her foot, worshiping her with his nose, his tongue, and his lips.

He made the mistake of opening his eyes, glancing up at the girl who could so easily control him now. She flashed him another one of those brilliant grins, the ones that would get her in the yearbook on every page.

He moved his tongue along her soft skin. He licked and sucked each toe, hating himself for giving in like this.

"Oh, that's so nice," she said, setting her foot back down on the floor. But then she stood for a moment, and Daniel was about to get up himself, only she placed her hand on the top of his head, nudging him back down onto

his knees. "No, no, boy. Stay right down on your knees, where you belong."

What was it about her teasing lilt that seemed to arouse him so much? Throughout the school year, Daniel had eavesdropped on some of her conversations. He listened to her as she flirted with the boys in his class. She manipulated them just as easily, only Daniel didn't know how to make this stop.

Then his thoughts blinked because she lifted up her skirt, and she hooked her thumbs into the elastic of her panties. Wiggling her hips from side to side, she pulled her panties down, finally letting them hit the floor.

Taking her seat at his desk once again, she spread her legs, and then she leaned forward, moving her hand through his soft hair, taking a grip and dragging him forward.

His face came between her thighs, and he saw her tight pussy right there.

"Show me that you can be a good boy. Show me how you can be a good teacher and encourage me to do my best, especially when that means controlling you." Although he couldn't see her face, and Daniel had no problem imagining her smug grin.

This nymphet refused to let him go. Once or twice, he tried to pull his head back, yet she only squeezed his hair, sending a jolt of pain down through his scalp.

Moments later, he could smell her arousal. He admired the soft curls of her pubic hair, knowing that he was about to lose once again. Even so, Daniel had to try something. "What, what if I promised to give good grades to your friends as well?"

"Oh, that's a great idea! So I guess you're going to do that for me too."

Before he could stammer out some pathetic explanation about how that wasn't what he intended, Katrina forced his lips against her pussy.

"Eat me out," she ordered, her tone light and teasing. "I know you can do a very good job. You corrected my oral presentation. Now it's time for me to do the same for you." She giggled, stamping her feet down against the linoleum floor.

Powerless, Daniel didn't want to obey, yet she tugged on his hair again, using just that little prick of pain to remind her teacher of where he belonged.

He stuck out his tongue, pressing his lips right up against her slit. Daniel had pictured a moment like this dozens if not hundreds of

times, always with Katrina down on her knees, her lips firmly wrapped around his shaft. Only there he was, in the exact opposite position, slipping his tongue between her wet vulva lips.

"Very nice. Keep going," she said, patting him on the head. He opened his eyes, looking up at her, and her eyes sparkled with delighted amusement. This was so much fun for her. Each time she teased him, she called him her pet. Now, that description seemed especially accurate.

At first, Katrina seemed content to let him set the pace. But after a little while, she put her hand on the back of his head again, forcing him forward, making his tongue move deeper and deeper.

He flicked his tongue from left to right and back again. Then he went up and down. He swirled around her clitoris, knowing full well that she was going to climax soon.

As that thought crossed his mind, she pressed her thighs against his cheeks, squeezing his head between her legs. "Yes! Yes!" She slapped his arm rest.

Daniel attempted to retreat back, only she held her hand right there against the back of his head, refusing to let him go. Instinctively, he kept licking, moving his tongue all over her engorged clitoris.

Finally, she released him. He stumbled back, his lips wet with her excitement. He quickly wiped his mouth on his sleeve.

"That wasn't bad, Mr. Trenton. In fact, I'm starting to believe you. I'm starting to think that you're going to be a good boy for me." She stood up, she pulled her panties back in the place, and then she sauntered away from his desk. Still prone, on his knees, Daniel didn't know what to do. He kept looking around, searching for some solution to his problem.

She went right to her small backpack. She touched her fingertips to her lips, and she looked down at her satchel. "You know, I've been thinking about this for quite some time. I figured you were going to be stubborn. So here's the thing. I'm not sure I have enough blackmail material on you yet."

"You have that video," Daniel said.

"True, then maybe this isn't about blackmail. Maybe this is just about fun!" Katrina grabbed her backpack, spinning around and facing him. With a wicked grin on her cute little mouth, she unzipped her backpack, and then she pulled something out, something pink and ruffled.

"You know what this is?"

"No," he said, barely looking at it.

"This, my dear teacher, is a baby doll dress. Don't you think it's cute?" She held it up for him, yet he still didn't understand.

"It's fine, I guess," he said. Although at that moment, he imagined her nubile physique in something like that, without panties, and his cock strained even more against the confines of his trousers.

"I think it's adorable," she said. Then she grinned. "Put it on."

Several seconds stretched by, and Daniel couldn't believe what he just heard. Obviously, there had been some kind of mistake. He heard her wrong. She didn't just say what he thought she said.

Moving slowly down the aisle of desks, Katrina never took her eyes away from him. He stayed there, right on his knees at least until she tossed him dress. It fluttered across the air between them, and he jumped up onto his feet, grabbing the material.

"Get naked right now," she commanded.

"But the door, it isn't locked," he said, his voice turning ragged with desperation.

"Are you worried someone's going to walk in here?"

"Yes!"

"Then you should hurry up and get naked right now," she said.

Daniel still couldn't move. Paralysis gripped him, even as she approached, circling around him like a hungry predator. Then she stopped behind him, and she put her hand right above his crotch. She gently brushed her palm over his member, teasing him some more. "How about this? If you do every single thing I say, maybe I will let you have an orgasm. Would you like that, Mr. Trenton? Would you like to have me give you all of the relief you could possibly crave?"

He wanted that.

Daniel tried to hide from those desires pounding through his chest, but he couldn't. He felt it in his cock. He felt it in every inch of his skin.

More importantly, Katrina could do this.

"Strip," she commanded. "Slowly."

Daniel stepped away, he spun around, and he faced her, half-hoping to see even just a flicker of intimidation on her face. She was a schoolgirl, after all. She wasn't supposed to be up to do this, yet she just planted her hands on her hips, waiting expectantly.

Once again, he lost the battle of wills.

With a grumble of frustration reverberating at the base of his throat, he worked his tie loose. He pulled it off, dropping it down onto his desk. Then he shrugged off his coat. From there, he unbuttoned his shirt, hesitating for a few seconds.

"Is someone wanting another spanking?" Katrina commented.

Those words were enough to get him moving again.

Daniel worked his fingers along his shirt, sliding out one button after another until he pulled off his shirt. Naked from the waist up, he stood there.

"Do a little turn for me," Katrina commanded with another grin. "Oh, and put your hands behind your head for me."

Swallowing, he didn't see any other choice. He rotated around for her, going slowly, and Katrina enjoyed the show, drinking in the sight of her teacher. Unlike so many of the other instructors on campus, Daniel worked out pretty consistently, so she licked her lips, admiring his muscle tone.

What was she going to do with him? Daniel seriously wondered if she wanted to have sex with him. The idea turned him on way more than he wanted it to have, especially in light of her blackmail.

Then she nodded down for his trousers. "Take them off," she said, that same teasing lilt in her voice.

He kicked off his shoes, he peeled away his socks, and then he unbuttoned his pants.

"Please, do I really have to do this?"

"I think you already know the answer to that," she said, hopping up just so she could pat him on the head.

Demeaned, Daniel kept going. He wiggled out of his pants, and then he kicked them off to the side so he stood there in nothing but his boxers.

"Hands behind your back," Katrina ordered again.

When he complied, she circled around him again. He kept his eyes down, almost intuitively. She touched him occasionally, reaching out and running her nails down his back or along his biceps. She circled him one more time, stopping outside his field of vision. Then she reached around, sliding her hand down into his boxers.

"Look at that. Someone is so big and hard. But oh my, you just got me wet with your excitement. That's pretty gross, Mr. Trenton. I think you have to make it up to me."

Using her free hand, she nudged him back down onto his knees. By this point, Daniel didn't know how to fight, and then she held her palm right

in front of his mouth. Her skin glistened with his excitement—his pre-come.

"Lick me clean," she ordered.

"No, please don't make me," he pleaded with her, looking up at her face. If he hoped to find any kind of sympathy, he was sorely disappointed. Oh no, Katrina just giggled, and then she grabbed the top of his head, yanking on his hair. His eyes watered, but he stuck out his tongue, licking at her, like an obedient little dog.

"Very nice," she said. Then she grabbed his wrist and yanked him back up onto his feet. "But there is no more delaying the inevitable. Put it on."

This time around, he didn't need to ask what she meant.

"If you don't put it on, I'm going to go open the door and call for all of my friends to come running in here. What do you think they would say about finding you naked and hard like this?" She poked one finger into his sternum. "Mr. Trenton, I could tell them whatever I wanted, and everyone would believe me, and everyone would know that you are just the most pathetic excuse for a man anyone here has ever seen."

Mouth dry, Daniel couldn't respond.

He reached out, picking up the dress. He didn't really know how this worked. And yet, his erection didn't go away. He wanted to relax his body, to show her that this couldn't turn him on, only the smooth material caressed his skin, and then he had the dress on.

Katrina skipped around him, and she quickly tied the bow between his shoulder blades.

"Oh, I forgot something!" She snapped her fingers, and she skipped over to her backpack, moving like such a little nymph.

When she turned around again, she held something else, something that looked a little bit like a flag. A pale shade of pink, it actually matched what Katrina wore under her skirt.

"What do you think? Aren't they just adorable?"

"Why do you need another set of panties?" Daniel asked, doing his best to pretend he didn't already know the answer.

"They're for you," she said, striding closer and closer. Then she held them up. "I want to see you put these on."

"Why?"

"Because I need to be absolutely certain that you are going to do whatever I say whenever I say, pet."

Gulping, Daniel reached down, and he grabbed the pair of panties. For a moment, he hoped that he was going to be able to use the excuse that they couldn't possibly fit, only Katrina really had done her homework. Immediately, he could tell that these panties were going to be snug, that they would fit him.

"Please, isn't there something else I can do? Maybe I could give you my credit card or something?" Obviously, the idea of trusting a teen girl with his money filled him with a special kind of trepidation, but it would have been better than this. "Isn't the dress enough?"

"No, I think the dress looks so cute on you! Now you're going to put on some panties for me right now."

She pressed them against his chest, and Daniel tried not to react, but he flinched anyway. They almost fell down onto the floor, but he caught them at the last moment.

"Go ahead. Put them on. Show me just how cute you look as my little doll."

Gritting his teeth, Daniel huffed and he puffed. His fingers tightened, yet he couldn't actually do anything. His strength, his intelligence, and maturity didn't matter at all in front of this girl, and they both knew it.

"I'm going to have to punish you if you keep me waiting," she said, tapping his cheek with her hand. Her skin was so soft and smooth, he reflected despite everything else.

Daniel shrugged off his boxers, and then he held up the panties, knowing that once he put these on, Katrina would always be able to control him. He was almost volunteering to put on a collar or a slave harness, he reflected. Sure, these panties were soft as silk, and they might even feel good against his skin from a purely rational perspective.

"Are you sure I have to do this? Please, can't you think of something else?" His voice strained with pathetic desperation.

Katrina put her hands on her hips, and she said, "Mr. Trenton, this is your last chance. Put it on, or I'm going to have to get really mean to you."

He gulped, hating his own vulnerability. Then he pulled the panties up length of his legs, and before he knew it, that soft material squeezed against his scrotum and penis.

"There," he said as a feeble attempt to retake command of the situation. "I'm wearing the panties. Can I please go now?"

"No, silly. There's something else I want to do," she said, sauntering

back toward her satchel.

Holding his breath, Daniel waited to see what she would pull out next. It was worse than anything he could have imagined.

...A camera.

"What, what are you going to do with that?"

"I'm just going to take a couple of pictures, you know, for posterity." She beamed at him again, managing to look both vicious and innocent at the same time.

"Oh, but I forgot! If I'm going to take pictures of you, then I should make sure you are properly made up."

"What do you mean?"

"Sit down." Once again, her tone brooked absolutely no disagreement. He could hesitate, yet that was all.

"What are you going to do?"

He already had on panties. And he had on a dress. She couldn't actually do anything else, could she?

She pointed a well manicured finger back to his own desk.

"Sit down, you naughty boy." Each time she used that phrase, there was just a hint of derision in those words, like she thought he was such a silly man for enjoying her attention. But he didn't! He needed this to stop, no matter what she believed or what his cock implied.

Daniel bowed his head low, and he went to his desk. He sat down, and she came right up beside him, grabbing his wrist and taping it to the side of the desk before he could tell her to stop. Before long, she had three layers of tape over his wrist, connecting it to the metal bar.

She repeated the process on the other side, and when she was done, he couldn't move either limb. At one point, he thought about trying to stand, raising the entire desk beneath him, only to remember that the student desks were credibly heavy. Maybe he could've moved a few inches or a foot at the most, but ultimately, he was trapped.

"There, I like you like that. This way, I'm going to be able to do your makeup, and no one is going to be able to stop me," she said, touching the tip of his nose, "Least of all, you."

Just to torment him, Katrina picked up the backpack, and she started to take out one item after another. She set down each small jar and compact right on the desk. He tried to look away. He tried to simply close his eyes, except Daniel couldn't force himself to do it.

Not only that, when he attempted to free his hands, he only felt the adhesive stick down to his flesh, keeping his limbs right where Katrina put them.

"You're going to be such a pretty little sissy," she told him, her eyes sparkling with amusement. Maybe this was about humiliating him, but deep down, Katrina absolutely enjoyed herself. She was having so much fun playing with a man who liked to think that he was in charge.

It intoxicated her like nothing else.

Katrina took out a wipe, and she held it up. "I'm going to make you nice and clean before I do your makeup," she said, that teasing little sound in her voice.

He shook his head from side to side, doing his best to think of some reason why she had to stop, why she needed to let him go, only a thing came to mind. Panic held him down along the tape wrapped around his arms. He pulled, but those adhesives refused to give. He was trapped, stuck there as his student cleaned off his face.

She put one hand to his chin, pinching his skin. "Stop moving," she commanded.

And somehow, this girl had the authority to get him to actually stop.

He froze, looking a lot like a deer caught in headlights as she moved to the wipe over his cheeks, along the ridge of his nose, and down toward his neck. "You know, you actually do have a girlish face. You have these cute little features, and I'm going to have so much fun making you look like a pretty girl!"

"Stop this," he growled again, which only made Katrina giggle.

When she finished cleaning him off, she grabbed some foundation. She applied it liberally, making sure he was going to be ready. Next, she added just a hint of blush to his cheeks. After that, she went for his eyes.

"Mr. Trenton, you have very pretty eyelashes. What is it about boys? Why do all of you have these incredible lashes?"

While she spoke, she added some eyeliner and shadow. Finally, she pulled out a tube of lipstick.

"Pucker up for me, Mr. Trenton."

"No. I'm not going to do it. You can't make me."

"Are you sure about that? Are you sure I can't give you any reason to do what I say?" As she talked, Katrina slipped her hand between his legs.

Because he had on those soft, silky panties and that baby doll dress,

she had easy access to his erection. Again and again, she moved her knuckles over the curves of his dick, making her captive teacher whimper and struggle of so adorably.

"Do you want an orgasm? You want me to let you come? Well, if that's what you're hoping for, then you had better pucker up right now. Oh, and don't forget, if you insist on being a bad boy, then I can always just tell daddy all about how you've been looking up my skirt!"

She never took her eyes away from him, but she definitely giggled once he puckered his lips together, looking so very helpless before her.

Although she had enjoyed an orgasm only a few minutes before, Katrina seriously considered getting him back down on his knees. But first, she wanted to play some more with her doll.

With his lips puckered like that, Katrina slowly slid the makeup over his mouth. The lipstick actually looked pretty good on him, she reflected. "This is definitely your color," she said, holding back the tube to read the label, "Raspberry Passion."

He didn't answer.

Katrina didn't mind. He could be a shy sissy if he really felt like it. So long as he obeyed every single command she gave him, Katrina could be very patient. She could be a very kind owner.

"Pet, kiss your lips together. Just like this," she said, rubbing her lips together and demonstrating. Obviously, he had seen girls do this many times. Even so, Daniel couldn't quite force the body to move.

"Should I start making a phone call?"

He moved his lips together, hating the fact that this girl could give him all of the right incentives.

"Now, I just need to get some pictures!"

She grabbed up her camera again, she aimed it, and she started snapping pictures. Each time she pressed that button, he heard the mechanical click.

"Now, unless you want me to send this to Heather and Ava, you are going to start posing for me."

"Posing?"

"That's right. You are going to be my little tigress. You going to be such a cute sissy, prancing around the classroom, showing me exactly how adorable you can be, Mr. Trenton." There. She did it again, using his formal

designation to highlight his new status, and he hated every moment of it, but then she grabbed a pair of scissors, and she cut through the tape, releasing him.

"Go sit on the edge of your desk. Cross your legs."

With another gulp of despair, Daniel got up onto his feet, and he went over to his desk. This piece of furniture had once been a symbol of his authority in this room, only now he perched himself on the edge, and he crossed his legs.

"Oh, don't look so glum. A model should be happy. A model should be cheerful!"

Taunting him and encouraging him in the same moment, she beamed another smile in his direction.

Still, Daniel didn't lift the corners of his mouth. Shamefaced, he stared down at the floor, unable to meet her gaze. Pouting out her lower lip once more, Katrina tilted her head to the side. "Daniel, smile for me," she commanded.

She just used his first name, talking to him as though they were peers.

Narrowing his eyes, Daniel glanced up at her. Swallowing, he reclaimed some small degree of self-control.

"Smile for the camera, or I'm going to have to send those other pictures to everyone on the cheerleading squad!"

Obviously, Daniel couldn't imagine a worse fate, yet he nonetheless growled back at her. "I will do it," she said.

As much as he wished he didn't, Daniel believed her. So he smiled, she raised her camera again, aiming the lens right at his made up face, and she clicked the button.

Taking picture after picture, she finally lowered the camera, searching through the different images on the built in screen. "These are nice, but I think we can do better. I want you to pose for me. First, get down on your knees again. I think you look great just like that."

Daniel came to a decision. He was going to have to rush this girl, to take her camera, to destroy it, and maybe he would figure out something else, some way to convince her to destroy the other footage she had.

But for right now, he played along, getting down on his knees.

"Smile, pretty sissy!" he forced himself to obey, all while his cock continued to press against the soft, silk confines of his panties.

She snapped some more pictures.

"Hold your hands behind your head."

He did that. She took even more pictures.

"Now, I think you should lift up the bottom of your skirt. Show me the adorable panties. Let me see your hard on."

"Katrina, please don't make me."

"I'm making you," she said. "And if you don't do it, you are going to be in so much trouble, sissy boy. I'm going to take you outside right now, and I'm going to let all of my friends see you just like this. That isn't what you want, is it?"

Despite his resolution to jump at her, Daniel couldn't bring himself to risk getting in trouble, not again. So he did what she wished, pulling back the hem of his baby doll skirt. Once his panties were revealed, she started snapping even more pictures, one after another after another after another.

"It's a good thing this thing has so much memory!"

From there, she posed him standing up with his hands behind his back. She made him pout. She made him smile. She made him make little kitty paws with his hands. No pose could possibly be too humiliating or demeaning for her little sissy.

"You know, I think that just about does it," she said.

She thumbed the controls, scrolling from one picture to the next. In the meantime, Daniel got back up onto his feet, and he took several tentative steps toward her. He was going to do it. He was going to pounce, grabbing her, throwing the camera down on the ground, and once she understood that he was the adult and that he really meant business, she wasn't going to be able to intimidate him anymore.

"And you know my favorite feature of this device is?" Katrina asked, still without looking up. She answered her question. "It has a Wi-Fi connection. That's right. After every picture I take, it is automatically uploaded to my private account. So right now, I'm sitting on dozens of pictures of you dressed as my little sissy girl."

He froze, knowing that she was telling the truth. Someone like Katrina would have all of the money she would need. Of course, if she bought a camera, it would be high end. This girl didn't skimp. She didn't need to.

"But I did tell you a little fib from before," she said. "Would you like to know what I said about?"

Honestly, Daniel couldn't be certain that he wished to learn the truth,

but then she strolled up to him, and she touched the bottom of his chin. "Before, that video I told you my friend took? Yeah, that didn't exist. You didn't have to do any of this. I'm sure you wanted to. I'm sure you were eager for your orgasm, aren't you?"

"You mean, you never could have blackmailed me?" The words just dropped from his mouth.

Katrina threw her head back and laughed. She flipped her hair, and her eyes sparkled with amusement. Then she wiped away some of those tears, and she looked him in the eye. "Of course, I could blackmail you. You believed me, didn't you? Well, now I have some real blackmail material, and you know it."

He stumbled back, almost as though she had physically struck him. But then she went back to her backpack, and she took something out.

"What, what is that?" he asked, his voice quiet and low.

"Oh, this? This is a dog collar. You're going to come over here, you are going to crawl, and and I'm going to put it around your neck."

"Why?"

"Mr. Trenton, I thought you were very familiar with symbolism. From this point forward, you're going to be my bitch, so you should wear a collar, don't you think?"

He locked his teeth together, wishing that he could somehow stop her, but he couldn't.

Numb, Daniel dropped down onto his hands and knees, and he moved along the linoleum floor. He crawled right up to her, and he looked down at her feet, remembering how he had sucked her toes because she had commanded it. Was there anything she couldn't make him do?

"Mr. Trenton, go back to your desk. Bend over it for me," Katrina demanded.

She really did come off like a little girl asking for a present, only Daniel started to wonder what she had in mind. He got back up onto his feet, feeling the collar around his neck. It was pink with a little bow tie. It looked like something a rich girl might put on her Chihuahua.

Daniel went back to his desk, and he bent over it, feeling exposed and helpless. She rifled around to her backpack one more time, and she took several seconds.

"No peeking," she told him, wagging her finger, not that he could see.

"Katrina, can I, can I please..." he started to ask.

"Can you please what?"

"May I, may I come?" He never imagined he would be asking some teenager for permission, but there he was, helplessly dependent on her whims.

He asked without thinking about it, and once those words left his lips, he could already guess what the answer was going to be. Of course, she was going to tell him no. She would never allow in that kind of pleasure. Wasn't this girl a little sadist, dedicated to playing with him and humiliating him at every turn? Did she want to get back at him for being the mean teacher who threatened to fail her?

"As long as you don't turn around, I'm going to let you touch yourself. How does that sound?"

"Good," he said, sounding uncertain all the while.

"But when you do, you have to wear your panties, and you're going to tell me all about how you are going to be a good sissy for me."

"I'm not a—"

"Do it or no orgasm at all for you," she said.

Behind him, Daniel could still hear her putting something on.

Closing his eyes, he sat up, and he started to touch himself, squeezing his cock through the silk of his panties.

"Speak, boy," she commanded.

"I, I don't know what to say," Daniel confessed.

"Tell me about how much you like being a pretty sissy," she ordered. "Tell me about how much you love being put in those panties by your student." She chuckled again, and Daniel didn't want to say any of those words, but he needed to climax. For so long, he had been thinking about this beautiful girl, and his desires finally got the best of him.

They battered down the last of his defenses, and he sacrificed his dignity for a few seconds of humiliated pleasure.

Daniel gripped the shaft, knowing she was right behind him.

"Close your eyes," she ordered.

Because Katrina possessed those pictures, Daniel surrendered to her again. Pursing his lips, he shut his eyes, and he tried to block out every thought. Of course, he could still hear her footsteps as she circled around him. Then she sat down on his chair. She was watching, savoring the pain and humiliation on his face as he continued to jerk off in a pair of panties she forced him to wear.

"You look so good. You look so pretty. I swear, I can't wait to show those pictures to my friends. Don't worry, I'm sure they will all be very discreet. It's not like you have to worry about those pictures ending up online, do you?"

"No, you can't!"

"I can do whatever I want," Katrina corrected. "But you're still being a very quiet sissy. If you don't want me to do that, you need to tell me how pretty you are going to be. You need to tell me how you are going to be a good sissy for me."

Not just a sissy, her bitch and her slave, whatever this girl desired.

Belting back his embarrassment, he started talking, even as he kept his eyes shut. "Katrina, I'm going to be very pretty for you," he began, sounding very uncertain. "I will make sure to do my makeup every day, and I will wear these pretty panties just for you."

"Don't forget about your collar."

"I will wear a pink collar, and whenever you see it around my neck, it will show you that I'm your bitch," he promised. "I will do whatever you want. I will lick your feet, I will clean your shoes. I will do your laundry. Whatever you want, I will be yours."

"Oh, that is a great idea," she said, clapping her hands. "What about my maid? Would you be my little French maid with the white bonnet and apron and everything?"

On the verge of an orgasm, Daniel gave her everything she wished. "Yes!"

As he made that promise, he messed up his panties, coming hard. His milky white load soaked into the silk, and when he opened his eyes, he realized that she was no longer in his chair. Instead, she put her hand on the back of his neck, and she pushed down again.

"Don't move a muscle," she commanded, and then she yanked down his panties.

Daniel didn't understand what was going on, but she unscrewed the cap to a small jar, and then he sensed the invasion a moment before she slid her fingers into his ass.

She lubed him up good, smearing the stuff all along the walls of his opening. Not only that, Katrina forced him to relax, sliding her finger in, deeper, deeper, deeper. He didn't think he could take any more, but then she used another finger, penetrating him.

"Stop struggling," she commanded. "I know this is hard for you, pet, but you're going to be my sissy, so you better get used to this sort of treatment." She made it sound all so normal, also obviously natural.

And then her fingers were gone, but Katrina was only now just getting started with her pet.

She came at him again, putting her hands on his shoulders. She dug her fingernails down into his skin, and she pushed the strap on dildo right into his ass.

He howled, yelping with surprise, but there was nothing he could do about it. Daniel already understood that she could destroy his life just by e-mailing those pictures. If he wanted to protect any of the respect he had fought so hard to earn, then he couldn't move.

"Oh yes, I like this. This is a lot of fun. I should have turned you into my sissy months ago," she growled, right into his ear. She pumped harder and faster, and Daniel could only stay there, bent over his own desk while she took everything she craved.

With that little bit of pressure against her pubis, it wasn't long before she climaxed. Really, she couldn't tell if so much pleasure came the physical stimulation or from humiliating her teacher. Either way, she threw her head back again, and she came hard, crying out at the top of her lungs. Maybe some of the other teachers and the other classrooms would hear her voice, but she didn't care. That wasn't her problem.

She pulled back, and then she dropped his skirt back down in the place.

"Good sissy," she said, tapping him on the back of the head. She returned to her backpack, but Daniel didn't move for some time. When he finally found the courage, he turned around, and he saw Katrina. She was all put together again, her backpack over her shoulders.

"We're done, right? You'll give me the pictures?"

She giggled with another grin. "Sissy, we're just getting started!" Katrina had a new pet, and she was looking forward to playing with him...

The End