

## Ms. Theresa's Trap

School was letting out for the night when the knock came on Ms. Theresa's classroom door. She knew who it would be: Aaron. Young, naïve, handsome Aaron came rushing into her trap.

"Come in," she called, as innocently as she could manage.

In a flash he was inside and at her desk, his eyes brimming with feelings he didn't understand. He held his books over his crotch in a pathetic attempt to hide his raging erection.

"Ms. Theresa, I'm sorry to bother you so late, but I really need to talk with you." His voice was shaky and dry. She wordlessly handed him a large glass of water into which she had previously dissolved a Viagra tablet. He drank it in three gulps and sat down in a chair beside her desk. His hands pressed down on the books covering his lap.

"It just isn't working, Ms. Theresa. I still get these urges and I don't know what to do. I've tried everything you've suggested."

"Well, that's not quite true, is it, Aaron? I told you not to touch yourself down there, but you're touching it right now...aren't you?"

"I-I'm just covering it up."

"Covering it, or rubbing it? You should keep your hands away from there at all times. You know that."

Slowly, Aaron dropped his hands to his sides, leaving the books askew on his crotch. Ms. Theresa stretched out a pretty red pump and casually kicked them to the floor, exposing his spandex-covered crotch with his cock straining obscenely beneath.

"I'm sorry! I'm sooo sorry!" he cried.

"Now Aaron," she said gently. "Don't apologize to me. I'm the one who's sorry for you. By letting yourself get into this state, you are making yourself very vulnerable to any woman who would want to take advantage of you. You understand that, right?"

Aaron nodded, and kept nodding as she went on, "That's why you can't ever touch it. And that's why you have to wear those pants, so I can see if you're making yourself vulnerable. So I can \*help\* you. Now you stand there and make that penis of yours go down, Aaron. Stop thinking dirty thoughts."

"I'm trying, Ms. Theresa, but I can't."

"Well, we'll just wait until you can."

And so Ms. Theresa busied herself with grading papers giving the Viagra time to work, while subtly giving Aaron glimpses of her cleavage and legs and every so often checking on his throbbing erection and giving little disappointed sighs.

This was the high point of Ms. Theresa's month. In this day and age, it wasn't easy to find boys who were technically above the age of consent, and who had been strictly raised and kept ignorant of their own sexuality and society's sexual mores. Still fewer had parents and guardians who believed Ms. Theresa when she promised at a very reasonable price to take them away and school them in a strict manner that preserved their complete innocence. There weren't many victims like Aaron who were so ripe for her trap. But Ms. Theresa had a real knack for finding them.

After nearly forty minutes, Ms. Theresa finished her paperwork and glanced over at Aaron's cock, straining obscenely against his spandex pants. She rose and walked over to him.

"Oh, Aaron! You're more vulnerable than ever. You *\*have\** to calm down, or else some woman is going to take advantage of that helpless cock."

She drew herself close to him and whispered, "What if your cock broke through that spandex? You know the rules. Any woman could come and tease your naked cock and you would just have to stand there and take it. That's the law, Aaron. Boys who go around with hard cocks are little better than slaves."

Aaron sobbed a little and turned his face away. In that moment, Ms. Theresa saw her chance, and with a quick, unnoticed flick of her fingernail, she made a small hole in the cheap, overstretched spandex, below his shaft, in front of his balls.

"Oh, Aaron. This is just what I was talking about." She took his chin in her hand and directed him to the hole she had just made.

"Oh no!" Aaron breathed. "Ms. Theresa, please...may I go back to my room and change?"

"No you may not Aaron. You are going to stay here and you are going to suffer for exposing yourself in the presence of a lady." She reached in with her finger and tickled the underside of his cock. His whole body shook and this served only to make the hole wider, enough for her to fit three fingers through, which she immediately did.

"You know the laws, Aaron. A woman can tease any part of your cock she can see."

"Ms. Theresa! Please! I-I've learned my lesson. I won't let myself get so ex-excited!"

"Then make your cock go down now, Aaron," she hissed, tickling his balls with her fingertips. "Or the torture goes on."

He shivered around her fingers, widening the hole even more. Now the whole of his cock and balls were exposed, and Ms. Theresa brought out a feather duster.

"Mercy!" he sobbed as she feathered him, from balls, to shaft, to tip and back again.

"No mercy for bad, horny boys like you, Aaron. No mercy at all."

She kept this up for another hour, slowly teasing him. At one point, unable to contain himself any longer, he abruptly stood up and took a step back, as if to run away. She regarded him coolly and said:

"Where do you think you're going, Aaron?" And with the tip of her feather duster, she pointed to the door. Through the slender window he could see four girls from the volleyball team, who had been hungrily watching Ms. Theresa torture him for the past half hour. Now they laughed and licked their lips and disappeared. But somehow, he knew they hadn't gone far.

"You'll never make it back to your dorm room like that, Aaron. You're trapped."

She tickled his cock for another half hour, until he lost all control and begged, "Please let me cum! Please!"

"Oh no, Aaron," she purred. "I couldn't do that. I'm just doing this to help you. To help you see what you're in for if you let yourself get hard. I don't ever plan to let you cum."

"Pleeeeeeeaaase," he sobbed. "I'll do \*anything\*!"

"Anything? Anything at all, Aaron?" She abandoned the feather duster, and took his cock in her hands and stroked it in earnest. "Like that?" she cooed.

"Yes. Oh god yes."

She stroked him just right, bringing him quickly to the edge, and she slowed down, kept him teetering on the brink.

Then she asked, with studied innocence, "If I make you cum, you know what you'll owe me, don't you, Aaron? You know what you'll owe me, according to the law?"

He looked at her with blurred eyes as she went on:

"When a man allows a woman to make him cum, he becomes her slave. Didn't you know that?"

Tears streamed down his face, as he realized what he had just let himself in for. "Please...I didn't know that. Please stop."

"It's too late, Aaron. You asked me -- BEGGED ME -- to make you cum. And now that I think about it, I would like to be able to tease your cock whenever I want -- for as long as I want. I want your cock to become my toy. Is that what you want, Aaron? To be my toy?"

"No! No, I don't!"

"What a shame. Because you made the promise, and I have witnesses." A chorus of laughing sopranos behind him told Aaron that the volleyball players had seen and heard everything.

"If you don't want to be my slave," she went on, "then you'll simply have to control yourself and not cum." She laughed as she tickled and stroked and rubbed, forcing him now over the edge. She felt his balls tighten and knew he was only a few strokes away. "Cum for me, Aaron. Cum for me and be my slave."

"Oh, god!"

"God won't help you, Aaron. God doesn't help bad boys who can't control their pokey toys. God

abandons them to be cockteased forever!"

"No! Nooooooooo!" he cried, and started to spurt.