

A Teacher's Discipline, Part One

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A lesbian teacher deals with a wayward student in a severe yet quite pleasurable fashion...

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Firmly clutching the strap of her shoulder bag, sixteen-year-old Sandy Ratledge hesitantly made her way down a hallway deep in the heart of Crestwood, the elite private school she attended. The last class of the day had ended fifteen minutes earlier, and this part of the building, where the faculty offices were located, was all but deserted. Sandy halted before one particular door, pausing to study the nameplate: MISS EMILY AYERS. Taking a long, deep breath in a hopeless effort to calm her jangling nerves, she raised a fist, paused, knocked twice. "Come in," spoke a voice on the other side. Grasping the cool metal of the knob, Sandy cautiously opened the door, peering into the dimly-lit office. Miss Ayers was seated at her desk, gazing at Sandy over a pair of wire-rimmed glasses. As it always did, the girl's pulse began to accelerate as she gazed at her teacher. Miss Ayers was in her early forties, with a lovely face that could not be concealed by the severity of her appearance – hair pinned up in a tight bun, dark blouse fastened all the way up to the top button. There was an icy expression on the older woman's face. Her mouth was pursed disdainfully, and not a glimmer of light shone in her eyes. Instead, they were hard and slightly narrowed, studying Sandy as if she were a laboratory specimen. Sandy gaped, unable to speak or move, her ankles quivering. What was she supposed to do now? Her mind was a perfect blank. After a long silence, the woman spoke. "Don't stand there staring, girl. Enter. And shut the door behind you." Sandy slowly shuffled into the office, then turned back to close the door; trying to do so without making a sound. She hesitantly moved nearer, coming to a standstill before the older woman. "Sit," commanded the teacher, jabbing her finger in the direction of a hard wooden chair, positioned directly in front of the desk. Her heart now pounding relentlessly – from excitement or fear, she wasn't certain which emotion prevailed right then – Sandy slowly sat, placing the shoulder bag at her feet. Miss Ayers' eyes never left her for an instant, and the girl found it increasingly difficult to meet the steely gaze. There was a poster mounted on the wall, just behind where the teacher sat – a calico kitten, clinging for dear life to a tree branch, with the words HANG IN THERE! underneath in large colorful letters. The contrast between this silly image and the frosty expression of Miss Ayers seemed so ridiculous that Sandy felt a crazy urge to giggle. Thankfully, she managed to restrain herself. "Do you know why you're here, Sandy?" inquired Miss Ayers, leaning forward, frowning slightly as she studied the sixteen-year-old. Shaking her head, the girl murmured, "No, ma'am." The teacher's eyes widened in apparent surprise. "Really? You have no

idea why I asked you to drop by? None?" Her voice rose sharply on the last word. Feeling her legs begin to tremble, Sandy pressed down hard on her thighs, trying desperately to still them. "No, m-ma'am," she repeated. Miss Ayers stared coldly at the teen. "Very well... then I will tell you why." She leaned back in her chair. "Yesterday, a certain object that belongs to me was missing from the work table in my classroom. A paperweight made from a slab of malachite, given to me years before you were born." She paused. "I have reason to believe that you are responsible for its disappearance." Sandy had never been a very skilled liar, so she tended to avoid telling fibs. But she managed to calm herself enough to say, without stammering, "It wasn't me, ma'am." Miss Ayers' frown deepened. "Don't call me 'ma'am'," she hissed. "I despise that word. It's a shorter way of saying madam. Do you know what a madam is? A woman who runs a house of prostitution." She paused, her index finger absently drawing a circle on the desktop. "Is that how you see me, girl? The proprietor of a whorehouse?" The word cracked like a whip in the small room. Now unable to conceal her trembling, the sixteen-year-old could only stutter, "N-n-no..." "No, what?" snapped the teacher. Sandy had to fumble about in her mind for the correct words. "No, M-Miss Ayers." "Very well," replied the older woman, her voice gentler now, but with a hardness lurking behind it. "Now. What about my paperweight? What have you done with it?" "I – I don't have it, Miss Ayers. I d-didn't take it." Miss Ayers sighed heavily. "That's true, I suppose. You didn't take it... you stole it." Suddenly she lunged forward, her eyes flashing with anger. "And then you showed it off to the other girls during lunch." Sandy could only stare, her mouth slightly open. The teacher smiled coldly. "Sandy, Sandy, Sandy... you are a naive little fool. Two of your so-called friends dropped by my office yesterday, to tell me what you had done. One right after lunch, the other after school ended." She placed the tips of her fingers together. "Now, I will ask you one last time... and if you dare lie to me again, I promise that you will deeply, deeply regret it." She paused. "Did you steal my paperweight?" "Yes," Sandy whispered, staring at her knees. "Do you have it now?" The girl slowly nodded. Miss Ayers tapped the center of the desktop with a blood-red fingernail. "Give it to me." Sandy numbly picked up her shoulder bag, then fumbled around inside for a moment. Finally extracting the green-hued oval, she hesitantly placed it upon the desk, avoiding Miss Ayers' eyes. The woman studied the paperweight for a few seconds, then shifted her attention to the girl. "So... a liar, as well as a thief." She shook her head. "This is very unfortunate, Sandy. I expect far better from you than this." It was painfully hard, but somehow Sandy lifted her face to meet Miss Ayers' penetrating gaze. "I'm sorry," she mumbled. The teacher gave a derisive snort. "I think not," she fired back, her voice thick with scorn. "If you were truly sorry, you would have confessed without my having to trap you in a falsehood. No, your only regret is that you were caught. Isn't that so?" "I... I guess," admitted Sandy, her head bowed, cheeks scarlet. "Sit up straight, girl!" Miss Ayers snapped. Once again, Sandy forced herself to look at the scowling woman. "Y-yes, Miss Ayers." The teacher's features softened somewhat. "What concerns me, Sandy," she murmured gently, "is how your father will react when he learns of this." A visible shiver ran through the teen's body, her eyes suddenly huge. "Oh, no! D-don't tell him, Miss Ayers. Please, please don't tell my father!" Miss Ayers shook her head sorrowfully. "Sandy... you've done a bad thing. A price must be paid. You do understand that, surely." The girl's eyes were frantic. "Just –

just don't tell Daddy, please. He'll b-be so angry!" "Oh, I'm certain he will," the teacher nodded thoughtfully. "A distinguished man like your father – successful businessman, pillar of the community – oh yes, he's certain to be extremely disappointed in you. He plans to run for the city council this fall, does he not?" "Y-yes," gasped Sandy. "Miss Ayers, oh, p-please—" "And now... this . His only child, a common thief. Sad, sad. You might even be expelled for this, you know. The rules concerning thievery at Crestwood can be quite... severe. Quite an embarrassment for him, I would think." Sandy shook her head rapidly from side to side, her hands clasped tightly together. "Please, Miss Ayers... don't . Please, you—" "Be quiet!" the teacher ordered, and Sandy fell silent. "Don't grovel, girl. It's disgusting." "S-sorry," Sandy mumbled miserably. Miss Ayers gazed pensively at the girl for a long moment, then suddenly spoke, her tone suddenly silken smooth. "All right, Sandy. What if, instead of making your offence known, I were to punish you myself...?" The girl's eyes were instantly alight with hope. " Would you?" "I might," murmured the older woman. "I just might. If I was to keep this incident – she pointed at the piece of malachite – "a secret between us, will you do as I say?" "So you wouldn't tell Daddy... what I d-did." "I would not – if you take your punishment without complaining." Sandy gazed pensively at Miss Ayers, nibbling her lower lip. "What will you do to me?" she asked in a small voice. The teacher rose from her chair, moving around the desk to stand next to her sixteen-year-old student. She rested a hand upon the girl's shoulder, smiling to herself as she felt a slight tremor pass through Sandy's body. "Don't be afraid," she cooed. "If we do this my way, your punishment will be over in, oh, five minutes or so. And the things you did... they'll be completely forgotten, as if they'd never occurred. Now – doesn't that sound better than making your father upset?" "I... I guess," replied the girl, a note of uncertainty still lingering in her voice. Miss Ayers bent to speak more intimately with the teen. "Tell me, Sandy," she breathed, her lips now inches from the girl's ear, "have you ever been... spanked before?" Startled, the girl twisted her head to one side, staring in wide-eyed disbelief at her teacher's calm, smiling face. She parted her lips to speak, found herself unable to at first, then finally managed to stutter, "N-n-no." Miss Ayers straightened, shaking her head. "That's a shame," she frowned. "Parents of today – they simply don't understand the value of guidance . It's all talk, talk, talk... and no action to give meaning to their fine words, so youngsters never get the lessons they so badly need." Placing a finger beneath Sandy's chin, she tilted the girl's face up to hers. "When I was your age, we were taught in a different, better way. Whenever our feet strayed from the proper path, we paid the price for it. A good hard spanking, and all was made right. Our sins were washed clean. Do you understand, Sandy?" "I think so," whispered the girl. "Is that – is it what you w-want to do to me , then?" "Yes," answered Miss Ayers. "Ten smacks to your bottom, delivered by my hand... and it will be as if your misdeeds never, ever happened." Sandy sat motionlessly, pondering her teacher's offer. Finally, she met Miss Ayers' questioning gaze. "Um... okay." "You accept my offer, then? You will do as I tell you?" The girl reluctantly nodded. "Y-yes, Miss Ayers." "Very well, Sandy. I think that you are making a wise choice." Miss Ayers took a deep breath. "All right, then... take off your shoes, then stand up." Sandy was shivering with nervousness as she slipped off her saddle shoes, then rose, hands clasped tightly before her. "Now take off your skirt." The teen gasped in horror. "My skirt? B-but—" "Yes, your skirt!" Miss Ayers snapped. "That's part of

getting spanked, girl. Did you honestly think that I was simply going to pat your seat through your clothes?" She seized Sandy's arm. "Now listen, missy... you accepted my offer, and that means you are to obey me!" She released the frightened girl. "I won't ask again. Remove your skirt. Now." Sandy clumsily unfastened the clasp with shaking hands, then drew the garment down her alabaster legs. Her face was bright red as she straightened, holding the plaid skirt before her. The teacher extended a hand. "Give me that." Sandy dutifully offered up her skirt, which Miss Ayers folded into a neat square and carefully placed on the desk. Folding her arms before her, she studied the shivering teenager for a moment before adding, "Now the panties." The tearful girl froze for an instant, began to move, then hesitated – but a hard stare from her teacher caused her to quickly grasp the waistband of her white cotton underpants and slide them down to her ankles. She awkwardly stepped from them, then stood, her lower lip quivering. The panties were clutched in her right hand, while she pressed the left between her thighs to conceal her sex. Miss Ayers reached out to pluck away the girl's underwear, which she laid on top of the skirt. "Now, Sandy, I want you to stand here," and she indicated the side of her desk nearest to the office door. Still attempting to cover her partial nudity, the teen moved to position herself where the teacher wanted. "Lean over the desk, and place your hands flat on the top." Sandy reluctantly obeyed, giving Miss Ayers a brief, tantalizing glimpse of her pubis. Then she was in place, bowed down over the teacher's desktop, her bare bottom protruding slightly. Miss Ayers drank in the sight of the half-naked girl for a long, lovely moment before she spoke again. "I'm going to spank you now, Sandy," she murmured. "You're to receive ten strokes, with a pause of ten seconds between each one... and you will count every stroke out loud as it comes." She paused, her eyes drawn again to that flawless little ass. "For each one you fail to count, you'll get another in its place. Is that clear?" "Yes, M-Miss Ayers," the girl sobbed, now on the verge of tears. The teacher studied the frightened teen. "Sandy," she murmured, in a gentler tone, "I know you think I'm being cruel... but I'm only doing this because I care for you." She reached out to cup the girl's face. "There are so few students in this school who I would be willing to take these special measures for – but I believe that, deep down inside, you're a good girl. You just made a mistake, and we are going to make that mistake right." She caressed Sandy's cheek, her hand sliding down to rest upon her shoulder. "I hope that you'll be a big girl, and take your punishment well. And if you do, I promise you a lovely reward when it's all over." She paused. "All right?" Sandy nodded – still frightened, though calmed a bit by her teacher's comforting words. "Yes, Miss Ayers." She gave the older woman a fleeting smile. "Good," Miss Ayers replied, patting the teen's shoulder. "Then let's begin." She removed her glasses, including the chain to which they were attached, and placed them atop a nearby bookshelf. Then she moved to stand behind Sandy, holding herself completely still for the length of three slow, deep breaths. Drawing her hand back about two feet, the teacher quickly brought it forward, striking the girl's rear end with a satisfying smack. A surprised jolt surged through Sandy's frame. "Oh!" she gasped. "Uh... one." That wasn't so bad, she thought. As if reading the girl's mind, Miss Ayers responded. "I'm starting you off lightly, mind... I'll be spanking you a little harder each time. Not hard enough to mark that pretty bottom, mind you." She drew back, swung, connected. Smack! "Mmmmpfff!" went the girl. "T-two." Her legs were shivering, though only partially

from fear. Sandy braced herself for the next blow – and a muffled cry was wrenched from her lips as Miss Ayers' hand landed, a flash of heat searing the tender skin of her bum. "Ohhhhhhh... th-three!" There was pain, to be sure – a stinging sensation that burnt horribly for an instant – but leaving behind a mysterious warmth that glowed like a hidden light. Then the next blow was struck, flashing through her body with something more than hurting. "F-f-f-four." she panted. Miss Ayers felt hot and cold at the same time, her arousal steadily increasing as she punished this wicked, beautiful, desirable girl. Sandy's buttocks jiggled wonderfully with each blow, and her pale bottom was turning a rosy hue. She drew her arm back, swung. The crack of hand against flesh seemed to echo in the office like a gunshot. "Five," the teen whispered, breathing heavily. Her head was bowed forward, body swaying forward and back as the heat from her tingling bottom seemed to flow through her pelvis like warmed syrup – pooling beneath her tummy, then lower. Miss Ayers' hand made fiery contact once more, accompanied by a resounding smack! Sandy stammered through trembling lips, "S-s-six." Her bottom burned, ached... but that lingering warmth was now accumulating between the girl's legs, making her cunny tingle in a surprisingly pleasurable way, as it sometimes did when Sandy thought about some girl she liked. Then the impact of the teacher's hand exploded yet again upon her quivering cheeks. Sandy inhaled sharply. "S-seven!" she cried. Holding her lower half still was the hardest part of it all. Sandy wanted to bounce up and down, to run in circles around the room to afford her burning bottom some relief. Then there was the building heat that lurked in her dampening slit, growing more acute with every blow. Right on cue, Miss Ayers' hand came crashing down. "Eight..." moaned the girl. The pain was becoming unbearably intense, almost too much to bear. Sandy wanted to cry, to scream, to run away. Instead, she clenched her jaw in determination. I can do this. I can do this. I can do this. Then that hand struck once more, and a sob broke from her throat. "Nuh-nine!" she managed, trying her best not to blubber like a baby, despite the tears that were rolling down her flushed cheeks. She sucked in a harsh breath. I can do this. I can. The teacher swept her arm back for the final blow, then swung and connected. A shudder shook the teen's body – but this time, she was silent, making no sound except for deep breathing. Miss Ayers paused, narrowing her eyes. "Sandy? Are you counting?" Her eyes widened in amazement as she saw Sandy give an emphatic, definite shake of her head. The teacher was seething with arousal, a deep-banked heat pulsing in the core of her vagina as she slowly drew her hand back, then swept forward to strike the teen's bottom once more. Smack! Sandy cried, "Eleven!"... then slumped forward, the tension in her thin body now released. Miss Ayers moved to take the girl into her arms. Sandy hugged her teacher tightly, burying her face in the woman's blouse. She was crying openly now, unable to stifle her sobs. "Sandy," Miss Ayers breathed, "you were... magnificent." She swayed to and fro, cradling the weeping teen to her breast. "Shhh... it's all right, my sweet. You should feel proud of yourself." The girl lifted her tearful face to that of her teacher. "I... I d-did okay?" she sniffled. Miss Ayers laughed joyfully. "Far, far better than 'okay', Sandy. You were strong... tough, even. Few grown women could take their punishment as well as you just did." She reached up to touch the teen's face, lightly caressing a moist cheek. "No more tears, child." And she placed one feather-light kiss on each of Sandy's eyes. The girl made a small, contented sound, and Miss Ayers kissed her again – this time upon her face, where traces of

Sandy's tears lingered. One cheek, then the other. Finally, a playful peck for the tip of her student's nose. Sandy gazed dreamily at Miss Ayers, her thin arms still wrapped around the woman's waist. The girl's face was flushed, but from more than weeping. "Oh, wow," she whispered. Student and teacher shared a long, lovely look that seemed to last for an eternity... and when Miss Ayers bent to kiss Sandy upon the mouth, the girl was ready, accepting. Miss Ayers tilted her head to kiss the girl more deeply, thrilling to the drum drum drum in Sandy's chest as their mouths pressed together. She allowed the tip of her tongue to lightly brush the teen's lower lip. Startled, Sandy gasped – and the teacher took advantage of her student's surprise to intensify the kiss, slipping her tongue between the girl's parted lips, penetrating her mouth. Sandy stiffened for an instant, then melted into Miss Ayers' embrace, allowing her teacher to have what she wanted. Emily Ayers was alive with a passion such as she had never imagined possible in all of her 42 years. Her body vibrated from within like a plucked bass string, her soul lifted by a spirit more potent than any wine. Nestled in her arms was the girl she had wanted for so very long, the teen whose presence had intoxicated her through months of English classes. She held the half-naked Sandy to her, breathing deep of the girl's bewitching scent, kissing her with a passion she'd seldom shown a lover before. After a long while they drifted apart. Sandy was swaying, mouth agape, staring dazedly up at her teacher. "Miss Ayers," she gasped. "Oh, Miss Ayers." "Dear girl," cooed the woman. "I promised you a reward, if you were strong... and you have truly earned it." She turned to her desk and, with one violent sweep of her arm, sent the items that covered it – papers, books, a desk calendar, a felt-covered tin-can filled with pens and pencils, a digital clock, a small box of paper clips and the piece of green malachite – tumbling to the floor. All that remained was Sandy's neatly folded clothes, still resting on the far end of the desk top. Emily reached for a dark wool sweater that was draped around the back of her chair. This she carefully spread across her desk before turning to the girl. "Get up on the desk, now," she said, placing the visitor's chair for Sandy to use as a step, "and lie on your tummy. I'm going to put some lotion on your bottom." No longer bothering to conceal her bare lower half, Sandy clambered onto the chair, then carefully positioned herself face down on top of the sweater-covered desk. Reaching for her skirt and panties, she placed them beneath her head as an improvised pillow. A hungry, heedless storm was brewing inside Miss Ayers as she studied the teen's luscious ass. The spanking Sandy had received had turned her buttocks an angry pink, though thankfully, there were no welts to be seen. Reaching for her purse, the teacher extracted a bright green tube that read Fruits of Passion – then in smaller letters, Edible Body Lotion, accompanied by a drawing of a strawberry. Popping the top, she squeezed a dollop of the slippery substance into the palm of her right hand, set the tube to one side, then rubbed both hands together. "Poor bottom," Miss Ayers crooned, moving close to the girl. Sandy's thighs were slightly open, revealing the barest hint of rosy slit. "So hot and sore. I've got what you need right here. Nice, cool lotion, to soothe the sting." She placed her coated palms upon the soft globes and began to stroke them, carefully working the sweet-smelling lotion into the girl's buttocks. "Ohhhh," Sandy quietly moaned. "That feels really good..." Miss Ayers' hands moved over, around and across the pale nymph's bottom. She allowed her thumbs to glide between Sandy's cheeks, moving lightly through the anal crease. The girl trembled at that, and Emily's eyes widened in silent

delight as those ivory thighs parted a bit further, showing more of the sixteen-year-old's vulva. The teacher's pulse was racing frantically, her cunt a dripping sweatbox. Sandy's acceptance of her kisses made it clear that the girl was open to the possibility of lesbian love, and Miss Ayers had craved her for so damnably long... She ogled the teen, half naked and spread out before her, relished the soft sounds of pleasure Sandy made as she lovingly fondled that firm little bottom – and nodded to herself. It was time. Feeling more alive than she thought possible, her every atom glowing with the heat of lust, Emily slowly lowered her face to the girl's buttocks, licking her lips before she pressed a kiss into the soft skin. Sandy cried out in surprise, twisting about to see what her teacher was doing. Her jaw dropped as she watched Miss Ayers kiss her bare bottom. "Omi gosh," she moaned in disbelief. Then, she felt the woman's lips part, a warm, wet tongue coming forth to tease the tender cheek. The girl rested her forehead upon the folded panties, her breath emerging in shaking gasps. Miss Ayers lavished Sandy's rump with hot, open-mouthed kisses, making love to the pert little globes, now delicately flavored with the strawberry lotion she had applied. She could feel the girl's body quiver with excitement – the pain of her spanking, she suspected, now all but forgotten. Eager to kick the action up a notch, the teacher gently parted Sandy's cheeks, staring at the delicate rosebud of her anus. She took a long, slow lick, trailing her tongue through the darker-hued cleft. "M-Miss Ayers!" cried the girl, her voice hitting a high-pitched squeak of surprise on her teacher's last name. She spread her legs even further apart – opening herself up to more, much more of that lovely warm tongue. Feeling Sandy's thighs spread for her while she rimmed the teen only fanned the flames of Emily's lust higher. She felt lightheaded, giddy – intoxicated by her hunger for Sandy, this flawless girl with the most luscious bottom imaginable. "Oh," the girl moaned, raising her pelvis to meet her teacher's face. "Oh, yeah." Miss Ayers centered her attention on Sandy's anal pucker. She circled it with the tip of her tongue, then pressed against the tight opening, feeling it give slightly. Then she went back to licking, long strokes gliding wetly between the girl's warm cheeks. As she made love to this beautiful bottom, Emily's hand slowly crept up the insides of the teen's thighs, soon reaching the desired destination: her moist, silky-smooth vulva. Sandy's head jerked, she inhaled sharply, then moaned, long and low. "Goodness me," the teacher cooed, lifting her head. "there's another part of you that's hot, Sandy. Oh dear, whatever can we do to soothe you down here?" Lightly brushing Sandy's petals with her fingertips, Miss Ayers was rewarded with a soft cry from the girl's trembling lips. "How should I cool down this naughty fire, do you think...?" "I... I d-don't knowwww," cried Sandy, hips shifting to her teacher's feather-light touch. "Ah, but I do," Miss Ayers purred, tenderly stroking the girl's slit. "I know exactly what you need, my love. And if you let me, I'll draw all of this wicked heat right out of your body... and you'll feel much better, I promise." She coaxed forth the bump of Sandy's clitoris and lightly grazed it, making the teen gulp out loud. "Would you like that?" "Oooooohhh, yes... yes, please, Miss Ayers." The girl was squirming on the desk, breathing heavily. The woman withdrew her hand and brought it to her face, eyes drifting shut for a brief moment as she breathed in the girl's scent from her fingers. The temptation was there to lick them, but Emily wanted her first taste to come from the source. "Fair enough. Turn over, Sandy." Without hesitation the sixteen-year-old wriggled onto her back, where she lay propped on both elbows, gazing eagerly at her teacher. Sandy slowly

parted her legs, unashamedly revealing her female center. Emily quaked inside as she openly stared at Sandy's baby-smooth pudenda. She hadn't seen the sex of a girl so young before, at least not since discovering she was a lesbian at the age of nineteen. It was even lovelier than she had imagined, too – a delicate groove nestling between the teen's thighs, shaved bare and moist with the dew of sexual stimulation. The teacher moved closer, absently licking her lips as she rested her hands on the knees of this half-naked nymph. "Poor pussy," she sighed. "So very hot and achy. Let's drive this awful heat away..." And with that, she dipped down to trail her tongue up and along the opening Sandy's vagina, bathing the smooth flesh with a long, luxurious lick. "Ohhhh!" gasped the teen in astonishment. "M-M-Miss Ayers, ohmy god!" "Shhh," replied the teacher, lifting her head to peer at Sandy. "Lie back, girl. Enjoy." She licked at the sticky flesh again, this time with the tip of the tongue only – ending with a dainty flick at the teen's clitoris. Sandy's body jerked, a soft whimper escaping her throat. Miss Ayers' lips parted to place a lingering, lust-warmed kiss upon the sixteen-year-old's vulva, as if the soft pink opening were the mouth of a lover. She brought her tongue into play, penetrating Sandy's slit just deeply enough to be felt. The girl responded with a choked cry, hugging herself tightly. Heart galloping, Miss Ayers deepened the kiss, covering Sandy's sex. Her tongue tip moved up, down and around just inside the vaginal entrance, then pressed deeper. The sharp, tart, and very intoxicating flavor of cunt now moistened the teacher's lips. Sandy writhed upon the desk top, staring at the ceiling with glazed eyes as Miss Ayers kissed her pussy. It was the loveliest, nicest feeling in the whole world, she decided, her breath coming in short, astonished gasps. She wanted to scream out loud, because there was no other sound she might make that was large enough to match these feelings of, of something... a hugeness growing deep in the center of her; a beautiful song she had no words for. Emily withdrew her tongue from the teen's vagina, then traced a path through the moist pudenda to the tip of Sandy's clit, taking it between her lips to suckle. The girl started violently, but the moan that spilled from her lips spoke only of pleasure. "Nnnngghhh... oh, oh, M-Miss Ayers, that f-feels so... Oh!" Sandy was squirming on the desktop, her pelvis shifting restlessly. Emily clutched the girl's hips, her mouth fastened to the tiny pearl at the apex of Sandy's cunt, teasing it with lightning-fast flicks of the tongue. Suddenly the girl's body stiffened, and the teacher felt Sandy's fingernails bite into her scalp as she drove her young lover to the brink of release and beyond ; her whimper swiftly building into a wail of surprised ecstasy. Sandy's slight frame shivered and shook, her face distorted by pleasure as Miss Ayers took the teen through her orgasm. It passed quickly, punctuated by a final squeak from the girl before Emily drew back, first adorning the smooth slit with a few parting kisses. She straightened herself, ignoring a sudden dull ache in her lower back, gazing down in mute adoration at this flushed girl lying on her desk. Sandy's slight breasts rose and fell as she panted for breath. Emily moved silently to the girl's side, reaching out to touch her cheek, crooning, "Sweet child." Sandy seized her teacher's hand, pressing it to her lips, then her chest. "I love you, Miss Ayers," she gasped. Emily's head swam. "Oh, Sandy," she whispered, "I... I love you too." "I always have," continued the girl, "ever since I saw you that first day of school. You were so, so perfect. I couldn't s-stop thinking about you, all the time!" She sat up, her bare legs dangling over the side of the desk as she stared at her teacher with pleading eyes. "That's

why I stole your piece of m-malachite, Miss Ayers. It belonged to you – that's why I wanted it!" "Oh, my goodness," Emily breathed. "I had no idea you felt that way, child." "And – and I didn't mean to show it off to anyone," Sandy continued. "I just had it in my p-purse and was looking at it, and then Susan Wyatt sneaked up from behind and caught me. Then some of her friends were there, too – Tammy Hopper, and Susan Dean, Kathy Jenkins..." She sighed heavily. "I couldn't tell them the real reason I t-took your paperweight, Miss Ayers, so I had to pretend that I just stole it to – to make you upset." She began to sniffle. "I'm s-s-so sorry..." Sandy's lower lip trembled, the girl now on the brink of tears. Then she paused in mid-sob, eyes widening as Miss Ayers enfolded her in gentle arms, drawing the girl close. Emily smiled lovingly at her student, then bent down to meet Sandy's mouth with a warm kiss that quickly became passionate. The sweet nymph's response was like the opening of a spring flower – lips parting as she sank into the teacher's embrace, her arms hesitantly but firmly winding around Emily's back. Sandy's heartbeat thudded in her head like a bass drum. Miss Ayers' tongue was exploring her mouth, and it felt even lovelier than before. Only now there was a strange but quite interesting flavor to the woman's kisses – and Sandy shivered with excitement when she realized it was the taste of her own pussy. Almost without thinking, she began to engage Miss Ayers' tongue with her own, thrilled to hear her teacher reply with a soft moan. At that, Sandy grew bolder, deepening the kiss. As their lips slid moistly together, Emily's hands slowly began to move, gliding from Sandy's clothed back down to her naked lower half. Her fingers explored the girl's angel-soft skin, finally cupping her bottom. It fit perfectly in her hands. And still they kissed, woman and teen, tongues mingling deliciously. After awhile their mouths parted, and a sighing Sandy buried her face in her teacher's blouse. "Oh, Miss Ayers," she whispered, "you make me feel so good." Placing two fingers beneath the girl's chin, Emily gently lifted Sandy's face to hers. "You don't have to call me 'Miss Ayers' any more, you know – not when we're alone like this. We're sweethearts now, you and I, and my name is Emily." The girl's eyes widened in astonishment. "Sweethearts...?" Emily smiled. "Of course . You told me that you loved me, didn't you?" Sandy nodded, blushing a bit. "Mmm-hmm." "And I said that I loved you, too. That, dear girl, makes us sweethearts." The teen seemed dazzled, too much so to speak at first. Her mouth opened and closed several times before she finally managed to squeak, "Wow!" "But we could be more, Sandy, much more, if you want it," Emily purred. "You and I could be lovers." Her fingers drifted between the girl's buttocks, lightly caressing the anal crease. Sandy swayed slightly to her teacher's touch, then stammered, "C-can we?" "Oh, my, yes. Tell me, angel... did you like it when I licked your pussy?" The sixteen-year-old's head bobbed vigorously. "Oh, yeah, Miss Wy– Emily , I mean. It... it felt awesome!" "That's good," Emily nodded, "because when I did that, do you know what I was really doing? Making love to you." She cradled the teen in her arms. "And there are so many other things you and I can explore together as lovers, Sandy... things you've never imagined possible." She slipped a hand between the girl's thighs, tracing the line of her shaved slit with a finger. "If you give yourself to me, I'll teach you everything there is to know about pleasure between women – how to give it, how to receive it." Peering deep into the teen's green eyes, Emily whispered, "Sweet Sandy... will you be mine?" Sandy sat perched on the desk before Miss Ayers, quite dazed with excitement... then she took a deep breath to compose herself, gazed up at her

teacher and murmured, "Yes." Suddenly shy, she rested her head on her teacher's shoulder. "Oh, Emily... I totally want to be your lover. I do..." Emily rested her hand upon the girl's head, touching her silken tresses. "And I want to love you, my precious, precious Sandy." She drew away slightly, one hand still covering her young lover's vulva. "Kiss me..." The girl raised her head and, with a tiny cry, threw her thin arms around her teacher's neck, pressed her lips to Emily's in a kiss that startled the woman and teen alike with its intensity. Emily found herself matching the girl's eagerness, her tongue playfully engaging Sandy's. Their hands roamed freely over each other's bodies, touching as far as they could reach without breaking the soft, sweet bond of their kisses. At last their mouths did drift apart, and Sandy gave Emily a longing look, blurting, "T-teach me stuff?" The woman arched an eyebrow. "Stuff...?" Sandy nodded eagerly. "About m-making love, like you said. I want to know more, lots more!" Emily gazed at the girl, slowly nodding her head. "All right," she said quietly, almost as if she were speaking to herself. "All right." Grasping the arm of the guest chair, she dragged it around the desk to the other side, leaving it next to her own seat... then turned to a small closet in the rear corner of the room, opening the door with a click. Sandy tilted her head, a curious glint in her eyes as she studied her teacher. Emily pulled a large down comforter from the closet. It was tightly packed inside the narrow cubicle, and she had to tug at it several times before the thick blanket was free. This accomplished, she dragged the length of it over to the space she had cleared in front of her desk, pausing to kick away some of the items she'd swept to the floor. Folding the comforter down the middle to double its thickness, she carefully spread it upon the floor, creating an improvised bed. Reaching back into the tiny closet, she pulled out two pillows, then bent to lay them side by side at one end. "There," she murmured, studying her handiwork, "all nice and comfy." Stepping from her shoes, which she nudged to one side with her foot, Emily turned to face Sandy, giving the half-naked nymph a look of ardent desire as she reached for the top button of her blouse. Sandy could only watch, hands clasped tightly before her while Emily slowly undressed, opening the dark blue blouse to reveal a skimpy black bra. She slipped off her top, casting it carelessly to one side, then undid the hook of her skirt before sliding it down her thighs. Stepping from the dark material, she perched on the edge of the desk, swiftly rolling her stockings down and off. Finally, she removed the pin that held her hair up and shook her head, allowing the dark tresses to spill down onto her shoulders. Emily stood, her legs slightly spread, arms by her side as she posed before the girl in her underthings. "Like what you see?" she crooned. Sandy stared longingly at Miss Ayers, transformed from a prim and proper teacher into a sexual enchantress. She wore coal black panties that matched the bra, the dark silk a stark contrast to her pale skin. The material was just sheer enough to reveal the thick curls of her bush. "Oh, Emily," breathed the girl, nervously running her hands up and down her thighs. "You're perfect. You're such a... such a woman!" Then she winced. "God, that was a dumb thing to say, huh?" The teacher laughed joyously. "No, Sandy, it wasn't dumb at all. I understand what you meant... and it was a lovely compliment." She lightly stroked her belly, feasting on the teen with amorous eyes. "Want to finish undressing me?" "Ooooooh!" squeaked Sandy, bobbing her head vigorously. "Yeah, I do!" "Then go ahead, lover – get me naked." The bra clasp was in the front, and Emily watched bemusedly as Sandy fumbled with it for a few seconds before it popped open. Peeling the lacy cups

away, Sandy trembled with excitement as she bared her teacher's breasts. Overwhelmed by the sight of the creamy globes, she stared at them as Emily slipped off her bra, tossing it into the nearest chair. "Oooohh, Miss Ayers... you're so b-beautiful..." whispered the girl. "Thank, you, sweetheart. And it's Emily, remember. Now take off my panties, sweetheart... don't you want to see all of me?" Anxiously biting her lower lip, Sandy took hold of the waistband of the sexy black knickers. Pausing for a deep breath, she began to work them down past her lover's hips, her green eyes widening in awe as the lush triangle of Emily's pubes slowly came into view. Sandy had to kneel before Emily to tug the panties to her feet, then held them as the woman stepped from the gauzy material. The girl began to rise... but her older lover stopped her with a touch, then went down on her knees to join Sandy on their makeshift bed. Still enthralled by the nude body of her teacher, Sandy took a deep, calming breath, trying to slow her hammering heart – then, before she could stop herself, blurted, "C-can I touch you?" Emily smiled at the blushing girl. "Not yet, honey," she replied, gesturing at the white school blouse Sandy still wore, undone just enough to reveal her half-slip underneath. "You're a little overdressed for this party." "Oh..." Sandy frowned down at her chest, then began to unbutton her top with nervous fingers. "Here." Emily moved nearer to the girl, reaching out for her. "Let me." She lovingly undid each button, then slipped the teen's shirt off, leaving her in the beige half-slip. This she grasped at its hem, tugging the thin garment over Sandy's head and raised arms. Cradling the girl's clothes in her arms, then absently placing them on the desk, Emily took in the enchanting vision of her new lover, now nude but for her knee-high white stockings. Among the students of Crestwood, Sandy was rated as much more of a brain than a beauty; the girl's demeanor was too quiet, her intelligence too obvious. She preferred reading to socializing, had only a few friends and seemed to prefer it that way. Nonetheless, Emily had been consumed with lust for this meek, bookish student at first sight. She felt certain that Sandy was still a virgin, which only intensified her hunger for the girl. Now she allowed her gaze to roam up and down the teenager's slender form. Her youthful limbs, so supple and smooth. The auburn tresses of her hair, almost copper-like in the late afternoon light that spilled through the slitted blinds. The gentle, elegant curve of her neck and shoulders. Those cool emerald-green eyes, now sparkling with adoration. The rise of her breasts, topped by pert nipples – luscious berries that begged to be licked. The slight indentation of her navel upon the soft tummy. Then there was the mouthwatering pink jewel of Sandy's bare sex, the moist slit a luscious mouth that begged to be explored by the tongue of a lover. Emily's hand shot out to clutch the arm of the naked teen – and she dragged Sandy closer with a sharp tug, pressing the girl's body tightly into hers. Sandy cried out in startled surprise, then lifted her face to gape breathlessly at her teacher. "And now, my dear," purred Emily, tracing the girl's parted lips with her finger, "now, we'll make love." And she dipped down to claim Sandy with a kiss, thrusting her tongue deep into the teen's mouth. Sandy melted into her embrace for a moment, allowing herself to be taken. Then she began to respond, matching her teacher's ardor, sucking at Miss Ayers' tongue for a few seconds before bringing her own into play. She reached up to take Emily's face in her hands, returning the kiss with a fervor that had the older woman reeling. Slowly, slowly the two lovers sank into the welcoming softness of the comforter, their mouths sliding together, tongues entwining.