

# Getting the A

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*I just really needed an A.*

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I had always been a good student, better than most. I received mostly As and some Bs (in Spanish and history, which were my worst subjects). Math had always been my favorite. I was good at math. It made sense, unlike most things in my life. When I was 17 and a junior in high school, I took pre-calculus, which was proving to be impossible. Even though I understood most of what we were learning, my teacher, Mr. Burrows, just moved so fast that I couldn't always keep up.

I was studying for a test late on a Monday night and was so frustrated. It was late, I was tired and overwhelmed. After half an hour I gave up, crumpling up my numerous attempts at the review sheet my teacher had given everyone.

My math test went terribly. I couldn't figure out half the problems, and I was pretty sure I got the other half wrong. After school, I went to talk to Mr. Burrows.

"Mr. Burrows? Do you have a minute to talk to me about my test?" I asked as I knocked on the door, sticking my head inside the class.

It was empty, except for Mr. Burrows sitting at his desk, his long legs crossed on top of the desk. I could tell he was grading tests. His shaggy brown hair was falling in front of his eyes as he concentrated, biting his pen in his mouth. He looked up as I walked in and smiled, the skin around his blue eyes crinkling.

"Ms. Lambert, I was just grading your test. What can I do for you?"

"Um, well I'm worried about my grade actually. I didn't feel that confident with the material."

I looked down at the ground and shuffled my feet.

"Give me a second to finish grading yours and then we can talk about it."

I nodded and sat down in one of the desks in the front row, waiting for him to finish. Finally he looked up at me and said with dismay,

"I'm sorry Mary, but this isn't your best work. You earned a C-. A 71.5% to be exact. You know that the school has a policy of calling home whenever a student gets a grade below a 75%. I'd be happy to go over the material again with you, but unfortunately I'm going to have to call your parents."

I could feel the tears start to well up-I had never gotten a grade below an 80% on anything, ever. I knew my parents would get mad at me and ground me, and I really couldn't deal with my parents disappointment on top of everything else.

"Please Mr. Burrows, do you think I could retake the test?" I begged him.

"How much did you study, Ms. Lambert?" he asked after a moment's hesitation.

I started chewing the inside of my lip.

"Well, usually I study for like three hours for all of our tests, but last night I was just so tired and I didn't understand it and I was so stressed out."

"How long did you study for?" he repeated.

"Half an hour," I admitted.

He raised his eyebrows.

"Then you completely deserved the grade you got Ms. Lambert. Do you really think I would let you take the test again when you didn't even try the first time?"

He uncrossed his legs and sat up straight in his chair, reaching over his desk for the phone. I jumped up out of my seat and placed my hand on his, desperate to stop him.

"Please, Mr. Burrows. I need an A. My parents will hate me forever if they find out I got a C-. I'll be grounded. Isn't there anything I could do?" I pleaded with him, hoping he would understand.

He chuckled slightly and said, "I get it Mary, really, I do. I'm only 25. It wasn't very long ago when I was in high school and I had to deal with the same sort of stuff. But unfortunately, there's no amount of extra credit you could do to make this test up. I need to tell your parents. I think you'll survive."

"No, please, Mr. Burrows. Seriously, I'll do anything. I just really really need an A. You don't understand. I'll do anything," I begged, my eyes tearing up again.

He looked up directly into my caramel-colored eyes.

"Like what?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

My heart jumped a little. I could tell where this was going. I was stuck. Did I give up and take the C and deal with my parents and my report card suffering? Or did I act and get the A and avoid a fight with my parents?

I walked slowly around the desk until I was behind it. He swiveled in his chair so that he was facing me. I pulled my long, dirty blonde hair out of its ponytail and shook it loose around my shoulders. My mind was made up. I placed my hand on his upper thigh.

"Anything you want," I said softly, biting my lip.

He stared at me for a moment, then grabbed me by the hips and pulled me onto his lap so I was straddling him. I laced my fingers behind his neck and leaned in slowly to kiss him. It was soft at first, but as his hands moved around my waist and he pulled me harder against him. It became more urgent. His tongue dipped into my mouth and he pressed my hips down against him so that my clit was pressed against his thigh. I shuddered and began grinding against his leg.

He abruptly pushed me off of him and pushed me down onto the floor. Within seconds, he had unzipped his khakis and had his hands around my head, pushing me down to his cock. I placed my hands on his waist and took the head into my mouth. I tried to start slow and be sensual, but he wanted none of that. He forcefully pushed my head up and down so I was bobbing on his cock, which at this point was rock hard at just over 8 inches. He forced me down harder and I tried to swallow as much as I could. With one hand I reached under him and started fondling his balls, squeezing and kneading them. I wrapped my hand around the base of his shaft and moved my hand in tandem with my mouth, up and down.

"Up," he commanded.

I stood up without hesitation. He started rubbing my pussy through my jeans and underwear. I was standing in front of him, one of his hands on my hip, the other cupping me, his palm against my clit. I sat against his palm, trying to grind against his hand. My undies were already soaked through. He finally unzipped my jeans and instructed me to pull them off, along with my black underwear. I did as he said and then pulled my tank top off, revealing my cream-colored bra.

He reached behind me and unfastened it, then grabbed me by the waist and pulled me back down onto his lap. His cock, covered in my saliva and his pre-cum, was pressed against my thigh. He caressed my face as we began to kiss again. He then slid his hands down my neck, shoulders, side, back, and finally grabbed onto my ass. With both hands, he picked me up just enough to position his cock at the entrance to my pussy. I gasped at his hardness.

"Jesus Christ, Mary, you're so fucking tight. What the hell. Are you a virgin?" he looked at me, his hands still on my ass.

I bit my lip again and looked at him through my eyelashes. He grinned and started to let me fall down on his cock, inch by inch. He pushed me down harder by the shoulders. He barely fit inside of my pussy, even though I was dripping wet. I screamed and dug my nails into his shoulders. I breathed in sharply and shuddered.

"Oh my God, Mr. Burrows," I moaned. "Your cock is so fucking big. It's stretching me so much. Holy crap."

I moaned again and threw my head back, shoving my chest further into his face. He took one of my nipples into his mouth and bit, softly at first, then harder. He switched nipples, sucking and biting the other one equally. I could barely move, he was filling me so completely. With his hands on my hips guiding me, I began to bounce up and down, in pure ecstasy. I was so small compared to him. He held me and pushed me down harder against his cock, pulling my long hair with one hand.

"This is fucking amazing," I moaned into his chest.

I reached down with one of my hands to begin rubbing my clit. I was getting close. I could feel it. Even though I was a virgin, I had masturbated before and I knew what it felt like to orgasm (although I had only had self-inflicted orgasms).

He pulled out of my pussy and pushed me up. Shocked and close to the edge, I stood up, waiting for his next move. Mr. Burrows proceeded to push me face-down onto his desk. Pens and pencils went flying as he rammed in me hard from behind. I screamed out again and grabbed the sides of the desk with my hands, my knuckles turning white. He slapped my ass a few times as he pumped harder and faster inside of me. It had only been a few minutes at that point, but already I was cumming, shaking and squirting all over the tests on the desk. Breathing hard and deep underneath him, my pussy contracted around his cock as he kept pounding into me. I was too sensitive. I began to shake and cry.

Mr. Burrows pulled out finally. I thought we were done at this point. He pulled me up and flipped me

around to face him. He lifted me up, kissing me. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he held me up. He backed up against the chalkboard behind his desk so I was pressed against the wall, suspended in the air. He slipped his cock back into me.

"Please, Mr. Burrows, please stop. I'm too sensitive!" I begged.

He smacked me lightly across the face.

"Do you still want that A, Ms. Lambert?" he purred into my ear.

"Yes, I need it. I need the A Mr. Burrows," I admitted.

He looked at me.

"Then you'll take me until I'm finished."

I nodded, submitting.

I started riding him harder, bouncing down as far as I could go. Mr. Burrows started sucking my neck, both his hands squeezing my ass as I rode him. Reaching up with one hand, he pressed my neck back against the board, almost choking me while he continued to thrust himself inside of me. I was gasping and moaning, hating him and loving him at the same time. He started to breathe heavily and I couldn't stop myself from cumming again.

I shuddered, letting myself go slack. He was the only thing holding me up. I rested my head against his shoulder. He put both hands back under my ass to hold me up so he could finish pounding me. He started to ram me the hardest yet. As his cock touched my back wall, he spasmed and started to cum deep inside of me. All I could do was moan as I felt him filling me up. I was crying and couldn't move as he finished up.

"Don't let go," I whispered into his ear.

With his cock still inside of me, he held me there for what seemed like forever, even though it was probably only a few minutes. My body slack in his arms, he finally sat back in his chair and I curled up into a ball against his chest, his arms tucked around me.

"Do you think I could have an A now?" I asked nervously.

He chuckled and kissed my forehead.

"Of course, Mary. You'll always get an A in my class, I promise."

He held me until I had to get dressed and go home, where I was able to tell my parents about how well my math test went that day. I told them I was positive I was going to get the A.