Theology Teacher PT1

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Published on Lush Stories on 29 Jul 2011

Theology teacher caught kissing student and pictures taken. Student invited over for

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/theology-teacher-pt1.aspx

It was her first day of classes. It was her senior year also. All of them were excited. Big things were about to happen. They all knew that.

Being a Freshman was cool seeing as they weren't in grade school any longer. Sophomore year is just that. It sucks. You're a nobody. You don't exist at all, hardly. Everyone will tell you that. That is unless you have some kind of extraordinary talent which only a few have. Junior year, well life starts to get a little better. Some Seniors begin recognizing you a little but as far as life was concerned, you are still the scum of the earth so when this year began life overall was starting to begin as well.

They all pretty much knew one another. They all had made their friends as well. They knew. They knew who their best friends were of course. They knew who they'd hang with. As for her, she knew almost exactly who hers would be.

Amber, Marti, Nicole, Shelli, and there also was Michael and Tom and Peter. Those were her best friends. She known a couple ever since grade school the other's she came to know right out of Home Room. They were tight. They were best friends. Some came, other's left. It was her circle of friends in the end and as soon as she entered the school building she sat at one table.

Immediately they all began congregating at that table. Before too long all of them were laughing and joking around. Nobody but no one ever sat at their table, unless they wanted to have to deal with Michael, Tom, or Peter. Not the most brutal of students there but they got their message across.

Regardless, Home Room was coming up. They collected their books and headed to their lockers, and then off to Home Room.

He was tall. He couldn't be a Theology Professor, could he, she asked herself. Uh uhhh, no way she thought. No way in, well in whatever, could this guy, who stood just over 6 foot 4 inches tall be the school's Theology Professor, could he?

Maria Swayne instantly fell in love with those blondish brown soft wavy locks. That wasn't it either. His greenish eyes, his face as well, and that body, ohhhhhh that body of his. She hadn't turned around to see the look on her friends' faces but she knew; they were all taken by him. Heck yes, they were all, for sure, taken by this guy, and each and everyone of them would do almost anything to spend the day doing whatever it was he wanted to do.

For sure they would.

"Did you guys think about him all day long?" asked Nicole.

Almost all of them, except for the guys of course, had said yes and then the girls giggled as if young little school girls seeing their very first adorable man winking at them. The guys left. It left talk for the females and god only knows what that involved.

It was at week's end that the school was planning on their very first football game. A big one, the school was promoting this one hard. Everyone showed up. The stadium they were using was huge but still packed. They rarely ever used the stadium so she didn't know it all too well.

Nightfall came quickly. Maria found she had to go to the bathroom. She exited the stands and turned left. She looked and looked but couldn't find the bathroom anywhere at all and, just as she turned to go back, she saw something.

A guy, a tall one too, and a woman; they were hugging. No, they were kissing she thought. At a distance, she stopped and momentarily stared at them. Whoa, these two were going at it in a big, big way.

Wait a second, she thought. Isn't that Charley? Isn't that, and then she stopped thinking altogether. Yeah, it was Charley and their Home Room teacher and they were all over one another. Charley was kissing him madly. He held her in a grip which was soon suggesting that she "climb" atop of him and almost have her legs up around his waist.

"Damn" she said softly. Her eyes were wide. She never turned back. Mr. Pickard was holding her and it was clear he was kissing her crazily as well, as if tomorrow wasn't ever about to come. She heard herself say it. "Whoa fucking A. Ohhh my lord."

She pulled her cell phone out and wanted to get closer but didn't. Still she snapped about five pictures of them getting it on, kissing like crazy fools. She smiled but wished that was her kissing Mr. Pickard.

“Yeah, I’d sure like to be against him. I’d sure like his lips on me” she said quietly. “Heck I’d do lots of things with him.” She smiled, hurried to the bathroom and rushed back to her friends.

“Hey, you guys have to see something” she said. They asked what. She told them all “not here” and so the group of friends cut out. As they did she wanted to lead them over towards where “it” was going on but decided not to. Instead she went somewhere else.

“Wow” said one of them.

“Whoa” said another. “That big boobed slut, really?” she went on and added.

Maria showed them all of her pictures proving that Mr. Pickard was “doing” it with one of their classmates. Maria got home and viewed those pictures some more. Maria began thinking about him and his hands and arms around her. Maria soon began thinking what it would feel like if he was kissing and holding her like he was with Charley.

“Hiiiii Mr. Pickles” she said and, trying to get up the guts to ask about Friday nights football game, she then asked “have a good time Friday night like we did or sir was yours even better than ours?”

Not even her friends knew she was going to ask that one. “Ohhh it was nice. Good game wasn’t it though?” he went on to say.

She knew the truth and she wished she could say something more. She knew she might but how she’d say it she didn’t know. She had homework so she knew she had to pay close attention to that but she wanted to try and follow him around.

Sept. 8, 2010

“Dear Diary” she typed in. “None of friends no about diary, yet. This is very private. I have very neat and cool discovery. No, not of myself. I know all of me and my body.”

She stopped to think how she wanted to word it. “I saw Mr. Pickard at football game. No, not in the stands but beneath them. I smile because he was doing something very, very wrong. But I wish that wrong thing was with me. I look at the pictures. I see them in my mind. It was heated. He kissed Charley and he was doing it, I don’t know, but wow they were doing it in a big and wild way. She was all over him. He was all over her. They were kissing and when I say kissing. It was wild kissing too.”

She stopped and thought further and then finished with. “I’d do that with him any day of the week. Yes I would. You can bet your life on it.”

The following Monday, her and her friends laughed and giggled, and of course the girls wanted some of Charley's action especially Maria. She had the pictures. No one else did. She wondered if he'd even been able to get her with her clothes off yet. He wondered if she let him feel her up or maybe more than that as of yet. She didn't know Charley that well and really never talked to her and she felt she wasn't any prettier or uglier than Charley either, except that Charley just probably wore better looking bras than her and that's why her tits always looked so much bigger.

"I don't know" she said aloud unsure of the last thought. "Will it matter, will he care?" She smiled and nodded. "Yeah, he'll care if I do it."

She was referring to the idea of emailing him the pictures once she uploaded them into her computer. She thought about it a lot but once she was finished thinking about it she also decided to speak to her friends on the idea.

She was going to text her three best friends out of the group of them and thought otherwise. Maybe I should talk to them in the morning. So she did. They agreed on it. Send him one of them under a fictitious email address. Make one up, make it a sultry type one at that. They decided on which one she should send, asking him about it, and what she should do about it.

So she did and the picture she sent off was definitely the most outrageous. It was the one in which Charley's leg was rising up onto his hip and of course where his hand was pulling it upwards as well as the two kissed passionately and feverishly.

However, as she looked at it on her laptop, she grew increasingly jealous of that Charley and her relationship with Mr. Pickard.

Maria wished her lips had been consumed by him too. She wished her leg and her thigh were being hoisted up his hand onto his hip like Charley's was. So she added a note to it as she prepared to send it along.

"Me and you too?" said the note. "Mmmmmm ohhhhhh, I can almost feel your lips on mine. I can almost taste your tongue as it swirls, wildly around, in my mouth. I can almost feel you pulling my young virtuous body against you. Wouldn't you desire a young woman who'd do all that with you?" And then she added one more thing. "Yes, I'd do it all. I'd get with you. Unbutton my blouse, undo my skirt, and see what lies beneath it all. Before the afternoon is over, we'd probably be sweating from all the wild unabated sex we could be having. Doesn't that sound good to you too?" With that she signed it "Hot to the very core of my body. Come and let's see how hot."

She sent it. She felt devious. She felt daring. She felt dirty. Yes she felt very, very dirty too and that late afternoon, she knew she did not care because she knew she wanted this man. Now how she was going to get him and get him into bed was a new question.

She went to school wishing she could say something more but didn't. She had woken up and went online to check her email but there wasn't a response. Maybe he hadn't checked his as of yet. No, they always check out their emails or so she thought they did. When she got home she checked hers out.

With big eyes and smile on her face, she opened it up.

"Hi" it began. "How many pictures do you have of us? I'd love them all. I'd even love them all deleted, forever if possible. I know, I know" it went on to read. "What we did is soooo wrong but I can make this all better, all appropriate for you. That is if you want it to be of course."

As she read that, she felt hotter and hotter and more "tickled" that he had responded to her. Me, she asked herself. What's that really mean? Make this all appropriate for me? Something "snapped" within the deep, deep confines of her thighs. It was as if someone had touched her somehow or in some way just below her beltline. It was as if a guy had run his fingers over her panties and she wasn't wearing any pants either. She felt hotter and hotter as the seconds ticked off the clock. Her face felt flushed. She'd love it, right now, if she was with him, intimately, and doing naughty, naughty things with him.

"I'd be more then happy, more then willing to 'explore' this with you of course. Let me know, will you?"

For all he knew it could have been a guy sending it but her email address had suggested it was a girl, a horny one at that, who'd sent that picture to him. Whether or not he was concerned didn't seem to be that apparent to her. All she felt is that he was willing and more than willing at that to "do it with her."

"September 12, 2010" it began.

"Dear Diary, I'm getting naughty as naughty can get." She smiled at the statement. "Yesterday we agreed and I sent one of my pictures along with a note to him. He finally sent me message back. It was subtly seductive, if that makes any sense at all. It does to me. I used a fictitious email address. I'm smiling because I feel like I'm all grown up. It's a start. I'm going for it. I'm going to get my way. Him, his body, his lips, his hands, and his arms all over me and who knows what else, huh?"

“Ms. Swayne” he said a couple days later. “May I see you after school?”

She stopped, suddenly once she heard his voice. Out of nowhere she felt throttled by his voice. She felt flush as well and her heartbeat was racing a mile a minute. She had rapidly turned her head as if a deer in the headlights of a car. He was smiling “that smile” of his and she thought it was one that he must know something special. She didn’t know, she was swallowing harder than usual. She felt hotter then usual. She felt hormonal bursts she had never felt in her life.

Hell, sure. She'd probably do “it” with him and she’d probably do it right there on his desk.

“Uhhh pardon me again sir?” she said, swallowing again and feeling even hotter then she did at first. “What was that, sir?”

He smiled and looked her right in the eyes. “Ohhhhhh it isn’t anything too important. If you can just stop by after classes, I’d like to speak to you about a few things. You know, personal stuff that is of course.”

Personal stuff, she thought as her heart rate slowed, and she regained some of her normal temperature. She no longer felt hot as the devil like she had felt. As soon as she walked away from his room, she stopped, and closed her eyes. Uhhh phew she thought as she shook her head. What does he want to speak to me about, she wondered?

At the end of the day, she stopped in. His jacket and even his tie were off and resting on the chair. She said hello and he greeted her back. “Well hello Maria” he said and went into some school related business. She knew she forgot a paper that was due. She said it was going to get done that evening.

“Oh good” he told her. “On another note” he went on to say and she wasn’t expecting this at all “Are you a good kisser too. I’ve been wondering about that. I sure would like to find out some night, some weekend evening for that matter.” He shrugged and added “You know, tell your parents you’re staying at one of your friends houses, maybe” and he looked deep into her eyes as she began burning up with a flushed face and a extremely hot body too “just maybe we can find that out? What do you think, huh? I’d love to find out, wouldn’t you too?”

She sat there, staring at him. She was, to put it mildly, stunned. Her eyes were as wide as wide could be. Her mouth was open. She wasn’t even asking herself how does he know. How in the heck does he know about the emails. From her cheeks, to her fingers, to her boobs, and all the way past her tummy on down through her pussy she felt furiously and exotically overheated. She felt her legs starting to tense up as if she wanted his body or at the very least his thighs inside them. She knew, for sure, what she wanted.

“Uh you uh mean uhhh me uh come to uh your place like on Friday or Saturday night, maybe? You and me, uhhh get together?” she asked. “Like all night, stay the uh night?”

He smiled an unusual smile and nodded his head as he looked right into her eyes. “Oh and please do me one favor too?” he’d told her. “Can you possibly wear something provocative that will arouse all my most inner desires? Please, will you?”

She was nodding. She’d make sure of it. “Uhhh like after the game?” she said, still wide eyed and still shocked he’d said what he’d said. “Yes oh sure, yes. I’ll do that. I’ll look extremely nice for you, okay? Alright” she went on to tell him. “I’ll look so fine you won’t even know me, hardly.”

“Trust me, I want to know you. Don’t do overkill. Just look sexy as sexy can look” he made sure she understood. “In fact, to be honest with you I can almost smell you right now. I’ll email you my address but it’ll come from another email. It’ll have my name on it, okay?”

She was there. 7:30 sharp and she was there that Friday night. Forget her friends. Forget football too. She had much larger exploits that night and she wasn’t about to pass this up. Never, not in a million years was she going to do that.

She first had to go and buy a really neat and most definitely sexy piece of lingerie, one befitting a young lady with maturing and to a degree luxurious dimensions such as hers which she knew or almost knew he’d love to see her in. 18 and getting it on with the likes of him? A theology teacher, she told herself nonetheless?

Huh, me uhhh no way, she initially thought. Me and I’m getting together with him, at his place, and god only know knows what’s going to happen that night. What should I expect out of this night she told herself, happily as her heart rate ran more swiftly then usual. The next couple of days were like this especially during Home Room. She could only imagine what he looked like without clothes on.

She could not wait at all and smiled.

At the mall that night she went alone. No, she hadn’t told a soul. None of her friends knew about it. As she walked the mall, shopping for the absolute perfect piece to wear she thought a little about it. How did he know? How did he find out? I don’t know. I’ll ask him later on.

She went from one store to another. Many were way too expensive. She shopped, she looked she went back and looked some more and finally after two plus hours she chose one.

It was satin. It had lace. It “propped up” her tits. In her opinion, with it all on, she looked spectacular in it, and the sales woman agreed. Her head and everything else was soaring. She couldn’t wait. Tomorrow night was going to be amazing and fantastic as well. A smile rested on her lips. Her eyes shone a shine nobody could understand. She felt warm. She felt aroused as ever. She could wait for it all to come together.

She couldn’t wait to see him. She couldn’t wait to be with him face to face. She couldn’t wait at all.

Friday was a long, long day. Being in Home Room, with him, was to say the worst she felt in a long time. All she knew was to hell with school. Let’s leave, let’s head out to your place, and let’s kiss as if kissing was just introduced as the greatest passion ever.

Finally the day was done. Now awaiting her was the moment of truth, so to speak. She prepared and re-prepared for the moment. With the Satin and floral lace bustier on beneath her jeans and top, she immediately “changed” out of the jeans and top and put on the very short and very tight skirt along with the very tight blouse which did it all for her body. She looked hot. She looked beautiful. Her hair was done up. Her makeup too, and in that skirt and blouse she now had on he’d jump all over her and want her like no man ever wanted another woman in their life.

She rang the doorbell. Smiling, he instantly opened the door, immediately looked her over, and graciously pulled her inside the house. Yes, she definitely looked hotter then he expected. Wow, look at that tight ass she’s carrying around. Look at those calves in those pumps as well. And as she “checked” her out, he most assuredly made mental note of her maturing breasts.

He smiled although she didn’t see it. He hugged her and when he did, he hugged her firmly, lovingly almost, and pulled her tightly against his body. He complimented her on how she looked as they hugged. Maria smiled. She was happy “he approved.” He felt good. No, he felt incredibly good as he hugged her warmly and affectionately.

They sat, he offered her a drink, and they talked not of school but of life in general.

“I sure can’t get over how you look though” he said again.

“Really, you like this?” she asked, almost in a childish manner.

“Ohhhhhh yeah” he went on to say a she nodded and smiled. “Makes a man want to do all the most indecent things he isn’t supposed to do with a woman.”

“Like what are those?” she asked.

“Care to find out already?” he said.

She was nodding and smiling and saying yes before she even said so. He laughed quietly and once he did he stood up, offering his hand to her. Maria’s heart was racing. She could not believe this was all about to happen. Her jowls felt funny as well as every other part of her. She didn’t necessarily feel giddy but she was beginning to almost feel like a kid.

She’d been there not even a half an hour and already they were headed to his bedroom.

Immediately, her heartbeat sped up. As she held that hand of his she practically closed her eyes. She looked here and there and up and down. She felt dizzier and dizzier, in a manner of speaking.

All of a sudden, it hit her. They were in his bedroom. Oh my god, she thought. This is his bedroom? She looked around. Her heart was beating more speedily. It even seemed like she was breathing faster too. Oh my god, she told herself. Her eyes were larger. Her breathing was richer and even deeper. She couldn’t control herself.

She felt the heat over come her. Her cheeks felt flush. She knew now what she’d known for a long while. She wanted to be naked, with him, and she wanted to be entirely naked and right this moment.

Yes, she told herself, I want to be naked. I want to see his naked body too. As she thought this, he raised her hand. She never took notice as he did. He said something to her and that’s when he realized she was in some form of a trance.

“Maria” he said. “Maria?” he said again but softly as he looked into her eyes.

She finally snapped out of it, blinking her eyes, and looking into his. She didn’t know what to think and she didn’t know what to say for that matter. She just stood right where she was at and allowed him to hold her hand.

“May I say that you surely look gorgeous as ever tonight” he told her. She didn’t smile. She hardly was looking at him yet. He seemed to understand. “I have tried and I mean tried all week to imagine how you look without your clothes on.” He paused a second and looked at her, smiling as he shook his head. “I bet you have an unbelievable figure, don’t you?” She looked up into his eyes, wondering when he’d undress her. “I want to undress you and I want to do it soooo badly but I want something first, before that.”

“Huh, what’s that?” she said, totally unaware of what he was going to say.

“Well, first off I want us to kiss. I absolutely love kissing a woman’s lips. To me, kissing is riveting. It makes me feel soooo much like a man should feel. Especially,” he went on to tell her as he held her hand still “when she starts putting her tongue deep down into my mouth. That’s when you and I will, ohhhhhh we’ll really get into it all. Okay Maria?”

She was burning up. She could not wait to kiss this guy on his lips. She could not wait to be held by him. She could not wait to feel that power of being kissed by a very handsome and what she thought was a quite debonair man such as him. She felt the “thunder” booming more and more down inside her thighs. She felt it up into her stomach too. She felt it almost up into her tits as well and that is when she wanted him to kiss her and touch her everywhere and she wanted that to happen, badly.

“Ohhhhhhh god” she cried out as her eyes almost closed. “I soooo want to kiss you on your lips. I want you to kiss me and kiss me hard and like forever. I never want it to stop either.” Then her eyes closed. “Kiss me hard, will you please?” she practically demanded.

And so that was what he did. He pulled her in against him. A thrust of energy bolted down throughout her body making her thighs tense up and making her pussy force her legs almost up around him as he began kissing her. The energy she felt overpowered her as she kissed him madly, powerfully, and before too much longer her tongue rose from the depths of her mouth and dove inside his.

It moved and bolted for his as if shagging it while they kissed. She wanted more and kept on kissing him, with her wild like tongue, and all the while he took it all in stride. To Maria, this felt more than good. To her, this was almost her first time doing something so exotic and possibly so erotic too that she didn’t know he was pulling her in closer and more firmly as they kissed.

Her heart beat even faster. She felt the juices of her pussy burning at full blast. She wanted it to be compressed with any and all his body. She wanted it to be “tampered” with intensely. She kissed him hard. She kissed him madly. She kissed him passionately and hopefully more than he’d ever been kissed. However, he kissed her back as his hands either pulled the back of her body into his as the other ran through her curly like hair.

It was then she wanted to get undressed and show him what she bought for him.

They stopped. He pulled away. Her feet reached the ground. He smiled and looked at her. “Phew, wow” he said as he blinked his eyes. “You’re” and he paused then said “that was some” and he paused again. “That really was some great kissing. I could do that all night long but let’s lie down on the bed, okay? Will you lie down with me?” and he kicked off his designer sandals and she removed her pumps. “Mmmmmm, now this is soooo much better lying up against you like this.”

He looked at her and then at her body. He looked into her eyes some more, smiling. “You sure look hot and sexy tonight. Have I told you that yet?”

“No, I don’t think so, but thank you. I did by a quite sexy piece of lingerie for you, you know. I want you to see it too” she told him as she tried smiling into his eyes.

“Ooooooohh, sweet” he told her. “I can’t wait to feast my eyes on it especially seeing as it’s you wearing it. I have asked myself all week long what does she look like in sexy lingerie.” And he shook his head adding “Nobody but no one does that for me. Not even Charley were like this. Only you do that for me you know” and he leaned in and kissed her softly, smack dab on her lips.

She erupted again. Her mouth opened, her eyes closed, and finally she opened them. She looked into his eyes. “You really turn me on a lot you know.”

He immediately said thank you. That it made him feel special that she said it. With that he again looked down and said “Maria may I?” She lowered her eyes and realized what he was gazing at. She said yes and smiled as her eyes closed.

He slowly raised his hand up over her tummy, over her blouse, and moved it up higher as he came upon her breasts. He ran his hand over it. “Mmmmm, I’ve waited soooo long to do that with you. They feel soooo darn wonderful to me. Do you know how fantastic your bosoms, these breasts really are Maria, mmmmmm” he told her.

She looked down as his hand moved over and back as they lightly ran over her tits and blouse. He watched her face as he felt them over and over and over. She closed her eyes as he felt her tits. Her head fell back a little as her eyes remained closed.

He undid his shirt and opened it up meaning he stopped rubbing her tits. She opened her eyes to watch him begin mounting her body, slowly. He was smiling again which made her smile too. She continued watching him as he knelt over her and he looked down at her sweet young face and boobs.

He “cupped” her breasts as he knelt over her. “You know Maria” he said. “I could probably do this all weekend long. I could sit here feeling you just like this and look at you as the beautiful queen I believe you are. Mmmmmm, these sure feel wonderful.”

His compliments were awesome, she thought. She closed her eyes as he knelt over her and felt her boobs. He caressed them and ran his hands over them, calmly. It was all rather relaxing and not at all excessive she thought too. Mmmmmm, it does feel nice. He’s doing that soooo darn well, she told

herself. Ohhhhhh, yeah keep doing that and with her eyes closed as he continued caressing her tits, she smiled and breathed in.

“May I take off my slacks? Would that bother you at all?” he said.

“Oh uh no, not at all” she told him.

“Mmmmmm, this feels so much better. Care to feel me down here at all?”

Without even saying yes, he took her wrist, and scooted up on her a little bit. She could now feel his loins, his balls, and surely his cock if she wanted. She felt it. Her eyes, while feeling it although his white and tight underwear were still on him, went bigger then big. He smiled as her hand and fingers started feeling his limp, long shaft as well as his ball.

“Care to feel all it? Go on. Do it. I’d love that if you would, okay?”

She wanted him to take off her clothes. She wanted him to see what she bought that she was wearing exclusively for him. Still, she did as he asked and looked as his tight white underwear and she cupped her hand and slowly but surely felt his balls. They were massive, she told herself, and she wanted to see them without his undies on. She felt his limp haft too. God, it was freaking huge but not necessarily thick but it was long and it appeared to her as if it was lean as well.

He smiled as he looked at her face and eyes as she felt it. “Do you like doing that? How does that feel?”

“Oh I uh like it” she said unable to think of anything better to tell him. “Would you feel my tits again? Would you?”

“Sure but let me do something first. Let me get a good look at what’s on beneath this outfit, not that the outfit isn’t something to take lightly. It’ll put a hard-on almost any guy, including me too. Wow, you do sure look absolutely fantastic in this. You know that?”

“I hoped I would” she said and waited for him to start undoing his clothes.