**Dear Professor**

by[surrenderinginnocence](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2399099&page=submissions)©

I am a college professor, 45 years old, teaching in an English Department at a large public university in the Midwest, and until recently, my interactions with my female students had no element of impropriety to them at all. Tenured jobs do not come along every day, and as there is simply too much risk of things going wrong, I had kept my personal and professional lives very separate. That sentiment was severely tested when I received the following email:

"Dear Professor:

I was a student in your gender and media class last semester (I recently graduated), and a number of your lectures really made a powerful impression on me. In fact, I can't stop thinking about some of things you talked about. I hope I am not being inappropriate, but one class in particular makes me wet whenever I think about it. It was the one where you talked about the reciprocal nature of the gaze, and of how sometimes the power can go in both directions. Most of the time when I'm out in public I feel very much as if I am the object of the male gaze, that I have no control of the context within which I'm being looked at, and therefore do not feel like an equal participant in the process at all. But at the same time, I have long desired wanting to be looked at, to invite the gaze of a man, to control the arousal of someone else, but with no possibility of danger or violation. I guess I'm an exhibitionist who wants to tease, not in a mean way but definitely in a safe way. I hope you understand me.

I remember you mentioning that strippers sometimes talk about controlling a room, knowing that there is a barrier between them and the men in the audience - that the power is not all one way as some feminist theorists suggest, that it depends on context. I have thought about possibly working as a stripper, but the clubs are so seedy and male-centered (and to be honest, frequented by losers) that it isn't very attractive to me. I want to give up my body to be looked at, but in a context where I can control things, where I feel respected by someone I trust.

Unfortunately this hasn't happened to me at all so far. Sometimes my partner will look at me with desire, but then he (or sometimes she) wants to touch me and use me to for their own needs. I don't mind this too much, and I do get pleasure from it, but I wish I could have an experience where I'm totally in control of the interaction, where I can display and expose myself as I feel, without having to worry about eliciting a reaction that I can't control. I have never been able to articulate this to anyone before, but I feel as if you have really good understanding of the importance of safety and trust as a precondition for a woman to be able to fully express her sexuality.

As I am no longer your student, I was wondering if you would agree to be the person that I could explore this desire with? I observed you very carefully last semester and feel as though you understand what I am asking for intellectually, and ethically as well you wouldn't violate any understanding we may have. All I ask is that you do nothing other than watch me when I come to your office one evening, and expose myself to you.

I realize you do not know who I am, or even what I look like, and I don't want to place you in any kind of uncomfortable situation. So I will come to your class tomorrow and sit off the side near the front wearing a short flowery summer dress. You will be able to see what I look like. At the end of the lecture, I'll ask a simple question about your favorite color. If you would like to be my partner in this endeavor, just answer with the color of my panties (I'll make sure you know the answer by the end of the class!!). If you say that you do not have a favorite color, I'll presume you do not want to be a part of anything I'm proposing, and I'll cease any further communication.

In anticipation of an affirmative response,

Your grateful ex-student, Claire."

My heart was beating fast, and my cock was hard by the end of the message. Could this really be happening? The name Claire was not familiar, but then I taught hundreds of students every semester. I had read stories about professor/student liaisons, and had thought that they were just the result of the fertile imagination of frustrated middle-aged men. Perhaps I was wrong!

The next day, my eyes quickly scanned the lecture room as I entered, and immediately recognized a woman from the previous semester. She was very attractive in the simple understated way that women in their early twenties can be. Blonde curly hair down to her shoulders, pale, almost alabaster skin, lips subtly highlighted with a pink lipstick, wearing a stylish pair of wire- rimmed spectacles. It was just after Spring Break, and so the summer dress did not seem out of place. Her modest breasts were nicely framed by a low cut neckline (with just a hint of cleavage) and her bare legs crossed at the knees.

Memories of her seemingly hanging on my every word the previous semester came back to me. But being a large lecture class, there was little opportunity for interaction, and she did not make any attempt to initiate conversation. Now, sitting a little to the side (she must have researched the perfect spot) there was only one possible place for my eyes to be drawn!

As the class started, she leant forward, uncrossed her legs and subtly pulled her dress back for a few seconds in the same motion. Her yellow panties were as clear as day, but only to me. She did this a few times during the lecture, each time eliciting a hesitation from me in mid-sentence. A smug smirk never left her face.

As the class finished and people were filing out, she approached me, saying she was writing a report for another class on my work and would like to gather some eclectic data that might add some spice. Could she ask what my favorite color was? I answered "yellow" without hesitation, drawing a satisfied smile from her. My eyes lingered on her ass and legs as she walked away.

Immediately after I got back to my office, I had an email from Claire.

"I will be at your office at 7pm tomorrow evening. You do not have to do or say anything. Just watch me."

**Chapter 2**
A soft knock came at exactly 7pm. Claire entered, a little sheepishly (and perhaps nervously), closed the door behind her, and stood before me, shuffling uneasily. I was sitting in my office chair, beside the desk. Although I was trying to give an impression of calm, my heart was beating so hard I thought she must have been able to hear it.

Now able to look at her properly, my cock instantly hardened. She was about 5'7 and her dress (the same one from the day before) came to mid-thigh. She wore three-inch strappy sandals that drew even more attention to her shapely legs. Her face displayed a smiling but excited nervousness. Despite the confidence expressed in her written messages, she was clearly not that experienced at this. But I also knew my role was to be as passive a witness as I could be to her fantasy.

Smiling shyly, she started to turn slowly, until she faced away from me, and just held her position. My eyes took in the delicious view of her entire backside. Holding the hem of her dress with delicate fingers, she raised it up her legs and over her ass and gathered it at her waist, revealing the (familiar) yellow panties. She must have heard my breath go out of me.

After a short wait, the dress continued up her body and over her shoulders and head. Bending at the waist, she placed it carefully on the floor in front of her, the panties stretching over her beautiful bottom as she moved. She stood back up, reveling it seemed, in her power. Her bra was also yellow, although all I saw were the straps from the back.

Turning, she faced me again, hands on tilted hips, now smiling confidently, not nervously. Her body was curvy enough to be pushing nicely against her bra and panties. Nubile is not a word I often use, but it certainly applied in this instance.

Reaching up she unsnapped the front-closing bra, the cups falling away to the side. Her smallish breasts, nipples already erect, gradually pushed their way out. Shrugging the bra off her shoulders and looking me directly in the eyes, Clair clasped her hands behind her, thrusting her tits subtly forward. There was no doubt who was in charge of this interaction.

Reaching for her panties with both hands, she eased them down her hips, wriggling teasingly, and as they dropped to her feet, she made no attempt to remove them. Draped over sandals at the ankles, the panties drew attention to her nakedness in a way that was devastating. Her pussy was barely visible through the thin but carefully tended pubic hair.

She went back to watching me. Under normal circumstances, my own hand would have been on my cock, masturbating furiously. But this was not normal, and I willed myself to remain still, although my erection was obvious through my loose fitting slacks.

I had lost track of time now, so don't know how long it was (seconds, minutes?) before she bent forward, breasts hanging down, stepping out of the panties. Taking the few steps to me, she held the panties out for me to take. I didn't know what to do but gratefully accepted them, bringing them to my face to smell. This was my first conscious independent act and I didn't know how she would respond. I needn't have worried. She smiled before turning, ass swaying tantalizingly, and walked back away from me.

Still facing away, she carefully knelt down, looked over her shoulder at me and then dropped to all fours. Even though her legs were together her beautiful pussy peaked out from within them. And then in an act I can't even put into words, her head went to the floor as she reached behind to pull the cheeks of her bottom apart, revealing her asshole. The sight was stunning - a round firm ass swaying side-to-side, tantalizing rosebud, glistening pussy beneath! There was silence in the room - my breath barely registering.

Remaining in this position for a minute or so, she then turned over, lay on the floor in front of me on her back, brought her hands to her legs as she spread them wide, her knees moving towards her chest, her pussy opening deliciously. Her eyes never left mine as she displayed all there was to reveal. I could see the wetness on her pussy and the hardness of her nipples.

Bringing her legs down she climbed to her feet, and moved to stand just a foot away from me. My eyes were level with her breasts, and I could smell her arousal. She bought her fingers to her nipples and gently rubbed them until they stood out even more. Slowly she turned around so that I could see the pores on every part of her skin, especially her magnificent ass. She was not one of these pencil-thin women that spend hours in the gym, and her body looked soft and supple, her hips curvy and incredibly sexy as they spread from her slim waist. As she looked over her shoulder at me, smiling, it took all my will power to not reach out and touch her. But I knew what the deal was.

Then suddenly, it was finished. Stepping away from me, she picked up her bra and put it on, snapping it together at the front, her eyes fixed on me. Retrieving her dress from the floor, she pulled it over her head. Moving to the door, she paused with one hand on the door knob, and the other lifting her dress, giving me one last look at her dripping pussy. Mouthing "thank you," she closed the door behind her.

I looked down at the yellow panties still clutched in my hand. As I bought them to my face, my cock throbbed painfully. The whole episode only lasted about 10 minutes, but I knew the memories would forever be etched in my sexual imagination.

Five minutes later, I had an email from her.

"Professor, thank you for helping me live out my fantasy. It was everything I thought it would be! I was so aroused and so wet. Not touching you, or allowing you to touch me made the sensation even greater. I would love to do it again in a much longer session now that know I can I absolutely trust you! Perhaps next time, YOU can give me instructions on what I should be doing?"

"When should I drop by to retrieve my panties?"

My hands were trembling as I typed my reply.

**Chapter 3**
I now knew that Claire desired two things - the safety that control brings and a sexual thrill elicited by giving up that very control. She may not have known the latter before the office encounter, but her message made that clear. Moreover, she wanted the two things in the same experience - a dialectic of submission and domination as it were. I decided to be very direct in my reply.

"Dear Claire:

I also very much enjoyed your visit to my office hours. As per your suggestion, here are my instructions for how you may retrieve your panties.

Arrange your schedule so you can attend my class on Friday afternoon in the new MBC Building, room W-213. Your attire - in its totality - will consist of the following: thigh-high stockings, panties, the same sandals you wore today, and an overcoat. I repeat, that is ALL you are to wear.

The room has tiered seating. Take a seat directly in front of me, at my eye level. Within the first ten minutes you will make sure that I am aware of the color of your panties. During the first video clip, when the room will be darkened, you will lower your panties to your ankles and leave them there. During the next clip you will remove them altogether, and for the rest of the class you will sit with your legs, and your delicious pussy, open to my view.

At the end, once everyone has left the room, hand me your panties, undo the buttons of your coat and hold it open so I can confirm that you have followed instructions. When I indicate, you may button-up, turn around, and raise the back so I can see your naked bottom. On my signal, you may lower your coat and proceed before me to my office. My eyes will not leave you the entire time. Once at my office, wait outside until I call you in.

If you agree to follow these instructions, a two-word reply will suffice.

Your Professor."

Within five minutes my email gave me the reply I had requested. The words "yes sir" took my breath away and quickened my heart in the same moment.

I had chosen the Friday class because very few people actually come on that day (normally less than 20 out of 100), and those that do, typically don't occupy the front rows. They also evacuate the room quickly at the end, eager to get their weekend going. I knew that if I wanted Claire to play in public, it had to be relatively safe to do so, at least at the start.

I got to the room 10 minutes early, as I always do, setting up my computer as students slowly started to wander in. A few minutes before the class start time, Claire arrived. She wore a light tan rain jacket that came down to her knees, and drew no attention whatsoever to herself as she made her way to the second row from the front, to a seat in the center, directly at my eye level. The other students' attention was elsewhere as I mouthed "good girl" to her. She smiled shyly is response. Her positioning was perfect, as everyone else was behind her, and only I had an unobstructed view of her crossed legs, covered in black fishnets.

As I got started on a fairly routine lecture, Claire hiked the hem of her coat to her lap and casually uncrossed and spread her legs. I saw clearly that her panties were white. The contrast with the black fishnets was striking. She continued flashing me a few seconds at a time until she was sure that I had the answer I needed.

One of the things I have learned after nearly two decades of teaching is that you continually have to break things up, so I normally show a couple of relevant video clips that involves dimming the lights. As I played the first clip, I deliberately turned away from Claire, confident that she would follow orders. I was not disappointed. As the lights came back on, Claire's legs were together with the white panties draped around her ankles. It was a stunning visual spectacle. Knowing she was sitting there naked below the waist distracted me from my normal casual lecture delivery, and I stumbled a few times as I lost my train of thought. She sensed exactly what was happening and her shy smile turned into a knowing smirk.

I rushed to get to the next clip, knowing what awaited me. The lights revealed her spread legs and the lips of her pussy peaking through her sparse pubic hair. The sight was breathtaking and I had never experienced anything like it in a classroom before. Barely taking my eyes off her crotch, I rushed through the rest of the lecture, dismissing the class early. There were no complaints as students streamed out, leaving just Claire and me in the room.

Looking around to make sure we were alone, she made her way down to the front, unbuttoning the coat. By the time she reached me it was hanging loosely and I could clearly see her pussy and the middle of her chest from the neck down. Handing me the white panties, she held the coat open to show me that, apart from the stockings and sandals, she was naked beneath the outerwear, nipples already erect on her pert tits.

She stood in front of me, legs slightly apart, confident expression on her face, looking directly into my eyes, lost in my gaze of her. My cock had been tumescent since she walked into the room and now it turned into a full erection, pushing out from my loose slacks. The only time her eyes left mine was to look at my crotch to confirm who was really in charge here.

I looked at her for a couple of minutes, each second etched into my memory, until I finally nodded. Turning her back to me, and improvising on my instructions, she shrugged the coat of her shoulders until it lay at her feet, exposing her entire backside to me. The sight of her perfectly formed ass tapering out from the slimness of her torso sent a thud to my stomach and a bolt of pure lust to my head. The seam that ran down the back of her stockings framed her legs and ass in a way that made the entire picture even sexier, if that was possible. The fact that she was doing this in a public place - the doors to the lecture room were not locked and anyone peeking in would have seen her standing there nude - told me that Claire was adding the danger of possible discovery (however slight) to her desire for this heady mixture of control and submission.

Thirty seconds elapsed before she bent at the waist, her pussy and asshole peaking out between her legs, retrieved the coat from the floor and buttoned up. Without turning back to me, she walked up the stairs and out of the room. I followed behind, reveling in the sight of her swaying hips, and the knowledge of where we were headed.

My office was on the second floor of the neighboring building, and as I went in, she took a seat, as instructed, on the bench outside. I prepared the next part of our adventure by moving my guest chair, a wooden one with arms, to the middle of the room. I leant back against the front of my desk, announcing that she should enter and close the door behind her. As she wanted me to be in charge this time, I was much more verbal than our last meeting.

"Let me have the coat."

Without hesitation she unbuttoned it and handed it to me, leaving her standing in front of me in just the stockings and sandals. Indicating the chair I said,

"Sit and drape your legs over the arms so your legs are spread wide."

This time there was hesitation, but she still moved and did as I ordered. As her knees went over the arms of the chair it had the effect of pulling the lips of her pussy slight apart so I could see the wetness on them.

"Play with your nipples with both hands."

Her hands immediately went to her tits, her fingers stimulating her nipples to even greater hardness than before. I just leant back and watched her, my cock pulsing in my pants. I would have liked nothing better than to feel the hardness of her nipples with my lips, and the wetness of her pussy with my fingers, but I knew that was not possible (as least not yet).

"Move your right hand down to your clitoris and touch yourself."

As she obeyed, a new line had been crossed. She was now masturbating in front of me. Moving her head back she closed her eyes.

"Keep your eyes on me, now!" I insisted.

Again she followed orders and looked at me gazing at her as her arousal rose.

I wasn't sure how much further I could push the edge, but given how easily Claire had slipped into every command, I took the next step confidently.

Reaching behind to me to a box on my desk, I retrieved a seven-inch vibrator, and presented it to her with upraised palms, as though it were an offering. It would up to her to accept.

Smiling, and without hesitation, she removed her hands from her nipple and clit, took the vibrator, and gauged its size in her fingers. Seemingly familiar with its operation, she turned it on easily. It started to hum as I gave the next instruction.

"Fuck yourself while I watch."

Smiling, she ran the vibrator along her pussy lips and over her clit, before bringing it the edge of her vagina. Spreading herself with her left hand, she inserted the tip of it inside. Continuing to push, the whole toy disappeared inside her smoothly. It was almost as if her pussy had sucked it in. Her eyes widened as the vibration touched her g-spot and she began to move it in and out.

"Play with your clit as well!"

Obediently her right hand went to her clitoris as she continued to fuck herself with the vibrator, legs spread open, naked in the middle of my office. Realizing where we were, she was struggling not to fully vocalize her arousal. I think it would have been very easy, and likely welcome, for me to move to help as she neared orgasm. But that would have changed everything.

I remained by the desk, watching her, until she emitted a series of short moans, and her body convulsed, shaking, her eyes never leaving mine. Not being able to moan normally seemed to move her orgasm even further inside her and intensify the feeling. As I watched, her eyes and mouth gave a silent scream and she ejaculated around the vibrator, covering the seat of the chair with her secretions.

As she came down, her legs moved off the arms of the chair, and she handed me the vibrator. Placing it on my desk, I also put the panties from our first encounter beside it.

"I believe you came to retrieve these"

Getting up and moving to the door, I told her I was going to get a cup of coffee and that she should take her time recovering and leave when she was ready. Saying "thank you sir" her body slumped from physical and psychic exhaustion. I took one last look at her sumptuous body, softly shutting the door behind me, fondling her white silk panties in my pocket, as I walked down the corridor.

When I returned 20 minutes later, Claire was gone, as were the yellow panties from my desk. The fishnets were draped on the chair, one on each arm, and a note was on the sticky seat:

"I'll be in touch about retrieving these. Sorry about the mess."

I ran my finger in her juices and licked them off. It was the closest I had come to actual contact with her, and wondered if I would ever get a taste of her directly.

An hour later, a new message indicator set my heart racing as I clicked to read it.

"Dear Professor:

That was the most exhilarating experience of my life - not just sexual, but any experience at all. Thank you for looking into my soul and seeing what I was capable of doing and expressing. I had never thought of showing myself like that in a public setting before. Sitting in the lecture room with people behind me as just you looked at my pussy made me so wet that I was worried what the seat would look like after I got up. I was not going to take my coat off when I came down, but it just seemed so right that I went with my instinct (or my arousal to be more precise). My heart was beating so loud when I stripped off and showed you my ass, I thought you must be able to hear it. I would have been mortified if anyone had come into the room, but experiencing that edge, that possible exposure, was beyond anything I had even imagined. I don't know how to explain it. It felt like I was in control, but also on the verge of losing it. I definitely don't want to be exposed in reality, but the thought of it was intoxicating. And then masturbating a vibrator in front of you! I had never done that before with anyone, but I knew that I could trust you, so it seemed almost natural. My orgasm was the most intense I've ever had and your gaze on me was what made it so deep.

But there's something else as well. I see very clearly the effect I'm having on you - not just in your eyes but also by the bulge in your pants. I know you must really want some relief, but the more I think about how I am arousing you without you being able to do anything about it, the more it turns me on. I'm not even sure this makes any sense, as I don't consider myself cruel in any way but I just loved the control I had, even though I was following your orders. I know some people may describe me as "cock-tease," but because you are in it willingly that doesn't feel like a good way to describe it.

Last time, you asked me to confirm if I wanted to continue on the terms you laid out. This time, it's my turn to ask. Do you want to continue seeing ALL of me, getting hard as you do, but not being able to do anything about your arousal? If you confirm, I have some ideas of what the next encounter could look like.

Respectfully (and in anticipation),

Claire"

I adjusted my hardening cock before typing, rather formally, considering what we were talking about:

"Yes, Claire, I would like to continue forward on the terms you describe."

The reply came almost immediately.

"8pm, Friday, your office. This time the instructions will be mine. p.s. I will need my fishnets."

**Chapter 4**
As 8pm rolled around my body and mind were in states of turmoil of anticipation, my cock already starting to move beyond flaccidity into tumescence. It was summer so I was dressed very casually in a t-shirt, loose slacks and sandals.

This time Claire was not punctual and as it got to ten minutes after the hour, I was starting to feel anxious about impending disappointment that nothing might happen. Then a soft knock on the door and she entered, smiling and confident (very different from our first encounter). Not even apologizing for her lateness, she asked (told) me to come back in 10 minutes as she wanted to "prepare the room."

It wasn't sure what I was expecting but, as she had said, this time the instructions were hers. I pointed to her fishnets on the desk, exited and took a walk around the building.

It felt strange to be knocking on my own door. Claire opened it and invited me in. I saw immediately that she had shifted some things around and that pieces of furniture, normally against the wall, had been placed a few feet apart in the space before my desk. One was my straight-back visitors chair which had been pulled forward a little and was facing my desk. In front on this was a small rectangular bench-like side table, that was draped with a cloth hiding whatever was placed upon it. I was told to take a seat in the chair, and to place my hands chair back. As I did so, Claire moved behind me with the fishnets and tied my hands loosely together. It was largely symbolic as we both understood the terms of our arrangement. When she moved back before me I was able, for the first time, to pay attention to what she was wearing; a light mid-length summer dress, red and black hoops, that hugged her figure closely, and that contrasted strikingly with her blonde curls and her large gold earrings. The gold sandals were equally complementary. I could only guess at what else she had on underneath, but I knew I would find out soon enough.

"You know, I always fantasized about coming in here and showing myself to you, and you have allowed me to experience that in reality. But I must admit, I also had kinkier thoughts in mind. For instance, I wanted to just walk in here and do this."

With that she turned around and bent over the top of the desk, leaning on her elbows, legs straight, her ass deliciously framed in the fabric wrapping around her cheeks. Shifting slightly from one foot to the other her bottom swayed at me and took in how incredibly shapely and sexy it was, not as a result of focused workouts but a natural willowy curve.

"You've no idea how many time I have come since our last encounter, just imagining your eyes on me, especially my bottom."

As she said this, she stood and bought her fingers to her dress at her hips and began to inch it up, gathering it in her hands as she did. Light blue lace panties came into view, not the thong type, but ones that stretched nicely around her cheeks, revealing skin through the mesh. My cock instantly hardened to a full erection, uncomfortable in my pants. Not stopping, Claire bought the dress up over her head and stood leaning against desk in just bra and panties. Then placing the dress to the side, she again bent over the desk, this time going down on her stomach.

"So, Professor, do you like looking at my ass? I bought these today just for you so you are the only one who has seen me in them, or in this position."

I sort of mumbled a yes as I began to realize that Claire had never been this vocal before and that she was experimenting with new experiences. I looked forward to what was to come.

Standing, she turned and stood directly between my open legs, hands proudly on hips. Then bending slightly forward, she bought her hands to my shoulders and her face close to mine, as her tits hung in air as though floating in the cups of the bra. Her sparking green eyes, mischievous and twinkling, fixed my own

"I think this next part is going to very difficult for you Professor, but if we are going to carry on our adventures, you will need to restrain yourself and follow my instructions very precisely. Are you prepared to proceed?

Unable to speak, I weakly nodded my agreement. This was a very different Claire to the hesitant girl from our first encounter. Confident about her own desires, and how to satisfy them, I felt almost like an object there only for her needs. For Claire this was about mixing her need for exhibitionism with elements of submission and control. It was an intoxicating mix, for both of us, and I vowed I would nothing to jeopardize it.

Straightening up, she took a slight step back, reached behind and undid the clasp of her bra. Bringing her arms forward the garment gradually fell from her body to the floor and her breasts were there. They weren't large but just what was right for her nubile frame and her alabaster complexion. Fondling her nipples for a few seconds until they hardened, her arms dropped to her sides and again her eyes held me as she simply stood. She was fast learning the secret of erotic power, that less was sometimes more.

Turning away, I was left with the sight of her pantied ass just a couple of feet away from me.

"Professor, please pull my panties down."

I almost didn't believe what I was hearing. She was allowing me to touch her.

Almost impatiently, "I'm waiting!"

The fishnet bindings had long fallen away so I was able to bring my hands to the waistband of her panties and start to tug them down.

More instruction, "Slowly."

I gradually pulled them down over her round behind, down her thighs until they rested at her sandals.

"Leave them"

Again she simply stood in front of me, panties at her ankles, confident in her ability to control me. I thought back to her first message, and what she said about the exchange of power in the gaze when desire and not domination was the context. She was naked, I was clothed, but there was no doubt whose desires were being played out.

Finally she turned and I was face to face with her cunt, clearly visible through the sparse covering of blonde hair.

"I have to confess, there was one thing that really dominated my fantasies about you Professor. Even though I know that you would never act in reality in this way, I used to dream that you would call me in to your office, tell me that I wasn't performing to my abilities, and offer a spanking as an inducement to study harder. The fact that you would never do that made it even hotter to imagine coming in here, being told to strip naked and then going over your lap. And it was never the actual spanking, just the thought of lying naked over your lap while you looked down at my ass that made me wet within seconds. I always think this is the ultimate submission."

As she finished, Claire moved to my right side, told me to put my hands behind the chair again, and draped herself, bottom up, over my lap. Her hands were on the floor on one side, but her legs were in the air on the other. As she settled in she felt my obvious erection.

Giggling, she said, "Professor, I'm obviously not the only one who finds this arousing,"

I had been on the verge for so long that I feared I might come in my pants from just the slightest touch, and even more, the visual feast of her naked form draped over me.

As Claire wiggled almost imperceptibly on my lap, I realized that she was using the hardness of my cock to stimulate her clitoris.

Seemingly satisfied after a couple of minutes, Claire got off my lap and came to stand in front of me again. This time I could see the wetness of her pussy lips.

Saying, "Feel how wet that made me," she inserted the index finger of her right hand into her pussy, removed it, and in an action that shocked me, wiped it on my left cheek, and then across my lips.

Hands still behind me, cock still throbbing, I just watched her in her naked glory.

"Well, that's got me warmed up nicely for the main event."

Before I could guess at what that meant, she turned behind her to the other piece of furniture, and removed the cloth that was covering it. My breath went out of me as I looked at a six-inch dildo that seemed to have been suction cupped to the surface. Walking over to the small narrow table, Claire turned to me, straddled it so that the dildo was positioned at her pussy and slowly sank down on it. It seemed to slip in effortlessly. Using her hands for support in front of her she began to fuck herself.

"God, that slid in so easily, and at this angle it is perfect for hitting my g-spot."

In terms of erotic power, this outdid anything that Claire had come up so far, even masturbating in front of me. As she continued to impale herself, her tits squeezed between her arms, her body was a mass of nubile jiggling female flesh.

Changing position slightly, she leant back a little and began using her leg muscles to do the work of the vertical movement. Her hands went to her breasts as she played with her nipples, head increasingly thrown back. Her arousal was getting louder and more intense and when she brought her right hand to her clit she exploded in an intense orgasm. Her eyes never left me, and although in many ways I felt superfluous, I knew I was central, or at least my watching her was. As she came down, she slid off the bench to the floor below, curled into a fetal position, sobbing gently at the intensity and intimacy of what she had just experienced. No longer the confident empowered woman, she was as vulnerable as I had seen her.

I knew instinctively that our encounter was over. I kept a light blanket in my office, and I draped it over her, telling her to take her time as I left the room, my cock still hard.

I came back half an hour later, saw my door was open and that she was gone. Everything had been moved back to its place. The light blue bra and panties were placed carefully on my desk.

I wasn't sure how much further Claire could push this and what else remained for her to do in front of me? She had revealed everything to me, every part of her, every orifice, she had masturbated in front of me, she had fucked herself on a dildo to a shattering climax in front of me. I waited for the message to see if she had any more to give.