

Krystenah is a Naughty Teacher

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Before she was Master J's slave, Krystenah was a Teacher. One student took her in hand

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I knew I was taking a risk. There were strict rules against acting out on the perverted thoughts I was entertaining. If I was suspected of any misconduct I would be “summarily dismissed” according to the details of my teaching contract. But there wasn’t anything in the contract that specified that I couldn’t think about having sex with my grade 12 male students. I could fantasize all I wanted. My teaching partner, Rudy, had helped me move my desk to the back of the classroom during my planning period. I had maintained that I could keep a better eye on my AP English students if I was seated behind them (as if they needed any guidance! Ashley Cummings was fast becoming the class scholar on 18th century English lit and Bryan Montgomery was almost as knowledgeable as I was when it came to the beat poets). My cover story was solid though, and Rudy never questioned my motives. I had taken to eating my lunch in the classroom when I didn’t have duty in the cafeteria and with my desk in its new position, I could look out onto the basketball court with complete freedom. Most of the boys playing were Rudy’s kids. They were all graduating seniors and most were athletes. Half the group had shed their t-shirts. I could hear their trash talk and posturing across the field which was almost as hypnotic as the sun silhouetting their hard muscles as they jumped and ran from end to end of the court. Matt Simeon (a skin) was aggressively guarding a smaller kid, Lucas. Lucas had a mouth that more than made up for his compact frame. “Get the fuck off me, Simeon,” Lucas brayed, “or I’ll tell your dad what a shitty lay your mom is.” “Good one, Mucus,” another skin called, but Matt didn’t respond at all. He had a focus that wasn’t going to be shaken by some lazy jibe at his mom, who, not coincidentally, was the principal. Matt’s body was in a state of readiness. He was trained on the ball and when Lucas looked up for a split second to acknowledge his buddy, Matt tapped the ball away, pivoted and ran back down the court. He wound his arm around easily into a perfect layup and gave Mikey Donovan a high-five on his way off the court. I watched in admiration as Matt pulled off his shirt and wiped his face. He laced his t-shirt in his belt loop and encouraged his team with a couple of claps. He was about 6 feet tall and rangy. I knew he had inky black eyes and long eyelashes but from this distance all I saw were his angles. His cheekbones and jawline were strikingly sharp and when he turned his head and shouted to his teammates, I saw the definition in his abs. I felt my clit tingle. I

had lost track of the game, but when he dropped his head in comic exasperation, I laughed out loud. The sound seemed amplified by the empty room. I looked around to make sure I was alone and when I turned back to check on Matt, I saw that he was staring in my direction. He was staring at me. I swallowed, reflexively. I didn't know if I would look more guilty if I continued to stare or if I looked away. He waved and continued staring then he began walking toward the window. A few of the guys called after him and he turned back and barked something at them. He murmured something under his breath, too, that I couldn't pick up from this distance. I lowered my shoulders and reminded myself that I was an adult. Most people who knew me would say I was responsible, upright, a model authority figure at Benjamin Franklin High. In the moments it took for Matt to close the gap between us, I had slowed my heart rate and almost convinced myself that I was innocent. It was just a coincidence, I told myself. He didn't know my secret. I looked down and flicked some crumbs from my uneaten sandwich off the desk. He walked up to the window, leaned in and asked "Enjoying the view, Ms. Krys?" I felt my blush begin on my neck and begin to coat my chin, ears and cheeks. I smiled and forced myself to look into his eyes. "Don't flatter yourself, Matt." He leaned it so close that I smelled his musk. He flashed a smile and for a moment I thought I was in the clear. But Ms. Krys, didn't you teach us what La Rochefoucauld said: "If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could never harm us."? He winked at me and walked away from the window just as the bell rang. I only had two classes left for the day. My wandered further and further as the end of the day got closer and closer. I remembered Matt's wink and replayed it over and over in my mind. What was it like to be so young, so strong, so confident? I had never been that way when I was in high school—so audacious! It was as if Matt had seen into a private part of me that I was only now ready to accept in myself. For years I had pushed away the merest thought of a student as anything but a child—even those close to, at or over the legal age of consent. If I found a young man attractive, I chalked it up to appreciating aesthetics—nothing more. But Matt Simeon stirred something inside me that I was finding very hard to ignore. Matt was a student in my last class of the day and I decided to show a film. The class cheered at the news and half of them slept off the drowse that many of them fought at this time of the afternoon. I couldn't have cared less. I sat at my desk and logged on to my computer. I glanced over at Matt quickly. He seemed to be engaged in the movie. The events at lunchtime seem to have lost their glow. I was starting to think that Matt had been joking. Attractive boys flirted, even with their teachers. It didn't mean anything. I logged in to the attendance and grades database and my instant messenger popped up. I had muted the sound, but the message couldn't help but get my attention. I think you are really cute, too, Ms. Krys. Who is this? I typed back, but I knew. Your teenage dream. How did you get my ID? I asked. I have my ways. We can't be talking over chat like this, Matt. It is highly inappropriate. As inappropriate as you perving on me? he inserted an emoticon that raised and lowered his eyebrows. I decided to go for honesty. Yes. As inappropriate as that. I could lose my job if the wrong thing got said to the wrong person. Like my mom. But I told you. I think you are cute, super cute, Ms. Krys. You're a total MILF. I won't tell. This conversation is over. Not so fast— came the reply before I could close the application. I waited. Meet me in my mother's office tonight at 5. He signed out. I didn't dare look over at him, so I kept typing to keep up the appearance of actually

working. What did this little fucker have in mind? There was no hard evidence, I kept telling myself. I didn't do anything wrong. The bell rang before I could shut off the movie and flip on the lights. Groggy teenagers stumbled out of class. I tried not to look up from my desk, but I saw him staring at me from the doorway. I cursed under my breath and looked up. He flashed his smile and placed his hand on his belly. His fingers were spread out, forming a five. He moved his hand down his middle toward his—"Bye, Ms. Kryz," he called and left the classroom. I busied myself for the next two hours and toyed with the idea of blowing off the meeting with Matt. Was he trying to scare me? Would his mother Gwen be there at 5? I felt like a fool being intimidated by this kid, but I was curious, too. When I wasn't beating myself up for texting him back, I kept telling myself I had done nothing wrong. The office was downstairs from my classroom and I used my phone as a flashlight. I knew it was crazy that I was sometimes still afraid of the dark. I checked my email to cover up for the fact that the sound of my heels on the floor was creeping me out. The cleaning staff wouldn't be in for hours and all the clubs had dismissed for the day. I didn't see any other teachers around. Finally I reached the principal's office. Matt had left the door open. He was sitting in his mother's chair. I walked in and placed my briefcase in front of me. I needed something to hold onto so I could keep my balance. "Hello, Ms. Kryz," he said. "Have you ever been in a principal's office?" "Hi, Matt. I came like you asked. What is this all about?" "You answer my question and then we'll get to mine, ok?" he asked and flashed me that famous Simeon smile. I shifted my weight. He raised an eyebrow. "It's a simple question, Ms. Kryz. Have you ever been in a principal's office?" "Well, yes, Matt. I was here when your mother interviewed me for this job." "Go on." "look, I need this job, Matt. I don't know what got into me earlier. I am sorry if I made you feel uncomfortable—" "—You didn't." I sighed. "What do you want Matty?" "Matty? No one calls me Matty, Ms. Kryz. But I like it. I'll let you call me Matty? Ok? Just you." I stared and set my jaw. His charm was curdling into smarm and I was growing very weary of it. "Well, it's been a laugh, Matt. I'll see you—" "Hold on, Ms. Kryz," he said and sprang out of his mother's seat. In a flash he was at my side, looking down at me. "Before this office, I meant. Were you in any other principals' offices I meant?" I remembered a long long time ago. "Nope," I said and turned to leave. He placed his hands on my shoulders and looked down into my face. He laughed deepy. "But that's a lie, isn't it, Ms. Kryz. Hey. It's after school hours. Can I call you 'Kryz'," he asked. "No, Matt, look—" "Okay, okay, okay, I'll just call you 'Kryz', then. When were you in the principal's office, Krystenah? What did you do? What happened to you?" My heart was in my throat. "Matt. If I tell you, will that be the end of this game, hunh?" He relaxed his grip a little and smiled. "Maybe. Look, it's just me. I won't tell anyone. Just answer the question." "And then we can be done?" He didn't say anything, but sat back down in his mother's chair and gestured for me to sit, too. I sighed and sat. "I got in trouble in high school once and I had to go to the principal's office. I was caught smoking on campus and I was paddled in his office." "Jeez, really, Krystenah? Paddled?" "Yes, really, Matt. It was the South and it was, well, it was a long time ago, so, ok?" "Do you think you deserved it?" "What?" My mouth went dry and I felt my underarms and pussy start to get wet. "The paddling. Do you think you deserved to be paddled?" "Well, I suppose so. I broke the rules. After that I never smoked again." I looked up at him. "Yes, I think so, too." Something in the tone of his voice reminded me of my

principal, Mr. Richards, who had paddled my ass, but not before getting me to admit that I knew what I had done was wrong and all but asking for him to bend me over the desk and give me the five strokes he did. "I found something in my mom's closet I wanted to show you," Matt said. "Just let me show you and I will tell you what I have in mind." He put his lip out in an exaggerated pout and then smiled his superstar smile. "If you want, you can open the closet yourself. Here's the key," he said and put it on the edge of his finger. I reached out for it and grasped the key. I slid it off his finger. I turned the key in the lock and saw the paddle sitting on the floor of the locker. I turned around and Matt stood blocking my way. "What is this about, Matt? I didn't do anything wrong. What are you--?" "You haven't done anything wrong, yet, but I really think we should. I've had a crush on you for a long time, Krystenah, and I know you feel the same way." "You're a student, Matt. You're my student." "Only for another week or so. Look, all I wanted to do was meet you tonight, paddle your ass and then take it from there." "WHAT?" I started laughing nervously. "You don't seriously think that I am going to let you spank me with that thing, do you?" He grasped my wrists and put his face close to mine. "I seriously do think that, Krystenah. I have always wanted to paddle a teacher. You have given me the perfect excuse. I am going to paddle you and in return I am not going to tell anyone that I saw you masturbating while you were watching us play basketball this afternoon?" "I never--!" "—but who is going to take your word? I believe you know how to assume the position?" I moved in a daze. I lay my chest down on the desk. He moved behind me and took the paddle out. "This is so awesome!" he said and tapped it against my ass. "I'll let you keep your skirt on this time, unless your pussy gets wet. If your pussy gets wet, then you get it on your panties. If your panties get soaked, then, well...it will have to be on the bare ass. Understand?" "Yes, Matt," I said, on the verge of tears. My panties were already soaked through. He stood to the side of me and placed one hand in the small of my back. He ran the paddle over my ass. "Five strokes, Krys, over the skirt. Count them. And given our relative positions at this juncture, I think 'Sir' makes more sense than 'Matt', don't you?" "Yes, Sir," I found myself saying. WHACK! The stroke came hard across both cheeks. It sounded like a gunshot in the tiny room. I felt like the air went out of my lungs and I saw stars. My ass started to glow. WHACK! WHACK! Two weaker strokes came, but faster. "Did you forget how to count, Krys?" he teased. "ONE! TWO! THREE! SIR!" I screamed. "Now that we know you can count, we'll start over." WHACK! "OWWW! One, Sir, One, Sir, One!" The pain was intense. "Good girl. Four more and then we get to see how wet you are." I was sobbing after the "second" stroke and bawling by the fourth. When he laid the last stroke across my ass I melted onto the desk. Matt began stroking my back and moving his hand down to my ass. He lifted up my skirt and moaned when he saw my pinkened ass. I stayed in position as he ran his finger along the hem of my panties. He nudged the hem closet to my ass cheek. "When you are my girlfriend, you are going to have to wear thongs, Krystenah." He grasped the other side of my panties and moved them to the crack, as well. The front of each leg pressed into my swollen pussy lips. I stayed still, afraid of earning more strokes. He whispered for me to spread my legs. I did. He grabbed the sweet spot of each cheek and pressed the flat of his hand against the opening of my slick pussy. "Ohhhh, that is wet," he said. He slapped the pussy playfully. "Care to explain that?" "Matt, please—" He grabbed the skin roughly. "Did you forget who I am, Krystenah?"

“No, Sir, no, SIR!” I screamed. “Get up,” he said. I stood up. He spun me around and lifted me up. He set me on the desk and the pain shot through my hips. I looked into his face and saw lust smiling back at me. He grabbed me by the neck and drew me into his mouth. I kissed him with abandon. He laid me back onto the desk and he ground into my wet pussy. I looked up at his strong chest, his chiseled arms. I wanted him to take me. he leaned down and kissed me as he dry humped against my throbbing clit. I felt like I was going to cum. He stopped suddenly. “What do you want?” he breathed? “I want you, sir,” I answered. “Do we have an understanding?” “Yes.” “Good. Get up so we can finish your punishment, you bad, bad girl!” He said with the sexiest wink.