**Springwood School**

by bernanke41 491

**Opening**

Billy Pemberthy stared disgustedly at his half-eaten peanut butter and jelly sandwich and leaned his head into his right hand as he peered out the window at the pouring rain which had interrupted his much needed recess time. He’d now been attending the Springwood Elementary Boys School for two weeks, and found getting along with the four other students in his class hard to come by. Recess was his one chance all day to get outside and blow off some steam by skipping rocks and playing in the dirt, but was now being curtailed and replaced by the shackles of lunchroom table conversation with people he didn’t really like.

Billy was one of five lucky students enrolled in a special fifth grade section taught by Michelle DIGiacomo via a program that became affectionately referred to as the “Michelle Program”. Devised by the 71-year old headmaster George Permberthy to counteract lagging admission rates when compared to Springwood’s competitors, the program called for Michelle to spend all of her time at the school wearing skimpy lingerie while topless, incredibly tightly tied up and frequently gagged. The all-boys school and predominantly male faculty obviously loved the innovative program, and Michelle was the perfect subject as a very submissive drop dead gorgeous 5’3”, 110-pound 32C-24-32 brunette.

Despite the program’s popularity, Michelle entered her third year with some uncertainty, as the head trustee Mrs. Peterson- a long-time rival of Mr. Pemberthy- sought to unravel the program and revert things back to the way they’d always been before Michelle. She filed a scathing report that Mr. Pemberthy was forced to address just prior to the opening of the new school year, the highlights of course centering around Michelle’s being tied up and in a state of undress. While Michelle welcomed Mrs. Peterson’s challenge to the program, she was dismayed to learn that Mr. Pemberthy had somehow kept the program’s core components intact while agreeing to one huge change: Michelle was not to have contact with her students going forward.

Though relieved to hear of the change at first, Michelle had spent the majority of the first few weeks of the term securely lashed to a post atop a rotating platform, while a recently retired faculty member assumed the role as class chaperone and handled the day-to-day instruction of the students. Michelle was relegated to being a mere statue, unable to conduct a lesson or participate in one-on-one instruction.

Sensing a lull in the lunchroom aids’ attention, Billy slid back his chair, tossed out his remaining sandwich and skipped out into the vacant hall near the front lobby where he’d hoped to catch a glimpse of his sexy young teacher. Michelle typically spent her lunch hour in the administrative suite with one of the administrative assistants, Mrs. Tillelli, but as Billy approached he found only his grandfather- Springwood’s headmaster himself George Pemberthy- walking into his office. Billy surged towards the door of his grandfather’s office, but halted when he heard a female voice. The door was left ajar, so Billy eavesdropped just outside of it.

“Mr. Pemberthy, it’s just…do I really have to be on that platform all day?” complained the woman, which Billy confirmed was Michelle despite the fact that he’d barely heard her voice and rarely seen her ungagged during his short time at Springwood.

“I’ll talk to Jim, because he should be making sure you’re not up there for more than a couple of hours at a time,” replied Mr. Pemberthy, referring to Michelle’s class chaperone Jim Finkle.

“Ugh…it’s not only that…I’m ALWAYS gagged now,” sighed Michelle. “And the isolation is soooo awful Mr. Pemberthy! I just don’t think that I can…”

“Michelle, just try and relax,” calmed Mr. Pemberthy as Billy watched him slide his liver spotted hands around her waist. “I know it’s not ideal, but for the record I don’t like it much, either, especially the isolation.”

“You don’t?”

“Well of course not! It’s not the program I envisioned, designed and implemented. But I’d rather you continue to be part of the school than not be.”

“Well, it’s actually a relief to hear you say that,” said a more relaxed Michelle.

Billy continued to observe their discussion, but couldn’t hear what had progressed to whispering between the pair. Michelle sat cross legged at a guest chair in her usual skimpy outfit provided by the lingerie supplier “Whatta Chick!” and Billy strained for a closer look as she had unveiled her sizzling hot white number that everyone drooled over consisting of a ridiculously lacey white garter belt and tiny white thong complemented by white ultra-sheer thigh high stockings with lace tops and back seams and 5” white strappy platform high heels.

Her hands were numb and her arms and shoulders ached as the septuagenarian headmaster knelt beside her and scratched the back of his mostly bald head which had been rubbed raw as redness prevailed from some sort of skin condition. Michelle was about ready to throw up when he returned his hands to her tender skin. She was thoroughly grossed out by Mr. Pemberthy, her eyes drawn to his brown cardigan sweater which featured several mustard stains, though she was unsure if they were all from today. He was a portly 5’10”, dressed comfortably in a striped button down shirt, the sweater, jeans and brown shoes. Michelle tolerated his hands on her thighs because as soon as he stopped she would likely be re-gagged for the afternoon. She was completely powerless with her elbows and even upper arms welded together with yards and yards of unforgiving ropes, so much so that her arms were completely covered in it from just below her shoulders down through her wrists, where half a roll of duct tape effectively enveloped her hands. Each tie was rigidly and expertly applied with six or seven revolutions around her thin arms, and to make matters worse additional rigging around her stomach, torso and chest served to pin her bound arms securely against her back, preventing all side-to-side movements. Her arms were locked in place in a most unnatural position behind her.

“Billy?!? Is that you?” asked Mr. Pemberthy, as he caught his grandson creeping into the office. “What are you doing here? Why aren’t you at lunch?”

“Oh, uh…sorry…I just came by to see what you were doing. They wouldn’t let us out in the rain,” groaned Billy.

“Too bad. I was just going to bring Miss DiGiacomo back to class,” explained Mr. Pemberthy, as Billy was mesmerized by Michelle being led back to her feet. “You outta get back to lunch though. You only have about fifteen minutes left.”

“Why?”

“Just do it, okay kiddo?” chided Mr. Pemberthy.

“Fine!” grumbled Billy, slinking away.

Billy watched in wonderment as Mr. Pemberthy guided Michelle out into the main hallway, before taking a left and disappearing down the fifth grade corridor until they reached her special classroom, requiring a swipe card for entry.

By the time Billy got back to the lunchroom no one had even noticed he was gone. He endured another ten minutes or so of being ignored, and then filed back out towards class when Mr. Finkle returned from the faculty room. The casual conversation quickly changed to an exuberant buzz when the students re-entered the classroom to find Michelle re-gagged, secured again to the post, and gently orbiting the pole in a clockwise fashion.