



A NOVEL OF EROTIC EDUCATION

MISS LAURA'S

STUDENTS

IMELDA STARK

## **Table of Contents**

**[Title Page](#)**

**[Chapter One](#)**

**[Chapter Two](#)**

**[Chapter Three](#)**

**[Chapter Four](#)**

**[Chapter Five](#)**

**[Chapter Six](#)**

**[Chapter Seven](#)**

**[Chapter Eight](#)**

**[Chapter Nine](#)**

**[Chapter Ten](#)**

**[Chapter Eleven](#)**

**[Chapter Twelve](#)**

**[Chapter Thirteen](#)**

**[Chapter Fourteen](#)**

**[Chapter Fifteen](#)**

**[Chapter Sixteen](#)**

**[Chapter Seventeen](#)**

**[Chapter Eighteen](#)**

**[Chapter Nineteen](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty](#)**

**[Chapter Twenty-One](#)**

Miss Laura's Students:  
A Novel of Erotic Education  
*by Imelda Stark*

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## About The Author

Imelda Stark is the *nom de plume* of a teacher and practitioner of psychotherapy at a major East Coast medical school (hence the need for a pseudonym). She has been exploring the psychologically complex realm of BD/SM for over twenty novels now. Imelda strives to combine the eroticism she feels around challenging things happening to willing bottoms with an exploration of how we aficionados of these painful pleasures got to be the way we are. She welcomes and will respond to email at [imeldastark1@gmail.com](mailto:imeldastark1@gmail.com). All of her complete works are listed in the Afterword.

Part One  
*A Young Man's Self-discovery*

## Chapter One

The young man was somewhat miffed on his last summer home from prep school to learn that his parents had hired a guardian to oversee his well-being during their prolonged trip abroad. His visions of unsupervised partying melted into oblivion as they introduced him to Miss Laura, a trim, petite brunette with a slight British accent whom he guessed to be a well-preserved 40. She greeted him with an ironic dignity, and promised in private to give him as much leeway as possible within the fairly stringent limits his parents had defined. Over the first few weeks of their summer, the older woman and younger man developed a tentative friendship, with Miss Laura treating him as an adult in a natural way. He appreciated that her attitude towards him was notably devoid of the patronization that had characterized some of his parents' other hired caregivers who had tried to get chummy with him before.

They settled into an amiable rhythm of sharing most meals over pleasant conversation, with the young man working out in the home gym and pool most mornings and spending afternoons and evenings socializing with his friends. He had no idea how Miss Laura spent her days, though subtle signs indicated that she made dedicated use of the exercise facilities in his absence. He found himself entertaining some erotic fantasies about her at odd moments when he would notice her lean, athletic physique, but she seemed far beyond his reach, and certainly gave him no reason to hope otherwise.

One evening over dinner he noticed a subtle change in the atmosphere, with her already defined air of irony exaggerated a bit as she questioned him more deeply about his life at prep school. When they finished eating and the cook came in to clear the table, he rose and started to leave to join his friends for his evening plans. He was surprised to hear her state firmly, "I'm afraid you'll have to cancel your outing this evening, as you and I have an issue to settle."

He reacted with surprise, asking what the matter was. Glancing over at the retreating form of the cook and raising an eyebrow suggestively, she said that the issue would be better addressed privately. Miss Laura then instructed him to phone his friends to cancel his plans and meet her in his room where all would be made clear. Feeling a surprising sense of foreboding about what was ahead in the hands of this suddenly very authoritative woman half his size, he complied.

Within a few moments, he answered a firm knock at his door and Miss Laura entered and stood before him, fixing him with her direct, brown-eyed gaze. She said that she had become aware of a serious violation of conduct on his part, and that the consequences would depend on how frank he was in his responses to her. He colored and stammered that he had no idea what she meant. She responded that so far he was only worsening his predicament, but he remained genuinely bewildered. She then inquired, "Where do you store your erotica?" He blushed fiercely, and stammered that he had no idea what she was talking about. "Even worse," she said, as she strode to a bedside table and opened a bottom drawer, from which she removed a book that had been hidden underneath some others.

Miss Laura went on with her usual sense of faintly humorous irony, "Now are you going to make things even worse for yourself by denying you know anything about this?" She held in her hands a copy of Beauty, Anne Rice's erotic fantasy about submissive young men and women, termed 'Princes' and 'Princesses'. In this book, these attractive young people were willingly subjected to all manner of sadomasochistic sexual experiences at the hands of their jaded mistresses and masters. He stammered his renunciation of further denials, and admitted that he had filched the volume from his parents' bedroom.

Miss Laura stood before him, clearly in complete command of the situation, and went on: "So you have

violated your parents' privacy in the service of your own sexual gratification by stealing a dirty book about boys and girls whose naughty bottoms are violated in all sorts of ways. If the punishment is to fit the crime, I think that you should have the chance to find out exactly how they felt, don't you?" He muttered that he guessed so, and she took his arm gently but firmly and guided him through the now-empty household to the guest suite in which she was staying.

The young man was led into the spacious bathroom of the suite, and told to stand and watch while she prepared for his punishment. He was filled with conflicting feelings of fear and excitement as he watched Miss Laura methodically move an armless vanity chair to stand with its back to the sink and counter. She reached into a bathroom drawer and removed a large wooden hairbrush and placed it on the counter, glancing significantly at him as he did so. From another drawer she took a shoebox, from which she took what he vaguely recognized to be enema apparatus, as well as a large jar of Vaseline, which she uncapped and placed on the counter. She then took a container of liquid soap from beside the sink, and squirted a generous quantity into the enema bag.

"Naughty bottoms need a thorough cleaning as part of their punishment, I'm sure you'll agree. A good hot soapy enema should just do the trick, I think!" Her humorously matter-of-fact attitude and language and behavior left him paralyzed in red-faced silence. She allowed the water to become steaming hot after clamping the enema hose, and carefully filled the bag. The small woman stretched to her full height to hang the apparatus from one of the ornate clamps securing the mirror above the sink, revealing an expanse of firm thighs beneath her dress. She then reached into the shoebox and produced a white plastic nozzle with a knob the size of a large olive at its end. She screwed this onto the end of the enema hose, and carefully twirled it in



the Vaseline, leaving it in the open jar. He watched with serious trepidation from across the room as she then turned and seated herself on the chair facing him.

“So, young man, here we both are in the predicament you’ve created for yourself. As you can see, you’re to receive a thorough enema and spanking on your bottom. Here are the rules under which we shall proceed. You are to do exactly as I tell you, no more and no less. Any violations of this simple principle will increase your punishment, which I’m sure you will be most anxious to avoid. You can begin by removing your clothing and placing it on the counter next to you.”

“But Miss Laura,” the young man pleaded, suffused with embarrassment as he thought of revealing the raging erection he was harboring under his shorts. Her rich laughter rang out, and she went on, “Silly boy, did you think I was going to just lower your pants in order to save you some embarrassment? I intend to punish you, not your clothing. Embarrassment is a key element of your well-deserved consequences, since I think we both know that it would embarrass your parents seriously to know that you had violated their sexual privacy. So it seems quite appropriate that we will be thoroughly violating yours. A humiliating display of just how exciting you find the proceedings until this point is only the barest, so to speak, beginning of your embarrassment!”

As the young man haltingly removed his polo shirt, shorts, and boxers, Miss Laura watched him with apparent amusement and enjoyment as she went on, “I’m sure you enjoyed the view of my bottom while I was hanging the enema bag. Correct?” He remained silent until she prompted, “How much worse do you want to make things for that poor bottom of yours by any lack of cooperation?” He admitted that he had in fact enjoyed looking at her trim backside. By that point, his muscular young body was fully revealed, including a spectacular erection. The older woman

went on, "Well, it seems only fair that I will get a very long and detailed opportunity to observe *your* bottom at very close range, then, don't you think?" The young man nodded in miserable agreement.

Miss Laura then commanded the young man to stand directly in front of her. He did so, his erection bobbing with each step, and stood 2 feet in front of her as she had directed him. She then surprised him by reaching out and firmly grasping his penis in her right hand. He gasped as she watched his face closely. Then, with her left hand she reached forward and took his testicles firmly in her left hand, holding their root encircled by her thumb and forefinger. She went on, "So here is how things will go. Since boys and girls cannot help but wriggle as extremely uncomfortable things are happening to their naughty bottoms, there must be some means of holding them in place. Boys like your self have a convenient handle with which to accomplish this, namely their oh-so-sensitive little balls. So, after you have obediently bent yourself over my lap with that penis lodged firmly between my thighs for additional control, I will reach around your waist and resume this hold on your little ball-sac. This will sharply limit any wiggling you will want to do for obvious reasons," she stated matter-of-factly while giving his balls a slight squeeze for emphasis, producing another unconscious gasp.

Miss Laura went on further with her humorously delivered instructions to the thoroughly cowed young man, "In addition, having a firm hold on your family jewels also enables me to overcome another little problem that arises in these situations. While I am punishing you, I am going to be asking you to do a number of things that are, shall we say, quite challenging. First of all, in order to give me the greatest possible access to those extremely sensitive areas I am going to be making very uncomfortable, I will instruct you to open your legs as wide as possible and keep them that way. This is going to seem very counterintuitive to you,

and you will experience a strong impulse to close them in order to protect those delicate parts from my not-so-tender ministrations. This would be an impediment to my purposes, and would not be tolerated. “

The older woman went on, looking steadily up into the frightened eyes of the young man whose genitals she so firmly grasped in both her hands, “Second, you will experience a strong impulse to plead with me for mercy, which I find so unappealing in a young person. While I expect you to cry out, and would indeed be disappointed if you didn’t do so, since it would mean that I was not having a sufficient effect, I will not tolerate undignified begging. Throughout your punishment, the only words I will expect to hear from your lips other than wordless cries will be my name. Both of these purposes will be enforced by the other purpose of my grip on your balls, which is to deliver chastisement beyond that which I plan for your bottom. If you should give in to impulses to close your legs or speak beyond the limits I have prescribed, I will remind you of them like this!”

Miss Laura gave a sharp squeeze to the young man’s scrotum, digging her nails into his testicles. He gave an unwitting shout and bucked in her grasp. She quickly relented, and his pain subsided as he swayed above, obviously controlling an impulse to protect himself with his hands, which he conceivably could have done with a woman literally half his weight, though perhaps at great risk given how she had a hold of him. She observed his face intently throughout this exchange, and once he had started breathing normally went on, “So, do you understand me clearly?” He stammered out on agreement, and then she spoke once more before she released her hold on his genitals, “As far as this firm young fellow is concerned,” giving his penis a significant squeeze, “We’ll see about him later. This part of a man always thinks everything is about him!” He then clumsily draped himself over her lap, as she

guided his erection between her thighs. Her bare skin felt so delicious against his penis that he experienced a moment of fear that he would climax in an instant.

Miss Laura extended her left arm around the young man's waist as she had promised, asking him to raise up to accommodate her resumption of her grip around his balls, which he did with a sinking sense that all was now truly lost. They both settled back down into position, which required her to bend only slightly forward because of the trimness of his waist, placing her head directly above his exposed bottom. She instructed him to spread his legs as wide as possible, which he did, though the left one was limited in its range by the counter behind them. He gasped again as she began stroking his muscular young buttocks, which quivered involuntarily under the unfamiliar intimate touch. She spoke softly as though talking to herself, "Such a pretty young bottom, and so vulnerable like this. Such a pity that this innocent young bottom has to suffer so terribly because of the naughtiness of its owner."

The young man's awareness had fled from his entrapped penis to reside in the contact between the older woman's stroking fingers and his obscenely quartered backside. He gasped again as her stroking left his outer cheeks and began to drift inexorably toward his bottom cleavage and the puckering rosebud of his anus, so rudely exposed to whatever she intended for it. Miss Laura continued in her crooning, almost sedative tone, "And here we have this virginal little bottom-hole! I am correct that no one has been here before me, am I not?" He admitted this was so. "I'm so glad!" she exclaimed, as though somehow he should be as pleased with this fact as she was. He continued to twitch involuntarily as she played with the tiny hairs surrounding this ultimately vulnerable part of his anatomy, while she laughed softly at his discomfiture.

"Such a sensitive place," she murmured, "and especially so when it knows it's in for such a difficult time!" Miss Laura

was clearly enjoying every instant of this opportunity to punish the young man, and he knew it as well as she did. This heightened the intensity of the situation for both of them as she toyed with him like a cruel cat with a helpless mouse. Suddenly, he flinched again as her right hand left his behind, and he heard the sound of her reaching into the Vaseline jar behind them. She resumed speaking, "Well, the time has come to venture inside this tight little virgin rosebud and make it ready for the trials ahead. Her lubricated index finger returned to rest lightly on his anus itself, languidly circling it as she began to probe. He gasped as her finger firmly pushed past his helpless musculature, entering him for the first time in his life. He moaned as she continued her twirling invasion of his bottom, and she moved her finger in and out a few times, gently fucking him, provoking a deeper moan.

After a minute of this rhythmic penetration of the young man with her finger, Miss Laura began to speak as she probed more deeply, "Such a tight little bottom hole, I think we'll be needing to loosen it up so that its coming trials don't cause it any harm. No sign of anything nasty in there so far, though we'd be taking care of that soon enough if there were." Her finger twirled around as she reached forward to contact his prostate. He gasped in surprise as even more unexpected waves of unfamiliar sensation washed over him, this time clearly pleasurable and sending a jolt to his still-erect penis clasped between her thighs. She spoke with a laugh, "What have we here! This, young man, is your prostate gland, and in my opinion, is the best evidence that God intended boys' bottoms to be fucked, which we are just about to do quite thoroughly!"

With that, she smoothly withdrew her finger, which she cleaned on a tissue from a box on the counter behind her. Miss Laura picked up the enema nozzle with the alarmingly large protrusion at its end. She placed the cool plastic against its intended target, which puckered violently at the

anticipated invasion. She went on, "So the moment of truth has arrived, and your true punishment is about to begin. As uncomfortable as you have been throughout these little preliminaries, you will soon see that they are nothing compared to what's ahead. As you noticed to your obvious alarm, the nozzle I'm using has a large bulb at the end. The purpose of this is to hold it firmly in place without leakage while you are receiving and holding your enema. This leaves free my right hand, which would otherwise have to secure it in place against the increasing pressure you are soon to experience. That freedom will be employed to the discomfort of your unhappy little bottom cheeks, which are to receive the next part of your punishment, a thorough encounter with the backside of my hairbrush! I would advise you to concentrate on relaxing your anal sphincter as much as possible while I accustom your cute little bottom hole to being fucked, since resisting will only add to its discomfort."

With that, the young man cried out as the older woman slowly but inexorably thrust the well-lubricated nozzle into his behind, all the while crooning admonitions to relax in a soothing voice. A touch cruelly, she paused as his sphincter reached maximum stretch, prolonging the moment of his greatest discomfort as he yelled. She spoke through his moans, "It certainly is a relief that we are quite alone here and out of earshot, since I'm sure neither of us would want to be interrupted!" The young man emphatically did not agree, but kept his opinions to himself as she relented and allowed the nozzle to proceed on its course to lodge in his quivering bottom to his great relief.

Miss Laura went on, "Now, don't get your hopes up quite yet, my naughty young man! This is only a momentary respite, for now I intend to give your tight young bottom a thorough fucking, just like the Princes and Princesses in that book you stole. We'll see if you enjoy it as much as they did!" She went on to do precisely as she promised, all the while holding the young man firmly in place with her thighs

around his penis and her hand around his balls. He was too preoccupied to notice that he had settled into submission so far that his legs didn't even twitch toward closing in spite of the violation going on between his widespread ass cheeks, or that while his erection had stayed, his discomfort had postponed any risk of unseemly ejaculation in its exciting prison.

For an eternity to the young man, though perhaps only a few minutes in actual time, the older woman continued to repeatedly insert and withdraw the large knob from his unprotected bottom, all the while continuing to talk to him in a mesmerizing tone, describing now bad he'd been, and how sad it was that his poor bottom had to suffer so grievously for his misbehavior, and how exciting it was to fuck a virgin young ass that so richly deserved it. Finally, as he was beginning to relax enough to accommodate what was going on without constant involuntary vocalizations, Miss Laura left the nozzle in place inside him and spoke, "Well, I see you're getting used enough to this that it's on the edge of punishment headed into pleasure, which is not what we're interested in at this point, especially since I don't want you making a mess between my thighs! "

The older woman turned and unclipped the clamp on the enema hose, and young man gasped to experience a new sensation, as the only slightly cooled soapy water began to flow into his bowels. She gave him a moment to focus on this sensation, then picked up the hairbrush and went on, "And now the time has come for you to experience yet another group of confusing new experiences, as your enema goes in at the same time as we begin your spanking! I know you might be worried that you'll have an accident, but you can trust me that our little nozzle will do the trick of holding everything inside until we're good and ready for it to come out! Besides, I promise that in a few moments you won't be worrying about a single thing but your bottom cheeks and

my hairbrush and what's going on in the encounter between them!"

With that, she began stroking the young man's ass cheeks slowly and gently with the hairbrush, sensitizing the areas she intended soon to cause great discomfort, continuing her mesmerizing litany of the unfortunate position into which his bad decisions had placed his innocent, vulnerable young bottom. Once she sensed that he had relaxed into the combined disturbing but soothing sensations of the stroking and the enema, she struck him briskly in the center of his left cheek. He yelped and convulsed, but was able to maintain his position. This was soon followed by a matching blow to his right cheek with similar results, and so his first spanking commenced. After a dozen evenly spaced spanks to each cheek had begun to produce an even, rosy glow, she paused and resumed her stroking to give him a chance to catch his breath and asked, "So has this bottom ever been spanked before? I thought not. Such a rare privilege to take a young man's virgin bottom so completely in two ways in one magical evening. I must be sure to spank you extra long in order to savor the event as thoroughly as it deserves!"

With that, Miss Laura resumed her assault on the young man's twitching and wriggling behind without pause, all the while punctuating her blows with admonitions about how bad he'd been and how totally merited his punishment was in form and intensity. He cried out freely at each blow, and soon tears were streaming down his inverted face as he settled into the rhythm of his punishment. She began to focus her blows away from the even distribution that had characterized the first ten minutes of his spanking, concentrating more on the particularly sensitive region around the crease dividing his ass and the backs of his legs. The older woman also began to extend the range of her blows onto the backs and inner aspects of the young man's thighs, producing louder yells and more copious tears.



Finally, as she focused on the very bottom of each cheek and inner thigh adjacent to the enema tube protruding so obscenely from his anus itself, she produced the reaction she had been hoping for and he involuntarily closed his legs. She responded with a loud, "No!" and squeezed his balls much harder than she had in the test before his true punishment began. He shouted at the top of his lungs and forced his legs wildly apart, banging his left shin painfully on the cabinets, but holding his assigned position as he'd been instructed. She paused as they both caught their breath and his sobs subsided.

Miss Laura had purposely produced this reaction by mercilessly assaulting this most tender place on the young man's body. She did this because, just as had been the case with his bottom-fucking, she had sensed that his spanking had begun to cross the line from punitive to overtly erotic, which would have produced an orgasm that was not yet in her plans. The assault on his testicles had not been enough to reduce the rock-hard erection so excitingly apparent to her between her thighs, but had definitely put an end to immediate risk of ejaculation. She spoke, "Now, I'm going to end your spanking with ten on each side to that sensitive place we were just visiting, and I want you to take them like a man and count them out." He sobbed his assent, and she delivered just what she'd promised, as he steeled himself to absorb the burning pain of this last phase of his punishment, which he was barely able to do as he choked out the longest count to twenty of his young life.

At last, the spanking ended, and she placed the brush on the counter behind her. She began stroking his crimson, buttocks, and spoke, "You were such a bad boy, but now you've been so good in cooperating with your punishment, so all is forgiven." The older woman continued stroking the young man's punished bottom, so thoroughly ravished by her own methodical intent. As his pulse and breathing subsided and awareness of anything but the pain in his

bottom subsided, he began to feel some urgency that reminded him of his enema, now held for many long, painful minutes. She sensed this, and said, "I'm going to let you up so you can evacuate yourself in privacy. You can remove the nozzle yourself, since the tubing reaches to the commode, where I'd recommend you be when this happens. Once you've cleaned yourself up, open the door and I'll come back in."

Miss Laura helped the thoroughly chastised young man to his shaky feet, and left as he bolted for the commode. His urgency was so great that he didn't hesitate to pull the nozzle through his sphincter one last time, and almost shouted with relief as his evacuation took place. Once the spasms subsided, he flushed away the evidence and cleaned himself as instructed, and opened the door. The older woman was seated at her desk reading, and stood up to join him. She went on, "Now it's time to finish cleaning you up and reward you for your cooperation." She took his hand and led him to the spacious walk-in shower, and stood away from him as she turned on the water to a medium heat. She took the shower nozzle from its hook and gently directed it over his sweat soaked body, now so astonishingly larger than hers in the confined space. The water splashed back onto her dress a bit, rendering it more transparent, but she took no notice.

The young man closed his eyes and relaxed into her ministrations as she gently washed him all over with bath gel. He gasped when she reached his swollen buttocks, but she continued gently and he relaxed. She was careful washing his genitals, since he was obviously near orgasm, but she managed him as skillfully as she had throughout the evening. Finally, she gently dried him with a large soft towel, once again provoking a groan as she patted his inflamed behind. Once he was completely dry, she led him back into the bathroom, and stood him in the middle of the rug on the tiles. She reached into the drawers behind her and produced

some lotion, and said, “Now it’s time to soothe your poor bottom, and to reward you by taking care of our excited little friend!” pointing to the erection that bobbed insistently before her.

Miss Lara dropped gracefully to her knees on the rug before him, and filled both her hands with lotion. Looking intently into the young man’s face far above her, she reached around him to spread the cooling lotion with both hands on his throbbing bottom cheeks. He moaned in relief as the pain subsided even further, taking on the characteristic of a warm glow quite distinct from the blistering agony it had been only half an hour before. He gasped again as a lotion-slickened finger of her right hand entered his bottom hole, soothing those tissues as well, and then finding his prostate, causing his erection to surge. Her left hand found his balls one last time, and she gave a mischievous squeeze before beginning an erotic caressing. She spoke one last time, saying, “Support yourself by placing your hands on my shoulders,” which he willingly did. The older woman then took his cock into her moist, experienced mouth and began to expertly fellate him. Within a few moments he released one final involuntary shout as he exploded the best orgasm by far of his young life into her willing throat. She delightedly swallowed every drop, as he sagged onto her shoulders until collapsing in a tangle with her on the bathroom rug.

## Chapter Two

Miss Laura and the young man laughingly sorted out their entwined limbs to sit facing each other on the bathroom rug. The young man winced noticeably as his weight settled onto his red and swollen buttocks, prompting the older woman to speak in her usual tongue-in-cheek manner, "So I hope you've received a lesson that you'll not soon forget!" The young man assured her that this was so. Then, after a few moments of growingly uncomfortable silence (at least to him), he very tentatively spoke, "Miss Laura, please forgive me if I am being forward, but I suspect that there is a great deal more you could teach me,"

The events to this point had been exceedingly erotic for the older woman, and what he had just said was exactly what she quite fervently wanted to hear. She had found the young man extremely attractive from the beginning, and given her erotic preferences had been looking for just the sort of opportunity the young man had at last created. Even more, the content of the book he had stolen had given her a fair certainty that he was also inclined in the same direction and in the appropriate submissive polarity to her dominance. This had certainly been confirmed by his responses over the previous hour or two. Her panties were drenched with the liquid evidence of her arousal, but with her usual self-control she would have relieved herself to her inner images of the young man later just as she had been doing all summer if he had not taken the lead at this point.

Of course Miss Laura revealed nothing of all this as she responded in her humorous tone, "Why, you are being quite forward indeed, and already laying the groundwork for the further adventures of your poor burning bottom! But worry not, it will have at least a night to recover before having to answer for this most recent impertinence. In fact, I have no doubts that there are a great many things in the sexual realm that you could learn from me. Because of the difference in our ages, I would have considered it

inappropriate for me to take any initiative in that arena, but since I believe your statement is an implied request, I will become your teacher if you express unequivocal willingness for me to do so.”

The young man emphatically assented and earnestly requested that the older woman take him under her sexual wing. Miss Laura responded, “I consent to be your erotic teacher during the remaining weeks until your parents return. My condition is the same simple one that applied to your punishment: that you will obey all of my wishes to the greatest degree you can, and be willingly punished not only for violations of this simple rule, but even bare your bottom for a spanking just because it gives me great pleasure to make it dance so charmingly to my tune.” With a now familiar combination of excitement and dread, the young man agreed.

Miss Laura lithely arose from the floor in a single graceful move (a product of her decades-long dedicated yoga practice), now towering over the naked young man sitting on the rug at her feet. She said, “Follow me into my room, and I will tell you what to do once we get there.” She strode to her bedroom and left the young man to scramble to his feet, after which he followed tentatively into her presence, his penis already once again ragingly erect.

When the young man next glimpsed the older woman, she was seated calmly on the side of her queen sized bed, observing him with her usual disconcertingly direct gaze. She motioned him to come and stand before her on the bed, and commanded him to kneel, which he did, bringing their faces such that he looked slightly up to her. Miss Laura spoke, “I see our little friend down there is already up for more action! Well, he will no doubt get his wish in good time, since I love to be pleased by such large, hard young penises that are completely under my control. But first, we need to establish some ground rules. Beyond the overarching requirement of obedience to which you have

already agreed, here is how things will go. Each of us will sleep each night in our own beds, and conduct ourselves with complete propriety during the days, keeping to the same schedule we have observed throughout our time together. Every night when the cook departs and we are alone in the house, your training will resume. Once each lesson is complete, I will send you off to your room and the cycle will repeat. This method is intended to ensure the confidentiality of our relationship, which must be absolute. Do you understand?"

The young man assured her that he did, and the older woman went on, "So part of what I need to know is what kind of experiences you have had to this point, which will help me know where to start. What kinds of sex have you had so far in your life?" The young man explained that he had gone with two girlfriends from his wealthy social circle in his times home from his all-male prep school. Under the older woman's expert questioning, he went on to describe a recent phenomenon in teenage circles that Miss Laura had caught wind of through her other connections in the erotic realm. It seemed that young girls in that spoiled cohort had become somewhat predatory in an odd, limited way, competing to go steady with the most attractive wealthy young men, both of which the young man most certainly was. However, their ultra-thin and carefully sculpted (sometimes by surgery, even at that age) bodies were for display, not touch. What they offered was a very casual willingness to perform fellatio almost on demand, satisfying a boyfriend's needs without risk of pregnancy, illness, or any violation of their own boundaries. Only toward the end of his second relationship, when his girlfriend sensed his waning interest, did she make a last desperate effort at 'sweetening the pot' by allowing him to have intercourse with her. It had felt clumsy, brief, and furtive, and entirely joyless to the young man, who broke up with her shortly thereafter.