The Perils of Wanda Mitty

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She opened her mouth wide for the entry of the strange man's cock and felt it tickle her throat.

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THE PERILS OF WANDA MITTY

Mr. Johnson peeked over the top of his American History textbook and zoomed in on the last girl in last row. The pretty 16 year old teenager was NOT by any stretch of the imagination…..petite! Her curves were far too rounded for things like cheerleading or gymnastics. In all honesty, Wanda Mitty was what one would describe as a “big” girl.

The lesson was about the War of 1812 between the British and the newly sovereign country of America. It was really a very odd set of circumstances for the two adversaries to be squabbling once again so soon after the American Revolution. It all seemed more like an exercise in fiction rather than reality what with the burning down of the seat of government more from spite than any true strategic objective.

“Miss Mitty, Why was the battle of New Orleans not significant even though the rag tag American forces soundly defeated the British Army in the open field?”

Wanda pulled her daydreams back from the “badly in need of washing” classroom window and focused her eyes on the handsome but clueless teacher desperate for official sanctioning of his tenured status. All the girls in Mr. Johnson’s class whispered about the bulge in his usually tight trousers. Wanda had no interest in that sort of thing but she was not opposed to it either.

“I guess because the War was already over and the treaty signed long before the battle took place, Mr. Johnson. It was unnecessary to even have the battle at all. In those days, it took months for news to reach across from England to the American Republic.”

Mr. Johnson smiled with satisfaction. The young girl might have been daydreaming but at least she knew her lessons.

“Very good, Miss Mitty. Still, you will stay after class this afternoon to help with the term paper packets and if I catch you looking out the window again, we can make that a full week of detention.”

Later, the two were alone in the classroom and the teacher was staring with ill-concealed arousal at the young girl’s smiley face panties framed by her heart-shaped ass each time she bent over to set up the packets on each student’s desk.

Wanda was totally unaware of the effect her generously proportioned posterior was having on the horny teacher. His wife of some two and a half years had just recently “found herself” and made an exit unannounced to a family-owned winery in California. Mr. Johnson knew she would not be back because she had taken all of the money out of their joint account and their Savings Bonds were no longer safe and sound in the hallway closet.

When Wanda bent down to retrieve her pen from the tiled floor, she could see her teacher doing something awful funny under his desk. She wasn’t entirely certain, but it seemed like he was tugging at his man-tool and his eyes followed her ass everywhere it went. Suddenly, she connected the dots and realized her teacher lusted for her plump bottom even though he was over twice her age.

She decided that if he wanted a show, she would manage to give him what he wanted and not let on that she had his act all figured out. Each time she did the packets, Wanda made certain she bent from the waist exposing her pretty bottom to full view. She even “accidently” spilled some water from the plant sprinkler all over her clinging blouse drawing attention to her fully-developed boobs with the pretty rose nipples that stuck out a mile when they were wet.

“Miss Mitty, come up here to my desk, I want to show you something.”

Wanda walked gingerly down the row of desks, and stood right at the corner of her teacher’s desk. He explained that it was time she gave up her pussy to him to make up for teasing him almost an entire hour. She was not quite certain what “giving up her pussy” might entail but it promised to be less boring than distributing a bunch of silly packets.

The teacher looked over Wanda’s shoulder to make sure their little interlude was entirely unobserved. He took her hand and pulled her behind the desk at an angle so the corner of the wooden desk was being buried in the girl’s rear door if she pulled away. He raised her uniform skirt and stuck his hand underneath her pretty yellow and black panties.

Wanda was whimpering now and confused on what she should do. One part of her wanted to just say

no and bolt out the classroom door and head to the safety of her home. The other voice in her head kept telling her, “Let him play with your pussy a little bit. No one will ever know and he certainly isn’t going to tell anyone.

The fingers inside her vaginal slit made Wanda shudder at her rapid fall into depravity. All she knew was that she did not want to refuse Mr. Johnson’s ministrations and hoped he would be more aggressive in his explorations of her womanhood.

When he inserted all four of his fingers into her pussy, Wanda put her arms around Mr. Johnson’s neck and opened her legs wide for his inquisitive search into the hidden corners of her baby-making equipment. She was panting like a dog in heat wanting the mature man’s cock inside her. But she knew instinctively, it was not correct for her to ask for it, she just had to be patient and hope that Mr. Johnson would take the initiative and make her do those things she had only read about in books.

The corner of the desk had gotten real deep in her bottom, causing her to turn sideways to the handsome teacher with a most impressive erection.

Wanda found she really enjoyed the ravaging of her well-padded flanks. She hoped Mr. Johnson would make her get down on all fours and make her take his cock from behind just like it said in the book Mrs. Pacula gave her “special” girls to round out their education.

Mr. Johnson moved quickly from the front of the classroom to the classroom door in the rear and made certain the latch was in place so no cleaning woman would wander inside for at least the next 15 minutes.

Wanda had a question in her eyes when he returned to his huge wooden desk raised on a pedestal. He took her shoulders and turned her around instructing her to bend over the desk and to be certain not to disarrange his already graded papers. She suspected she was going to be made to take it from the rear just the way she dreamed her first time would be.

She was shivering and her knees were quaking underneath the desk. The removal of her favorite smiley face panties removed the last vestige of reluctance on her part. She wanted that cock right between her legs without further delay.

When he touched her lightly right on her puffed up pussy lips, she popped right open and her female juices ran down the inside of her legs. The sliding action of his cock moving in and out, the loud meaty smack of his legs against her happy bottom and the way he pulled back on her pony tail caused her to have 3 orgasms in quick succession before he released his load deep inside her pussy and right up against her quivering cervix.

Wanda was worried about the possibility of a baby and told her teacher she had to get hold of one of those pills called “The Morning After” pill.

Mr. Johnson just laughed and fondled her full breasts.

“No worries, Miss Mitty, I have already had a vasectomy to please my estranged spouse and there is no chance of you getting a “bun in the oven” from me.”

He helped her to rearrange her uniform and gave her some tissues from his desk drawer to mop up the creamy liquid still spilling from her solidly pounded pussy.

Wanda wanted him to lick the cream from between her legs but felt it was too personal to make that request. After all, he was still her teacher and she was happy to have him make the decisions about how to do the sex business.

For the next several schooldays, Wanda surrendered her pussy and even her tight little brown eye to Mr. Johnson for his enjoyment. He did not correct her “looking out the window” fault any longer because she was always attentive enough to spread her knees open for him to view which panties she had selected that day.

The young girl found that the up close and personal training she received from the handsome mature teacher actually spurred her wandering thoughts into daydreams of her sexual liberation. She knew that there was a vast gulf between the emotions of Lust and Love, but she still liked to imagine kinky things that involved both her and her teacher.

A cloud passed overhead and the schoolyard went dark for a short time.

When the sun poured down once again, Wanda imagined she was in a small village filled with people wearing strange clothes and all of the men were armed with long swords at their waist. What was even more astonishing was the rounded bulge prominently displayed between their legs. She was tempted to fall to her knees and discover what each cod-piece was hiding underneath. The females seemed to be overly fond of ankle length dresses and low-cut bodices that revealed the top half of their boobs.

She was still wearing her school uniform and attracted several puzzled looks from the passersby.

An older gentleman with more than one gold tooth smiled and she wanted to burst out in laughter but restrained her amusement because it seemed so inappropriate.

Her “Alice in Wonderland” moment became reality when two middle-aged women pulled her into their house and started to undress her. She stood shivering whilst they scrubbed her from head to toe. One of the females even pushed some soap and water into her brown eye to make sure it was sparkling clean.

They dressed her in an outfit just like the ones she had seen on the street.

“Remember to smile at the gentlemen, dearie!”

Then she was led into a large room comfortably decorated with silks and satins from the Orient. A number of plush settees were scattered haphazardly about and there were at least a half dozen girls her own age sitting quietly and ignoring the addition of a new girl to their midst.

“Sit down and speak only when one of the gentlemen addresses you. If he tells you that he has selected you for his evening’s pleasure, just smile and nod your head up and down. Try not to appear intelligent because the customers hate a female with brains and unnecessary questions.”

Wanda realized far too late that she was in a house of ill repute and subject to barter. Since it was only a dream, she decided to play her role well in the hopes of learning additional erotic impulses. Two young gentlemen came in at the same time and they selected Wanda and an Oriental girl with black hair cascading down to her waist.

One of the men looked extraordinarily similar to Mr. Johnson and she was relieved he was the one who instructed her to sit on his lap. She soon discovered the gentleman’s cock was identical to Mr. Johnson’s when she opened her mouth for his swift entry.

Wanda cradled the strange man’s sacs with a gentle hand monitoring his cum production and proximity to “blast off”.

The taste in her mouth reminded her of Mr. Johnson and she came back to reality just before the ending bell rang in her sensitive ears. She was eagerly looking forward to the afternoon’s special instructions under the tutoring of her favorite teacher.

Wanda wanted desperately to try out the trick with her tongue that she had used with great effectiveness in her most recent daydream.

She came to the conclusion that a session on her knees in front of Mr. Johnson was definitely more exciting than her daydreams.