

***Classroom Interlude***  
***A short story by Charli Mac***

I tried to straighten my face as I stuck the Ms Mack sign on my classroom door. I didn't succeed. It was 5.52pm on a Thursday night and I should have been at home, in the shower, turning myself into a submissive goddess in expectation of my Sir's arrival, and instead I was uncomfortable in the heels and crumpled shirt and blouse that I'd been wearing all day, interviews with thirty sets of anxious parents ahead of me. By the time I made it home, I'd have a pounding head and nothing but an empty bed to look forward to.

Well, that and a massive glass of wine.

It didn't matter that Sir had messaged me three days ago to tell me he couldn't make our weekly assignation, either – or that I'd forgotten to tell him I'd be working late and wouldn't be free, something I'd have gotten into trouble for. I was still sulking.

“Charli, Mr and Mrs Cunliffe called and asked to move their spot. Do you have anything free after eight thirty?”

“Nope,” I said, looking pointedly at the list I'd stuck under my name. It was chock-a-block, not a single five-minute slot free for me to catch my breath or, you know, pee.

“Do you think you can squeeze them in?”

“Nope.” The word came out short and sharp, and when I turned my head to look at Fiona, the Deputy Head who'd accosted me eight minutes before the parents night was supposed to start to fuck with my schedule, I saw surprised etched across her face. My head of department, Karen, wouldn't have been surprised, but then, she wouldn't have been stupid enough to ask me. “Connor Cunliffe is one of the best pupils in the class. He's going to coast to an A. I'm happy to talk to them, in their assigned slot, but if they can't make it, all they'll be missing out on is compliments.”

“Do you think you could call them tomorrow to talk about-,” She tailed off under the look I gave her. I may like to sub, but that didn't make me a doormat, and my mood tonight was

sour enough to wilt even her abrasive attitude. “Right, well. How about I just give them a quick call to talk about the feedback you’ve given me?”

“That would be great.” I managed a smile through my teeth then disappeared inside my classroom.

The long wall of windows showed nothing but darkness. Annoyed that I was still here so late – and that I was going to be here a lot later still – I stalked over and yanked the blinds closed. My movements were so harsh I tugged the cord free from one blind entirely.

“Oh, you bastard!”

I was still up on a stool, balancing precariously as I fought to rethread the bloody thing, when the bell rang at six o’clock, indicating the beginning of parents night.

“Hello? Are you Ms Mack?” I turned on the stool, almost falling off it, when a warbling voice called from my doorway.

“Yes, that’s me. Are you Taylor’s mum? Just give me one second, I’m almost done.”

It wasn’t the most professional beginning to a parents night interview ever, but if I left the blinds broken, the janitor would attempt to helpfully fix them first thing in the morning, and then they’d never open or close ever again.

I survived the first hour, repeating the litany of the course outline and what we’d covered so far, then buttering up the parents of the good kids with compliments and annihilating the little bastards who hadn’t lifted a finger and were on their way to a solid fail just because they couldn’t be arsed to use their brains.

By 8.15pm, the headache had already started pulsing at my temples and I was regretting spending the time fixing the blinds, wishing I’d grabbed a water bottle instead. I looked hopefully towards the door, but the prefects who did the rounds offering tepid coffee and tastebud-burning hot chocolate were nowhere to be seen. At least I was on time... and my 8.15 wasn’t. I closed my eyes and revelled in the peace for a moment.

“I mean, for God’s sake, did you have to go after Hannah’s Maths teacher like that?” The waspish voice cut through the calm quiet of my classroom. I didn’t hear anyone respond, but a moment later, “I know she’s been absent, but you’ve no idea why. And bringing it up was just mortifying! Christ, I wish you hadn’t even bothered coming!”

I glanced down at my sheet. Hannah Murray. I guessed these were her parents, and by the sounds of things, things were a little tense in the Murray household right now. Lucky me. I stood up and plastered a smile on my face, but it wavered as a deep voice floated in the door a second before the man himself appeared.

“I’m not going to accept Hannah being shunted off to some child who’s barely qualified. Maths is important.”

Mrs Murray snapped something in response, but the words didn’t register. I *knew* that voice, intimately.

A moment later, Sir walked into my classroom.

I had an instant’s warning, but still, he recovered before I did, the pause in his stride almost negligible and the fleeting look of shock that flitted across his features there and gone again before his wife could turn and notice it.

His wife. His *fucking wife*.

Jesus. Fuck. Shit.

My heart was thundering in my chest, my cheeks flooding with colour. I thumped back down in my seat and tried to get a hold of myself as they took the two seats opposite me, tension still radiating from her, Sir emanating a calm that was as familiar as it was unwelcome in this moment. If ever there was a time to panic, it was now. Bastard. I hoped he read that in my eyes as I looked up at the pair of them and let my lips shape the same spiel I’d been waffling all evening. It calmed me, gave me time to compose myself, so that when I began giving an update on Hannah’s progress – which was patchy – my hands had stopped trembling and my voice had steadied.

“So she’s doing all right then?” Mrs Murray asked, anxiety replacing the earlier annoyance on her face. She threw a sharp glance at Sir then back to me. “It’s just... since the divorce proceedings started, well, it’s not easy, you know? I know she’s been more distracted. She was ever so upset when we separated and things are going to take a while to settle.”

Divorce? Separated? I looked to Sir – I couldn’t help it – and saw him raise a single eyebrow in silent chastisement. He obviously knew what conclusion I’d jumped to, and wasn’t impressed. Oops.

“Uhm, no,” I flubbed. Then I cleared my throat and tried to look a little more professional. “I mean, it’s clear that her focus is not quite what it was, but she’s still on track to get a good grade. There are a few things you can do to help her solidify her learning, it’s mostly in the close reading element of the course...”

My legs felt like jelly when I stood to watch them move off to their next appointment, and I’d no idea what I said to the parent who came after that, or Gregor’s grandmother who tottered in leaning heavily on a cane. Slowly, though, I felt a little more normal, and by the last appointment of the night, I’d slipped back into my flow, even if my head was absolutely thumping down and my mouth was bone dry. There was going to be an enormous bowl of ice cream to go with the cake, I’d decided. To hell with the calories.

When the last two parents walked out of the room with smiles on their faces – and so they should, I’d just told them their boy was the most gifted child I’d ever taught and he could walk the exam if he sat it tomorrow – I slumped down into my seat and banged my head onto the table. I closed my eyes and sighed, trying to dredge up the energy to walk out of the room and the school, get in my car and drive all the way home. Right now it seemed insurmountable.

A quiet noise right beside my ear had me jerking upright. I blinked stupidly down at the water bottle that hadn’t been there a moment ago, then up to the man who’d placed it there. Sir.

“You’ll get dehydrated,” he commented, “talking all night with nothing to drink.”

I was so tired and so surprised to see him that all I could do was stare up at him stupidly.

“Drink it, Charli.”

There was just enough edge in his words to have me reaching for the bottle, my body accustomed to obeying. It was too cold to go down comfortably, but I gulped at it anyway, thirst overriding the icy sting in my throat.

“Thank you,” I managed, once I’d drained at least half the bottle. “The prefects seemed to skip me right by. Extra home work for them tomorrow.”

I gave a weak smile that vanished when he didn’t return it.

“Thank you...” he tailed off and let it hang there.

Again, it took longer than it should have for my brain to kick into gear. My thoughts were fuzzy, my brain having decided it had had enough even if my body was just waking up.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Hmmm.” I tried not to quail as he set his lips in that way he did when he was contemplating all my misdemeanours. “Stand up.”

I got to my feet, horribly aware of how grubby and bedraggled I looked. My outfit and make up had been nice enough at 8am this morning when I’d left the house, but more than twelve hours had passed since then and I knew the stress of the day would be painted all over me.

“Take off your panties.”

What? I looked to my classroom door which was hanging wide open. It was after nine o’clock so there were no more appointments to come, and there were no more parents milling about out in the corridor, but that didn’t mean all the teachers had disappeared.

“Charli-,”

My eyes went to Sir, pleadingly, but he just stared back in that implacable way that he did.

Fuck.

Grateful that I was wearing a skirt – and that I hadn’t bothered with tights – I reached down and tugged at my panties then wiggled till they slid down my legs. I snatched them up off the ground and when I righted myself, Sir had a hand out, reaching for them. Mutely, I placed them in his waiting palm, then watched with something between horror and arousal as he scrunched them up in his fist then lifted his hand to his face and inhaled, eyes closed.

“Sir-,” My hesitant objection died a death when he opened his eyes and fixed them on me.

“You thought I was married,” he said.

No preamble. No beating around the bush. Just straight to the heart of the issue. Not surprising, but not exactly comfortable.

I swallowed back the denial I was going to make, because I’d discovered what a bad idea it was to lie to Sir.

“It looked bad,” I offered.

“Do you think I would have started something with you if I was in a relationship?”

Plenty of men did. I didn't say it, but it was probably clear in my eyes. I had a shit poker face.

"I'm waiting for an answer, Charli girl."

I licked my lips and then decided honesty was the best policy, but sugar-coated.

"Well, it looked... bad, Sir."

"Did it?"

A flicker of annoyance flared in my stomach and I dragged my eyes away so he wouldn't see it. Of course it did!

"Trust, Charli girl. Everything we do is founded on it, yes?"

I nodded my head, suddenly feeling the weight of his disappointment as opposed to his anger, and that was much worse. I dropped my head, saw the table move out of the way as he dragged it across the linoleum tiles and then stepped into my space. The clean male scent of him hit my senses along with his warmth as his arms went around me. I leaned forward, thinking I was getting a hug, but firm hands wrapped around each wrist and tugged them behind my back. A moment later, I felt fabric twist around them, tightening until I couldn't pull myself free. My panties, I realised. He'd handcuffed me with my own panties.

"Sir!" I looked towards my door – my open fucking classroom door – then up into Sir's face. The grin that unfurled there was both deliciously sexy and seriously unnerving.

"Does that door lock?"

"Yes," I stuttered.

"Good."

He left me there, standing in front of my white board covered with scribbles about the poetry I'd been annotating earlier in the day with my Higher class, and slowly crossed towards the door, which he closed before turning the lock. We were closed in, but the narrow window in the doorway still meant we were exposed to anyone walking past.

"Sir, please, I can't-," I tugged at the panties, which were tight but not the best restraints. I could get free with enough wiggling, I thought.

Of course he saw me.

“Take those off and they go in your mouth,” he warned. “And you’ll be losing the rest of your clothes.”

I stopped struggling at once, eyes flicking to the mercifully empty window before fixing again on Sir, who was stalking towards me like a predator with its prey fixed in its sights.

He came right up to me again, hands going to either side of my waist and lifting me as he kept on going before depositing me on my desk. Essays scattered everywhere, destroying my organised piles. I didn’t complain, because he already had the demure braid I’d wound my long hair into wrapped around his wrist and was kissing the life out of me as he held my head angled just so.

That window in the door slid right out of my mind.

Sir’s hands ran down to the hem of my skirt and then hiked it up until it was around my hips, the long length of my thighs obscenely on display. It didn’t really register, not even when he stroked the full way down my leg and took my ankles in his hands, lifting them up and out, opening me wide. I was too busy being devoured, his tongue in my mouth, his stubble scraping against my chin and cheeks. I didn’t realise the position he was guiding me into until he’d hooked my heels on the edge of the desk and pulled his mouth away, stepping back.

My legs were spread up and wide, my skirt bunched around my hips and my pussy entirely exposed. Cool air seeped into my centre as he moved away and I sat up, made to close my legs.

“Oh no, Charli. Stay just like that.”

Like this? Jesus fuck, if any staff member walked past the door I’d be fired! I glanced there, and his voice rang out like a whip.

“Look at me.”

There was no resisting the command. I fixed my eyes on him and he gave the smallest nod of approval.

I watched as he shifted to the side and started rifling through my stationary. I’m a teacher, I have a lot of stationary. He shoved highlighters and pens and pencils out of the way until he found the thing he was looking for. I was too busy watching his pleased smile to see what he had in his hand at first, but when he turned back to me, there was no missing the ruler held lightly in his fingers.

“I didn’t have any ropes in my car,” he told me, “but I did have this.”

He reached into his pocket with his free hand and pulled out a small, vibrant pink bullet vibrator.

“You’re going to stay right there, just like that, understand?”

I nodded, though my thighs were already twitching, my balance precarious with my hands still trapped behind my back.

“Good girl.”

He moved back into my space, instantly relaxing me until the high pitched whine of the vibe started up. I knew that toy, we’d played with it *a lot*. I knew every setting, including the maximum power, which was what I was listening to right now.

“Sir!”

“Stay right there, Charli girl. Just like that.”

He smiled at me, then pressed the bullet right onto my clit.

I made a startled, strangled sound and my thighs instantly closed themselves against the assault. A strong hand shoved them wide again then I felt two sharp stings on the tender skin of the inside of each thigh as he rapped me with the ruler.

“Ahhh!” It was a lightweight, shatterproof plastic ruler, but wielded in his fist, whipping through the air like that, it fucking stung.

“Keep. Your thighs. Open.”

I hadn’t recovered from the radiating pain before the bullet was back, vibrating full power against my clit. I recoiled from it, my toes curling in my shoes, but I managed to keep my legs open. My eyes rolled back in their sockets as the nerves in my clit screamed against the assault. I panted and whined, then exhaled a hard breath as he finally pulled it away.

“Good baby. Well done.”

The praise hadn’t even settled in my head before he hit me with the ruler again, overlapping his original blow and creating a deeper, throbbing ache. I hissed, my upper torso rolling forward like I could protect my poor thighs from further assault.

“I didn’t move, Sir!” I complained.

“Did you think I was married? Did you think I’d lied to you?”

Fuck, I did think that. I beseeched him with my eyes but bit my tongue, letting out no more than a hiss when he rapped me with two more, right at the top of my inner thighs. I was ready for the bullet this time, but that didn’t make it easier to resist the urge to clamp my legs together. I whined and squirmed and tugged against my panties, letting the flimsy, lacy fabric hold me in place when I wanted to tear free and escape the vibrations setting fire to my clit.

“You want to cum, Charli girl? You know what you need to do.”

“Can I cum, Sir?” The words tumbled out of my mouth without hesitation, my orgasm already starting to rise up inside me.

“No.”

What? My eyes flew open in shock. His expression was stern as he looked down at me, but his eyes were sparking with amusement.

“Count to ten, Charli girl.”

What?

The first slap with the ruler came before I’d processed his words, and it was all I could do to gasp out, “One.”

He kept the bullet pressed hard to my clit, shifting it slightly up and down, making it almost impossible to resist my orgasm, as he made me count each blow. By the end, my thighs were on fire but I barely noticed, I was trying so hard not to explode.

“Now cum,” he ordered.

Like my body had been waiting for his permission, it stormed through me. Everything seized up in me and I choked and gasped and whined as my orgasm rolled on and on and on, the fire running up both thighs somehow magnifying the sensation.

When I came down, the bullet was gone and his hand was gently massaging my core, his other hand cupping the back of my head and his lips pressed to my forehead.

“Breathe,” he instructed. “You’re all right. You’re all right.”

I didn't feel all right. I felt in bits, my muscles jerking and spasming. When he freed my wrists, my fingers tingled, my hands shaking until he massaged warmth back into them. I sat there feebly on the desk while he tugged my skirt down and then drew me into a hug.

It was only when I was surrounded by the heat of him, the smell of him, that I found my voice.

“What about you?”

“What about me? Charli girl, no. This is not a tit for tat kind of thing. You're going to go home, have a bath and a glass of wine. I want a text when you get home, and a text when you go to bed. Yeah?”

I nodded against his chest.

“Good girl. Get yourself together, I'm going to walk you to your car.”

He shifted back and lifted me down to the ground with gentle hands, holding me steady until he was sure my legs would hold me. I grabbed my jacket and handbag, then turned to him just as he was slipping my school ruler into his trouser pocket. He grinned sheepishly when he saw I'd caught him.

“A little memento, Charli girl. It's not every day you get to play with the teacher.”