**Helen's Lesson**

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Helen was of mixed minds that morning, as she was getting dressed. On one hand she was excited to be going to the Faculty of Education retreat. Only the honors students had been invited, maybe thirty of them in all. As a sophomore and only 19, she felt flattered to be included with the others and the small faculty group that were attending. On the other hand, she had a bit of an uncomfortable secret that was making her very nervous.

She held up a blouse in front of the mirror and put it down. She liked the feeling of looking at herself naked in between her clothing considerations. Pants or skirt? The retreat would be held at a nice conference centre outside of town. She turned around and looked at herself, small but perky breasts, smooth and fit body. She held up the kilt and white blouse, decided she liked the look, pulled on some panties, hooked up her bra, buttoned the blouse and pulled on the skirt. She twirled around in front of the mirror, enjoying the feeling of the swishy skirt and felt good... until the gnawing secret came back and made her heart beat a bit.

Helen had been under a lot of pressure at school this year. She came from a modest conservative family, the first of her whole family to go to college. She was going to become a teacher! But the workload had been demanding and so had her part-time job. She had to put in so many hours at the supermarket near campus that she had been falling behind in her work. Professor Porter had assigned an essay on developmental needs of teenagers. The night before it was due, two days ago, Helen had come back late to her room, was so tired and behind in other things, that she didn't know how she'd get the paper done. She couldn't think of what to write, and in desperation had found another paper on the same topic on the Internet. It had been written for an Australian university and she couldn't imagine that anyone would have read it up here. She had felt a bit guilty when she handed it in as her own work, but told herself that necessity had compelled this little bit of dishonesty. She didn't intend to ever do that again.

By the time she got to the chartered bus, a lot of her classmates were already there and so were some of the professors. Everyone was excited and in high spirits. Apparently there were going to be some interesting seminars and discussions at the retreat. Helen thought she saw Professor Porter staring at her strangely, but decided it must have been her guilty conscience giving her a hard time.

The ride to the retreat centre, settling in, the morning seminar and lunch all went by in a blur. The retreat centre had a classroom where they were to return after a little break. Helen was about to go for a little walk before the next session when a hand touched her shoulder, making her jump. It was Professor Porter.

"Helen, I need to speak to you about a very serious matter. Please follow me."

Helen's heart was beating quickly and she could feel herself becoming very flushed. Oh God! Why had she done something so stupid?

By the time they reached Professor Porter's room, Helen was fighting to keep herself from crying. All of her dreams were about to end. She was feeling almost hysterical and kept trying to breathe steadily.

"Helen, do you know why I asked to see you?"

Helen couldn't really talk; she just nodded slightly with tears welling up in her eyes.

"We take plagiarism very seriously at this university", he said. "It's an academic offence that results in immediate expulsion. I'm afraid that I'm going to have to ask you to leave the retreat centre, take a cab back to town, and I'll begin the expulsion procedure early next week."

Helen sat down on Professor Porter's bed in the room and started crying. It took a while for any words to be able to come out. "Please, Professor, can't you reconsider? I'll do anything... ANYTHING. I just can't give up after all my hard work. Everyone back home would be so ashamed of me. Please..." Helen continued in her quiet sobs.

A few minutes passed. It felt like a long time. Finally, the Professor sat down next to her on the bed. He placed his hand on her knee and slowly rubbed it. Helen was crying and had her face in her hands, but she realized to her amazement that the Professor's hand was slowly stroking the inside of her thigh. What was going on? He spoke.

"Helen, I'm going to give you one chance to redeem yourself. But listen to me carefully. In order for you to redeem yourself and for me to "forget" this incident of crass plagiarism, you must follow all of my instructions exactly, completely and absolutely for the next week. If you can do that, then we'll forget this whole thing happened. Do you understand?"

Helen looked up from her hands and nodded. She was so confused and ashamed. The Professor's hand was resting on the inside of her thigh and it made her feel kind of good, kind of weird, definitely mixed up.

"You understand, Helen? Absolutely anything I ask." Helen nodded again, feeling both upset and a little excited to be in such a vulnerable position.

"Good, " he replied, "then stand up in front of me."

Helen got up tentatively and stood in front of the professor.

"Unbutton your blouse and take it off".

Helen gasped. Ohmigod! What was he going to do? What choice did she have? She unbuttoned the blouse and dropped it on the floor.

"Now your bra. Take it off." Helen was getting a bit flushed, but reached behind her to undo the clasp. It took a minute for her jittery hands to undo the clasp, but eventually she did and let the bra fall to the floor as well. The professor stared intently at her now exposed breasts. Just the power of his look made her nipples hard and erect.

He didn't move, but just continued looking at her. "Now the skirt, my dear." Helen hesitated, but then realized she had no choice. She had to comply with his demands. She reached around and undid the zipper and let the skirt fall to the floor. She stepped out of the skirt and stood in front of the professor, now only in her panties and sandals.

The Professor smiled slightly, looking intently at her crotch. Helen could feel the moisture building up in her pussy. It felt warm. The professor reached over and grabbed her right nipple and started rubbing it slowly between his fingers. Helen had to stifle a moan. God, that felt good. He reached over and took the nipple in his mouth and sucked, and licked and fondled her nipple and all of her breast. Helen gasped. She couldn't help herself. Eventually, the Professor backed away with a smile on his face.

"Very nice," he said. "Now Helen, take off your panties."

She took a deep breath, reached down and pulled them off. Before she could toss them onto the floor, the professor spoke.

"Give them to me." He held out his hand.

Helen passed them over. She could feel that they were damp. How embarrassing! The Professor took the panties and held the crotch to his nose, taking a big sniff.

"Why Helen," he winked," your panties are soaked. I believe that you're actually enjoying yourself."

Helen stood in front of the professor, naked and embarrassed, not knowing what to say, as he continued his deep contemplation of her trembling body.

"Put your skirt back on", he suddenly said. Helen was surprised and, maybe even a bit disappointed. She had been getting very itchy and excited, and was surprised by her reaction. She reached for the skirt.

"Can.. can I have my underwear back?" she tentatively asked.

"No Helen, just put on your skirt." She slipped it on and he then handed her blouse back and told her to put it on as well. But the professor held on to her bra, taking it and her panties and placing them in a drawer in his bureau.

Helen could feel her breasts moving freely under the blouse. She was already a little worked up from the Professor's stroking of her thigh and sucking on her breast. The feel of her blouse directly on her nipples was kind of stimulating.

"Let's go," he said. "We're late for the seminar."

Walking beside the professor on the way to the seminar room, Helen felt very self-conscious. What would people say if they knew that she wasn't wearing anything underneath her clothes. There was a slight feeling of open air circulating up her skirt and onto her pussy lips that made her feel kind of excited and daring. But what was going to happen in the seminar? She walked along, aware that a few other students were glancing at her blouse. Could they tell? She took a glance down and saw to her horror that her nipples were erect and that their outline was quite visible under the thin material of her blouse.

When she arrived in the seminar room, the only available seat was in the middle of a row. She had to squeeze along the row, excusing herself. As she brushed up against some guys in the row, she could feel her breasts almost touching their chests. As the seminar began, Helen tried to keep her feelings under control.

Professor Porter had been talking for about ten minutes. He explained that this seminar was being videotaped as a resource for future students. Helen was having trouble focusing, but she got the idea that he was using this seminar and the retreat to address difficult areas of education. He started talking about sex education and how important it was to convey positive feelings about sexuality to high school students.

Some questions had been raised. One guy asked how he was supposed to convey those attitudes to girls when he didn't know much about female sexual response. There were a few twitters and giggles in the room.

The Professor smiled. "I understand your confusion. Female sexual response and the female orgasm are much different than those of the male. It is harder to explain. Perhaps..." he paused, "perhaps we can have a volunteer."

The seminar room became very quiet. There were a few stifled giggles. The girls shrunk into their chairs, not knowing what was expected. Professor Porter looked around the room and stated quietly "I think I saw Helen raise her hand. Helen, please come to the front."

Helen couldn't believe that this was happening. She had to squeeze through the row again, and walk down to the front, certain that everyone could see her breasts moving up and down as she descended the few stairs to the front of the hall. There was a table at the front, kind of like one Helen had seen at her doctor's office. The Professor patted the end of the table, indicating that Helen was to sit there. She sat facing the class, but the table was elevated a bit. She had to keep her thighs clamped close together, otherwise the whole class could look right up her skirt and see that she wasn't wearing her panties.

The Professor started talking to the class, explaining that female sexual response was subtler than a male's, but that once a girl got going, her response was every bit as powerful as a guy's, maybe more so. As he was talking, the professor casually continued stroking Helen's body. She squirmed a bit. She could tell that the class was shocked that she would allow this to continue.

The same guy raised his hand and asked a question about what part of the body was most responsive for a woman. The professor beckoned to the student to come down to the front. "You have to treat the whole woman," the professor said. "Start with some light kissing, Helen won't mind. Do you dear?" Helen shook her head slowly, as she knew she was supposed to.

The student seemed very pleased to be kissing her, and it felt kind of neat. He teased her a bit and then stuck his tongue into her mouth. Helen could feel herself responding to him, felt her nipples getting harder. He broke off eventually, and looked to the professor for guidance.

"Helen, take off your blouse, please." The Professor words were more of a command then a request. The tension in the clasroom was palpable.

"But Professor..." Helen looked up at him. "I'm not wearing..." Her voice trailed off. The Professor looked at her pointedly and she bit her lip and started to undo the buttons. She took off the blouse and placed it beside her. She was mortified. Her nipples were sticking straight out and they were huge and throbbing. There were all sorts of murmur and gasps in the classroom.

Professor Porter held her breast gently and showed the student how to pull on the nipple and how to massage the breast so that it would feel good. He then showed him how to suck on the nipple. With the Professor demonstrating on one, the student was trying the other. Helen was starting to moan. She closed her eyes to avoid meeting the amazed stares in the classroom. She couldn't help squeezing hr thighs together as her pussy was beginning to ache.

The Professor broke off his kissing and sucking and started speaking to the class. "For those of you who are observant, you might have noticed some movement in Helen's legs. For many girls, squeezing the thighs together produces pleasurable sensations in the vaginal area. Is that correct, Helen?" She blushed and nodded.

"Spread open your legs, please." There was a pause as the class leaned forward in their chairs. Helen started trembling, but slowly opened her legs to reveal her bare pussy. A gasp went through the classroom.

"Now lie back Helen", the Professor pushed back on her shoulders as she lay flat on her back. She felt her skirt being pulled off and her legs being spread open into some type of stirrups. She had never felt so exposed and open in her life. But she knew that her future depended upon obeying the Professor's demands.

"Now this is important for everyone's education", the professor said, "so please come up to the front and stand around me as I point out certain attributes of the female body." Helen had her eyes closed, but she could feel the presence of the students around her. A few guys (and maybe even some girls!) were touching her arms, legs and tummy. Someone was pulling on her breasts. Somebody leaned down and stuck a tongue in her ear. So many amazing things were happening to her at once. Meanwhile, the professor had gently taken her vaginal lips and spread them open. Oh miGod!! He was delicately pointing out her anatomy to the students at the foot of the table. Helen didn't know what to think. Part of her was horrified and part of her was inwardly begging the professor to play with her more. His finger was so gentle, It was driving her crazy.

He was going on and pointing out where the lips joined, how the clitoris got swollen when a girl was excited. He said that Helen's was getting rather large. He showed them how wet she was and indicated that this was a sign of how much she liked this treatment. Suddenly, his finger popped right into her pussy and Helen squealed. She couldn't help herself as her hips were moving up to meet his finger.

"You can see how once the female becomes excited, she becomes very wet. Who else would like to feel this and see?"

Many of the guys took turns stroking her up and down her pussy. Even some girls got into it, as Helen could tell from the gentler smaller fingers probing into her. She kept moaning and reaching up to push herself against the fingers. She was feeling so turned on and desperate for some relief. At this point, she felt shameless, she didn't care about anything anymore other than all of these amazing sensations and reaching an orgasm.

Finally, the professor spoke about the tongue and how effective it was for clitoral stimulation. The students watched as he began slowly lapping all around Helen's pussy and then slurping around her now very swollen clit.

Helen couldn't believe all the sensations. The tongue licking her clit was more than she could bear. She started bucking up against the tongue as her juices felt like they were pouring out of her. She started to feel this deep orgasm building and building as she arched her hips up to grind against the professor's tongue. Her hips were reaching out, rhythmically moving faster and faster.

Mouths were sucking her breasts, hands were stroking her everywhere, the tongue kept licking and sucking and rubbing. Helen started to scream and scream as the orgasm bucked through her body. She grunted and her hips reached up to the professor as waves of pleasure flooded through her. Everyone started cheering and whooping.

Her classmates held onto her as she floated back down, laughing and crying at the same time. The Professor said " I hope you've all learned some important lessons today, and Helen, I hope you've learned your lesson, too."