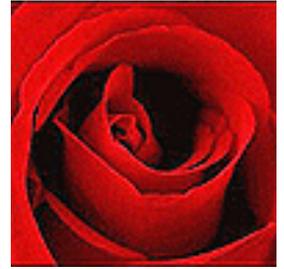


MR ALLEN TEACHING ME MORE THAN HISTORY

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Having a major crush on my History teacher led to me thinking what he would do to me.

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I was 15 years of age when I first met Mr Allen. He taught me History at secondary school and I fancied him so much. Apart from being a very good teacher, He came across as being a really nice person and thought he was good looking too. This was his first teaching post and was 28 years old. I would do anything to spend some time with him. This would usually involve pretending I found the History homework too difficult and required some help from him. I found the work pretty easy, but this was the last thing I wanted him to know. So, everytime we were given an assignment to do, I would pretend I did not have a clue how to do it. In doing this, I always knew Mr Allen would ask me to see him after class or to pop back at the end of the day. I used to go back to the classroom after last lesson, as I got the chance to always spend longer with him then. I started to wear my school uniform differently too. This would consist of a skirt, blouse and jumper. I used to leave the jumper off, wear my blouse, but have a black bra underneath, so that the outline could be seen under my blouse and turn my skirt up at the top, making it shorter in length. I could never do this in the morning, whilst I got ready for school, as my Mum would never have let me outside looking like this. So, I used to get changed before lessons or at a friends house on the way to school. In class, I would sit at the desk in front of Mr Allen's and every so often glance up at him, and notice him looking at me. Many times he asked me to wear the correct uniform and many times, I told him I was wearing my uniform. Afterall, I had my skirt and blouse on, so its not as if I was wearing something totally different. I knew deep down, he meant I should not be wearing a black bra under my school shirt or have my skirt way above my knee, but I was also aware he would never directly say this. I must have made it so difficult for him. It was also other little things I enjoyed doing too, such as raising my arms up in the air to make out I was stretching, so my black bra would show more through my blouse and also looking at him as everyone else around me would be writing and getting on with their work. All I could think about was what it would be like to be intimate with him. At the time, I had never been intimate with anyone, but I was fully aware of what happens and I was curious to know what it would be like to lose

my virginity with my History teacher. I imagined sitting on his desk, each leg either side of him, slowly unbuttoning my blouse and allowing him to see me in just my black bra. At the age of 15, my breasts were already pretty well developed, so I could never be described as having a small bust. As I looked at him, he would start stroking the outline of my bra, before removing my school shirt and bra. Stroking and kissing my breasts all over, I could feel myself enjoy the moment very much. I imagined him using his tongue on my nipples, sucking them gently before squeezing and stroking each of my breasts. Straddling him whilst sitting on the desk, I was in a position where he could have done anything to me. I wanted him to touch me so much. At the age of 15, I was already very familiar with fingering myself. Since Mr Allen had moved to my school, I focused on thinking about him whilst I was doing it and imagined it was him touching me. I imagined it was him wanting to do this to me now. Spreading my legs further apart either side of him, I wanted him to notice the colour of my knickers and that I wanted his finger to be inside me, just like I had experienced my own finger inside myself many times. I wanted him to lift up my skirt and slide his finger into me, whilst I leaned back on both my hands as he continued stroking me. I wanted him to watch me come and look at me as he told me he was going to stroke me harder and faster. I imagined him telling me I was a very naughty girl and had to be punished. He said he would need to fuck me hard to make sure I was not naughty again. Whilst fingering me, he pushed me back on to the desk, so I was lying down and I watched him as he went down on me. This is something I had never experienced, only read about in magazines and books, and I imagined what it would be like to have Mr Allen licking me in such an intimate way. The same way I had read with interest and curiosity in books. I imagined his tongue inside me and fingering me slowly with one finger as he did this, forcing me to grip the edge of his desk with my hands and make me moan with pleasure as he continued licking me. After licking me, he would have full intercourse with me and since I had never experienced this, I would find it both painful and enjoyable as he forced his hard cock into me, banging me harder as I moved on the desk and with more noise I made, he continued fucking me. I imagined him squeezing and sucking my nipples just as I had seen in books and magazines. I wanted to experience this with him and see how it felt. His hard cock thrusting in and out of me, harder and faster, making me scream out as he fucked me. After having fucked me missionary style, I wanted to taste his cock and see if it was as good as described in magazines. I wanted to lick all of it, flicking my tongue down the side and teasing the tip. I wanted him to spunk all over my breasts and lick it off, whilst I watched. Still wearing my skirt, I wanted him to finger me as he licked my breasts clean, before moving me on all fours and fucking me from behind, whilst on his desk, lifting my skirt and smacking my bare backside for being naughty and wanting to be fucked by my History teacher. He would smack my cheeks so hard and fuck me hard in between. Since this was the second time to have intercourse, I kind of knew what to expect and started to relax and enjoy it more. As he fucked me, my breasts jiggled with each movement and I could feel his balls banging against me. I moaned with pleasure and told him I was close to coming as he fucked me harder. He ordered me to come and spanked my bare cheeks as I allowed myself to experience the most intense orgasm. I imagined the whole experience to be so good.

AGAIN, I'M GRATEFUL

FOR ANY FEEDBACK. I WROTE THIS STORY BECAUSE THE CRUSH I HAD ON THIS TEACHER WAS VERY INTENSE. HE WAS THE FIRST AND LAST TEACHER I HAD A CRUSH ON AND WANTED TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCE.