

## A Teachable Moment

September 2022 – Commission

*Uh-oh. Teacher does not look happy at all.*

Alesha twisted her hands coyly behind her, already caught up in the scene's dynamic. Sure, she knew that the disapproving frown Josh was giving her right now over his prop glasses was just part of the scenario. She knew full well that their dynamic required that he be stern and she be pliant. But damn, if it wasn't a thrill to stand there and feel it all wash over her. She'd been a very bad girl, and now her stern teacher was about to discipline her...

"Late to class? Again?" His gruff voice was dripping with sarcasm. "Miss Alesha, would you be so kind as to inform the class of *why* you saw fit to arrive at such a late hour? Perhaps your busy schedule left you with little time to socialize with us, is that it? Or is it that you think you're so mature that you simply don't need school anymore?" The wooden ruler in his hand prodded suggestively at her jean-clad crotch, forcing her to bite her lip in a sudden rush of self-conscious arousal. *Ooh, this was quite the rush...*

"But whatever the case, you're not only late. You didn't even have the decency to arrive in your proper uniform!" Teacher Josh's voice grew ever more exasperated, and she ducked her head instinctively. "I- I'm sorry," she began, and the sound of her own contrite voice sent her tumbling further into submissive headspace. "I- I forgot-"

"Forgot?!" Teacher Josh's voice was incredulous, and before she knew it his hand had closed like a vise around her wrist. "Come here, then. I think we'd better find a more appropriate uniform for you. Something befitting an empty-headed, forgetful *child* such as yourself..." And back behind the makeshift desk he tugged her, producing a small bundle of clothes that up until now she's never even seen. *Wow, what were these? Josh had been pretty secretive about what he'd ordered online...*

"Stand up straight, miss!" came the order – and so she did, flushing and feeling her heart flutter as his fingers began nimbly undoing the buttons of her shirt. "You're not going to come to school looking like that – not on my watch." Off came her shirt, revealing her full bosom and lacy brassiere. "What is this? You really think your childish ways of trying to skip class fit with such an adult outfit?" His voice was growling, and she gulped and shivered under his touch. For, with a deft twist of his fingers, the clasp came undone and her full breasts slipped free, hanging heavy and bare in the open air.

"Oh, but sir, please-" she began, her hands clutching protectively over her exposed chest. "No more from you!" came the order, and she stood there bashfully, peering anxiously down as first her jeans, then her shoes and socks and panties, all were systematically stripped away from her. "Now, let's see. This seems more appropriate for an overgrown kid like you..."

And over her head Josh pulled a bundle of thin white fabric. It was a top, as it turned out – and one so skimpy that once pulled down over her bare boobs, it strained full and taut as it struggled to contain her womanly curves. "Teacher's Pet," she read silently, staring down at the bold pink lettering, the see-through fabric, and her visibly erect nipples... and she shivered in sordid delight at the sight. *God, this was getting hot...*

Though nothing had primed her for Teacher Josh's next move. For, with a series of quick thrusts, the unsuspecting young woman felt her teacher's finger slip up inside her vulnerable bum with disturbing ease. "Just giving you a bit of incentive to focus on class," he smirked as she stared up at him in a sudden fit of anxiety. "Don't worry! It's only a couple of suppositories, missy. Think of it as a little test. Because if you really *are* so mature and you want to prove it, surely you'll have no trouble at all controlling yourself until class is over..."

His voice dropped, and she trembled instinctively as he bent to her ear and whispered the rest. "At least, assuming you want to avoid getting punished and humiliated in front of all your friends. I don't suppose you'd like to have the whole class see you... I dunno. Getting spanked? Put back in a *diaper* like a dumb little *baby*?"

Oh, god – a diaper?! He'd threatened her with this before, of course. And of course she both loved and hated the idea, as she loved and hated to be humiliated. This was rapidly becoming a perfect storm, the likes of which she hadn't seen in a very long time. And most embarrassing of all, she was to blame for much of it! After all, she'd been the one to walk into this room with a rising urgency in her coffee-stimulated bladder. Between her own omorashi-loving perversity and Josh's sadistic suppositories, the dice were loaded against her now – and she already knew that the next hour was going to be... very interesting.

But of course she didn't dare do more than shake her head meekly before the rest of her new wardrobe came out. Next came a pair of childish panties – pastel and flowered and nauseatingly cute – and over them the tiniest red plaid skirt she'd ever seen. Onto her feet went a pair of frilly socks and some black Mary Jane shoes, and her makeover was complete. She was no longer Alesha the grownup, but Alesha the slutty schoolgirl: standing wide-eyed and blushing before her now-smirking teacher.

"That's much better, Miss Alesha," he nodded, motioning her to take a seat at the wooden chair in front of the makeshift desk. "Now sit there like a good girl and pay attention! Assuming you can focus on your lessons, that is..."

Quite a bold assumption that was indeed. Between the burning sensation already radiating up into her lower belly and the increasing pressure from her bladder, it wasn't more than a few minutes before she found herself fidgeting and squirming in her seat. The minutes were ticking by more and more slowly, and the geometric figures of the arithmetic book before her were blurring into meaningless hieroglyphs. *Ugh, so nauseated! Gotta hold it- can't lose control-* She was squirming in silence, her hand slipping furtively down to press desperately against her aching bladder...

"Alesha! Keep those hands up where we can see them!" Teacher Josh was approaching now, and she found herself biting back a whimper as she gazed up into his stern face. "I- I was just-" "Oh, I can imagine exactly what you were doing," he returned, and her face flushed crimson as he glared pointedly down over her see-through top and into her lap. "We're here to *learn*, Miss Mature – not to play with ourselves like horny teenagers. And I'm here to help you remember that."

She gulped as he gestured down at the desk with his wooden ruler. "Hands up on the desk. Wrists up. Now." *Uh-oh. Oh, no, please- I really need to go-!* But comply she did, her hands slowly slipping up and coming to rest on the cool surface. *He- he was going to-*

*Crack.* She yelped softly as the wooden ruler connected with her right wrist, and even as she bit back her cry of pain she could feel a disconcerting warmth between her legs. Maybe it was arousal... or maybe not? *Crack.* She flinched again, trying not to let the shudder of humiliation show. *Oh, no – that was definitely a wet spot. She just had to go- so badly- Oh, and now her gut was churning! No, no, not right now-*

By the time Teacher Josh was done, she was shuddering and gulping back a storm of humiliated sobs. Her hands were reddened, glowing with the fresh sting of Teacher's punishing ruler. Between her legs she could feel the lukewarm wetness of her little accidents, the result of her aching bladder that was already beginning to lose the fight. But worst of all, she could feel something mushy under her bum... something greasy and icky that boded no good at all.

"Very well. Class is dismissed for today," Teacher Josh called out at last, and in both their imaginations the room filled with a chorus of slamming books and scuffling feet and tittering laughter. Alesha staggered to her feet, awash in relief and urgency as the thought of how good it

would feel to dash to the bathroom. Finally, she could tear down these panties, let it all out...

But she was immediately brought up short. "Not you, Miss Alesha. No, I think you need a bit of remedial exercises," Teacher Josh smirked, and back down into she unwillingly sank, his firm hand pressing her down onto her tiny skirt and questionably clean panties. "Here you are: a nice, easy bit of homework. Fifteen pages shouldn't be hard at all for a mature young lady like yourself... as long as you find a way to focus."

*Easy? Focus?* Her widening eyes took in the workbook placed before her, eyes darting over the row upon row of problems. Yes, her was right – they were easy indeed.  $15 + 38$ .  $27 + 63$ . But fifteen pages of it? All right now?!

"Please," she heard herself begging, and even as she pleaded she felt herself shivering with mortification. "Mister Josh, please- I- I really need to go-" "Oh, do you?" He drew back, an expression of wry amusement on his handsome face. "You *really* need to go? Oh, if only you were so enthusiastic about coming to class on time!"

She blanched, and he shook his head in condescending displeasure. "Listen, young lady," he continued, and even as he spoke she could feel her gut churning with redoubled fury. "I told you you'd have to show me how mature you are by staying until the end of class. So listen: if you truly think you deserve to leave class now, *particularly* when you didn't even have the decency to show up on time... well, I'd love to hear why. Tell me. Explain it all to me." He bent forward combatively, fixing her with his stern gaze. "In fact, Alesha... I want you to *beg* for it. Tell me just how much you want to leave. Tell me why a tardy, naughty, childish student like yourself deserves to be let go..."

Desperate times call for desperate measures, they say – and for Alesha, there had rarely been times quite as desperate as this one right now. So it was that she rose from her seat – with flaming cheeks, and smarting hands, and uneasily wet and sticky panties. "I- um... I really need to go potty," she began, and she gulped back a gasp as the cramping in her gut clenched more fiercely than ever. "I'm a big girl- and I, um- I really don't want to make a- a mess! Please, Teacher, please, please, I really don't want to-"

Whatever she wanted or didn't want to do was beside the point now. For, even as her voice broke and the pleas for mercy tumbled from her lips, her body had decided that enough was enough. Three suppositories had wreaked havoc in her bowels, and out came the results: in a spluttering, gassy torrent of smelly mush. Out into those juvenile flowered panties it rushed, and Alesha stood her with an expression of disgust and panic frozen on her face, feeling the gooey, greasy mush

expanding out between her ass cheeks...

And then, as if conceding defeat, her bladder joined in: leaving her standing there like a helpless toddler, with rivers of her own urine streaming pathetically down her legs and dribbling onto the floor below.

*No- no, please, I couldn't help it! I'm sorry, I tried, I really tried-*

But all the words swirling within her brain found no outlet. For now Teacher Josh was standing over her, a smirk of undisguised arousal and glee on his face. "Oh, dear... I suppose you really aren't so mature after all, hmm?" He glanced distastefully down at the pool between her quivering legs. "What a revolting mess you've made! Then again, I do love to give my pupils second chances. So tell you what, Miss Pottypants. We can forget the math since you clearly aren't ready for it. I've got something much simpler: a nice, easy little exam for you..."

*What?! No- no, why was he-* But down he pressed her, forcing her legs to buckle and her poor, messy ass down, down, down to the floor. "That's right, down on your pretty, stinky bum," he ordered, and Alesha shuddered and cringed as she felt herself sinking down into the puddle of her own urine, the squish of her own mess squelching and spreading around her quivering ass. "Now stay there. You don't need to get up. You don't even need to think. Believe me – all you need to do for this little oral exam... is open wide."

As his fingers slipped his zipper open and his hardened cock sprang free before her, Alesha gulped... and stared up at Teacher incredulously. And then, slowly, shamefully... opened up.

Because if she was going to show Teacher Josh just how mature she really could be, there wasn't much else she could do, was there?