Teacher Takes a Dare part 4

By TXtabber

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Dec 2010

All stories have been written by me under the name Tabber or TXtabber. Please do not copy my stories for posting in other places.

continued story

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/teacher-takes-a-dare-part-4.aspx

It would help to go back and read the previous stories. Ch.4 took longer to write and it went somewhere I had no idea it would go. The words just flowed.

*

Her fingers traveled idly across the crotch of her panties. She could feel the heat emanating from within her pussy as she tickled her clit through the tight cotton. School had been dismissed an hour ago, but she was staying behind. She had graded all of her papers, and was now just surfing the internet as she waited for the halls to clear.

Her left leg was pulled up into the chair with her foot resting on the seat. She had her chin resting on her knee as she stared at the screen of her computer. Her short skirt had risen and fallen loosely across her thighs. Her left hand held her foot in place on the chair and her right hand would wander from the mouse to her panties. Just thinking about the dare she was about to do had her hot and wet.

After an hour of waiting, she was now ready to go. She got up from the chair, smoothed out her skirt and left her classroom. She carried her purse and bag to the teacher mailroom. After 4 p.m. on Fridays, the mailroom doors are closed. She used her key to open the door and go inside.

There was no one around, and feeling safe, she reached into her bag and pulled out a manila envelope. Inside the envelope was a Ziploc bag with a pair of her sexiest panties. According to the dare from her online friend, she had pulled them deeply between her pussy lips after she had climaxed. They were drenched in her juices. She was to place them inside the mailbox of a male teacher that she liked. Inside the envelope with the panties was an anonymous email address.

She quickly walked over and put the envelope into Andy's faculty mailbox, grabbed her things and opened the door to rush out.

Wham! She ran into someone trying to come into the mailroom. Her bags fell to the floor and she nearly went with them.

Yes, of course it had to be him! She was only seconds from getting caught putting it into his mailbox! That was too close for comfort and would have been hard to explain.

"Oops!" she cried out as she bent to grab her things. "I'm sorry!"

"Cute and sexy or not," he thought to himself as he grabbed her shoulders to balance her. "This girl is accident prone!"

"No problem," he said. "You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm just the clumsiest person I know. Other than that, everything is fine."

He walked over to his mailbox. Sure enough, there was the envelope. "She must have just put it in," he thought to himself.

"You must have big plans the way you were running out of here," he said.

"Just going home to change, eat, and then get back here for the basketball game. The guys are in a must-win situation tonight if they want to make the playoffs," she told him, realizing that he, along with everyone at the school already knew that.

"Yeah, that's my plan too. It should be a big crowd," He mentioned as he reached into his box and pulled everything out. He set the mail on the small table next to his briefcase. He picked up the envelope and gave it a curious look and a feel with his fingers. "Humph, I wonder what this is?" he said before he dumped it into his briefcase along with everything else. He enjoyed the panicked look on her face.

"Hey, do you want to grab a bite to eat with me?" he asked her nonchalantly. "I'll treat. Then we can come to the game together."

"Isn't everyone at the game going to see us and think we're on a date?" she asked with a teasing smile.

He smiled back. "So let them think that."

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and replied, "Oh, really? Then why don't we just go ahead and call this a date?"

He returned her smile with one of his own, "Sounds good to me."

They walked and talked as they left the building. As they approached the parking lot, he brought up the night ahead.

"If this is really a date, why don't you go home and eat a light snack? We'll go to the game and then go out for a dinner afterwards? Someplace local though, like pizza or Tex-Mex?"

"A deal!" she said as her heart skipped a beat. She told him where she lived and they both drove off.

She rushed home and turned on her computer. As it was booting up, she turned on the shower so it would warm up. It then struck her mind that she had completely forgotten what she had done today. She was going out with the guy that she had just secretly given her wet panties too! "This is getting too deep!" she said to herself as she kicked off her clothes.

She stepped into the shower and let the hot water erase away the stress of the day. She took her time, lathering up her body with scented soap and then shaving her legs. She wrapped herself in her favorite fluffy towel and walked over to the computer.

She logged into her new email, created for the dare, but there was nothing in her inbox. She logged out and checked into her regular account. She had an email from her online dare master. All it said was, "Well???"

She smiled and logged into the instant messenger. He was online and repeated his question of, "Well?"

She told how she had done the dare and how she almost got caught. She also told him that she had a date with the exact same guy tonight.

"Ah, a date with the guy you did the dare for? Do you feel like being extra daring?"

"What more can I do? I've already given him my panties." She replied, adding a smiley face to her comment.

"You could ask for them back." He commented.

"Ha!" she wrote back. "I don't think so! I like this guy; I don't want him thinking I'm a sex pervert."

"Trust me. Even if he did think that you were a sex pervert, it wouldn't matter."

"No kidding," she wrote back. "He is after all, a man."

"Okay," he replied, "No dares tonight. But I want to know all about it afterwards."

She promised to tell him all of the juicy details and logged off.

She slipped into a short skirt and a school t-shirt. She admired her look in the mirror. "Flaunt it while you still got it." She said to herself and then went to finish getting ready.

When he called to tell her he was in the parking lot, she grabbed her purse, cell phone, and keys and walked to the door. She paused for a moment, thought about it, and then reached under her skirt and took her panties off and tossed them in the closet by the door. "This will give me something daring to talk about tonight when I get online." She said to herself.

He was standing by his truck as she left her apartment. He admired her body as she came down the stairs. As he held the door open for her, she flashed more of her upper thighs than she meant to do, but she had to step up into the truck and then slide into the seat. After walking around the truck and opening his door, he saw her adjusting the hem of the skirt, attempting to pull it down further. Her legs were flawless and he still couldn't believe she was sitting there in his truck.

All eyes were on them as they entered the gymnasium that night. The both felt their faces flushing as they walked in front of the crowd to find their seats.

"Well, at least that wasn't awkward or anything," he whispered to her as they sat down.

"No, not at all," she agreed. "I don't think anyone even noticed us."

They both laughed at the moment and waited for the game to begin.

The team played a tough game, and several times they had the crowd on their feet for key moments. The final seconds of the game were electrifying and she found herself gripping his arm, caught up in the moment. As the seconds ticked off, the final shot by the opposing team caught the rim low and ricocheted off as the buzzer sounded.

The home team won and the crowd went wild. Before she even realized what she was doing, they were both jumping and hugging. His hand instinctively went downward on her back and he gave her butt a squeeze.

He jerked his hand away like he had burned himself. "I'm sorry!" he said over the noise. "That just kind of happened."

"It's okay!" she yelled back and she punched him lightly in the chest, "I can't believe they won!"

As the crowd left the bleachers to rush the floor, he took her hand and tugged her in the opposite direction.

"Let's get out of here!" He said loudly in her ear. He pulled her out one of the side doors and into a back hallway.

They were still excited by the big win and laughing as they walked. As they made their way through the deserted hallway behind the gym, he noticed that they were still holding hands.

"I guess we can stop holding hands now," he chuckled. "We're out of the crowd."

But when he loosened his grip on her hand, she held onto his, even squeezing it a little. Surprised but pleased, he squeezed her hand in return.

"Yeah, thanks for helping me get through that," she said. "That was chaos."

They continued holding hands as they walked through the halls, only releasing them when they reached the main exit where the crowd was spilling out of the gym. A few kids saw them and smiled.

"Guess what gossip will be all over the internet tonight?" he whispered to her as they walked past the students.

"Well," she whispered up to him, "let's give them something to talk about." She reached over and wrapped her hands around his arm and leaned into him as they walked outside.

"You're really something, you know that?" he said with a laugh as they approached his truck.

"If you only knew," she thought to herself.

As they waited in line to exit the parking lot, he said, "Even though the fact that we're on a date is going to be all over the school, I really don't feel like giving them more to talk about. How about if we just go back to my place and eat?"

"Your place, huh?" she said with mock indignation.

"Well," he stammered, "we could go to your apartment if you want." But when he looked at her she was smiling.

She laughed and let him off the hook, "I was just kidding. Your place is fine. So what are we going to eat?"

"Well..." he thought for a minute. "How about some homemade chicken enchiladas? Plus, I make some killer margaritas."

"That sounds wonderful!" she replied. "I love a good margarita. You can really make enchiladas? Do you have enough time?"

"Sure. I just need thirty minutes. The only thing we're missing is chips and cheese, and I can't make that to save my life. We'll have to stop and get some queso."

"Mmmm, that sounds good too!" she replied, "but I'll buy that part of our dinner."

He laughed, but agreed to her demands. As he drove, he picked up his cell phone and dialed the number of his favorite Tex-Mex restaurant and placed an order-to-go.

"You have a Mexican restaurant on your cell?" she exclaimed.

"First, it's a Tex-Mex restaurant. It's a combination of Texas and Mexican cooking. It's very different from Cali-Mex or Baja cooking, and they're all different from traditional Mexican cooking." He said with an authoritative voice. "Second, I could live on queso and chips and like I said before, I can't make it to save my life. So I keep the number ready for when I really need a fix."

They drove to the restaurant and he ran inside to get their order. The aroma of the warm cheese filled the cab of his truck as they drove to his house.

Four hours later, their plates were stacked neatly in the sink, and the bowl of queso sat empty next to a bag of tortilla chip crumbs. On the kitchen counter, condensation droplets ran in little rivers down the sides of the blender, pooling at the base. A small plate of salt sat next to the blender showing

several rings of moistened, crusted salt crystals from the rims of the margarita glasses.

She slowly opened her eyes. A ceiling fan above her slowly stirred the air. Her head felt heavy and watching the blades of the fan was making her dizzy. She couldn't even remember the number of margaritas they had downed last night. She was in his bed, barely covered by a sheet and blanket. Instinctively, she pulled the sheet up to her chin and snuggled down for warmth. She was wearing one of his old t-shirts, and nothing else.

She rolled her head to the side. He was in bed next to her, sleeping soundly on his side and facing away from her. She scooted over to him and snuggled next to his body, grateful for his warmth.

As she lay there, the thoughts of the night floated through her mind. They had laughed and talked their way through dinner. After the margaritas, they both realized how tired they were, not to mention how drunk they were. He convinced her to sleep over and being a nice guy, he had offered her his bed while he took the sofa. That had lasted about five minutes before she realized she would never get to sleep alone in a strange house. She had called for him and he stumbled into the bedroom shirtless and in his boxers. He had collapsed into the bed and promptly fell asleep.

She scooted closer, matching the curves of her body to his. She wrapped her arm around his waist and drifted back to sleep.

The sound of his deep voice singing in the shower woke her up. She looked around, remembering where she was and smiled. The sun was sneaking its way into the room, and like the beam of a flashlight, it was lighting up the dust particles floating in the air. She sat up and squirmed around until she was sitting on the edge of the bed. Listening to his singing, she smiled again as an idea formed in her head.

She walked quickly to the bathroom in the hallway with her purse. In the side pocket, she pulled out the travel toothbrush that she kept for just such a situation. The fact that she had never opened the wrapper in years made her smirk. She brushed her teeth quickly and then used the toilet to relieve the pressure caused by the previous night's margarita binge. She stood up, pulled the t-shirt over her head and fluffed her hair out the best that she could. Finally ready, she opened the door, and then reached over to flush the toilet. Then she ran quickly back to the bedroom and entered the bathroom.

As she predicted the flush drained the cold water from the pipes. His singing stopped suddenly as he felt the scalding water strike him.

"Hey!" he shouted as he jumped back from the stream of water. Hearing her giggle, he pulled the curtain back and stuck his head out. There she was, a naked angel standing in his bathroom.

"Is there room in there for a singing partner?" she asked with a mischievous grin. He smiled and pulled the curtain aside. Devilishly, she let her eyes linger on his body, watching the water draining in little rivers down his chest and his tight stomach. Then her eyes lowered to his cock, which was thickening by the second under her stare.

"Well," she said huskily in a voice she'd never heard before, "look at you." She stepped into the shower and he slid the curtain closed again. She was a tiny thing standing next to him as she stepped into his embrace. The warm water sprayed across their bodies as he pulled her close. She rose up on tiptoes and pressed her lips to his.

His hands roamed across her body, sliding down her back to squeeze the firm globes of her ass, pulling her tighter to him. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her softness of her belly. She reached up to hold it and stroke it in her hands. It pulsed and throbbed in her grip. She wanted this thing, this pure essence of man that she held in her hand. She wanted it, needed it. She needed to feel it throbbing and pulsing deep inside of her.

She looked up at him and stared into his eyes. "Andy," she said seriously, "take me back to your bed. Take me back to your bed and...take me."

Five minutes later, warm and hand-dried with a huge fluffy towel, she lay back on her back, pulling her knees up as he climbed between her legs. As he moved on his knees between her open legs, he also crawled forward until he was on top of her and resting his weight on his arms. She wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and pulled his face down to hers. They shared several warm kisses, tongues dancing together in delight.

When she felt the head of his cock along the inside of her thigh, probing for her pussy, she reached down between their bodies to guide him home. His stiff cock filled her small hand as she pulled him forward. When she felt the warm head pressing against the steaming lips of her pussy, she rubbed it up and down the length of her opening, moistening the head of his cock with her juices.

She finally had him where she wanted him, and she let go of his cock. She wrapped her arms around his back and locked her heels behind his butt and growled, "Now, fuck me."

Andy pushed his hips forward and his cock speared through the outer lips of her pussy and was wrapped in the tightness. He began a slow thrusting motion and she rocked her hips forward and back with him, pulling back as he did, and slamming forward as he rocked against her. His lips left hers and traveled across her cheek and down to the sides of her neck, kissing and nibbling between the heavy breathing caused by his exertions.

Her pussy gripped and released him in a steady rhythm. He arched his neck lower and took one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking it in, and relishing at the taste of her skin.

"Mmmmmm, " she moaned," I like that." He moved over to her other breast and teased the nipple with his lips until it was hard. "Bite it." She told him.

He sucked in the nipple, pulling it forward and away from her body, then released it and slowly clamped down on it with his teeth. "Yesssss," she growled, her voice fading away as she relished in the feelings it sent through her.

She started pumping her pelvis harder and faster against him. "Suck that titty! Fuck that pussy!" She groaned out as their tempo intensified.

"Such language for a school teacher," he said to her with a laugh. She reached out and drove her fingernails into the cheeks of his ass.

"If you don't like it," she said between grunts as she fought for air, "then get out of the bed."

"Naw," he responded, breathing heavy himself as he continued pumping his cock into her. "I think I'll just stay here."

"Then shut up and keep fucking me." She growled in his ear. "Oh. Oh. There it is, keep going. Don't stop."

He picked up his pace, practically slamming his cock into her pussy and pressing his body down hard against hers, pinning her to the bed. The movement put more pressure against her pubic mound, allowing for the base of his cock to really press against her clit.

"Yes!" she screamed out, her nails now raking his back. "Oh, fuck yes!" The spasms ripped through her body like a powerful electric shock. She mumbled something so incoherent he couldn't even identify it as real words. Her hips pushed forward against his and then shook rapidly. He attempted to pull back and thrust forward again, but she had him in a death grip and she held him tight against her.

Finally, after a full minute of riding out her orgasm, she collapsed back onto the bed. He lost no time in picking up his pace and soon he felt himself at the brink. '

"Can I?" he asked. She nodded her head weakly.

He slammed himself against her just as violently as she had done seconds earlier. Each thrust of his cock inside of her was as if he was trying to drive it right through her body. She grunted with an exhalation of breath with each forward movement.

Finally, he exploded inside of her. He pushed in one last thrust and shot jet after jet of hot semen deep into her.

"Mmmmm," she softly moaned as her hands lightly traced across his back and neck.

His orgasm quickly spent, he pulled out of her drenched pussy and fell onto his side, half of his body still on top of her and his softening cock pressed against the top of her thigh.

"Wow!" he said as he fought to get his breathing back under control.

She surprised him by quickly slipping out from underneath his body and crawling up onto him. She wrapped her legs around his and rested her head on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled the sheets up until they were covered.

"I had a great night last night," she whispered softly as they both drifted off to sleep.

and that's as far as it went...hope to get back to it someday.