

# Just A Little After School Help

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What a long day it had been. It's not that I was foreign to the stress of teaching high school, but after five years, there were still moments when I felt overwhelmed by the challenge of maintaining the focus of my science class. I closed the door to my office and sat down in my desk chair to check email, removing my suit jacket and kicking off my heels. My thoughts wandered though, as they sometimes do, to more exciting ideas. It had been months since I broke off my last relationship, and every week it seemed harder to ignore my sexual needs. As I tried to focus on my computer screen, I imagined how fantastic it would feel to have a thick wet cock pounding between my thighs. I felt myself becoming wet and glanced up to make sure the door was closed. I ran my hands up under my pencil skirt, and hooking my thumbs on the black side strings of my thong, pulled them down and quickly stuffed my panties into the desk drawer. Paranoia filled me, but my eyes confirmed that the door was still closed. Pulling my skirt up slightly, I let the tip of my index finger start gently teasing my clit. A small gasp escaped between my lips as I closed my eyes. I slowly ran two fingers from my anus up along my soaking lips and back down. I clenched my mouth closed, but after drenching my fingers in my own juices, as I slid them inside my needing hole, I couldn't help moaning. My eyes flew open as I heard a knock at the door. Did someone hear me... I abruptly wiped my fingers across the seat of my chair, pulling my skirt into place and slipping my shoes back on. "Umm, come in?" I said in my most confident non guilty voice. Paul stepped in. Now, I know that teachers aren't supposed to have favorites, but I'd watched Paul grow from an awkwardly gangly nerdy freshman into a strong confident man and even stronger student. His grades and interest in science might not have earned him many friends with the popular crowd, but that didn't mean he was bad looking. He had grown into his body nicely, and if he had only thought to trim back his soft brown hair or get contacts, he would certainly have been breaking hearts by now. As he stepped in, my panic continued. My nipples were rock hard and pressing against the silk of my blouse. I casually brushed a lock of hair behind my hair and could smell myself on my fingers. I tried to be casual, standing and walking to the front of my desk. "Hey Paul! What can I help you with?" "Well, I did all the practice problems, but I'm still having problems with when work is done and when it's just a force that's applied," he replied, taking a seat next to my desk. I sat next to him for a moment to look at the homework set he'd rested on his lap, but inhaled a small bit of his cologne, or shampoo, or something. Whatever it was, it was fantastic and I leaned in a bit for a better smell and instantly chastised myself. Okay, it's one thing to finger fuck yourself at school, but NO leaning into students to smell them! I jumped up and took a seat on

the edge of my desk and bent forward to point out flaws in Paul's work. As I explained, his eyes quickly darted up to my eyes, and then paused on the way back down around the hanging neckline of my blouse. I thought I'd imagined it, until it happened twice more. Just knowing that he noticed me, made the wetness along my core harder to ignore. I tried to casually part my knees. Maybe if I could just get some air flow, all this tension, and wetness, and desire could evaporate. I thought I was casual, but Paul's eyes followed my movement. Get yourself together! The last thing you need is a student complaining that his teacher became aroused during a help session, and had to air out her privates to find some relief. I stood again, trying to change gears. "Paul, work is only done when a force acts in the direction of motion. So, if I move from the floor to the chair," I explained, stepping up onto the chair next to him, "Then, my force is in the upward direction and my motion is too. So I've done positive work. Does that make sense?" Paul looked up nodding. From my new vantage point, I could see a slight bulge in his pants though. In that moment, I started wondering about Paul's cock and wanted not only to see and hold it, but to lick up the length of his shaft and sink my mouth over him. A bit of my moisture dripped slightly down the inside of the warm skin of my right thigh. Surely, the bulge isn't the start of a hard on. You're imagining things. He's probably just naturally a little large...and that's exactly what I need. I stepped down and tried to continue my train of thought. "But if I just push down on the chair and it doesn't move, I've applied a force, but haven't done any work on the chair." When I said this, I bent, pressing my weight against the seat of a chair opposite Paul. I realized, too late, as I swiveled my head to look at Paul, that he only had a view of my arched back and round ass...I was not helping my case, but I was getting hotter by the minute and needed something to satisfy my needs. As I stood, I tried to fix everything saying, "Actually Paul, I'm not really feeling myself today. Can you come early to class tomorrow? I'll go over everything in class too. I just think I should go home." He stood and stepped closer. There was a definite bulge in his jeans now. It couldn't just be my imagination anymore. "Couldn't I stay a little longer? I love getting help after class. I get stressed a lot and talking to you helps," he spoke as his hand reached up to rest on my upper arm. His touch felt warm and soft and strong and perfect. Something inside me shifted. He'd reached to me, and his body told me he wanted me...and I knew I wanted him. I stepped forward and turned until Paul was backed against my desk. "You do seem stressed a lot Paul." He sat on the desk and I cupped his jaw in my hand, turning his face toward mine. "I want to help you release some of that pent up pressure." My hand moved down to rest on his torso. My heart started pumping faster and I felt my pulse in every part of my body as I continued, "If I do something to make you feel really good, will you promise to keep it between us?" and my fingers softly trailed down his chest and I set them innocently upon his upper thigh. I crouched down and kneeled in front of the desk. Paul caught my meaning and noticeably flushed, "I wouldn't ever tell anyone...but..I've never done anything like...anything with a woman." "Don't worry Paul. All you have to do is relax," I responded. Paul nodded and I ran both hands from the insides of his knees up along the seam of his jeans to his erect cock. I smiled as I unzipped his jeans and I developed a sense of just how large he was. I wrapped a hand around his shaft through the fabric of his boxers. "Are you sure you want this?" Nodding as looked down at me, I removed his shoes and pants, then slid his boxers down past his ankles and

bent over him. He let out a deep moan when I gripped his length and sucked deeply on his scrotum. I licked around his balls playfully before running the tip of my tongue from the base to the soft head of his cock, where a small trail of precum was waiting for me. I licked my lips and slowly pressed them down past his swollen head. "Ooooooh" exhaled Paul. I looked up at him and placed my finger against my lips, to ask him not to give us away. Again, I lowered my lips over his cock, enjoying the taste of him. I began sucking him fervently, using the fingers of my right hand to slide along in time with my mouth for added pressure and the left for playing with his balls. Paul had a fantastic cock, and as I pulsed along his length and pumped my lips over his head, I began thinking about how much I needed him inside me, rocking my world. "MmmMMMM" Paul vocalized. I continued stroking my right hand but stood and placed my lips near Paul's ear, whispering, "Please, please don't give us away. I am really really enjoying myself. Don't make me stop." Paul understood and nodded slightly. I returned to his cock and reached between my legs with my left hand and started rubbing hard over my clit. Becoming more excited, I increased my speed. He leaned back on his arms, letting his head roll backward. I pumped my lips hard up and down along his full length and felt his cock twitch within my mouth. His hips started to buck beneath me until finally, he let out a deep grunt, exploding with a strong flow of cum inside my mouth. I swallowed hard, but not expecting it, his seed spilled out from my lips dripping between my cleavage. His body twitched again, releasing more cum, which I was ready for this time. I licked him clean as he laid back fully across the desk. "That was...good. That was really amazing." He exclaimed in disbelief. "I mean...ooh...that was fucking amazing." It was strange to hear Paul swear, but even stranger when he sat up and said, "Can I...I mean...can I feel you and see you...naked?" I had abandoned my cunt in Paul's orgasm, but the promise of more attention, brought renewed moisture to my lips. I looked into his eyes and gave a firm deliberate nod, not wanting to even vocalize what I was hoping he'd do to me. He stood and lifted my blouse from the top edge of my skirt. His eyes bored into me as his fingertips traced the edges of my black lace bra and along the sides of my abdomen. I released the button and zipper on my skirt and he slid it down my hips. I sat in the place Paul had just perched on my desk. I unclasped my bra and let my breasts fall free. He seemed amazed by everything and reached up, taking a nipple in his mouth and sucked and teased, as his hands traveled back to my hips. I laid back along the length of the desk as Paul spread my legs and traced the edges of my lips. His fingers pressed harder against my clit before he tentatively, slid his finger into my dripping hole. He removed his finger entirely before replacing it again and again. It felt amazing, but I needed more of him. Paul must have had the same idea because he was stroking his cock. He increased to two fingers, and I fought back the passion boiling inside to stay quiet, taking deep breaths. I slid back further on the desk, and, taking my cue, Paul climbed up kneeling over me. He slipped his cock back and forth across my opening. His eyes met mine with the question. I answered with another nod. His head pressed against my hole and slowly penetrated me. Paul leaned forward over me and started breathing hard. He pushed all the way inside, stretching my cunt around him before backing away. The next pulse was rougher. He started bucking his hips against me and his hand found the place between my shoulder and neck. Paul rocked harder and harder into me and my back arched. His cock was hitting my G-Spot and with the

force of his thrusts, his body made brief but strong contact with my clit. Again, my eyes checked the door. It was all more than I could take, and I wrapped my arms hard around Paul, pulling his young body to mine. With his cock buried deep inside me, my muscles clenched, my body tensed and I exploded with pleasure. I kept my lips tightly together, but a sound something like a growl found its way free. My muscles continued to pulse around Paul's cock as I started to relax on the desk. I looked up to find Paul's wide eyes fixed on my own. So, I cautiously pulled his face toward my own and kissed him deeply. When I released, he started thrusting into me again. My heightened sensitivity made it feel even more pleasurable than previously, and I rocked my hips back against him, matching his intensity. Paul sped up, driving himself into my core. I repositioned my legs, hooking my knees over his shoulders. Pausing only momentarily, Paul backed off the desk and stood with his cock still nestled into my pussy. With added vigor, he pounded into me. His breathing became more labored, and he began grunting quietly before pulling out and spilling cum across my abdomen. He held his cock, still shaking slightly. Oh, what an interesting semester it would be...