

Lessons for the Teacher

(Part 1)

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Colin Milton lives in the North of England and writes erotic fiction based around the subject of Female Domination; Infantilism and BDSM.

Colin Milton is a pen name, the Milton surname prompted by the Milton Sterilising Fluid so favoured in infant nurseries across the world.

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Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are entirely coincidental.

Lucy and Mark had known each other for over 10 years...ever since she had walked into his classroom as a confident sixth former. He had been a young, recently qualified teacher then. He remembered his nervousness as the sixth form students had entered the classroom, weighing him up in the same way that he was doing with them.

Lucy had stood out for Mark right from the first few days. She was clearly the most intelligent, inquisitive and mischievous student in the group; mischievous in a fun way. She was always quick with an answer, usually followed by a supplemental question fired back at him. Some of her questions would occasionally catch him off guard and it would take him a few seconds to formulate an answer which would satisfy her. Her calm satisfaction at his discomfort in front of her all too clear to Mike.

Over those first few weeks, Mark's room had become something of a haven at lunchtime for some of the senior students. Primarily, it was Lucy and her friends who would arrive at his door shortly after the lunch bell had rung, but there would usually also be some of their overly shy male admirers, trying to appear 'cool' - who would arrive to be seen and do their best to catch the eye of one of the girls.

Frequently, Mark would end up chatting mainly with Lucy - and she with him.

Lucy became 'the' regular visitor to Mark's room during lunchtimes. Even when others were elsewhere, Lucy always arrived, five minutes or so after the lunch bell, smiling warmly.

Mark soon became aware of his attraction towards her but knew that his position as her teacher precluded any other form of relationship. Not only would it be severely frowned upon by his management at work but he didn't want to embarrass himself in front of Lucy by making his attraction evident to her. He thought she would simply find the idea of him finding her attractive somewhat creepy, and would lead to her avoiding him totally. That was something he did not want.

He found himself looking forward to lunchtimes more and more as he knew that would be when he was able to at least be in the same room as her. He soon came to be able to distinguish the sound and rhythm of her footsteps on the stairs as she approached his room. Her approach prompting a last moment 'preening' to make sure he looked his best for her.

Conversation between them had become easier over the months. Lucy freely shared news of her family; what her own plans for the future were. They told one another silly jokes and laughed about things that were "between them" - silly, unimportant 'secrets'. They would often tease one another about something each had perhaps said or done. Often Lucy's fake disapproval of something which Mark had said would

be punctuated with a loud 'tut' and a narrowing of her eyes; staring at him in a pretence of disapproval. After a while however, Lucy became aware of Mark's immediate response to her 'tut' and disapproving look.

She noticed that he would instantly stop what he had been doing and that his whole head would drop slightly. Almost like a small child...caught doing something naughty by an adult.

At first she thought that it was just her imagination but time and again her actions would evoke precisely the same response. It amused her to think that such a small gesture from her could have, seemingly, such an effect on someone supposedly 'superior' to her, and more mature. Mature in years perhaps but not in actions, it seemed.

One day, as Mark and the students were chatting, the subject of birthdays and star signs arose. The usual dismissive conversation developed around how ludicrous 'star signs' and horoscopes really were. It was whilst comparing their signs however, that it became apparent that not only did Mark and Lucy share the same star sign but that they shared the same actual birthdate...albeit separated by six years. Suddenly the similarities in their sense of humour; their likes and dislikes did not seem surprising. From that moment on, Lucy and Mark shared an unspoken, clear, yet still professional bond with one another.

Term times passed ever faster and their close relationship continued. Mark became a trusted confidante and, truth be told, he was flattered that a young, attractive young woman would freely choose to spend time with him. Throughout those months however, Lucy would repeatedly use her 'disapproving' tut and stare from time to time. - to the amusement of them both. Mark would always laugh it off, but Lucy could see that there was something more to it. Something deeper in his psyche which made him respond like that.

All too soon, it came to Lucy's final day at school. Mark had been dreading it, knowing that their lunchtimes together in their group would finally finish.

Although he'd never done it before for any student, he thought it would be acceptable for him to buy her a gift. He would present it to her after school on her final day - after all she wouldn't be one of his students at that point. It had to be something that was not simply to be a transient gift...something that would soon end up in a drawer. She had been such fun and had become a friend and he wanted to recognise that, as well as secretly hoping that they would remain in touch once she was at University.

He had decided on a delicate, silver necklace. Discreet and something which could be worn often - he hoped.

Mark had arranged for Lucy to stop by his room as she was leaving school for the final time. He felt oddly anxious. Hoping she would accept it in the manner in which it was given. From a friend to a friend.

Lucy arrived at his room as arranged. Both knew that this was an important moment. Mark clumsily hugged her and then sat down, trying to find the right words: wanting to express how much she had come to mean to him without coming across sounding weird.

As he passed her his gift, he could feel himself blushing. Hoping she would not feel that he was being foolish or overly familiar. Her look of pleasant surprise as she opened the gift told him that it was OK.

She smiled broadly as she lifted the chain from its presentation box. Turning it in her fingers, she commented how pretty it was and how thoughtful he had been.

She passed it to him, asking that he put it around her neck for her. His heart skipped slightly. It seemed a very personal, intimate thing to do for her. He stood behind her as she lifted her hair away from her neck, revealing her smooth, pale skin. He wanted to kiss her neck so much but that would, he knew, be too much.

He closed the clasp between his fingers and laid the chain on her neck. She turned to face him,

straightening her hair and arranging the chain at the front of her neck.

"Thank you. I'll treasure it. I really will. Each time I wear it, I will think of you."

She leaned into him, kissing him gently but firmly on his lips. He was taken aback a little. Not by being kissed, he had anticipated and secretly hoped for that, but by being kissed on the mouth.

Stepping back, he sensed her looking for his reaction to her forwardness. He was all too aware of the fact that he was blushing and could do nothing about it. She smiled, causing him to instinctively try and avoid eye contact with her. His head lowered. Although deep inside he relished this feeling of embarrassment in front of Lucy, he felt awkward and somehow childish that his emotions were so evident.

"Now it's my turn," he heard her say quietly. He lifted his head to look at her. He hadn't expected this.

"I bought you a little gift too. Something to remember me by." She paused. "I'm sorry that I didn't get time to go to the Early Learning Centre to get you something," she smiled, jokingly referring to his childish sense of humour and short attention span that she had often teased him about. "I'll have a look next time I pass...so I got you this."

She held up a chunky silver chain. It was quite plain. Stylish, not vulgar. "I hope you like it."

He took it from her hands and rubbed his thumbs over it. Unlike her necklace, there was no catch to fasten it with; simply two rings at either end. His slightly quizzical look told Lucy that he was unsure what to do next.

"It's very easy to put it on," she said as she gently took it from him. "You see... you simply ease the chain back through one ring and it makes a loop. Then you put your head through the loop. No complicated catches. Best to keep it simple for you eh?" She giggled softly. "There we are. One necklace from me to you. Tip your head forward and I'll put it on you."

Mike did as she bade him and savoured the gentle touch of Lucy's hands as they brushed against the side of his face and then his neck as she arranged it on him.

"Let me see?" Lucy said.

Mike duly lifted his chin, displaying the chain.

"That looks really good!" Lucy exclaimed. "I think you should wear it all of the time...just so you don't forget me..."

Feeling a little sheepish, he replied. "Oh, I'll never forget you Lucy. How could I? I'm going to miss you hugely."

"Good!" she said. She glanced down for a moment, as if searching for the right words. "We will keep in touch Mike. I think we still have a lot to talk about don't you?"

"How do you mean? Like what?" Mike replied a little unsurely.

"Oh," she said quietly, moving toward him. "I think you know more than you're pretending don't you?"

He felt her hand at the side of his neck, touching his chain.

She smiled wickedly, mischievously. "I think you will keep this on."

Mike felt the chain beginning to tighten. A gentle clicking as the links rubbed over themselves.

"I want you to keep this on. All of the time. Think of it as a puppy training chain!" she chuckled.

The chain became increasingly tight until it began to nip his skin. It was not uncomfortable but he allowed her to pull it tighter. Just as quickly as she had begun, she stopped. She casually released the chain and it instantly hung loose again.

"So...will you keep it on for me...like a good boy?"

"Er...yeah.... I guess so. If er..."

"Yeah?" Lucy repeated. "'Yeah'? From an English teacher? Oh dear me," she laughed. "I think you mean 'Yes' don't you?"

He smiled weakly in response.

"Yes miss..." he said jokingly. He added the 'Miss' as it seemed that in that moment she had gone from being his student to his teacher.