

Confiscation

by Pan

“Ms. Fontana?”

The raven-haired teacher looked up from her desk, to see Blake Black - one of her least favorite students - standing at her doorway.

“Mrs.,” she corrected him. “What is it, Blake?”

“You said I could come by after class to get my stuff back,” he said, crossing the room and standing at her desk.

The teacher’s brow furrowed, but after glancing into Blake’s dark eyes, she blinked twice.

“Ah yes,” she said, opening the top drawer of her desk. “Of course. Close the door, would you?”

“Yes, miss.”

As the door to her classroom swung closed, Mrs. Fontana stared into her drawer, confused. There were some paperclips, an old comic book, a rubix cube, and a handful of packets of gum... for some reason, none of these looked like what she’d confiscated from Blake.

What *had* she confiscated from Blake?

“I’m afraid...-”

The words died in her throat as she glanced into her students eyes once more. There was a long pause, until the silence was broken by her student’s polite cough.

“The top, ma’am,” he said helpfully.

“Ah yes,” she nodded. “Of course.”

It took a minute to wriggle out of her top - not so much because it was tight-fitting, more because of the teacher’s ample bosom. As she removed it, she managed to knock her glasses from their perch on her nose, but once she’d disentangled those from the top, she handed it over to her student.

“There you go,” she said. “Now please, don’t let it distract you in class again.”

“I can’t help it,” Blake replied, grinning as though he was saying something clever. “This top is *very* distracting.”

Mrs. Fontana sighed.

“Blake, we both know you’re a smart boy. But if you’re not going to pay attention, you’re never going to get anywhere in life.”

“If you say so,” he said. The grin was still there, as he ran his eyes up and down his teacher’s body. For a brief second, she felt self-conscious about sitting there in front of him, wearing nothing more on her top half than a black bra, but the feeling soon passed.

“Now, if there’s nothing else...”

A hurt look appeared on Blake’s face.

“You mean, I’m not going to get the rest of my stuff back?”

“N-no,” Mrs Fontana said. “That’s right.”

She had no recollection of confiscating any more of Blake’s stuff, but she wasn’t going to admit that to him.

“No, I’m going to hold onto the rest until you learn to behave yourself better.”

“Please, Mrs Fontana,” he said, a tone of worry in his voice. “If I don’t bring the bra home, I’m going to get into so much trouble from my parents.”

The dark-haired woman sighed, and reached behind herself.

“*Fine*,” she grumbled, unclasping her bra. “But only because you said please.”

As she pulled her bra away, her large tits fell into view. A slight thrill ran through the

teacher's body at the adoring look on Blake's face - she'd always been proud of her body, and it was a pleasure to get to show it off to someone other than her husband.

Wait, that wasn't right. She shouldn't be...

Another glance into Blake's eyes distracted the teacher. She clasped her hands behind her back, pushing her chest forward, and tilted her head to the side.

"Now," she said patiently. "If you don't mind, I really need...-"

"I can't go yet."

Blake's interruption made Mrs Fontana's nose crinkle with annoyance, and her nipples hardened accordingly. No, that wasn't...-

"Surely there's something I can do to get the pants as well."

Mrs Fontana tore her eyes away from her student's, and glanced down at her pants. Why the hell had she even confiscated these from Blake?

Her first impulse was just to give them back, but she knew that she couldn't make it too easy. If this problem student thought she was a pushover, she'd lose any chance of maintaining control in class.

No, she'd have to make him work for it. It was the only way of earning his respect.

"Blake," she said. "You know I can't just hand them over. You'll never learn your lesson if...stop that!"

While she was talking, Blake had reached out and begun tweaking and pulling on her nipples. She glared at him, but he didn't seem even slightly deterred.

"You see," she said, a frustrated tone in her voice. "This is exactly what I'm talking about! I am your *teacher*; you shouldn't just be...oh!"

Blake had given one of her nipples a particularly hard pinch, distracting her and lighting up her nerves. He'd completely fluked upon one of her turn-ons, but she wasn't going to let him know how much having her nipples pinched turned her on.

"If you want to get everything back," she said, after taking a moment to calm down, "you need to show me that you've learned the error of your ways. By *behaving* yourself."

Despite her emphasis, Blake's assault on her nipples never slowed for a second.

"Yes, Ms Fontana," he said, staring straight into her eyes. "What would you like me to do?"

"You can start by calling me *Mrs* Fontana, for a start," she said, rolling her eyes.

"What if I just call you Louise?"

"Fine," she sighed. Blake's hands had gone from attacking her nipples to cupping her breasts. That was better, she supposed.

"What else, Louise?"

"Well..."

The teacher stared into her student's eyes as she racked her brain, trying to think of something that would be appropriate.

"You could use your mouth, instead of your hands," she eventually concluded.

"Yes, miss."

Blake leaned forward. As she hoped, his mouth was just as talented as his hands. A warm feeling filled her body, and she could feel her toes curl. It had been almost a week since Mr Fontana had last brought her to orgasm, and she could feel the familiar tingles running up and down her spine as her student sucked on her bosom.

"Oh!" she groaned, as Blake bit down hard. "Yess..."

As Blake rolled her sensitive nipple around in his teeth, Louise rolled around in her chair with pleasure.

“Okay,” she gasped, after several minutes had passed. “That’s enough.”

With a nod, Blake stood straight, his eyes burning into her eyes once more.

“The pants?” he eventually asked, and she nodded.

“Take my shoes off,” she whimpered. She couldn’t wait to get home and ride her husband. For a moment, a worry hit her - how was she going to get home without a top? - but before she could explore the thought too deeply, Blake’s eyes had met hers once more, as he held her plain black shoes in his hands.

“You really should wear something more flattering to school, Louise,” he instructed, and she nodded.

Wait. Why was she...-

“Heels,” he said, and the teacher found herself nodding at his words once more.

There was a long pause as the pair stared at each other. She was breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling with each breath, her nipples red and visibly excited. As she stared into her student’s eyes, she knew that she’d follow his suggestion. She’d wear heels to school the next day - black pumps, with a one-inch heel.

Two inches.

Three inches.

Four inches.

Five...

Before the number in her mind could climb any higher, Blake interrupted her thought process once more.

“The pants, miss?”

“Of course,” she nodded. She got up from her chair, turned away, and slowly removed her trousers. As she bent over, she wondered if Blake would be able to see how wet she was, how wet he’d made her. She bit her lip as she pictured him staring at her ass, and imagined him getting hard at the sight of her...

No.

No, this wasn’t right.

She shouldn’t be imagining her student getting hard. She shouldn’t be...stripping!?! Why was she stripping in front of a student?

A blush covered the teacher’s face as she realized she was topless. And worse, she’d allowed him to...to *bite* on her *nipples*. To openly fondle her in the middle of her classroom. What if someone came in!?

Her pants around her ankles, Mrs. Fontana turned to give Blake a piece of her mind. Before she could say anything, her eyes met his...and all of a sudden, she felt calm once more. Centered.

“Here you go,” she said, stepping out of her pants, bending at the knees so she could pick them up without breaking eye-contact. “Now please, I really should be getting home...”

“One more thing,” her student replied calmly. “That is, if you don’t mind.”

The teacher wanted to roll her eyes, but she found herself completely unable to look away from Blake’s gaze.

“What?” she asked softly.

“You said if I came by after class, you’d give back *everything* you confiscated.”

Mrs. Fontana wrinkled her nose.

“I have. Haven’t I?”

“Almost,” he said, so softly it was almost a whisper.

A worried feeling appeared in Mrs. Fonana's gut.

"What else?" she asked nervously.

"The panties," Blake replied, smiling like a shark. "Can I have those back as well, please?"

The teacher's hand unconsciously moved to her waist, and she felt the band of her panties.

She hadn't confiscated these from Blake, had she?

His gaze never faltered, and she realized she must have.

She could feel the black lace against her fingertips. She remembered the day that her husband had bought her these panties. She remembered trying them on for him, showing off her body, showing off his gift.

But at the same time, she knew that she'd confiscated them from Blake. It was a simple fact, like the fact that she was going to wear five-inch black pumps to school the next day.

Six-inch.

"No," she replied, her voice cracking at the sheer effort it took to stand up to her student.

That didn't make sense either - she was a teacher, he was a student. *He* should be afraid of *her*.

"No?" he said, a smile dancing around the side of his mouth.

"That's right," she said insistently. She was standing in her classroom wearing nothing but a black pair of panties and a pair of white socks. Her nipples were still throbbing from Blake's stimulation, and she was soaking wet, but she knew that she couldn't hand over her panties.

She couldn't.

She *couldn't*.

...not unless he proved that he deserved it.

"What do you want me to do?" Blake asked gently, and Louise almost fell over herself to answer him. She felt like she'd been falling down an endless pit, and he'd thrown her a rope. She was going to grab it, to pull it as hard as she could.

She stared into his eyes. She could practically hear the crackle of their gaze. At some point, his hand had moved to the gusset of her panties, and he was slowly stroking, touching her wetness, making it hard for her to concentrate.

"Please..." she said, not sure what she even wanted. "Please..."

"You're all wet," he said. "Are you turned on, Louise?"

"Mmm-hmm," she replied softly. "Umm..."

He'd moved her hand to the front of his pants now. She could feel his hardness. He was so big. So hard for her.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked again, and the teacher shook her head.

"Shouldn't..." she gasped, as her hand attempted to encircle his erection.

"What should we do, Louise?" Blake repeated, and Louise could feel her inhibitions collapsing.

"Fuck me," she panted. "Please..."

Blake nodded. "If you insist," he grinned, unzipping his pants. Louise gasped at the sight of her student's hard cock, the first cock she'd seen since she'd gotten married.

"Make me cum," she purred. Her brain had given up the fight; her sexual organs were in control now. "Make me cum, Blake, and you can have..."

She trailed off. What had she promised him?

"...whatever you want," she finally concluded, lowering her panties and spreading her legs. "Take whatever you want."

"Thank you, Louise," Blake said with a smile. "I'll take you up on that."