

Operation Masturbation

By Blackstallion21

Published on Lush Stories on 25 Aug 2012

Stacie plans on seducing her chemistry teacher, but he gets the best of her!

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/operation-masturbation.aspx>

Operation

Blackstallion21

I've always had a thing about getting caught doing things. Call it a fetish if you would but I don't think it's to that level yet... well maybe. Although I have the thing about getting caught, I never put myself in harm's way with things, until I met my crush that is... My crush is my Chemistry teacher, Mr. Kline.

He's been my chemistry teacher for the last three years and I'm desperately plotting on how I can get him into my pants. Yeah, twelfth-grade girls are as horny as the next girl, and I am horny for him! I just need to get him to notice me in a sexual way, and not just as his student.

I wear short skirts with my legs propped open and my panties showing, I wear low cut shirts with what little cleavage I have showing and I even wear skirts with no panties, but still nothing! No response out of him! I've even gone as far as kissing him on the cheek one day, and would you know that bastard had the nerve to write me up for sexual harassment! So I have one more way that I have decided to try going about getting Mr. Kline to notice me and if that doesn't work, I give up!

...Operation Masturbation!...

My plan is to drop a pen on the floor while he is walking past my lab table and when he acts like the gentleman that he is, and picks it up, I'll spread my little legs and stick my hand up my skirt and insert a couple fingers or a fist into my pretty little hot box. I haven't decided which yet. It's just as simple as that, right? Wrong! Let me tell you what really happened!

It was a Wednesday and it was hot outside, so I wore my skirt... wait, you don't need to know all of

that, I'll get on with the story...

I did drop the pen when Kline was walking down the aisle past my table and wouldn't you know it, he didn't even notice! He kept walking and went on with his lecture. Damn! Plan B! On his next trip down the aisle, I "dropped" my notebook and all of my papers directly in front of me.

"Stacie, what seems to be the problem today? You're dropping everything. Please pick up your papers and don't let it happen again." He said interrupting his lecture.

NOW I was furious!

What's not to like about me? I'm five foot six inches tall with curly red hair and freckles all over my body. (Yes, even my cunny too...) I have small perky B-cup tits, and a tight little bum that all of the guys like to grab. I have pretty blue eyes, and for those of you that want to know, yes the carpet matches the drapes, but it's strawberry blonde instead of fire red. So I have said all of that to say this, I DON'T KNOW why he won't pay attention to me. But here's the cliff hanger...

"Ms Alderson, I want to see you after class please," Kline said after his speech, "Class Dismissed."

Good, I have one more chance, well, after I get yelled at.

"Ms Alderson, I'm not quite sure what your problem is, but you need to stop disrupting my classes, as of this moment! You're on the verge of being kicked out of my classes and being blocked from taking any other classes with me in the future. Knock it off. You're dismissed."

I was going to kiss him mid-sentence, (I'm relentless) but I realized that probably wouldn't have been the right time.

"And Ms Alderson... wear panties to school, or at least to my class from now on."

Oh, that was it! He was getting it! He noticed and all he could say was, "Wear panties to my class?" Fuck that, fuck him, he was going to hear about this.

"You know what you miserable fuck? I've been trying to get your attention for the past three months, and when I do, all you can do is insult me? How about not! All I've wanted was for you to at least notice me, and when you do, you have smart ass comments? That's pretty shitty! I know I'm not one of those cheerleaders who have huge tits, and big asses with blond hair and blue eyes, but I'm not ugly. And I do wear panties to all of my other classes, but I take them off to give you a show, but you know what? I'll gladly oblige you, and I'll also let all of my underclassmen friends know to take Mrs.

Logger's Chem class instead of yours! I don't have to take another class with you, I'm a senior, sir!" And with that, I stormed out of his classroom and went straight home.

I cried, no bawled my freaking eyes out for the rest of the night! Mr. Kline was an asshole, and everyone was soon going to know that!

That next Friday came and I was walking down the hallway towards the band room and supposedly to my car, when Mr. Kline stopped me.

"Stacie, do you have a second?" He asked.

"I had all of the seconds in the world for you for the last couple weeks Kline, what do you need? I'm headed to my doctor's appointment."

"Come into my room please?" He asked sheepishly. "Listen, I have to apologize for my actions and behavior last week. I know I shouldn't have called you on the carpet about your panty issue, but I can lose my job if I'm even found looking at a student the wrong way, and neither you nor I want that!" He continued, "Now I would love nothing more than to spread your cute little freckled legs and stick my warm hot hard meat into your slippery wet cunt," (...and oh it was at the moment listening to him talk to me like that... GUSHING is more like it!) "But in the circumstances we're in, I can only go home and rub one off thinking about your little wet pussy and the things I would like to do to it!"

Well, I don't know about the next girl, but at that moment I could have taken my thong off, and wrung out the wetness two or three times over! I was leaking down my legs at that moment for Christ sake! So I figured I would torture him just like he was doing to me at that moment.

"Oh Mister Kline, What exactly would you like to do to my little pussy? Because all I think is that you'd like to publicly humiliate me in front of the class, like you did last week. I don't think you really want me. I think you're full of shit." I said as seductively as I could.

"No Stacie, what I really want is to fuck you publicly in front of the class, and take out all of the pent up frustration that you've caused me for the last couple of weeks. I want to rip those panties that you don't like to wear, from your tiny little frail body and ram my thick cock into you until you shiver in orgasm over and over again!"

(God I was gushing at that moment.)

"Then I would stick my tongue into your little slutty pussy and fuck you with it until I swallowed enough of your fluids and had you laying there lifeless in ecstasy. Then to finish you off, I would flip you over,

or better yet, I'd leave you on your back, and I'd pull your legs into my chest and plunge my cock deep into your tiny little rose bud. And when I was finished, I would pull out, and spray my spunk on your little flat stomach, tits, chin, and hopefully I'd even land some in your mouth!"

...Ummmm yeah, I was creaming all over myself. I could see that he was hard through his dress slacks, and if I heard him say another thing about what he wanted to do to my body, I think I might have exploded! I dropped the couple of books that I had in my hand, let my book bag, and purse slide from my shoulder, and I walked up to him. When I was close enough to have to look up at him to meet his eyes, I unbuckled his belt and unfastened his pants, and then let my hands drop to my sides.

"Do something about it, Kline!"

He didn't speak, but picked me up under my arms and sat my ass on the lab table that I was leaning against. He dropped to his knees in front of me and reached up my skirt and pulled off my panties.

"I'll keep these," he said, "Souvenir. You actually do own a pair... or did."

I giggled but my laughs were short lived, as his head disappeared under my schoolgirl plaid skirt and his tongue made contact with my hot cunny. His hot breath felt so good and those giggles that were just coming from me, turned into baited moans. His skillful tongue went straight to work. He sucked on my clit and flicked it gently with the tip of his tongue. As he went on sucking, he took two fingers and fucked my dripping hole and I couldn't help but moan. This man knew his shit!

I realized that the orgasm approaching the brink was going to be massive with in moments, and before I knew anything, I was crying out, "Fuck Jaymie, I'm going to cum!"

He looked up from his work with a raised eyebrow, "Excuse me?"

"Don't fucking stop! I'm about to explode!" I said, grabbing his head and pushing it back to my center.

I exploded so hard that I thought I was actually about to squirt all over him. (I don't squirt, but a girl watches porn, I know all about that shit.)

Jaymie stood up and whipped his massive sword out of his pants, and damn am I glad he did! He was massive.

"I want you to cry out my name as I'm fucking you," he said as he lined his tool up to my entrance.

“I think I’m going to cry rape! That thing is massive!”

“Very funny, Alderson, just do as I asked,” he said.

“Does it give you super pow...” Yeah I never finished that sentence! He slid into me with such power that I came instantly! Gawd he felt good inside of me!

As he kept slamming into me, my skirt was getting in the way, so he flipped it up onto my tummy and continued pounding into me, without skipping a beat. He was slow and deliberate, slamming into me at a slow steady pace.

“Uunh, uunh, uunh, oh god, uunh, uunh, uunh!” I moaned. “Cum on my skirt Jaymie, Cum on me, cum now, CUM SOMEWHERE!” I begged.

He was giving my pussy a complete work out, and stretching the walls in glorious pain.

“I’m cumming Stacie, I’m cumming!” He said pulling out and shooting long white ropes of cum all over me, the lab table and eventually the floor. At the feeling of him leaving me, and seeing him spurt, I came just as hard as he did.

When he was finished, I knelt down on the floor and licked what little cum wasn’t on my clothes, off of his mushroom topped cock.

“Now what are you going to wear out of the school Stacie?” He asked, actually sounding concerned.

“This!” I said with a smile that was about to break my face.

I was so happy and in such euphoria that I didn’t even care! I just fucked the hottest teacher in the building and I didn’t even care who saw me at that moment! And with that, I got up, collected all of my books, placing my Chemistry 101 book on top, and I stepped really close to Mr. Kline.

“Thank you for the private lessons Mr. Kline.” And with that, I kissed him with a little tongue and walked out of the lab.

I passed the cafeteria on the way out to my car and the band room. A lunch lady looked at me funny, as she must have saw some of the remaining cum on my clothes, but didn’t say anything. She continued wiping her tables, and I smiled, and continued my little trot leaving the building.

As I was getting to my car, my good friend, Franklyn came up to my car door. "What's all over you and your clothes girl?" she asked.

"Taste it Frankie," I said nonchalantly.

"Taste it?" she asked?

"Come on, we eat off of each other and we've made out. You don't trust me?"

Franklyn licked my cheek where there was a small amount and her face frowned up. "Who's spunk do you have all over your face?" she asked sternly.

"Three guesses and if you can't I'll tell you."

"Kelle Jackson, the basketball center?"

"Nope."

"Malik? The sexual chocolate drum major?"

"Nope. How about Jaymie 'too fine' Kline. the Chemistry teacher!" I said as she squealed and hugged me as she started jumping up and down.

"You're lying. You dirty little bitch, you're fucking lying! Shut the hell up!" She said, pushing me back from her, "Come here, bitch, let me lick some more off of you! How the Hell did you do that?"

"He apologized for screaming at me last week and then propositioned me in the same sentence and I had to tease him! He has that Magic Dick honey!" I said, as Franklyn was actually licking my face like she said she was going to.

*

I graduated that summer from John M Peabody High and I looked into the crowded auditorium and sitting right next to my parents carrying on conversation, was Jaymie 'too fine' Kline. I waved, of course at my chemistry teacher, but my parents waved back. And the tears that were streaming from my face were also for him, as I realized I wouldn't be able to take him out of state to college with me, but my parents didn't know the difference. They assumed I was crying because I had graduated.

After I had graduated and received my diploma, I went back to my seat and glanced back towards my

parents and Jaymie, but there was an empty seat where he had been. I looked at Franklyn and mouthed, “*Where is he?*”

She searched the auditorium over as well, but neither of us could see him anywhere. At the end of the ceremony, I searched again, but to no avail.

My parents came up to me and handed me a beautiful bouquet of roses and two cards. One was of course from them, but the other one had familiar hand writing on it. “*Stacie*” I ripped it open like it was a present at Christmas and the contents read:

My Dearest Stacie,

I know you're probably looking for me as of right now... Stop! You'll never find me, I'm already halfway to my destination out of state. I was caught with you the other day and the administration gave me two choices. Stay here and be fired, lose my teaching license and possibly face jail time, or resign quietly and leave the state. I'm sure you know what I had to do. I'm a fool in love and although I begged and pleaded to be pardoned, I was only given until your graduation day to get all of my things and disappear. Now that you're headed out into the world, you'll understand that things are harder than they seem sometimes, but you do what you have to do. I will always love you, Stacie and I hope to cross paths with you one day. If not, we'll always have that day in the Chem Lab.

Jamie Michael Kline.

Cried. Bawled. Cried some more and when my stomach couldn't handle the pain of being twisted up in knots from all of the hyperventilating I was doing, I dropped to my knees and balled myself up and cried some more. Franklyn came to my side and rubbed my back, while my parents just looked at me, as if I was a mental patient.

Fuck his teacher's license. I wanted to have him for myself and be a selfish bitch.

No, that sounds terrible, never mind, I hope he does well in life, and gives some other cute chemistry student his cock like he gave me and I pray that she has the mind-blowing orgasms that I had that day! Those toe-curling, jaw-dropping, nipple-hardening, fucking amazing orgasms that he gave me!

Author's Note:

It's an old one for those of you that follow me, but I needed to get it online for others to see! Hope you all like it!

BS21