**Michelle and the New Class**

**by bernanke41**

**Michelle and the New Class- Part I**

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[**Michelle and the New Class- Part**](mailto:bernanke41@yahoo.com) **II**

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**Michelle and the New Class- Part III**

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**Michelle and the New Class- Part IV**

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**Michelle and the New Class- Part V**

With Jake disappearing back into the classroom, Michelle stood inches from the now closed door preventing Mr. Pemberthy from opening it.  
“I think I should go back in there alone,” stated Michelle, looking up at Mr. Pemberthy after he backed away from the door. “I have to take control and assert myself otherwise they’ll never respect my authority.”  
“Are you sure?” asked Mr. Pemberthy as he lightly gripped her hips. “You just said that you’re ‘on edge’.”  
“I’m okay. I’m nervous, but …” stopped Michelle at the feel of Mr. Pemberthy’s hands outside of her breasts. “You too!?!”  
“Sorry, you kind of moved into me a little,” fumbled Mr. Pemberthy, but as he was about to remove his hands Michelle awkwardly turned towards the door.  
“Aeeyyiiii!” squealed Michelle, as she was being groped from behind by the headmaster, all while Jake watched through the plate glass at the top of the door. “Mr. Pemberthy!?! Mr. Pemberthy!?!”  
“Oh, yes, very soft, I mean good,” stammered Mr. Pemberthy. “I’ll just get going then. Yes, okay, well then, I’ll see you a bit later,” he continued, stealing off abruptly to mitigate his stumbling.  
A wide eyed Michelle slowly progressed back into the room after Jake held the door open for her, but quickly realized after Jake closed it that she was now once again alone with this mischievous group of students. The four other boys were seated quietly as Michelle struggled over to her desk with Jake in tow, their eyes fixed on every move Michelle made.  
“Jake, please take your seat,” said Michelle, as Jake hurried back to his seat to gaze at his teacher while she stood between their desks. “So, as I told Billy earlier…yes Jake?” asked Michelle, as she acknowledged Jake’s raised hand.  
“How come Mr. Pemberthy was touching you?”  
“He wasn’t touching me,” countered Michelle.  
“Yes he was! I saw right through the door!” countered Jake as the other students now became interested in not only how Michelle looked but also about what she would say.  
“Well, he, uh, it was an accident. I fell into him while he was trying to open the door for me. That’s all.”  
“Really?” asked a skeptical Jake.  
“Yes, really! Can we just move on? Things like that are bound to happen because I’m tied up, no pun intended,” replied Michelle.  
“What’s ‘pun’?” asked Jake.  
“It means ‘a play on words’. I said ‘bound’ which in the context I used it means ‘certain’, but since I’m also tied up, my use of ‘bound’ could have meant that too,” answered Michelle. “Does that make sense Jake?”  
“Uh, yeah, I think so.”  
“Are you sure?”  
“Yup.”  
“Good! In any case, we got off to an unfortunate start, so I’d like to complete the introductions and then I’m going to assign a fun little creative writing assignment which should lead us into this morning’s assembly.  
“So as you know, I’ll be your teacher this year. My name is Miss DiGiacomo, and last year was my first at Springwood. I think it’s a wonderful place to attend school, as the administration and the facilities are top notch. You’re all obviously well thought of to be attending Springwood. So I’ve already met Billy, Tommy and Jake. So what’s your name?” asked Michelle of a fourth student seated behind Billy on the left side.  
“His name is also Jake,” interejected Jake Underwood.  
“Thank you Jake, but I believe he can answer for himself,” scolded Michelle.  
“Um, I’m Jake Griffin,” replied the student. “But you can call me Jacob.”  
“Oh, okay, that makes things a bit easier,” smiled Michelle. “And how about you?” asked Michelle of the fifth boy seated in back of Tommy.  
“Hi, I’m Joey Montefusco.”  
“Oh…I, well, it’s nice meeting you Joey,” replied Michelle, turning her head at the conversation now taking place behind her between Jake and Tommy. “Perhaps you boys would like to share what you’re talking about with the rest of the class?”  
“No ma’am,” replied Jake.  
“Since you’re using class time…”  
“But it’s embarrassing,” interrupted Jake.  
“Ok. This is your warning. Next time you’ll have detention.”  
“But…”  
“No buts,” scolded Michelle.  
“You have a nice butt!” cracked Jake.  
“That just bought you a day of detention.”  
“I was being nice!”  
“I don’t care. Now you’re embarrassing me. You’ve been embarrassing me since you walked in this morning. Perhaps sitting in Mr. Finkle’s classroom after school while he’s giving extra help to a student on the xylophone will be enjoyable for you,” glared Michelle.  
“Sorry,” said a contrite Jake.  
“I know it’s the first day, and that you’re all a little excited this morning, so what I’d like you to do now is take out your laptops and we’ll begin an introductory writing assignment. I want you to write about something fun or something you enjoyed from this summer. Let’s try to complete about two pages on it. Give us some details, some background. Try to describe the situation so that everyone else in the room could read it and share in your experience as if they had been there with you.”  
“Miss D, do I still have detention?” asked Jake.  
“Yes.”  
“How long do we have?” asked Tommy.  
“Until they call us for the assembly you dummy,” shot Billy. “Miss D already said that!”  
“Shut up you dick!” exclaimed Tommy. “I didn’t hear that!”  
“That’s because you’re too busy talking,” replied Billy matter-of-factly.  
“How about I throw you a…” started Tommy until Michelle lowered herself onto his desk, smiled and softly asked him to stop fighting with Billy.  
It only took a few seconds of tanned upper thigh coupled with Billy’s intricate rope work for Tommy to forget what had happened. He continued to ogle her as she stepped over to Billy’s desk, asking Billy to apologize for starting the altercation in the first place.  
“Sorry man,” said Billy, as he extended his hand across the aisle towards Tommy resulting in a two pump friendly handshake.  
“That was nice!” smiled Michelle, as the students’ eyes met Michelle’s approval, now sitting cross legged again on the edge of her desk. “So now let’s start your assignments.”  
“Uh, Miss DiGiacomo,” started Billy, raising his hand. “Since this is really busy work, shouldn’t you be gagged?”  
“Do you think we could postpone that for the next assignment?” asked Michelle, looking around at the other students for their opinions. “A lot’s happened this…”  
“That is true Miss D,” confirmed Billy, as the other boys also nodded in agreement. “But we do have all of this duct tape.”  
“Why don’t you forget about the duct tape for a minute, and start thinking about your assignment,” countered Michelle assertively.  
Satisfied with her efforts since re-entering the classroom, Michelle looked out over the room from her elevated position on the end of her desk. Her students seemed to at least be attempting to begin their work, which was saying something considering this was their first day after two full months of recreation. And couple that with meeting Michelle for the first time and it was amazing that they were even staring at their computer screens.  
“Miss D,” started Billy, raising his hand again. “It’s been over a minute, and I just noticed, there’s a huge roll of duct tape over here.”  
Laughter filled the room as Michelle’s newfound calm quickly turned to frustration.  
“You just won’t quit, will you Billy? Fine. You can gag me, but I want you to start your assignment immediately afterward,” sighed Michelle. She watched Billy stand and move towards her carrying cloth and the roll of duct tape he had previously located inside his desktop.  
“You wanna help?” asked the class monitor Billy of Tommy, as he turned away from Michelle.  
“Yea man, of course!” replied Tommy, shooting to his feet with a toothy smile.  
“Awww, first a handshake, and now this,” concluded Michelle, whose contentment about her students getting along apparently outweighed her desire not to be gagged.  
“Yup,” said Billy, readying the cloth. “I just thought of what I’m going to write about.”  
“That’s good. MMMMMPPPHHHHHHH!!!!” moaned Michelle, as Billy packed the first piece of cloth between her lips.  
Michelle’s eyes widened as Billy produced a second cloth, which he handed to Tommy to insert. Obviously neither boy seemed to realize that two cloths were perhaps too much, but for poor Michelle it was unfortunately too late for her to remind them.  
Barely fitting the second piece of cloth, Billy and Tommy alternated sealing the gag in place with four long, thick strips of duct tape. Tommy patted the last strip in place, securing the tape against Michelle’s soft cheeks as Billy looked on, his left hand resting gently on the lace stocking top of Michelle’s crossed right thigh.  
“Are you okay Miss D,” asked Billy, drawing Michelle’s ire as he of course waited until the whole gag was in place to ask how she was. In any case, Michelle nodded that she was alright, and the boys returned to their desks.  
“MMMPPPHHHHH!!!!” Michelle thought, shockingly coming to the realization that even her inner voice sounded muffled! She had obviously spent WAY too much time gagged.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part VI**

The boys started their tasks ostensibly looking around in an effort to brainstorm to figure out a suitable topic. Michelle was fine with that, until she made eye contact with a couple of them- or caught a few of them looking in her general direction- so she started for Joey’s desk.  
She took a small misstep in her 5” pink heels, but quickly corrected as her dancing background and general athleticism enabled her to regain her balance. But this wasn’t sufficient for Billy’s standards, as he rose to “help” her, encircling her waist with his arms from behind, startling his pretty teacher.  
Michelle didn’t object to Billy’s actions- after all he was her designated handler- but was more focused on the blank screen on Joey’s laptop. Billy dutifully slid a chair over for Michelle, enabling her to sit adjacent to Joey, to his right.  
“MMMPPPHHH!!!” shrieked Michelle as the cold steel of the chair caused her to sit up very straight on its edge until she was able to equalize the temperature. Nonchalantly crossing her right leg over her left, Michelle peered at Joey’s screen, then over at Joey himself.  
“I don’t know what to write about,” whispered Joey, as he caught Jacob looking over during a break in his typing. “I mean, I know what I want to write about, but I’m just not sure how to start.”  
“MMMPPPHHHH??” inquired Michelle as best as she could, allowing him to elaborate.  
“I wanted to write about something awesome,” offered Joey, noticing a confused look on his teacher’s face despite the sizeable gag.  
“Last week I went to a preseason football game and at halftime some of the people I was with tossed dollar bills down below, you know, to the lower area. And then when people noticed the money and went to pick it up, everyone dumped beer and stuff on them! It was awesome!!”  
“MMMMPPPHHHHH!!!” responded a clearly disgusted Michelle, not only by his description of the act but also with the way it was perceived by Joey.  
“So, should I write about the first half of the game, and then go into this stuff?” asked Joey, who re-gained Michelle’s attention by gripping her stocking-clad right thigh.  
Michelle shook her head, hoping he wouldn’t proceed to write about this reprehensible behavior, but in her state, decided it would be best to check on Jacob.  
Her chair perfectly placed in the aisle between Joey and Jacob, Michelle saw Jacob tapping away on his keyboard writing about summer camp from what she could gather.  
“Miss D?” asked Joey, tapping gently on Michelle’s left shoulder. “Is ‘pee pee’ not one word? It shows it as an error.”  
“MMMMPPPPHHHH!!!!!” replied Michelle, shaking her head again, this time more ardently.  
“Should I just write “piss” instead? Is that better?”  
Michelle moaned through her gag as she glared at Joey, and tried to push herself upright off of the chair. Before even two seconds had elapsed, Michelle found herself standing, only this time with both Billy and Joey holding her.  
“You did a really good job of tying her up bro,” said Joey, as he continued to look Michelle over as she lingered in front of their desks hoping the boys would return to their essays. “You can’t even see Miss D’s arms at all. It looks so natural!”  
“Thanks. I like that too. My uncle had me work on my knot tying all summer so I’d be ready. You know Mr. Pemberthy is my uncle, right?” whispered Billy, unsure as to whether Joey was privy to that information.  
“Nah, I didn’t know that. He must be a pretty cool uncle if he brought Miss D to Springwood though,” decided Joey.  
“MMMPPPHHHHH!!!!!!” moaned Michelle, stomping her right leg in an effort to disperse her pupils.  
“Oh my God, you believe those tits bro? Just insane!” commented Joey, as Michelle’s stomping caused her natural breasts to bounce a little more than she’d hoped. “Just think- we get to stare at those things all year!”  
“I know. My brother was so pissed that he wasn’t in her class last year. Then this year I end up with her! How awesome is that?”  
“MMMPPPHHHHH!!!!”  
“Miss D, you have to admit that it’s a little hard to understand what you’re saying with the gag and all,” replied Billy, resting his hands on Michelle’s pink garter belt. “Did you want me to write something else on the board?”  
Michelle shook her head no.  
“Did you want me to water that plant over there?”  
Michelle frowned at Billy without hesitation.  
“Should we go sit back down and do our work?”  
Michelle shot a sarcastic look at her mischievous pupil, resulting in Billy slinking back towards his seat with Joey following suit. Amidst the hubbub, Jake was actually engrossed in his laptop, though Michelle didn’t particularly want to break his focus by trying to take a closer look. Instead, Michelle conspicuously inched toward a seating area positioned well behind the student desks where she could relax- relatively speaking of course- while the boys hopefully continued their compositions.  
Not surprisingly, all eyes were fixated on Michelle as soon as she disappeared behind them, her heels scratching against the hard tiled floor. Almost instantly, two hands glided across her stomach from the rear, again leading to a familiar pair of arms enveloping her slim waist. They belonged to Billy.  
“MMMMPPPHHHHH!!!!” groaned a resentful Michelle.  
“Miss D, you can’t make us sit down and then start walking all over the place,” explained a logical Billy, spinning his teacher around to face him.  
Michelle tried to regulate her breathing, as Billy’s hands had inadvertently roamed up her sensitive sides on their way to gripping the lower part of her shoulders, his thumbs settling mere centimeters from the outside of her luscious breasts.  
“If you’re gonna keep your hands behind your back like this, you have to be careful,” he smiled, unable to stop himself from cupping her breasts.  
“MMPPPPPHHHHH!!!!” responded Michelle, which could have meant anything.  
“So I’m gonna have to tie you to this pole over here. This way we can keep an eye on you,” noted Billy, as he gently backed her up until Michelle felt her elbows and wrists being pinned against the metal pole.  
“MMMPPPHHHH!!!” complained Michelle, trying to convince Billy that she had plenty of experience with walking while her arms were bound.  
Billy interpreted Michelle’s latest reply to be a request for additional rigging around her stomach, wrists, knees and ankles which served to securely bind the beautiful woman against the unforgiving aluminum. He also took the opportunity to accomplish his earlier goal; Billy looped significantly more cordage both above and below her knees and around her ankles to force her stocking-clad legs together. Michelle was now totally immobilized.  
“This’ll just be until the assembly Miss D,” said Billy, calmly, his right hand patting her tight ass. “Okay, back to work!”

**Michelle and the New Class- Part VII**

After more than two hours, Michelle leaned into the pole unable to even swivel around to catch a glimpse of the boys. Michelle had certainly endured a few pole ties in her time at Springwood, but this was definitely the longest and most unforgiving. She was certain that they were checking on her, but they were being awfully quiet.  
She’d barely heard a peep in the last hour. Were they really this engrossed in their assignments? If so, she thought, this predicament was totally worth it.  
Finally, Michelle heard the squeak of a chair or a desk, but she couldn’t be sure someone was coming for her. After all, they were all wearing sneakers.  
“Are you okay Miss D?” asked Billy, appearing to Michelle’s right, his left hand pinching her pink garter strap.  
“MMMPPPHHH!!!” nodded Michelle, though she longed for release.  
Billy cut the ropes around the pole loose with an industrial sized pair of scissors- a must at Springwood- then slowly undid the not as strict leg ties he had applied more recently. Michelle collapsed into Billy’s outstretched arms for welcome support. Her thighs were on fire -Billy thought they were hot too!- and she needed the gag to be removed after spending nearly three hours with two oversized cloths packed in her mouth.  
“MMMMPPPPPPPHHHHHHH, MMMMMMPPPPPHHHHHH, MMMMMPPPPPHHHHHHH!!!!!” groused Michelle, trying to call Billy’s attention to the still effectual gag.  
“Oh, the tape! Yeah, no problem,” hurried Billy, peeling the tape off of Michelle’s face leaving her with a few red creases she was sure to have issue with.  
With the cloths soaked with saliva, Billy pulled them out and deposited them in a nearby trash can in one smooth motion while Michelle exercised her sore jaw.  
“I don’t think I’ll be scheduling too much busy work this year!” exclaimed Michelle, happy to be rid of her gag despite still being very tightly tied up.  
“That’s okay, we can just gag you at other times,” replied Joey matter-of-factly.  
“Haha!” interjected Billy, watching as Michelle struggled away from the pole.  
“So let’s see what you worked on,” said Michelle. “How about we start with you Billy,” smiled Michelle, as she leaned against his desk, desperate to alleviate stress from her thighs and feet.  
“Miss D, I think we’re going to have the assembly soon,” replied Billy.  
“Why is your laptop closed? C’mon show me what you’re written!” said Michelle encouragingly as she grimaced when she returned to her feet next to Billy.  
“What’s wrong Miss D?”  
“Oh, I just need to sit down is all.”  
“Well, there’s plenty of room here on my lap,” pointed Billy.  
“You are such a naughty boy,” scolded Michelle. “Ok, but then you’ll show me what you have, right? I want to see what everyone has before we leave for the auditorium.”  
“Of course!” replied an excited Billy, as he pushed his chair back and reached out and pulled Michelle onto the right side of his lap.  
Billy was in all of his glory as Michelle looked at the laptop, then at Billy as she was firmly perched on her student’s lap. Billy brushed the long hair out of Michelle’s eyes with his left hand- which she appreciated- but she didn’t realize he did so mostly out of a desire to uncover Michelle’s ample right breast. That left hand then slowly dropped to the aforementioned breast, squeezing it repeatedly.  
“Can you open your laptop please?” asked a calm Michelle.  
“Um, my hands are kinda full right now,” answered Billy.  
“C’mon Billy, please, no touching,” pleaded Michelle, as she looked down at his hand hoping that if she imagined it being removed it would also become a reality. “You heard what I said to Jake before!”  
“Okay, fine,” replied Billy, lifting the screen and rotating it backward until his screen saver with a skull and crossbones appeared along with a password prompt.  
Quickly entering the password, Billy took advantage of Michelle’s concentration on the screen in front of her by slowly running his hand up the outside of her crossed right thigh until pausing on her lace stocking top.  
“What is this!?!” shrieked Michelle, as she scowled down at Billy.  
“Nothing, I was just rubbing your leg.”  
“Not that! Your paper! You’ve barely completed a sentence!”  
“Oh, that. Yeah, well, we, uh…”  
“We??” chided Tommy. “What’s this ‘we’ stuff?”  
“C’mon man, we’re busted,” said a defeated Billy.  
“What are you boys talking about?” demanded Michelle, struggling back to her feet as Billy once again steadied her. “What did you do Billy?”  
“We were playing on-line poker against each other. I did win a fake $20 though!” smiled Billy, offering a hand for a “high five” gesture when he quickly realized that Michelle was the only one in the room unable to help complete it.  
“So no one completed the assignment? And you gambled on top of it? You boys are in so much trouble!”  
“It wasn’t real gambling though,” offered Tommy.  
“It doesn’t matter. I gave you a simple assignment and you didn’t even try! I am sooooo furious right now!”  
“But Miss D…” started Billy.  
“I don’t want to hear it. What about you Jake…I thought I saw you working!”  
“I was…” started Jake.  
“He wasn’t. He’s actually the one that started playing,” tattled Billy. “He invited the rest of us into his room.”  
“Billy, you’re so dead you know that? Wait until recess,” threatened Jake.  
“Why wait?” responded Billy, now standing behind Michelle. “You know Miss D was going to find out eventually, right?”  
“That’s not the point, man” interjected Tommy. “You can’t rat your boys out like that. That ain’t right.”  
With tempers flaring, a distinct sound indicating someone had swiped through the double doors brought everyone back to attention. It was Mr. Pemberthy, a wide smile framing his face as he cracked open the inner door.  
“Hiya guys,” he began upon entering the classroom. “I just wanted to get this class seated in the auditorium before the other sixth grade sections arrive. So if you’ll forgive me for interrupting, please begin making your way down for the assembly. How is everything in here?”  
“Oh…I don’t even know where to start,” replied Michelle softly.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part VIII**

Michelle and her class filed into the thirty row auditorium and awaited the other sixth grade sections.  
“I’m sorry about the poker Miss D,” offered Billy, sitting to Michelle’s left in the first row.  
“Billy, I don’t want to hear it right now,” replied Michelle, staring forward towards the stage. “You may as well just gag yourself for awhile.”  
“Haha, busted dude!” said Joey, sitting on the other side of Michelle.  
“You’re no better Joey,” scolded Michelle, twisting on the cold wood of her chair.  
“One more thing Miss D, and then I’ll shut up,” started Billy. “Why are you sitting like that?” asked Billy, at the sight of Michelle seated halfway back in her chair with her thighs tightly crossed left over right.  
Michelle ignored Billy, deciding instead to continue to gaze at the microphone, where Mr. Pemberthy was now standing as the other sections began filling their seats.  
“Miss D?” asked Billy again, this time placing his hand on Michelle’s left leg just above her knee, still failing to elicit a response out of his teacher.  
“Well good day gentlemen…and lady of course,” started Mr. Pemberthy, as the full complement of sixth grade students and faculty had now assembled.  
“And welcome to Springwood! I’m sure everyone is glad to be here after your summer vacation, huh? Alright, alright… I know the first day is always tough, but I wanted to call this first day assembly to make you aware of some of the activities we have on the horizon here at Springwood.  
On Friday we’ll have signups for intramural athletics, either flag football or soccer for now in the fall. Next year in seventh grade you’ll start competing against other schools, but for this year, you can develop some teamwork and competition between your classes. Mr. Green will supervise you after school from 3-5PM on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Ms. Tillelli is distributing these sign up forms now, so take them home and have your parents sign the consent form. Remember, if you don’t return the forms signed, you won’t be permitted to play,” said Mr. Pemberthy as Ms. Tillelli disbursed the forms.  
“Joey, you gonna play dude?” said Billy, shifting the additional forms in Michelle’s direction.  
“Yeah, sounds cool,” replied Joey, reaching across Michelle to grab the forms.  
“Are you gonna play too Miss D?” quizzed Billy.  
“Uh, no, I don’t think so,” scoffed Michelle.  
“So the next thing… and we started this last year in eighth grade and it went over very well… is we’re going to have a year-long battle of the classes. There will be weekly tasks, and you’ll accumulate points towards the end of year field day competition. Since there are four sections of sixth grade, each class will now be assigned a color: Mr. Green’s class will be, you guessed it green; Mr. Hill’s class will be blue; Miss DiGiacomo’s will be white; Mr. Phillips’ red; and Mr. McKenna’s black. Since Miss DiGiacomo’s class is a lot smaller than the others, each competition will be limited to five applicants.  
“The first competition will take place during your first gym classes this week; each class will choose one student to climb the rope in the gym. The fastest boy will win first place and 50 points for his team.  
“I’m doin’ that,” interjected Tommy confidently.  
“No way, man, that’s all me,” shouted Billy.  
“SSSSSHHHHHHH!!!!” scolded Michelle again. “You can choose later.”  
“Don’t you think I should do it Miss D?” asked Billy, sliding his right hand up Michelle’s sexy thigh.  
“Springwood will host a sixth grade fall dance on the Friday before Columbus day in our gymnasium with St. Mary’s school for girls. Mr…”  
“BOOOOOOOO!!!!!!” was the overarching sentiment of the masses.  
“Mr. Phillips and Miss DiGiacomo will be chaperoning it…”  
“YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!” was the reaction.  
“Mr. Finkle will be handling signups for band, orchestra and chorus at your first music classes this week. I’d urge everyone to sign up for a form of music and an intramural sport, because a well-rounded education is very important. You should reward yourselves by taking advantage of all Springwood has to offer. And speaking of rewards, the students with the best test grades in each class will be treated to breakfast with Miss DiGiacomo on Friday mornings. It’s the …”  
“Should we bring rope?” shouted a student from Mr. McKenna’s class.  
“No, no, that won’t be necessary,” answered Mr. Pemberthy, as Michelle relaxed in her seat. “Uh, moving on..., continued Mr. Pemberthy, stealing a glance at Michelle perched uncomfortably in her seat.”  
“Each class will also be taking a trip to Safety Town during the month of October. I think you’ll all enjoy yourselves driving the miniature motorized cars while learning about road safety, both from the driver’s and pedestrian’s perspective. We’ll be passing permission slips out later in the month for that.  
“Lastly, I’d like to discuss Student Council. Each class at Springwood will elect four students to the council- a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer- that will help govern a wide array of extracurricular activities at the school, including your sleep away trip in the spring. For anyone interested in running for one of these positions, please see Mr. Hill. Mr. Hill will be your advisor. The most important part of Springwood is that we raise funds for those less fortunate; the student council will be responsible for deciding fund raising activities not only for the school and for your class, but for the community as well. Again, I’d encourage you all to become involved.  
“I’d like to thank you all for your time, and please do not hesitate to come to me with any questions or concerns. My door is always open. Remember, Springwood is only as good as you make it. Enjoy the rest of the afternoon.”  
With that the sixth grade lunch hour began as students from the other sections followed their teachers into the sixth grade cafeteria. Michelle struggled to her feet, and hobbled over towards the doors in the back of the auditorium until she met the stares of about ten other boys milling about to catch a glimpse of the gorgeous Michelle. Ms. Tillelli shooed them out, and despite a few of them lingering a little longer than expected, Michelle had survived the assembly without too much embarrassment. Sure, she was the chaperone for the fall dance, and she wasn’t exactly thrilled with the weekly breakfasts, but it could have been worse with about 60 new, curious students all crammed into the same room together.  
With those frightening prospects still alive in her mind, Michelle actually grew calmer at the feel of Billy’s hands enveloping her waist from behind.  
“It’s lunch time Miss D, what should we do?” asked Billy, as Michelle now faced him.  
“How about eat your lunch?” answered Michelle sarcastically.  
“No, I meant, are you coming to the lunchroom with us?”  
“No, she’s going to Mr. Pemberthy’s office,” interrupted Ms. Tillelli, breaking Michelle free of Billy’s clutches. “Miss DiGiacomo will see you back in class after recess.”  
“Thanks Ms. Tillelli,” smiled Michelle, as her students followed suit and exited the auditorium. “Does Mr. Pemberthy really want to see me?”  
“Yes, he asked me to bring you by. You know, that Billy is very fresh… you have to be stern with him!”  
“You’re right Ms. Tillelli.”  
“You poor dear. It’s got to be difficult being stern when you’re like this. Do you want me to untie you? Mr. Pemberthy won’t have anything to say if I’m there. I promise you that.”  
“That’s so sweet, but Billy is supposed to be the only one who can untie me. If you can help me up those stairs I’d be very appreciative!”  
“Of course dear! You’re such a beautiful girl. These boys had better behave themselves. Why don’t we have lunch together after you speak with Mr. Pemberthy?”  
“That sounds nice! I’d like that.”

**Michelle and the New Class- Part IX**

“Thanks for seeing me Michelle,” started Mr. Pemberthy, taking a seat on his leather couch next to the newly seated Michelle.  
“No problem.”  
“I felt the assembly went well. You?”  
“Sure.”  
“Listen, so the reason I called you here is because of Billy.”  
“Billy?”  
“Yes.”  
“What about him?”  
“So I think you know that Timmy Sheridan, who’s now in seventh grade here in Springwood is Billy’s brother?”  
“Yes. Ms. Tillelli explained that earlier.”  
“Well, what you probably don’t know is that they’re step brothers.”  
“Okay.”  
“My sister had Billy, and soon thereafter his father left. Real jerk. He’s never taken an interest in Billy’s life.”  
“Awww.”  
“So my sister re-married-Timmy’s father- who is quite well off. My sister… she still helps Billy’s father with money despite my protests. His father accepts the money, and doesn’t even send him a gift on his birthday!”  
“That’s terrible!”  
“The worst part from my viewpoint is that Billy takes a backseat to Timmy, in pretty much everything. I can’t totally fault Timmy’s father- that’s HIS son- but, well, I wanted to do something nice for Billy for a change. He’s been getting into trouble for a while, and I want him to start focusing on his studies before it is too late. He’s in middle school now; it’s time for him to get it together.”  
“I understand. You’re really good to him!”  
“I try. So when I had a chance to put him in your class…I just think very highly of you, and I know how badly Timmy hated it when he heard Billy was going to be in your section. I remember being over there this summer and having to break up a fight when Timmy threatened to burn the rope I gave Billy to practice his knots.”  
“Oh my…”  
“I mean, his step father was coaching a summer baseball team and didn’t take Billy on it! Do you believe that? Billy loves baseball! He was just so excited to be in your class.”  
“Awwww, that’s sooo nice! Poor Billy!”  
“So at least now you know. I didn’t tell you earlier because I thought it might be weird for you. But things seemed to get a little out of hand on the first day, so I thought it was best to tell you.”  
“Well, Billy was very naughty today, as he totally ignored my assignment, and as far as I can tell, convinced the other students to do the same. But maybe I should wait awhile to assign busy work because it was only the first day.”  
“Well, he shouldn’t have done that, but I think how you plan to handle it is reasonable.”  
“I totally should not have scheduled that type of assignment on the first day. But can I be honest?”  
“Of course!”  
“I just didn’t want all sorts of attention on me before I even got to know them.”  
“Michelle, that’s understandable. You should come to me if you’re feeling uneasy about something. What do you have planned for the afternoon?”  
“I’m going to go over some math. They’ll all be involved and it’ll hopefully progress much differently!”  
“Sounds like a plan. Need some help for lunch?”  
“Well, I was going to eat with Ms. Tillelli. But while we’re on the subject of feeling uneasy, I wanted to ask you something.”  
“Shoot.”  
“You mentioned last year and during summer school that eventually the ‘Michelle Program’ components would change. Do you still think that’s possible?”  
“I would certainly think so. Let’s talk about that later.”  
“Okay, thanks!”  
Michelle enjoyed a light lunch with Ms. Tillelli, waiting for her students in the sixth grade wing to return from recess when she saw Billy and Jake being dragged into the school by one of the recess ladies. Completely frazzled, Michelle attempted to engaged the lady in conversation when she blew right past Michelle into the main hallway tightly grasping the hair of both boys.  
“Miss!!!! What happened here?”  
“What does it look like?” responded the lunch volunteer. “These two were in a fight, and one of them is bleeding,” she continued, pointing to Billy.  
“Oh my God!” exclaimed Michelle. “Who started it?”  
“He did!” responded both students in unison. “Can you let go already!” continued Jake.  
“Fine. Now it’s your problem. May I suggest you keep a closer eye on your students?” said the woman facetiously, as she stormed away back towards the cafeteria.  
“Jake, go right back to class this instant, and this time I want you to actually work on your assignment. I’ll be back in a little bit.”  
“So you’re gonna take his side?”  
“Not until I find out all the facts. But I do seem to recall you threatening Billy earlier,” chided Michelle.  
“Whatever…” said Jake under his breath, walking slowly back through the double doors into Michelle’s classroom.  
“What’s wrong with you Billy?” asked Michelle, hobbling through the halls to the nurse’s office in the front of the building near the administrators’ offices.  
“Well, I’m bleeding.”  
“No, not that. I mean, why would you get into a fight?”  
“I told you. Because he started it. What was I supposed to do?”  
“You shouldn’t have tattled on him earlier. You’re as much to blame as he is. You’re so dirty too. Ugh!”  
“Um, that’s because I was in a fight.”  
“Don’t be a smart aleck. Let’s see your head,” said Michelle, looking at the small cut at Billy’s hairline. “Oh, it’s not that bad anymore. It stopped.”  
“Yipppeee,” responded Billy, as Michelle and Billy descended upon the nurse, a woman in her mid-fifties that seemed annoyed that someone would interrupt her surfing of the internet.  
“What is it?” asked the nurse.  
“My student here has a cut on his head that needs attention.”  
“Lemee see… nothing a little alcohol wouldn’t help,” she said, quickly applying and cleaning out the wound with peroxide.  
“Owwwwwwwwww!!!!!” exclaimed Billy, at the stinging sensation he was experiencing.  
“Shouldn’t you have warned him first?” asked Michelle.  
“Nah, it’s better this way. Quit your complaining. Change this bandage before you wash up later. You’ll be fine.”  
With that, Michelle and Billy started back for the sixth grade wing, Michelle actually walking faster than the melancholy Billy.  
“What’s wrong with you now?” asked Michelle.  
“Nothing.”  
“It doesn’t look like nothing. What am I going to do with you?”  
“Please don’t tell my uncle. He may throw me out of your class.”  
“He’s not going to throw you out of my class. Trust me. So here’s what you’re gonna do- you’re going to apologize to Jake when you get back into class and then I want you to write on the board for this afternoon’s assignment. Agreed?”  
“Yes.”  
“Watch it! Your pants are all dirty and I’m wearing white stockings!” shrieked Michelle as Billy slid past her.  
“Relax. It’s just a little dirt,” replied Billy as he steadied his teacher.  
“Ugh, your hands are soooo dirty too!”  
“You could use a little,” said Billy, sliding the dirty fingernail or his index finger up the back of Michelle’s impeccably smooth, stocking clad thigh.  
“Wash up when you get in too,” informed Michelle, as Billy swiped them both back into the classroom.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part X**

Michelle again presided over her mischievous bunch as Billy did as he was told in washing his hands and apologizing to Jake for his role in their altercation.  
With order at least temporarily restored, and with only a little over an hour remaining in the school day, Michelle summoned Billy to the board to begin their math lesson.  
“Billy, would you please write the following on the board: ‘2 + 3 x 4’?” asked Michelle, as Billy grabbed a blue dry erase marker and began writing on the whiteboard. “No, Billy, write the numbers please,” scrambled a frazzled Michelle to what Billy wrote:  
TOO PLUS TREE TIMES FOR  
“What’s wrong with that?”  
“We’re doing math Billy. I wanted to see everyone figure out this problem.”  
“Is this better?” asked Billy, changing the product to fit Michelle’s description.  
“Much. So can anyone tell me the answer?”  
“Eighty?” shouted Tommy from the back row.  
“Is that a serious answer?” postured Michelle.  
“Uh, I don’t know.”  
“Anyone else? In fact, why don’t you write the answer down on paper, and I’ll come around and check.”  
Michelle started with Jake, hopeful that he had the right answer of 14, which he actually did! Michelle could see that Jake was indeed smart when he applied himself, though the closer she got to him wearing her garter belt and stockings, the less interested in schoolwork he seemed.  
“Very good Jake!” exclaimed Michelle, tolerating his right hand inching up her outer left thigh.  
“Miss D, if we get the right answer, can we touch you?”  
“Um,” began Michelle, actually giving it some thought as Jake continued running his hand up over her butt. “No, I think that’ll be enough. What about you Tommy?”  
“I already said 80. Is that right?”  
“Tommy! No, it is not. You can’t be serious.”  
“I hate math!”  
“Did you go over any of this sort of problem last year?”  
“I dunno, er, I mean, not really I don’t think.”  
“Well, I don’t want you to fall behind, so I think we should schedule some extra help.”  
“Ok.”  
“How about you Joey? Oh, very good!” responded Michelle, her breasts bouncing mere inches in front of Joey’s face, though his being transfixed with them prevented him from taking advantage.  
“Jacob? Oh, alright, you did the addition first,” she whispered. “Try the multiplication first, and what do you get? Yes! Multiplication and division before addition and subtraction. Okay?”  
“I think I got it wrong too Miss D,” said Billy.  
“Billy! You had the right answer, but you crossed it out and wrote ‘77’. Why?”  
“I think I need extra help too!”  
The rest of the afternoon was spent with similar problems- answered via raised hands as Michelle had had a long day and didn’t want to try walking around the room- making it clear to Michelle that Tommy was definitely lacking in math.  
The boys enjoyed Michelle’s delight with their correct answers, especially when her soothing feminine voice of encouragement was combined with a waggle of her high heels while she was propped up on the edge of her desk.  
At 3PM the final bell blared to the dismay of Michelle’s students- how could students fresh off of their summer vacation be so turned off by the final bell?- though Michelle assumed it was because they were simply enjoying the math Q&A.  
“See ya Miss D,” said Joey, waving at the seated Michelle as he packed up and followed Jake and Tommy out towards the hallway.  
“Wait, wait!,” replied Michelle, as her voice froze them on their way out the door. “I wasn’t going to give homework on your first day, but since the assignment from this morning obviously didn’t go well, I’d like you to finish it tonight and we’ll have each of you share it with the entire class tomorrow. Okay?”  
“Miss DiGiacomo?” asked Jacob softly on his way out while Jake and Tommy bemoaned Michelle’s orders. “Was that two pages?”  
“Yes Jacob,” smiled Michelle, as she caught Jacob staring into her chest, her supple breasts still squeezed to perfection by Billy’s extensive rope work.  
“Um, alright,” replied Jacob as he snapped out of it and exited.  
“Wait! Boys? Boys??”  
“What’s wrong Miss D?” asked Billy, now alone in the classroom with Michelle.  
“Oh, I uh, I thought everyone had left me here!”  
“Nah, I wouldn’t leave you Miss D!”  
Billy helped Michelle down off of her desk and onto her feet, gathered his backpack and directed Michelle through the corridor back to the headmaster’s office.  
“At least you take this seriously,” commented Michelle at how focused he was at his job of guiding Michelle to safety. “I just hope you’ll also write your essay later.”  
“I will,” said Billy, rolling his eyes after lowering Michelle into a chair adjacent to Mr. Pemberthy’s desk.  
“So how did the rest of your day go?” asked Mr. Pemberthy, gently tapping Michelle’s thigh as he dropped some paperwork on his desk and took a seat in the chair next to Michelle.  
“Well, after your nephew got hurt at lunch, it was pretty uneventful,” replied Michelle, as Billy shook his head at the information Michelle offered before darting back into the hallway. “I think one of the boys is going to have trouble with math, so maybe he should get a tutor,” whispered Michelle so that Billy wouldn’t hear.  
“Who?”  
“Tommy Spiro.”  
“Okay, I know his parents so I’ll start the discussion with them. What happened to Billy at lunch?”  
“Well, he got a cut on his head, and he’s all dirty. I guess they were playing pretty rough.”  
“Yup, that’s Billy,” reasoned Mr. Pemberthy.. “He looked a little scuffed up. It’s good for him though.”  
“It’s good for him to get dirty?” asked Michelle.  
“Sure. I remember when I was his age. I was the same way,” explained Mr. Pemberthy, as Billy reentered with Michelle’s bags. “Billy, why don’t you untie Miss DiGiacomo?” he continued.  
“Oh, do I have to?” replied Billy, as he dropped the bags and knelt behind Michelle, his mischievous hands running down over her breasts. “I thought Miss D stays tied up for the whole week?”  
“Billy that is NOT what happens! AT ALL!” scolded Michelle. “Besides, you told me this morning that you wouldn’t hesitate to untie me at the end of the day. And now you’re making this sooooo hard on me! My arms have been behind my back all day. Isn’t that enough?” said a visibly upset Michelle, causing Billy’s hands to disappear from Michelle’s ample chest.  
“I was just kidding Miss D,” smiled Billy, squeezing the arms of Michelle’s chair hoping she’d accept his apology.  
“I know you were kidding Billy. It would just be nice, if for once, I…” stopped Michelle, causing Mr. Pemberthy to look up from his papers.  
“What is it Michelle?” asked Mr. Pemberthy. “Is this about the program?”  
“Well, yeah. I accepted every assignment last year, and then at summer school too. I thought there would be changes like you said, but it looks like everything is exactly the same this year too.”  
“There are changes Michelle. How about your classroom and everything. Brand new!”  
“Oh, that’s what you were referring to?? I thought there would be some changes, like Mrs. Peterson had asked for.”  
“That was before Mrs. Peterson left, so there’s no real reason to change any of the basics. Besides, it’s wildly popular, and our application rate shot up through the roof this past year. We’re clearly cutting into Auburndale’s admissions, because we drew more candidates from regions they control than ever before. And I know this program was at least partially responsible because of information that was provided during interviews. So between all of that, we decided to invest even more into the program.”  
“So that’s it? I thought after the first day that you’d reconsider. But now your nephew is in my class…,” replied Michelle, staring over at Billy who still hadn’t begun untying her. “That was sooo unfair of you!”  
“I had hoped that would make a difference in your decision, yes,” admitted Mr. Pemberthy.  
“Well, it does….NOW!” sighed Michelle, shaking her head. “You don’t have any other nephews in fifth grade this year, do you?” said Michelle, sliding to her feet.  
“Haha, no, I don’t.”  
“Well maybe you should start looking for one who can tie tight knots,” replied Michelle, turning her back to Billy and Mr. Pemberthy. “But in the meantime, will one of you please untie me??”

**Michelle and the New Class- Part XI**

Michelle arrived promptly at Springwood the next morning, walking into the front office before realizing that Mrs. Tillelli wasn’t in on Wednesdays. She did however find Billy sitting in a chair outside Mr. Pemberthy’s office.  
“Oh, good morning Billy,” said Michelle, scaling her smile back a bit when she saw her student straightening himself in his seat anticipating her arrival.  
The boy’s eyes nearly melted when they locked in on their target shedding her long gray trench coat and depositing it on the table next to Billy. It was quite possible- and this was really saying something- that Michelle was wearing the skimpiest and sexiest outfit she had ever unveiled during her tenure at Springwood.  
There was a lacey plum colored garter belt, which sat high and tight on her hips, supplemented with various staples of Michelle’s daily lingerie such as bows and delicate floral patterns. The snug straps were connected by metal clasps to a matching pair of stockings that clung to her thighs so perfectly that it was if they were painted on. Michelle completed her outfit with a lacey plum micro thong and 5” silver peep toed heels. It was clearly sensory overload for Billy as Michelle delicately lowered herself into the cold black vinyl of the chair to Billy’s right.  
“So, do you like my outfit today?” asked Michelle softly, now sitting cross legged, drawing Billy’s eyes to her magnificent unfettered breasts and his right hand to her contoured thigh.  
“Uh huh!” drooled Billy, having totally forgotten where he was or what he was doing. It didn’t matter anyway.  
“I thought you might,” smiled Michelle, allowing Billy’s hand to rest on her outer right thigh. “I had this at home. I shop at ‘Whatta Chick’ too.”  
“Uh, yeah, uhuh,” said Billy, barely mouthing the words as his lips grew dry.  
“Figures you can’t speak you little jerk,” teased an unidentified boy who boldly sat in a third chair on the other side of Michelle and slung an arm around the back of Michelle’s chair. “You don’t deserve to be in her class anyway.”  
“I’m sorry, who are you?” asked Michelle, clutching both sides of her chair as she improved her posture while moving away from the arm wrapped around her which fell to the base of the chair. “I’m Miss DiGiacomo.”  
“I know. I’m Timmy, his brother,” said Timmy, pointing across Michelle at Billy. “So I guess I got here just in time, haha! You really can’t like having a loser like Billy in your class.”  
“Why are you so mean to him?” scolded Michelle.  
“Actually Timmy, your timing is terrible,” replied Billy, wrapping his right arm around Michelle’s waist and running his left hand further up Michelle’s crossed right thigh just in front of Timmy. “I was just about to tie Miss DiGiacomo up.”  
“Yeah right. Your uncle probably does that,” laughed Timmy, staring into Michelle’s chest.  
“No, Billy does,” glared Michelle as she slid to the front of her chair after Timmy touched her stomach. “C’mon Billy, follow me,” continued Michelle, now standing in front of the pair and reaching her hands behind her for Billy.  
Billy followed suit and stood behind Michelle, running his hands up Michelle’s thighs before she grabbed them and led Billy outside into her changing room.  
“Lock the door behind you,” instructed Michelle. “Keep him away from me. He’s so mean to you!”  
Billy didn’t care to ask questions, instead getting right down to business. He retrieved about 10 different coils of rope and arranged them across a table, giving him plenty to choose from for use in binding Michelle. Within five minutes Billy completed his mission, leaving an astonished Michelle to analyze her appearance in her full length mirror affixed to the adjacent wall. While Michelle was stunned, Billy thought she looked stunning.  
“Oh Billy, this is even tighter than yesterday!” complained Michelle, though even she was taken with the way in which her arms just disappeared behind her back.  
“The way it should be Miss DiGiacomo,” smiled Billy, as Michelle studied the way he approached her in the mirror, his right hand placed over the clasp on Michelle’s upper right thigh.  
“You said my name right!” complimented Michelle, as Billy moved in between her and the mirror. “So this is what you boys all like, how my arms are hidden behind my back?”  
“Um, yeah, yeah sure,” countered Billy, mesmerized by the way Michelle’s boobs bounced as she tried futilely to move her arms so that they’d be visible to her in the mirror.  
“Ugh!” said a frustrated Michelle. “I can’t even see my hands!”  
“You’re such a hot chick Miss DiGiacomo!” exclaimed Billy, placing his hands on either side of Michelle’s waist across her garter belt.  
With Michelle still struggling, Billy’s hands roamed up over her breasts. He studied every movement they made as he manipulated them. Michelle refrained from scolding Billy, instead cracking a smile as she saw him drop his hands back to her waist and do the motorboat between her boobs.  
“Billy!” laughed Michelle, now sensitive from the vibrations.  
Michelle temporarily shuffled away from Billy, teetering in her typically high heels before Billy crept up behind her and pulled her close again. Before long he was again feeling her up, his eyes closed as he chose to focus on his other senses. The soft and smooth skin of her breasts dancing against his busy fingers; the intoxicating scent of her long brown hair tickling his nose as he continued to hold her tight; the pattering of Michelle’s heels on the hardwood floor.  
“Did you finish your essay last night,” asked Michelle, trying to get Billy thinking about something other than her chest.  
“Uh, no,” replied Billy matter-of-factly.  
“Billy! Why not?” questioned Michelle, exasperated by Billy’s lack of motivation for his school work. “What, what is that?!?”  
“This?” asked Billy, holding something in front of Michelle that he had promptly extracted from one of his pockets. “It’s just a ballgag.”  
“Ohhhhhh!” moaned Michelle. “Why do you have to gag me now?”  
“Please? Only until class starts,” pleaded Billy.  
Satisfied that he had secured Michelle’s tacit approval, Billy affixed the large white ball gag between Michelle’s red lips, fastening it tight behind Michelle’s head after carefully sweeping Michelle’s hair clear of the straps.  
“How’s that?” smiled Billy, stepping back to look over his gorgeous teacher dressed in her skimpy lingerie, all tied up, and now more than adequately gagged.  
“MPPPPHHHHHH!!!!!” responded Michelle, stomping her feet in apparent disapproval.  
“You don’t look too happy,” kidded Billy, approaching Michelle again and gently wrapping her up at the waist. “You did ask me to tie you up though.”  
Michelle’s eyes grew wide, but she opted not to protest Billy’s ridiculous claims, instead allowing him to assist her out of her changing room. Even though she brought them from home and had worn them before, Michelle was uncharacteristically unstable in her shoes. She took solace in her belief that Billy would do whatever was called for to ensure her safety, especially if it meant keeping his hands on her.  
And so it went. Michelle and Billy traipsed through the lobby on their way into the sixth grade wing, capturing the attention of several onlookers, including the school’s music teacher Mr. Finkle.  
“Very impressive Billy,” interjected Mr. FInkle as he rolled around the pair to inspect Billy’s knots. “Michelle, we still have a slot open for our band trip this year if you’re interested.”  
“MMMMPPPHHHH!!!!” shrieked Michelle, shaking her head adamantly.  
“Great! We can talk about the specifics at the next faculty meeting,” commented Mr. Finkle.  
“MMPPPPHHHH!!!” moaned Michelle again, frustrated by the oversized gag that had prevented her speech.  
“How could you tell what she said? She’s gagged,” reasoned Billy.  
“Uh,” replied Mr. Finkle.  
“Mr. Finkle?”  
“Huh?”  
“How could you tell what Miss DiGiacomo said?”  
“What’s that now?” said a confused Mr. Finkle, his attention solely focused on Michelle’s toplessness.  
“Nevermind,” sighed Billy, grabbing Michelle’s hips and starting on for class.  
“Whoa, what’s the rush?” asked an annoyed Mr. Finkle.  
“What do you mean?”  
“I mean, why are you so quick to leave? School doesn’t start for another half hour.”  
“I don’t get what you’re asking.”  
“Wha?”  
“Ok, see ya later Mr. Finkle,” answered Billy as he continued to usher Michelle away from Mr. Finkle’s drool.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part XII**

Billy guided Michelle into her secured classroom and sat her on the couch towards the back of the classroom. Billy smiled as he looked her over, her pink lip gloss even more prominent with the oversized ballgag still a factor.  
“Oooooh!” chirped Tommy, as he emerged from the bathroom to find Michelle perched in the middle of the couch, her legs crossed right over left. “You’re gagged already?”  
“MMMMPPPHHH!!!” Michelle responded despite knowing Tommy wouldn’t understand.  
“I mean, it’s cool, no worries,” said Tommy, ogling Michelle as he sat to Michelle’s left leaning in close to her shoulder while swinging his right arm around her.  
Billy proceeded to write Michelle’s name on the board again- as if that was necessary- then sprinted back towards the couch where he found Tommy cozying up to Michelle, his left hand cupping her right breast. Michelle moaned through her gag as she watched Billy crowd her on her right, readying his hands for more mischievous activity. Before long their four hands were roughly pawing at her, squeezing her delicate breasts and thighs and pulling at her garter belt and straps. At first Michelle permitted their touching, but after a few minutes Billy and Tommy retreated when it was clear that Michelle was not happy with their actions. Billy took that cue to loosen the straps holding the gag in place, extricated the ball and left it dangling around Michelle’s neck like a necklace.  
Although only gagged for a short time, Michelle exercised her jaw as the boys studied her for their next move. Waiting to choose her words carefully, Michelle did not immediately address the pair, opting instead to first scan the room, then the heavy ballgag flush against her collarbone, until settling her eyes on a laminated set of instructions hung on the wall to her left that she hadn’t noticed the first day.  
Swiveling her head to the right, she saw the same list on the opposite wall. It was the complete list of “Miss DiGiacomo Program Rules”:

1. Miss DiGiacomo must be fully dressed by Springwood standards before application of rope  
2. The class monitor will handle any preparation of Miss DiGiacomo unless another student has been designated to do so  
3. ONE STUDENT per day will be designated to do any tying and untying that is necessary. If that student is for any reason incapable of fulfilling his duties, either the student or a school administrator shall assign a replacement.  
4. ONLY the designated student may perform these tasks. If the tasks are performed by anyone else, class privileges may be revoked until circumstances are properly investigated by school personnel.  
5. AT NO TIME is anyone other than Miss DiGiacomo to be tied up at Springwood  
6. Miss DiGiacomo is not to be tied up for longer than 12 hours at any one time unless school activities dictate otherwise  
7. Miss DiGiacomo is not to be tied to furniture- chairs, desks, posts or other such items- without students or other faculty members present  
8. Miss DiGiacomo is not to be touched excessively- PERIOD! Miss DiGiacomo will be the only judge of excessiveness. If this rule is violated, Miss DiGiacomo will immediately be untied and offending students dealt with accordingly.  
9. Miss DiGiacomo must be untied by the end of the day. If this does not occur, tying privileges will be revoked for the student with the responsibility for that particular day.  
10. Miss DiGiacomo is not to be gagged for longer than 2 hours at a time  
11. Miss DiGiacomo is not to be blindfolded under any circumstances  
12. Any other activity not specifically highlighted above that results in unnecessary harm, embarrassment or discomfort to Miss DiGiacomo will be dealt with sternly  
13. Any violation of the rules of conduct could result in adjustments to the ‘Miss DiGiacomo Program’ up to and including Miss DiGiacomo wearing pants.

Michelle read through them carefully as the boys braced to be yelled at. But it never came. Even Billy waited for as long as he could before returning his right hand to Michelle’s mid-thigh. Tommy simply swept his arm from the back of the couch to the front, until his arm locked around Michelle and his fingers connected with Michelle’s bare upper right thigh.  
“Was that there yesterday?” asked Michelle, finally breaking the silence.  
“What?” replied Billy.  
“That list of rules,” said Michelle, nodding her head in lieu of pointing, which of course she was unable to do.  
“Yeah, why?”  
“Just curious. I didn’t notice it yesterday. I guess I was too busy worrying about being tied to that pole,” reminded Michelle.  
“Oh, gotcha,” reasoned Billy. “Can we gag you again until the other guys get here?”  
“No! No more gagging! You’ve already violated rule #10, and now you want to gag me again? How dare you!”  
“No, I uh, Miss DiGiacomo…”  
“Just forget it! Now please help me up,” instructed Michelle, which probably wasn’t her best decision since both boys took that as an invitation to continue to hold her.  
Michelle looked absolutely ravishing no matter the position, and that was certainly not lost on either Billy or Tommy. They steadied her by gripping at either end of her stomach and back, but Billy couldn’t help but slide his left hand down over Michelle’s butt too.  
It was just too much to deal with for young Billy- his sexy teacher’s sweet scented hair and impeccably soft skin- that he somehow briefly traveled to another world as a result.  
“Billy? Billy? Are you listening to me??” demanded Michelle, snapping Billy out of his trance. “I asked you a question!”  
“Wha? Oh, sorry, I didn’t hear you,” responded Billy, involuntarily squeezing Michelle’s ass as he came to.  
“Owww!” squealed Michelle, as Billy hurried her over to his desk and away from Tommy. “Billy, what is wrong with you?” questioned Michelle, as Billy sat and feverishly rubbed her butt while she stood in front of him.  
“Sorry Miss DiGiacomo, I must’ve been daydreaming,” explained Billy, satisfied that he made up for his past transgressions.  
“And here I thought my class wasn’t boring,” said Michelle, clearly annoyed that Billy had zoned out.  
“No, no, it’s not that Miss DiGiacomo,” replied Billy as Tommy flicked Michelle’s garter strap and the other three students entered the classroom. “I was just thinking, that’s all.”  
“Well, that’s good, I guess, except that I asked you if you’d read your essay out loud to begin class today. Would you please stand up in front of the dry erase board and read it now?”  
“Um, yeah, okay,” said Billy, as Michelle welcomed the other students.  
“Good morning boys. Please settle down. I’d like to start class with our homework assignment from yesterday.”  
“Damn!! You look so friggin’ hot today Miss D!” exclaimed Jake.  
“Oh, okay, thanks Jake,” stammered Michelle. “And you shouldn’t talk like that.”  
“Why? What did I do?”  
“You’re being naught… nevermind. It’s nothing,” said Michelle, trying not to dwell on Jake’s compliment. “Billy, can you please start with your paper?”  
Michelle was focused on Billy in front of the class who was fumbling with his laptop which he had arranged on her desk. Michelle stood in the aisle between Jake’s and Tommy’s desks, so she didn’t notice the scheme they were concocting amidst the confusion.  
Jake tossed a small rubber ball into the back of the classroom, though he did so negligently because the ball careened off of the far wall and countertop before knocking a couple of drinking glasses out onto the floor where they immediately shattered into many pieces. Michelle, obviously frightened by the commotion, naturally lost her already compromised balance. Jake and Tommy had fully anticipated this result, and fortunately for them, were treated to the back of a heavenly thigh into each of their outstretched hands which they had perfectly positioned a few inches behind where Michelle had been standing.  
“Ayyyyiieeeee!” shrieked Michelle, startled by the unexpected contact.  
But the grasp of Michelle’s stockings was short lived for Tommy because Jake quickly took advantage and jumped to his feet to catch the not-so- unsteady Michelle, locking his elbows on either side of Michelle’s waist until he could easily reach around and fondle both of Michelle’s breasts.  
“Geez, are you okay Miss DiGiacomo?” asked Jake, still maintaining his hold of Michelle’s ample chest.  
“Um, yes, I think I’m fine Jake,” replied Michelle, watching as Jake slowly removed his hands from her breasts but in doing so also rolled them down her sides and stomach and over her stocking tops before finally pulling away. “What was that?” asked Michelle, glaring at Jake as if he was the only target of her investigation.  
“What was what?” answered Jake, staring innocently up at his teacher’s hardened nipples.  
“The glasses Jake! How did they break?”  
“I have no idea. I was sitting right here.”  
“Do you expect me to believe that Jake?” scolded Michelle as she stamped her right foot which caused- for her at least- an unnecessary bouncing of not only her breasts but of the ballgag still dangling around her neck.  
“Well…yeah. I don’t know what happened,” responded Jake, lying through his teeth.  
“Fine. Then please just clean up that glass. And be careful. Don’t pick any of it up with your bare hands.”  
“Why me?”  
“Because I’m asking you to. If you clean it up, you won’t have any detention.”  
“Ok, cool,” replied Jake, having conceivably wiped the slate clean with his pretty teacher, all the while enjoying an early morning reach-a-round.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part XIII**

“Billy?”urged Michelle, while Jake completed his clean up. “Today please.”  
A blank look crept over Billy’s face as Michelle hobbled around her desk only to be greeted by a blank document on Billy’s laptop screen. Billy’s heart sank when he met Michelle’s complex expression of simultaneous disapproval and disappointment, which somehow superseded his continuous enjoyment of her tightly bound and scantily clad figure.  
“Did anyone finish their assignment?” said a slumped Michelle, poring over the rest of her seated students.  
“I did Miss D!” exclaimed Jacob, firing his hand in the air gleefully.  
“Oh, great Jacob!” replied a somewhat relieved Michelle. “Anyone else?”  
For once the boys’ eyes darted away from Michelle- instead focusing on the floor, the ceiling, the laminated rules list- anything to avoid her cold disposition.  
Joey bowed his head, shading his eyes with his right hand even as Michelle’s hips swayed as she approached the wonder student Jacob. Joey gazed upward only when he heard the clap of her heels cease, lucky to find Michelle with her back turned to him. On display was her flawless ass, its symmetry impossible to ignore, especially with Michelle’s useless hands forced to reside in so unnatural a position.  
Well, unnatural for Joey- and his classmates- but not for Michelle. Instead of working on his essay, Joey followed the trail from her hands- unable to swivel from side to side to achieve even a minimal level of comfort- up over her arms positively littered with sturdy rope work that violently wrenched her elbows together.  
How was Joey to complete his assignment with this type of activity taking place merely inches away? With a perfect view of her butt and thighs, Michelle’s loveliness made it obligatory for Joey to question whether he was an ass, leg or breast guy. Joey took a deep breath, rested his chin on his raised palm, and decided after careful examination- especially since the outline of Michelle’s heavenly tits were still visible even from Joey’s vantage point- that he was indeed a breast aficionado.  
With her back still to Joey, Michelle whispered to Jacob and leaned in closer in an attempt to discuss his completed paper with him.  
“Uh, Miss D?” asked Joey, nearly goosing Michelle in trying to gain her attention. “Can you help me with this?”  
“Joey, I’m working with Jacob right now,” replied Michelle, turning back towards Joey. “Besides, this was a homework assignment; I didn’t mean for you to work on it now.”  
“But I’m almost done!” exclaimed Joey, carefully sliding his right hand through the taut ropes until he was able to run it all the way around to the other side of Michelle’s body.  
“Joey, it does NOT look like you’re almost done. Now please let me work with Jacob who actually finished his assignment last night,” scolded Michelle, as she caught Joey staring into her tits. “Joey!”  
“Huh?”  
“I asked you to let me work with Jacob, and if you don’t let me then maybe you should visit Mr. Pemberthy’s office,” explained Michelle softly, as Joey slid his hand away. “Thank you. Now Jacob, why don’t we sit at the table in the back? The rest of you boys please continue working.”  
“I thought you said we should have done it at home?” asked a confused Joey. “Should we still work on it now?”  
“Ugh! I did…” replied Michelle, shaking her head.  
“So should we just wait until you’re done working with Jacob?” inquired Billy.  
“No…no, I don’t want you boys messing around. Open your science books to the first chapter on oceans and start reading.”  
Jacob eagerly rushed to the table leaving Michelle to struggle by herself to reach the same destination. Michelle noticed that Jacob was shy because his eyes quickly raced away when she made eye contact with him. Instead of pushing matters, Michelle awkwardly lowered herself onto the bench next to Jacob, and slid in close to him so that she could continue looking over his essay.  
Jacob needed another target for his gaze and tried to remain composed as the sweet scent of Michelle’s hair swept over him. Joey and Jake provided him just that as they teased him with puckered lips and smooching sounds, once again drawing Michelle’s ire.  
“Ignore them,” encouraged Michelle. “I’m sure you can find something else to look at.”  
“Um, y-y-y-yes Miss D,” replied Jacob, slowly turning towards Michelle and her pretty smiling face.  
As before with Joey, Michelle caught Jacob ogling her, but this time she didn’t mind. She thought it was cute that Jacob was fidgety around her, unlike how forward some of the other students were.  
“Are you okay Jacob?” whispered Michelle, trying not to embarrass Jacob in front of his peers. “You seem a little nervous?”  
“No, no, I’m okay,” said Jacob, again looking to his right and away from Michelle.  
“I mean…it’s totally fine if you are. I’m SOOO glad you worked on your assignment. Your paper is very good. You must really like camp.”  
“I do, it’s pretty cool.”  
“Did you go to the same camp as Billy? Like, do you go into the woods and get dirty and look for bugs and all of that icky stuff?”  
“Oh no, it’s computer camp. We don’t really go outside that much; I mean, we do, but not into the woods and everything,” said Jacob, wondering how Michelle didn’t glean that from reviewing his paper.  
“That sounds fun. So Jacob, could I ask you to take this nasty ball gag off of my neck? It’s sort of annoying me,” explained Michelle.  
“Oh, I don’t know, Billy would probably…” answered Jacob, his eyes fixed on the floor.  
“That’s okay, I understand,” smiled Michelle reassuringly. “Hey, what are they doing now?” questioned Michelle, noticing Billy had opened the classroom door through which a man wheeled two brown boxes with a hand truck.  
“Billy, what are those?” said Michelle, struggling to her feet and hobbling towards the front of the room to where Billy was beginning to empty the contents of the boxes onto Michelle’s desk. “Who was that man?”  
“Look Miss D,” illustrated Billy. “It’s just some fresh duct tape and cloth for us to use.”  
“Oh my! Why so much?” shrieked Michelle as Billy unloaded ten full sized rolls of duct tape.  
“And that’s just for this week!” exclaimed Billy.  
“Oh Billy!” replied a worried Michelle, prompting Billy to calmly grip her hips.  
“I’m just kidding Miss DiGiacomo. We’ll probably only need about five of them this week,” kidded Billy, tapping one of the large roles of tape against Michelle’s shoulder joint.  
“But why do you have to gag me so much?” countered a frustrated Michelle, her distressed voice ratcheting up Billy’s enjoyment.  
“Well, we were just running out of tape is all, replied Billy while Michelle turned back towards the rest of the class.  
“So you just use this other nasty…” started Michelle, until she felt Billy’s hands wander up over her chest, fondling her soft breasts. “Billy!”  
“Right, right, let’s read about oceans,” said Billy, racing back to his desk, making sure he deposited one of the large roles of duct tape inside his desk.

**Michelle and the New Class- Part XIV**

“I really don’t know what to do with you boys,” said Michelle, shaking her head. “You don’t listen, and I can’t work with anyone individually because the rest of you will just misbehave. And if I assign quiet assignments, I’ll end up gagged. I don’t want to bring every problem to Mr. Pemberthy’s attention, but you’re making this very difficult for me. I know the year just started, so you’re all a little rambunctious; I understand that, and I’m willing to be patient. But you’re all going to have to compromise a little as well…”  
“Sorry Miss D,” said Billy, trying to display a genuine expression to match his words.  
“I don’t know that you are Billy. You kept me tied up until about 7PM yesterday, and I’m still trying to figure out why. There were no extracurricular activities, and yet you and Mr. Pemberthy insisted on ordering dinner in.”  
“But we fed you, so what’s the big deal?”  
“The big deal? You kept me tied up for 12 hours!! I’d like to see you in the back right this instant!!” exclaimed Michelle, hobbling towards the lounge area in the rear of the classroom.  
“So why did you do that? You wouldn’t give me an answer yesterday,” whispered Michelle. “And now you’re setting a poor example for the other boys. You’re indirectly emboldening them.”  
“Embuilding??”  
“You’re encouraging them, okay?!? If you’re going to be the class monitor, things are going to have to change. I need to be able to trust you, so I’m going to give you the benefit of the doubt. But this is your last warning. Now please return to your seat.”  
The rest of the morning progressed without incident as Michelle was able to achieve some positive results, at least in the short term. The students participated in discussion, followed along in their textbooks and, except for a short episode where Tommy felt a stocking clad thigh, generally kept their hands to themselves.  
But at 11:30AM, it was time for the class to be shuttled to art class, which meant a long awaited one hour respite for Michelle. The boys lined up single file alongside Michelle a few minutes before their session began because Billy had to escort Michelle into the front offices so she would not be left alone in their absence.  
Billy crouched down and helped lower Michelle into a chair in central administration while a couple of administrators and a postal employee looked on in amazement. Finally seated, Michelle had planned to pore over a PowerPoint presentation she had prepared the night before only needing to click the arrow keys with her nose to toggle between pages. It wasn’t ideal, but Michelle needed to make the best of it.  
Smiling back at Billy, Michelle realized that Billy had not disappeared with his reflection still visible in her right computer monitor which wasn’t in use.  
“Uh, Billy, I think you have art class now,” informed Michelle. “You’re going to be late.”  
“I know, but Miss D, we were good, so…” replied Billy, pulling a couple of fresh cloths from his cargo pants.  
“Billy, what’s the point of that? We’re not even in class!” said a puzzled Michelle, still dealing with the oversized ball gag dangling across her collarbone.  
The postal employee nearly had a heart attack witnessing this conversation, which Michelle had inadvertently allowed to grow a little louder than expected. He watched as the young student knelt down beside the topless teacher dressed in only skimpy lingerie, place a hand across her knee and smile up at her with a balled up piece of white cotton held up within his other hand.  
The postal employee had to consciously remember to breathe when color left his face after the pretty teacher complied and opened her mouth wide until the boy packed not one, not two, but three of these pieces of cloth between her white teeth, depressing her tongue as moisture combined with the sturdy cloth. A large metal postal box collided with the tiles of the administrative office floor when the teacher coughed through a gag reflex while the boy dutifully continued to stretch four large pieces of duct tape across her face which sealed the cloth in place and silenced the gorgeous woman.  
“Okay Miss D, see you in about an hour!” exclaimed Billy, running for the exit and leaping clear over the postal box.  
“G’day ma’am,” said the postal employee, ogling Michelle in her plum lingerie after Billy was long gone. “I just wanted to remind you that the price of stamps will be increasing by two cents next week, so I have some new ones if you need any. No?” he surmised by the frown in her eyebrows despite her mouth being invisible under the tape. “Okay, well, maybe next time.”  
It took a few minutes for Michelle to get used to the new gag, making her unable to concentrate on her work. She looked at the clock as it grew nearer and nearer to when Billy would be back, no doubt ready for more mischief. Somehow her interest in the document was extinguished when she thought about how all of her early lesson plans hadn’t come to fruition and constantly required adjustments on the fly.  
But every damsel in distress needs a knight in shining armor, and Michelle’s arrived nearly an hour later in the form of Mr. Pemberthy. He carried a large binder under his right arm when he noticed Michelle struggling in her chair outside his office.  
“MMMPPPPHHHHH!!!!” pleaded Michelle through her gag, as Mr. Pemberthy discarded the binder and hurried back out towards her.  
Raising her to her feet, Mr. Pemberthy aided her into his office and looked her over. He swept her long flowing hair out of her face and behind her shoulders, but didn’t seem to be too surprised that she was newly gagged. After all, he had carefully planned the “Michelle Program”, and who better than his own nephew to man the controls.  
“Oh, there you are Miss D!” exclaimed Billy, arriving into the office out of breath after sprinting through the halls to bring his teacher back to class despite it now being lunch time, and he and his classmates agreeing to eat voraciously so that they could have more time to play basketball at recess.  
Billy saw his uncle holding Michelle firmly at her waist, so he followed suit and arranged his hands across Michelle’s bare upper thighs from behind.  
“There he is!” informed the headmaster, as if Michelle didn’t recognize a pair of hands straddling her stocking tops. “I’ll tell ya Billy, you are quickly becoming a rope master. Not only are the knots beautifully tied, but it doesn’t look like they’ve loosened at all in over five hours!”  
“Well, they could be tighter uncle Dave,” said Billy matter-of-factly. “I think I’m going to start using more rope.”  
“That’s a good idea,” agreed Mr. Pemberthy, as Michelle’s eyes widened. “And you all know that we have more than enough materials.”  
“Yup. And they just delivered that duct tape this morning.”  
“I see you’ve put it to good use,” laughed Mr. Pemberthy, stealing a peek at the tape completely covering Michelle’s mouth.  
“MMMPPPHHHHHHHH!!!”  
“So Michelle, I was thinking after last night how rude I was. I should’ve given you a ride. Why don’t you let Billy and I give you a ride home tonight?”  
“MMMPPPPHHHHHHH!!!!” responded Michelle, knowing full well what that meant.  
“I’ll take that as a yes. Billy, I think Michelle will be fine here. Why don’t you go to lunch? You’ve earned it.”

**Michelle and the New Class- Part XV**

“Can I bring my lunch here? I don’t like leaving Miss D alone for too long,” said Billy, rearranging his hands north of Michelle’s stockings.  
“That’s admirable Billy. Sure, why not?  
“MMMMMPPPPPPPHHHH!” moaned Michelle, as she twisted back towards her “loyal” student who she found had blue paint on his hands, presumably from art class. He had transferred some of this paint to Michelle’s tender thighs. “MMMPPPHHHH!” continued Michelle, stamping her feet and swaying her hips.  
Lunch could wait as far as Billy was concerned because Michelle’s movements caused her full, natural breasts to bounce and for Billy to cup them in his busy hands. An exhausted Michelle gained a reprieve, though, when Mr. Pemberthy instructed Billy to calm down and to eat his lunch with his fellow students.  
Mr. Pemberthy then led Michelle to the comfort of his couch and slowly peeled away the ample gag, followed by removing the heavy, wet cloth that prevented Michelle from communicating clearly.  
“I think you know what I’m going to say,” started Michelle, exercising her jaw in between choosing her words.  
“Ok, talk to me,” replied Mr. Pemberthy, as he gently slung his right arm around Michelle.  
“You saw it, and you contributed to it!” said Michelle, deftly crossing her right leg over her left. “You enable Billy, and then Billy enables the other boys, and it becomes a chain reaction. And all the touching…” finished Michelle, her voice trailing off as the evidence- blue paint on Michelle’s outer right thigh and left breast- was impossible to ignore.  
“I know, I got a little carried away. I told you about Billy, and he seems really happy around you. What can I do to make this better?”  
“You can untie me,” said Michelle stone faced. “That’s what you can do.”  
“I understand this got away from us, but I’m not sure untying you is the best option.”  
“Oh, I think it is. Especially after you and Billy kept me tied up until 7’oclock last night. I talked to him about that this morning, and now you go and tell him that you want to give me a ride home tonight. And I know what that means- it means I’ll STILL be tied up, until whenever it is we leave.”  
“I understand where you’re coming from, but Billy has heard about the rides from some of the other students, and has been asking me about it pretty much all summer.”  
“I don’t care. I just want to have my hands free for once.”  
“Okay, what if we made a deal.”  
“Tell me.”  
“Okay, I untie you- only somewhat but it won’t be as tight- and then on Saturday you come with us as I was going to take Billy out hiking.”  
“I don’t want to go hiking Mr. Pemberthy.”  
“Don’t worry, you won’t have to actually go hiking. What do you say?”  
“Define ‘only somewhat’”.  
“I’ll keep your wrists tied, but I’ll remove all of the ropes above your elbows, as well as the ones holding your hands taut against your back. You’ll be able to move at least a little more.”  
“And my elbows?”  
“They’ll have to remain together. But everything else goes away.”  
“Ohhhh,” complained Michelle. “And I won’t have to ride home tonight?”  
“No, we’ll do that on Saturday.”  
“Geez,” opined Michelle. “It seems like I’m trading only a little relief today for Saturday. And will the day be over at 3 today?”  
“Sure. That’s fair.”  
“Ok, I agree,” stated Michelle, moving to her feet so that Mr. Pemberthy could deliver on his promise. “And can you make sure Billy doesn’t say anything about this to the other boys? I don’t want them knowing about Saturday.”  
“Not a problem,” replied Mr. Pemberthy, making short work of the extraneous ropes by cutting them away until they fell around Michelle’s heels. “I’ll go get your lunch now and let Billy know of our new plans. But afterward, do you have some work planned for them the rest of the day?”  
“I guess, why?”  
“Because I think you should probably wear this too,” mentioned Mr. Pemberthy, tapping the large ball still residing around Michelle’s neck.  
Having enjoyed a nice soup and salad, Michelle shrieked as Mr. Pemberthy wiped away the blue paint from her breast and thigh. Despite her increased mobility, Michelle’s elbows and wrists were still welded together, and she still had her usually sumptuous “armless” appearance. But for a woman who spent as much time in bondage as Michelle, her remaining predicament was best summed up by the Commodores’ song “Easy (Like Sunday morning)”.  
Of course, Saturday was another story. And after Mr. Pemberthy finished tickling…removing the paint from her body, Michelle would also have that heavy ball gag reinserted into her mouth just in time for Billy to take her back to class.  
Billy was clearly excited when he saw his teacher in her adjusted bound and gagged state, but didn’t let that translate into the classroom as he set the tone for a low key afternoon of social studies, much to Michelle’s delight. Joey and Jake complained about Mr. Pemberthy’s rope removal, but after a short explanation by Billy did not carry it further. By the time 3PM rolled around, Michelle’s jaw ached from being jacked as wide as it was, but Billy was a gentleman in quickly removing it (and not leaving it dangling around her neck). Michelle responded by not assigning homework, but acknowledging that they would have to pick up the pace in the coming days to make up for all of the distractions of the first two.  
The rest of the students filed out, leaving Michelle to be once again freed by Billy. Billy stalled for about fifteen minutes delving into more civil war discussion- which Michelle actually found cute- but an awkward pause made even Billy realize that it was time for the day to end.  
Finally free, Michelle rubbed her arms and flexed her fingers, a process that very few realized would take up to another full hour before she was able to fully manipulate objects. Michelle watched as Billy went through his desk packing his knapsack and docking his laptop.  
“Thank you for making the afternoon easier for me,” smiled Michelle, propping herself up on Billy’s now cleared desktop.  
“I just can’t wait for Saturday!” said Billy, barely noticing his sexy teacher crossing her stocking clad legs.  
“I know.”  
“Are you gonna wear something hot like this?” asked Billy, running his left hand down Michelle’s crossed right thigh.  
“No, I was thinking I’d wear jeans since it is Saturday. And maybe a nice baggy sweatshirt,” laughed Michelle.  
“What?!?”  
“Don’t worry Billy. I’m sure that whatever it is, it won’t be appropriate for hiking!”

Michelle and the New Class- Part XV

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**Michelle and the New Class- Part XVI**