The Pleasure of Teaching

Summary

Professor Sophia Lawson has two joys in life- watching her students learn and grow, and watching her submissives throb with pain and pleasure. When she hides a remote-controlled vibrator in one of her students, she gets the opportunity to do both.

Notes

Update: I originally intended to have one more chapter in this story, but I'm not sure I can end it a stronger note than it's already on, so I'm just going to call chapter two the end. Maybe someday I'll return to give Sophia and Elaine the finale I had first planned, but for now, I'm leaving it as is. Thanks for reading, and I hope you enjoy!
Behind the Teacher's Desk

Elaine was such a sweet girl. She had come all the way from Georgia to New York to study biology at Columbia University. The university was lucky to have her - she arrived to each of her 21 hours of classes early, having already pre-read that day’s chapter. Her transcripts boasted straight A’s dating back to middle school. All her peers lived such loud lives; yelling over each other all class as they tried to be the star student, screaming all weekend as they shotgunned Budweiser and spewed ejaculate on the local sorority girls, then blaring music all Sunday as they crammed for the Monday exam, barely squeezing out a B. Elaine, meanwhile, sat in her room, quietly read her books, and showed up for the exam and quietly aced it. She was the model conservative: she wore dresses to class and hid her titillating cleavage beneath camisoles. Her heels were always classy, but never more than two inches high. She preferred mineral water to beer, Bach to 2Chainz, and looking at online cat pictures to looking at frat guys flex their muscles at her. It would take nothing short of a plague to keep her out of church every Sunday. Yes, as Elaine walked in her Chemistry class in her modest, blue dress that hid all traces of the sexy woman underneath, no passerby could doubt that Elaine was such a sweet girl.

Dr. Sophia Lawson, however, was not.

Sophia had gotten her degree in chemistry, then went on to conduct her research at Columbia. While she was in school, she had always pictured herself as a scholar. She loved crushing her colleagues with her intellect, cunning, and seductive beauty. She even managed to land a teaching job at the age of only 27. Now that she had been teaching, though, Sophia had discovered two even greater loves. She had found shocking pleasure in being an educator. The look in someone’s eyes as they consider a difficult problem and realize the solution was like sweet nectar to her. She just loved watching her students grow. The second love was a bit more… cruel.

While watching her students look up to her felt good, it felt even better to be looking down on them. Sophia found that their cries of understanding excited her intellectually, but their cries of pain excited her sexually. She relished the feeling of being someone’s superior, of bringing that person discomfort or humiliation, and still having them beg her for more. To Professor Lawson, the sweetest nectar was the look in someone’s face as they sat, bound to Sophia’s bed, convulsing with pain while teetering on the edge of an orgasm, pleading with their tears for Sophia to stop, and begging Sophia with their eyes to continue. Yes, Dr. Sophia Lawson was a dominatrix.

Sophia had been in the domination scene even before she went to college. Throughout high school, she had teased others with her intoxicating body and commanding demeanor, and drank their lust like wine. As she grew older, her teasing turned to torturing, as she took her domination addiction to the bedroom. Finally, she came across her teaching job, which allotted her a position of power where she could pick from hundreds of potential slaves and lure them into her web of sex and submission. Over the years, Sophia had honed her skills to their antithesis, mastering floggers and vibrators, electric rods and silk gloves, powerful legs and warm lips. However, to this day, one tool of terror stood above the others as Sophia’s favorite: a remote control vibrator.

All that Sophia had to do was slip the little silver bullet into her victim, send them on their way, follow them at a safe distance, and occasionally turn it on and off. From afar, she could watch as her submissive entered a public setting, perhaps lunch at the cafeteria or discussing a problem with a teacher, then gasp as she switched the vibrator on. Those around her would express their concern, and her victim would have to quickly invent an excuse for their outburst will the bullet was tickling their pleasure center. Sophia would relish in their discomfort as they tried to act normal and ignore the growing warmth and delight in their genitals. They could never full mask their feelings: their
conversations would slow down and speed up sporadically, their legs would shake, eyes would dart and twitch, and Sophia would grow wet with pleasure. Then, the climax of torture would inevitably arrive, when Sophia’s victim would reach the brink of cumming, right in front of someone, or even a crowd, and there would be nothing they could do to stop it. Sophia could never resist sliding her hand down onto her clitoris as the orgasm washed over her prey. They would be rendered helpless, caught between humiliation and ecstasy as their bodies convulsed and their breathing became restrained shrieks. Sophia would carry the memory of their pain and pleasure back to her apartment, where she would give herself her own body-quaking orgasm.

Now, as the clock struck 1:25 and Dr. Lawson’s one-hundred-and-fifty-odd students turned their attention to her, Sophia smiled at sweet little Elaine and pulled a remote from her desk.
“Afternoon, everyone,” Sophia remarked casually. “I hope you all had a good weekend. Now it’s back to chemistry.” Sophia pressed a few buttons on the remote and the hall’s overhead projector booted up, showing Sophia’s powerpoint. “Today we’ll be continuing our lecture on rates of reaction.” There was a dull roar as 150 students unzipped their backpacks and took out their notes for the day, not noticing that their professor had pressed a few extra buttons on the underside of the remote, nor hearing the gasp that came from one of their classmates.

“You’ll remember from last lecture our discussion on first-order reactions,” Sophia continued. She scanned the room, creating a strong stage presence, but her eyes lingered on Elaine. Elaine had been shocked when Sophia flipped the switch, but she was starting to regain her composure. Strong girl. Sophia was well-versed in breaking strong girls’ composure, though.

“I want you to work this problem on the board to refresh your memory,” she said, clicking to the next slide. She gave the class a couple minutes to solve the equation before calling out, “Who has an answer?”

A dozen hands shot up, but none of them Elaine’s. Unacceptable. Sophia pretended to be deciding between the volunteers while she pressed another button beneath the remote. She turned to Elaine in time to see her tense up before raising her shaky hand, too.

“Elaine, what did you get?”

Elaine struggled to be heard across the room while the vibrator raged on inside her. “Two point oh moles per second?”

“Correct.” Sophia pressed a button and Elaine relaxed as the vibrator let up. Not all the way, though- Sophia had a lot more fun planned for today.

“Now we’ll be moving on to something a bit more complex- second order reactions. You see, not all reaction rates stay constant.” Sophia launched into her lecture, going back into the normal swing of making a point, then waiting for everyone to copy her slide into her notes. Another boring day of chemistry.

Sophia looked to Elaine. She looked like everyone else- eyes alternating between the slide and her notebook, focused while still active and listening. A good, studious student. Too studious. Sophia looked down at the vibrator remote that she had taped to the underside of her computer remote. Currently, the dial on it was set to two out of ten. She clicked it up to six.

This time, when Elaine tensed up, she didn’t relax. The vibrator must have already been warm and intoxicating, gently and quietly teasing her sensitive insides. Now it was pushing her, forcing her to endure a pleasure that she couldn’t hide by just relaxing and acting like it wasn’t there. Her suffering was delicious.
Sophia continued her lecture, watching out of the corner of her eye as Elaine squirmed. To Sophia, only a couple of minutes passed, but for Elaine, time must have dragged on for eternity as she struggled to hold back the moans that her body longed to release. At one point, one of the boys beside her even turned to ask if she was okay. Sophia guessed with a smile that she couldn’t hold back the moans after all.

It was about time to give Elaine a break, but not just yet. Sophia had one more game to play before her toy could relax. “Any questions?” she asked. She waited the obligatory seven seconds before continuing. “In that case, solve this problem for me.” She put the next question on the board. “By the way, do you guys think it’s hot in here?”

There was a general murmur of agreement and a few head nods. Sophia had turned up the room temperature by a couple degrees before class specifically for this moment. As the students turned back to the problem, Sophia started removing her coat.

She had worn a trench coat lined with fur into the building and had been sure to keep her body well-concealed in it. Now as she shed it, the class could get a good eyeful of her succulent figure. She was wearing a black dress with a deep V-neck and a thin, gold necklace that draped over her C-cup breasts and spilled into the valleys of her chest. The dress barely came halfway down her thigh, showing off her shimmering, smooth legs. Her black, heeled boots hugged her calves and pushed her up another three inches. As she hung her coat on the podium, she turned to Elaine and smiled. The mere sight of Elaine made Sophia’s crotch feel warm; Sophia had made sure to show off Elaine’s three favorite things- breasts, boots, and bare legs, and Elaine couldn’t tear her eyes away. Elaine’s eyes were narrowed in concentration, trying to block out the pleasure, but unable to cope with the sensations between her legs and the siren before her eyes. Sophia smiled devilishly as Elaine unconsciously reached her hand under her desk to massage her throbbing clit, letting her lose herself in the feeling that was coming to a head before-

“Time’s up,” Sophia announced. She held up the remote, hiding the vibrator control and looking at Elaine before asking, “Who can solve this?”

Hands shot up. Sophia waited a moment, but didn’t even take her eyes off Elaine. She didn’t even wait for the girl to raise her hand. They both knew what was going to happen.

“Elaine?” Sophia asked.

Elaine looked in horror at Sophia. Both girls knew that Elaine hadn’t even looked at the problem. She quickly looked to the problem now, wracking her brain to solve it quickly before she lost all control. Elaine was a genius, sure, but the heat in her dress was making it hard to remember that. Sophia dialed the vibrator up to seven.

“Elaine, do you know the answer?” Sophia taunted Elaine. Elaine’s eyes darted back and forth between her professor and the board. “Elaine, did you even do the problem?” Sophia turned it up to eight.

Now Elaine was visibly shaking. Her face had turned bright crimson and her breath was ragged. Her fellow students probably just thought she was nervous. In just a moment, they might find out just how wrong they were.

“Elaine, if you don’t know the answer-“

“It’s three point five!” Elaine screamed, voice unable to suppress her distress and ecstacy.

Sophia frowned, then grinned. “Wrong!” she exclaimed, moving the dial to nine.
Elaine’s eyes went wide with terror as she turned back to the board. She was so close. She was about to have an explosive orgasm in front of the whole class. Sophia was practically dripping with excitement. Then Elaine’s eyes darted back to Sophia.

“Per second per mole!” she exclaimed, eyes pleading.

Sophia hesitated. The class went silent, afraid for their terrified classmate.

“Correct.”

Sophia clicked the off button on the vibrator control. Elaine let out a sigh of relief and sagged into her seat, trying to regain her composure. Sophia let her- Elaine had put on a good show. She turned back to her powerpoint and resumed lecturing. Her sweet little submissive had made it through the warm-up round and deserved a break, but class was far from over.

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