

# Detention

By yikez

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Feb 2009



*Who knew education could be so much fun!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/detention.aspx>

She wrapped her fingers around the handle, turned around and said, "Just don't let them get to you and I'll see you at lunch." My first day at school. Don't think I'd ever felt so nervous in my whole life before. I could feel every single pair of eyes watch me as I walked to the middle of the class room, barely able to look up. "...My name is Mr. Wilson and I'll be teaching you about Religious Education this year." That's right. I'd sold out, given up and gone against everything I used to stand for. I'd become the one thing I'd hated most through out my entire life. A teacher. All the way through High School I barely lifted a finger unless it was to bring a joint to my lips. I think the fact that I didn't need to try seemed to piss the teachers off a lot. I almost always miraculously got the grades I needed to stay in school by the skin of my teeth. To be honest, I don't remember a lot of my school life, other than the work I didn't do and the girls I most certainly did. That's fine when you're young. But then it's suddenly not so fine when you have to leave school. When you have to choose a path for your life. Don't ask me why but I chose to go to college and study Religious Education. It was a phase, enough said. So, having finished college I realised, "Hey, Dillon, you have a qualification. Now what?" So, I chose to avoid responsibility by staying on at college an extra year. Unfortunately the only way I could find that would keep me in college was a teacher training course. So, here I am. After a year I'm a certified teacher. It's shocking really how easily someone as irresponsible as me could end up with this much power. Yet as I stood before this group of 18 year olds I didn't feel quite so powerful. I could barely speak. My first real lesson. I don't really think I need to tell you how it went. They treated me just like I'd treated my old teachers. Like a worthless know-it-all. The teacher training went out the window. After a few minutes I was promising to let them leave early if they did the work. No such luck. They saw I was younger than most and simply labelled me "Newbie". But, I lived. One hour later the lesson was over, I'd issued five detentions and I couldn't wait to get out of the classroom. Luckily I didn't have a class to teach second period so I walked down to the local supermarket and bought some badly needed cigarettes. I sat in my car, puffing away, trying to forget about the humiliation I'd just been through as I felt the sun's heat. "Where is my mind?" I sang along to the radio before taking a long drag, closing my eyes as I exhaled. "Fuck!" I shouted as I remember the detentions I'd issued. I checked my watch. "12:20" it read, I was five minutes late. I flicked my cigarette out the window, grabbed the steering wheel and tried to get back as fast as I could. Some impression I was making on

my first day. Ten minutes later I flung open my classroom door. "So nice of you to grace us with your presence, Mr. Wilson." My heart must have skipped about four beats as I slowly looked across the classroom, praying to every god I could think of that it wasn't Miss. Filch, the school's head. "Oh, thank fu-" I caught myself mid sentence, "I mean, where are the rest of you?" Only one person had shown up and she didn't seem too impressed by my late arrival. She rolled her eyes. "Wow, you really are a newbie aren't you?" Then her serious face showed a smile, "c'mon Mr. Wilson, surely you know people my age don't like detentions." I walked over to my wheelie chair and sat down before looking up and asking, "So if you're so young and hip how come you turned up to detention?" She looked out the window at the grass as the sun beat down on it. "I actually care about my education," She stated calmly. I would never have let her know, but I was impressed. She didn't seem to look like the type of person to be interested in school. Her long blonde hair and strikingly pretty face seemed to hint to a life of popularity and boys rather than books and grades. I struggled to remember her name, so I started looking for the list of detainees. "Where did I leave it?" I said under my breath, beginning to look under the desk. "Looking for this?" I looked up and saw the bubbly girl beaming back holding the list. "Thank you" I murmured as I sat back into my chair, she placed it on the desk, using her manicured finger nail to tap next to her name. "That's me, Celeste Hale," she said excitedly. I looked up, losing the will to try and keep the teacher persona going. "So, why did I give you a detention again?" She huffed, sensing my lack of real interest and turned to walk back to her desk. She sat down flicked a stray hair from her eye line and said, "I had an argument with my boyf-" She stopped mid-sentence, looking down glumly as she corrected herself, "Ex-boyfriend had an argument." Typical. I cursed myself under my breath. As usual I hadn't payed attention to what had been happening in the lesson. I hadn't even realised there was an argument, I must have simply issued a detention without thinking about it. What a dick. Here she is, having broke up with her boyfriend and having a shitty day and I've made it even worse. My eyes widened as I began to apologise. "God, I'm so sorry, how stupid of me." She raised her head in surprise, "I hadn't realised, you can go." For just a second there was an awkward silence. I didn't know why but something was up. Then she smiled again. A very pretty smile too, i thought. "Actually, Mr. Wilson I have a drama rehearsal to get to and I don't have time to go to the changing room before dinner ends," Celeste raised a shopping bag full with clothes, "can I get changed in your toilet?" Toilet? What the hell? She must have seen my confusion as she pointed to the door next to my white board. I hadn't even known that was a toilet. "Sure, go ahead I need to get ready for my next lesson." I grabbed my lesson plan for the next period and started writing the lesson's aims on the board as I heard her walk out of the room. She must have been in a rush, I thought, as within what can't have been more than a couple of minutes she was back out again. I was still writing as I heard her clip clop across the room behind me. "See you next lesson, Sir." I heard Celeste say with her evident enthusiasm. "Bye," I called, glancing over my shoulder. Then I had to do a double take. My jaw dropped as I took in all she was wearing. White shoes with huge heels, knee high sock with ribbons at the top, a pink plaid skirt so short she would have to be careful how she walked so as not to show her underwear. Her top half was just as raunchy. A white button up shirt knotted around her bust in a naughty school girl style which showed her breasts

perfectly. I hadn't really noticed them before that point, which is rare for me, but they were good. At least a D cup. The cherry on the cake was her blonde hair which had been plaited into tight pigtails. I found it hard not to stare before managing to utter a sentence. "Erm, Celeste, are you sure that appropriate clothing." She smiled again, "I know, I look like a slut, but I'm supposed to." I raised an eyebrow quizzically before she explained, "I'm playing temptation in a piece this guy in my class has written." That was enough of an excuse for me. "Ok, well see you next lesson." Celeste nodded approvingly with a smile. But she didn't move a muscle to walk out of my classroom. That awkward silence returned. Had I forgotten to say something? I started to guess, "...and don't worry about that boy." Nope, I shouldn't have said that. Celeste looked at the ground and bit her bottom lip. "Well, he made me feel bad about myself sir." Again, I had no idea what to say. I'm really not the kind of person that gives people advice. I'm usually being given advice. Maybe she just needs someone to share her feeling with. "How did he make you feel bad?" It didn't seem to be inappropriate for a teacher to ask that, I assured myself. She kept looking at the ground. I rolled my eyes, feeling like some kind of cheesy talk show host. "My body." Wow. How the hell would a talk show host deal with this? I started to sweat from the nerves. What the fuck did she expect me to say? A long silence filled the room. Finally she met my eyes, carrying on her confession of emotions. "He told me I have small tits, Sir." My eyes widened. My first day of teaching and I have to deal with this? Celeste seemed upset. I felt like I was making it worse, but didn't have a clue how to redeem myself. Again, she flicked a hair from her eye looked at me and asked, "What do you think?" Why the fuck did I pick teaching? "About what?" I said, my voice wavering with nerves. The words were barely out my mouth before she replied. "My tits, sir" Yeah, there's no way I could answer that without losing my job. "Celeste this really isn't appropriate conversation," I began my speech we'd had drilled into our heads on the course I took about "councilors round the school who would be happy to help you with your problems," and that, "the student- teacher relationship is a professional one." I was relieved to finally know what to say. But as I talked, she walked towards me. I was scared. She walked behind my desk, a little bit too close for it to look like a normal conversation. I'd finished the speech. Celeste breathed in and then sighed as she squinted her eyes. "Don't think I didn't see you looking, sir" This can't be happening, I thought. "At what?" She wrapped her fingers around the two end of the knots on her shirt and pulled them both, making her titties jiggle slightly, "These, Einstein." That smile of hers was gone. She was deadly serious now. Again lost for words I said the only thing that came to mind. I began to repeat the speech. Celeste rolled her eyes and ran her fingers through her hair, throwing her chest forward slightly. "Sir, tell me what you think of my tits." I kept saying my speech. "Do you think I give a fuck about teachers and students? I want your opinion." Trying to act unphased by the situation I kept saying my speech. She was getting impatient. "Tell M-" "Yes, they're fucking perfect OK?!" Celeste smiled. But a different smile this time, a smile of satisfaction rather than fake excitement. Now it was my turn to look at the ground. I was defeated. "They're amazing, yes. Now, can you please go?" She nodded, turned and walked to the door. A million thoughts raced through my mind as I wondered how long it would be until I lost my job. Then I was distracted. She turned back to look at me. I was shitting myself. "Please don't tell the teachers." I begged. "I know that's what you're

thinking." She walked over to me again, sitting herself on the desk, crossing her legs. "Sit down." I was dumbfounded for a few seconds. Did she just actually say that? I shook my head. "I don't think you understand," she stood up from her sitting position and brought her face close to mine as she almost whispered, "You're new. I'm a young 18 year old student. I could have you kicked out of this job and straight to jail in a matter of days." My muscles ceased up as I got that sinking feeling in my stomach. I knew I'd made a terrible decision. "Sit. Down." Celeste repeated. I did as I was told. Celeste sat down on the desk, re-crossing her slender legs. "Let's get this straight," she said, glancing at her nails, "I'm in control now, ok?" I gulped and nodded slowly. Then that smile came back. Just like before, happy, excited and hopeful. "I'm sorry sir, I'm being really nasty, aren't I?" This was getting seriously confusing. I didn't reply. "It's not that I don't like you. I do." I stared hard at the ground. "There's something about teachers I love, Mr. Wilson. That way that they think they have authority. Yet look how quickly I changed that." She tried to catch my eye but I didn't stop staring at the ground. "So, imagine how happy I was when you walked in this morning." I glanced up, things starting to fall into place now. "A teacher, with that same authority. The authority to shout, order... give a detention. I love that. That power you have. But, most teachers aren't quite as good looking as yourself." I looked up, shocked. Things were so bizarre by this point I didn't have a clue how to react. Celeste knew how I felt. "Aw, don't look like that, Sir." She started to run her fingers through my hair playfully. "You're hot. Your dark skin, that days worth of stubble, your built body." She uncrossed her legs. Things made a lot more sense, but I couldn't get over the shock of what was happening. She'd slowly lifted up her tiny skirt and rubbed her pussy through her panties. "It's enough to drive a girl mad." I'd had enough. I pointed a finger as I stood up, "Look, Cel-" She grabbed my finger. Not in a violent way, but playful, yet assertive. "Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Wilson, I like you, but I have no problem with lying about you." She brought my finger to her mouth and sucked it, all the while still rubbing her pussy. "Sit down, Sir. Do what I say and you won't get in any trouble. You'll enjoy it." I shook my head as I slowly sat back down. She grinned, letting her rubbing become more intense, "Don't be afraid to look Sir. I want you to enjoy it... enjoy me." I knew it was wrong. I knew I'd lose my job. But either way would have had the same outcome. In that case, is it not better to enjoy yourself? I questioned every moral I had as I slowly relaxed, watching an unbelievably sexy blonde eighteen year old girl rub her pussy. Just for me. "That's right. Relax." But she seemed to enjoy watching me squirm. That may be why she slowly pulled down her panties. There it was. Perfection. She was shaved and had a glisten of moisture on her cooch. She pulled off her panties, dropping them but leaving the skirt on. She giggled "look at your face! You like it," She slipped two fingers inside. They were only inside for a couple of seconds, but when she took them out they were extremely wet. Slowly, I felt my cock begin to harden at the thought of her being so wet. Just for me. Until then I was worrying to much. "Hmm," she said, taking her hand away from her pussy. I looked at her, admittedly disappointed she'd stopped. "I think I prefer rubbing it." Feeling my confidence and cock both grow I nodded, feeling the need to see more. Celeste got off the desk, walked over and sat down on my right leg. She relaxed on my thigh. Just when I thought I was gaining confidence, I lost it again, not knowing how to react. I didn't want to go against all that I'd learnt. But I did like the feel of her pussy

on my thigh. Without a word she slowly started to move up and down on my thigh, grinding on it as she slowly began to moan. I don't think my cock's ever been so hard as when I felt her moisture make its way through my trousers. I knew she knew I was getting hard. She looked into my eyes as she grinded a little harder and let out a moan. It took every ounce of strength I had not to grab her and fuck her right there, I was so hard for that wet pussy in my lap. She wasn't making it easy for me. She lent her chest up against mine as she whispered in my ear "I'm so horny for you, Sir. Ever since you walked in this morning." It was getting too much, that pussy in my lap and those perfect tits up against me. I reached my hands out to grab her ass. But then I remembered all the trouble, all the accusations, all the shame that could happen. She saw my hands moving. She stopped grinding and wiggled her ass so it just about grazed my palms. She looked into my eyes and said, "You know you want to grab it. I know you want me." She lay her hand across the bulge in my trousers, "This is a big give away," she said, winking. I lay my hands on that ass. She kissed me, struggling to get her shirt and bra off. There it was her tongue in my mouth. The feel of that texture of her tongue on mine... That sweet taste... That was it. Fuck trying to resist. I'd lost that battle. I grinded my tongue right against hers and undid her bra with ease. Now she looked surprised. I took off her bra and was confronted with the nicest set of tits I'd ever seen. Her nipples were already a little hard. I wasn't shy. I closed my lips around her right nipple as she stopped grinding for a moment. Suddenly I felt invincible, fuck my job. She was worth it. I looked up at Celeste's shocked face and smiled, saying, "What's the matter... scared?" Those must have been the magic words. Just like how her kiss had sent me over the edge, when I said those words Celeste seemed to get ten times hornier. She pushed her lips against mine, her tongue against mine, her chest against mine as she whispered, "Fuck me." In my whole life I'd never felt such passion. I'd fucked girls before. Lots of them. But none seemed to give themselves to me like she did. I surrendered, giving myself right back to her too as I picked her up and lay her on my desk. Our tongues kept caressing as I fumbled with my belt. In seconds I had it off and pulled down my zip. I didn't even notice her take off that slutty dress she was wearing until she wrapped it around my neck, pulling me towards her, using her dress as some kind of lasso. Then she whispered, "I want that cock in me," while she unbuttoned and pulled out my dick, making it look easy. I'm not the kinda guy to disappoint. I slid every inch inside her pussy. She was incredibly wet and extremely tight. I groaned, kicking off my trousers. Celeste wrapped her legs around me as we began to fuck. I grabbed those perfect tits of hers while she moaned for more. Slowly, our fucking got faster. "Oh fuck" she cried as she grabbed the corners of my desk. What was happening? Had I done something wrong? Then my questions were answered. "Oh fuck, baby, yes, I'm going to cum." Her pussy started to clinch around my cock as her moaning became louder. I knew there was a lock on my door, but I was starting to worry someone would hear us. Celeste's pussy clinched more and more as her yelps of pleasure grew louder, my cock going deeper with each entrance. I kissed her passionately again, letting my cock fuck her tight, clenching pussy harder than ever. I grinded my tongue on hers to muffle her loud cry of pleasure as I felt her juices trickle down my cock. Celeste was overcome by the pleasure as I slowed down our fucking. Still trying to catch her breath, she got off the desk, stood at the other end and started to suck her cum off my dick. Those

perfect lips on my cock made me groan louder than I ever had before. I wanted to taste her cum too. I wanted to share everything with her. "Come let me taste that pussy." Then I heard it. My whole body tensed up. Someone was at the door. Celeste heard it too, she suddenly stopped sucking. In a flash she was under the table, scurrying to find that dress, her bra, panties and shirt. I was sure I was going to get fucked as I sat up on the desk. At least the door was lock- FUCK. It was then I remembered Miss Filch tell me the door's locks had all been broken in a recent break- in. Sure enough, the door started to open. I can say, hand on my heart, if there was an Olympic event in sitting on chairs quickly, I would have won that day. In less than a second I was on my chair, wheeling it quickly back up to the desk. In walked Miss Filch. My heart stopped. Thank god I hadn't taken my shirt off. "Mr Wilson," she exclaimed, "you're class have been waiting outside for ten minutes, what's going on." She didn't seem to have a clue. My desk has a hard back, which hid Celeste from view. It also hid the fact I wasn't wearing any thing other than my shirt. "I- I'm sorry Miss Filch, I just received some bad new-" I stopped dead. No way. She wouldn't. My jaw dropped as I felt Celeste slide her perfect lips back over my cock. Unbelievable. I could barely talk as my cock hardened and multiplied with pleasure. "My Ca.... Car was broken.. the... smashed window." Miss Filch didn't seem to understand what was going on as I groaned. "Are you not feeling well, Mr. Wilson?" Miss Filch asked, putting her glasses on. Celeste was crazy. She was taking every inch of my cock into that naughty mouth of hers. There was nothing I could do but try to keep composure as I felt myself begin to inch closer to shooting my load. "No, I feel i... i' m sick, Miss Filch" I looked down. There was Celeste, mouth full of my cock, looking up with that beaming smile. "My stom.... stomach really hurts." She didn't seem to know what was really happening. I could feel my cock about to explode, I had to think fast. "I can feel my stomach hurting. Oh fuck," I could feel myself about to get away with it. She'd simply think my groans were that of pain. She watched, silent. Celeste knew. She knew how close I was to cumming all over her. So she shoved her lips over my cock and fed it right down. Down to the back of her saliva filled throat. I was gone. "FUCK! UGH UGH UGH" I shot harder than I ever had before. Celeste really was a pro, taking each hard shot right down her throat without a gag. I grabbed my desk, cumming harder and harder with every shoot. Miss Filch decided I was "to ill to stay in school." I finished cumming, looked down at Celeste who swallowed happily. I looked up at Miss Filch' s clueless face, regaining my composure. "I agree, Miss Filch. I think a day off is for the best. I'll just need a moment to gather my things and I'll meet you downstairs." She smiled, nodding and leaving the room. Celeste got out from the desk, handed me my trousers, kissed my cheek and whispered a breathless "Thank you." She walked towards my bathroom. I was confused. "Where are you going?" "To change out of my slutty outfit." She said, smiling as she pulled her thong up. "But your drama piece...?" She laughed, shaking her head. "God you really are a newbie, there's no drama piece." She clip clobbered her way into the bathroom. I pulled my boxers and trousers back on when I heard her shout, "You may want to take another look at your list too." I found it on the floor. There at the bottom of the list was her name. Written in her handwriting. I laughed, grabbed my lesson plans and walked out of my classroom. That was my first day of teaching. I don't know what I was so nervous about.