

# Teacher's Pet

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Ted was sitting in his high school art class staring off into space. His mind wandered to the weekend before when he'd snuck into the Rocky Horror Picture Show. A song (titled "Shit Motherfucker") that the audience always sang before the movie popped into his head and he involuntarily started humming it, and eventually, without even realizing it, he was singing it aloud quietly. He was interrupted when his teacher, Mrs. Dibbs, called him to the front of the class.

"Oh crap," he thought when he realized what he'd been singing, "I hope to God she didn't hear that..." He went to the front of the class and stood before Mrs. Dibbs, a short, red-headed, attractive woman.

"Ted", she said loud enough for the whole class to hear, "I heard what you said just then." Ted looked at his feet.

"Sorry...", he said

"Do you know that the school board's new rules say that I'm to send you to the office where you'll be suspended without question?"

"No.." he lied. He'd heard that somewhere, but thought if he played dumb it might save his ass.

"Well, it's true. But frankly, I don't like that rule. It doesn't take into account that you're basically a good kid that's never given me any problems. So I'll give you a choice in the matter..."

Ted was overjoyed. Whatever the alternative was, it had to have been better than being suspended.

"You can either be suspended," Mrs. Dibbs continued, "Or you can let me wash your mouth out with soap."

Ted looked at her like a cow looks at an oncoming train. The class went nuts. This was the best thing they'd seen in months.

"Well, I can't just NOT punish you, can I?" she asked. "So which is it?"

Ted mumbled something unintelligible.

"I'm sorry, Ted, you'll have to speak up."

"I said I'll take the second one."

"I want you to say it," Mrs. Dibbs said.

"Wash my mouth out." Ted said, embarrassed.

"Louder."

"Wash my mouth out!"

"With what?" Mrs. Dibbs asked, with almost sincere curiosity.

"With soap!" Ted felt sick. He could also feel every pair of eyes in the room watching him.

"Ok, I think we can arrange that. Follow me." Mrs. Dibbs said as she walked over to the sink the art room had for hand washing. Ted reluctantly followed. The rest of the class, sensing what was about to transpire, got up and gathered around the sink. One kid stood on his desk to get a better view. A couple of others followed suit. Mrs. Dibbs pulled a bar of Ivory soap out of the overhead cabinet and set it down next to the liquid Dial dispenser on the sink. She looked at Ted.

"Ok, Ted, you can choose one of the other. Either I'm going to thoroughly wash your mouth out with the bar of soap, or I'll use the liquid soap and go much easier on you. I warn you, though, the the liquid soap will taste much stronger." Ted took her word for and chose accordingly.

"Th-The bar.", he barely spat out. This was not going to be cool either way, but figured he'd shoot for the lesser of two evils. Mrs. Dibbs began to lather up the bar of Ivory underneath the running water. Suddenly she was wiping the bar across his tightly closed mouth, causing a lather to build on his lips. She then grabbed Ted's face and told him to open up. The class watched intensely as he slowly gathered up enough testicular fortitude to open his mouth a crack. A crack was enough. Mrs. Dibbs slid the soap into his mouth and began to slide it in and out. Ted tasted immediately the suds that found their way onto his tongue and into the back of his throat.

After about a minute, Mrs. Dibbs pulled the soap out and said, "That ought to get it." Ted was glad. He wasn't sure how much more of that he could have taken. The sound of a scoff, though, broke the silence as Ted leaned over to rinse. Mrs. Dibbs grabbed the back of Ted's neck and pulled him back up just before he was able to rinse.

Mrs. Dibbs looked at the source of the scoffing sound, a girl Ted had previously always liked, named Jessica. She was a little taller than Ted and red-headed, which he had always liked. Now, though, she wasn't to high on Ted's list.

"You think you can do better, you're welcome to try." Mrs. Dibbs told her.

"For one thing, Jessica said, "You're using Ivory, which is totally unacceptable. Please tell me you have a bar of Dove around here..."

No? How about Irish Spring? Camay?"

Mrs. Dibbs shook her head.

Jessica sighed, grabbed the bar of soap, and forced it into Ted's mouth. "The point," she said, "Is supposed to be to clean every dirty word in his mouth out. To do that you have to wash every little nook and cranny in there." As she talked, she twisted and turned the soap around in Ted's mouth, making sure to angle it down underneath his tongue and up to the roof of his mouth. "To do that though..." she mumbled as she pulled the soap out and lathered her hands with it, "You have to be a little more hands-on. Open."

Ted did as she asked, no longer sure that this was within the boundaries of acceptable public school discipline. Jessica stuck her soapy fingers in Ted's mouth and proceeded to lather every place in his mouth that they would fit into to. She pulled them out though, a couple of minutes later, and looked frustrated at them.

"This sucks," she said, "Can I use the liquid soap?"

Mrs. Dibbs thought for a second and said, "Sure, knock yourself out."

Ted looked at his teacher. What the hell was going on here?!

Jessica pumped a good amount of liquid Dial onto her hands and pushed them into Ted's mouth. As bad as the Ivory had been the liquid Dial was much worse, much to Ted's dismay. He nearly choked on the strong taste. That and Jessica's nails gagged him. She once again began to lather up every place her fingers, which were tiny, could fit.

"That's much better.", she said, looking into her victim's mouth. Then the lunch bell rang. "Ok, that ought to do for now. I'm still not completely satisfied..."

Mrs. Dibbs signaled for Ted to rinse and asked Jessica, "So how do you know so much about this?"

"Oh, I baby-sit a couple of foul-mouthed little brats. That's how their mother has me deal with them. I've actually gotten very experienced at it."

Everyone left for lunch, except Ted, who rinsed for a good while, and Jessica, who went to the girls' bathroom down the hall and masturbated. That had been a dream-come-true for her as she had always liked Ted and found it very exciting to share her fetish with him like that. Even if he didn't know it...

THE END

"Jolly"