

A Lesson I'd Never Forget

By SITTING

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Oct 2011

Copyright Emilia Adams 2011-2015. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form or by any means without the prior permission of the author.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/a-lesson-id-never-forget.aspx>

I guess I should start by saying that I hated school. I really hated it. At the tender age of 9, I would be playing truant, missing Tuesday afternoons because I hated PE. Looking back on it, I was pretty dumb. I could have been kidnapped but I didn't realise that; I was innocent. I trusted the world. I thought nothing of asking random strangers what the time was and it didn't bother me when people smiled at me in petrol stations for no apparent reason.

When I started high school, things didn't get better. I was always in trouble. People that I thought were friends would snitch on me and then act like they cared. It made me realise that I was pretty much alone in the world. After countless detentions and social exclusions, my parents were sick of me. I hated disappointing them, and even though I got good grades, my behaviour was just appalling. I was their fourth child and my older siblings were kind of, well, *perfect*. I was expected to live up to their standards but I was always going wrong. By year ten I would skip ICT lessons. It was project work that was easy as pie so I got an A* in the end but those lessons were pointless. I'd just walk out of the school gates. ICT was before lunch so I'd stay out until afternoon lessons began and then it wasn't much trouble sneaking back in through the side entrance. No one knew I did this. My so-called friends assumed I was just hanging around somewhere and the teachers were none the wiser. I never really fitted in. It was a grammar school, I did the eleven plus exam and was good at all my lessons but the other kids were stuck up. If you didn't have the latest phone or iPod you weren't good enough for them. I didn't have much money. I used to shoplift all the time. I'm not proud of it, but it was just something I used to do. I can't deny it. I got a thrill, a sick sort of kick out of it.

The teachers at school were impressed with my grades but not thrilled with how I acted. I didn't really care. Getting yelled at meant attention which was something I craved. In short, I was a problem child.

By the time year eleven finally rolled around, I'd become a bit straighter. I was 16 now which meant it wasn't so easy to get away with things. I was an 'adult', which my mother never forgot to remind me about. I'd still skive off school now and then. I'd miss Maths or Business or German, and no one

knew. Teachers were only concerned with GCSE's now and seeing as though I was achieving high, they didn't bother me. Well, most of them didn't....

My chemistry teacher was a prick. Mr Ward. He was about forty. He was good looking, and a lot of the girls would giggle about him, but I didn't really give a damn. For the first term, he didn't really notice me. I never skipped Chemistry, I actually enjoyed the lesson, and my work was always up to scratch. It was when he caught me texting under the table that everything changed.

It was a Wednesday afternoon. I had Chemistry and then RE. The lesson was fine, everything was fine, and we were copying off the board when my phone vibrated. I was sitting at the back of the class, between two clueless boys so after a quick glance around the room, I pulled it out of my pocket and checked the message. It was from a guy I'd been dating for a while. He wasn't from school, he was actually a few years older than me and a bit of a gangster but, hey, it was a boyfriend right?

"Want 2 go out 2nite?" he'd sent.

"Where?" I replied

"Wherever u want. We can go bak 2 mine after. My parents r out."

I smirked to myself. Man, he was obvious.

"Sure." I typed and hit the send button. It was at that moment I realised Mr. Ward had walked up and was standing right behind me. Hastily, I shoved the stupid phone back into my pocket but it was too late.

"What do you think you're doing?"

I shrugged, picked up my pen and continued copying off the board.

"I asked you a question Jennifer."

Man, it annoyed me when people said my full name. I ignored him. By now the class had been alerted and had all turned around to take in the drama. I went red. Mr Ward was still behind me. I was afraid of turning around so I just kept doing my work.

"Give me your phone." He said.

It was school policy. You were meant to turn off your mobiles and leave them in your lockers and if

you were caught with one, it was confiscated until the end of the day.

“No.” I said.

I didn't meant to be insolent but I had had a bad experience with teachers and my mobile before. It had been taken in by the head of my year and he'd read all my text messages. That's not fair, right? I'd had a lot of private stuff on it and then the son of a bitch had the nerve to get me in trouble for gossiping about other people. There was no way I was giving Mr Ward my phone without passwording it first.

“Fine. You stay behind after the lesson.” he said and he walked off. The class sniggered at me before turning back around to their work. Bunch of dickheads.

When the bell rang and everyone else had dawdled off, I stayed in my seat. Mr Ward looked up from his desk.

“Look Jennifer, you're wasting my time and you're wasting your time. Just give me the phone.”

“No.”

He started to get mad then. Most kids have a habit of just listening but I was pissed off now.

“What do you mean, no?” he demanded. He got up from his chair and came and stood in front of me. “You don't have a choice.”

I shrugged and that infuriated him further.

“Don't shrug at me!” he shouted. I jumped then; I didn't expect him to start yelling. “I'm giving you a last chance!”

He was leaning over, glaring at me and I got up, shoved my books in my bag. I was kind of scared now.

He held his hand out. “GIVE IT TO ME!” I'd never seen him so crazy before. I fumbled in my pocket. “ONE, TWO, THREE!”

I dropped the phone into his hand and edged towards the door. Students were lining up for their next lesson, watching open mouthed.

“You can come back here at 3.30.” he said. “Now, get out of my sight.”

I didn't need to be told twice. I turned and fled. When I got to RE, my hands were shaking. I'd never been so scared. Fortunately my teacher was nice and she let me off for being late. I couldn't concentrate on what she was talking about though. All I could think of was how much trouble I was in. Again.

The bell rang at 3.30 and with a slight feeling of despair I trudged back up to the chemistry lab and tapped on the door.

“Come in.”

I did.

Mr Ward was sitting on his desk, waiting.

“Sit down.” He said.

I did.

“Look, Jennifer, I know what teenagers are like, always on their phones and texting but you have no need to be fiddling with it in my lesson.”

I nodded.

“And don't worry; I'm not nosy. I don't read students private messages unlike some teachers.” He looked at me meaningfully and I smiled. “But, Jenny, you're ruining yourself. I know I'm not your form tutor but there's no need for you to waste your brilliant mind on getting up to no good. Teachers talk in the staff room and I'm seriously surprised that a girl like you feels the need to act up so much.”

It was getting late. “I know sir. Can I go now?”

Mr Ward sighed, “You're not even listening.”

“I am. I just need to catch my bus.”

He got up off the desk then and walked over to the door.

“Sir?”

“I’m sure there’s a later bus you can get.” He said, dropping a bunch of keys into his pocket. “Meanwhile, I think it’s time someone taught you a lesson.”

I looked at him, puzzled, “What do you mean, Sir?”

“You’re going downhill.” He said, coming over and standing in front of me. “And I know just the way to put you back in your place.”

I looked at him, confused.

“Get up.” He said and I did.

“Now come around to my desk and bend over it.”

“Sir?”

“Do as you’re told.” I could hear the anger rising in his voice so I obeyed.

“Good girl. Now, Jenny, I’m going to show you what happens when you’re naughty. You keep quiet about this, and I’ll keep quiet about our earlier incident. Deal?”

I nodded as best as I could with my head on the cluttered desk. Mr Ward came up behind me and I felt his hands, surprisingly gentle on my waist.

“What-?”

‘Don’t speak.’ He said sternly.

I clamped my lips shut and closed my eyes as well as I felt his hands travel over my ass and then up again, pushing my blouse up. His breathing was deep and steady as his hands explored my back and the slightly protruding ribs above my stomach.

‘You need to eat more.’ He said, as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening. His fingers suddenly shot up and gripped my breasts making me jump slightly. I felt his elbow pressing gently into the small of my back.

“Are you OK with this Jenny?” he questioned.

“Yes.”

“OK. Keep still.” He whispered.

His hands caressed my breasts for a few minutes and then he went back down and began unbuckling my belt. I knew I should have protested but I was enjoying myself. I'd never been touched so tenderly, and though I knew what his intentions were, I wasn't at all afraid. In fact, I was excited. This forty year old chemistry teacher wanted to fuck my brains out and I was going to let him. Why not? It'd also avoid the trouble I'd be in with my parents and other teachers. Win-win situation.

Mr Ward had managed to get my school trousers down now and his fingers were rubbing my slit through my underwear. I opened my mouth to breathe in air as he felt me and had to bite back a gasp as he pulled down my underwear, displaying my bare ass to him. His thick fingers came out, parted my pussy lips and felt the wetness. I heard him grunt in appreciation as he felt the slickness of my pussy. I moaned as he pushed one of his fingers up into my cunt.

“You like that, huh?” he whispered and I bit my lip. This was kind of embarrassing. I moaned as he pushed another finger into me and gasped loudly in pain as a third was forced up.

“Please.” I whimpered, “They're too big.”

“Didn't I tell you to be quiet?” he smacked my ass lightly before withdrawing his soaked fingers and then I heard the inevitable; his zipper being pulled down.

I heard him sucking his fingers and then I felt the head of his cock being pushed against me, brushing my clit.

“Widen your legs.” He said. I obeyed, planting my feet as far apart as they would go. His fingers came back again, finding my entrance, guiding his dick up towards it until the tip was holding it apart. His hands came, latched onto my hips and he began to push into me. It hurt like hell. Either I'd been with only under-developed guys or Mr Ward was something special because my pussy was not trained to stretch around a cock as large as the one that was forcing its way up into me. I was being stretched inconceivably. I shut my mouth, drowning out the scream that threatened to break out.

Eventually I was fully impaled on that enormous dick and was panting uncontrollably, my legs quaking. Mr Wards hand moved around to my clit.

The pain faded instantaneously and I was aroused, my pussy leaking, my clit engorged and he used this to his full advantage, using my juices to lube up my clit.

He began sliding out of me slowly, one hand still gripping my waist, the other playing with me. I moaned and yelped simultaneously as he began pumping into me, harder and faster with each thrust, the desk inching forward slightly as my hands flailed uselessly. He was grunting behind me, I could hear the jangle of the keys still in his pocket as he fucked me, could hear his sexy voice.

“Oh yes, oh fuck yeah, this is more like it. You little slut Jenny.”

I didn't care what he called me. I was a slut. Here I was; a 16 year old, with a boyfriend, being fucked on a desk by her 40 year old teacher. It was crazy! And I loved it. The pain gradually subsided to pleasure and I was moaning loudly as Mr Ward's fingers worked my clit, turning it in exactly the right way to get me going mad. I bit back an enormous moan as an orgasm began to radiate in my clit. My legs shook, almost unable to stand straight anymore and I felt the pleasure sear through me, making me clench around Mr Wards dick.

“Oh, yeah. You like that Jenny?”

I moaned in response, clinging to the desk as he began fucking me harder and faster. The books and pens went flying off the desk as I whimpered, begging,

“Oh God, more sir, please!”

His fingers were still teasing my sensitive clit and my legs were straining in desperation as his dick slammed in and out of my sore pussy, his breathing hoarse and full of desire. I clenched around him repeatedly as my second orgasm tore through my teenage body making me grit my teeth. His hand left my clit, groping my breast instead and I felt his rhythm surge as he wrapped his arm around my waist.

“Yes, yes!”

It was his turn to cum. And he did. Straight up into my pussy, four times, roaring through his clenched teeth, the desk sliding even further forward. Then he was done. He paused, breathing heavily, his dick still buried deep inside me.

“You going to be a good girl from now on Jenny?”

“Yes.” I whimpered.

“Did that teach you a lesson?”

I nodded as he pulled his cock out of me. I straightened up, his cum trickling down my thighs.

“Hey,” he said as I made to pull my pants and trousers up. “Hang on.”

He grabbed the box of tissues which had joined the books on the floor and carefully wiped my legs, until my pussy stopped leaking.

“There.” I pulled my pants up as he wiped his cock before shoving it back into his pants.

I picked up my bag and he smiled at me as he unlocked the door handing me my phone.

“You’d better hurry along. Don’t want to miss your bus now, do you?”