Jenny and the Boys School

Author: Bernanke41

Summary: Jenny becomes a new teacher

After her problems as both a gym and sex education teacher, Jenny set out to regain her dignity while attempting to remain in the teaching field. Not only did she love dealing with children, (no matter how many times it seemed to blow up in her face), but she desperately needed the money. She was determined to gain attention for her teaching skills, not just for her pretty face and gorgeous body.

Jenny finally landed a job as an aid at the Springwood Boys Middle School. This she felt was a great opportunity in that it was a well funded school, and if she were able to somehow land a full-time position she would be in great shape. Because of this, Jenny dealt with the marginal tasks she was asked to complete such as making copies and fetching coffee without complaint. She did it all with a smile on her face, trying not to ruffle any feathers. The boys in the school all loved her as well, though she didn’t realize that they felt this way due to the fact that she was the only pretty young woman they saw all day, and not for her prowess as a teacher or for her pleasant demeanor.

Because many of the teachers were older, clueless and protected by tenure, the students had less and less respect for their authority. They cut classes, stayed at recess for longer than was permitted, and hung out in the bathrooms.The worst part was that the administrators at Springwood did little to curtail this behavior, thus undermining their teachers’ credibility.Instead they kept everything as quiet as possible so as to not upset the parents and the alumni.Though these groups continued to pour the money in, experience told the headmaster Mr. Pemberthy that they did not respond well to their boys being berated or punished. So students at Springwood had more liberties than ever before.

One class that was continuing to spiral out of control had been Ms. Lincoln’s 7th grade class, to the point where Ms. Lincoln offered her resignation. She was a woman of nearly 60 years of age, and no longer needed the splitting headaches associated with teaching 20 mischievous boys.

So being the resourceful man that he was, Mr. Pemberthy had an idea that he thought would stimulate interest again among the students, as well as give the rest of the faculty a much needed thrill or two. He offered Ms. Lincoln’s job to the pure, innocent aid known to all as Jenny.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I’d love to! Thank you so much! I promise you that I’ll work hard and uphold the sanctity of this institution,” replied Jenny.

“Uh… I’m sure you will Jenny. Just sign this contract, and you’ll be a full-time member of our first-class staff,” offered Mr. Pemberthy. “Be sure to get here a half hour early tomorrow morning and to come see me before school begins.”

Jenny awoke the following morning as excited as could be. She was finally on her way to being taken seriously as a teacher. She dressed modestly as usual, wearing a neatly tailored gray pants suit, black pantyhose and modest heels. She wore her hair up as well.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy,” exclaimed Jenny, as she entered the front office.

“Hiya Jenny. You’re right on time. Don’t you look nice today.Why don’t you go in the other room and change into the uniform I have for you laying on the desk, and I’ll be along shortly,” said Mr. Pemberthy.

“UUUniform? But I’m already dressed? Can’t I just wear what I have on?”

“Sorry Jenny. Part of the contract you signed was the agreement to wear a uniform.”

“It was? I guess I didn’t read the whole thing,” replied Jenny, now convincing herself that wearing a uniform wasn’t the worst thing in the world.

But as she stepped into Mr. Pemberthy’s office, her thoughts changed immediately. There was no way she was going to wear what was laying on that table. All she saw was a tiny pink thong, black thigh-high stockings, pink opera gloves, black strappy heels, and some white nylon rope which she deciphered had been misplaced.

“Jenny, do you like your outfit? I picked it out myself,” said middle school president Mr. James upon entering the office.

“Um, not really Mr. James. I don’t understand why I have to wear this. All of the other teachers dress professionally. Why do I have to dress like a lap dancer?” asked Jenny.

“Just think of yourself as helping shape young minds, Jenny. We feel you’re the key to the future of this school, and the new direction that we’re headed in the new millenium. The other teachers don’t have your talent. This is a new program, and we want you to be at the center of it. Besides, you said you do need the money, and the job market doesn’t exactly provide too many alternatives. By signing the contract, you’ve agreed to do what is stated. Please don’t make this into a legal battle. Our institution is highly respected,” replied Mr. Pemberthy.

“But all I see is underwear on the table. Isn’t there a dress to go along with it? I don’t even see a bra!” complained Jenny.

“Unfortunately, that’s all there is. Why don’t you get changed. Class is going to begin soon,” answered Mr. James.

“The boys in Ms. Lincoln’s class have been disinterested in learning all year. We have been given carte blanche to do what is necessary to make learning a priority in this school. Right now hanging out in the bathroom and disrupting class has been the priority for most of our students. And until that changes, we’d like to continue to implement this program. Now, we’ll give you some privacy, and you just give us a holler when you’re done,” added Mr. Pemberthy.

With that, Jenny reluctantly began disrobing. This wasn’t exactly what she had in mind in her pursuit of teaching excellence, but for some reason Mr. Pemberthy and Mr. James had made her to feel important and part of a cause. And of course, her weakness for kids weighed on her mind.

“Mr. Pemberthy, I’m dressed, or at least wearing everything that was provided,” offered Jenny, clearly shaken at her near nakedness in front of the men. “Well, everything but this rope. I obviously didn’t think that was part of the uniform.”

“Oh, but it is Jenny,” said Mr. Pemberthy, nearly keeling over as he entered to find a stunning woman wearing nothing but a thong, opera gloves, stockings and heels. “The rope must be used to tie your arms. We don’t want you covering up. That could cause this whole program to fail, as well as you to lose your job. You wouldn’t want that to happen, would you?”

“Of course not. But isn’t there some other way? I mean, I promise I won’t cover up,” answered Jenny, now unknowingly covering both of her unclothed globes.

“But you’re hiding yourself right now! I’m afraid we’ll have to proceed as planned. But not to worry- we’re going to monitor the success of this program based on how it was initially worked up. Then we’ll make adjustments where applicable later. Now, let’s get you fixed up. School starts in 10 minutes.”

Jenny’s arms were then quickly bound tightly behind her at the wrist and elbow. Her flexibility allowed her elbows to touch behind her back, and in doing so further accented her full, soft breasts. She was now in ‘uniform’. After Mr. Pemberthy tied off the last knot, he allowed his hands to wander a bit over Jenny’s helpless body, but retreated before Jenny grew suspicious. She was too busy testing her bonds to notice anyway.

Mr. Pemberthy then took Jenny’s arm and lead her to her classroom. Students began to travel to their classes, when they dispersed to opposite sides of the hallway and stared at Jenny and Mr. Pemberthy, (actually only at Jenny), as the pair made their way down the corridor. Boys immediately noticed Jenny’s sultry outfit, but also the fact that it appeared she had no arms as the ropes applied by Mr. Pemberthy served to pull them out of view behind her. A number of hands reached out from either side of Jenny and grabbed a handful of breast, thigh, or ass, thus causing Jenny to wince and Mr. Pemberthy to smile. He made no effort to reprimand anyone. He only wished he could do the same.

Finally, Jenny had reached her classroom, only to enter and find 20 boys seated and waiting to learn like they had never before.

“Oh, Mr. Pemberthy, I can’t do this,” whispered Jenny. “You saw those boys in the hall. They’re just going to try to touch me, and it’s going to interfere with the lesson.”

“Don’t worry Jenny. Just set aside some time at the end of the day for them to touch you.”

“But I don’t want them to touch me at all! I only want to teach!!”

“Jenny, relax. This is the opportunity you’ve always wanted. Now just let your leadership skills take over and you’ll be fine…”

Mr. Pemberthy then abruptly closed the door behind Jenny, and she was now forced to preside over a class of unruly boys while dressed in ridiculously little clothing and tied up…again.

“Nice tits teach,” yelled one boy.

“Boys, boys. Settle down. My name is Ms. Richards, and I’d like to be treated with the utmost respect, regardless of what I’m wearing,” scolded Jenny. “Can I please have a volunteer to come to the board and help me with today’s exercise?”

“Sure, I’ll help you. But first we thought you could come around and introduce yourself to us one at a time. We’d like to get off on the right foot after what happened with Ms. Lincoln,” stated a boy seated in the back wearing a baseball cap backwards, which was of course not part of the school’s dress code!

“What a lovely idea,” said Jenny, now figuring that maybe her situation wasn’t all that bad. “Why don’t each of you tell me something about yourself? Won’t that be fun? So what’s your name?” asked Jenny upon approaching the first boy’s desk.

“My name is Jeffrey, and I like to collect baseball cards. Ms. Richards, why are you all tied up?”

“Because your headmaster thought it would help you to learn. Let’s try to forget about that and focus on everyone getting to know each other. Unless, Jeffrey, you’d like to untie me?”

“Uh, I don’t think that would be a good idea, especially if the headmaster says it’s alright,” said Jeffrey.

“That’s what I figured.”

Jenny made her way to the next boy’s desk, and proceeded to lean against it, apparently growing tired of standing with her arms bound. His eyes widened to the point of nearly popping out, ogling every line of Jenny’s figure, which was now only inches from his seat.

“I’m Danny, and I like sports cars.”

As Danny finished his introduction, he intentionally separated the wobbly front right leg of his desk from the main structure. Jenny, seated against the back left corner, was unable to maintain her balance, and slid directly into Danny’s lap, as well as his outstretched hands! Ostensibly, she was now more than just dressed as a lap dancer. All the other boys began cheering wildly, with Danny seizing the opportunity by running his fingers from Jenny’s shoulder down to her monstrous right breast. With Jenny still unable to recover, Danny continued to trace her stomach as well as the thin silk band that held her tiny pink thong in place.He then caressed her creamy white thighs, to the heavenly crevice where her stocking top and bare thigh met. He marveled at the smoothness of her skin, and at how curvaceous her body was. So curvy that if Jenny’s figure were a road, he figured that even the highest performing car he fancied would be unable to avoid plummeting off a cliff.

As Jenny grew more and more frustrated, the fire bell began to blare. Jenny lamented as she couldn’t quite shift her weight to regain her balance with Danny’s hands still pawing away at her. Jenny screamed for Danny to release her, but he appeared to be content to perish in a blaze for the chance to touch her a little more. A couple of boys seated in the back made their way to Danny’s chair to assist Jenny, but she found out their motivation was more out of desire to end Danny’s monopoly of Jenny.They helped Jenny to her feet while they felt her up and stroked her thong-clad ass.

Jenny then desperately tried to organize a straight line for the class to make their way out to the courtyard and out of harm’s way. But the class insisted on ‘ladies first’, asking Jenny to lead them outside. Every student groped Jenny on her way to the front of the line. One student even wrapped her up at the waist to aid her in keeping her balance down the stairs with her arms still bound. For this Jenny was grateful, until of course she descended a couple of stairs in advance of the boy and the flimsy material of her thong strained as he gripped her with his hand inside the waistband. It finally gave way and ripped apart, and as the doors to the courtyard were opened, the entire school was treated to a vision that they all thought had to be a dream. Here was a buxom blonde with two visible hairdos, clad in only stockings, heels and gloves, with her arms tied inescapably behind her back, a distressed look on her face, accompanied by 20 giddy 7th graders- one of which still heroically guiding her to safety.

“Jenny, nicely done! This is the quickest this class has been organized in quite some time for a fire drill,” exclaimed Mr. Pemberthy. “I knew you could do it!”

“Fire drill? Fire drill? I humiliated myself in front of the entire school for a fire drill?” replied Jenny, still in shock over her predicament. “That’s it. I quit. Now if you’ll excuse me…”

“Ms. Richards, please don’t leave us!” said a melancholy Jeffrey, peering up into Jenny’s forgiving eyes. “We promise we’ll behave.”

“Oh, Jeffrey. I can’t say no to that face. Okay, I’ll stay…” answered Jenny, unable to finish her statement.

“Great! Jenny, this is great. We’ve got the local fire department coming in a few minutes, and I told them that you would volunteer and help them communicate fire safety techniques to the school,” interrupted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Why am I not surprised?” asked Jenny, conceivably having gained some measure of respect as a teacher through the unlikeliest of ways.

Now, if she could only get a similar measure of clothing.

Jenny and the Boys School- Part 2

Author: Bernanke41

Summary: Jenny continues in her unusual teaching environment

(cont’d from Jenny and the Boys School)

Now, if she could only get a similar measure of clothing, Jenny thought.

“Teachers, please take your students back inside to your respective classrooms. The fire department will be here soon, and a firefighter will be assigned to each class,” shouted Mr. Pemberthy.

“Mr. Pemberthy, perhaps I could get something else to wear before they get here? I don’t want the firemen to see me like this,” whispered Jenny.

“Jenny, don’t worry about that. Besides, I’m afraid I don’t have anything additional. I thought you’d at least be able to keep the brief amount of clothing I gave you on your body!”

“Well, for some reason that is always a problem for me. Do you think you could at least untie me? You tied my arms so tight, they are starting to go numb...”

“Ms. Richards, there you are! Let’s go back inside. C’mon, I’ll help you,” interrupted a fast approaching Jeffrey, now wrapping his right arm around Jenny’s torso and resting his hand across her toned stomach.

“Jenny, I’ll catch up to you later,” smiled Mr. Pemberthy as he walked off for some quiet time alone in his office.

“But, but…”

Jeffrey continued to lead Jenny back into the school, but stopped her abruptly as they reached the base of the stairs. This was the same dreaded staircase that earlier claimed Jenny’s last and only layer of protection from hundreds of pairs of prying eyes.

“Ms. Richards, be careful. Why don’t you go in front of me, and I’ll make sure you don’t lose your balance,” offered a sincere Jeffrey.

Jenny smiled in approval and began her journey by placing her black three-inch strappy heel on the concrete surface of the first stair. As a result, her long, lithe leg extended outward- revealing the feminine muscles in her right calf created from wearing heels so often.Jeffrey ogled the backs of her thighs, as they slowly yet confidently ascended stair by stair.Jenny then paused two stairs from the top, and Jeffrey, being the caring boy he was, placed his left hand squarely on Jenny’s now bare ass which served to stabilize her body, (or so he rationalized to himself). Surprisingly, Jenny did not seem to mind, until of course Jeffrey’s hand slid down inside her right thigh, which she thought was initiated little in the way of helping her!

“I can manage there buster,” scolded Jenny, as she hurdled the final two stairs in rapid succession, leaving her breasts bouncing and swaying from side to side.

Jeffrey opened the door to the classroom, and in gentlemanly fashion allowed Jenny to pass through first. She was appalled as she found the rest of the boys either play fighting, tossing paper airplanes, or writing lewd phrases on the blackboard, one of which read, “Miss has got big tits.” Jenny scrambled over to the blackboard with a forlorn look on her face. She nagged the boys to return to their seats, but they were more interested in staring at her than listening. Jenny struggled to grab for an eraser, but with her wrists tied together behind her, she only managed to knock it to the floor. She did, however, succeed in clutching a second eraser, but was unable to wipe away anything on the board because the tight ropes encircling her elbows severely limited her movement. The boys laughed hysterically, which apparently provided them just enough entertainment to agree to return to their seats. Jenny angrily hobbled around her desk, propped herself up, and sat cross-legged in the hopes of hiding some of her nakedness. Although the boys sat mesmerized by her body, Jenny took solace in the fact that they remained calm.

“Excuse me, Miss? I’m Lieutenant Joe Douglas, from the Springwood Fire Department,” exclaimed a stocky, gray-bearded man slowly entering Jenny’s classroom. “I’m here to discuss fire safety with the boys. I was told you would be very helpful.”

“Hello Lt. Douglas. I’m Jenny Richards. I don’t know how much help I’ll be,…”

“Excuse me, Jenny? Can you come out to the hall for a moment,” asked Mr. Pemberthy, peeking his head into the room just behind Lt. Douglas. “I’ve got some good news.”

Jenny made her way out to the hallway, and was surprised to see that Mr. Pemberthy had found her some clothing, albeit not much.He unfurled a miniscule white apron that appeared only large enough for a six-year old. It looked more like something worn with a naughty French maid uniform than during home economics class. It covered her pussy, but did not extend south enough to even reach her stocking tops. It did nothing to cover her breasts, or for that matter her ass, unless you count the small knot Mr. Pemberthy tied in back to affix it to her body. In any case, Jenny accepted it and returned to the fire safety discussion.

“Okay boys. Let’s get started. It looks like you have a very nice teacher here,” stated Lt. Douglas, trying hard to focus on getting the boys’ attention and not on Jenny and her little apron. “Fires are chemical reactions involving rapid oxidation or burning of fuel. For fire to occur it needs three things- fuel, oxygen and big breasts, er, uh, I mean heat. A chain reaction can then take place when each of these elements is present. If they aren’t then the fire cannot take place, or it will be extinguished if it was previously burning. Yes, young man, you have a question?”

“So you’re saying that Ms. Richards’ breasts can start a fire?” asked one boy, resulting in chuckles amongst the class, and a dirty look from Jenny.

“How can that happen? Like when you reach out and squeeze them?” added another boy, as well as providing a ‘hands on’ illustration of his question by feeling her globes, sparking a mixture of arousal and disgust in Jenny.

“No, haha, you misunderstood me guys. Ms. Richards’ breasts can start fires, just not ones that burn down things,” replied Lt. Douglas.

“I beg your pardon? Lieutenant, I don’t think I like how this is going!” said Jenny. “Can we get back to talking about fires?”

“Sure, sure. Boys, let me skip ahead a bit and demonstrate to you a very important element in fire safety- the evacuation of elderly and disabled or injured people. Having a floor plan where you are aware of at least two ways out of a given room is of paramount importance. You’ll notice in this room we have the door, and since we are only on the second floor, a window escape is also an alternative. Now Ms. Richards, since you are already in somewhat of a helpless position being all tied-up, I’d like you to volunteer. Now, if you’ll please sit on the desk like you were when I came in, we’ll get started.”

“Alright Lt. Douglas.”

“Now, boys, what you want to do is approach the person cautiously. Stay as low to the ground as possible, since smoke rises. It is usually dark as well, so you want to kind of feel around in front of you to make certain of your safety, like this.”

Lt. Douglas could not help himself, as he proceeded to fondle Jenny from head to toe. As she whimpered erotically and writhed against her ropes, he lifted her with one arm and slung her over his shoulder while supporting her weight with a large hand on her naked, upturned ass. He set her down near the door, (or safety as he called it), but not before he grabbed her innocent flesh a few more times. The students enjoyed this tutorial, but roared in approval when Lt. Douglas suggested that each boy duplicate the technique he just explained. He understood that the boys would not be able to carry her individually, but advised that they should break into groups of two or three to complete the task successfully. This concept was not lost on Jenny.

“No they will not! I will not be subjected to any more of this humiliation. They’ll have to make do with what you showed them,” yelled Jenny.

“Ms. Richards, I have to say that I’m a bit disappointed. Mr. Pemberthy told me that you’d do anything to help these kids. He said you were a special teacher. Now, why won’t you help us out?”

“Help you out? Help you out? This is only my first day as their regular teacher, and already I’ve been either naked, or nearly naked wearing one ridiculous outfit after another. I’ve been tied-up all day, and my arms are aching, but no one seems to care. Instead, every boy in this class, as well as you Lieutenant, has taken the opportunity to touch me. So, I ask you, don’t you think I’ve helped enough for one day?”

As Jenny fumed, Mr. Pemberthy returned to the room thanking Lt. Douglas and dismissing the class for the day. He had heard Jenny’s rant, and immediately yet reluctantly cut the ropes that held her arms so tightly behind her for the entire day. Jenny was so relieved to regain use of her hands. He also offered her the business suit she had originally worn that morning, and consoled her for going through so much for the Springwood Boys School.

“Jenny, I really, truly appreciate everything you did today. Will you please continue with us tomorrow?” asked Mr. Pemberthy.

“Well….I guess so. I don’t really have much choice, but…” answered Jenny.

“Remember, come to my office a little early before school starts.”

“You mean I’m going to have to dress like this again? I’m going to be tied-up and all that?? I don’t think I want to go through this all over again!”

“Jenny, you did great today. And as they say, Rome wasn’t built in a day. I saw some real improvement in the class, which I attribute solely to your presence. I think we’re ahead of schedule. And I’ll try to make sure that the students and other men here don’t take liberties with you like they did today.”

“Okay, thanks Mr. Pemberthy. That does make me feel a lot better.”

“Oh, and Jenny,” continued Mr. Pemberthy as he began to depart. “I’d like you to start the day tomorrow with that fire evacuation technique that Lt. Douglas wanted the boys to try. See you bright and early!”

Jenny and the Boys School- Part 3

Author: Bernanke41

Summary: Jenny continues in her unusual teaching environment

(cont’d from Jenny and the Boys School- Part 2)

Jenny returned to Springwood after a very eventful first day. Stepping out from her car, Jenny fastened the top button of her black blazer before approaching the front of the building. Again she was dressed very professionally in a black pants suit, but Jenny had a feeling that wouldn’t last long.

Arriving a half-hour early per Mr. Pemberthy’s request, Jenny found a seat outside his office to wait for him. She was uneasy- she had hoped she wouldn’t be subjected to more of what she thought was humiliation even though she took the whole ordeal very well. She needed the work, but was forever unable to comprehend the oil-and-water characteristics that she carried with her and that were primarily the cause for her losing her clothing. Those qualities, of course, were her beauty and trusting attitude towards others.

“Why hello there Jenny. Good morning to you. Thanks for coming in early again. Why don’t you step inside? I’ve got something new for you to wear today,” stated Mr. Pemberthy, carrying an oversize mug filled with his morning coffee.

“Good morning Mr. Pemberthy. Great, I was hoping I wasn’t going to have to be dressed like that again. What is it?”

“It’s over on the table in the corner. Let me just send this email, and I’ll take a walk and let you get dressed.”

Jenny was again appalled at what Mr. Pemberthy expected her to wear in front of a class full of unruly boys. She saw a pair of black heels, white knee socks, and a red thong shaped like a heart in front. Before Jenny could protest, Mr. Pemberthy quickly exited expecting Jenny to slip into this ‘outfit’. Jenny did so reluctantly- she had done so the day before, so why not continue with what she started?

Mr. Pemberthy was extremely aroused as he caught his first glimpse of Jenny. She looked like a school girl with the knee socks, although sans plaid skirt and white blouse. He thought she looked better under the ‘less is more’ theory, and who in their right mind other than Jenny herself would argue that?

“Alright, I guess I’m off to my class. I’d like to get there before all the boys have a chance to ogle me,” said Jenny, her breasts bouncing every which way in her haste to leave Mr. Pemberthy’s office.

“Oh, Jenny. Wait a moment. Aren’t you forgetting something?” asked Mr. Pemberthy, holding a length of white rope in his hands.

“Oh please, not again. I promise I won’t cover up!”

“Jenny, you know the deal. Don’t make this harder than it has to be,” explained Mr. Pemberthy, as he strictly tied Jenny’s thin arms behind her. Her tiny forearms swayed from side to side trying to mitigate the effects of the knots, but to no avail. Mr. Pemberthy tried to convince her that her predicament wasn’t all that bad, but Jenny departed before he could finish. She didn’t want to hear it.

“Hi Ms. Richards. You look very nice today,” said Brian, looking up at his teacher as she negotiated her way into the classroom. “Can I give you a good morning hug?”

“Uh, I’d prefer that you didn’t, but only if you agree to be my assistant for the day helping me with the lesson and in writing on the board. Oh, and if you wouldn’t mind, please erase those naughty phrases you boys wrote about me yesterday.”

“Sure no problem,” answered Brian, as he expeditiously did as Jenny asked so he could enjoy his hug as soon as possible.

Jenny was startled though, as Brian wrapped his arms around her body, while simultaneously resting his head on Jenny’s ample chest. After a long embrace he slid his fingers down to Jenny’s ass, causing her to feverishly tap at his hands with her bound arms indicating she was not in approval. He obliged and fixed them on her smooth hips, while he started to gently nuzzle her nipples. Jenny let him continue for longer than he expected, but broke free of his clutches as the rest of the boys began filing into class.

“Good morning everyone. Brian here will be helping me today. Brian, why don’t you pull down that map of the United States and we can start with some geography,” asked Jenny.

“Okay, but Mr. Pemberthy told me to make sure that we started by practicing that fire safety technique from yesterday,” answered Brian as he flashed a sly smile. Not surprisingly, all of the boys were in agreement with Brian’s suggestion.

“I don’t think that would be a good idea. I’ll make you boys a deal. What, within reason, would you like to do that Ms. Lincoln wouldn’t let you?” offered Jenny.

“Well, for one, she wouldn’t let us go on our field trip to Safety Town. She said because we were bad and wouldn’t listen to her,” said Brian.

“Okay, then I’ll discuss with Mr. James and Mr. Pemberthy a reinstatement of that trip. Will that be agreeable to all of you?”

With that, the boys were satisfied, at least for the time being. Safety Town was something everyone had looked forward to, where they had the opportunity to operate cars the size of golf carts in a miniature city with lifelike roads and traffic signals. It was a controlled environment that stressed driving care and understanding of street signs, but all 12-year old boys were concerned about was being able to drive the little cars. If Jenny could make that happen for them, they would even pass up the chance to evacuate her delicious body from a make believe fire.

Day number two progressed nicely for Jenny. She had the class immersed in busy work for most of the day, so as to minimize her time standing in front of them with their prying eyes and curious hands. She figured her mention of a possible future trip to Safety Town combined with their outrageous behavior from the day before had served to calm them down. One of the boys even asked if she could come by his house after school to tutor him on her geography lesson! Jenny immediately agreed, thinking she was starting to get through to them.

On their way out, the boys handed in their written assignments. Jenny perused a couple of the papers, and was dismayed to see elaborate drawings of her body, and not the answers to the capitals of the 50 States as she had hoped. She saw Jason’s paper, (the one who had asked to be tutored), and although it mostly contained errors, Jenny realized a concerted effort on his part to complete the assignment.

“Well, hiya Jenny. How was your second day?” asked a wide-eyed Mr. Pemberthy.

“It actually went pretty well. I think I’m really reaching these kids,” said Jenny, moving towards Mr. Pemberthy to be freed from the ropes binding her arms.

“Any plans for tonight?”

“Yes. In fact, I’m just about to head over to tutor one of the students in my class. He’s really trying hard, but needs extra instruction.”

“Wait, you’re going to tutor right now? That’s great, but unfortunately you’re going to have to remain tied up and wearing what you have on. It’s technically still part of the school day, and that’s the policy we have in place,” said Mr. Pemberthy, as he tossed his scissors back into his desk.

“What?? How can that be? I can’t go dressed like this? I thought I’d be able to wear some regular clothes. And just how do you expect me to get there?”

“I’ll call you a cab. We have a car service for situations just like this. They are very good. And they’ll drop you back off at the school afterwards.”

“You’ve had to call cabs for teachers that are tied-up and wearing next to nothing?”

“Well, actually you’ll be the first under that heading, but we have the service for people with car trouble, or for teachers that are dropped off in the morning- that sort of thing. Why don’t you wait out in the front lobby, and I’ll call them right away.”

Now Jenny began to worry. She made a commitment to tutor Jason, but now she’d be going to a strange house dressed erotically to say the least. She tried to reassure herself thinking that maybe his parents will realize the hilarity of the situation, and untie her as soon as she gets there. But knowing Jenny’s luck, anything was possible.

“Uh, yeah, is there a Jenny Richardson here? I’m supposed to take her over to Sycamore and Redhook,” asked a portly gentleman wearing a tee shirt and baggy jeans that looked to be stained with spaghetti sauce.

“Yes, that’s me- Jenny Richards.”

“Well, heeelllo! I’m Gus, Gus Verplank. Why don’t you come with me? My cab’s right out front. Looks like you may need a hand,” added Gus as he cupped Jenny’s left ass cheek in helping her out the front door.

“Thanks, but I can manage without your hand on my behind.”

“Sorry babe. Listen, why don’t you sit up front, and I’ll belt you in. There are no functional seat belts in the back, and I don’t want you tumbling around back there! Let me just clear away some of this junk,” said Gus, as Jenny watched him empty the front bench seat of a plethora of unsightly and foul smelling items. As it was, an unpleasant odor still lingered, making Jenny all the more excited about this upcoming ride. “There you go. I think we’ll belt you in the middle seat here so I can make sure you’re okay,” continued Gus, as he stretched his soiled right hand around Jenny and affixed it across her right shoulder, just inches from her mountainous breast.

“Um, thanks, I guess. Will it be that long a ride?”

“Shouldn’t be. You know, I don’t have too many women like you in my cab. You’re very attractive. Can you tell me why you’re dressed like this?”

“It’s a long story. Would you mind watching the road? I’d feel a little safer,” asked Jenny, squirming against Gus’ hand and trying to deflect his attention from her chest.

Gus snapped out of his trance just in time as he slammed the breaks and came to a screeching halt- narrowly colliding with the car stopped at the light directly in front of him. As a reflex, he grabbed for anything he could, and since some things are larger than others, Jenny’s firm breasts were the selection.He pressed her body against his to prevent her from falling forward. Jenny screamed, and tried to wriggle free of his clutches. His hands left a remnant of what appeared to be chocolate on her flawless body.

“Let go of me! Look at what you did! You smeared chocolate all over me.”

“Oh, yeah sorry. I was eating a few chocolate bars before. Here, let me lick it off,” offered Gus, as he repositioned himself with his face in Jenny’s tits, and his left hand firmly planted on Jenny’s bare right knee, slowly drifting north up her thigh. As he continued to suck away at her breasts, his hand worked up toward her heart-shaped thong, causing Jenny to struggle even mightier.

“Get your hands off me you pervert,” said Jenny as she raised her right knee and buried it in Gus’ pudgy stomach, causing him to crumple accordian-style back into the driver’s seat. “Please just take me to the house!”

“Okay, okay. Calm down. It’s right here around the corner”, answered Gus, desperately trying to catch his breath as he pulled up right next to the driveway. He unbelted Jenny and assisted her out to the car- this time touching her only where and when was necessary. “I didn’t mean to get carried away like I did. I wanted to make sure I got all of the chocolate off of you. Listen, I’ll just wait out front here for you to be done. I was told you’d be here for an hour.”

“Let’s forget it. And don’t bother waiting for me. I’ll get another ride later.”

With that Gus sped off, leaving Jenny on the front stoop of Jason’s house. She knocked as best she could, and before long she was greeted by a beaming Jason.

“Oh, Miss Richards. Please come in. I didn’t expect you to still be dressed in your work clothes,” said a sarcastic Jason.

“Very funny. Are you parents home? I’d like to speak with them for a minute.”

“Umm, no they aren’t. They both work late tonight. I hope you don’t mind, but I invited a few of the other guys from class who needed some tutoring too. They’re all waiting in the kitchen.”

Jenny and the Boys School- Part 4

Author: Bernanke41

Summary: Jenny continues in her unusual teaching environment

(cont’d from Jenny and the Boys School- Part 3)

Jenny hobbled into Jason’s kitchen to find Kevin, Sammy and Danny sitting at the table engrossed in their textbooks. This befuddled Jenny as she targeted these boys as the problem kids that did little more than sit in the back of the class and enjoy the scenery.

“Oh, my, I didn’t expect all of you boys to be here. Sammy, I saw the paper you handed in, and all you did was doodle pictures of me! What would make me think you want to learn now?” asked an annoyed Jenny.

“Because I really want to go to Safety Town, and also want to do well in school. I can’t get into the stuff we do in class though,” answered Sammy. “It’s just too boring.”

“Well, I’m sorry you feel that way, but that’s the material we have to cover. And you’ll be expected to learn it like everyone else. Now, let’s get started.”

As Jenny began her discussion, she couldn’t help but notice the boys salivating at the way she bounced across the kitchen. Their eyes were focused directly and solely on her cleavage. She knew she had to do something fast before she wasted the entire hour.

“Okay, boys, listen to me. And look up here at my face,” pleaded Jenny. “Here’s what we’re…”

“Miss Richards, I’ve got an idea! How about we play a game where you can quiz us on the capitals, and if we get the right answers you can let us do stuff!” offered Jason.

“That sounds like a good idea, if that would make it more enjoyable for you. But what ‘stuff’ would you want to do?” asked a hesitant Jenny.

“How about you let us touch you for every question we get right?” said Kevin. “Wouldn’t that be fair?”

“Yeah, that’s a great idea!” agreed Sammy. “That’s like in that Adam Sandler movie ‘Billy Madison’, except Miss Richards is already naked!”

“Very funny,” scolded Jenny, silencing the boys’ laughter. “Actually, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I don’t think it would be fair at all- mostly because I saw your papers today, and they were miserable!But assuming we play, what if you get the answers wrong? What will you do for me?”

“We could still touch you if you want,” giggled Danny, hoping that their motives matched hers.

“I don’t think so. How about you untie me, AND tell Mr. Pemberthy tomorrow that you don’t need me to be dressed like this anymore! I’d be willing to play if you’ll do that,” exclaimed Jenny, dreaming that she could get her way for a change.

The boys huddled up and nodded in agreement of Jenny’s demands. They felt the extra studying they did before Jenny arrived would pay off. Of course, they held hostage the whole class’ semester based on their knowledge of the capitals. Since Jenny became their teacher two days earlier, it had been pure heaven for all of them.

“Okay, let’s begin. I’ll ask each of you three questions,” explained Jenny, shivering at the thought of the game not going her way. “Now, Kevin, the first question is for you. What is the capital of Idaho?”

“Figures. Why do you have to give me the hard ones? I don’t know- Potato City?” said a facetious Kevin.

“Sorry, that’s incorrect. The correct answer is Boise”, answered a relieved Jenny. “Sammy, what is the capital of Montana?”

“Let’s see- Helena? Am I right? Is it Helena?” said Sammy, eagerly awaiting confirmation from Jenny.

“Why, yes! It is! I’m very proud of you Sammy!”

“Yeah, yeah, thanks. Now, you said we could touch you?” continued Sammy.

Jenny begrudgingly complied, and stood over Sammy telling him he could rub her legs for getting the right answer. She purposely began with what she thought were the harder capitals, but it was beginning to backfire on her. She underestimated the boys’ focus when given some extra motivation.

“Okay Sammy, that’s enough,” said an annoyed Jenny, trying to get back to the quiz. “Now, Danny, what is the capital of Wyoming?”

“That’s an easy one. It’s Cheyenne. My uncle lives there!” said a bold Danny.

“Wow, that’s right too! Very good. I can’t believe this. Danny, you can rub my legs just as Sammy did,” offered Jenny, now wondering to herself how one of her students could possibly have a relative living in Wyoming! She was convinced that nothing could go her way.

“Danny, I said only my legs,” scolded Jenny, as Danny could not contain himself from tweaking her nipples too. “Please, let’s play the game by the rules. You have to keep getting right answers! Now Jason, what’s the capital of Louisiana?”

“Lemme see. The Saints play in the Louisiana Superdome, so is it New Orleans?”

“No, I’m sorry, but that was a good try. It’s Baton Rouge. So now that’s two wrong and two right. Not too shabby. Kevin, back to you. What is the capital of Mississippi?” asked Jenny.

“Fuck, I don’t know that one either. You’re giving me all the hard ones!” said Kevin.

“Watch your language young man!! I’m not giving you anything tougher than I’m giving the others. And the correct answer is Jackson. Sammy, how about Nevada?”

“Nevada, Nevada. I think that’s Las Vegas, yeah it’s Las Vegas.Oh wait…it’s Carson City, ” said Sammy, correcting himself.

“Sorry Sammy. I’m going to have to accept your first answer of Las Vegas-which was incorrect. Carson City was right however,” said a frightened Jenny, attempting to get away unscathed.

“That’s not fair! I got the right answer,” cried Sammy.

“Alright fine. You’re right. You can touch my stomach,” said a deflated Jenny. “And just a little bit! Don’t get too comfortable!”

Jenny was starting to reevaluate her plans to introduce this game, as the boys had fared much better than she had anticipated. While Sammy readied himself, Jenny caught a glimpse of Danny and Jason looking on and warming up their hands, hoping to have the same opportunity as Sammy.

“Ahhh, okay,” said Jenny, wiggling free of Sammy’s embrace. “Now then, Danny, how about Phoenix?”

“That’s not a state! You tried to cheat again!” accused a pugnacious Danny.

“Oh, I apologize. I made a…” said a frazzled Jenny.

“Too late,” interrupted Danny, now rising out of his chair and grabbing two handfuls of Jenny’s inviting tits. Her nipples grew very hard, as the constant handling of her body had finally worn her down. Jason recognized that Jenny was not protesting Danny’s actions, and quickly took advantage by kneeling behind Jenny and caressing the backs of her feminine thighs. Kevin, who had been shut out up to this point joined in the fun as well by removing Jenny’s miniscule knickers and exploring her trimmed mound and moist slit . Sammy, who was exhausted from his earlier experience, was content to collapse into his seat and watch his buddies. As Jenny decided to surrender, she closed her eyes, but was instantly awakened by a loud slam of the door.

“Hey! What in God’s name is going on in here? Why is this woman undressed?” shouted Jason’s mother, as she strode into the kitchen carrying a bag of groceries, causing the boys to scatter in all directions from the helpless Jenny.

“Um, hi mom, this is our new teacher, Miss Richards. She just came by to tutor us…” said Jason.

“In what, human anatomy? This session is over. You’re in big trouble young man, and you’ve got a lot of explaining to do. Danny, Sammy, Kevin- I suggest you go home. And Miss, I don’t know why you’re all trussed up, but I don’t really care at this point. I want you out of my home. A car is waiting outside for you in the driveway to take you back to the school. I spoke with the driver a minute ago- I think he said his name was Gus?” said Jason’s mom, causing the tiny hairs on Jenny’s bound forearms to stand on end.

“But, but…” replied a struggling Jenny, as Danny, Sammy and Kevin escorted her out of the house and assisted her back into the stench that was Gus’ cab.

Jenny and the Boys School- Part 5

Author: Bernanke41

Summary: Jenny continues in her unusual teaching environment

(cont’d from Jenny and the Boys School- Part 4)

Weeks had now passed, and Jenny was becoming as comfortable as possible with her role at Springwood. Today, however would be different as the night before Mr. Pemberthy informed Jenny that she was finally permitted to be completely dressed.Jenny figured it had to be as a result of the students’ scores on the last test which had skyrocketed when compared to those earned earlier in the semester.In any case, Jenny wasn’t about to argue the rationale.

Jenny’s glee caused discouragement amongst her twenty eager young students, (who again arrived promptly, a usual occurrence ever since she took over as their teacher), as they found her dressed in jeans, tennis shoes and an oversized sweater. She smiled as she witnessed their collective sigh.

“Now, now boys. You’ve had your fun. Can’t I be dressed for once?” contended Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy has requested that the whole class meet him in the lobby this morning, although I can’t imagine why. It seems that I’ve left some materials in the faculty room, so once I’ve retrieved them we can be on our way…”

The boys were beginning to get restless as Jenny had been gone for almost 10 minutes. Many of them were comtemplating cutting class, especially since Jenny had a newfound clothing allowance! But as Jenny returned to class, every boy thanked his lucky stars that they stuck around for a few extra minutes. This was because she was dressed very differently now. The jeans, tennis shoes and sweater had been deposited in a large shopping bag which she carried in her left hand- the jeans now crumpled and peeking out from the top of the bag. They were replaced by a satin lavender–colored thong, as well as a sexy pair of white, three-inch, open-toed sandals. That was it! Jenny had voluntarily gone topless for the class!

The boys greeted her with a series of whistles and shouts, as they were even more excited than usual due to her willingness to dress this way for them.

“Do you like this outfit better? I thought you would, but don’t get used to it! I’m only doing it because of your last test scores. I’m very proud of you all!” explained Jenny. “Boys, please proceed to the lobby. Sammy, Daniel, I’d like you to stay behind for a moment so that I might have a word with you. We’ll join the rest of the class shortly.”

A giddy bunch quickly filed out as Sammy and Daniel remained, staring with mouths agape at Jenny’s heaving breasts.

“Since you boys scored highest on the last test, I wanted to reward you for all of your hard work. Go into my shopping bag over there and I’m sure you’ll find something of interest,” offered Jenny.

The two quickly rifled through her bag, finding what Jenny was referring to immediately. They peered back at her with puzzled looks on their faces.

“Ms. Richards, all we see here is this bundle of rope. You really want us to tie you up with it?” asked Daniel.

“No, I’m going to use it to tie the two of you! Of course it’s to tie me with, silly! Don’t you want to?”

“Hell, yeah!” the boys shouted in unison. “It’s just that we didn’t expect you to let us do it,” continued Sammy.

“Well, I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’m sort of used to it by now. As long as it’s just during class time, I guess it is alright,” answered Jenny, now clearly believing she was losing her mind. “Now let’s hurry up so that we don’t keep Mr. Pemberthy waiting.”

The boys nearly fainted, but were able to compose themselves enough to begin gathering the rope. Meanwhile, Jenny made some last minute adjustments to her thong and heels, (her only clothing) as well as her hair before her hands were immobilized for the day. Sammy and Daniel made sure to concentrate the knots much like Mr. Pemberthy did, tying Jenny’s arms behind her in several areas both above and below her elbows in addition to her wrists. This caused her hands and arms to once again disappear from sight when she was viewed from straight on. Her soft breasts swayed while her hair covered her eyes as she tested her bonds. She surmised that they were even tighter and more restrictive than ever before, and thus had terrible trouble balancing her body.

“Boys, you will make sure I don’t fall, won’t you?” pleaded Jenny, basically inviting the boys to place their hands on her. “You made the ropes so tight, I don’t think I’ll be able to travel to the lobby on my own, especially with these heels being so difficult to walk in.”

“Sure Ms. Richards!” exclaimed Danny, as he approached her from behind placing both hands on either side of her tiny waist, aiding her through the doorway and out into the hall.

Several minutes later Mr. Pemberthy looked like he had been electrocuted upon seeing Jenny bound and topless making her way to the front of the building. Mr. Pemberthy asked that Jenny step into his office for a moment, but not before Sammy loosened his grip on her left breast that he had cupped for dear life. Jenny politely asked him to let go, and Sammy obeyed.

“Jenny, you do know that I didn’t require you to be dressed like this today, right?” asked Mr. Pemberthy.“Today is their trip to Safety Town, and you’re their only chaperone!”

“The trip is today! Then I can’t be dressed like this! No one told me about the trip!” replied a frantic Jenny.

“Didn’t you notice the students all dressed in jeans and sneakers today?” answered Mr. Pemberthy.

“Not really. They rarely follow the school dress code! How was I to know?” said Jenny. “Mr. Pemberthy, you’ll have to untie me! I can’t go like this!”

“I’m sorry Jenny. You’ll have to work that out with the boys. I wasn’t involved in this one…” said Mr. Pemberthy as Sammy interrupted by poking his head in to alert them that the bus had arrived. “Oh, okay. Have a great time!”

As Jenny was escorted by Sammy and Daniel up the stairs and into the bus, she couldn’t help but realize her fate. Even when she voluntarily put herself in a position to be humiliated and embarrassed, there was always more to come. As if her predicament within the school wasn’t enough, now total strangers were going to see her this way.

Jenny took her seat in the fourth row between Sammy and Daniel, who rapidly became the envy of the rest of their classmates. To Jenny’s dismay, the bus was equipped with decrepit shocks, causing her to bounce uncontrollably with each pothole the bus encountered. Luckily for Jenny, the two made sure they held her in place by wrapping an arm around her waist while offering a second hand to strategically cover the breast nearest them.

As Jenny sat cross-legged, she studied Sammy and Daniel, and came to understand her role. She was the only woman among twenty hormone-crazed boys, which many women, (including Jenny at first), would view as a death sentence. Both boys were dressed in baggy cargo pants, sneakers and tee shirts, but Jenny only wore the barest of essentials. Her discomfort extended to her arms being horribly wrenched together behind her back, while the boys had complete use of their limbs as was currently demonstrated by four hands resting comfortably on her smooth, feminine, curvaceous body. For some reason, after all of Jenny’s past experiences, she was able to deal with it. Maybe it was because after all was said and done, the students listened to her and genuinely tried in school. Or maybe it was because her being in a near-naked state wasn’t one hundred percent gratuitous. She wasn’t entirely sure. She was, however, sure that she would continue to toil at Springwood Boys School if she could make a difference.

The End…