

The Substitute Teacher

By Dreamtales

“But Principal Tanner! You can’t ask me to do that! I-I just couldn’t!” Betsy was standing in Principal Tanner’s office, having just been called from the elementary school faculty lounge.

Principal Tanner folded his arms and looked across his desk towards the petite young teacher. “Now, Betsy, please just take a minute and consider it. I wouldn’t be asking you if it wasn’t an emergency. I know you’re not trained for this type of teaching, but these days everybody’s got to be a little flexible. What with budget cutbacks and all, we can’t afford the luxury of specialization any more.”

Betsy Miller took a deep breath and tried to steady herself. She had always dreaded that something like this would come up - but not so soon! How could Principal Tanner ask her to substitute teach for a senior high school class? She was a kindergarten teacher! Although she loved being a teacher, she had never ever wanted to have to deal with grown up kids. She only wanted to teach young children -that was the whole reason why she majored in child psychology in college!

But it wasn’t her lack of experience that really scared her - it was the students! Betsy had always been really small for her age, and all her life had looked much younger than her years. Although the 22 year old woman was very attractive, with lovely delicate features, long curly brown hair, and a fine boned, well proportioned body, she still really had a very youthful look. Even now, after graduating from college last year, she still had to be very careful in choosing her wardrobe as she was often mistaken for a young girl. At a good inch under 5 feet tall, and with her slight small breasted figure, she would still be pretty small compared to most high school kids. And these kids today seemed bigger than ever! How could Principal Tanner expect her to control a whole class of them?

“Look, Betsy, I know it’s tough, but here’s the deal: We need you! Miss Franklin, the regular teacher, isn’t here today and the class is starting in 10 minutes. You have just enough time to get over there if you leave now. Now, I respect your professional concern, but I really hope you can be a team player on this one.”

Betsy was scared, but Principal Tanner was making it clear that her career was on the line, and she needed this job. “OK, sir. I’ll do my best.”

“That’s the spirit, Betsy. I’m sure you’ll do fine. They can be a little rambunctious at that age, but if you’re firm they’ll listen to you. The one to watch out for is Andrea, she tends to be the instigator of most of the trouble. If you can handle her you’ve got the whole thing licked.”

Betsy started off towards the door of Principal Tanner’s office, then turned and hesitated. “Oh, Principal Tanner, I almost forgot to ask. What class am I teaching?”

“It’s a girls’ sex education class!”

Principal Tanner was right. By the time Betsy got to the classroom, it was almost time to start. It was an all girl class, and the young women were as big - or bigger! - than Betsy had feared. As she walked in the door she realized she was almost the smallest girl in the class!

Betsy stood in the doorway for a moment and looked around cautiously. These young women were really well developed! As the girls came into the room, Betsy noted their mature figures, the girls’ large breasts and long legs mostly accentuated by tight sweaters and short skirts. For a moment Betsy felt like she was in a flashback to when she was in high school, not much smaller than she was now, and seemingly always the little childlike figure, surrounded by tall sexy girls. She began to feel a twinge of the helpless feeling she used to have at times like these, a funny tingling in her vagina that was somehow almost erotic. She remembered the wet dreams she used to have where she fantasized she was a little girl surrounded by her big sexy female classmates.

“Hi, can I help you? Are you looking for a class?” The statuesque and very pretty blonde girl was over a head taller than Betsy and had one of the most fully developed bodies Betsy had ever seen on a high school girl. She was smiling down at the young teacher, and her large breasts, barely contained by her tight sweater, seemed to force themselves into Betsy’s view. “This is a senior class - most of the 9th and 10th grade classes are the next floor down.”

Oh, God! What a great start, thought Betsy. She thinks I’m a little kid! Betsy hadn’t planned on being in the high school today and was wearing a simple blue dress, buttoned up the front, that could have been worn by any of the kids in school. “Er, n-no. I’m Miss Miller. I’m a substitute teacher and I’m here to teach Miss Franklin’s sex education class.”

“Oh! I’m, sorry, Miss Miller! I just thought...” the girl started to giggle, then seeing Betsy’s embarrassment, became more serious. “Well, never mind, it was just a mistake! You’re in the right place Miss Miller. My name is Andrea. Welcome to our class. We’re glad to have you.”

Andrea turned to the group of girls milling around and raised her voice, “OK everybody, this is our new substitute teacher, Miss Miller! Now, she’s new here so let’s all try to help her out, all right? Come on, girls, let’s take your seats now!”

The girls all obediently went to their seats and looked expectantly at Betsy, who stood behind the desk at the front of the class. “Thanks, Andrea. Hi girls, my name’s Miss Miller, and I’m subbing for Miss Franklin today. Now I haven’t taught this class before, so please be patient with me. I’m sure I’ll make some mistakes.” As she looked out at the

group of well developed young women, Betsy suddenly was struck by the unfairness of it all. Girls just seemed to be getting bigger all the time! Why were these young high school girls all so big and sexy when she, a college graduate, was still so often mistaken for a young girl?

One girl, a buxom brunette with a big hairdo, spoke up. "It's the difference in female sexual development due to the effect of puberty."

Betsy was shocked! "Er, excuse me?" The girl seemed to be reading her mind! How on earth could she have known that...

Andrea chimed in, "That's today's lesson, Miss Miller. We're studying the changes the female body goes through due to puberty. Chapter 7 in the Anatomy book."

"Oh, all right then." Betsy tried to relax and focus on the lesson - no need to be so nervous! "Now there must be an illustration we can use..." Betsy began flipping through the book on the desk top.

"Excuse me, Miss Miller." It was the buxom brunette again. "We were using an anatomically correct doll. I think it's on your table."

Betsy moved some books around. "Oh, yes. Here we are." It was a small figure about 12 inches tall and, as Betsy noted, it was certainly anatomically correct in every respect! The tiny brown haired female figure was incredibly detailed - it was really an amazing little piece of work! Betsy stood the doll up and started reading from chapter 7, pointing out the various parts of the body.

"Pardon me, Miss Miller." this time it was a pretty redhead in the back row. "The doll is too small for us to see back here."

"Oh. Well, let's see..." Betsy paused in thought for a second.

"Miss Miller? If I could make a suggestion." said Andrea, "I think we can use a live model just as well."

Live model? thought Betsy. What on earth? "Er, thanks, Andrea, but I'm not sure that's such a good idea..."

But Andrea was already up on her feet and, while several other girls quickly locked the door and closed the blinds, Andrea came up and stood next to Betsy in front of the class. "Really, Miss Miller, its no bother. I'm happy to help out. Here, it'll just take a second."

Betsy stared in amazement as Andrea started stripping in front of the class! She pulled her sweater over her head, kicked off her shoes, undid her skirt, and hopped out of her panties. Whipping her bra off, Andrea was suddenly stark naked! Betsy's mouth was

wide open as she stared up at the tall beauty towering over her, looking every inch like a Playboy centerfold in the incongruous classroom setting!

“There we are, Miss Miller.” said Andrea, standing with her hands on her hips in her full nude splendor, and smiling down at her stunned little teacher. “See? It was no problem at all! Now you can continue with the lesson!”

For a moment Betsy stared in mute shock at Andrea’s large naked body, her large lovely breasts, long legs and broad sexy hips seeming to mock Betsy’s own small skinny frame. Alarm bells were going off inside Betsy, telling her that this was definitely not right, but she felt something - what was it? - seemingly much more powerful that seemed to make her want to helplessly go along with Andrea’s plans. Betsy could almost feel her own helplessness - it felt like that funny tingly feeling she used to have in her vagina again, almost a sexual feeling. After a few seconds of dumbfounded silence, Betsy suddenly started teaching again like nothing had happened, but she had the eerie impression that not only was she losing control of the class, but of herself as well!

Betsy pointed at Andrea’s large sexy breasts and started talking again, now thoroughly rattled. “N-now you can clearly see from our l-live model here, the b-breast development that occurs d-during p-puberty. This a-anatomical change usually h-happens around the age of...”

“Excuse me, Miss Miller.” It was that buxom brunette again! “Usually Miss Franklin has comparison charts. Since we’re studying the changes due to puberty, could you show us, like, a before and after model? That way, it would be real clear what the changes are.”

“Er, w-well...” Betsy had another flash of that tingly helpless feeling again.

Andrea smiled at Betsy and turned her sexy naked body to face her. “Now Miss Miller, I’m sure that would be quite easy to arrange! Here, you just look right up into my eyes and we’ll show you how we do it in our sex education class!” Andrea came up to Betsy and, smiling down into her small teacher’s pretty brown eyes, put her arms on Betsy’s shoulders and leaned her face up close, her big eyes just inches from Betsy’s.

Helpless to resist, Betsy stopped talking and looked into Andrea’s large beautiful blue eyes. Suddenly the helpless tingly feeling came back stronger than ever, the tingling now all over her body! As Betsy stared, she saw Andrea seeming to get taller and taller! After a few seconds, Betsy found herself eye level with Andrea’s tummy, and staring up at her large breasts! Betsy’s little blue dress now dwarfed her, the sleeves covering her hands, while her panties slid down her thighs and pooled at her feet!

Momentarily shocked, Betsy shook free from Andrea’s grip, stepping backward, almost tripping on her panties. “W-what happened? What d-did you do to m-me?” she said in a high little girl’s voice.

Andrea walked over to her shrunken teacher and, bending down, began gently unbuttoning little Betsy's dress, which now hung on her small frame. Andrea smiled and spoke to Betsy in a reassuring manner, like an adult would to a little child, as she quickly relieved Betsy of her oversized clothes and underwear. "Now, that's a good little girl! You're really being very helpful today!" In a motherly way, Andrea asked the little teacher her first name.

"B-Betsy. M-my name is Betsy." said the now frightened child-teacher.

"Good! Good girl, Betsy!" smiled Andrea, her adult face level with Betsy's as she continued to kneel in front of her and take off the last of her clothes. "Now Betsy, you're going to be a big help for us grown up girls today! Here, you just stand right there... that's a very good little girl!"

Little Betsy found herself standing naked in front of the class, and gaped in bewilderment at Andrea, the sexy nude student now towering over her! Desperately trying to shake off her helpless feeling of being in a dream, she looked down at her little nude body. She was shocked to find herself a child! Betsy's little chest was perfectly flat, her little tummy was sticking out and her pubic hair was gone! She was probably 9 years old at the most! Poor Betsy was overwhelmed with a combination of embarrassment, fright and the helpless tingling feeling, which now that she was a little girl made her feel like she wanted to pee!

Andrea, looking down at her shrunken teacher, leaned her sexy naked rear on the desk and stretched out her long legs, putting her hand on her chin in thought. "Hmmm. Well, now we have a child model, but I guess we lost our teacher!" She laughed for a moment, then, "Now, who wants to volunteer?"

To Betsy's chagrin, the buxom brunette stood and came to the front of the class and launched into a long and detailed lecture describing the vast difference in development between little Betsy and sexy Andrea. For what seemed an eternity, she addressed the class and painstakingly compared Andrea's voluptuous adult build with Betsy's undeveloped little child's body, having the two girls face the whole class stark naked, at times having them turn around and using a pointer to compare their rears, breasts, vaginas, while the whole class of high school girls looked on closely and took detailed notes. To little Betsy, who all her life was always terribly self-conscious about her sexual development (or lack thereof), it was like her worst possible nightmare!

All during the buxom brunette's presentation, little Betsy's feeling of helplessness was overwhelming. She felt like a tiny powerless pawn in the girls' little game, somehow incapable of speaking or moving, her will completely gone and able only to stand helplessly following the girls' directions, a little naked child completely obedient and totally in the thrall of sexy Andrea's power!

Finally, the buxom brunette finished talking and went back to her seat. Andrea spoke up, "Well, I think that pretty much covers our lesson for today." Andrea quickly changed

back into her clothes and then smiled down at the tiny naked child next to her. Speaking to her in the high, overly bright voice adults sometimes use with little children, she said, “And thank you, little Betsy, for being so helpful! Any questions, girls?”

“Yes Andrea.” It was the redhead in the back row. “I think it was a great idea to have live models. But we’re probably gonna get a test on this later. How can we study if we don’t have any reference materials?”

“Good point!” beamed Andrea, who turned and again kneeled down in front of little naked Betsy, holding the child’s small bare shoulders in her big adult hands. “Now I’m sure little Betsy will be willing to be a good girl and help us out again, here, won’t you Betsy?”

Betsy was scared, as scared as she had ever been! Here she was, reduced to a little naked child and standing in front of a whole class of fully dressed sexy young women! But she was helplessly drawn to Andrea’s big blue eyes, and as she stood her tiny will power seemed to disappear into Andrea’s big adult gaze. Feeling like the frightened little naked child she was, she said in a small voice, “Y-yes. Yes, Andrea. I-I’ll do w-whatever you want m-me to.”

“Good!” smiled Andrea, her perfect teeth forming a predatory grin on her beautiful adult face. “Now Betsy, you be a good little girl and just hold still. This’ll only take a second.” As she looked into Betsy’s eyes, little Betsy felt that tingly powerless feeling flood back again. Betsy stared at the big adult girl, her eyes first at Andrea’s eye level, and then found herself looking up, up at the growing blonde beauty. Poor Betsy stood naked and powerless, tingling helplessly as Andrea, the room, and the girls grew and grew around her. Soon Betsy was so tiny that she was looking straight up at Andrea’s huge face, who had to lean way over to keep her hands touching Betsy’s tiny shoulders! As she shrank, the top of little naked Betsy’s tiny head dropped lower and lower, at one point level with Andrea’s shapely knees!

Finally, Betsy was barely taller than Andrea’s ankle height - the size of a tiny child’s doll! Andrea, now a huge giant looming over her, reached down and picked up the tiny unclad youngster, grinning as she held the 9 inch tall little naked child in the palm of her hand!

“There!” laughed Andrea, placing tiny Betsy on the desk next to the anatomically correct doll. “Now we have two little dollies we can refer to again and again!”

Betsy was terrified, completely helpless, and now somehow unable to talk or move! She stood, a tiny naked doll size child, next to the adult dolly, which at only 12 inches tall still towered over her! Andrea called the giant girls from the class up to examine the little figures and, one by one, they filed their huge sexy bodies past the two little naked dollies, lowering their immense Faces to closely compare the two tiny nudes on the desk top. Being shrunk to a tiny pre-adolescent naked doll and seeing the giant girls, their nubile

bodies as big as houses, was utterly terrifying to Betsy! Even in her most intense wet dreams, poor Betsy had never felt so powerless in her life, and the tingly helpless feeling seemed overwhelming! She was afraid she was going to pee herself right in front of all the girls!

Suddenly the class bell rang. “OK, girls!” called Andrea. “That’s enough for today.” Andrea leaned over the table and carefully picked up the two dollies, one in each hand, and held them up to her huge Face. “Now let’s put you two back where you belong!” She carried Betsy and the other doll across the room and lowered them into a big cardboard box.

Just before she closed the translucent plastic lid on Betsy and the doll, Andrea’s giant Face smiled down and said. “All right! You can move now!” Suddenly Betsy found she could move and talk again! She ran to the edge of the box, frantically calling out to Andrea in her tiny child’s voice, but too late found the lid closing on her, trapping her tiny naked form in the makeshift toy box!

“Oh no!” cried Betsy. “What ever will I do? I’ll never get out of here!”

A voice came from the back. “Ohhh! Oh dear! W-where am I?”

Betsy turned, shocked, to find that the anatomically correct doll had come to life! Betsy stared in wonder as the young brown haired naked woman slowly stood up and looked around her! Little Betsy walked over and put her tiny child’s arms around the doll woman’s big adult shoulders. “W-who are y-you?” asked Betsy in her high little child’s voice.

The doll woman furrowed her brow as she tried to remember. “My name is... Miss Franklin. Last I remember I was ... teaching a sex education class!”

Outside in the room the girls were streaming out the door to their next class. “Don’t forget!” called Andrea. “Tomorrow’s class is on the male anatomy!” She rubbed her hands in gleeful anticipation. “And let’s all do our best to make our new substitute teacher, Principal Tanner, feel right at home!”

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