

# Caught by my Teacher (Part 2)

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*It's not that this is what I wanted, or at least I thought so...*

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I walked into the small office. There were papers scattered on the floor and various surfaces around the room. The stacks of old books lining the walls of the room made it look much smaller than it actually was. An old oak desk, pushed up against the back wall, took up the majority of the space. I tried to avoid my teachers eyes as I scanned the room for something to focus on besides her. "You can have a seat" She said as she motioned to the wooden chair in front of her. She clearly had composed herself by then and sounded rather confident. She was swiveling side to side in the black leather chair waiting for me to sit. I found the chair and sort of fell down on the uncomfortable seat. I crossed my legs, which probably was pointless considering she had seen me completely naked only a few minutes before now. I cleared my throat, tried my hardest not to throw up and managed to choke out a few words. "Umm, so you wanted to see me?" "Yes, I called you in here, didn't I? We need to talk about... well, what I just walked in on." I didn't know how much trouble I was going to be getting in. This wasn't exactly covered in the school handbook. Maybe she wouldn't tell anyone and we would just be able to let this go. Unfortunately, I had a strange feeling it wasn't going anywhere. I sort of grumbled in response, which sent her into action. "It's perfectly normal for girls your age to experience sexual arousal and attraction and it's perfectly natural for girls to masturbate. However there are times and places that are much more appropriate for pleasuring oneself than in a library while working on homework. You must be wondering if I am going to tell anyone or get you into any sort of trouble. I just want you to know that I won't be telling anyone, and I guess this can be our little secret. I hope this can serve as some sort of lesson so that you don't do something like this in the future. Not that I didn't enjoy what I saw, but something like that can never happen again." At that last comment, my head shot up. I looked at her, straight into her crystal blue eyes. I scanned my brain, wondering if I had in fact misheard her. She couldn't have possibly enjoyed it, could she have? Isn't that so wrong, I mean she was my history teacher. "Ms. Silverman... did I just hear you say that you..." My voice trailed off. I was obviously too scared to tell her what I really wanted to say. She saw right through me and let me know with a bright smile. "Oh honey, of course I enjoyed it, and from the looks of it you were really enjoying yourself too." This was completely unbelievable. She was obviously crossing many lines by saying such a thing. I didn't even know she liked girls, what was up with this? And me? I was her student. I had really only had made the video in the first place to send to

my boyfriend. I was outraged. This was completely unacceptable. The only thing that stopped me from going straight to the deans office is I would have to admit to masturbating in the library, something I'm sure he would not be okay with. "So there isn't anything else then?" I said, starting to stand up. She immediately rolled around me and blocked the doorway. She asked me quite sweetly to sit down, she let me know that I was not yet free to go. "Actually, I have quite the little proposition for you. How about you masturbate for me every now and then. During the school year and during the summer? We can obviously work things out, but you could be sort of like on call for me, you know?" I was completely shocked. I literally couldn't speak. My head was spinning and I had no idea what to say. It's not that this is what I wanted, or at least I thought so. I looked up at my history teacher. Hannah Silverman was a 5'6" blonde bombshell. She was only 30 or so I was sure and was completely hot. Never before had I noticed her round tits popping out of her cardigan. She had definitely been some sort of all star athlete in college. I was freaked out because suddenly, the idea of being naked in front of Ms. Silverman no longer repulsed me. I actually felt a new strong wave of arousal soar through my body. I returned to her eyes. It looked as if she were begging me to agree with her. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and sighed a little bit. "Okay." She flinched, as if she had never expected to hear that word come out of my mouth ever again. She gave me a look that I easily translated into, "Really?" I simply responded, "Really." I uncrossed my legs, stood up and pulled down my shorts again. I swear I could have heard a small, soft wimper come out of her mouth as I turned around. Just a few steps to the door and I was almost free. "I'll see you soon, okay?" I said, turning around to face her. She handed me a piece of paper with her cell phone number on it. She told me to text her soon so that she would be able to have my number in her contact list. I agreed to this and then left the room. As I opened the back door to the library and stepped out, I looked up into the sky. I really couldn't believe what I had just agreed to do. I picked up my phone, typed in her number and sent her a quick text with my name. Within seconds my phone buzzed. Meet me in front of Ward, 3pm tomorrow. -HS I smiled at the text, closed my phone, and headed off towards my dorm.