

Eager to Learn (ch.1)

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mine.

An eager student gets a bit more than she bargained for.

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I'm sitting in class, and I can't seem to pay the least bit of attention to the what the professor is saying. It's incredibly boring and I think the professor is very good looking... I start thinking about him, and my hand slides down to the outside of my skirt. I'm getting so horny, and I glance around to see if anyone around me is looking. They aren't. So I pull up my short skirt and start rubbing my clit feverishly with my fingers. I don't notice when class ends, and then there's just me and my professor... When I open my eyes I see him standing over me and I blush furiously.

"What do you think you're doing, miss?" He asks me.

"I..." What the hell. I might as well tell him. I look him straight in the eye and respond, "I was thinking of you, sir."

At this proclamation, his eyebrow raises. "The next class will be here soon. I would suggest you get going." Disappointed, I get up and walk away, not looking back. I don't notice him staring at my ass sway while I stalk off.

Later, that evening, I'm checking my email when I notice one from him, to me - not the entire class. Hoping, I open the message. It says to meet him that night at ten, in his office. I look at the clock, which reads 6:02. Damn. I have to wait. Figuring I might as well make the most of it, I have a little supper and after tidying up, I go have a shower.

After my shower, there's very little to do but wait. I try to read a bit while I wait for my hair to dry, but I can't focus. I can feel my pussy getting wet, wanting. I squirm a bit - I don't want to pleasure myself right now; I want to be bursting when I see him. I want to be ready. I look through my drawers and

find the perfect outfit. A lacy little pink thong that leaves nothing to the imagination, and a short grey skirt that screams schoolgirl. By the time I get my bra and blouse on, my nipples are tingling and my underwear is quickly getting soaked. I get into my car and drive to the university, trying not to run all the red lights. I'm finding it difficult.

Having parked the car and done my very best not to run through the halls, I find myself in front of the door to his office. Despite my eagerness, when I knock on the door, it's a soft, timid knock. A moment later, I hear a brisk "Come in."

I enter the room almost cautiously, being careful to make sure the door behind me stays closed. I take off my coat and deposit it on a chair near the door. Glancing about the room I see him seated in his chair behind the desk, grading papers or some such. He doesn't look up at me. I walk over and stop in front of the desk. "Sir?" I question.

Still looking at the papers, he addresses me. "Go sit down in one of the chairs over there. I'll be with you in a moment." Feeling both a bit uneasy and a little fluttery, I take a seat. As he continues to mark the assignments I try not to stare too obviously at him. I lick my lips to moisten them as my mouth becomes dry. After what seems like an endless silence, he takes the papers and places them in a filing cabinet behind his desk, in front of the large window that looks out onto the campus.

Then he looks at me. "Do you have any idea how serious this is, miss?"

"Yes, sir." I respond.

"I am your professor. I could get in a lot of trouble with my superiors if someone overheard your comments."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, do you have anything to say?"

I think for a moment. "I think, sir, that we should... examine the issue more closely before we make any... substantial... decisions. Sir."

"I don't think you understand the gravity of this situation. I am within my rights to throw you out of this class and I'm seriously considering doing so."

I don't know whether he's teasing or not. Still, the tone of his voice is making my skin tingle. "Well then, sir, I'd best persuade you otherwise." As I say this, I lean over his desk and give him an eyeful of my breasts, encased in a lacy pink bra that matches my underwear.

"Apparently you don't understand." He gets up and walks over to where I'm standing. "Bend over."

This, I wasn't expecting. "What?" I asked, astonished.

"Obviously you don't understand how serious this is. You masturbated in class, propositioned your professor, and waltzed into his office wearing a skimpy little outfit, and proceeded to proposition him once again. To do such a thing you've got to be a dirty little slut, and you need to be punished. I am going to punish you. Now bend over." He growls the last sentence and his tone brooks no argument. I'm beginning to feel a bit apprehensive, but I listen. I bend over the desk.

"That's better. Let's see if you can continue to listen, shall we?" I don't know whether he's teasing me or not when I feel his hands on my thighs, sending shivers through my skin. Suddenly, my skirt is being hiked up around my waist and my underwear is yanked down, pooling around my heel-clad feet. The rush of air makes me acutely aware that my ass is now prominently displayed. His fingers brush it lightly. Then out of nowhere, SMACK! A sharp, stinging sensation covers my rear. Then again, SMACK!

"OUCH!" I cry. I am ignored as another, harder smack is delivered across my bottom.

"Shush, now... you wouldn't want anyone to hear, now would you? Look out the window. What if they heard?" I lift my head to do as he says... I'd forgotten about the window. Thankfully, it's getting late and few people are about. He begins to spank me in earnest now, in a hard and fast, steady rhythm. Warmth, then a heated throbbing spreads across my arse, but my body betrays me. I can feel myself dripping wetness, even as my legs buckle and a shout of pain escapes.

"Tsk, ts. Apparently this isn't helping you listen. I told you to be quiet..." As his words trail off he reaches down and pulls my underwear off of my feet. My eyes widen as I see the handful of soaked panties being shoved in my mouth. Then he spanks me again, harder than before. I yell out, but it's muffled now. Suddenly I feel his hands touching my wetness, stroking it.

"Hmm... seems like I'm not getting through to you. You, my little whore, are dripping wet..." Then, with a single thrust, barely after I am able to register the feeling of his cock poised at my entrance, he is inside me, stretching me. He grabs my hips as he pounds into me, pounds me against the desk. It's rough and my legs are aching but his cock feels amazing. I've never felt so filled before. He thrusts, faster until I swear I'm going to come, and then all of a sudden, when he's almost all the way out, he

slides back in ever so slowly. I'd scream in frustration if I could. He continues, slowly, in a maddening rhythm. In, out. In, out. I moan, a deep guttural sound escaping from me as the feeling grows stronger. In, out. In, out. Slowly. Purposefully. It builds. I can feel the waves of my orgasm approaching me when he quickly pulls out, and then I feel his juices being spilled over my ass. My orgasm is lost. A few moments later, I feel the sticky liquid being wiped off of me, and I am then yanked upwards, my legs quaking, the underwear falling from my mouth.

"Kneel." This time I don't even attempt to argue. I'm simply too exhausted. I fall to my knees in front of him. His cock, glistening with my fluids, is right in front of my face.

"Suck it clean ." He demands. Still too exhausted to do anything but comply, I settle for sending him a glare. Then I wet my lips, and proceed to swirl my tongue around the head. My juices taste slightly odd to me. He thrusts a little, wanting more. So I give it to him. I grasp the base of his cock with my hand, and cup his balls with the other. I begin to suck in earnest, my tongue swirling as my head bobs up and down. I move my hand up and down his shaft in tandem with my mouth.