

A Teachers Dream

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Mr. Andrews gets more than he expects when Samantha wants extra credit...

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"Dammit!" I yelled. I was stuck in traffic again on my way to work. As a teacher, being late wasn't the most influential life lesson I could teach my students. I slammed my hands on the steering wheel and knocked my coffee into my lap. "Son of a BITCH!" I exclaimed. Today couldn't get any worse. Finally, the light turned green and I floored it to work. I made my way into Jefferson High School. The luminescent florescent lights going past my head in straight lines, I was walking so fast. I only wanted to get there because today was a block day. Meaning sixth period would come sooner. The sooner sixth period came, the sooner I could see Samantha Jackson. This girl was the epitome of beauty. She had long, gorgeous, curly blonde hair that lay thickly over her well rounded, generously shaped chest. And her legs.... oh those legs... so long and shapely... so thin and tan. I got hot just thinking of her. Even hotter when I thought of those teeny little skirts she would wear to my class on warm days. I made my way into the classroom and attempted to make it through the day. Let me explain to you that I'm a young teacher. I could have any student that threw herself at me... and believe me, they did. But, it isn't just looks when it comes to Samantha. She has intelligence. She's athletic. And as head of the varsity cheer squad and class valedictorian, well, you could see how she could make a teachers blood rush in more ways than one. She was all I wanted and more. For some reason, she wasn't doing so well in my class, and I had every intention of fixing that... if she'd let me. As soon as the bell rang, signaling the beginning of sixth period, I glanced to the front of the room. There she was, her bright yellow summer dress stretched so tight across her chest I could almost see everything she had to offer. It was so short that when she crossed her legs the bottom of her tight round little ass peeked out at me. Enticing me... Teasing me. I felt myself begin to get hard and cleared my throat. I had to keep my head on my shoulders if I wanted to get through this lesson. All through class, it was as though Samantha knew exactly what I was thinking about. I swear every time she looked at me she smirked at me. That little half smile that got me through so many lonely nights was just within my reach. When the bell rang, she was reluctant to leave. I turned around from erasing the board to see her standing at my desk. "Mr. Andrews?" she said leaning over my desk. I tried so hard not to look down, but I couldn't control myself. The one thing I had thought about for the last four months was five short inches away from my face. "Yes?" I said, looking her in the eyes. "Mr. Andrews, I was just wondering if there was any way I could get some extra credit to boost my grade in your class? Its not

very appropriate for class valedictorian to have a C." I shrugged my shoulders, attempting to play it cool. "Of course Samantha, what did you have in mind?" I asked. Now, before I go further, I must add that that was a serious question. Not to be confused with flirting or offering of any favor but homework as sufficient vice for a better grade point average. Okay, I've given you the disclaimer, I'm no longer to blame here. "Welll...." she said, drawing the word on as if it lasted forever, leaving me to hang on every last vibration of her voice as my heart pounded in my chest with sheer ecstasy. "I was thinking more along the lines of..." And this is where she did it. She slipped her hand under the strap of her dress and pulled it off her shoulder, leaving on of her large, round, beautiful breasts exposed. "Samantha!" I exclaimed. I jumped up to shut and lock my door and closed my blinds. "What. Are. You. Doing?" I asked her. Each word short and shallow. Much like my breath at the sight of such unadulterated beauty. "Mr. Andrews, I see the way you look at me in class, I know how you feel and even if I don't get the credit for it, I can't keep myself from you when your at arms length." By this time, she had slipped the other strap off of her arm and smiled. "Look, you can take them or leave them, Mr. Andrews, but I think you'll make the right decision." Just looking at her had me sweating. Her light pink nipples grew hard in the cold classroom air, and I could see my hand reach up to touch them. It was like an outer body experience for me. I was living every dream I'd had since she had walked into my classroom. I could see the smile spread across her face and I grew so hard, it hurt to sit down. She pulled off her dress completely and it dropped to the carpet in beautiful folds of slow falling fabric. There she stood, naked and mine. I went to unzip my pants and she stopped me. "Let me..." she said, unbuttoning my pants and pulling my long, hard dick out. I was throbbing and I could feel the blood rushing to my cock. I wanted so badly for her to slip me into her mouth. And when she did, I was in heaven. She stuck my dick in all the way to the back of her throat and twirled her warm, wet tongue around the tip of my penis. I wanted inside of her horribly. So I sat her up and put her on my desk. I sat in my chair facing my desk. Her legs were spread open so far I had a full view of everything. I tickled her clit and fingered her until I took her into my mouth. The smell of her pussy was intoxicating. She was already wet, but she tasted so good. I sucked on her clit and slapped her ass, making her moan. Her nipples were hard and her face was bright red. I stood up and inserted my dick into her tight, wet little hole. Grabbing her legs, I thrust, gently at first, but quickened to a faster, harder pace. She lifted her ankles to my shoulders and grabbed my wrists. I had a wonderful view of her round tits bouncing with each pounding I gave her. She looked me in the eyes and tole me to make her cum. I picked her up and positioned her doggie style onto my desk and fucked her so hard she broke a sweat, and she wasn't even doing the work. She reached down to finger her clit and I could hear her start to breathe faster and faster. "I'm gonna cum!" she said, and almost instantly, she tensed up as shattering contractions flooded her body. Her juicy pussy cum dripped onto my laptop bag. I grabbed her hips and fucked her so hard I could hear my balls slap against her pussy and she made little moans with each thud. I was getting close. I reached under her legs and grabbed her tit and squeezed. "Fuck me hard!" She moaned and thats when I lost it. I pulled out lay her flat on her back and jacked off, cumming all over her pretty made up face. She licked it off the sides of her mouth and smiled. I had never seen a creature so beautiful. Her flushed cheeks looked at me and

smiled. She stood up and slipped her dress back on. "Mr. Andrews, I should probably tell you that I didn't really want extra credit." I smiled and reached out to twist a blonde curl around my finger. "Well, sweetheart, you got it anyway, but only if you promise to visit me again." She laughed her musical little laugh and said, " You don't even have to ask." Somehow I knew she wasn't just putting me on. "So, I guess I'll see you Monday in class?" She inquired. I nodded my head and opened the door to walk her to her car. I wasn't so sure how today was going to pan out after such a horrible morning, but it was easily a day I would never forget. It was the day I found the woman I would spend the rest of my life with. I didn't have a care in the world.