The School Secretary

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I was shopping for a new digital camera in the town when I saw a familiar face at the checkout. It was the school secretary, Miss Wilson.

There were two secretaries at the private school where my son used to be a day boarder and neither one of them would raise a smile if I happened go into the school office. I have no idea why. My wife and I often considered this coldness and reasoned it must have been on account of us coming from the state sector.

To be fair the other secretary, Mrs Jones, did smile, but it was a grudging, condescending acidic smile. But Miss Wilson never did, merely looked up through her glasses and with a long face, acknowledged whatever one had to say without actually indicating that anything would be done about whatever issue had been raised.

But she looked different at the checkout in the camera store and she smiled, a lovely white smile, as she thanked the cashier and left the shop. Now that did change my attitude to her. What wonder of wonders, Miss Wilson was no doubt an attractive woman.

She was in her thirties, so I thought, had dark blond shoulder length hair and blue eyes. Her figure was slender and she looked nice in her short beige skirt, light brown jacket and her silk scarf was tied quite stylishly about her neck.

I followed Miss Wilson out of the shop. Her shapely bottom aroused my interest as the skirt was tightish and the shape was sexy. It was one of those skirts which is not quite see through and teasingly reveals the form in all its allurement. Her legs were finely shaped below the knee.

My God, I thought, how I need that.

To my shocked surprise she stopped, turning to look at me which forced me to say something.

"Good afternoon" I said, "I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Wilson? I recall you well from Queens School."

She regarded me with some suspicion, holding her handbag tightly. Shoppers busied the street and passed either side of us. A cyclist suddenly came from nowhere and forced Miss Wilson to step aside. But he caught her and knocked her handbag to the ground.

"This is a pedestrian zone you clot!" I said firmly after him and he waved a dismissive hand and sped off.

"Are you alright?" I said to her, recovering her handbag and holding her by the elbow. In her shock she looked at me with confused eyes.

"Blasted cyclists" I said, "But how are you? It's Miss Wilson isn't it? Look at you, you're in shock. Won't you join me for a pot of tea, you need to sit down and recover from the shock. I do hope your handbag isn't damaged."

"That's very kind" she said, "But really it's not necessary I'm quite alright."

I looked at her scared blue eyes and felt for her, and her nose, prominent in her face, straight and beautifully poised was exactly my kind of nose. Her face was nice and the skin clear. I was suddenly glad to be free of my wife. It had been a year since the separation.

I felt incredibly happy sitting down with Miss Wilson in the tea shop. She was so pretty, so so pretty, how I had not noticed it in the days when I saw her in the school office I just cannot say.

She sipped tea and held the cup in a very ladylike way and finally laid her beautiful eyes on me.

"May I know your name?" I asked, "Mine's Simon."

"You're very kind" She said, smiling. "Isabel."

Isabel, I thought, a name as lovely as herself.

"I'm pleased to meet you Isabel. It's so nice to see you again. Isn't this a charming tea rooms. I never noticed it before." Her eyes sparkled at me and her face lit up.

"It's my favorite place on this street," she said, "It's so nice that you took me here. But I really mustn't take up any more of your time."

She put her cup down and looked like she was going to get up but I took hold of her hand and held it

tightly.

"No please don't go" I said. "It's lovely to chat with you."

She stopped and looked at my hand on hers. Her face coloured.

"Sorry," I said, and released my tight grip on her.

"You never really liked me did you?" I asked.

"Whatever gives you that idea?" She asked with surprise.

"But it's so obvious!" I said with emphasis. "I used to say such a cheerful hello when I saw you in the office and you would always reply like I'm someone collecting for the homeless."

That made her smile and she shook her head and with a movement of the hand swept her silky hair behind her shoulders.

We chatted about things for a while and eventually she said.

"Well, it's been nice seeing you but I really have to be getting along." She smiled again and was about to go. I felt a deathly chill inside, so strongly was I drawn to her and I was prepared to hazard anything to win her.

"Do you mind if I walk with you?" I asked and she shrugged her shoulders, smiling.

We walked along the high street and I had a madcap idea.

"I have to go into this shop," I said. "Could you wait outside for me a minute? Please don't go."

I dashed into the jeweller and found the item I wanted to buy. A twenty four carat golden necklace with a charm studded with tiny real diamonds. I paid with my credit card and it cost me three thousand four hundred pounds.

She was waiting for me outside another shop and looking in the window at various ornaments.

"I say," I said. "Please do me the honour of accepting this small token." She looked at me quizzically, screwing up her brow.

I took out a velvet box and handed it to her.

"What's this?" She asked.

"It's for you, please open it."

I thought she would most likely throw it in my face but I did not care. I was willing to die in my attempts to win her.

She opened the box and the jewelery shone at her lovely face. For a fraction of a second she looked thrilled but then she darkened. I think she was in shock and her free hand went up to her mouth.

"Look," I said. "I'll come clean with you right now and I don't care what you do."

She looked at me, scared but curious. "The fact is I think you're the loveliest creature on this planet and even if you don't think anything of me I beg you to accept this. You're worthy to wear it and if I had more money those diamonds would be double the size."

She looked at me, horrified and scared.

"Please take them back at once. Oh how could you do such a thing. Please."

She closed the box and pushed it at me angrily, forcing me to take it back and then she turned and hurried away.

Beaten in my spirits and feeling incredibly foolish, I walked into a bar, ordered a double whisky and sat down to steady my nerves.

I had tried anyway. It was clumsy, so clumsy and I must have looked like a prize idiot in front of Miss Wilson. Thank goodness I would not have to see her again.

Then, to my surprise, Miss Wilson suddenly appeared at my table and sat down. She put her handbag on her knee and looked at me with smiling eyes.

"Look," she said, "It was awfully kind of you to think of me that way." She shook her head, her blue eyes twinkled and she sniggered. "Quite the spontaneous one aren't you? But there was really no need. If you had asked me out for dinner I would have said yes. It would have been much more reasonable of you!"

I put my hand under the table and took hers, squeezing it and felt some pressure back from her.

"But you take the jewelery back to the shop and get a refund, then I'll consider inviting you to my flat for lunch, I have some fresh pasta and pesto sauce ready."

"Never," I said firmly. "You had better push me into the river first. You will accept these, if not now then later."

"You!" she said shaking her head, "are impossible." She gave me a smile of such tender warmth I began to feel secure with her. My heart beat fast and I felt such strong bodily desire as never before.

Soon we were at her flat. As soon as we got through the door I put my arms around Isabel's neat waist and held her tightly, sliding my hand down to feel the firm fleshy cheeks of her pert bottom and burying my face in her soft neck and breathing in the feminine fragrance. She gasped, dropped her handbag and I felt her hands on my back. I grabbed her hair from behind and pulled it slightly, guiding her juicy red lips to mine, and felt the moist warmth of Isobel's saliva as our tongues met as I groped at her sexy body.

I had no condom at all but was prepared to take her unprotected. I had an overpowering desire to empty my seed deep inside her and wanted the full sensation and was prepared to accept the consequences. I would bring a child into the world in exchange for the life changing experience of fucking Isabel right there and then on the floor. It was what I had yearned for all my life, I could feel it. It felt so horny, so deeply sensual, so right.

We did it there in her lobby, on the carpet. It is hard to believe.

She seemed as keen and slipped off her black knickers and I lifted her skirt as she laid back on the soft shagpile carpet. Her legs were sexy, milky white and smooth as a sixteen year old. I kissed Isabel between the legs and tasted the sweet wetness of her, then edging forward with trousers and underwear down to my ankles I found Isobel's silky place with my stiff erection, her pubic hairs tickled for a moment as I penetrated through her tight opening.

My eyeballs bulged in their sockets as I thrust all the way and felt Isabel's slippery insides caress and squeeze me into an excited fever. I kissed her tenderly, romantically on the lips, nose and eyes as we both lay still and savoured the bliss. Our eyes met and we smiled and I told her beautiful she was, stroking her face with my hand. She touched my nose, eyebrows and forehead with her fingertips, then my lips, and above my lips she traced a line from one corner of my mouth to the other. My erection throbbed and swelled inside her. Suddenly she cried out, closed her eyes and arched her back.

Her knees went up and I felt the sharp points of her high heels on my buttocks as she shrieked, encouraging me on. An exciting wave of pleasure swept over my lower regions and as if I knew the world was about to end, began thrusting savagely at Isabel's delicate pussy. She cried out, as I eagerly took all the sexy stimulation I could from her. At last I ejaculated. The delicious soothing warmth of my sperm shooting into Isobel's hot interior was profoundly satisfying. I could not help whispering in her ear as soon as I was able, "I love you. I love you". And I meant it too.

I lay there on top of her and felt her gentle caresses on my lower back and her heels digging into my sweaty buttocks, keeping me there as she held me tight.

Later, in her bedroom, after we had made love again, I took the elegant necklace and placed it around Isobel's beautiful neck. It suited her perfectly.

"For my princess," I said, and she accepted the gift, looking up at me with smiling love, tears in her eyes.

That was the start of a new period of happiness in my life, the quality of existence I thought would be denied to me, but there it is, it happened. Isabel and I married six months later and we are still together, loving every day and relishing each moment of our time together.