The Last Day

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Gianna is finally out of high school and of legal age to fuck her former teacher.

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This is my first ever erotica done as requested my my best friend. I hope that you enjoy it and that it makes you wet! Please tell me what you think!

It was the last day of school and I was stuck in class. Twiddling with a bright yellow pencil with my left hand, and running my right hand up and down my upper thighs, I thought about all the nasty things that my former 10th grade teacher could do to me since it was the very last day of school before college. At 3:00, I would be free to head down to her old middle school and profess my love for Mr. Johnson. The best part, since I am now 18, I can legally fuck him all I want! That is, if he loves me back.

The thought of Mr. Johnson not loving me back made me stop short of caressing myself. I bit my lip and took a look at the clock as I set her pencil down and lifted my right hand back to the top of the desk. Only 5 more minutes of the living hell that people called school.

The teacher was going on about how she hopped that everyone would have a safe and fun summer, but I didn’t care about what she was saying. If I was with Mr. Johnson, my summer would be anything but safe. If anything, I would wake up with his handprints on my upper arms and I would have to cover them up. I enjoy playing rough and if I were to take a wild guess, Mr. Johnson would enjoy it rough as well. I had heard somewhere that if someone is crazy, they enjoy a nice and hard fuck.

RING! The end of the day bell sounded all throughout the school. I jumped out of the blue seat and ran to my locker. I quickly grabbed my bag which was the only thing left in the tan locker at this point, and began my race for the front doors in the lobby. I pushed past all of my teary eyed friends and ran out of the High School.

Free! Free! I was free! Smiling widely, I began the short walk to the old middle school. The sun fought through tree branches causing beads of sweat to drip down my forehead. I honestly didn’t care though. The only thing that mattered at this point was that I would get the chance to hopefully fuck my

former teacher. I would hopefully get to finally feel his rock hard cock inside of me, and taste his oh so sweet fluids! Just thinking about him made me wet! Still, there was that chance that he might refuse my offer to fuck me. Then again, how could he refuse me?

I gave a slight flip of my hair and continued the walk to Shatter middle school. Where I live, the schools are very odd. Elementary school goes up to 8th grade, middle school goes to 10th grade, and you enter high school when you are 17. When at last I was on school grounds, my smile formed once more. I was a mere few steps from the school. I would soon be out of this sweltering heat and professing my love for Zachary Johnson, 10th grade teacher. I yanked the glass doors opened and stepped into the school, the cool air which sent a chill throughout my body and caressed my straight brown hair which was in two pigtails held by black ribbons. I adjusted my white bag on my shoulder and made my way up the steps.

I saw it, his classroom. It was just right around the corner and the light was on with the door open wide. He had his usual music on which made me even more excited. If his music was on, no one would hear our moans of pleasure. I took in a deep breath and walked around the corner and into Mr. Johnson's classroom, closing the door behind me. "Hi My Johnson!" I said in a cheerful voice.

The teacher lifted his head from looking down at his laptop and stared at me for a few seconds before saying anything. His eyes scanned me from head to toe. I had on black heels which clanked as I walked closer to Zachary's desk. "Gianna? What are you doing here?" I smiled at him as he tore his eyes from my attire.

"I came to wish you a happy summer!" I smiled a wide grin.

"Oh." A look of confusion washed over his face. "Well happy summer to you too." He smiled back at me and then looked back down to his laptop as if expecting me to leave and say farewell to some of my other 9th and 10th grade teachers. After about a minute had passed with me just standing in front of his desk and the music surrounding the room, Mr. Johnson looked up at me again.

"Do you need something Gee?" He called me by my nickname! That had to be good! This was also my chance to tell him how I felt.

"Yes actually." He looked at me with his alluring brown eyes. "I need to tell you something, but you have to keep this between you and I."

"Alright."

"Do you promise to keep our conversation between the two of us?" I spoke slowly, making sure that

Mr. Johnson was getting a good look at my lips, dipped in a coat of pink lipstick.

“I promise.” Mr. Johnson turned the music down a few notches and walked out from behind his desk. He leaned back on one of the student’s desks, resting his hands on them.

“Alright, so this is going to sound crazy, but I think that I love you.” I looked down at the ground. I couldn’t believe that I had honestly just said that! Oh well, I started and I might as well finish.

“You love me? Like, you love my teaching?” I shook my head, my brown hair bouncing up and down on my shoulders.

“No, as in I love you. I love your laugh, your smile, your personality.” I wrapped a strand of hair around my finger, my bag in the crook of my arm. “I just love you.”

“Gianna, I’m your teacher.” He stood straight up and scratched the back of his neck.

“Not anymore your not. I am out of school, 18, and of legal age to tell you how I feel.” Mr. Johnson opened his mouth to say something but then shut it. He knew that he couldn’t protest with that being said. “You are always on my mind and I don’t know why. Ever since I first had you as a teacher in 9th grade, I could get you off of my mind. I would go home and think of you and then fall asleep with you in my dreams. So for almost 4 years, you have been the subject of my thoughts.” I looked down. Wow, I sounded really cheesy!

“Gee, I really don’t know what to say. I mean, I know that you are right about you being out of school, 18, and not my student anymore, but I don’t know what you want me to do about how you feel.” He looked down into my hazel eyes with sympathy.

“I want you to have me.” I couldn’t believe that I had just said that! I mean, hey, I’m not his student and it would be legal, so what the hell?

“Excuse me?” He looked a bit taken back.

“I want you to have me, to make me yours. Take my virginity.” I smirked a bit, biting my bottom lip.

“Gee I-” I cut him off.

“You know what, forget it. Forget everything that I just said. I should never have come.” I sadly turned and headed for the door. I’m dirty, not rude. If he doesn’t want to, then he doesn’t want to. I could always seduce him, but that would be worse than me just having sex with Mr. Johnson.

I had just reached the door and my hand was resting on the door knob when I felt a warm hand on my shoulder. Mr. Johnson spun me around to bring us face to face. “You said you were 18 right?” He smirked and pulled me close to him so that we were chest to chest. He slid his one arm that was on my shoulder down to my upper right arm and did the gripped my upper left arm in the same manor. He brought his lips down to mine with force and kissed me. Finally I got to kiss Zachary outside of my daydreams!

When the kiss broke, we both took in a deep breath, and he rested his forehead against mine. With us both smiling like fools, Mr. Johnson opened his mouth and spoke in a hushed tone. “Since we are being honest,” he said, a smile still dancing on his lips. “I have had strong feelings for you as well. Since about 9th grade. I just didn’t know what to do about them.”

“Do as I asked of you before. Take me and make me yours.” A look of uncertainty crossed Zachary’s face.

“But…are you sure?” I nodded my head against his and smiled

“If I wasn’t sure, would I be standing here in this?” I took a step back so that I was only about an inch from the door. I dropped my nearly empty bag to the tiled ground and unbuttoned my black overcoat from the winter. I had been dying of hotness all day in it, but it was the only way to wear my outfit to school without getting in trouble. Sure the red checkered mini skirt that went just to the bottom of my ass cheeks had gotten me a few looks, whistles, and even a few spanks from some immature guys. But hey, it was the last day of school. What were the teachers going to do, send me home early?

I did a little spin in my place to show off everything that I was wearing. “I like what I see.” Mr. Johnson said with a smirk. I only had on a crop top like thing that covered my breasts. It was in a little knot in the front and outlined in the same pattern as my checkered skirt. Another reason that I had kept the coat on all day was because I wasn’t wearing a bra. “So let’s just keep this between us alright?” Zachary reached passed me and turned the lights off so that only the sun was shining in through a small crack in the blinds. The window was open, letting in a cool breeze, but the blinds were closed.

I smirked as Zachary pulled me close to him once more. He ran his hands up my thighs, taking his time to feel every inch of my flesh. When his hands arrived at my ass, he squeezed my cheeks. He then took his right hand and slapped my left cheek causing me to yelp a little. “Do you like that?” His breath tickled my neck and made the hairs on my spine stand straight up.

“Yes.” I whispered as I was pushed up against the brick wall on the side of the door where we were out of sight from the window in the door.

“You do realize that by you dressing like a slut, you were just sending out a silent cry to be treated like a slut, right?” I looked up at Mr. Johnson.

“Yes.” I smiled at him.

Zachary pulled me an inch away from the wall and slapped my ass with force. “Yes sir.” He corrected me and I nodded my head. “Now, since you are dressed like such a whore, you are going to act like a whore. You are going to be my whore.” I smiled at his words, feeling a wetness seep through the built in thong in the skirt.

“Yes sir.” I spoke in a low tone, eager to see what my former teacher would say next.

“Alright, I’m glad that we are agreed.” Mr. Johnson trailed his right hand up to my wet vagina. He found his way under my skirt and began to caress the outside of my freshly shaved pussy.

I let out a small moan of pleasure as I was now wanting him even more. “Please, just take me now!” Zachary slapped my ass cheek with his left hand.

“I will when I am ready.” I nodded my head as he pulled his hand out of my skirt and walked over to his lap top with mini speakers. He turned the music up and then walked back over to me. He slid both of his hands up my thighs and to the rim of my skirt. He slid his thumb under my skirt and rubbed the skin hidden by the cloth.

“Please,” I breathed. “just take it off.” Zachary smirked at me obeyed my request. He slowly slid the skirt down to my ankles for me to step out of. I was now only wearing a thin layer of cloth over my breasts, heels, and white lace socks that went up to my mid thigh. Each sock had a tiny red bow on it.

“Mmm.” Mr. Johnson looked down at my perfectly shaved vagina along with my well rounded ass. “So this is what you have been keeping from me all these years.” He smirked once more and ran his right hand along the inside of my upper thighs while his left hand caressed my ass cheeks. An obvious boner was formed inside of his beige dress pants.

“Would you like me to do something about that boner sir?” I said with a slight giggle.

“Yes.” He unzipped his pants and pulled his rock solid cock out of his pants.

“No boxers I see.” I smirked and got down on my knees. By the looks of it, his cock was a good 8 inches and 2 inches thick! Damn!

“While your down there, take off that shirt of yours.” I smiled up at Zachary and untied the shirt in the front, tossing it to the ground. “Damn Gianna, you have some big ass tits!” I giggles and took his cock into my mouth. It was so thick and hard and it tasted so good! Mr. Johnson took hold of my head and started to bob it up and down to the point where I was nearly chocking on his dick. After about 5 minutes of giving him the best blowjob ever, he pulled my head back and looked down at me. “I am going to titty fuck you and when I cum, I want you to drink it all up alright?” I nodded my head as he positioned his dick between my breasts and began to titty fuck me.

I took hold of my tits and smashed them against Mr. Johnson’s rock hard dick. Up and down his cock went between my breasts. I then took his dick and began to slap my boobs with it. “You’ve been a naughty student haven’t you?”

“Yes.” I moaned as his dick collided with my skin.

“Alright Gee, I’m going to cum. Just don’t move.” I nodded my head as a thick load of cum shot into the air since he was standing, and landed all over my face and in my hair. The white liquid dripped down my skin. I dipped a finger in his cum and brought it to my mouth.

“You taste amazing!” I moaned. Zachary smiled and then pulled me up lightly by my shoulder.

“Are you ready to lose your virginity Gianna?” I eagerly nodded my head as he pushed me against his desk and forced my body to bend over it. The wood was cold on my skin but it also felt nice. Mr. Johnson, before fucking me, slapped my ass a few more times making me cry out in pain. He then gripped my waist with his hands and dove right into my soaking wet pussy.

“Oh!” I let out a cry of pleasure, barely able to be heard over the music playing. He didn’t even take it slow at first, Mr. Johnson rapidly went in and out of my tight labia, the sound of his large balls slapping against my body ringing out in the room.

“You’ve been a bad little slut.” He said between moans. He picked up a ruler from the corner of his desk and slapped my ass with it making me cry out once more in pain.

“I’m going to cum!” I cried. Faster and faster he went, his dick going as deep as it could go in me.

“Hold it for just a little while more.” I did as he said and for the next 5 minutes, I held in my orgasm which was very hard to do considering I had became horney just thinking about this very moment.

“Can I please cum now sir?” I asked in a breathless manor.

“Just one more second.” Zachary took one final plunge into me before shouting, “Now!” He filled my vagina with loads and loads of hot sticky cum. Our cum mixed and it became so much that our fluids were spilling out over the desk and onto the ground. Some cum even dripped down my socks and onto my shoes!

“Ah!” I let out a yell of pleasure as I lay there motionless, him just standing there dripping cum onto my back.

“Did you enjoy that Gianna?” He slapped my ass once more.

“Holy fuck!” I cried out in both pain and pleasure.

“I will take that as a yes.” He slapped my ass again and then pulled me up so that we were face to face. “So I took your virginity, now what?” He gripped my upper arms tightly, digging his nails into my skin. He obviously knew that I enjoyed playing rough.

“Well I mean, I am of legal age like I said.” I smirked at Mr. Johnson. “Maybe we could do this again sometime, but in the privacy of your house?” I winked.

“Sounds like a plan.” Zachary pulled me close to him and kissed me with just passion that any other couple would be jealous.

After we had used some paper towels that Mr. Johnson had in his drawer to clean up a bit, I dried my socks and shoes and then slipped my skirt back on. I tied my shirt back on and pulled my overcoat on. I picked up my white bag which was still next to the door. “Gianna!” I turned around to face Mr. Johnson just as I was about to leave. “Call me Zachary.” He said with a warm smile.

Alright Zachary.” I tossed a smiled his way and then opened the wooden door. I left his classroom, ignoring the stares I got from old teachers. I just smiled triumphantly as I walked down the halls and down the lobby to walk home. I would DEFIANTLY have Zachary’s handprints on my upper arms tomorrow morning.