The Teacher and the Secretary

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They used to see each other every morning through the glass, and now they work at the same school...

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I am quite proud of my body. I'm not over-confident about showing it off, but I know I am not fat and not skinny, and just the right amount of curvy in just the right places. My measurements are exactly the same as Marilyn Monroe's, which I was ecstatic to learn! I don't mind guys checking me out, and I appreciate when people tell me I look good. Sometimes, I like to leave my bedroom curtains open when I get dressed. I have noticed one guy who drives past my house every morning, on his way to work, and he actually slo-o-o-ws down to see if I'm naked; to see if he can catch a glance of my tits through the glass (I must admit, my tits are pretty damn good, if I do say so myself).

To be honest, this guy is quite a catch himself. Probably late thirties, early forties- the Patrick Dempsey type; well built, nice bit of stubble, tall, dark, handsome... I had actually fantasised about him stopping outside my house, knocking on my door, and fucking my brains out in the hallway. So imagine my surprise, horror and almost delight when he turned up at the school I where I work as a secretary. He just walked in the door, looking all sexy and delicious in his grey suit and purple shirt, ran his hand through his hair and looked around.

I can remember the exact moment when he clocked me and realised who I was. He probably wondered why I had so many clothes on. His expression changed from one of shock at the sight of me, to a wide grin. He strode up to my desk, set his briefcase on the floor and his hand on the polished wood.

"I liked your choice of bra this morning," he whispered, "simple, yet effective." He referenced the plain black push-up which had a tiny bit of lace at the sides and between the cups which were some kind of cotton mix. I felt myself blush ridiculously- this was the most awkward place for a chance meeting.

"So anyway," he continued, "I'm the new Head of Year 8, I was supposed to start tomorrow, but I thought I'd come in and get acquainted with the school a bit better. I hope you don't mind." He winked at me. I think I melted. I should have known he was the new Head of Year, Richard Starling. Allie, the head teacher, had said he was gorgeous. I felt like ripping my hair out and ripping his trousers off at

the same time.

I realised then that I hadn’t spoken at all, and had just sat there staring at him with my mouth hanging open. I closed it, smiled and said quietly, “Yes, sir, I can get one of our year 11’s to show you around if you’d like?”

He heard me, but leaned closer and said, “Sorry, I missed that,” with a stupid grin on his face.

“I can get a year 11 to show you around if you like?” I blushed again, my cheeks hot, my heart pounding.

“I’d prefer it if you could show me around,” he whispered cheekily, and almost as if he were telling me, not asking.

“I’m sorry; I really can’t leave the desk...” I didn’t know how to react; whether to go along with him, and be giggly and flirtatious, or formal and polite as with most visitors to the school. Either way, I’d be seeing him quite a lot for quite a long time.

“Oh go on, isn’t there someone else who can fill in for a while?”

“Well, yes, but she has other things to do, and she’s not a secretary.”

“So what happens if you need to go to the toilet, you wait till the end of school and hold it in all day?”

“No!” I looked down, embarrassed, “I can go if I need to...”

“Ah well you do need to show me around, don’t you?” he was clever this one. Handsome and clever rarely meant I’d get my own way. I accepted the situation and decided to compromise- I would go along with his little ‘game’ but I would continue treating him as a guest to the school.

“Okay, I’ll give you the tour, but it will have to be quick. Please sign the visitor’s book before we go.”

After he had scrawled his signature and I had initialled the entry, I led him down the corridor which leads to the English department.

“This is a year 8 class; I can introduce you if you like?” I pointed to a room filled with rows of 13 year olds with their books open, heads down, and pens running.

“I’d love that!” he said with another devilish grin, and touched my shoulder blade as I opened to door.

“Mrs. Brookes? Sorry to interrupt your class. This is Mr. Starling, the new Head of Year 8, have you met?”

“Yes we have,” Jen said with a warm smile, and shook his hand. “Welcome, Mr Starling! Class, this is your new Head of Year! He’s joining us tomorrow; I know you’ve all been excited to meet him. Say hello!”

There was a slightly disjointed simultaneous round of ‘hello’, ‘hi’, and ‘hey’ from the children. Then we left, and moved on.

After several more class introductions, and several more inappropriate touches of my person (including shoulder blade, waist, hip, and hand), he stopped in front of an empty office which is usually used for job interviews (which he must have been inside of with Allie at one point...) and grabbed my hand.

I gasped a little as he swung open the door and dragged me inside. I was utterly shocked. And a more than a little thrilled. I was about to protest, but he pressed a finger against my lips.

“*Every* morning! Every morning I drive past, hoping to see you, hoping you’ll notice me! And now here you are, and here I am, and this is just perfect! But I don’t even know your name.” He removed his finger and looked at my shocked face expectantly.

“Sophie-“ I managed to whisper before he cut me off with a kiss. It was a good kiss, a deep, passionate and meaningful kiss.

I tried to pull back, unsure of the situation and uncomfortable that we could get caught. But then I remembered that this is the man I stood naked for every morning, the man I had fantasised about knocking me against his headboard every night, and wished to fucking God that he actually found me attractive. There were too many possibilities to think about. I just gave in to my desires. I gave in to the wetness soaking my thong, and the hardened bulge in his suit trousers. I gave in. I reached for his zipper and pulled it down, buried my hand into his boxers and grasped his thick, hard cock. Oh my God, it was huge. I released it from its cotton prison, sighing as I watched it grow with my own eyes. He chuckled lightly, and pushed me against the large, oak desk. His grin told me that he wanted me to want this. I wanted it bad right now.

He grabbed my tits with both hands, feeling them through my cream blouse. One hand slid down my waist, my hip, my thigh, to the hem of my pencil skirt. He pulled it up, revealing my stocking-tops and the thong which matched the bra he loved ever so much. His other hand deftly unbuttoned my shirt.

He pushed it back, over my shoulders, and kissed my collar bone, while the hand which had pushed up my skirt was now tickling just above my thong.

He pressed his forehead against mine, his eyes closed, lips gently parted. His breath smelt like peppermint creams. I gripped his shoulder with my left hand and tip-toed so I could sit on the desk.

His eyes opened, looking straight into mine- fucking intense. He had bright green eyes, and I couldn't look away until he broke the stare.

Richard knelt on the floor. He laid his hands on my knees, spread my legs, and pushed his face into my covered pussy. Literally biting my thong, he ripped it straight down the middle and tossed one half to the floor. And I didn't even care. His tongue was probing around my wet pussy lips, licking my clit, tasting me. I could barely hold in my moans. Stroking his hair, I whispered, "You're so fucking good..."

The flicks of his tongue got faster and faster until I thought I was about to come, and he stopped. His cock was even bigger now, and I reached for it as he stood up, pulling him in towards me. I rubbed his cock-head over my wet slit.

"Fuck me, Richard." I asked him quietly in his ear.

"That's Mr. Starling or Sir to you," he said with that goddamn controlling grin.

"Fuck me, Mr. *Starling*, then!" I would have been outraged if I hadn't been so horny. "I need your cock inside me."

"Oh, really?" he said, and rammed it all the way inside me, hard. I moaned out loud, my arms instinctively wrapping around his shoulders, my small hands gripping fistfuls of his grey suit jacket. "Like this?"

"Yes!"

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Sir!"

He pulled his long dick out almost all the way, and pushed it back in really hard. He held it inside me for a while, before repeating.

"You want more?" he whispered in my ear.

“I do, I really do. Please.”

He pulled out, pulled up his boxers, and re-zipped his trousers so fast I couldn’t comprehend it.

I stared in horror. He was going to leave me like this!

“Now you know how I feel every morning.” He winked slyly, and made for the door.

“No! Please, Richard! Sir, I mean, please, Mr. Starling!”

“Oh I couldn’t leave you, you stupid thing.” He turned back around and laughed cruelly at my hurt and upset face. At the same time, though, he was soft and charming and oh, so sexy.

Once more, I pulled open his trousers and lowered his boxers just enough so that his cock was fully out. He told me to face the wall, so I did. He pushed up my skirt even further and gently tugged my blouse the rest of the way off of my arms. I felt one hand on my lower back and the other at the base of my neck, pushing me forwards so I was bent over the desk and leaning on my hands.

“I’m going to fuck you know, Sophie, and afterwards you are going to thank me.”

I nodded, too excited to speak.

I could feel my juices dripping out of my wet cunt and onto my thighs. Every fibre of my body needed his cock right then.

His strong hands explored my body, feeling my waist, hips, and ass, then back up and around to squeeze my tits and gently pinch my nipples through my bra. He slid one hand down my front, caressing my pelvic bones and then towards my pussy. His other hand grabbed my ass firmly while he parted my pussy lips and slipped a finger deep inside me.

“Well, you really do want it, don’t you?” he whispered into my neck, gently nibbling and kissing. The hand on my ass moved next to mine on the desk. He removed his fingers from my soaking hole and replaced them with the very tip of his big, hard dick. It was infuriating, the way he rubbed it up and down to make me think he would enter me, and then not. The way he knew exactly how to tease me. The way he knew exactly what I needed, and how to keep it from me. God damnit, this man was amazing in all the wrong ways. And the right ways. And every way in between.

Then all of a sudden, I felt him hit the back of my pussy, hard as fuck. I couldn’t stop myself moaning,

it felt so damn good. He was all the way inside me, tensing his cock, and kissing my neck. He began pulling halfway out and ramming it back in like before, but after a few times he was just going as hard and as fast as he could. He was hitting all the right places; my gasps and moans were getting louder and I was sure someone would find us. I'd never been fucked like this before, and the sheer pleasure of it was bringing me close to the edge already.

I clenched my pussy around his shaft, squeezing as tight as possible to let him know I was almost there. I dared not say a word in case he stopped. He sensed my orgasm building.

"You're going to come aren't you?" he whispered "You need to ask permission first."

I moaned out of anguish; he was in control of me, and there was absolutely nothing I could do.

"Please, Richard, can I come now?" I said very quietly.

"Speak up."

"Please can I come now!?" I repeated, almost shouting at him.

"Remember who you are talking to, missy!" the tone of his voice was mock patronisation. It made me want to kick him in the balls.

"Please, Mr. Starling, will you let me come?"

"Okay then, ladies first."

On his word, I shut my eyes and concentrated on the feeling of his cock rubbing up and down over my g-spot. I held my breath- I didn't want to make any more noise. Out of the blue, he spanked me hard and I tipped over. The orgasm that shuddered through me made my vision go double and the room spin. I must have been moaning rather loudly, as I found his hand over my mouth. Waves of pleasure forced my pussy into spasms, and jerked my head backwards, spilling my hair from its neat ponytail. Just before it ended, I felt his hot cum shoot inside me, filling me to the brim. As the feeling died down, I let my head hang forward, exhausted. I let out a long, ragged sigh.

His arms were all around me, holding me in tight, his lips all over my shoulders, neck, and back.

I couldn't help but feel uneasy about how he felt about me. It was probably that he liked me more than I liked him and that this could get a whole lot of complicated at work. But then again, I'd just had sex to die for, and if he wanted to do it again, fine by me!