**Remote Control**

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Monday morning, British Politics: People and Power, two hours worth of lectures all before 11am. Really, could my day get any worse? The shrill bleeping off the alarm clock still ringing in my head, 7:45, and definitely time to get up, i still had too much to do before my first class.

Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, eyelids still heavy and tired from staying up too late the night before. Not the best idea in the world, but i just had so much stuff to do, and so little time to do it in. Even as i trudge down the hall to the shower i'm running through a mental 'to do' list in my head, and silently groaning at just how much it has grown over the weekend.

The hot water gradually washes away the remains of sleep as i simply go through the motions of getting ready. Shampoo and conditioner, You like my hair long so i need to keep it in good condition for You, even if it means getting up a few minutes earlier every morning to make sure it gets a thorough conditioning. Then shaving, everywhere, again, a prerequisite for You, but i can't say i don't enjoy the sensation of soft, smooth skin under my fingers.

It's too early for most to be awake, and so wrapping myself from head to foot in a towel i make a quick dash back across the hall to my room, snuggling into the thick warm of the material, tempted, for a few seconds, to go back to sleep. No time, no time, i keep telling myself, but that pull of sleep will be present for another hour yet i should imagine.

It's almost 8:30 by the time i've moisturized and dressed, checking my appearance in the mirror a few times, adjusting little things here and there until i know they are correct. Muttering under my breath as things don't look as perfect as i know You would like. Fussing and changing until i have it correct.

There, my long red hair tied up into two high bunches that seem to bounce around my face like excited children, or perhaps more like i do when i know You are coming to see me. My tits pushed up into my new red bra, and just about forced into my white school shirt, the top two buttons left undone giving anyone and fantastic view of my cleavage, the third and fourth buttons threatening to burst. I know that shirt is too small, that's the appeal though isn't it? Short black skirt, just long enough to cover my ass as i walk, but certainly not if i need to bend over to pick anything up. Red panties underneath, and then my knee high new rocks, heels to make me seem taller, make the skirt seem shorter. School tie loose around my neck, hanging just where my shirt opens, immediately drawing attention towards my tits. I can only think what people must think, but i don't care, i know what You think.

A knock on the door startles me, and again i check the clock, there isn't usually any post until after 9am, and the cleaners don't usually come around until after 11am. Shrugging slightly, i open the door and glance around the empty corridor, confused. Just as i am about to shut the door i notice the small package on the floor, so easy to miss, but at the same time, so obviously placed for me.

I carry it into my room and sit down on the bed to open it, completely confused as to what it might be, and why anyone would be sending me anything? Everything is soon explained as i rip open the brown paper and a small handwritten note falls onto my lap. 'Pet, i want you to wear this for me today, as well as everything else i have asked for. Be a good girl, and enjoy your classes. - Sir' Rummaging around in the bubble wrap inside the package i finally find the hidden contents, my hand closing around a smooth cylidrical object. As i pull it clear of the packaging i smile, giggling slightly as i realize exactly what it is and what its implications for the rest of the day.

We've talked about remote controlled vibrators for a while now, ever since i told You how much the thought of them turns me on, just holding one in my hand has my stomach tight with anticipation, my pussy already dampening, i know i mustn't waste time, but one thing is bothering me slightly, where are You? How are You going to activate the bullet? It's obvious that You have the remote, but i have classes.

Shaking my head as i glance at the clock and notice just how long i have been daydreaming i quickly slip my hand under my skirt and into my panties, easily slipping the bullet into place, i'm already so wet for it.

Grabbing my notebook, pen and text book and keys i quickly jog down the stairs, checking the actual post box as i reach reception, smiling politely at the day porter as his jaw all but hits his desk, his eyes certainly not high enough to be looking at my face.

It's all i can do to not run to my first class, i'm already buzzing at the thought of what might happen today, i just want to get there and see what happens. Never has Politics looked so interesting.

Stepping into the lecture theater i take a deep breath to calm myself down before heading for a seat in the far back corner, it's not a case of hiding from the lecturer, it's just that if somehow You get close enough to turn the vibrator on, i don't want to be right at the front of the room where everyone can see. Up here is risk enough for me, especially as people start to file in around me.

For a few seconds i close my eyes and lean back against the wall behind me, i could so easily just doze off, even through all the excitement of my package, i can't deny the pull of sleep after getting about five hours sleep the night before.

The sudden and unexpected vibrations from the bullet deep inside my pussy yank me back to reality with a soft moan that i quickly try to cover with a cough. My eyes frantically searching the room for You, the range on these things isn't fantastic, You must be in the room somewhere. How? Why? Thinking rationally is getting harder though as the speed and strength of the vibrations increases. What are you trying to do?

And then just as suddenly as it started, it stops, and i still don't know where You are.

And the class is about to start, so my searching for You needs to take second place to paying attention to the lecturer, i know You want me to do well in my classes, so i must pay attention.

I don't know how much time passes, but my note taking leaves a lot to be desired, and the room is so warm i start to feel myself drifting towards sleep again, my head resting against the wall behind me. Oh, so sleepy. Sleep looks so much more appealing than my lecture, this teacher's voice droning on and on doesn't help. Why was i up so late last night?

Just as my eyes close and i softly sigh with contentment, my pen drooping from my hand onto the table You strike once more. Dragging me back to the present with the pulsing vibrations that make my insides melt and my skin flush as i grip the edge of the table to fight the sensations, biting my lip to hold back the moan. I can almost hear You "that'll teach you to fall asleep in class." But if anything my concentration is worse, my pussy tingling as You switch off the vibrations, my panties are already soaked and we are only half an hour into the class.

Taking another deep breath to calm down slightly i pick up my pen again and scan my eyes over the lecture notes to see where we are and what i missed, i'm going to have to put in some extra time in the library to make up for this lapse in concentration.

I still don't know where You are, but i know You control me, in every possible way right now. I can't fall asleep, i must pay attention, if You so wished You could push me right to the edge of orgasm right there in the middle of my class and i wouldn't be allowed to cum without asking You, and until i know where You are that is impossible. This really is my fantasy come true isn't it? You were listening to every word, and now You are making it real.

Another ten minutes or so passes by and not a buzz from You and i finally start to relax a little bit more, paying more attention to the lecturer as he approaches the area that i am struggling to understand the most. As he starts i hesitantly raise my hand, waiting for his eyes to sweep back around to my side of the room.

"Sorry, but umm.. Could you possibly just explain Universal Sufferage again? I didn't understand it fully last time and i've had no luck with the reading i've done since last week."

i hope You're proud of me, speaking out when You know i don't like to draw attention to myself. You wait until he has finished explaining and i have taken a sufficient volume of notes to ensure i wont forget in the future before switching on a nice low vibration, as if to say "well done, i'm pleased."

I had never thought that different vibrator speeds could say so much, but this does, or is it just me over analyzing? What does it matter, if i want to think You are talking to me through the vibrator speeds then that is what is happening until You tell me otherwise.

You leave it running, the soft and slow vibrations just enough to remind me it is there, just enough to have me soaking my panties, and probably the back of my skirt if it was long enough, but it's not so much that i can't concentrate.

As the lecture finishes i start to slowly pack up my things, letting majority of the class empty out before i stand up, i have an hour before my next class so there is no rush to get anywhere, and i really don't need a horde of horny lads looking down my shirt right now, i'm horny enough for everyone in the room. When there are just a few people left i pack up my textbook and stand.

Only for You to send another blast of strong vibrations tearing through me. It's so unexpected, so strong my knees almost buckle, my breath catches in my throat and i can't control the cry of surprise and excitement. That's so good. I grab the back of the chair to hold myself steady before sitting back down, i know i can't walk until You stop. Where are you to be doing this? I squirm in my seat as sitting only seems to make the vibrations feel stronger, at least the room is empty now, and i know from the timetable that there isn't another lecture for another hour. Struggling to control my breath, fighting the waves of pleasure coursing through me as You adjust the vibration patterns, fast and slow, hard and soft.

Time passes in a blur, i've no idea how long i sit there, head back against the wall, focusing on just breathing, silently begging for more and for You to stop all at the same time.

And it stops.

There's a muffled click of a lock that barely registers in my head as i lie there, slouched low in the seat, head back, eyes closed, chest rising and falling heavily, i'm amazed the buttons have held on the shirt.

Slow measured footsteps are what pull me from my day-dream like state, and then the unmistakable sound of Your laughter.

"Fun lecture my toy?" You ask as You draw level with me, grinning almost from ear to ear. "It wouldn't have been so much fun if you had managed to stay awake for all of it, but well done for asking that question, I know you were struggling with that concept the other night."

"Yes Sir..." my voice is still breathless. "Where were You? How did You know?"

"I always know, wherever you are. Now tell me, how are you feeling?"

"Not sleepy anymore..." I laugh, sitting up straighter in the chair. "But i'm rather wet, and rather aroused."

"Good." You can't seem to stop smiling, and i can't seem to stop watching You, maybe that's why i'm Yours, because just seeing You makes my day so worthwhile. "Was it as good as you imagined? To give me that control?"

"Yes Sir." There's no doubt about it, it was just one more part of my life for You to flex Your control over, knowing that You had me squirming in my seat even in a lecture was a thrill, knowing it is something i would never have done without You, knowing that i could get caught any time. For You.

"Show me." You command, that authoritative tone that makes me wonder if i have done something wrong, but that also leaves me wanting more instruction every time. And it takes me a few seconds to realize what You want, but You just sit and wait, an unerring faith that i will do what You ask.

Spreading my knees i flip up the bottom of my skirt to reveal the large wet mark across the gusset of my panties, the red cotton turned almost black, a matching, but smaller, damp spot on the seat of the chair.

"Mmm, good. Now, go down to the front of the hall, take your text book and stand by the white board."

Frowning slightly, and very conscious of the fact that we are in what could very easily become a public setting i take my bag down to the front of the lecture theater and stand besides the giant whiteboard.

"Don't look so nervous." You laugh. "I locked the door as i came in, we wont be disturbed just yet."

Standing beside me You seem to tower over me, not just in height, but Your very presence is so much greater than mine. Lowering my eyes to the floor i take a deep breath, waiting for whatever happens next.

"Let's see just how much of that class you were actually listening to eh?" You slowly circle around me, i can feel Your eyes burning through me as You nod appreciatively, i know You love this outfit. "I will ask you questions, if You get them right i will turn the vibrator on at a medium speed for five seconds per question. If you answer incorrectly you will be punished. You are not allowed to cum until you have answered all the questions correctly. Any you get wrong I will cycle back around to until you have answered them all correctly. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir, You will ask questions about my last lecture, any questions i answer correctly will earn me five seconds of the vibrator on high, incorrect answers will be punished, i am not to cum until i have answered all the questions correctly."

"Correct, feet spread and arms behind your back."

Thirty seconds later and You had undone the remaining buttons of my shirt, leaving it open, exposing my bra and tits to your view, and tied my hands together behind my back with my tie. Then You picked up my textbook and skimmed Your eyes over the pages relating to the lecture and start asking questions.

"What does government do? I want three possible answers, I know there are lots."

"Government provides a means for the representation of diverse interests. Umm... It fosters regional and national alliances and pursues global goals. And... fosters social peace by the provision of policing. Sir."

"Good toy."

The vibrations are not as powerful as when i tried to leave the class, but are stronger than those You administered during the lecture and i moan softly with appreciation, and then regret as You switch it off.

"Define politics."

"Politics is essentially a process that seeks to manage or resolve conflicts of interest between people, usually in a peaceful fashion... umm... There's more but i can't think what, Sir."

"That's an incorrect answer."

Circling around behind where i couldn't see You, i started to worry, that familiar knot of disappointment in my stomach while i racked my brains for the correct answer for next time. You picked something up from the desk, i heard it, but could not tell what until You bought it sharply into contact with my left ass check. Flexi-Ruler, a sharp and stinging pain, arousing in the right setting, but not this.

"One Sir, thankyou Sir." The words are out of my mouth before i even think about saying them. You didn't tell me i had to count, but it's habit. I take a few deep breaths and try to push aside the stinging stripe across my ass and focus on the next question.

And so we continued, i don't know how long for, or even how many attempts it took me to get the trickier questions right, but i do know that my ass was burning and my pussy was dripping by the time we finished and my whole body seemed to be aching for release. My arms were sore from being tied, but that paled in comparison to my need to cum.

The final correct answer and the subsequent "reward" almost sent me to the floor, my knees buckling from beneath me as You increased the speed of the vibrations over the five seconds, but You were there to catch me, a quick arm around me to support me and a gently muttered "Steady pet." as you guide me back against the desk, giving me something to lean against for a bit more support.

I was panting, my whole body shiny with sweat as i fought against the orgasm You seemed so intent to drive me towards, but that i knew i couldn't have until You said so.

"Very good, now you know this class inside out. Maybe i should test you like this more often." You chuckle and smile, and immediately i am filled with that enormous sense of pride that i managed to do the task, that You are pleased with me.

"Please Sir..." i mutter, barely trusting myself to speak, afraid that the tiniest of movement will be too much for me.

"Yes toy?" You ask, your voice betraying nothing, as if You have no idea what i want.

"Please Sir, please..." i struggle for the words, just wishing You would just understand and say yes. "Please, i need... can i cum? Please?" i stare at You, wide eyes, hopefully displaying my raw need, evident by the sodden panties and the rock hard nipples, the flushed cheeks and the uncontrolled breathing.

You smile almost vindictively and i watch as You flick the switch on the remote, setting the vibrator going once again, just a slow speed, just holding me right on the edge of my orgasm, but not pushing me over just yet.

Slowly You walk around me and untie my wrists, gently rubbing them, letting the blood flow return to normal and letting me stretch my arms out in front of me, easing them back into use, soothing away the aching pain before sliding my shirt down my arms and off me.

I moan softly, as Your hands brush against my tits.

"Please Sir?" i ask again, my eyes wide and pleading. "Please?"

"Not yet." You reply sadistically as You hand me a different top, one of my many t-shirts. "Put that one on, you have a class in about ten minutes if i remember correctly, and you can't go dressed like that, it's all wet and sweaty."

"Please?!" i cry out after pulling the t-shirt over my head.

"No." You reply and turn the speed up one level for about five seconds, as if to remind me who is in charge, and then You hand me a pair of jeans. "And you need to change that skirt, it really is too wet to wear again."

"Thankyou Sir." i reply meekly, slipping the skirt down over my hips and taking the jeans from You.

"After this next class you can return to your room and you may cum, but not before. I will leave the remote control with you, you are not to turn it off before the end of the class. For your next lecture you will keep it on speed one, then as you walk back to your room i want you to turn it up to speed two and once you are in your room you are free to do as you wish to make yourself cum."

"Thankyou Sir." i reply, more enthusiastically than before, but silently dreading the next hour, Business Law with a vibrator inside me?

"I will speak with you later tonight."

"Yes Sir, thankyou Sir."