Close Teacher

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A caring teacher takes good care of a student in need.

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I try to keep a close relationship with my students, portraying myself more that just an adult role model, but as an adult friend. In being a young teacher, students sometimes find it easier when someone of authority is close to their age and will listens to them, especially with all their relationship problems. Take Tiffany for example, she's blonde, beautiful, and the goal of many of these high school boys is to get into her cotton white panty she flashes while cheer leading. But she's not a stereotype. In our many talks, I have found that Tiffany is very intelligent and not at all a stereotypical blonde bimbo. I don't know if any of the boys have been successful in their goals with her, but there were certainly rumors going around about her being the "blonde cheerleader slut who only sleeps with college boys." I assume those rumors surfaced because the boys were unsuccessful. One day, these rumors got to her and she came into my classroom after school to talk about it.
Tiffany peeked through my classroom door and asked, "Mr. Reynolds? Can I talk to you about something?"
"Yes, of course Tiffany." I said, placing my pen down.
"I'm hoping to keep it private, is it okay if we lock the door?"
"Well, I'm not allowed to do that, unfortunately. But I assure you, most of the faculty is gone now, except the after school advisors. When does cheerleading practice start?"
"In about half an hour. Ok, Mr. Reynolds, I'll try and make this quick then and hopefully no one will interrupt us."
Tiffany walked in, her blonde hair in pigtails and her cheerleading skirt swaying with each step towards my desk.
"You know about the rumors spreading around about me?"
"Yes, it's unfortunate. I caught one of the boys talking about you in the halls, I had a talk with him about it."
"Was it… Brad?"
"Yeah, how did you know?"
Tiffany began tearing up, "I knew it. He's so immature. If there's one thing true about the rumors is that I do hate high school boys. They all need to grow up."
"Well, Tiffany, most girls do mature faster than boys. Brad and the boys will learn; I sure have. Here you go." I handed her a tissue. She touched my hand and pulled me towards her. I sensed she

needed a hug and I hugged her. “It’ll be okay Tiffany. There are plenty of smart, mature boys at this school… somewhere.” Her head was on my shoulder, with her arms wrapped around my neck. She smelled wonderful and I shamefully began to harden. Her mouth was close to my ear and she whispered, “Possibly. They are hard to find, you, however, are right next to me. I wish Brad was more like you.” Then she pressed harder between us, and she may have felt that I was getting a little aroused.

“Tiffany, I don’t think we should…” but before I can finish, she continued to whisper , “You don’t believe all rumors do you? Do you think I’ve slept with a bunch of college boys?”

“ Well, I know girls and boys your age tend to act upon your hormones.It'sreally your choice, and I know you are bright and intelligent, and if you've hadsex, you would'vemade sure it wasthe right choice for you. Still no, I don’t believe the rumors."

“I’m a virgin. I mean, I do have urges, but I’ve only acted upon them alone, at home, in my bedroom.”

“Tiffany… that wastoo much … information.”

“But you want to hear about it, don’t you? You’ve always been such a good teacher and friend to me. When I need someone, you make me feel better. Besides, this part of you really wants to hear about it.” She starts to rub my hard cock over my pants, and I can’t help but succumb to her hands. “Sit down at your desk and let me tell you about how I give in to my urges.” I sit, with hesitance, half knowing if someone walks in, I’d be fired, but half knowing that girls of Tiffany’s beauty and intelligence is a rarity. She kneels before me and says, “I’ve got a wild imagination when I masturbate. I’ve been with these boys who want me, but while I do feel the urge to let them have me, they usually say something stupid and immature and I tend to ease my urges with my vibrator instead. But the cold hard plastic doesn’t feel like a real cock, does it?”

“I don’t know, I don’t have any experience with that,” I manage to reply.

“Well, it certainly doesn’t feel like it over your pants. Can I hold yours under your pants, Mr. Reynolds? Can I compare it and tell you the differences?” She asks in question, but she moves like I’ve already answered and she undoes my belt, button, and zipper. She reaches in and with her hand under my boxers, she begins to stroke me. “Mmmm, this is much warmer than my vibrator. You’re so hard, Mr. Reynolds… I bet this feels good to you. I bet it feels good in my hands. I like that I’m pleasing you. Sometimes I imagine that I have a warm cock in my mouth when I suck on my vibrator, but I bet it’s not the same. Yours is leaking from the tip,” she says, “My vibrator doesn’t do that. Is that pre-cum? Can I taste it?” She asks again, knowing full well my answer and all I can do is moan in affirmation. I watch as her lips, heavy with bright lip-gloss, kisses against the tip of my cock. She pulls back and a string of the pre-cum follows her and lands on her chin and a little on her cheerleading top. “Oh no, there’s some of it on my cheerleading top.”

“Don’t worry, I don’t think there’s enough of it to really show.”

“I better be more careful and keep you all in.”

With that she opens her glistening lips and sucks on the head of my cock. I see her cheeks cave in as she is trying to really suck in my cock. Her mouth releases and a goop of saliva flows down. She uses it to stroke me while further describing her asexual life at home, “You know, I’ve only had my vibrator

as deep as the middle of my mouth. But when I suck your cock, I want to take it deeper. Can I try that?” Again, with the polite asking. She takes me in, I can feel her tongue wiggling while my head reaches towards her tonsils. She tries to relax her throat, and she begins gagging.
“You okay?” I asked, trying to be concerned.
“Yes, yes, it’s fun. I’m going to try again.”
She does, and this time, a quick learner, she takes me in her throat and starts to move up and down. She quickens her pace and I can see her pigtails, wrapped in red and white ribbons, bouncing up and down as she swallows, un-swallows, and swallows my cock continually. Then she looks at me, my cock in between strong lip-glossed lips, her eyes piercingly blue and she says, “I need to keep my outfit clean, cum in my mouth okay?” I nod, and she nods on my cock and I grab her pigtails and I forcefully pull them down till her nose touches my pubic hair, then I cum, my cock pulsing in her mouth, sending what seems like months of built-up cum down her throat. Her cheeks cave in again, sucking and swallowing it all to not stain her uniform. The sensitivity of the head of the cock beginning to set in, but she doesn’t know that and she continues to lick my cock.
There’s a knock on the door. Realizing there’s no time to pull up my pants, Tiffany crawls under my desk and I push my chair forward. The principal walks in.
“Mr. Reynolds?”
“Hi, Principal Powers. You’re here late.”
“Yes, well, I was hoping to go over tomorrow’s assembly with you.”
“Tomorrow’s what--?” I couldn’t believe that Tiffany was still licking me clean under the desk. “You know, Ms. Powers, I don’t think now is a good time. Um… perhaps tomorrow morning, we’ll work out the final details.”
“Alright, yes, you look a little preoccupied. Tomorrow then.”
“Thank you Ms. Powers.”
As soon as Ms. Powers closed the door, I pull back my chair, and my cock makes a popping sound escaping Tiffany’s mouth. “You’re bad. In a very good way, but you’re still very bad.”
“Yeah? You want show my how bad?” Tiffany bends over my desk, presenting her ass to me. I lift up her skirt and I noticed that she’s been dripping down her legs. I pull down her white cotton panty to her ankles and smell her. I stand behind her and she looks over her shoulder and rubs my cock along the line of her round bottom, “I want you to be my first,” She says all kidding aside and massaging my cock with her ass, “I’ve wanted you for a long time, I’ve imagined youfucking me on your desk for months, and now… I want the real thing. I want you inside me.” I rubbed the head of my cock between her pussy folds, pressing and circling her clit, you can hear the squishing sounds because her pussy was so wet, then I find the entrance way and slowly slide the head in. Her pussy is incredibly tight, but not so much to have her bleed because of her experience with vibrators. She clenches her pussy muscles massaging my cock on it’s way it. She was so slippery wet and velvety warm. I pushed up against herass,noticing hermore pale tone changewhere her panty once rested,seeingher cheeksget smothered by my lower abdomen, and we both were relishing the fact that I’m really deep inside my student’s pussy and she’s living out her fantasies and feeling a real

cock for the first time. I slowly pull out and she moans to have me back in. I thrust in again, pushing up against her ass, then I repeatedly pound her ass faster and faster, with her ass clapping against me, and my desk creaking and moving forward with each thrust. She started on her tippy-toes, but then I started ramming her so fast and so hard that her feet clears the ground. Things are falling off the desk as I watch my cock go in and out of her heart-shaped ass. I spread her cheeks apart, and watch her little rose bud asshole, pucker itself, and see her beautiful pink pussy lips spreading and folding around my pumping cock. “I’m cumming!” She screamed in between moans and I felt own my cum building and ready to shoot out and with a tremendous thrust against her ass, lifting her legs till she was almost horizontal, I came deep in her.Her pussy massages my cock, milking it and keeping it hard while it stayed in what must be a puddle of our cum mixing in her pussy. After what had to be at least a minute of a pulsating cock inside a pulsating pussy, I pulled out of her, and a long droop of cum leaked down and onto her panty around still around her ankles.

“It’s not on your uniform at least, but don’t let anyone lift up your skirt at practice.”

“Oh shoot, I forgot all about practice. I wonder if someone’s out looking for me. I better run.” She pulled up herstained cotton whitesand was rushing out the door. “Thank you Mr. Reynolds, as always, you were very helpful and I feel much better! And don’t worry, it’ll be our secret.”

I noticed however, before she ran out of the door, that the door was slightly ajar… it was not how Ms. Powers had left it. I worried if it really was just our secret.