The Teacher and the Secretary (part2)

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Dec 2011

Richard and Sophie are at it again...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/the-teacher-and-the-secretary-part2.aspx

I’d fixed my clothes back to how a proper secretary shouldlook, and Richard had sorted himself out too. We had gotten dressed in silence, not an awkward one, just in contemplation of the situation. He pinched my bum on the way out, right where he had spanked me; probably to remind me he was in control. I still wanted to kick him in the balls. I opened the door and froze in horror to see Allie, the head teacher, stood outside with a look of pure anger on her face.

“What the FUCK do you think you were fucking doing!?”

“Fucking.” Richard replied with a cocky, arrogant grin.

“Shit, Allie, I am so sorry, I don’t know what came over me...”

“I did!” Richard laughed in my ear, and gently twirled a strand of my hair round his fingers.

“There’s a security camera right outside that door, you’re lucky I was in the security office so nobody else fucking saw you two. Fucking hell, who the fuck do you think you are!? What if a student had seen you!?”

“Allie, I’m really sorry!”

“I’m not.”

“You should be Richard, you’re lucky nobody else saw this, or else I wouldn’t be employing you. What the fuck are you doing here anyway? You start tomorrow.”

“I thought I’d get my bearings of the school first. Make some friends...” he chuckled to himself. Smarmy fucking bastard.

“Sophie, get back to the desk, Richard you can fuck off until tomorrow. ANYTHING like this happens again and I swear to God heads will roll.”

I almost cried. I was so embarrassed, so shocked, and just a tiny bit thrilled that someone knew I got fucked by Mr Starling. If I knew Allie, though, this wouldn’t be the end of it. She stormed off, absolutely livid. Richard put a hand firmly on my ass as we walked back to the desk.

“I’ll be seeing you again tomorrow, Sophie. Best not to bother with underwear.” He winked at me. I slapped him as hard as I could across the face; I was so upset when he didn’t even flinch.

“How dare you! You heard what she said, this cannot happen again. It was a mistake and you know it. You prick; you can’t just walk in here and expect a fuck a day! Fuck you! You didn’t even know my name before you’d planned it out.” I could feel my cheeks blush red. His hand rested on my waist for a second, then he removed it to fix is hair.

“Oh, you loved it,” was his reply as he walked away. “Maybe I’ll stop by in the morning...?”

He was gone before I could protest.

I pushed through the day, as long and agonising as it was. I kept thinking of his face between my legs, or the way his cock sprung upwards when I pulled his boxers down, or how his hands roamed my body as he fucked me. It was torture, and it was amazing at the same time.

When I got home there was a bunch of flowers on my doorstep with a card that said “This morning was delicious, from Richard x”. It made me furious and delighted at the same time. I was so confused by these feelings toward him. I dragged the flowers behind me and slung them on the kitchen table with my handbag. After dinner and a long soak in the bath, I watched some crap TV and went to bed. It was difficult to sleep though, for hours I just lay there thinking about him. In the end I had to push down my pyjama pants and slide a finger into my wet pussy. I imagined it was him stroking me and rubbing my g-spot. I imagined his tongue exploring my soft skin, sending tingles and shivers through my spine. I imagined him fucking me slowly on my bed, holding me tight, my hands gripping the crisp white sheets. In my mind, I saw him flip me over and pull my hips upward towards his, ramming his cock into my pussy from behind. His fingers gripping my hip bones, pulling me in hard. Moans and screams pouring from my mouth over and over as he filled me once again with his cum.

By the time I had made myself cum, my fingers were soaked with my juices and I felt dirty for thinking of him while I did it. So, I found myself up at two in the morning showering in the ensuite.

When I actually managed to sleep, I dreamed of his cock.

I got up at seven, like usual, had my coffee, like usual, and got dressed in front of the window, like usual. But unlike usual, his car wasn't driving past, and he wasn't staring at my tits. It was parked outside the front door like he'd threatened. I was furious.

I ran down the stairs, almost tripping, and flung open the front door. He must have known I'd be angry because he'd picked up the paper from the doorstep and handed it to me to make sure I couldn't slap him again.

"I told you I'd drop by," he said with a stupid wink and a grin, "how are you on this fine morning?"

"Just perfect, thank you very much. I suppose you want to drive me to work with you then? You're too early..."

"Yes, well, I thought we could waste the time away together!"

"Oh my God." Words couldn't possibly explain my frustration. "Just go away? Please?"

"Oh come, on, Sophie, you know you want to! What about all the times you stood there naked in your room waiting for me to drive past? Don't you want me to actually be in your room while you're naked?" he was grinning and almost laughing and I couldn't help but let my lips curl up and laugh at him. Maybe I did like him after all.

"Fine!" I laughed, "But you can drive me home as well tonight!" I turned, and he followed me inside, pinching my butt as he did. I went upstairs and waited for him to take his shoes off before joining me. All of a sudden I felt a great anticipation to feel his cock on my tongue, to wrap my lips around it. At that thought, I could feel myself getting wet. I stripped my newly-dressed clothes off and folded them on the chest of drawers for later. When Richard came into the room, I was stood with my back to him looking into my full-length mirror in just my underwear.

"You are stunning." He said, and nothing more.

I felt his hands at my waist, hold firmly but gently. One finger was swirling tiny circles toward my thong which he pulled at and released so that it snapped against my skin. His other hand moved quickly to my left breast, squeezing it, picking slightly at the nipple, barely able to hold it all in one hand. He pulled down the bra cup to feel the warmth of my skin in his hand, and I closed my eyes. I didn't dare speak. I didn't dare move.

I felt his lips on my shoulder, making a neat line of kisses towards my neck, travelling up, gently

nibbling at my ear lobe, before his hand grabbed my shoulders and he kissed me forcefully, his tongue diving into my mouth.

I was so wet; I didn't think I could stand waiting much longer. With my left hand I unzipped his trousers and held them open for my right hand to grasp his bulging, hard cock. Without opening my eyes, I had knelt down and taken the full length into my mouth. I felt a hand on the back of my head, and heard him let out a deep breath he must have been holding in.

"You're good, Sophie," he murmured, "but I don't want to cum in your mouth."

After a few seconds of me giving him head, he pulled me up and laid me onto the bed, climbing on top of me. I unbuttoned his shirt as he kissing my neck (which is a great achievement for me, because as soon as someone kisses my neck I turn to jelly...). I peeled it off him, feeling the perfectly sized muscles in his arms as I did so. He was the perfect amount of tanned, and the perfect strength to hold me down. My pussy was aching, literally, for him to penetrate me.

"Fuck me, Richard."

"Well, if you say so!" He said, laughing at me and kissing me harder, biting my neck.

He pulled his trousers off and kicked them away with his boxers, and pushed his cock deep inside me, holding it for a moment. I found his hands holding my face, his eyes staring intently into mine, his dick tensing inside me. Then he began thrusting slowly, just hard enough to make my legs weak. I moaned and dug my nails into his back, throwing my head back onto the pillow. I brought my knees upwards, so his cock hit harder against my g-spot, and he grabbed my ass as I did. We stayed like that for a while, slowly, gently, quietly fucking. Until he realised the time.

"Shit, we've got fifteen minutes." He said, pulled out of me, and flipped me over. Just as I'd imagined last night, he held onto my hip bones and his cock slid into me again. This time, he really went for it, fucking me as hard and as fast as he could. I was moaning in ecstasy within seconds, calling his name out loud and begging him to go faster. He didn't say anything, but reached around and began rubbing my clit for me, which brought me to the edge of orgasm. With my right hand, I grabbed my tits in turn, pinching my nipples and squeezing hard. When I came, I had to rest my face on the mattress, almost screaming into it. The pleasure was so intense, just like yesterday. My pussy went into spasms, making my legs shake. There was a final hard thrust from Richard's huge cock, before he pulled out and shot his hot load onto my little round ass. I collapsed forwards, hands grasping the pillow in front of me. He grabbed my towel from the radiator next to the bed and wiped the cum of my ass before he leaned over me and kissed the back of my neck, his hand holding the ribs just beneath my right breast.

I couldn’t believe I’d let him fuck me again. We now had about five minutes to get to school and we were both a complete mess. Allie would know. She’d know, and she’d do something about it now. What if I got fired!? What if Richard had to go and work at a different school!? I nearly panicked about it, and then realised that he was nothing to me except a hard cock. At least that’s all I wanted him to be. Just some no-strings fun.

I rolled onto my side to get up, but he held onto me, leaning over me from behind and whispered in my ear.

“I think I’m falling for you, Sophie. I really do.”