

Earning an F...for FUCK!

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Proper teacher Melissa gets bent over her desk by her lover...at school!

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Melissa sighed with relief as the last Advanced English student wandered out of her classroom. Finally, her teaching day was over. Humming under her breath, Melissa wandered around her classroom, straightening desks and collecting the various scraps of paper, pencils and miscellaneous items left behind by the 95 students who had taken her classes that day. After bending to pick up a forgotten copy of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Melissa pressed her hands to the small of her back and stretched, glorying in the release as her tight muscles relaxed after a long day. Confident that she was alone, she took the stretch further, lifting her hands in the air as she sensually dropped her head back. As she did so, her long dark hair flowed down her back and her full breasts lifted high as if in offering. She breathed deeply, feeling the soft tingle in all of her nerves as she transitioned from the strict Mrs. Brown to the fun-loving, often naughty Melissa. The ringing of her cell phone interrupted her meditation. Swearing softly under her breath, Melissa strode quickly on her stiletto heels to her desk. Her irritation vanished when she saw the name on her phone's screen. "Shawn," her voice, so crisp and efficient when teaching her students, was soft and husky as she spoke her lover's name. "Hello, my dirty girl!" A blush stained Melissa's cheeks at the sound of his voice. He was obviously in one of his playful moods. "Aren't you supposed to be on duty, investigating bad guys, keeping our small town safe from evil doers?" Her tone matched his, cheerful and teasing with a sparkling current of sex. She sat down in her chair and lifted her shapely, slender legs onto her desk, causing the hem of her dress to slide high up on her bare thighs. "Nope! Just got my hair cut, now I'm on my way to your high school to watch my daughter in the volleyball game." Melissa glanced at the clock. "The game doesn't start for an hour." "I know. I was hoping for a private tutoring session with my favorite English teacher first. Gotta make sure all of my reports are written correctly!" Melissa giggled. "I could be available for a tutoring session," she purred into the phone. "But, it will cost you!" She heard Shawn chuckle over the phone and pictured the crooked, cocky grin that she knew he was probably wearing. That grin always made her pussy wet. "Oh, you'll get your payment, dirty girl. And you'll take it however I give it to you." Melissa squirmed in her desk chair, feeling herself become excited from the sexy timber of his voice and his pleasurable threat. "Be ready for me. I will be in your room in a few minutes." At that, Shawn hung up. Trembling a bit in excitement and anticipation, Melissa swung her legs off her desk and glanced around the room. While they had played in her classroom before, she

was always nervous about doing anything more than kissing while at work. After all, she was a respected teacher in a small town public high school! And her classroom wasn't exactly private; she could hear the varsity football team practicing on the field just outside her window and everyone, from the janitor to her principal, had keys to her room. Beyond all of that, Shawn was not her husband. He was her husband's best friend; his wife was Melissa's best friend. Not only would getting caught get her fired, it would get them both divorced! Still, despite her nerves, Melissa couldn't resist the chance to see him and knew that she would do whatever he wanted. All resolve always melted away the moment he touched her and she would become lost in his kisses, his touches, the sensual web of pleasure he adeptly wove. The soft click of her door closing and locking interrupted her reverie. Striding towards her with his sexy, confident swagger was Shawn. He was in plain clothes today, his badge and gun clipped to the belt of his slacks that showed his trim waist and long, powerful legs. His dress shirt was tucked in and unbuttoned at the top, molding his broad shoulders. And he was grinning exactly as she had known he would be, his deep brown eyes lit with amusement at her obviously hungry stare. "Well...Hello, Mrs. Brown." She smiled back, her full, pouty lips curving in sensual promise. "Hello, Deputy John." "How's your day been?" He pulled over a chair and sat next to her, his legs spread so she could see the bulge of his cock in his pants. "Busy. Better now." Melissa tuned her chair so they were facing each other. Unable to resist, she set her hands on his thighs, stroking gently as she peered up at him through her thick lashes. "Mmmm," Shawn hummed, leaning forward and placing his hands on her hips, pulling her forward in her chair. "Mine's better now, too. You look amazing." "I like your hair cut." Melissa reached up and gently brushed a stray piece of hair off his cheek. Shawn's eyes darkened with desire at her touch. "Come here," he growled, tugging her forward and capturing her lips with his own. Melissa sank into the kiss, moaning into his mouth as his tongue traced her lips, then thrust into her mouth. One hand holding her hips, he slid his other hand up her thigh, stroking her inner thigh as she spread her legs in a silent plea. Shawn suckled her full lower lip, making her moan even louder. "Oh, Shawn," she whispered, scooting closer and sliding her small, dainty hands up his legs until she found his hardening cock straining against the restriction of his pants. "God, you taste good," he said as he gently stroked her pussy through her lacy, wet panties. "Yes, please, yes," Melissa groaned as he rubbed her clit. She tried to wrap her hands around his dick, but his pants prevented her. She scowled in frustration. Shawn smiled and pulled back to unbutton his pants, freeing his thick, long cock. When Melissa smiled and wrapped her hands around him, he captured her mouth again in a kiss and slid his hands under her panties, thrusting his fingers deep into her hot, wet pussy. God, she was tight and swollen with desire. He knew she would cum quickly. Shawn stroked her G spot, swallowing her quickening gasps of pleasure. He tried to ignore how amazing her hands felt on his dick, wanting to make her cum long before he released his own pleasure. Her job and worries of being caught forgotten, Melissa shamelessly spread her legs wide and moved against Shawn's hand, seeking the explosive orgasm only he could give her. He nipped gently at her lower lip and she came hard, the spasms flooding through her body as her hot juices flowed into his hand. Mercilessly, Shawn continued to manipulate her, extending the pleasure as the first orgasm crashed brutally into a second one. Determined to give as good as she got,

Melissa bent over, blessing the yoga classes that made her nubile and flexible, and took his straining cock deep into her mouth even as she came again into his hands. "God, baby..." Shawn groaned as he felt her lips tighten around his dick as she slid him down her throat. Her hands encircled the base of his cock, almost wrapping all the way around him as she slid him in and out of her slick mouth, lapping at the pre cum on his head before taking him so deep she gagged. Shawn stared down at her dark hair spread across his lap as she gave him the most amazing blow job he had ever experienced. "Your hair looks good in my lap." Melissa sucked him harder in response. He groaned and tried not to cum. "I want to fuck you." Melissa lifted her head. "We can't...that's too hard to hide here if someone came in." Shawn stared at her, reveling in how gorgeous she looked. Her cheeks were pink with the tell-tale orgasmic flush, her lips swollen and shiny from his kisses and his cock, her eyes glassy from desire. When she bent eagerly to his dick again, he thrust a third finger inside her, feeling her tighten in pleasure. Suddenly, he pulled away and stood up. "Screw it. This isn't easy to hide either. There's no difference." Roughly, he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her to her feet. She gaped at him in shock, her hair mussed and spilling over her shoulders, one curling strand cupping tantalizingly around her breast, teasing the erect nipple straining against her bra and clothing. "I'm fucking you, Melissa. Now." At that, Shawn took her shoulders and spun her around, pushing her down over her desk. He lifted her dress and slid her panties down her legs to tangle around her ankles. He took a moment to stare at her tight, high, naked ass, her legs braced and spread temptingly. Melissa lifted her head from her desk, tossed her hair over her shoulder and looked back at him. He read fear and shock on her face, but it was overwhelmed by the desire in her eyes. Besides, he just didn't care. He had to have her. Taking her hips in his hands, he entered her in one long hard thrust. She cried out. He was huge and she was small; it was always a very tight fit. Usually, Shawn eased carefully into her on the first thrust, letting her tight little pussy soften and stretch around his thick shaft before he filled her to the hilt. Today he was not gentle. He felt his balls slap against her as his dick filled her completely, hitting her walls all the way inside, rubbing against the spot she teasingly called her "Shawn Spot." As she always did when he was buried completely inside her, Melissa came. Forcefully. Her cum dripped out of her, running down her spread thighs. Shawn felt her clench around him but didn't stop. He hammered her ruthlessly, dragging another orgasm from her almost immediately. She dropped her forehead to the desk, spread her arms up to grasp the edge and held on, her hips moving back against him to increase the force of their fucking. Shawn tightened his hands on her hips, loving that she not only took everything he gave her but was demanding even more. "Are you going to cum again for me, Melissa? Are you?" At her desperate moan, he increased his rhythm, taking her even faster. When she came on a cry that even the desk couldn't muffle, he felt her spasm around him. He couldn't hold out and pulled out of her even as she continued to shudder. He grabbed his dick, slick and wet with her cum. In one stroke, he came forcefully, the thick, white cum shooting up her back. He groaned as his cum continued to flow out of him onto her ass, coating her as strand after strand pulsed out of him. Finally spent, Shawn came back to himself and looked down. His lover was still sprawled over her desk, her legs spread wide, her sides heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Her thighs were wet with her own cum and her back and ass were covered in his.

He'd never seen such a naughty, dirty, enticing sight and took a long moment to stare, filing it away. Ten minutes later, Melissa slumped bonelessly in her desk chair, watching Shawn's fine ass as he slipped out of her classroom and strode purposefully towards the gym. While she couldn't believe their audacity and sheer naughtiness—and the fact that Shawn had simply taken her like some kind of ancient conquering warrior claiming his woman, nor could she find it within herself to regret it. Not when her body was still humming with pleasure and an overwhelming satisfaction permeated her to her core. Reaching out, she grabbed her phone and sent Shawn a quick text that summed up the entire experience: Wow ! Barely a minute later, her phone buzzed with his response. YUP! Grinning mischievously, Melissa gathered herself, summoning up her Mrs. Brown demeanor. When she strode briskly down the hall, none of the students hanging out after school could have guessed that the prim, proper Head of the English Department had just been bent over her desk and fucked to within an inch of her life. Or that she was already dreaming of doing it all again.