

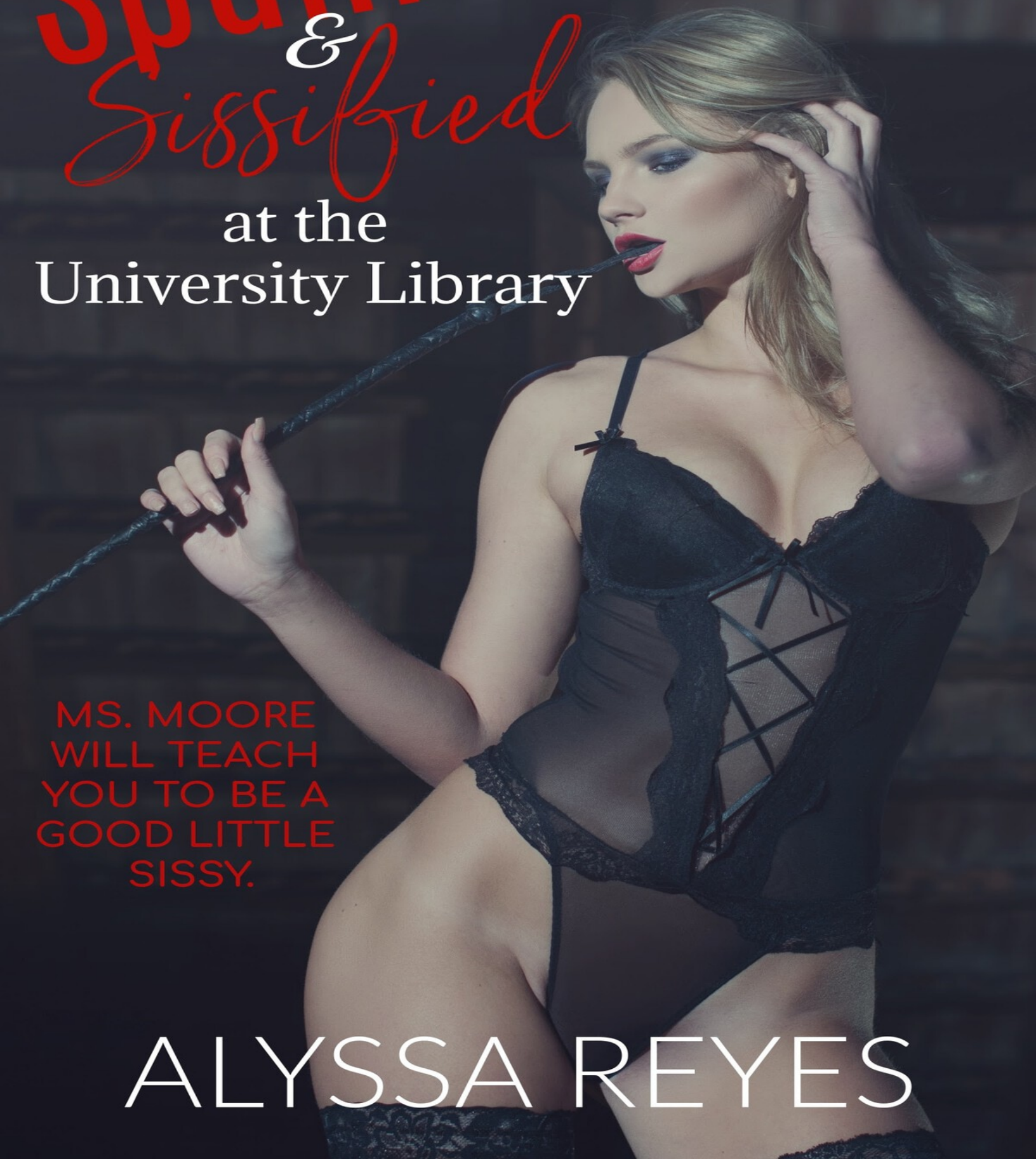
Spanked & Sissified

at the
University Library

A DIRTY,
NAUGHTY FEMDOM
EROTIC STORY

MS. MOORE
WILL TEACH
YOU TO BE A
GOOD LITTLE
SISSY.

ALYSSA REYES



SPANKED AND SISSIFIED

In the University Library: A FemDom Story

Alyssa Reyes

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“She would have despised the modern idea of women being equal to men. Equal, indeed! She knew they were superior.”

ELIZABETH GASKELL, CRANFORD, 1853

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NOTE FROM AUTHOR

While this story can be read as a standalone, it is also Book Two of the Submitting at St. Sebastian's Series. If you'd like more from these characters, scenarios, and story arch, feel free to check out Book One: Pegged and Punished in The University Library and be on the lookout for the sequel to this book.

Thank you for reading!

-Alyssa Reyes

CHAPTER 1: ANGEL OF THE MORNING

I tossed and turned all night, mentally retracing my last encounter with Miss Moore and remembering how her huge silicone cock felt buried inside of my tight virgin asshole. It had stretched and filled me up in a way that was entirely foreign to anything I'd ever experienced. Now here I was at the crack of dawn, waiting like a dog outside the library's gated entrance, anxious for her arrival. I leaned against the building's 18th century stonework and sipped a lifesaving coffee, strong enough to shake me from my sleepless stupor.

My world was turning upside down. I used to think of myself as your typical straight guy. I was into the basics. I liked pussy. I liked tits bouncing in my face. I liked the idea of making a woman cum, and bringing her pleasure regardless of whether it was with my hands, tongue, or cock. Any way you looked at it, I was used to being the one *doing* the fucking, but last night for the first time in my life I can undeniably say I got well and truly fucked. Miss Moore screwed me *hard*, and I know she enjoyed it because she blessed me with more smiles in an hour than I've seen from her in four years.

As much as I might struggle to admit it, I enjoyed the experience too.

"You're here early, Theodore. I approve." Miss Moore came sauntering up to the gates, looking as beautiful and sharp as ever. Tight pencil skirt, a pristine silk blouse, and her signature stilettos. She was already tall for a woman, probably 5'10," but her heels brought her to an intimidating 6'2." Everything about this woman exuded an air of power, confidence, and competency.

"Since I've ruined your first hundred impressions of me, I decided to try to shape up." I flashed a nervous but sincere smile. I knew what this woman was capable of doing to me, and I wanted to get on her good side.

“It is a start, but you have a long way to go, my boy.” Miss Moore unlocked the library’s heavy metal gates with a key she kept on a thin chain around her neck. For a woman who dedicated her life to preserving the library and its manuscripts, it was fitting that she kept the key so close to her heart. Watching it disappear between her prominent cleavage, I envied the key for getting to spend each day trapped between those sizable breasts.

I walked alongside her, keeping up with her long strides as we entered the anteroom and stood before a display case of Medieval books. There was an unmistakable space where *The Life of Abbot Claudio d’Arezzo* should have been. Unable to keep from blushing, my eyes fixated on the floor in front of me, downcast in shame.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

“Once again, Ma’am, I am so sorry. My actions were ridiculous, reckless, and...” I struggled to find adequate words to describe the extent of last night’s stupidity, “completely inexcusable.”

“Yes. Well, we certainly can agree on those adjectives, but what I can’t seem to understand is what it was about Claudio d’Arezzo’s autobiography which titillated you enough to pull out your silly little prick and frig yourself inches from the manuscript.” *Little? I could understand her disappointment and disgust, but her scrutiny about my size stung the most.* Miss Moore raised one of her flawless dark eyebrows in a perfect expression of mocking confusion. “Please, enlighten me, Theodore.”

This woman could make my name sound like an insult. If she had me any more off balance, I would be on the floor right now. How could I tell her that I’d been fantasizing about her gorgeous red lips wrapped around my “little” cock, sucking me off, and Abbot Claudio was just an unfortunate casualty of the war I launched on myself?

The best lies are built on both truth and omission.

“Ma’am, my thoughts were not on the Abbot at all. I was having trouble focusing on my reading, and I foolishly thought that I would be able to focus better after relieving myself.”

The librarian’s sharp, intense eyes narrowed. Heat rose to my face, I could feel myself turning red under her gaze as she stepped ever closer to me, towering over my body, her breasts were inches from my face. She held her place in front of me, silently invading my space. Words were unnecessary for the message of dominance she was conveying.

As I stood my ground in her vicinity, the fragrance of her perfume seemed impossibly alluring, an odor more persuasive than any words she could have spoken. Without any choice but to breathe in her scent, I contemplated the ingenuity of whatever chemist had succeeded in capturing, recreating, and bottling the fragrance of power. Miss Moore was not a billionaire, a CEO, or even the Dean of St. Sebastian's University, but no one, no matter how foolish, could deny she was a powerful woman. And this library with its formidable stonework and hundreds of thousands of priceless manuscripts was her kingdom. Within these walls, I was at her mercy.

"Today is a special day for you, Theodore." Her tone was poisonously sweet, I wanted to lick the venom from her lips. "It is on this day that you might very well make the most important decision of your life. You must choose to either leave the university and forfeit your degree or to put yourself into my hands for the remainder of your schooling."

What capable hands those were... Proficient at inflicting tremendous pain and pleasure all at once. This woman was a mix of enthralling contradictions.

"Putting yourself into my care will mean submitting to my every order and punishment. It will be uncomfortable and difficult at times, but I promise you that no harm will come to you, and I believe you may very well come to enjoy it in the long run. What do you say to that, Teddy?"

The way she said the word Teddy... If my full name felt like an insult, my nickname felt like a gentle slap. Something about the way her tongue rolled through the syllables was so compelling, I welcomed the shock every time she used it.

"I think you already know I'm at your service, Ma'am. I'm here to turn myself over to you today." I had rehearsed the words, but they still sounded unfamiliar as they escaped my lips. This world of submission was new to me. I felt like I was on a precipice, cornered on all sides by circumstance, with no hope but to dive over the cliff in front of me, delving into unknown waters and possibly dangerous territory. It was thrilling and terrifying, and I was determined to convince this woman in front of me that I was worth her time and efforts.

"Mm. There's a good boy." Her long, slender fingers ran through my hair, sending tendrils of pleasure down my scalp. When she stopped to caress my cheek, I wanted to melt into her hand.

“Follow me, darling.” My stomach dropped with anticipation.

CHAPTER 2: SIGNED, SEALED, AND...

I thought she would take me to the room in the basement where she had skillfully defiled me the previous night, but instead, I found myself in her private office. A large room decorated in a mesh of modern design and Victorian flair. Dark walls painted hunter green. Rich, heavy curtains draped from ceiling to floor. Brass lamps and baroque furniture, upholstered in deep hues of green and grey. Watching her settle behind her ornate mahogany desk I felt like I had been transported to a different era, like a naughty schoolboy standing before a strict governess about to correct me for my willful ways. It wasn't far from reality.

"Take a seat and read the contract before you." Obeying, I gingerly sat on the edge of my seat, still feeling the effects of last night's spanking. I anxiously scanned the paperwork on her desk, confused.

"This looks like an employment contract, Ma'am? Are you... offering me a job in the library?"

"I am offering you two jobs, Teddy. Restoring *The Life of Claudio d'Arezzo* will cost a significant sum of money. In order to contribute to the restoration, every moment of your time not spent in your classes or preparing your thesis, will be spent here, working as my assistant. Any wages you would have made will be put towards the restoration. That will be your day job."

That didn't sound so bad, but I could sense there was some kind of catch from the wicked gleam in her eyes.

"And my... night job?"

"At night, you will also be earning money through performing services here in the library."

Our eyes met and held each other's glare. I considered asking what services she expected of me, but I was quickly losing my naivete and had a fairly good idea. Last night, bent over a table, my sore ass impaled on her strapon-cock as I suffocated on a beautiful library intern's pussy, I learned

all about the sort of things this woman enjoyed inflicting on me. I also learned something about my own desires.

Regardless of whether or not I understood it, I craved this woman's attention. I wanted the vulnerability, discomfort, and bliss only she could make me feel. And I wanted the fucking degree I had worked four years to earn and was so close to achieving.

"Okay." I accepted the pen she offered and signed my name on the dotted line, committing myself to this fate, no matter what it would bring.

"Excellent, Teddy." She swiftly took the paper from my hands, giving me the kindest smile she'd shown me so far. "Now, be a good boy and take off your pants for me."

No time wasted, huh? I foolishly stared at her, slack-jawed in surprise before slowly rising to obey.

"Faster," she commanded.

I picked up my pace, unbuckling my belt, and whipping down my trousers, standing before her in my soft, blue boxer briefs, the thin cotton leaving nothing to the imagination.

"I want those off as well." She gestured toward my underwear with the pen in her hand, motioning for me to strip entirely from the waist down.

Closing my eyes and trying to mentally contain my arousal, I obeyed her. My mind scrambled, I tried to quickly think of baseball scores, blueberry scone recipes, and various other forms of bullshit to distract myself, but nothing could stop the flow of blood rushing to my cock. Being naked and submissive in front of this attractive, older woman was giving me a hardon, and try as I might, I couldn't hold it back. Feeling ashamed at my lack of self-control. I covered myself in my hands.

Strutting around the side of her desk, Miss Moore gave me a slap hard enough to sting on my already sore ass.

"Hands off. Never cover yourself in front of me, boy." Swallowing down my shame, I dropped my hands to my side, letting my hard cock protrude out in front of me, like a stupid little soldier greeting her at attention.

I shivered as she ran a single finger along the bottom of my shaft, teasing me.

"Do you like feeling exposed, Teddy?"

"No, Ma'am." My jaw was wound so tightly, the words nearly hurt to say.

“No?” Her voice was mocking, but her delicate touch felt heavenly. “I think you’re lying, Teddy.”

My heart beat faster at her tone. *If she thinks I’m lying, is she going to punish me? Am I lying? Do I want to be punished?* Anxious thoughts flooded my head as Miss Moore leisurely circled my body, taking in my appearance from every angle, and running her soft hands over my shoulders and down my back. Her hands cupped my ass cheeks, giving them a firm squeeze that made me yelp. She smirked at the muffled sound in my throat, and then she was back in front of me, stroking my cock in her wonderful fingers. I never wanted her to stop.

“Do you know what happens to bad little boys who lie?” The touch of her hands had left my head in a fog; I shook it, trying to find the words to answer her.

“Nothing good, I’m sure.”

“Liars need discipline. They need to be taught to tell the truth.” All the while, her hand kept stroking my cock, bringing me ever closer to a climax. “I am going to teach you to tell the truth, Teddy.”

“Mmmm,” was all I could manage, too enveloped in the pleasure of my cock being massaged by her palm. The next thing I knew she was gently tugging me forward, leading me by my penis to her desk. She took a seat on top of it before pulling me over one of her muscular thighs. My body was supported on the desk’s surface and my legs were stretched out behind me, feet arching on tiptoes. She spread my legs and continued, stroking my cock downwards in long smooth strokes. As long as she kept that up, I don’t think I could manage to protest whatever was coming.

“Are you enjoying this, Teddy?”

“Yes, Ma’am.” There was no shame in admitting that much. You’d be hard-pressed to find a guy on campus who wouldn’t kill to receive a handjob from Miss Moore, even if he did have to lay over her lap for it.

“Good boy, there’s an honest answer.” She focused her attention on the tip of my penis, and I moaned, my eyes shutting in bliss. “Be a dear and open my top drawer.” Bent over the desk, I opened the drawer to find a large steel buttplug and a bottle of lube awaiting me. Looking at the girth of the plug, I doubted it could fit inside of me, but when Miss Moore motioned for the materials, I relinquished them without a word.

“Thank you, Teddy.” She patted one of my cheeks before spreading my ass, applying a generous amount of lube to my hole, which was still

tender from last night's rough session.

"Do you... do you really think it will fit, Ma'am?"

"I promise you, it will. And if we go slow and steady, it won't hurt, darling." I felt the pressure of the lube-coated plug pushing against my asshole. "Relax and breathe deeply for me." I obeyed and felt the plug begin to slide inside of me, its metallic surface shockingly cold. As the plug reached its widest part, the insertion slowed, the muscles around my hole putting up their resistance. I could feel my body sweating as it struggled to hold off against the invading force, but Miss Moore held the plug in place and stroked my cock more vigorously, flooding my body with pleasure and making the rim of my asshole twitch until it welcomed the plug fully into its depths. My muscles immediately relaxed despite how fully stretched my asshole felt, wrapped around the hard, unforgiving plug.

"Did that hurt, Teddy?"

"No, Miss Moore..." It honestly hadn't. The experience was uncomfortable and to some degree unpleasant, but she hadn't hurt me. And with her skillful hand jacking me off, I couldn't complain much.

"Do you like being anally penetrated?" My eyes went wide.

"Is this an interrogation, Ma'am?" She sharply spanked my cheeks half a dozen times.

"Don't get cheeky with me, young man."

"Ouch! Okay, okay! I just don't know! This is new!"

"Good, that's a more honest answer, Teddy," she spoke softly, soothing my ass with gentle caresses. "All I ask is for honesty. I will not punish you for telling me the truth."

"Understood," I sighed as her hand returned to my cock.

"What were you thinking about last night when you spilled your cum all over the lifework of Claudio d'Arezzo?"

Ugh, this is an interrogation! She tells me she won't punish me for telling her the truth, but ever since she had any reason to, she's done nothing but punish me! I scrambled for a lie.

"I was thinking about a porn star, Ma'am."

"A porn star?" Her nails raked over my skin, making me wiggle my hips.

"Yes, Ma'am, a pornstar, Mindy McNutterFingers."

I was only briefly familiar with Ms. McNutterFingers's work, but she was the first pornstar to come to mind.

“Teddy, I happen to believe everyone is blessed with at least one special skill. Would you agree?” Her tone was deadly.

“Perhaps, Ma’am, I don’t know...”

“My special skill is telling when people are lying to me. Please stand up.” She slapped my ass hard, making me regret ever mentioning Ms. McNutterFingers.

Miss Moore opened the bottom drawer of her desk, retrieving a large, red leather paddle.

“Bend over.” Now her voice was harsh, acidic. I missed the softness from earlier. I wanted her to touch me kindly again, to win her over, so I obeyed, laying my body over the hard, dark wood of her desk, wishing I had told the truth.

“You will receive six strokes for lying.”

“Yes, Ma’am...” and then thinking better, “Thank you, Ma’am.”

“Mm.” She rubbed the leather against my skin, giving me a few gentle taps to measure the angle of her swing, and then she unleashed fury on my ass. The six swats were consecutive with only a second or two between them. As I felt the burn building from each stroke, the paddle connected with my ass again, building upon the fire she was inflicting on me. Each time the paddle struck, it dug the large buttplug deeper into my ass, like it was fucking me. By the sixth stroke, my ass was a tender ball of nerves. Tears burned in my eyes, but I held my place over her desk, wanting to make her proud.

“Teddy...” She dropped the paddle and ran her fingers over my reddened ass. Her voice was sensual when she asked, “Last night, as you touched yourself in the library, what was on your mind?”

There was no point in lying. The woman was a walking lie detector.

“You. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, but it was you! I was imagining you, on your knees, blowing my cock with your red lipstick leaving marks on my skin. I’m sorry!”

“Shh, calm yourself,” her hands intertwined with my curly brown hair once again, soothing me, “It’s alright.”

“You’re not upset?” I was so confused. I just wanted to make Miss Moore happy and to have her skillful fingers stroking my cock again.

“Oh darling,” she gently rubbed my ass as she spoke, “I *am* upset that you ruined a precious manuscript, and I have no doubt Claudio

d'Arezzo is rolling in his grave, but... I am not upset with you for telling me the truth. And in the future, you'll save yourself a significant amount of punishment if you answer honestly the first time I ask you a question."

"Got it, Ma'am." The heat in my ass and the sensation of her hands on my body were making my cock hard again. I didn't try to hide it this time when she patted my back, motioning me up from the desk.

"Now my boy, it's time you learned a lesson in self restraint. Something you are sorely lacking." From one of her drawers she retrieved two items, a pair of intricate black lace panties and a small metal cage.

"Since I can't trust you to keep from touching yourself inappropriately in the library and since I know the effect my presence has on you... I will help you exhibit some self-control."

Miss Moore knelt down in front of me, cupped my balls, and gently squeezed them, making my cock twitch. Her red lips gave me a wicked smile as she delicately held my cock and kissed the tip, brushing it with her tongue. I was dumbstruck, wanting to beg for her mouth, trying to imagine what my cock would feel like between those luscious lips of hers. Instead of her warm mouth, I felt the cold metal device sliding over my shaft.

"Normally, little sissies put on their chastity devices while flaccid, but you can't seem to go soft around me, can you?"

"Uh, no Ma'am!"

It was a struggle to get the tight device fully over my cock, but through her persistence and a fair amount of lube, Miss Moore managed, locking me into the device and sealing my fate. The key to my cock was added to the chain around her neck, another key for me to envy, snug between her breasts.

"How does that feel, Teddy?"

"Tight... uncomfortable... and distracting, Ma'am."

"Don't worry, it will soon feel natural to you. Your cock *should* be safely locked away when not in use. Be a good boy and put on your panties."

My face turned red again. Miss Moore made me blush like it was her profession, hobby, and greatest pleasure.

"Why... if I may ask, do I have to put on the panties?"

"Because you've been such a naughty boy, Theodore. A dirty boy like you, full of obscene ideas and no impulse control, needs to be taught a

lesson in respecting women. I'm sure you've fantasized about me in my underwear, have you not?"

"I... I have." My face was beet red.

"Well, lucky boy, you get to wear them now. Put them on."

Rushing to obey, I pulled the black lace panties over the metal cock cage, actually enjoying the sensation of the lace on my skin. I felt ridiculous standing there, wearing nothing but a button down, sexy panties, and my socks, but looking up at Miss Moore, I could tell she liked what she saw. Her eyes raked over my body appreciating my form, taking in my muscular legs and athletic ass, fully on display in the tight-fitting undergarment.

"This is a significant improvement from your messy, old boxers, Theodore."

Awash in a sea of confusion, I somehow felt both humiliated and sexy. I wondered if she'd play with me more or allow me to touch her, but she quickly put an end to my hopes.

"Get dressed. There are five carts of books in the foyer which need to be put back on the shelves." She took a seat at her desk, refusing to give me further attention.

"Yes, Ma'am!" Obedience was becoming second nature to me. 'What should I do about my boxers?'"

"Since we don't have an open fire available, throw them in the trash."

I considered protesting since those were my 'lucky' pair, but didn't suppose that would go over well. Discarding the underwear, I made my way to the door, fully dressed and struggling with my unfulfilled arousal. My cock straining inside of her cage, stimulated by the sensual lace panties, and my asshole stuffed by her large steel plug.

"Oh and Theodore?"

"Yes, Ma'am?"

"You have until 12 o' clock to get those books on the shelves, a minute over and we will be having a serious discussion about your performance."

"Yes, Ma'am."

CHAPTER 3:

PERFORMANCE ISSUES

It was 11:30am, and I had half a cart of books left to put away, but I was certain that I would be done by noon if I stayed focused and kept my mind off my aching cock and plugged ass. Having been a regular at the library these past four years, I knew the building's three-story layout fairly well, and I was tackling this shelving task strategically. I could tell some of the library interns were impressed by the sly smiles they offered me every time I passed the information centers.

One beautiful girl in particular, Grace Fillington, seemed thrilled to see me; her bright eyes lit up. She gave me a suggestive smile and licked her lips to let me know she was remembering last night. My cock swelled, remembering how I buried my tongue between her pretty legs, licking and sucking on her clit until she came on my face. I wanted to stop and talk to Grace, ask her out on a date, but I didn't have the time, so I waved and rushed by, pushing my cart to the section on Iberian history.

I was on a ladder, putting away a heavy tome on King Ferdinand II when I felt a tug on my shirt. Nearly falling backwards, I descended to find Grace, giving me a lewd expression.

"Come with me."

"I really wish I could. I'd love to, but I don't have the ti-" She grabbed my hand and pulled me with her, taking me into the nearby bathroom, and slamming me into one of the stalls.

"Time for a repeat." Her lips pressed into mine, the taste of her cherry chapstick seeming far too innocent for her uninhibited behavior. Looking at Grace with her big blue eyes and fair, blonde hair, she appeared to be a stereotypical good girl, someone my mother would love me to bring home for the holidays. But here she was, kissing and nibbling on my neck, making my bound cock throb with excitement, and pulling down my pants to--

“Woah!” She was shocked by the metal device wrapped around my penis, preventing her fingers from touching my skin as she held my cock in her hand and ran her fingers over the lace undergarments. “This is... intense. I guess Miss Moore doesn’t want you getting off inside her library anymore, huh?”

“No, I think she’s trying to keep the books safe.” I shrugged, trying to make light of the humiliating situation. I knew she was already aware of my accident with Abbot Claudio.

“That’s a shame,” she leaned-in closer, tickling my balls with her fingers, “I was going to return the favor from last night... And I happen to love seeing you in lace.” Her hot breath on my skin, her fingers toying with my waistband... She knew what she was doing to me and it was glorious torture. “Well Teddy... your pleasure might be out of the question for now, but I can still get mine.”

She shoved me to my knees, lifted her short, pleated skirt, and pressed her silk panty-clad pussy against my lips. Breathing in her delicious, musky scent was intoxicating. I knew I should protest, and tell her I didn’t have the time, but her cunt was already on my lips, and all my worries seemed far enough away.

“Go on, make me cum. You’re so good at it, Teddy.”

Mm, all the encouragement I needed. I pulled aside her white panties, and slid my tongue along her wet slit, feeling like the luckiest man alive. This pretty girl was so desperate for my touch that she was grinding herself against my face in this bathroom stall. I wished my cock wasn’t locked up; I would have loved to slip it inside of Grace and fuck her against the wall, her long legs wrapped around my waist as I pounded her pussy and felt it tighten around my cock. When I was free from this cage, I’d make that a reality. For now, I could relish in my ability to make this goddess cum on my tongue.

Grace spread her legs for me, balancing one on the toilet seat behind us, granting me easier access. I started out slow and sensual, wanting to tease her and make this last. She was one of Miss Moore’s prized assistants and she’d seen me in such embarrassing predicaments, I didn’t want to make this too easy on her. Maybe my own denial was twisting me, but some dark part of me wanted to make Grace squirm.

“More. Give me more.” Grace moaned, weaving her fingers through my hair and firmly pushing my head deeper between her sweet,

supple thighs.

“Mm, I’m calling the shots,” I mumbled, inserting two fingers into her pussy, and enjoying the gasp which escaped her lips. I circled her clit with my tongue, curling and uncurling my fingers inside of her pussy, feeling her muscles tightening around them.

“I... oh fuck.”

I flicked her clit with my tongue, making her entire body shiver, before placing it between my lips and sucking, all the while pumping my fingers faster. Her orgasm was building, she was quickly nearing her peak, but I didn’t want to let her cum just yet. Last night, she’d held my wrists down as Miss Moore had fucked my ass, I wanted to return that favour. I took one of my wet fingers out of her pussy and rubbed it against her tight little asshole, awaiting her response.

“Yes, give it to me. Fuck my ass. Fuck me hard!” I gave her exactly what she wanted, feeling the rim of her anus clenching as her orgasm coursed through her body. She ground her cunt against my tongue, riding my fingers inside of both her holes, and squirting all over my hand.

To my surprise, the moment she was done cumming, she burst out in laughter. “You! You... told me... you told me that you call the shots?”

“Well... I just made you cum, didn’t I? You were desperate for it, weren’t you?”

“Oh my god, Teddy, look at yourself.” Kneeling there with my caged cock nestled in Miss Moore’s lace panties and my sore ass tightly clenched around a buttplug, I could see her point.

“I just... I guess I wanted to feel in control for a second.”

“Uh huh...” She was still laughing. “Well, you’re not in control of anything here, regardless of whether you’re getting fucked or doing the fucking, Teddy. You’re my little sissy sub.” She cupped my cheek and kissed my forehead. “And it’s okay to not be in control.”

I wasn’t expecting a forehead kiss, somehow it was both patronizing and sweet. Maybe I should stop struggling against my submission...

“Now, be a good boy and lick my cum off your arm.”

“What?”

“You heard me,” she smiled jovially. “You want to play power games, and you don’t think I’ll put you in your place?”

Wide eyed, I listened to her, running my tongue along the juices she had squirted onto my arm.

“This library has a hierarchy, Teddy. You already know Miss Moore’s at the top, but you need to understand that you...” she squeezed my chin between her fingers, “are at the bottom.”

Licking up her cum, I nodded my assent.

“I’m starting to understand how things work he-”

The bathroom door swung open and we heard the sound of heels clicking on the bathroom tiles. *Oh shit.*

“Well, what do we have here?”

Despite my look of fear, Grace unlocked the bathroom stall, letting the door swing open to reveal Miss Moore with her hands on her hips, looking furiously disappointed.

“I want both of you in my office immediately.”

.....

“What did I tell you would happen if you weren’t done by noon, Theodore?”

“You said we would have a serious conversation discussing my performance, Ma’am”

I found myself bent over the large mahogany desk once again, but now I wasn’t alone. Next to me, lay Grace Fillington who in this moment was finding herself closer to my rank in the hierarchy.

“I expected better from both of you,” lectured Miss Moore, pacing the room behind us. “I have half a mind to take my cane to each of you.” Looking into Grace’s wide, frightened eyes, I could tell she had experience with the librarian’s cane and prayed both of us would be spared that particular rod.

“Do you remember the last time I caned you, Miss Fillington?.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Miss Moore ran one of her hands over Grace’s beautiful, bare ass, making the girl tremble, “Would you like to relive that experience?”

“If it pleases you, Ma’am.” *Oh, she was good. I’m going to remember that line.*

“Mm... I am going to let you decide on the punishment you believe best fits your misbehavior, Grace.”

“Please Ma’am, I believe I am the only one who should be punished. I purposely distracted Teddy, and he would have finished his task

without my interference. ...I beg you to give me a full six strokes of the cane, but please let Teddy go unpunished this time.”

I knew there was a reason I was falling for this girl.

“Very noble of you, Grace. And you, Theodore, what do you say to Grace’s sacrifice?”

“I am honored, but I cannot accept her taking my place. Please, let me take half of her punishment. If you were going to give her six strokes, please give me three of those, Ma’am.”

“Oh my little fools, your romantic sentiments melt my cold heart,” Miss Moore chuckled, retrieving a thin cane from an armoire in the corner. “Sincerely, I almost wish I could let you both go... but discipline demands that consequences be dispensed. Prepare yourselves both for three strokes.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” we said in unison.

It occurred to me that this would be the third implement I sampled from Miss Moore’s apparently extensive collection of wicked toys. I knew this would likely be the worst, but no knowledge could have prepared me for the concentrated fire of the first stroke.

“One, Ma’am!” The words were out of my mouth before I even considered counting; the cane seeming to activate some submissive switch inside of me.

“Good boy, Teddy.” The pain was excruciating.

“Two, Ma’am!” The ache built on all my previous punishments from the past 24 hours, and I felt the vibrations of the cane meeting flesh, traveling through my ass, vibrating the steel plug.

“Three, Ma’am!” Any more and I’d have broken down in tears. I breathed a sigh of relief at being done, and felt deeply sorry for Grace as Miss Moore turned her attention to her.

“Carry on the count from four, Grace.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

The cane cut through the air, emitting a sharp whistle.

“Four, Ma’am!” I noticed Grace’s knuckles going white, gripping the opposite side of the desk. I wished I could reach out and hold her hand.

“Five, Ma’am!” Her voice shook with emotion; she sounded close to tears.

“Six, Ma’am!” Grace’s walls crumbled, and she let out a cry, turning her head away from my vision, her torso shaking on the desk.

“Get dressed, Teddy.” The cane was put away and Miss Moore took a seat in her executive leather chair.

As I fixed my clothing, Miss Moore coaxed the crying girl onto her lap where she rocked her, comfortingly. I felt shy watching their intimacy.

“You’ll finish shelving the last cart, and get yourself some lunch, Teddy.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *I still have the taste of Grace in my mouth.*

“You will keep your plug and cage in place during your afternoon classes.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *Class will be more of a pain in the ass than usual.*

“And you will be at the library at 8pm sharp for your night shift.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” *I’m a man of the night now.*

When I left the room, Grace was still crying on Miss Moore’s lap, but her sniffles were quieting and Miss Moore was kissing away her tears. I was fascinated by their dynamic and by the enigmatic librarian, who could be so cruel one moment and compassionate the very next instant. The woman was a strange mixture of sadistic and maternal, and it made my head spin.

I was determined to follow her orders and make no further mistakes today. I didn’t want any more punishments during the mysterious night shift...

CHAPTER 4: A HARD NIGHT'S WORK

I arrived at Miss Moore's office at 7:45pm, not wanting to displease her off with further tardiness.

"Welcome back, my boy."

My boy. Her possessiveness made my cock twitch in its cage.

"How were your classes?"

"Good, Ma'am. Had a little bit of trouble... focusing."

"Well, I hope your studies won't suffer, otherwise I might have to speak to your professors and explain the situation."

"That won't be necessary, Ma'am!"

"Make sure it isn't, darling." She winked mischievously, leaving me wondering if she was just messing with me.

"You'll need these for the night shift," she passed me an outfit, fishnet stockings, a tiny plaid skirt, and an A-cup lace braiser so small that she might have picked it up in the training bra section. From behind her desk, she revealed a set of shiny, red heels, at least five inches tall.

"Oh wow... There is no way I'll be able to walk in those, Ma'am."

"You won't be walking anywhere tonight, Teddy. I want you crawling for me."

"I... uh... okay," I squeaked. Whatever she wanted from me, at this point, I had no choice but to obey. Miss Moore reclined in her leather chair, her dark eyes watching me strip and change into the outfit she had selected, clearly savoring her power over me.

"You look cute dressed like a slutty little sissy, Teddy." Her voice was huskier than usual, evidence of her arousal.

"Thank you, Ma'am." Her words might have been cruel, but her tone wasn't. And some part of me did feel kind of cute in the skirt and leggings which showed off my strong, lean legs, still muscular from when I ran cross country in high school. The brassiere, on the other hand, felt silly

on my flat chest, but I was starting to gain a new appreciation for the erotic sensation of lace on my skin.

“Tonight, you are going to be servicing the latest initiates to the Sisters of St. Irene. You will bring each of them to orgasm, and if you’re a good enough sissy slut, I just might let you cum at the end of the night.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” She’d mentioned the Sisters of St. Irene last night prior to punishing me in the chamber underneath the library. I didn’t know much about them other than the fact that they protected the university’s manuscripts. This seemed like a chance to learn more about the secret group and more importantly... the perfect opportunity to free my throbbing cock from chastity and earn the orgasm I’d be itching for all day long.

I put on my heels while sitting on the floor, knowing I wouldn’t be able to stand up from that point onwards.

“I’m... ready, Ma’am.” I sat there kneeling, awaiting further orders. She approached me smiling, “You look lovely, dear. You’re just missing one thing.” From behind her waist, she pulled out a leather collar which she locked in place around my neck and attached to a silver chain.

“Let’s go meet the Sisters, my good little slut.”

.....

The six young women sitting at the long, wooden table stood to attention as Miss Moore entered the room. Slowly following her on all fours, I looked up into the women’s faces and noticed that aside from Grace, they were the same library interns who had given me sly smiles throughout the day. *I’m such a fool... I thought they were impressed by my shelving skills.*

It seemed obvious now that they knew all along I’d be in this humiliating predicament. All of their eyes were on me now as they gave me playfully wicked grins, enjoying the view of my exposed body crawling after Miss Moore like a puppy.

“Excellent choice of outfit, Miss Moore.”

“It really shows off his assets.”

“Such a pretty girl, I bet she has a skillful tongue.”

I’d never been so humiliated and turned on.

“Ladies, Theodore Dunkin here is learning an important lesson in respect. This miscreant spent the past four years leering at the women on campus, thinking of each of us as nothing better than a sex object or hole for him to fill.” There were sounds of disapproval from the women.

“Theodore was a disrespectful young brat who saw no issue with pulling out his little prick and cumming all over one of our library’s irreplaceable manuscripts...” She paused to look down at me darkly, and I hung my head in shame. “Now, it’s time we put little Teddy in his place. We are going to treat him the way he viewed us. This little sissy is an object of *our* pleasure. His holes are *ours* to fill. He is our perfect, little pleasure whore.” The women loudly assented.

Miss Moore unchained me from her leash, surprising me by kissing my cheek and confidentially whispering, “Be a good girl for me.”

I would have melted then and there, but she followed that gentle action up with an order, “Get under the table and start eating pussy like it’s your life purpose, sissy.”

A harsh slap on my ass sent me on my way, and I crawled over to the first pair of legs I saw spreading for me. The legs belonged to a pretty red-haired girl with a sweet face who patted my head and called me, “a pretty lil’ thing,” as she guided me to her pussy. She’d already taken off her panties for me, and I delved right into licking and sucking on her, wanting so badly to please her. The girl’s fingers intertwined in my brown locks and she continued guiding my head, giving me instructions for exactly what she wanted. I followed every order carefully and enthusiastically, feeling rewarded when the girl came, moaning loudly and praising me. Looking up at her with my cum-steaked face, I felt blessed.

“Good girl.” The red-head pinched my ass and sent me on my way with a smack, over to the next pair of legs belonging to a gorgeous, dark skinned woman, who gave me the most beautiful smile I’d ever seen. This woman was gentle and kind to me, murmuring sweet words as she ground her delicious, wet pussy against my face. I wanted to see her smile again, so I did my very best to bring her all the pleasure in the world, utilizing my fingers, lips, and tongue to fuck, suck, and lick her through a massive orgasm.

I made my way through the next three women, eagerly working to serve and please them. Each woman wanted something slightly different from me. I swallowed my pride and listened closely, following their commands and my observations to satisfy the lot of them. These past two days in the library were teaching me more about women than my entire life so far.

By the time I got to the sixth woman, the ever-devilous and angelic Grace Fillington, I was an exhausted, sweaty, cum covered mess. My mouth, ass, cock, and knees ached, but I enthusiastically dove between her thighs, kissing them lovingly until her hands on my shoulders made me pause.

Motioning for me to crawl out from under the table, Miss Moore explained, “Grace won’t be receiving oral pleasure since she was a naughty girl and sought her release with you earlier.” Having been so concentrated on my task and time with each individual woman, I had forgotten about the other women at the table, who had been carrying out their meeting this entire time. *There goes my opportunity to learn the secrets of the Sisters.*

Miss Moore continued, “Grace, however, will be carrying out an important role tonight.” Addressing the women in the room, she announced, “Yesterday, when Theodore was ruining *The Life of Abbot Claudio*, he was fantasizing about my lips wrapped around his ridiculous little cock. I think it’s only fair we make him live out the reverse of his fantasy.” Looking over at Grace, I could now see her donning a strap-on, equipped with a large, fleshy dildo. She approached me with a tube of bright, red lipstick in her hand.

“Normally, I’d fuck this sissy’s dirty mouth myself, but I’m in a particularly voyeuristic mood,” with that, she took her place at the head of the table, looking like a cruel queen gleefully watching an execution.

With Grace’s cock now inches from my face, I opened my mouth in surprise. Grace used my expression to her advantage, gripping my chin, and quickly applying the lipstick to my parted lips. Perhaps her hands were shaking or she was just in too big a hurry because I could tell the lipstick was being applied messily and imperfectly. I probably looked like a clown, which was fitting considering I *felt* like a fool.

As soon as she was done applying my makeup, Grace played the role of a stud well, smearing my face with her cock and smacking my cheeks with it.

“Open your mouth wide, sissy.”

She tapped the cock to my lips, and I obeyed, offering her my gaping mouth, but rather than plunging her cock in, she took the opportunity to smack the sides of my face some more, creating a loud “POP.”

“Stick your tongue out.” She smacked it with her cock. Beating my tongue before rubbing her saliva-coated shaft all along my face, smearing the lipstick further.

Finally she shoved it into me, stuffing my mouth and stretching it. I’d never sucked a cock before, real or otherwise. The silicone felt strange on my tongue. She gave me a moment to adjust to it before she started to fuck me, thrusting against my throat, shoving it in deeper. It felt so strange to be so full. I did my best to take it, gagging with difficulty.

“Look at me.”

I obeyed, turning my tearful eyes up to meet hers, and noticing that the expression in her eyes was kind even as she humiliated me. Her fingers felt nice running through my sweaty hair, and her lips smiled down at me as she silently mouthed the words, “Good boy.”

Encouraged by her, I slurped and gagged on the cock, doing my best to give the women the show they wanted until I felt Miss Moore’s hand on my shoulder.

“What a good little cocksucker. It’s time you get your reward. Hop on the table and lift your legs up, giving us a nice view of that plugged ass and caged cock.”

I climbed onto the table, laying on my back as instructed, and Grace pulled my legs over her shoulders, running her hands up and down my thighs.

“Good pleasure-whores like you need their asses fucked every single day. Grace will be taking care of your daily ass-fucking tonight, Teddy.”

Grace’s hands grabbed the material of the fishnets, tearing open the crotch and ass area. She winked at me, roughly tugging my panties, pulling them clean off, exposing my ass and cock, which I had to admit did look tiny in the tight, metal cage. Grace’s hands felt soothing running along my thighs, her nails making my skin tingle and leaving delicate red stripes down my legs.

The young woman gently twisted and maneuvered out the steel buttplug. I felt immense relief as my hole relaxed for a moment, but that was short lived because Grace efficiently plugged me once again with the head of her long, lubed-up cock.

“Fuck!!” The word escaped my lips before I could control myself. The silicone cock might have easily slipped into my trained asshole, but it

still felt enormous. Grace eased it in all the way, giving me time to process each inch as she carefully fucked me.

“Ugh, fuck!” It felt surprisingly good once I got past the unusual feeling of being stretched.

“Such a dirty mouth,” Miss Moore teased. “I’ll keep it occupied for you.”

The sexy librarian was standing above me, slipping off her skirt to reveal a harness of straps, which conveniently left her pussy free to my appreciative eyes. Her knees came down around my head, her smooth thighs around my face, and I got an even closer view of her beautiful pussy.

“I’m sure you’ve fantasized about this too, you dirty little slut,” her fingers stroked my face and then Miss Moore ran her nails along my torso, making me shiver. She wasn’t wrong, I had fantasized about this regularly.

“Make me cum and I’ll release you, Teddy.” She dangled the key to my cock cage in front of me for a moment before sitting on my face. It felt like she was putting her full weight on me, and at first I panicked, feeling like I was suffocating. until she adjusted her position, and suddenly I could breathe. I set to work, worshiping her pussy while Grace continued to pound my ass. I licked, kissed, and sucked on her clit, wishing I could use my fingers to fuck her slit, but her hands held my wrists down, as she was grinding against my tongue, generating her own pleasure, using me like an object, and I was thrilled to simply be of service to her.

Grace fucked me harder as Miss Moore neared her climax, and I was lost somewhere inside of my own bliss when I felt the older woman gripping me tighter and squirting all over my face, covering me in her juices. Feeling victorious, I licked my lips, smiling up at her, deeply satisfied.

“Good boy, Teddy.” I was enjoying my ass fucking and Miss Moore’s pussy so much I’d nearly forgotten about my cock, but as the gorgeous librarian riding my face, freed me from my cage, I felt my blood rushing into my prick, resurrecting it, and suddenly I had the most pressing, sensitive, egregious hard-on of my life.

“Good boys deserve to cum,” Miss Moore purred before wrapping her godsent lips around my cock and stroking me with her tongue.

“Holy fuck,” I whispered, my mouth once again connecting with her pussy lips before she eased forwards, presenting me with her ass, which I eagerly kissed and licked, worshiping her with my tongue. Instructing me

to continue my act of devotion, Miss Moore sucked on the tip of my penis, and I felt eternally thankful to this woman who had brought me to such low and lofty sentiments in the blink of an eye. It took Dante nearly a week to trespass from hell to heaven, but Miss Moore could take me there in twenty four-hours.

“Mmm, excellent job, darling,” she pushed back against my tongue, bent over my body, taking my entire shaft into her mouth right as Grace plunged her cock deeper into my ass, squeezing my balls in her skillful hands. I was quickly overwhelmed and ready to cum. Sensing my upcoming orgasm, Miss Moore pulled her lips off of me and pointed my throbbing cock at my stomach, ensuring I came all over myself, just like the dirty whore she claimed I was.

“What a pretty, sticky sissy you are, Teddy.”

I heard some of the women giggle.

Covered in my own cum and that of six women, I lay on the table, utterly spent.

CHAPTER 5: AFTERMATH

My mind went blank for a while, I think I actually fell asleep, but when I came back to the world of the living, I was in a large, comfortable bed, pressed between two warm bodies. Lost and confused, it took me a while to figure out that I was entangled between Grace and Miss Moore.

Grace was deep asleep on my chest, but Miss Moore was awake and watching me, stroking my thigh, lovingly.

“Shh, go back to sleep.”

“How.... how did I get here?”

“You were a good boy today, Teddy. There wasn’t any point in you going back to your dorm and feeling alone after that experience. Sleep now, and we’ll talk in the morning.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Somewhere over the past 48 hours, my life had taken a turn, and I didn’t quite understand it yet, but I was excited for each upcoming moment.

DO YOU WANT MOORE?

Teddy Dunkin's journey of submission to the mysterious and dominant Miss Moore and her sweet but deviant assistant, Grace Fillington, will continue in the next book in The Submitting at St. Sebastian's Series. Please sign up for my newsletter to get a notice as soon as the next story is published.

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[Pegged & Punished In The University Library: A FemDom Story](#)

It was just another night in the university library until I got on the wrong side of Miss Moore, the strict, drop-dead gorgeous librarian, with a penchant for punishing wayward young men.

Now she's dragging me down to a secret room below the school to inflict humiliating punishments on me. Worse still, there's an audience.

She is going to spank, stuff, and sissify me in front of a beautiful library intern whom I've been fantasizing about all year. How will I survive this dominant woman's cruel intentions?

And will I be left wanting Moore?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alyssa Reyes

Alyssa has always been fascinated by real world power dynamics. She loves reading erotic FemDom stories and acting out steamy, hot scenes with eager submissive men who enjoy a woman's firm, loving hand. The only thing Alyssa likes better than reading a good erotic story is sitting down in front of her computer and giving you exactly what you want.