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WILLY



# Willy

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*Part I: What does a naughty girl do on the last day of term?*

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This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen. Oh, what a naughty thought! The final day at school, last day of A-levels, and the end of a crappy two hour exam of Religious Studies. What better way to go out than by masturbating on the desk of Mr. Williams, the R.E. teacher? Forced to take Religious Studies by her strict parents, as well as Maths, History and Geography (these subjects would apparently make her a better overseas missionary to Heathenland), Naomi spent her lessons dreaming about tweedy Mr. Williams. "Oh, Willy," she said to him in her head. "I wish you would bend me over your table and fuck me from behind with your massive willy..." And from there, her fantasy would leave her wriggling in her chair to let her wet pussy lips smooch together. This would spread her juices into her knickers (white cotton, of course, like all good minister's daughters wore), and let her slide freely against the aged school chair. At the end of every lesson with Mr. Williams, she would linger by his desk, hoping he would smell her sopping hole and want her. She had begin to notice him blushing every time she flashed him a smile in the corridors, and made even more effort to stick her pert breasts in his face. She knew he couldn't help but stare at her hard nipples, which peeked at him through the thin cotton vest and white uniform shirt. She displayed them at his eye level whenever she handed in her coursework. "Oh, Willy," she sighed in her head, "how I wish you would suck my nipples..." She had never really thought that shy, tweedy Mr. Williams would seriously entertain shagging this virginal (but filthy-minded) daughter of the Methodist church, but she dreamed about it often. "I want your willy, Willy," she would whisper under her breath as the others left the classroom at the end of lessons. She always lingered, often leaving a wet patch on the hot chair. She wondered, every time she did this, if Mr. Williams would sniff her drying juices when she had left, and want her. "Oh, Willy," she said into the darkness of her bedroom, as her fingers wiggled against her clit. "Do you lick my juice from my seat after class? Do you want to lick it from my pussy?" All through that final term, Naomi hoped against hope that Mr. Williams would say something. She was eighteen, about to leave school, and he would no longer be

her teacher. She prayed to her Sex God (the Lord Almighty was a frightful bore these days) that Mr. Williams would ravish her hard on her desk, and turn her into his filthy little cum-slut. And on this final day of school, with all exams and tedious break times and ringing bells and soggy lunches, there was only one thing she wanted: to leave Mr. Williams a slippery present on his desk. Waiting until all her classmates, Mr. Williams and the examiners had left the classroom, she stood up. She walked down between the rows of desks and chairs, smells of old wood and sagging plastic mingling in the air with her rising scent. Countless hours of aching pussy and mind-numbing orgasms sneaked in the toilets, Naomi put down her sensible satchel, and slipped off her sensible brown shoes. The windows overlooked nothing but an empty courtyard, and the Religious Studies room was at the end of the corridor. Nobody would disturb her now, on this last day of term... Climbing onto Mr. Williams' teak desk, decades of scribbles and chips echoed tortured teenagers lolling against their detention work, and leaving comment in the wood as soon as the teachers left the room. Naomi hitched up her grey, pleated skirt, her white knee-length socks a little sweaty with her growing lust. She lay down on her back, her head towards the door and her feet propped up facing the windows. The hot sun streamed in and began to mingle with her juices, bubbling her sex smell into the air like a lusty cauldron. Wriggling out of her blazer, Naomi unbuttoned her shirt, and lay there in her thin vest. She put both hands between her legs and moaned as she felt her wetness through her white knickers. She slid her hips back and forth over the desk as she coated her fingers in herself. "Oh, Willy, Willy..." she moaned softly, sliding her hands back up and under her vest. She rubbed herself onto her rock-hard red nipples, tweaking and pinching, and rubbing her thighs together. "Fuck me deep, Willy," she sighed. She slid one hand back down into her knickers, tickling the soft, sensitive skin just above her mound. She loved that delicious tickle, and wished Mr. Williams was using his lips to do it for her. "Mmmm..." she sighed, as her fingers slid down further, a fingertip just peeking inside her swollen lips, and softly nudging her throbbing clit. "Ohhh..." she sighed, pushing two fingers in and spreading them back and forth, buttering her virginal muffin from side to side. "Oh, Willy," she moaned, "wouldn't you like to lick me here? Don't you want to make me cum against your face?" She pushed up her vest, exposing her hot breasts to the air, kneading one of them forcefully, and slid her other hand even further down into her soaking panties. There was now a little slick of her natural lubricant on the wood. "Oh, Willy," she panted, "I'd like to cover your wood with my lube..." With her thumb now rubbing back and forth on her pounding clit, which was begging for a relieving crescendo, she inserted a finger into her tight hole. It slid in easily with all her wetness, and she felt herself clamp against her own finger. "Oh, Willy, yes! Yes!" She moved her finger in and out, taking time to spread more juice with her thumb, before rubbing her clit again with a teasing that brought her both agony and joy. How she wanted to cum right on Mr. Williams' desk, right then and there! But not yet... Still rubbing her naughty little begging clit, she pushed another finger into herself, her walls tightening instantly against her wiggling fingers as they slid in and out, in and out, scissoring and twisting as much as the sopping white knickers would allow. "Oh, Willy, fuck your little cum-slut hard, please!" Naomi ripped her hand out of her knickers, and swung herself upright, rubbing her crotch against Mr. Williams' wooden desk. "Oh, Willy," she groaned, "I wish you'd stick your wood in me!" And she go on

all fours, so that she could see out into the empty courtyard, watching, as she had done so many times before, waiting for Mr. Williams to tweedily stride himself from the staff room to teach her in this very classroom. "Fuck me, Willy," she begged the sweet, musky air. She pushed her grey, pleated skirt up and over her hips, so that her white-cottoned ass was in full view of the empty doorway. What a naughty girl she was! She pulled down her knickers to her knees. Oh, what a delight for Mr. Williams to come tweedily striding across that courtyard, into the building, up the stairs, and into the doorway to see her round, pert ass greeting him, with a shining, sopping wet pussy on display. "I hope you like au naturale, Willy," she sighed, "for Eden was full of good, fruitful bushes, and my bush is shining full of goodness for you..." And, leaning her weight on one hand, she pushed her other between her legs. Ass in the air, she spread more juices through the soft, blonde hairs, and then plunged two fingers in deep. "Oh, fuck your little cum-slut, Willy! Shove your willy into my tight hole deep!" Her fingers were thrusting in and out, in and out, her hips making wide, circular motions as she ground her whole pussy against her hand, her thumb working in tandem to bring her swollen, dripping need to climax. "Ahhh... ahhh... oh god, Willy, fuck me... fuck me..." Her scent hung in the air like the mist of Aphrodite getting it on with Eros on Viagra, her hips now bucking and writhing against her juice-wrinkled hands, her soaked knickers round her lovely knees, and her open ass and penetrated pussy exposed to the silent, throbbing, electric air... "Oh god... Willy... I need Willy..." Thrashing against herself, her ass bobbed up and down in desperate need of relief, and suddenly, from the doorway, a voice boomed out against the wall of her near-orgasm. "Miss Rogers, you filthy little girl!" Frozen in horror and on the brink of massive climax, ass high and breasts pressed against the slippery wooden desk, she peered round and stared into the face of Mr. Williams! He regarded her coolly, taking in the glorious sight of her dripping hand thrust into her glistening hole, her little anus on display, and her sopping knickers round her knees. Loosening his tie, he walked towards her. "I can see you need some discipline, young lady..." This story only available on Lush Stories. If you are reading it elsewhere, it has been stolen.