
Chloé and Marinette
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CHLOE WAS TRAPPED WITHIN AN INNER STRUGGLE.

COME ON CHLOE, **DO IT!** YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO.

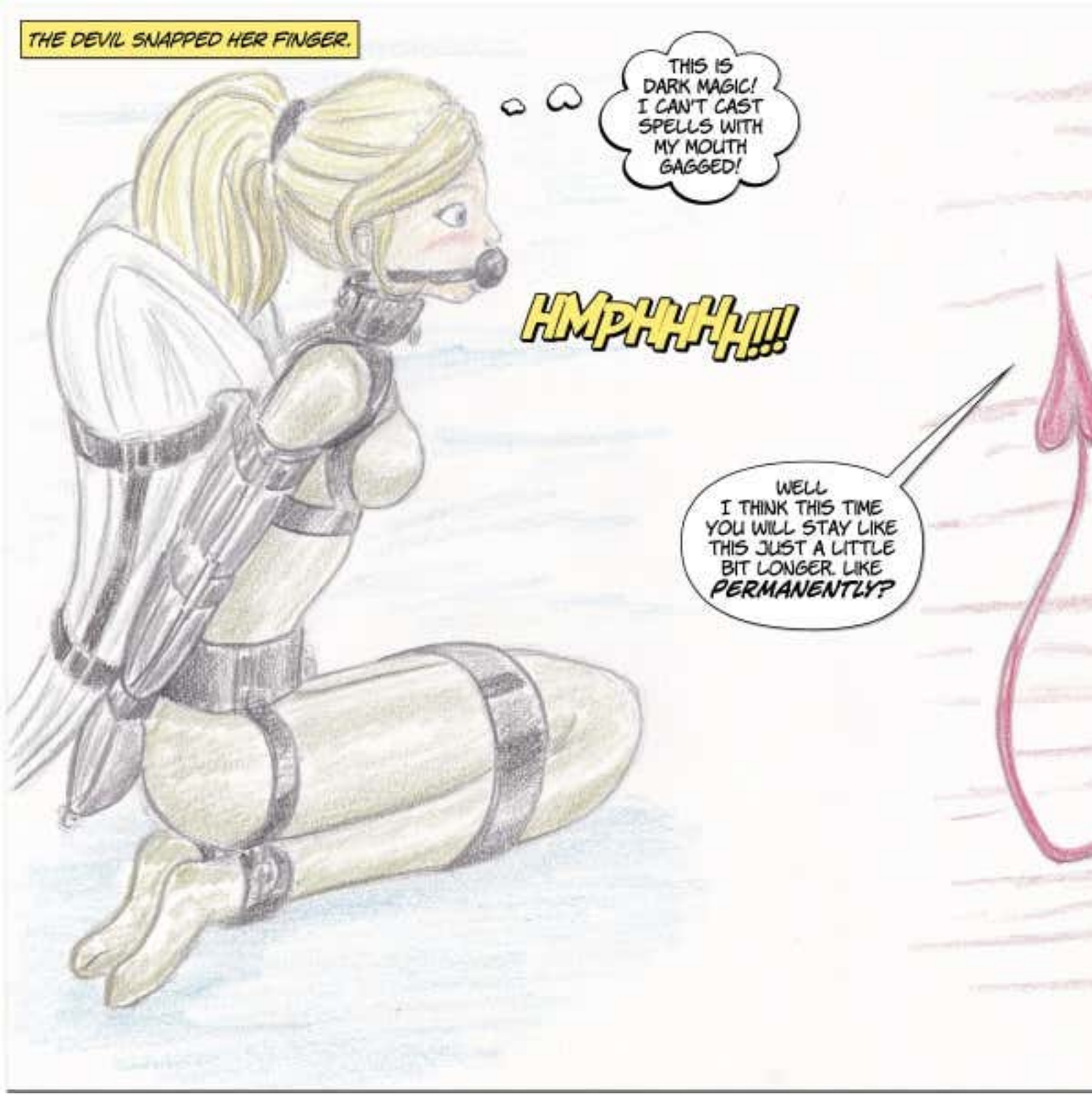
DON'T DO IT, CHLOE, YOU HAVE YOUR OWN SEX SLAVE THAT'S AVAILABLE AT **ANY TIME.**

HMMM MAYBE **SHE** IS RIGHT.

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YOU DARE GIVE HER ADVICE? I'M THE ONE WEARING THE SILK ROBE HERE!

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU NEED SOMETHING MORE-OHHHH ***COM***FORTABLE.


THE DEVIL SNAPPED HER FINGER.
THIS IS DARK MAGIC! I CAN'T CAST SPELLS WITH MY MOUTH GAGGED!
HMPHHHH!!!
WELL I THINK THIS TIME YOU WILL STAY LIKE THIS JUST A LITTLE BIT LONGER. LIKE PERMANENTLY?

1.

SLAVE AND MISTRESS

Chloe felt pride in her work a soaring sense of self-congratulation a triumphant jubilation. She was congratulating herself. Revealing in the perfection of her meticulous planning. It had all slid into place exactly as she had wanted. She had put a scheme together a sob story, and now the annoyance that was taking up the other half of her room was packaged up ready to be removed. She felt a beaming pride in herself, she considered the girl bound at her mercy. She thought that it would be so easy to be rid of the peon the pleb that had almost taken her rightful place at this prestigious art school. The trick had worked seamlessly and now she looked down on her helpless and very nervous prey.

Though She had to admit for a few moments, to herself it had been touch and go. There was a moment when her nerve had almost faltered. However, it was but a moment. She pushed the doubts back down where they belonged. she was Chloé Bourgeois, she said it inside her head whispered it on her lips. She was One of a noble legacy, she was one of the elite one of the privileged. she was not going to hesitate to seize her rightful position amongst the student body. and a nice private room free of that annoyance that was right now under her latex coated heel. Her fingers danced fondly over the inflated cocoon and she felt something tug at her. Well that had been the original plan, to remove this dear roommate.

Chloe had to think about her next step, she had everything in place to go with her original plan. Enough material to deal with Marinette, to force her to leave quietly. So, she had this place to herself so she didn't have to compete with the little book worm. She looked down and Marinettes big round frightened eyes looked up at her begging. Chloe had other ideas, she rather liked that little adventure it was rather fun to package up the little pretender. To have Marinette held firmly under her heel and brought to hand. Chloe absent-mindedly stroked her prisoner who was trying to struggle as pathetically as it was.

Chloe looked over her cocooned captive, her sub would not dare to step out of line at the threat of the release of those pictures. She ran a hand over her own curves felt the latex against her creamy white skin. The real question was did she want more than simply get rid of Marinette? The easiest solution would be to just release the pictures and watch Marinette crumple. It would be far simpler to just do that and get it done with, as simple as pressing the send button. She could just release them on her pathetically struggling prisoners own social media account. It wasn't as if Marinette had even locked her phone properly.

Chloe sat down on the bed and looked thoughtfully down upon Marinette the way a cat would look down on a mouse that they had just caught. Do they eat them now or play with them? The blond looked at the prospective future in front of her. A different solution came to mind to have Marinette as her own puppet, that would be a far better outcome. To have her as a pet on a leash, a servant at her beckoned call. that would be more appropriate, it would take a bit more to organise and to enact. but it would be far better in the long run. She could see a future for Marinette with her hand to guide her.

It would be far more fulfilling to have the girl doing her bidding for a while. To lead her around with those photographs as a leash to control her, that would be far better. Well better for Chloe at any rate, that would be a much more satisfying outcome. However, she thought a stage further, her body under the influence of all the tight latex could consider other possibilities lustful ideas even more extreme. To keep the good girl on an actual leash instead, to play with her mind and body a more subtle and fulfilling manipulation. She idly tapped the bundle beneath her and wondered,

should she even release Marinette? Part of her was toying with the idea of keeping her all tightly bound like this. Perhaps even making things a tad tighter, to emphasize her prisoners predicament. Not remotely practical, but it was a very tempting idea.

But then previous idea was nice and quick and she had to admit that this other option was both time-consuming and expensive to set up. it would be both time-consuming and expensive to maintain, pets were always a bother. But then she had such a rush from watching poor innocent Marinette squirming in layer after layer of paralyzingly tight rubber. Her naked young body helpless, in those restraints that outlined every curve of her form. Chloe could feel her own hand creeping between her legs. Though as she thought about it, there was also an argument to be had that now she had this equipment that now she had gone to the bother of acquiring all these lovely rubbery things that she might as well use them for something. And that would be to keep poor Marinette as tightly confined as possible.

Chloe felt a little twinge in her back, probably from the corset. Being a Dom was quite a lot of effort dragging a cocooned girl about took more work than you would expect. But it was quite rewarding in its own way, she guessed good exercise in transporting her pinioned prisoner. She looked back at the other option, she was impulsive and there were Loads of pictures on Marinette's social media private gallery, ready to make public with just the press of a button. Chloe could imagine the look in Marinette's face, the hurt the tears the self-loathing. How she would imagine other people's scorn and judgement the pain in her face. And yet Chloe didn't want to do it, something held her back.

The blond paused, she considered the way the little brunette would react when all her friends all her family saw the pictures. Especially the looks from her parents, how she would almost be ready to fold. Marinette would start crying and not stop. she would leave the school she would start running and it wouldn't end. Chloe thought about it, there would be a drama a crisis a real fire storm. she could sit back and watch it all. She was so tempted to put it in motion, but if she did that she would never get Marinette under her hand or crop again, she would never trust her enough to submit to her. And part of her really didn't want to go that far. Part of her also realised that there would be repercussions for her that would reach her in her ivory tower, if she pushed it that far.

Though the idea of Marinette as a helpless prisoner. Chloe looked down at her and waved her phone, "you don't mind me posting a few pictures"? Marinette tried to struggle in her bonds a desperate look in her eyes. Chloe felt something stir in her body. That also kind of fell into the idea of keeping the brunette as personal prisoner. Bound up nice and tight and out of the way hog-tied in the corner of her closet, though that was a lot of effort. She could do that at any point in the future, now she was just teasing. for the moment she wanted to have her fun, to take Marinette and explore her own dominant feelings.

Her own feelings towards another woman just barely more than a girl. One wrapped in rubber nice and tight she laughed it was almost as if she was keeping her fresh vacuum packed like this. Chloe looked down at the desperate Marinette waving her phone, "just a little joke". Marinette sighed into her gag the wild look in her eyes evaporating and her struggling completely stopped. Chloe would make sure to take the gag out last. Looking at Marinette she needed, a nice large one to keep poor sweet Marinette as quiet as possible. after all the blond bombshell didn't want any back talk from her submissive. It was not there place, and they looked much more cute with their jaw wrapped around a giant ball.

She deleted the copies of the pictures from Marinette's phone though she still had the original files. Chloe bound those impulses up tight and shoved them down back into the part of her mind that they originally came from, they were short term goals. They were small improvements small petty things. She was older and capable of planning for something that would take longer to run its course that would be far more satisfying when it did. She could consider a longer term goal. She licked her lips and looked down, marioneete looked confused and nervous, as Chloe considered acquiring a slave girl.

What would be involved in training a slave girl. How she was going to manage every aspect of her life, to keep her bound and dominated. She stroked the spot where Marinettes neck would be. She imagined keeping her on a nice tight leash, metaphorically and perhaps physically. She remembered on of her purchases, she had just the perfect item to do that with. An insurance policy To keep Marinette under her control. One with no immediately visible signs. it wouldn't be as if she would pull her to class on the end of a leash or wheel her into the lecture theatre strapped to a

handcart no she had something more fun and more subtle to employ.

It was with a lot of reluctance and a little tremor of trepidation that Marinette would not be a good sport. that Chloe started to unwrap her tightly bundled package. Normally Chloe had no trouble unwrapping presents, but this one was a special case. The way her prisoner was trapped on the bed she could have just removed the gag to take advantage of her. She considered it an impulse to delight herself, she told herself not now, but perhaps something for later, Chloe used the remote in reverse to pump the air out of the sleep sack, giving Marinette a little bit of wiggle room. She tried to move a little but she was still inside multiple layers of bondage it was a little cute but utterly futile the way her eyes bulged and she struggled. There was a hint of fire in those eyes, Chloe again considered just removing the gag and having the conversation with Marinette in a position where she held all the cards.

However, it was not quite appropriate she wanted Marinette to give her, more of her trust. It was quite a bit of effort to get the little black haired beauty out of the sleep sack, even when it was deflated. There was still another entire body binder to undo and a set of straps to go, before Marinette emerged like a butterfly from a particularly shiny cocoon. Chloe couldn't help herself she perhaps spent a little too much time running her hands over Marinette's bound body and not so much time actually undoing the straps. Poor little Marinette was turning red again at the blonds touch.

Poor Marinette was still inflamed missing the good vibrations. However, she was very tired and very sweaty. She had been struggling futilely against the rubber for hours to no avail, all that struggling just rubbed the straps tightly against her body, a tickle of rubber over her flesh. For a moment she thought that she had slipped into a day dream or a nightmare. She felt herself blushing, this was not some crazy dream this had actually happened. this was still actually happening. It took her mind some time to process all of these sensations. She felt her head was foggy as if her mind was crammed full of cotton candy. She felt such an overwhelming wave of humiliation of revulsion at herself. At her new emerging desires.

How they were affected her sinewy body, how they overrode her mind. Compelling her to do things that she knew were really foolish and yet she was working away seemingly against her own interests. She looked at the latex and felt an odd contentment, to counterbalance her burning shame. how these garments these restraints these inanimate objects do these things to her. She questioned herself had it always been there or had Chloe just introduced it? She was not happy about this entire predicament yet she had been forced along for the ride. That sense of propriety, it was pulling at her a burning shame that made her want to curl up into a ball and hide in a closet.

Sweet Marinette was in a world of her own, reliving the sensations again and again, feeling a slowly building pressure in her head, as if it was the onset of a migraine or the pressure from a rising altitude it was going to break emotionally very soon. She barely noticed as the leg binder was pulled away, then the straps and the sex toy that had been shamefully fastened between her legs was removed. It was turned off and she was given sweet reprieve from the lowest tormenting setting. Her poor flesh felt raw and abused, and yet still excited at the same time, she was giddy inside her head rolling from profound joy to clawing despair in an instant, one was going to win soon.

The gag was removed her jaw ached from the size of the intruder, but she dare not speak, not yet. She worked her jaw and somehow on some level she missed the presence of the stifling gag. She ran her tongue around her mouth it felt dry and she was parched. Her posture relaxed as a trap and laces were released. the arm-binder was finally worked down her arms. It felt so good to be free from it the device was truly an implement of torture. Marinette tried to shift her arms but they were still held fast, her arms were very numb from the entire time in the binder did Chloe have to make it so tight!

Chloe, felt a little hint of trepidation returning her slaves freedom to her even if it was temporarily. She didn't like to let anything that was given to her go, including apparently Marinette. She blinked and stood a little taller. Reluctantly Chloe released the last bit of bondage that Marinette could not get to herself. Chloe unwound the bondage tape and freed her arms. Marinette’s arms limply fell to her sides there were a couple of shooting pains but it was mostly numbness. Her limbs were as stiff as anything. they felt like she had done a work out for hour after hour until they were numb. She could feel Chloe behind her, her breasts pressed against her back, the heat of her breath on her neck the scent of banana body lotion, Chloe was actually trying to comfort her, for a second as she was hugged from behind she felt the same part that the want trapped between her legs stir.

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SHE IS SO HOT!

SHHHH MARINETTE, CALM DOWN, IT'S ABSOLUTELY NORMAL THAT YOU LIKE GIRLS.

SNIFF THANK YOU CHLOE! I'M SO GLAD WE ARE FRIENDS. PLEASE KEEP IT BETWEEN US!

Slowly Marinette got the feeling back in her limbs, Chloe looked over at her and she looked away blushing. Marinette felt herself rubbing her stiff hands over each arm as she sat there still in the catsuit corset hobble skirt and boots. She could get some sense of feeling back into her limbs. Then It hit her, exactly what she had done. All the things her family had warned her not to do when she was far from home. She had fallen into a trap, a pretty one none the less. Marinette felt the first tear and she felt her face tilt forwards her posture crumble and she was holding her face in her hands.

Chloe saw the moment of weakness in her prospective sub, she saw someone vulnerable easy to manipulate, and she had a small hint of regret in causing her this distress. She would be bold now was the time she hugged Marinette in a way that was quite tight. “Now my little slave girl, that's no way to behave. Didn't you enjoy yourself, were you not turned on by every moment of your bondage?” Chloe leaned back then handed her a glass of cool lemonade. Marinette drank it like she had been lost in the desert for a week. Though with the amount that she had been sweating she must have been very thirsty. The glass was empty with an inelegant gulp, Chloe held her chin, “what do you say”? Marinettes big wide eyes on the point of crying met the blonds face then looked away down, “Thank you Chloe” her voice was tired worn thin her mouth still suffering the rigours of the gag.

She placed her index finger on Marinettes forehead, “That's not the way you address your mistress! And you do want me to be your mistress? To keep you safe to look after you and play with you and make your body feel all these wonderful sensations that you desire? You want me to make you into something more than you are now a nervous little frightened girl? You want me train your body to give you pleasure and pain don't you?” Marinette looked confused her rational mind was telling her to flee her body was telling her to stay. Her heart wanted to explode. Her words were cautious timid. “I am not sure. I won’t deny it felt so good but it was wicked it was wrong, it was... I am not really sure”. There were so many conflicting thoughts in Marinette's head, a tumult of emotions flowing backwards and forwards”.

Marinette started to cry started to beg thought she wasn't sure if she was begging to be kept or begging to be released the blubbering and the words tripped over each other to become a nonsense that even Marinette had no idea on what she was thinking. But if someone were to step in and stop this to still her troubled mind now was the time. Chloe stopped her with a finger to her lips, cutting off her rambling worries, she stroked her hand against Marinette's. Marinette relaxed and let a weight of emotions drain away from her body. Chloe asked again “**What do you say**”?, she got the response that she was looking for. A clam Marinette hugged her. “Thank you mistress Chloe”. She patted her new slave girls head. “there now slave, is-ant it better when you surrender to me?

Chloe snatched up a tissue and Marinette wiped her face clean from all the tears and all the sweat from the rubber. Chloe helped Marinette remove the posture collar the hobble skirt the boots etc. So that she had stripped down to just the simple but very tight and revealing clear transparent catsuit. It was the most comfort that she had experienced in hours and yet Marinette seemed to be reluctant to part with her last few restrictions. Chloe looked at her, seriously looked at her. Marinette seemed to be more helpless as the rubber layers were removed. Except to help she barely seemed to move she barely seemed to resist Chloe's touch, which was exactly what the dominant Chloe wanted in a play thing.

Chloe's hand stroked over her slaves hip. There was a question on Marinettes lips. Mistress, I don't know if I want to do that again" she looked back at the inflatable bondage sack. Chloe grinned. "of course, you do. I heard how you were moaning in pleasure" she reached for her gold phone and held it in front of Marinettes nose, "let me play this recording back to you". Marinette looked for a moment at the image of her squirming in tight bondage against the vibrating wand pushed into her sex, she was frozen for a moment her eyes going wide. Marinette threw up her hands to hide her blushing face, after that she looked at it for another moment feeling a rising stir of lust.

She looked back at the sleep sack laying deflated on the bed, "mistress, I am not sure my heart could take doing that again, I feel so sore after all that, err... excitement". She patted her slave girl on the head. "It's to be understood, it is such a raw experience, you need time to recover". Chloe looked at her possessions, "I had a similar experience after my first time. When you found me a little stuck but I came back to it, I enjoyed it, you will to". Chloe pulled her in and kissed Marinette on the lips. She held her for a span of heart beats and released her. Marinette sat there blinking her chest heaving up and down as she was panting".

She looked shell shocked, "But Mistress... it's so... err I am not like that... I like boys... I like Adrien". Chloe tapped her with the edge of her heel, "Is Adrien around at the moment?" Marinette didn't answer her eyes looked down and she shook her head. Chloe grinned, "No he is not... am I here? Submissively Marinette looked down, "Yes mistress, you are... Chloe". She held her slave girl close. She reassured her "My little slave, its college. It's time to experiment, it's time to let your hair down and try all that you can while you can". Marinette was lost in thought for a moment eventually her face settled down into a grin, "I suppose that you are right about that Chloe". Her mistress ignored the fact that her slave had missed her title off, she hugged her again "my little slut, what is the harm if it brings you pleasure".

Marinette could feel between her legs what gave her pleasure, she knelt down so that she was lower than her mistress. An effort that Chloe appreciated, "Now that's a better slave girl my little rubber slut". Her was the moment where she would test how much conviction there actually was behind Marinettes words, "now to solidify your new position I have an accessory for you to model. Something to show you your new place". Marinette blushed red again and felt around her throat. "Is it a collar mistress", she turned completely red. Chloe stroked her chin, "Oh not a collar silly girl. I got this as part of my toys" Chloe went and recovered an ominous and quite large black box from deep in her cupboard, with a grin on her face she pulled its contents out with a flourish gauging her slaves reaction. There was a hint of fear in Marinettes voice but she didn't recoil in dread. Her words were timid, and yet there was an edge of eagerness in them, "mistress, is that a chastity belt"?

Chloe ran a finger around the outside of the belts waist, "Yes slave, it's a chastity belt". She held the belt out and Marinette leaned forwards with interest gingerly reaching out one hand. Chloe was pretty sure that she had succeeded in fully ensnaring her slave. "Think of it this way, you surrender responsibility for your enjoyment. You don't have to feel any guilt or shame over your pleasure. you just have to sit back and enjoy it". Marinette held the chastity belt slowly examining the new gift from her mistress. Chloe kissed her on the cheek, "That is when of course your benevolent wonderful mistress decides to give you pleasure".


YOU KNOW THE RULES. ALL MY SLAVES MUST STAY CELIBATE.

Chloe looked at the belt there was a weight and solidness to it a reassuring sense of being owned of being taken care of. She grinned and she could feel the heat rising in her loins. “Ok mistress, I can see the appeal of that”. She held the belt up and examined it from the side. “It would be, rather exciting. but I can see a rather large plug and you know I am a virgin there, don't you?” Chloe's hand squeezed her bottom. “Oh, Marinette it can deflate to a very small size. A little lubricant, then when It is fitted then I just expand it to a size where it suitably holds your attention, it will make you sit up very straight in class”.

The raven haired looked petrified at the thought of having that plug lodged in her rear, and yet also very excited. Marinette tentatively asked, “Does that chastity belt lock mistress”? Chloe put her hand over the top of Marinettes over the locking plate of the belt. oh yes and I would hold the key, it’s part of our agreement. you are the slave you give me your trust, you give me your body and I take away weight the burden of decision that you are currently plagued with. You poor thing you will be free. you will do as I command and we will enjoy each other and these toys. You will learn that this is the essence of a mistress slave relationship. I will take care of you, but you will surrender yourself to me, you will give me your young body. I will give you pain but I will balance it with pleasure. I will humiliate you but you will desire to be humiliated, you will be dominated debased and you will like it as you have a submissive heart”.

Marinette actually climbed into her intimate prison she fitted the chastity belt around her own waist, “Ok mistress”. However, there was a point where she needed a little help with one issue to get everything just in place. Chloe stroked her back, “now slave, I just need to apply some lubricant hold still”, she pushed and Marinette gritted her teeth moaned and groaned. Chloe got the tip of the plug into her slaves behind. “there in it goes, you’re a good girl. now hold still and be brave this is going to feel a bid, err unusual”. Marinette squirmed a little and tried to relax. “Mistress it hurts”, it was a statement and a complaint about her conditions, but it was far too late to back out now.

She patted her submissive on the rump, “now Marinette I need you to be a good slave girl and relax”, the raven haired tried as hard as she could to obliged her mistress. Chloe patted her again, “that's good now its tiny, its barely inflated just let it slip all the way inside you. There you go”. Marinette was panting intensely feeling herself rattled, “mistress it feels odd”. Chloe ran two fingers over the back of the chastity belt and ushered ever so gently on the base of the plug getting a moan from her slave girl. “But you enjoying it on some level”? Marinette blushed again. “well err... yes, I guess”. Chloe moved the proceedings onwards. “good now move forwards just a bit, spread your legs a bit further bend over the bed and use your arms to take part of your weight. Now I just tug this around your waist up between your legs and its almost ready”.

Marinette started to shift to look round, an Open handed Spank landed on her pretty derriere. Chloe grinned and there was an edge of menace to her words. “I didn't say you could move silly little Marinette. the plug still has to be inflated the rest of the way. Now it’s going to get a little more”. She paused looking for the right words. “The sensation will be a bit imposing a bit different”. She gave the bulb a couple of good hard squeezes inflating the plug inside her slave girl by several sizes. Marinette twitched then remained stock still, “err mistress that's odd”? Chloe patted her again, “shush now, just a couple more”. There was a hint of panic in Marinettes words,, “it’s certainly making its presence felt”. Chloe scolded her, “be brave it’s Just going to get a bit larger” there were a couple more pumps and Marinette shifted uncomfortably.

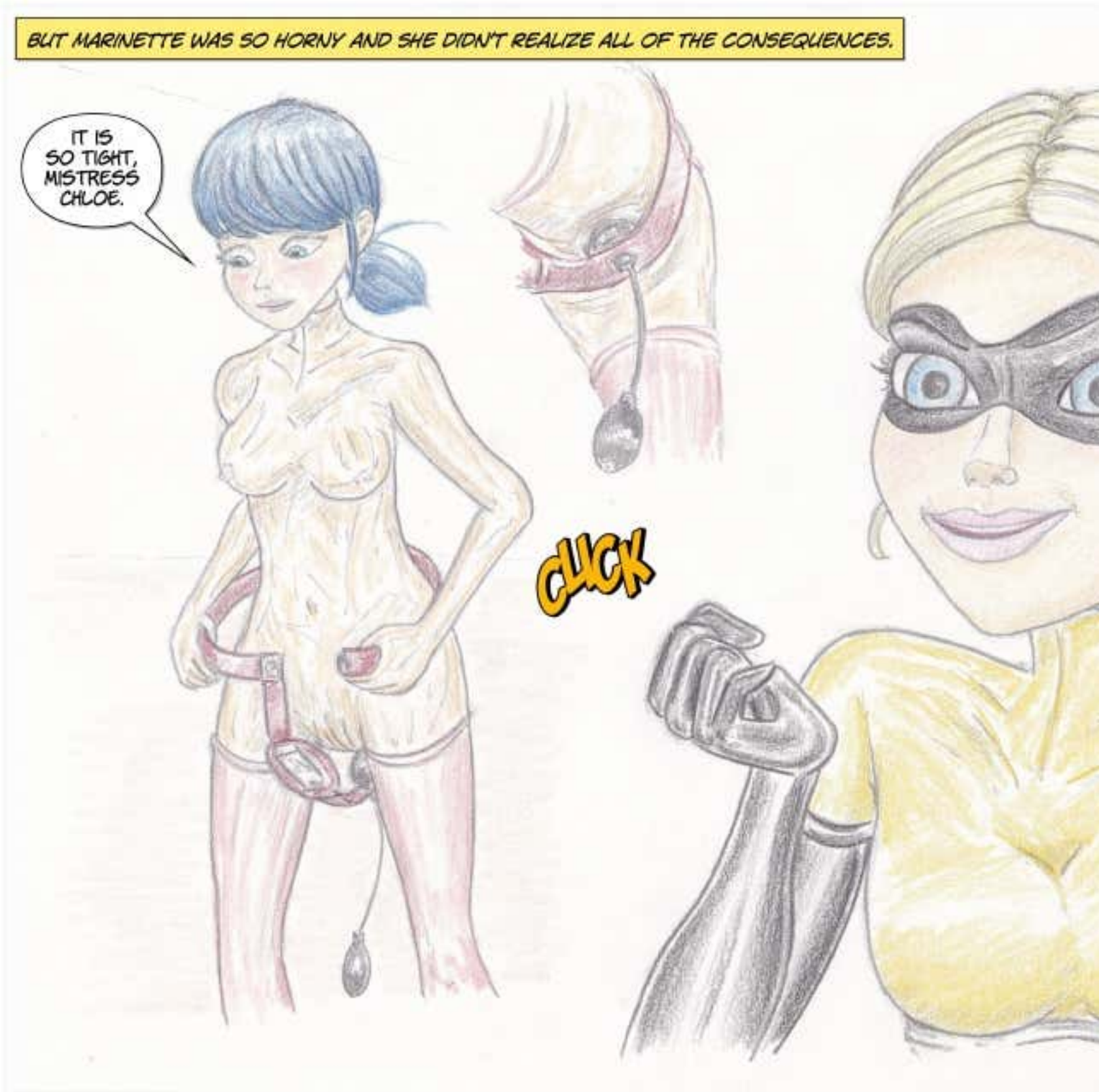
Chloe and her new slave had different ideas on what exactly constituted comfortable, unfortunately for Marinette Chloe was the one who was determining exactly what would constitute her level of comfort squeezing the bulb again. The groans emanating from marioneete had quite a lot more pain and a lot less lust as the plug continued to inflate, “please mistress”. She was begging but Chloe was still holding the plug. “now you can take more”. Chloe loved to see Marinette reduced to this state begging and pleading. Chloe stroked her rear and pumped it again, “please mistress” she ran a hand over Marinettes stomach, “just a little more and I lock it in place”. There was one final pump and the end of the bulb and tube was pulled out a little stub was depressed and the plug was not going anywhere.

Marinette felt a sense of relief she felt stuffed like a turkey. But it was over, wasn't it? her chastity belt couldn't get any worse could it? Chloe looked down at the waist and started to fiddle with the locking plate, “Now to properly size the waist”. There was a very nervous response from the belts occupant. “Err what do you mean... err mistress”. Chloe already started to tighten the mechanism with a turn of the key. “Well this belt it is quite lose at the moment. See down here, it’s a

one way mechanism. I just need to turn the key and push on it and it gets tighter". Marinette felt like she was being bisected with the pressure from the belt and she involuntarily squirmed. Chloe gave her a warning look. "I didn't tell you that you could move, now I just get it a bit tighter and a bit tighter still". Marinette was looking pale, "Please mistress... Chloe its tighter than the corset"! Chloe dismissed her slaves concerns, "Nonsense" she gave the belt an almighty push which resulted in a jarring click. "now it's tighter than the first corset, now I can lock it off".

Chloe stepped back and admired her handy work. "Now slave, I have double locked it try and shift or manoeuvre it about at all. It won't budge". Experimentally Marinette moved about shifting her weight from one foot to the other. "Wow mistress that is tight. but I have to wonder what's this pad pressed against my clitoris". Chloe grinned and reached for her phone, "Funny you should ask let me show you". She set it on the Smallest vibration setting, Marinette's eyes spring wide she felt her knees bend and she could feel the room spinning she had her jaw open and was having difficulty not to drool on herself. Chloe raises one eye brow, seductively "good is-ant it".

The poor raven haired could barely get the words out "... Yes mistress" she gasped and the sensation stopped. Chloe had a wicked look, "Now let me show you the other end of the spectrum, the shock function", Marinette felt a little spark in her most intimate area, "... eepp!!!?" Chloe looked down at her, "what do you say slave girl?". Hesitantly Marinette answered "thank you mistress" she realised that she was out of the proverbial frying pan and into the fire. She gave the belt one tug and her naivety was on display. "Err, mistress, can I change my mind its quite tight"! Chloe patted her like you would a goofy puppy. "Don't be silly, you agreed to it Marinette. It's far too late to back out now". Marinette's voice was low and yet had an edge of excitement "Is it"? Chloe kissed her, "Oh yes. you know you want this". It took a few seconds but Marinette answered, "... err yes". Chloe looked at her "What do you say?" she looked at the floor, "Yes Mistress" Chloe patted her, "good girl"


BUT MARINETTE WAS SO HORNY AND SHE DIDN'T REALIZE ALL OF THE CONSEQUENCES.
IT IS SO TIGHT, MISTRESS CHLOE.
CLICK

Chloe closely inspected her newly accessorized slave, she liked what she saw. Her finger twirled around indicating the room, “now slave give me a show, walk about”, Marinette took one hesitant step then another. The chastity belt made its dominating presence felt with each movement of her body. it tightly clung in place and showed its subjugating hold over its victim. Marinette turned a little red, her eyes misted up a little, she walked very slowly about the room. Which now seemed far smaller and hotter. She was holding her breath in, she reached down and put one hand on the waist of the belt, “its... err rather tighter than I thought it would be... mistress”, she just remembered to add that note of respect at the end, it was a miracle that she could form a coherent sentence at that point, without any of the accessories making the job harder.

Marinette perceived, she was getting better at walking but it was an issue with comfort. The belt cut in to her waist in a more pronounced way than the corset. At least the corset spread the pressure over a larger area, this was like a single tight band. Now there was a great deal of pressure pressing on her hip bone, above the swell of her ass there was a constant pressure cupping and pushing on her pelvic mound. Her steps became more sure more confident. All of it was very distracting the lining of the chastity belt seemed to be designed to rub her the wrong way some sort of bristle pad. or perhaps the right way every time she moved. That was probably why Chloe was so instant on having her walk around in the belt so that she could watch her squirm.

The blond beamed and smiled, “that's the point, now keep moving. I didn't tell you to stop my little slave girl”. Marinette kept going, she moved up and down the room between the two beds stopping at each end to turn around, the first time she did she staggered and almost fell over. She slowed down and hesitated for a moment. She could see the look in Choe's eyes as it moved from admiring Marinette's tightly displayed body to the crop resting on the top of the bed, marrionette looked at the crop and kept moving, there was a slightly greater spring to her step from that moment on.

After ten or twenty minutes of seeing her slave girl get used to her current predicament Chloe held up one rubber encased hand and stopped her in the middle of the room. She moved with a few short steps. She was not rushed her poise broadcasting confidence, owning the area. Then she was beside her nervous little slave girl. Marinette looked at Chloe's face. There was a look of triumph like a supervillain who was about to start monologuing, or a cat that had gotten the cream. Marinette actually felt herself blushing. She liked the way Chloe looked at her, like she was some prize to be converted or a chocolate cream desert to be eaten up. She looked like she was enjoying this entire performance. The smell of the rubber and latex the scent of the oil that she had smeared all over her naked body to slide the catsuit on, it was a heady mix that was making her more and more excited to be Chloe’s little slave girl.

Chloe had watched her slave girl intently. She could really appreciate how the chastity belt changed the way that poor sweet Marinette moved. It made her look rather vulnerable and quite sweet and helpless at the same time. It was like adding chocolate sprinkles onto a desert or a bow onto a present. Something extra that made you want to own it more. In fact, the way she looked at it, wrapping Marinette in more and more restraints was like elegantly displaying some expensive new toy in a glass case. The fact that there was a barrier between her and the object made her want it even more. All the little accessories that you could add to something. All the barriers between one thing and another, that made her want it even more. Though it was not every day she got to shop for her very own slave girl, today she thought she had found a bargain.

Chloe smiled a wicked grin on her lips, “Now marinette I want you to test something for me. Try to get your fingers under the belt”. Marioneette was embarrassed but part of her really wanted to see how secure her prison was, “err ok mistress”. Marinette slowly tried to get her finger nail under the edge of the chastity belt, with absolutely no luck. She paused thought about it then set to the task with a little more fervour. Trying to work two fingers under the band between her legs, she couldn't do anything she tapped on the steel she couldn't feel anything. It was exciting and perturbing at the same time she set about, working down from the top of the waist band then up between her legs. The cold implacable steel defeated her easily, as it was designed to do.

Marinette didn't give up straight away. She was commanded by her mistress to test the limits of her bondage, so she was going to do just that. She tried to twist and contort her body to move her waist around. to give her some more slack about the belt, shifting forwards back and side to side. Yet with this effort she didn't manage to manipulate any slack from the belt, it was far too tight relentlessly secure. Marinette pulled on the belt with one hand and tried to create some slack.

She didn't use much force the first time for fear of breaking the device or hurting herself. With a little more confidence, she had a second crack at it. With a grunt of effort, she tried again but couldn't get a fingernail under the contraption, she tried again gripping the belt with both hands and twisting. And again, there was not one millilitre of slack created. The belt didn't deviate from the position that Chloe had fastened it, riding tight over Marinette's crotch.

The little slave girl was frustrated and defeated. She sighed and dropped her hands to her sides. Marinette turned to her mistress. “I can’t, it’s too tight for me to really do anything with it”. Which considering how much Chloe had paid for the chastity belt was exactly the outcome that she wanted. She looked over Marinette it was like locking one of her toys up in a secure box, so that no one else could play with them. It denoted her ownership over sweet little Marinette in such a fundamental way in her hand was the ability to dispense pain and pleasure. She walked over and lifted Marinette's chin up with her fingers. She moved Marinettes arms behind her back and gently positioned them so that Marinette was holding her right elbow with her left hand and vice versa, as if her arms were bound out of the way.

Chloe looked at Marinettes eyes and gestured to the floor. Marinette kept her head in place but looked down. At Chloe's expensive boots. Finally, Chloe made her spread her knees so that they were about a foot apart. It would take a bit of time to train her slave girl in the proper poise and position that she wanted. but she was sure that the two of them would enjoy the training if Marinette was a little slow, she would be enjoying the crop quite a bit more. “you are going to wear this belt from now on slave you are going to refer to me as mistress in private and Chloe in public, you won’t tell anyone else about our little fun games. Because it would embarrass us both and because your locked up tight and this belt has 12 higher levels on the shock function that you are currently wearing”.

Chloe ran her hands over the outline of the chastity belt, poor little Marinette was going red with humiliation, tinged with a little bit of lust to have Chloe's fingers running over her encased sensitive flesh. She let out an unladylike yelp when Chloe tapped the bottom of the belt and the over inflated plug shifted to make its insidious presence felt. hammering home poor little Marinette's predicament. It made her eyes roam the room for a moment wondering were exactly the key to the belt was kept. She remembered that there was a hidden safe that the brochure had gone one about, so her release was probably locked away behind a combination that she had no chance of accessing with any ease, she was Chloe's prisoner and a willing one at that her world was upside down.

Chloe looked down on her slave girl from the height of her high heels, she was quite pleased with herself but they still had college the next day. She grinned, “the hour is late, we have progressed so very far today, I would like to do more, and I think you would as well my sweet little slave. But I think it is time to call it a night”. Marinette looked both disappointed and revealed at the same time. She was still a bit too new fresh and naive, “does that mean you’re going to let me out of the belt mistress”? Chloe ran her hand down the side of the girls face, “Oh no, you’re going to get used to sleeping in the belt. In fact, You’re going to be showering in the belt”.

Marinette blushed a very deep hue, “Err mistress Chloe, how am I going to... err you know what in this belt”? Chloe smiled, “Well my dear I did get all the accessories to go with it. you’re going to have to get quite used to having an enema every day aren't you”. That prospect made Marinette squirm about, she was amazed at how many things the belt took away from her.

Chloe put one hand on her shoulder and the other on her waist, “Now our living arrangements have changed. Now that we have a special bond. I am going to give you the privilege slave of sharing a bed with me”. Marinette was surprised but not exactly appalled by the suggestion “You want me to sleep with you tonight”? She hugged the sumptuous slave, “I want you to sleep next to me, I do want to sleep tonight perhaps on the week end we can begin your oral training”. Marinette shifted her eyes down, “Thank you mistress... Chloe... I think”. Of course, Marinette hadn't quite realised the implications of her new position, Chloe gestured to the bed and the cupboards, “Now you have a lot of things to do, to get this room ready before we go to bed”.

Chloe made Marinette clean up wipe down and pack away all her toys. She had meticulously read up on all of them online when she purchased them. And then she gave her slave detailed institutions including how to pack them all away neatly. Of course, Chloe helped the work progress smoothly by project managing it with a relaxing glass of wine in hand. For Marinette it was rather humiliating, but still there was a certain rosy blush to the slave girls cheeks. She didn't look unhappy as she wiped down the latex and rubber, buffing them with preservative shining agents etc. until

they were all shiny wrapped and packed away to be used in the future. There was one purchase that would make there sleeping arrangements far sexier, far more intimate. That would provide a far greater experience than the normal cotton sheets that the college provided for the student rooms.

Now that everything was packed away Chloe had more work for her slave, just a little more work. She gestured to a set of boxes that had been put to one side in a closet. she got Marinette to unpack the purple latex sheets for their nightly arrangements, they would cocoon the pair of them intimately. Chloe got her to make the bed like a proper maid servant should. There were latex pillow cases over the regular pillows, a latex base sheet then layers of latex sheets with crisp folded corners. Watching Marinette bending over working in her chastity belt was quite a sight. She did it very well. Marinette noted the pleasure in Chloe's face as she watched her slave girl bending down to make the last few finishing touches. Chloe could get quite used to her own live in maid. She rewarded her with a sip of wine from her own bottle then made her clean the glass.

Chloe turned out the lights and crawled under the covers, Marinette stood waiting at the foot of the bed. “good night my little slave girl”, Marinette looked at the top of the bed “good night mistress”. Chloe patted the bed and hesitantly Marinette slid up and over to the bed. She remained at the foot of the bed for a moment then nervously worked her way up the covers rustling and squeaking with each movement. She sat there frozen for a moment then slowly lifted the covers up and slid inside them with Chloe. She was nervous and stiff as a board to begin with. laying right on the edge of the bed, then slowly she relaxed and moved closer to her mistress. Chloe was already hogging the bed. But having a latex clad slave girl moving closer and closer to her was an exciting prospect. She grinned and rolled over spooning with Marinette who was hesitant at first but then started to return the favour, the chastity belt keeping them from getting too carried away.

All to soon the exhausted Marinette had dozed off in her mistresses arms. Slowly Chloe started to doze off, then there was suddenly the most ungodly sound that she had ever heard. She was sitting up in bed wonder what was going on, only realising after a few moments it was Marinette snoring. She scratched her head shrugged and tried to settle down into the covers. A few minutes turned into half an hour. One petite girl should not make that much noise. Fed up with that aspect of their sleeping arrangement Chloe decided to do something about it. The gag just seemed to make it louder some, how? Chloe was not sure how that was possible. After a while she gave up on that idea and dispensed with it, Marinette seemed to drift off to sleep very easily. It was not such a very good idea to have an inexperienced sub sleeping in a gag anyway. Chloe continued to have a problem getting to sleep. She rolled her charge around on her side front or back, she didn't wake up and still made as much noise regardless of the position.

Chloe shrugged that had to be a down side to this arrangement at some point. She tried to cover her ears with the latex clad pillow, she even tried to stick her fingers in her ears at one point. Chloe started to nod off eventually, still on some level it felt good to share her bed with someone who had such wonderful curves. There legs rested against each other. It helped to offset some of the issues with her snoring, as Chloe slept with her hands wrapped around her latest toy.

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Z Z ZZZ

HOW COULD ANYBODY SO SMALL BE SO LOUD?

EXHAUSTED AS SHE WAS MARINETTE WAS SNORING ALL NIGHT. POOR CHLOE COULDN'T ENJOY HER BEAUTY SLEEP.

2.

LECTURE OF FASHION

They were up early the next morning with the piercing sound of the alarm, Marinette was very much a morning person, Chloe not so much. She almost tried to throw the alarm clock out the window, in response to it daring to wake her up at this hour. There was little talk between them they ate dressed and headed off to their first class of the day. The two of them happened to be taking pretty much the same classes together who would have seen that coincidence. Marinette was very excited to go to class bright and early. Chloe could have done with a second coffee to prop her up for the morning.

They went to the Avery lecture theatre, it was old with highly decorative wooden panelling it spoke of refinement and opulence a certain classic look everywhere, it had a real sense of style a sense of history about it. Marinette took in the sights staring like a tourist fresh of the bus and Chloe was busy with her phone, she lived in grand splendour this was mundane to her. The two of them to avoid any suspicion sat far apart. however, Chloe made sure that she had a good view of Marinette, as she had a few surprises for her that she would reveal during the course of the lecture.

Marinette had a few books and paper and pens laid out very neatly in front of her, it was almost like she had used a ruler to determine their placement. Chloe on the other hand simply haphazardly laid out a few of the curriculums supplies on her desk, she would make do with whatever. A few of the students were there before them the majority filed in after them. The time for the lecture to start to get closer the lecturer arrived. There new teacher came into the lecture hall.

Chloe looked up taking note of the teachers shoes bag and briefcase, there was a short introduction to the teacher Miss Caline Bustier, and the class the lesson material. She was young but very prim and proper. Chloe's little blip of excitement quickly faded while Marinette hung on her every word. She was giving a very dry lecture on the history of fashion. on the development of certain styles. The content would actually be quite interesting and quite useful to Marinette and Chloe if the delivery wasn't so dry so soul less that Chloe had to restrain herself from yawning, she looked around the room some students were staring blankly some were frantically scribbling away on each word.

Chloe looked at the teacher trying to dissect her, see what made her tick, from her bland make up to her conservative footwear. She considered how she was is dressed. Chloe was disappointed she is a prestigious fashion school, she would imagine that there would be something more spectacular on her first introduction to her students. it was a bit of a let-down really she had expected to be tutored by vibrant exciting interesting people who made the topic come alive. But then she had other things at her finger tips, other ways to amuse herself. if the teacher wasn't exactly holding her interest, well she would find something else to make the lecture memorable even if it happened to be at poor little Marinette's expense.

Chloe considered that she was normally a fair and generous person, however this morning she was a tiny bit spiteful. She hadn't gotten as much sleep as she wanted, not by any stretch of the imagination. There had been far too much snoring, but there were ways other than coffee to wake oneself up. Ways to get a little bit of adrenalin going through her veins. she just needed a little thrill, and if she happened to give a little bit of humiliation and in her opinion deserved punishment to the source of that snoring that had kept her awake all the better. Chloe selected an app on her phone this would be very good, she could use the remote but this was more subtle this was harder for anyone to notice, well to notice that she was the one orchestrating it.

In the middle of the lecture there was a Very faint buzz. It was almost imperceivable unless you

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THE NEXT DAY, IN CLASS...

THIS IS SO BORING, SHE JUST CAN'T STOP TALKING ABOUT ALL THOSE BORING... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT.

LUCKY ME, I HAVE MARINETTE CHASTITY BELT CONTROLLER HERE.

ENJOY!

BUZZZ

were listening. Chloe was certain that she was the only one to notice it. but she could see Marinette stiffen up and drop her pencil. The girl next to her reacted to Marinettes sudden movement, expecting that Marinette had been stung by a wasp or some other such occurrence to make her flinch and recoil as if she was in pain. It was not pain that made her so awkward it was a hint of pleasure that she had no way of escaping. The lecturer even slowed down her speech and for a moment focused on the slight commotion.

Chloe grinned, It was better than coffee, to get the heart pumping. A naughty feeling deep in the pit of her stomach started to grow. She could imagine a world of possibilities to slowly tease and torment Marinette. She started to examine all the wonderful options that she had at her disposal. ways to make the day far more interesting, wither her slave girl wanted it to or not. She thought of teasing Marinette bit by bit. Chloe glanced over at her prey, she was leaning back in her chair thrusting her chest forward. her hands tightly gripping the wood holding on for dear life. As she tried to ride out the waves of stimulation, she shot Chloe a glare but that only got the intensity of the distraction increased she was having a great deal of difficulty keeping quiet.

It was almost impossible to stay still to pay attention to the lecture, with the stimulation between her legs that she was forced to endure. She had no way out she had tired earlier and the chastity belt was not going to budge by any means she had to hand. She was trying to study she was trying to make a good first impression on her new teacher. Mariette didn't appreciate the new game that Chloe was playing.

She would have enjoyed it in a more intimate setting, but right in front of the class, no, no way. she wanted to get up and run out but what sort of first impression would that create, she felt the area between her legs getting wetter and wetter with each passing moment. She could feel the heat building bit by bit, she could feel her heart rate spiking bit by bit, slowly her vision was narrowing and she was trying to keep focus on the lecturer. There was a nose like a shrieking animal and it took Marinette a moment to realise that the noise had come from her own lips, she felt her cheeks redden as more people seemed to be looking at her with furtive questioning glances.

Marinette was desperately trying to keep her jaw firmly shut and her moans to herself. At this point she would have liked a mask or a scarf to hide a very large ball gag very tightly applied to silence her lips, that would have actually been very welcome at this point. As it would have guaranteed that she would have remained quiet for the entirety of the class and not gotten any attention, perhaps it was something she could do with Chloe at a later date when she had gotten over this hurdle. She scolded herself her thoughts were influenced by the vibrating underwear, she had to stay focused on the lecture.

It was a hopeless battle and her lines of resistance were crumbling, she could feel the vibrations dancing over her clitoris driving her mad. then the plug wedged between her taunt buttocks was joining in. She could feel her thighs pulling together tighter and tighter, her toes were curling her feet arching. Her fingers nails were clamped on the desk. She was desperately resisting the desire to start clawing at the belt and gyrating against the desk. An animalistic need was rising for the last bit of stimulation that she oh so desperately needed. Yet at the same time she dreaded it with an almost paralysing fear being watched by all these people.

She realised that she definitely had the lectures attention, she was definitely paying attention to the commotion not just continuing to drone on with her lecture. She was looking directly at poor little horny Marinette who couldn't meet her gaze. The raven haired looked like she was about to have a fit, like she was about to collapse and they might need to call an ambulance. Marinette looked at miss Bustier's face at first there was confusion. She was concerned wondering what was going on, the lecturer started to move from the podium closer to Marinette. As futile as it was she kept trying to keep her moans and squirming down to a bare minimum. It was like a swimmer trying not to splash too much and avoid the attention of a circling shark. As she got closer marrionette could feel her heart rate rising. Chloe was having trouble schooling her face to keep the wicked grin hidden as she kept pushing the game further beyond all reasonable bounds.

The teacher considered calling for the staff medic but it didn't look like her pupil was having a seizure or a fit. She got a few steps closer wondering what was going on and as her concentration shifted the pace of her lecture slowed down. As she got a better look her confusion transformed to puzzlement there was something that she was not seeing but then there was an unmistakable not to her ears. The look on her face said it all the rapidly building annoyance at the continued disruption to her lecture hall. Marinette looked aghast, she was hear under a scholarship. She desperately

wanted to make a good impression. This was not a good impression by any stretch of the imagination.

The teacher was looking positively aggravated. Marinette caught her eyes, she had a thoughtful look in them. The teacher looked over at the largest longest heaviest wooden ruler that she could lay her hands on hanging on the wall then back at Marinette. Marinette let out another gasp, she could just imagine the teacher taking that ruler and spanking her bare bottom, bending her over the desk there in front of the lecture hall, making an example out of her. She found that the idea was not helping her keep her desires in check. In-fact it was having the opposite effect she could feel that she was in a great deal of trouble. Miss Bustier might decide to discipline her rather harshly if she couldn't stop making so much noise, of course Chloe was going to make that a tiny bit more difficult by adjusting the settings ever so slightly.

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IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT, MARINETTE?

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG CLUMSY GIRL?

I-I- OHHH! YES! MISS BUSTIER.

BUZZ

Marinette had not been paying attention for several seconds. It wasn't that she didn't want to pay attention but other things were forcing her to divert her focus onto more pressing things like not collapsing into a squirming mess on the floor of the lecture room. A sort of fog had descended over her with the tantalization of the belt. In that timespan the teacher had moved from standing a few feet in front of her to standing beside her. looking down judging her, at least she had not brought over the wooden ruler. To Marinettes point of view, it was something from out of a horror movie one moment the monster is the other side of the room then its standing right next to you. Marinette was at least grateful that she was not going to be bent over the desk then and there and made an example of for the rest of the class, well at least not yet.

The teacher looked down at her accusingly hands on her hips, “Is this some sort of joke to you”? mariontte could barely answer. The honour student assumed that the teacher was confusing her attempts to remain quiet as attempts to stifle laughter over something she found funny. she dared not open her mouth in case her lustful moans of pleasure spilled out incriminating her. After a moment to centre herself she managed to answer the teacher. “n... no... miss Bustier, I take my education very seriously”. The wooden look from the teacher indicated that she was not taking Marinettes words at face value she didn't seem to believe her, this made Marinette even more nervous.

The teacher got closer, a look of determination in her eyes. Is there something that you find amusing about my style of presentation”?, the raven haired shook her head still clutching onto the desk for dear life she braced her feet against the legs of the desk to try and stop herself wobbling. “n... no teacher, there is nothing wrong with your lecture”. The teacher was now standing painfully close Marinette. could feel a bead of sweat forming on her forehead, it was like there was a fire behind her or she was in a sauna. The interrogation in front of the entire lecture hall continued and the belt continued to tweak away at her resolve. The teacher looked furious, “do you not take the subject matter seriously”? The student looked ready to cower away from the cold glare that now scrutinized her.

Poor Marinette was still being assaulted by the vibration over her clitoris, her simmering flesh locked inside her stainless steel underwear. She managed to speak. “... I... err take my education, my degree... v... very seriously... I wouldn't... d... disrespect this institution by not paying... a... attention”. The teacher looked at her sharply accusingly. “Or did you just see a funny picture on your phone, you are meant to be paying attention in class not letting your thoughts slip away off topic”. Marinette was shaking like a leaf, there with the lecturer standing over her. She was not sure if it was the vibrations or the threat of some academic reprisal, or even worse a bad grade but she couldn't stop herself.

It was impossible for Marinette to pretend that she was not distracted as much as she desperately tried to remain stock still. Her entire body language gave of the feeling of a trapped animal, mixed with one in heat. She couldn't look her lecturer in the face, she couldn't meet her eyes. she could feel her breathing stall in her throat, it was as if a hundred spotlights were focused on her at that moment. Her own vision was misting up her cheeks were burning crimson hues and her breathing was so fast it was as if she was going to hyperventilate.

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I DON'T THINK SO YOUNG LADY. MY OFFICE AFTER CLASS!

YES MISS BUSTIER.

BUZZZZ

Marinette looked over to her mistress for support, begging to have the belt switched off. Chloe fixed Marinette with a warning stare, holding up her phone the way one would present a weapon as a warning. She had access to the shock function on the belt, Marinette realised this and had no intention of making her angry or disappointing her one little bit. Her life line had been denied to her, she didn't want to reveal the details of this one-sided game to the teacher. She looked up her eyes pleading. Her hands relinquished there death grip on the desk and they were clasped in-front of her. She lowered her body adopting a penitent pose, almost begging for mercy from the teacher who was so thoroughly grilling her right in-front of her peers. She felt like she was facing the wrath of the inquisition and she had been dragged in before them ready for the interrogation in the torture room.

Marinette felt the vibrations increase yet again, she looked at the teachers shirt collar. that was as far as her eyes would rise, "... n... No, I swear... t... to you I am... p... paying attention to your... c... class!" the teacher obviously didn't believe her one little bit. She had a sneer on her lips and looked right down her nose at Marinette. The teacher thought that she had her prey cornered, her voice was full of sweet poison as she deliberately asked. "If you are paying rapped attention as you say you are. Then Who was the designer that I was just talking about? Before you saw fit to start interrupting me". To help her think the devilish Chloe assisted Marinette's by turning up the vibrations just the tiniest bit. Marinette could feel the breath stop in her throat she wished that the earth would open up and swallow her right at that precise moment.

Marinette had a blank moment for a second, she could feel a bead of seat run down her neck. It felt like there was a lead weight pressed down upon her chest and every second it got heavier. Then her academic instincts snapped back into place. She managed to muster some confidence in her voice "It was Anne Françoise Elisabeth Lange and the Merveilleuses style that she championed". The teacher looked very surprised for a moment before regaining her composure. That despite all evidence to the contrary this particular student had actually been paying attention to her lecture.

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AHA HA!
I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S ENDING UP IN DETENTION. ALL THANKS TO **ME!**

CLICK

BUT
I THINK SHE NEEDS A LITTLE MORE POWER TO HER DILDOES...

Miss Bustier raised one eyebrow, “You are correct this time. But please do not interrupt my lectures any further or I will be forced to take matters personally in hand with your extensive discipline”. That sounded ominous and yet exciting to Marinette, she felt a shiver of fear run through her. She wanted to gain the teachers attention for other reasons, ones to do with academic excellence not delinquency, or debauchery.

As soon as the teacher turned away and took a couple of steps, Chloe decided to provoke the situation further. For a moment the pulsing distraction locked between Marinette's thighs jumped up three levels of intensity. Completely defeating any ability, she had to remain quiet. The teacher spun around on her heel, her glare full of fire and fury. “What is going on my dear?” The vibration was suddenly back down and Marinette had more control over her body. “Err... n... nothing Miss Bustier”, she was having trouble focusing gripping the table again. The teacher moved closer to the point that Marinette could smell her perfume. The teacher looked her up and down, “you seamed distracted with something a moment ago”.

Chloe manipulated the Controller more and more, edging Marinette further and further along to the brink of an explosion. she was quite a way from orgasming right there in the middle of the lecture hall, but it was now not a remote possibility despite the situation. Bit by bit the stimulation was growing worse. Even as she tried desperately to answer the accusation in the teachers eyes. Her lack of being able to articulate some sort of response was condemning her in the eyes of the teacher. It was making her look really bad to her class mates. She was already labelled as a class clown, unable to pay proper attention, a fidget unable to stay still. There was a question mark that perhaps there was something else in the way she was carrying on.

Marinette stood up, she tried to breath in tried to answer. The teacher waited a few more moments tapping her foot, the room was almost silent. Finally, she had enough of the debacle, “Right that is it, I will have to take care of you personally for this incident, this fiasco. I do not appreciate being lied to, or whatever you are doing. I will get to the bottom of it. You’re going into detention straight after this class, you will report there and we will get down to the truth of this matter no matter how harshly I will have to discipline you”.

Marinette let out a little shame filled whimper as she returned to her seat, she looked around the room forlornly. She could feel the weight of all the eyes of the rest of the students looking at her and judging her. Why did that make her even more excited on some level. Was she really some sort of repressed exhibitionist that craved to be punished in public, perhaps she could try the gag mask combination out latter to test out that theory, she shook her head she should be focused on other things.

The cursed buzzing only relented by one setting as Marinette whimpered into her hands. She wished that she had the power to disappear or to become water and seep into the floorboards, where no one could see her. She almost cried she almost cracked. She cradled her head in her hands, oh why had she let Chloe lock this cursed belt around her!! Chloe gave her a big beaming smile and left the belt on to sweetly torment her for the rest of the lecture. Marinette found it an uphill struggle to pay attention. but at least she had the notes for the class and the relevant texts to read, so it was not impossible for her to catch up from this position.

3.

MISS(TRESS) BUSTIER

It felt like she was walking to her doom, each step seemed to take longer as if she was being weighed down by yard after yard of chain. She walked through the school the walls seemed so high the lights seemed to give barely a flicker of illumination, suddenly the place that had once seemed light and airy was now dark and foreboding. Marinette slowly hesitantly Approach Miss Bustier's office she looked at the heavy old wooden double doors, they had ornate carvings in them an antique a work of art. She could feel so much humiliation so much dread broiling in her stomach. She silently cursed Chloe who had only agreed to put the belt down one more setting before she had to go to her imminent detention, she remembered the teachers words, she had talked about harsh discipline why did Marinettes body seem to be inflamed at that prospect.

She had been desperate for a reprieve form the belt, begging Chloe to turn it off for the love of God. In response Chloe had whispered in her ear, “Did you want to try the shock settings instead, would you get off on the pain”. Marinette had turned quite red, it had been quite alarming the way her body had reacted, she could only blame the constant stimulation for that, it was not that she was some masochist who needed a good hard spanking. She had also been told to make sure that she didn't say anything that would incriminate either of them, or Chloe would not be pleased and Chloe had the app on her phone and the control with her, so the poor little slave girl had no way to resist.

With much trepidation she arrived at her inevitable destination. Marinette stop right outside the office, she tried to be as presentable as possible despite the vibrator working away with a force that almost made her teeth chatter. Marinette straightened her hair, shined her scuffed shoe on the back of her sock. She took as deep a breath as she could with the band of the belt pressed against her waist. she screwed her eyes shut, reach down and tug on chastity belt. It was still there, she was still trapped in this predicament thanks to Chloe. She reflected she was in so much trouble. With one last regretful sigh Marinette knocked on the door.

There was no answer just silence, Marinette hopped against hope that the teacher had been called away on some urgent matter and she could forgo this disciplinary procedure. But just as she was feeling the slightest bit of hope the teacher called “entrer”. She pushed the door and it moved silently on well-oiled hinges. Marinette entered the room worked the soles of her shoes on the entrance mat she stepped onto the light charcoal carpet. She took a moment looking around taking in the office. there was a lot more art than she expected up there on the walls old prints paintings and black and white photographs.

There was something about them that made her take a second look at the fashion on display. There were various restrictive fashions from the ages, some of which made you wonder how a model breathed in them, let alone walked in them. Skirts that we so tight and so long bustles corsets garment trains, coats that looked like they had more in common with a camisole de force rather than an overcoat. Things designed to crush and bind and mould the human form into some artistic vision. Still Marinette would rather swap one of these couture costumes for the chastity belt any day of the week, not that any amount of wishing or bargaining would get her out of this chastity belt or this office that seemed rather warm as she was standing there.

Miss Bustier was busy finishing something on her desk, Marinette went to speak but she raised one finger up to shush her. The poor raven haired's eyes went wide as she continued to look around her teachers office. Hanging up behind the desk were a number of implements of discipline from various times past. Bamboo cane's rulers paddles one particularly large piece of willow labelled as

the board of education, it even seemed to have brass studs in the face. That would be too much to bare if miss bustier decided to use that upon her. Marinette continued to look around the room as she waited for the teacher to finish.

There was a book shelf she noted a book on the shelf it indicated a series of nautical knots displayed on the cover. Absent-mindedly she wondered what they would look like with a hemp rope against her skin biting tightly holding her, the other titles on the shelf were a mystery who was John Willie or Eugene Bilbrew. It was too much, she couldn't concentrate on anything with the belt working away on her. She was going to go crazy! This was going to be a disaster and she was going to get into even more trouble, she could feel the beads of sweat running down the back of her neck, she could also feel her nipples prominently stiffening brought on by the infernal belts stimulation.

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AFTER SCHOOL, MARINETTE WENT **RED** FROM SHAME. WITH A WET CROTCH, SHE ENTERED MISS BUSTIER'S OFFICE.

I AM HERE MISS BUSTIER.

I'M SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR CLASS I SWEAR IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN...

The teacher put her papers down folded them into a binder and put it away in a draw in her desk. She looked up and fixed Marioneete with a stare. Marinette felt like a prisoner at the line of the fence who had just been outlined caught with the search light she had no place to run to place to hide no excuse to make. She was called forward from the door step, with a gesture instructed to stand on a certain spot with a gesture from miss Bustier. She stood there before the teacher before her impeding judgement. Marinette stood there in silence she squirmed on the spot like a fish on a hook. unable to even stand still with the toys still working away on her poor young flesh, desperately hoping that the outline of her chastity belt couldn't be seen through her school uniform.

Marinette had to do a double take, Miss Bustier suddenly looked very different, she had shed her jacket and loosened her shirt to make herself much more comfortable. Undoing several buttons to show her red satin bra, she had a completely different air about her, a different look a different bearing. One moment she was some austere rigid spinster, now she felt confident alive sexual even. Her posture was dominant in a way that it had not been in the classroom, her curves were far more pronounced.

Marinette was not sure if was her teachers posture her demeanour or the way she moved but it hinted at other intimate possibilities. The way her legs crossed and slid over each other Marinette had a strange impulse that she was being invited onto the teachers lap or to be locked between her thighs, perhaps she really was a natural submissive who needed to be corrected. The teacher moved her chair back and instructed Marinette to come forwards. "now I will give you one last chance to tell me what is going on or we will do this the hard way. But in all honesty considering what you were doing in my class I think you want it the hard way, you crave my correction, is that not right"?

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OF COURSE, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

NOW COME TO ME SO I CAN MAKE SURE YOU ARE PROPERLY PUNISHED.

Marinette blushed, “I am sorry Miss Bustier,... but... I... I don't have anything else to say on the matter”. The teacher grinned relishing answering the challenge. She gestured for her student to move forwards. As the raven haired did she felt herself hesitating, her movement slowed she was ready to bolt for the door but it was already too late she was within arm’s reach. Miss bustier seized her arm and pulled her forwards. Marinette barely realised what was going on as she was quickly subjugated.

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MARINETTE'S CHEEKS BURNED RED FROM SHAME.

YOU-YOU-YOU...

YES, I WILL PUNISH YOU THE OLD WAY!

A.M.W

From her new position she got a good view of the floor. As her teacher bent the young woman over her lap. Miss Bustier squeezed Marinettes bottom, then held her hands out of the way, with her left hand, her grip was firm and Marinette couldn't have squirmed if she had wanted to. with her right she seized a ruler from the top of her desk. She pressed the ruler against Marinettes bottom then ran the edge of it up her pupils spine, she was savouring what was to come.

For a second Marinette thought that the teacher was not going to go through with it. That it was all some psychological game or idle threat. That she was not actually in fact going to be subjected to corporal discipline. She was quite mistaken, one blow followed another. The first was firm but stung, Marinette didn't flinch from it, the crop that Chloe had used was far worse. The next blow had a considerably larger amount of force behind it. After five blows the teacher stopped. “Are you ready to talk”? Marinette shook her head. “on your own head, be it”. The next blow caught the outline of the last and seemed to sting with a much greater ferocity. She still wouldn't talk after ten blows, she was not going to reveal her new friend. She corrected herself internally, her mistress's involvement in her indiscretion in the lecture hall and she was not going to incriminate herself with the details of the games that they had been playing.

Miss Bustier ran her hand over Marinettes rump, it felt both painful and wonderful at the same time. She looked down, “Now Marinette count with me 11” there was a thwack of wood on flesh, the school uniform gave scant protection. Marinette bit down as her teacher continued “12” she was speaking counting along at least she was sure that her lips were moving each blow added a degree to the warm glow emanating from her bottom. The teacher didn't show any sign of slowing or tiring as she counted “13 ,14 etc.”. Marinette found her world getting fuzzy she could just feel the building lust and desire inside her. She zoned out still repeating the numbers like a drone not exactly feeling the pain she dimly noticed 19 and lastly 20 as that blow struck the teacher paused expecting a recalcitrant confession or a reaction of some sort.

Marinette didn't do anything she didn't fight to get away she didn't plead or beg she looked a little surprised she was a little red around the face but other than that she was not terribly affected. With all the endorphins running around her system it was possible that she didn't feel it or that with the other stimulation it felt rather good. In fact, she was a little worried about leaving a damp patch on the teachers lap. There had been Twenty slaps of the ruler and her bottom was very red. but her jaw was still very firmly clamped shut. Miss bustier ran a finger down her spine and twisted her prisoners arms a little more tightly. “Still not feeling talkative? I will say that you are enduring more than most, it intrigues me even more to find out what is going on”.

Madam Bustier started again adding a good measure of force to each strike across Marinettes bottom. She looked down each strike she swore that her student was moaning and she seemed to be wiggling about on her lap but it wasn't to get away. thirty blows in total and madam Bustier was wondering if Marinette was actually getting off on her discipline. she was making noises but they were not the normal noises you would associate with a student being punished, and begging for mercy. She looked down at marioneete, “you seem to be enjoying this more than I am, perhaps I need to use other methods of persuasion to properly discipline you”.

Marinette looked very red like she had been sprinting she was panting and trying to keep her mouth shut as if it had been glued or stitched in place. She looked at Marinette, “tell me what is going on”? Marinette tried to look innocent and failed miserably “nothing at all mistress Bustier”. Miss Bustier raised an eyebrow, “what did you just call me”? She looked aghast at her slip up, “Err... Miss Bustier”. The teacher looked down on her frowning, “oh and If you think I am stupid or hard of hearing when I was standing next to you I could hear the sound of that naughty little toy buzzing away. And I can still hear it going. What on earth do you think you are doing you naughty degenerate delinquent, playing about, when I should have your rapped attention”!

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COUNT OUT LOUD YOUNG LADY AND AFTER EACH HIT THANK ME!

YES, MISS BUSTIER.

Marinette looked down at her shoes, “Yes Miss Bustier, I swear to you I am trying as hard as I can to pay attention in class. I might have a few distractions that I am trying to fight but I am trying as hard as I can, please don't mark me down or expel me please give me another chance, it won’t happen again, I swear it won’t happen again”. The teacher kept the girl on her lap bent over ready to receive more discipline she kept a tight grip on her wrists as she began to think deeply her hand moving over Marinettes buttocks kneading them like a stress ball. She had no intention of letting this go but she also had no intention of ruining this girls college education over one infraction there was more to this, something else she was currently missing.

The teacher pulled Marinette up from her lap then stood up herself, she stood towering over the girl she looked down at her, a serious look on her face, “Talk, what do you mean when you called me mistress”? Marinette flushed and blushed again almost crying,, “no, I swear I didn’t, I mean I didn't mean anything by it”. The teacher took a step forwards and Marinette retreated into a corner, she looked around the room and suddenly it was very small. Miss Bustier grinned “don't play dumb with me. you are an intelligent girl you know what I am going on about”. The teacher pointed to her crotch right at the chastity belt hidden under the lower half of her school uniform. Marinette still tried to look away she still refused to answer.

Marinette was pushed against the wall and held in place. The teacher looked down on her, “Fine, I will have to see myself”, she grabbed hold of the bottom half of Marinettes school uniform and with one swift tug pulled it down to her thighs. Marinette made a half-hearted move to resist but it was futile. The teacher saw what was there, the brand new and very tightly applied chastity belt the complex lock the over inflated rear plug. Marinette was so embarrassed that she couldn't believe it, she turned a bright shade of crimson. she could feel herself slipping into pulse pounding madness. And at the same time, she was relieved that the pressure of the questioning was over, her secret had been discovered thanks to Chloe playing with the dam remote.

The teacher started to fiddle with the chastity belt to prod and poke it from every direction it was humiliating and yet Marinette found it arousing to be treated like this. To be helpless before another's will, there was a strong dominant controlling aura coming off of the teacher she seemed quite familiar with what she was looking at. She fixed Marinette with a stare and made the brunet look her in the eye. “Oh, for shame, Marinette it is worse than I thought. You are a very naughty little girl, you will need to be disciplined harshly to keep you in line, but perhaps that is what you wanted all along. Did you want me to find this device? Did you want me to hold the key for you?”
Marinette looked shocked aghast “no mistress... I mean Miss Bustier... I... Err... don't have the key”.

The teacher ran one finger over the locking plate, “Its more than I first suspected”. Marinette's voice was very quiet yet she asked the question, “what did you suspect I was doing”? The teacher gave her a naughty look, “I just thought that you were being cheeky, with some hidden toy. I guess that **THIS** implies that you have some co-conspirator. Some confident who is playing this game with you, yes?” Marinette was silent but the teacher could use her reasoning to make an educated guess, “you have not been to this school long, it is likely that you have hooked up with someone you knew before, the two of you would be at liberty to play away at college and you have taken a game too far, am I right”? Marinette trembled for a moment and looked away.

Miss Bustier grabbed a handful of her students hair and made her look at her, she continued the enquiry. She was getting very personal very intrusive with her questioning, “What naughty thing did you do, that you had to be locked up like this?”. Marinette sobbed, “I'm a good girl... a good attentive slave”. The teacher pressed harder, “Did you talk back to your domme?” Marinette whimpered “I... I didn't mean to”. The teacher licked her lips, “Or were you not enthusiastic enough with your duties”. She looked red and couldn't answer with anything coherent. Miss Bustier whispered in her ear, “Perhaps your mistress caught you, playing with yourself, was that it?” Marinette looked like she was about ready to faint right on the spot.


MISS BUSTIER, PLEEEASE...
WHAT THE HELL?
YOU... YOU ARE COMPLETELY WET! YOU'RE MUCH WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.

Chloe looked at the phone and at the app that controlled every function of the belt it was blue tooth it was up to the minute tech, the readings she was getting showed that her little sub was oh so very close to exploding. She considered the ramifications of what she was going to do. Her head tilted to the side for a moment as If she was lost in thought. She couldn't see her little slave girls face but she could well imagine it she was going through so much. Chloe would reward her with a nice mind breaking orgasm wasn't she a generous domme.

She knew that her slave girl was right in the middle of the teachers room from the GPS, that or she was in a broom closet the other side of the wall, perhaps it still had a little glitch on the program, the belt even had its own sim card. Chloe gave her shoulders the slightest shrug a wicked smile pressed her lips. She was going to enjoy this immensely she was going to enjoy pushing things just that bit further. She was pushing poor little Marinette right to the edge of the precipice then she was going to see if she could learn to fly, metaphorically speaking of course, it wasn't as if her scheming was going to cause any long term damage, she was just going to humiliate her slave a little bit more.

Chloe changed the belt to Setting number 6 on the front stimulator, she grinned and wondered how intense it was. Marinette immediately twitched all over, she had lost control of her mouth. She just couldn't keep her jaw shut. the moans of ecstasy and pleasure spilled forth they filled the office and she couldn't stop them. Miss Bustier watched as the student in front of her was slowly losing control. It was quite fascinating to watch the vibrations wave after wave of sensation slowly wash away all this student self-control. It was now quite obvious that someone else was involved in this affair. That someone else was calling the shots and controlling this device remotely.

The girl squirming around in front of her was holding her hands up in shame trying to hide her red face. She was gasping for air as if she was suffocating from the shock, she would swoon very soon if she was in more restrictive attire. The poor thing was almost ready to break, it was so sweet so cute. The teacher patted her on the head. Poor little thing, she needed to be kept nice and tight were she couldn't do anything silly. The professor considered what would be needed for her students extra curriculum education. How best to tightly bind and pinion her body to display it off properly to get the most out of her particular curves.

Chloe's fingers danced over the controller, at setting 7 the buzzing noise from the belt was so loud now that it was quite easy to pick up. it was louder than Marinettes moans of pleasure. It was like there was a nest of energetic bee's in Marinettes panties. All of them climbing over her clitoris tickling it brushing up against it buzzing incessantly. She hoped that Chloe kept her fingers off the shock setting. She didn't exactly want to be stung so to speak. The raven haired couldn't shut her jaw, she was drooling from the side over her chin. With droplets hitting the floor and her clothes, and yet she didn't realise what she was doing, she was lost in a world of her own trapped by the increasing incessant buzzing.

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CHLOE KNEW MARINETTE WAS IN MISS BUSTIER'S OFFICE BUT DIDN'T EXPECT HER TO BE STANDING IN FRONT OF THEIR TEACHER WITH HER PANTS DOWN HER CALF.

ARE YOU SOMEBODY'S *SLAVE?*

OHHHH I'M SO SORRY MISS BUSTIER, BUT I NEED TO *CUUUUM!*

I HOPE SHE'S IN REAL TROUBLE!

Marinette was pretty much clawing at her garment, hoping that the teacher lecturing her was not seeing what was causing her suddenly increased distress, thought that was a faint and futile hope. Chloe looked at setting 8 and shrugged, she thought `oh heck I might as well skip it on to number 9`. in the office Marinette was losing all reason and sense. She was staggering about barely able to stand up, ready to collapse on the floor at any moment. Her thighs were twitching uncontrollably her buttocks tense her knees knocking. she was twisting around on the spot in a slow circle her feet raised up off the floor she was twitching around as if there was a fire lit underneath her. Her hands were fighting with each other, jumping from her breasts to the belt at one moment trying to free herself and at another trying to expedite her building orgasm.

Chloe played with the programming options that came with the toy. She pulsed the front clitoris stimulator then pulsed the rear plug setting them up like a sea-saw. The program ran backwards and forwards, varying the source of stimulation. She even mixed a few very mild shocks in to spice things up a little bit, it wasn't as if Marinette could object. One moment Marinette was clutching her bottom as If it was on fire the next her fingers darted forwards she was lurching around. If she kept dong this much longer madam bustier was going to have to tie her down good and tight for her own well-being. The sensations were so intense that it had hit Marinette like a concussion sending her reason packing, her body was almost fully on autopilot now she was consumed with the lust.

The naughty blonds fingers danced over the controls, it was not advised to turn everything on at once, it was not advised to set everything to full power, however there was nothing in the belts user manual that actually prohibited it and there was certainly no safety feature that prevented Chloe from giving Marinette the most intense experience of her young life. Chloe changed the settings front and rear to the maximum settings and with the intense burst pulse option. There was a little warning asking her if she wanted to proceed and she pressed yes. Everything on the belt suddenly went up to eleven and a couple of extra features tes pads that Marinette had not noticed kicked in as well.

The assault on Marinettes body went into hyper overdrive. She didn't so much as pass out as collapse to the floor as a quivering shaking orgasming mess right in front of her teacher, her eyes rolling back in her head her mouth practically foaming and drooling. Her mind and reason completely shut down for the moment as the sensation and the orgasm that had been building for hours was finally released in a shock wave of erotic energy. Madam Bustier who initially looked very concerned moved to administer first aid. But after but after a while of checking her student's body over realised that there was no permanent damage, she had a knowing look and simply rolled her student onto her back with the toe of her shoe.

Miss bustier gave her a few minutes to recover laying there on the soft carpet resting, Marinettes eyes were slowly coming back into focus her brain was still quite scrambled. Marinette was like a computer that had just been rebooted, she needed a little time for everything to load back up and start running again. When she started to stir Miss Bustier pulled the student up of the floor by her ear. she used a wet wipe cloth to remove the majority of the drool and tears that stained her face. Then she marched her charge to a corner, there was a domineering air about her she commanded Marinette to “sit”. It was how you would treat a naughty dog that had just made a mess. The red faced Marinette simply sat there on the floor and tried not to move an inch. Miss Bustier checked her computer and the security tracing program, thanks to that little display she now knew what was going on without any confession from Marinette.


OKAY, TIME TO POST HOW HARD I STUDY AT THE LIBRARY FOR MY FANS. AFTER THAT, I NEED TO LOCATE MARINETTE WITH HER GPS PANTIES.
MEANWHILE...

There was the tinny sound of the school intercom ringing out through the halls, static buzz then it announced for everyone to hear, “Chloé Bourgeois please report to Miss Bustier's office immediately”, Chloe froze like a statue at the announcement. She stood there slack jawed looking at her phone. She felt the remote in her pocket, and it suddenly felt like it was burning hot, like she was holding a smoking gun. Chloe thought that they would never figure out it was her. That she was in any way involved in humiliating mariontte. There was a flare of anger on her face, if her slave had betrayed her had told Miss Bustier on her she would suffer. Well she would suffer anyway, but it would be worse. Chloe felt a spark of self-righteous anger, how dare they mess with her. How dare Miss Bustier try to discipline her. She was not like the rest of the plebs, she was one of the important people. Well the daughter of important people, but that should count as the same thing.

No, thinking about it she had definitely pushed it far too far. She realised that on reflection she lacked some degree of common sense. She had gone with her first stupid impulse. Chloe had far too much bravado some time's. She looked around the room noting only a couple of eyes on her. It was a little aggregating to have her name, announced for everyone to hear. She schooled her face into a pleasant blank mask and hid the grimace that threatened to cover her pretty face. She picked up her books and phone, neatly packed away everything into her stylish bag and started moving. She was trying to convey an air of grace and dignity as she walked down the hall. She was hiding the building worry in the pit of her stomach from everyone around, except herself.

She considered disposing of the remote, but leaving it about somewhere could invite more questions if say the cleaners found it, plus she had paid good money for it. So, she threw it into the bottom of her locker on the way to the Teachers office. As she walked she thought about her situation. Chloe realised far too late, that perhaps she had gone too far. That she had been far from subtle, she felt a slight shiver down her spine, fear not anger. They had never really disciplined her with more than a slap on the wrist for her pranks and jokes, when she was at school. She wondered if she had stepped over some unspoken boundary with this little game. Then she had a moment of worry a tiny one that her game might have done some sort of harm to Marinette. It was not so much the concern of a regular friend but how best to put it someone that thought they might have accidentally broken one of their more expensive toys.

The Blond got to the teachers door and let out a long deep breath. She looked left and right at least the were no witnesses about to see her going into the teachers room. She was trying to look as confident and as innocent as possible. She took a moment to compose herself and tried to rehearse her excuses. She would say that she knew nothing that Marinette though her roommate must have been playing on her own. Why she would never consider disrupting a teachers lecture. She almost believed some of her excuses, she gave her head a little shake to get her hair just so, then she checked her make up in her compact, it was as flawless as when she applied it this morning.

She knock and was told to enter. She took one step into the room and looked at the teacher something felt off. She looked at Marinette who was kneeling in the corner barely a thought in her eyes, it looked like she wouldn't be able to tell which day of the week it was, she had definitely gone too far. The door shut behind her miss bustier pressed a remote on her desk and Chloe jumped as electronic bolts sealed the door top and bottom, she suddenly felt a lot less confident as she was trapped in the room with the Madam Bustier, which was just what the teacher wanted.

Chloe studied her closely for any hint of what was going on. There was a confident even triumphant look in the teachers eyes. She was looking at Chloe like a naughty school girl, she seemed to be looking right through her somehow. As if she could see her on an x-ray on an airport scanner, she was measuring up her pupil. Chloe found it disconcerting the way that the teacher seemed to have the measure of her, she found the words she had concocted moments ago evaporate on her tongue. Still after that shock of the door locking behind her the young blond regained her composure and tried to salvage what she could of this situation. She nervously hoped that daddy would not be called on to make a large donation to make the school forget this incident. That would result in her allowance dramatically shrinking for a considerable time.


MISS CHLOE BOURGEOIS TO MY OFFICE.
MISS BUSTIER? WHAT THAT VIRGIN BITCH WANT FROM ME?

3.

SLAVE CHLOÉ

Chloe was the first to move she spoke up, the usual confidence missing from her voice. “Miss bustier why did you lock the doors like that”? The teacher stepped out from behind her desk after securing the remote in one of her desk draws. “My dear, you want privacy in this matter don't you Chloe”? Chloe looked red and nervous for a second her mask faltering. She had trouble getting the right words together. “Err I suppose so, I mean I don't know why you summoned me to your office, what is this about Miss Bustier”. She was trying to act innocent but it was not working by the look on her teachers face, Miss Bustier took one step forwards and Chloe felt herself pressed up against the door as she tried to take one step back. The teacher grinned “Oh don't be coy with me Chloe”.

For a further moment she tried to keep up the innocent act she tried to school her voice and body to give off the right tone “Whatever do you mean”? She asked and she at least to herself sounded innocent and confused. Miss bustier pointed to the corner of the room, “I know everything. I have seen what sweet little Marinette had been subjected to and I know who played this dreadful game with her”. Chloe looked at Marinette and at her crotch she could see the wet spot between her legs and the outline of the belt from the other side of the room. She looked away running her eyes over the collection of discipline implements hanging over the back of the teacher desk. She felt a knot in her stomach and a shortness of breath. The teacher took another step forwards and Chloe found the atmosphere of the room to be a little suffocating.

The teacher was getting closer and closer like a circling shark Chloe was getting more and more nervous with each passing moment she could feel the sweet starting to form on her brow, she could feel her spine pressed against the door it felt really solid. Miss Bustier looked down at her with a disappointed tone in her voice “Such a violation of another students body. It breaks the rules big time”. Chloe shook her head behind her she gripped the handle of the door and tried to twist it, the door wouldn't budge. Madam bustier got closer. “oh, what we would have to do to the perpetrator what punishments what humiliations they would be forced to endure”. The blond was starting to panic, “It wasn't me you can’t prove anything I am... innocent. It’s just a coincidence that I'm her roommate, nothing more”.

Chloe turned around and pulled on the door handle with both hands digging her heels into the carpet, trying to rattle it open. It was solid and implacable and she couldn't shift it one millimetre. She cried out “let me go... let me go, please... I'm too important to be punished”. When she turned back around Miss Bustier was a few inches from her. The teacher held out her hand “let me see your phone”. Chloe felt her phone in her pocket, she felt her back sliding along the wall she met the teachers gaze. “no” she said but there was little confidence in her voice. Miss bustier raised her eyebrows. She looked at Chloe then slowly her gaze moved to the implements of discipline above her desk and then back to the blond who was looking very nervous indeed.

Miss Bustier would take none of her nonsense, “now”, the teacher commanded and held out her hand again. Chloe's shoulder sunk and she dug the phone out of her pocket, the phone, was reluctantly deposited into the teachers possession sealing Chloe's fate. Chloe tried to explain but the excuses died on her lips. “err...” The teacher saw Chloe ready to snatch it back out of her fingers. She moved out of her reach and began to looked through it. After a minute she started to shake her head. “What a naughty girl you have been”. The teacher walked over to Marinette and tapped the side of the chastity belt she held up the phone, “The blue tooth connection on this device is not secure, that is what gave you away”. Chloe let out a defeated sigh and started to stare at the carpet she was lost for words.

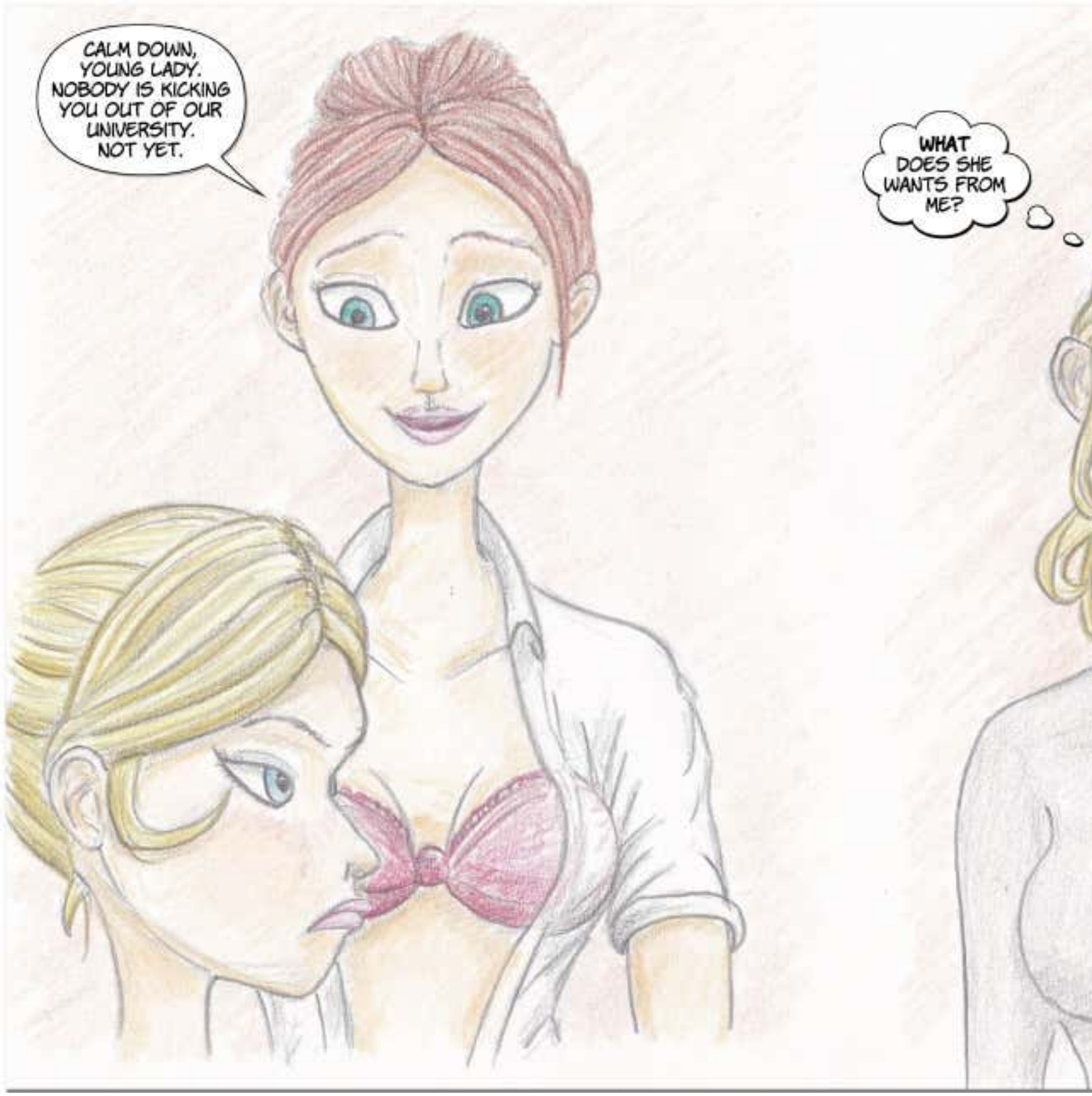

SO CHLOE, I HEARD YOU OWN MARINETTE AS YOUR SEX SLAVE. I'M TRYING TO THINK ABOUT WHAT WOULD YOUR MOTHER SAY ABOUT IT.
MI-MI-MISS-BUSTIER! I-I-I...

The teacher looked through all the pictures on Chloe's phone. She looked at it again then put the phone away in her desk draw. She turned her attention back to the blond. “Chloé Bourgeois, you have brought shame on this institution by the way you have gone on”. Chloe could feel herself shrinking on the spot her posture slump the gnawing feeling of terror in her gut growing.
Madam Bustier continued “You have invited scandal to your family, what would your mother, Audrey Bourgeois say. You would not even get an internship at style queen if this was to be revealed”. Chloe had retreated into a corner and was desperately looking around the room for some way out. The teacher started to move closer like a prowling hunter stalking its prey, “And you have broken what trust we have placed in you by letting you into this prestigious institution”.

There was a sneer on the teachers lips “perhaps I should put that belt on you and give the control to little Marinette to play with”. Chloe felt herself gulp in shock. Much to her credit she was able to answer even if that answer incriminated her, “oh come on, I didn't use the shock functions on her... very much”. Miss Bustier was unmoved she extended her hand again, “give me the key”. Chloe looked at her shoes again. “I don't have it with me”. The teacher looked at her with a deeper scowl “I won't just take your word for it, I will just have to have a little look for myself”. Chloe didn't like the sound of that one bit, or the way the teacher was getting so very close to her, she was wearing a frown.

Chloe could feel a nervous swell rising in her guts, she felt her nerves coming undone as the little schemes that she had been playing out were now unravelling and incriminating her. She could feel the red blush on her lips, the humiliation on her face she held back tears. She could feel the heat building up inside her. She was ready to snap on a tirade at the teacher, she looked up at the discipline implements on the wall and the fact she was trapped in the room with her. Anything that would have antagonized Miss Bustier would not help her case. Her little bit of fun at Marinette's expense had backfired badly, she was dreading to find out how badly that would be, her jaw was twisted into a sower grimace.

She wondered what would the teacher do to her. She was trapped in hear with her. She felt very nervous, what the cost be how was she going to end up paying it. Chloe look to Marinette who was doing an impression of a blank slate. Her eyes were rather blank and doll like, perhaps she had knocked a few screws lose with that maximum setting, that meant she was in a lot of trouble.


CALM DOWN, YOUNG LADY. NOBODY IS KICKING YOU OUT OF OUR UNIVERSITY. NOT YET.
WHAT DOES SHE WANTS FROM ME?

Chloe was pushed into a corner the teacher was right there. The student rallied and tried to find some way out. Indignantly she proclaimed to the college educator “do you know who my father is”? The teacher easily countered, “wouldn't you rather avoid him finding out about the particulars of this little game you have been playing with Marinette”? Chloe looked like she had just tasted something very bitter very sower, her entire face screwed up. Chloe regained her composure very quickly. Miss bustier stroked her students chin as she remained silently contemplating her last few exit strategies or any sort of deal that she could broker, the teacher stroked her hair, “It doesn't have to involve him, or your mother not if you don't want it to”.

Chloe looked confused searching for something, some way to escape her looming fate. An idea sprang into her mind and with renewed confidence she met the teachers gaze. “I will have you know that I also know the headmistress of this school”. Miss Bustier barely suppressed a giggle, “As do I, she would not be amused by the way that you have carried on”. Chloe looked shocked trapped she was trying to think up something some way to get her out of this particularly unprecedented predicament. The teacher shook her head, “I don't think that there is any way you can threaten or bribe or wriggle your way out of this”. Chloe felt her heart rate increase, “You have broken the rules of this institution with your little prank and you will be soundly punished for it”.

Miss Bustier moved even closer and Chloe felt very worried. “Let me just check to make sure that you are not hiding the belts key, or any other contraband or unsanctioned items on your person”. Miss bustier seized her she Squeezed her breasts rather harder than necessary to determine that she didn't have anything hidden in her bra. Chloe's mouth was fixed into a wide O at the affront of the woman to dare to touch her person, she didn't struggle or resist she was far to shocked. Her hands continued to roam over Chloe's body. “I just need to check one more place where you might have something hidden” the student looked worried as the teachers hands moved lower, her voice was almost begging “... no Miss Bustier, you don't need to check there”! Her teachers voice was velvet smooth almost seductive, “but Chloe oh yes I do”.

The young lady was not so prim and proper when the teachers hand disappeared into her underwear. She was going red as she could barely struggle in her teachers grip. Miss buster held her firmly, “What's the matter Chloe, you’re going so red why ever could that be?” Her fingertips curled around Chloe's clitoris and gave it a playful flick that made her gasp. Chloe found that she was moaning like a common slut as Miss bustier rubbed two fingers inside Chloe's pussy. She was just checking that there was nothing hidden there. It did take her three minutes to make certain, Miss bustier finally removed her hand and licked her fingers clean. “Such a naughty girl so wet down there”.

Miss Bustier had Chloe pinned up against the wall her hands twisted behind her back. Her voice was like rich melted chocolate, as she whispered in her ear. “Now I have an alternative solution where you don't get expelled or have a stain on your permanent record, one where you still have your bright future. Chloe looked for an alternative to what she thought was about to happen. “What do you want money, is that it, name a figure I can pay”. Miss Bustier nuzzled the back of her neck, “no that is not it”. Chloe pleaded with her, “are you going to waste my time making me do some sort of mundane community service. you know that is beneath me, I wouldn't usually debase myself but I accept that now”.

The teacher grinned “No, you’re going to pay in quite a different way and I think your actually going to enjoy it. At least you will enjoy it far more than some of the other alternatives that I could think up”. Chloe struggled and found Miss Bustier's grip to be very firm, “what if I say no to this alternative”? Miss Bustier twisted the blonds arms tightly up her back, “I would suggest that you don't give me reason to start thinking up a different punishment”.

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SOMEBODY SO YOUNG AND UNSKILLED CAN'T TRAIN ANOTHER STUDENT.

BUT EVEN CHLOE COULDN'T PROTEST TO REAL AUTHORITY.

MISS BUSTIER... ***WHAT*** ARE YOU DOING? YOU- CAN'T!

Chloe twisted around and looked up at her teacher. She saw a mirror to some of her own desires, she gasped, “that look in your eyes,... you want to play with me, the way that I have been playing with Marinette”? The teacher released her and stroked her hair gently. “Yes, my dear... however I am a much more experienced dominatrix and I have a lot to teach you about discipline. You are going to learn this lesson and take it to heart, wither you want to or not”!

Miss Bustier grabbed a hold of Chloe's pony tail the way you would hold a dog buy the leash. She shrieked but could do very little about it, “Let go of my hair, it hurts ... do you have any I dear how much I paid. For the stylist”! The teacher started to drag her across the room back to her desk and the waiting chair. She smiled “At this point it doesn't matter, there is no escape no excuse you are going to be educated”.

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OH OF COURSE I CAN YOUNG LADY!

OWWW

Miss Bustier seized Chloe's arm in her iron grip. Her prey shrieked, “Let go of me”. She sat down and dragged Chloe after her, “now now you're going to be a good little student”, Chloe stated balling as she looked at the carpet. “why are you putting me over your lap, Marinette don't just sit there and look at the floor help me. The two of us can overpower her. You're not going to do this to me let me go, Marinette you silly slave girl after all I have done to you... I mean for you”! Marinette still had a spark of recognition in her head, not all the lights were on but someone was at home. She was going to enjoy watching this. But she would try to keep a very straight face, after whatever happened behind closed doors with miss Bustier was inevitably finished. She would still have to share a room with Chloe for the foreseeable future.

Miss Bustier looked like she was really enjoying herself as she looked down at the bundle on her lap. It was a real pleasure to put a rich brat in her place. The richer the more snobbish the better, the fact that she had lovely curves didn't hurt either. This one had both an attitude to be corrected and curves in abundance, a derrière that cried out to be paddled, making her the perfect package to discipline.

To Be Continued...


EACH TIME I HIT YOUR BEAUTIFUL ASS CHEEKS COUNT OUT LOUD AND THANK ME!
OWWW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WRONG ANSWER...
SWAT!

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Linda and ThunderingPikachu

HMPHHHH!!!

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BUZZZZZZ

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