

A Lesson in Obedience

by Ava Blake

Copyright © 2014 Ava Blake
All rights reserved.

Table of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

CHAPTER ONE

I dodge someone strolling past the campus fountain in my headlong run, my feet sliding in the runners I only barely tied in my haste to get out of my dorm room. I'm wearing the same sweater and sweatpants that I fell asleep in the night before, at my desk, stupidly forgetting to set an alarm.

I look up at the clock tower as I go past. Five minutes after eight. Damn damn damn! I spent the whole night cramming every fact about eighteenth century Russia into my head so that I wouldn't forget a thing, and I end up forgetting to set the alarm. How stupid could I be. I pray for a flood, an electrical outage, a broken photocopier, anything to save my butt, and I keep running.

I finally make it to the Hartley building and throw open the front doors. I take the steps two at a time to the second floor and go all out towards the auditorium, ignoring the startled looks that other students lounging on the couches in the hall give me. I don't have time to be embarrassed.

I finally reach the auditorium doors. They're closed. I try the door handle but it's locked. There's a sign taped to it that reads 'Quiet please, exam in progress.'

"Shit," I say to myself under my breath. I stand there, considering for a moment, then I think to hell with it, I can't screw this up any more badly than I already have, so I knock. Loudly.

A few moments go by and I'm just about to knock again, a little angry now that I'm not even worth acknowledging out here, and finally the door opens. It's not one of the TAs though, it's Professor Koch. His wide jaw is set in a frown and his green eyes are narrowed at me. He towers over me, at least a foot taller. So intimidating. "Can I help you?" he says.

"Uh, hi Professor," I say, "I'm in this class and I know I'm a couple minutes late but I really want to take the test, if that's okay?" I try to make myself as sad and deferential as possible and hope for a miracle.

He looks me up and down, takes in the sweatpants and disheveled hair and the sleep creases that are probably still on my face. "What's your name?"

"Katie Rowe," I say.

"That's Professor to you Miss Rowe," he says.

"I'm sorry Professor," I say, "and I'm sorry for being late too, I know there's no excuse but I—"

"Save it," he interrupts me, "you won't be taking this test. There are rules, Miss Rowe, and you need to learn some obedience. Hopefully you take this experience as a lesson, and show up on time in the future, just like all of your classmates."

"I'm very sorry Professor but—"

He shuts the door in my face without another word. I'm completely stunned. I think about knocking again but I know it won't do me any good. He probably won't even bother to answer a second time. I turn around and start walking home, and it starts to hit me. Forty percent of my grade, gone. Even if I ace everything else for the rest of the year the best I can do is a D+. And there is no way I'm going to ace everything. I'll be lucky if I pass at all. There goes my GPA for the year. But not just that, a failed

class, a blemish on my otherwise spotless transcript. How will I get in to a good grad school now? How will I get my PhD from a respected school? My entire life plan is crumbling with each step away from the auditorium.

Through blurry eyes I find my way to a bathroom. I check all the stalls, and mercifully I'm all alone. I lean against the counter and let the tears come. My entire life is ruined, and why? A stupid alarm clock. How could I have been so careless. It isn't fair. I enter one of the stalls and take some toilet paper to dab my eyes with.

But how could Professor Koch turn me away like that? I was what, six minutes late? And for that terrible crime I'm going to fail his stupid class? So unfair! What a jerk. I know I'm partly to blame, but it's partly that domineering jerk's fault too, so obsessed with his damned rules.

I should have known better though, I looked him up on Rate My Professor before signing up for the class, and there were plenty of comments about being kicked out of class for talking, or grades docked for skipping too many times. But the class had seemed so interesting, and I just figured it wouldn't be me. And now here I am, crying in the damned bathroom.

Well screw him. There must be a way to fix this — even if I have to go over Professor Koch's head — and I'm going to find it. "You're not going to mope around in the bathroom all day feeling sorry for yourself," I say to my reflection in the mirror, "you're going to fix this." I wipe my eyes one last time and walk back to my dorm to figure out a plan.

I hear the key turn in the dorm room door and turn on the bed so that I'm facing the wall. I don't want Sienna to see that I've been crying.

"Oh my god," Sienna says, "you would not believe the day I just had. You remember that guy Barry, from that mixer with the Rugby team that I told you about? Hello, earth to Katie, are you alive?"

I turn over on my back, hoping that Sienna will go on with whatever vapid story she's about to tell and not notice my red eyes.

"What's wrong?" She comes over to me, "have you been crying?"

I nod.

"What happened?"

"I slept in and missed my test this morning," I say. "It was worth forty percent of my grade and the stupid professor wouldn't even let me in, and now I'm probably going to fail it and my GPA is ruined and no good grad schools are going to take me and my life is basically over."

Sienna sits down on the bed beside me and strokes my head. We aren't exactly the kind of roommates that are best friends, but we always get along and I appreciate the gesture. "That totally sucks. Is there anything you can do?"

"I've been looking all day on the school website but basically there's no way to retake the test. I can try and appeal if I want but the official cut off time for exams is five minutes after the class starts. After that they don't have to let you in, and I was six minutes late. One stupid minute!"

"What kind of asshole professor doesn't just let you in?" Sienna says.

"I know right!" I sigh. "It's this jerk Professor Koch. He's such a hard-ass, he doesn't let anyone get away with anything. You can't talk in his class, or show up late, or apparently show up one minute late for an exam either."

"Wait," Sienna said, pulling out her phone, "is he that super hot history professor?"

"I guess." Here I am crying over my ruined life and Sienna is wondering how hot the jerk who ended said life is. Figures.

She showed me her phone, on which is loaded Professor Koch's official faculty page on the school website. "This is him right?"

"Yes."

"Yea he's like not even thirty, super young. So hot too, that jaw, with the stubble, and that wavy brown hair. My friend Daisy said he works out in the school gym every morning, lifting weights. She says sometimes he takes his shirt off too, and he's just totally ripped. Like five percent body fat or something crazy."

"Uh huh," I say.

"Oh my god, I know what you can do!" Sienna jumps up off the bed. She goes to my closet and starts rummaging through it, looking at one piece of clothing after another and discarding it.

"What can I do?" I mumble, assuming it involves a hot stranger at the bar and me in a slutty outfit. The joke is on her though, she can look through my closet all she wants because I don't have any slutty outfits.

"Well Daisy," Sienna says, "the one I told you about at the gym that was all ga-ga over professor hottie, well she took a class with him, just cause she thought he was hot. And anyway she went to see him one day in his office hours. She wore this short little skirt and a super cropped halter top, no bra or panties." Sienna finishes going through my closet and crosses the room to hers. "And she totally did that move from that Sharon Stone movie, the one where she crosses her legs and she's not wearing any panties, and it totally worked!"

"What do you mean it worked?" I say.

"I mean he looked, when she did the leg crossing move. And then he gave her a B+. And I love Daisy but there is no way that girl gets a B+ on her own, and she showed me her transcript because I didn't even believe her, and she totally got a B+, so the story must be true." Sienna takes a few things from her closet and shows them to me. She's holding up a short little skirt and a white button up shirt, with knee high socks and black leather shoes to complete the look.

"No," I say before Sienna can even say it out loud, "I'm not doing that. Are you crazy? No, there's no way."

"Katie all you ever talk about is your stupid life plan. Every time I invite you to some awesome party you just give me that look like 'that's not part of the life plan Sienna,' and now apparently your life plan is ruined because of some asshole professor. So the way I see it you can put this outfit on and go get professor hottie to give you a couple extra letter grades, or you can put it on and come to the bar with me and copy my life plan, which I call marry a doctor. So what's it going to be?"

CHAPTER TWO

I tug at the skirt, trying to get it to sit a little lower on my thighs, but Sienna swats my hand away. "Stop! It's supposed to be high, that's the whole point."

"Ugh," I mutter, "I feel so exposed. I never leave the house without panties on, much less when I'm wearing a skirt that stops halfway down my thighs."

Sienna smiles, "but it's kind of hot right."

I'm not sure about hot, but it is exciting. Just the feeling of nothing but air where there's usually a protective layer of fabric is thrilling, in a nervous kind of way.

"I love wearing a skirt with nothing but skin underneath," Sienna says. "It feels so naughty."

"Well can I at least wear a bra?" I say. Sienna insisted that I tuck the button up into my skirt. I have to admit that it looks better like this, but now the fabric is pulled tight over my chest, and my nipples poke through. A bra is something else that I never leave the house without.

"No it looks hot," Sienna says. "You know you've got great tits, you should show them off more." She pokes one of my breasts with a finger. I swat her hand away and give her a dirty look, but she only smiles at me. "This outfit on you is worth a couple letter grades at least. It's impossible to tell under your frumpy clothes you're kind of hot. If I were a guy I would do you."

I look at myself in the mirror. After dressing me Sienna did my hair and makeup too, and I have to admit it looks stunning, in a provocative kind of way. Guys are a future part of the life plan, not until college is over, and I guess I just stopped caring about this stuff. And now I need it to work if I have any hope of getting my life plan back on track.

"And you can do the move right?" Sienna says, like she didn't make me watch Sharon Stone do it twenty times already, and then make me practice it while she played Professor Koch. I think she enjoyed that part a little too much.

"Yes," I say, and I almost believe it when I hear myself say it.

"Cause it's a ballsy move," Sienna says, "like I'm not sure I could do it."

I stop looking at myself in the mirror. I need to get out of here or I'm going to lose my nerve. I take the shot of vodka that Sienna poured for me, for courage. I can't believe I'm going through with this. It's all Professor Koch's fault, I need to keep telling myself that. I need to be angry at him, to want to get even so that I can keep moving forward. Because if I start to really think about what I'm doing here... no, I need to stay focused.

"Okay," I walk out the door.

"Good luck," Sienna says, like I'm off on a first date or something.

I take my time, walking across campus towards the history building, where the faculty have their offices. The sun is setting and office hours are about to end. I timed it this way so that there are less people around, less chance of someone being there in his office already and me having to wait for someone to leave and losing my nerve.

Campus is quieter than the rush of midday but it's definitely not deserted. I'm getting a lot of looks, way more than I do when I'm rolling out of bed and heading to class in sweatpants. And it's not just guys, it's girls too, and guys walking with their girlfriends, and sometimes the girlfriends too. The first few times I look down at myself, thinking it must be obvious somehow that I'm not wearing any panties, or that I'm off to do something naughty. But then I realize that the looks are because I look good. Really good. And that gives me all kinds of confidence. I also realize for the first time in my short adult life that I like those looks. And to think this must be what daily life is like for Sienna, to walk around and have everyone you pass undress you with their eyes.

The attention is tantalizing, and by the time I make it to the history building the alcohol has kicked in and I'm practically strutting. I'm going to blow this jerk's world and he's going to give me a damned A+.

I open the door to Professor Koch's office without knocking. He looks up, then motions to one of the chairs in front of his desk with only the briefest glance for my knockout outfit. It's amazing that I never even noticed before, but Sienna is right, Professor Koch is hot. It's like this outfit is seeping in to my brain, awakening a part of me that has been dormant for so long I had assumed it had ceased to exist. Professor Koch doesn't say anything, seems to dismiss me and my outfit out of hand and it's like a challenge to my newfound sexuality. I'm going to prove to this jerk that I can make him look, just like all the other guys.

"Miss Rowe," he says without looking up from his paperwork, "have you come to beg for a chance to redeem yourself?"

"Something like that," I say.

"Well," the professor says, looking up from his paperwork now, "I'm all ears." He looks positively bored, like he could care less what I have to say.

"I'm ready to be a good girl and obey the rules," I say. Then I do it, I slowly take my upper leg, which is crossed over the other one, and slide it up and over, so that my legs are wide open, and the skirt, at least halfway up my thighs, doesn't hide a thing. I see him look down and take in my bare pussy. I let him look for a moment, then, slowly, I take my other leg and bring it over the other leg, recrossing my legs. I give him my best sultry smile. I can feel the hard wooden chair against the bottom of my thighs, right up high to the bottom of my butt. I want to pull the bottom of the skirt right out so that I can feel my whole bare bottom on the hard wood of the chair. God this is thrilling, I should have started doing things like this a long time ago.

Professor Koch puts down his pen and smiles. "By my estimation you are headed for an F in my class. Would you agree?"

I nod. Here it comes.

"That little display was... nice, that will earn you a D."

Just 'nice'? Just a D? What the hell. My smile falters.

"Do you want to try for something a little higher?" the professor asks.

I'm unsure now, but the vodka and the confidence and the adrenaline are coursing through me and I decide to embrace this new me and go for it. "What do I have to do?"

Professor Koch rolls his chair back a little. "Come over here," he says.

I get up and saunter around his desk, so that I'm standing in front of him. I'm practically vibrating with anticipation now. He grabs one of my wrists and pulls me off balance, he's so strong, and I fall across his lap with an squawk of surprise. Before I have time to get indignant or angry he's flips my skirt up, exposing my naked bottom that is stuck up in the air, and he spansks me on of my butt cheeks with a firm hand. I've never been spanked before but it stings, and feels so transgressive, like I shouldn't be allowing him to do it. And I react, trying to get up off his lap but one of his strong arms is laid over the top of my back and I cant go anywhere. He slaps me again, harder, on the other cheek and I let out a little yelp that turns in to a bit of a moan at the end. My initial reaction of shock and outrage is turning in to wanton pleasure. Laying against his hard thighs, unable to escape I can feel my heart fluttering in my chest as I wait for the next blow to land.

Instead Professor Koch lightly rubs my bottom with his hand, fondling the now tender skin. Is he done? Was that it? I'm disappointed, and shocked that I'm disappointed, but he spansks me hard twice more in rapid succession and I gasp in pleasure. Then I feel him slip a finger down between my legs, and rub it along my pussy with the lightest of touches, setting off every nerve ending of my sensitive skin.

"That earned you a C+," Professor Koch says, "but you have a lot of work to do yet if you want me to move you from the naughty girls column to the good girls column. Do you want to keep going?"

I hesitate, the logical part of my brain screaming no, it's too risky, this whole thing is way out of bounds, but I ignore that part of me. "Yes, I want to be a good girl."

"Then get on your knees." He takes his arm off my back and I get up. I can see a bulge in his pants, he wants me. I get down on my knees in front of him. "Under the desk," he says. I back up on my knees so that I'm under the desk. The front of it goes right down to the floor, as do the sides, and I'm completely trapped in the cramped space. The professor wheels his chair in, closing me in. Then he unzips his pants, and pulls out his hard cock, and it sits there, right in front of my face.

"What are you waiting for?" he says.

I grasp his shaft with one hand and tentatively put the head of his penis in my mouth, just a little. He pushes my head down, gentle but firm and I cant resist his strength. My mouth slides down his shaft until the head of his cock pushes against the back of my throat. Only then does he take the hand off the top of my head. I start going up and down, feeling his cock grow harder and bigger in my mouth in response.

I hear something on his desk click. "Miss Hill," Professor Koch says, "can you come in here a moment. Thank you." The intercom clicks off.

Oh God is she really coming in here? I pause in mid stroke.

"Don't stop," Professor Koch says, so I resume giving him a blowjob, trying to be as silent as possible. Then I hear the office door open. I keep sucking like I'm told, his manhood rigid, me having to

pull it down towards me so that I can get it all the way to the back of my mouth and up again without banging my head against the top of the desk.

"Could you file these," Professor Koch says to his secretary. "And after that you can leave for the night, I'm just about done here." I concentrate on the Professor's dick, knowing that if I think about the secretary just a few feet away from me, I'll panic.

"Yes sir," the secretary says. I hear her heels clicking away. Then the door opens and closes again, and it's just the two of us again. I feel my muscles relax, not even realizing that I had been so tense, so nervous.

The professor wheels his chair back, and his cock slips from my mouth. I look up at him from my cramped little hiding space beneath his desk. "You're learning to follow the rules and be a good girl," he says, and pets the side of my face. I smile up at him. "That earned you a B+," he says, "do you want to go for the A+?"

I nod.

"Stand up," he says.

I do as I'm told. My back is to the desk and he stands up too. His cock sticks straight out and rubs up against my shirt. He towers over me, his pecs obvious through his shirt and his broad shoulders eclipsing me. He runs a finger over one of my nipples, which are rock hard now and even more obvious against the tight fabric of my shirt. He pinches one and looks at me in the eye as he does it. I look right back, biting my lip to keep from moaning. The few guys I've been with have never done that, and it's something I would have sworn I wouldn't like, but when Professor Koch does it I can feel myself getting wetter.

"Take off your shirt," he says. I start unbuttoning it, my fingers shaking a little, making it difficult to get the buttons undone. I keep thinking the secretary is going to come back in but the professor seems unconcerned. He's watching me undress, with almost no space between us, and I get more and more nervous. My fingers start shaking more, and I can barely even hold the button I'm working on. I look up and I can tell he isn't pleased. He grips either side of my shirt between the buttons I have yet to undo and slowly pulls the shirt apart, the buttons flying off one by one as his strength overwhelms the stitching.

My breasts are exposed. He fondles them, then pinches both of my nipples and I moan a little, unable to contain myself.

"You like that don't you?" he says, and I just nod, unable to admit it out loud. "Turn around," he says, and I do. I can feel his cock against the small of my back now, my waist pressed up against the edge of the desk. He slips his hands over my shoulders, then forces me down, my breasts pushed up against the cool oak desk top. He takes the front of my shirt in either hand and yanks it back, down my arms, but leaves it all bundled up around my wrists so that my hands are trapped against the top of my butt.

"Pull up your skirt," he commands. With both hands I grab little bunches of the skirt material, slowly

pulling it up, exposing my bottom to him. He puts one firm hand against the small of my back and I know I couldn't move even if I wanted to. There is nowhere for me to go. I feel him rub his cock against my pussy and I instantly need him inside of me. I'm desperate for it, anticipating it, but he keeps teasing me. He spansks my butt cheeks a few more times and I can't take it. I feel like a child that wants to throw a tantrum because I'm being denied a fun new toy.

"Are you a good, obedient girl?" he says.

"Yes," I say.

"Then tell me."

"I'm a good and obedient girl Professor."

"And you want my cock inside of you?" He keeps rubbing it against my pussy and it's driving me wild.

"Yes, please."

"Say it."

"I want your cock inside of me Professor."

"I'm not sure I believe you," he says.

I moan and rock hips, rubbing my pussy against his cock, impatient, "I need your cock inside me Professor," I say, and I really mean it.

Finally he slips his manhood inside of me. I'm so wet that he slides without effort in and out. Just a little at first. Then he takes his cock out again, waiting, and I moan with impatience. Finally he rams his cock back in and it's not just the head it's the whole thing, deep inside of me, satisfying in a way that I've never experienced before.

The professor starts building up speed, slow but unrelenting, going deeper and deeper until I can feel his balls slapping against thighs and he's pressing me hard against the desk. Then he takes a hold of both of my upper arms, his big, strong hands easily encircling my arms and holding them both in a vice like grip, pulling me backwards with each stroke. Faster and faster now, I'm moaning and biting my lip to try to stay quiet, the secretary might still be out there but I can't help it and I'm surrendering totally to him. I feel something building inside of me, some pressure. It grows and grows with each stroke and then explodes. My whole body clenches and convulses, every stroke of his dick lighting up the nerve endings of my pussy like a fireworks show in my brain, overwhelming every other sense until my pussy is my entire world.

The professor goes deep, holds, straining and fills me with his come. He gives me a couple more quick, deep strokes and then it's done. He stays inside me a moment, then slowly pulls out, and lets my arms go. I lie there on his desk, spent and exhausted and completely satisfied.

"A+," the professor says, sitting down in his chair.

I stand up and wiggle my shirt back on. I start to button it up but half the buttons are missing, so I tie it just below my breasts, which only accentuates them more, but I don't care anymore. I straighten out my skirt and make sure my hair isn't in too much disarray. I'm sure I look like a woman that just got her brains screwed out, but I don't care.

"I hope you consider taking a few more of my classes in the future," Professor Koch says, sliding his dick back in to his pants, "you're an excellent student."

"I think I will," I say, then I let myself out. I close the door behind me and start walking back to the dorms. My legs are loose and I feel like I have a blissed out look on my face. More people stare but I'm indifferent. All I'm thinking about is my life plan, back on track, and how maybe it's a bad life plan if it doesn't make room for what more of what I just experienced.

I'm also thinking about how I'm going to explain the ruined shirt to Sienna. But then I remember her playful touching of my breast, and the way her eyes drank me up when she made me practice the Sharon Stone move, and I think I know how to make it up to her.

More By Ava Blake

For more info on me and my books, check out my [website](#).