

Seducing the teacher

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Student and teacher developing romance

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From the day she walked into his classroom first period on her very first day of high school she had a crush on her English teacher. He was loved by everyone and respected by even more. He was that teacher that knew how to have fun, making the class totally enjoyable. However, he was also an A.P. English teacher for every class he taught, therefore, he knew when it was time to get down to business.

Everything about him was great. He made himself 100% available to his students whether they were struggling with a school issue or something personal, he was always there to listen and help out in any way he could. It was for this reason that he was almost never alone. Students hung out in his room even during their lunch hours just because he was fun to be around.

Anyways, she had him as a teacher every year from her freshman year through her senior year, growing more fond of him each year that went by. Her family constantly teased her for the "little love affair" they thought they had going on, while she wished it was true (although she completely denied it) it was far from the truth. He just wasn't that type of guy.

It was her senior year that things started to take on a bit more of an obvious flirting relationship. The class she had with him was small, only about 7 or 8 people, so the one on one time was nice. It was also a hard class so she would spend a lot of time in his room before and after school and during free periods.

It was nearing the very end of the year when they had a day where the 9th-11th grade classes had an assembly during his class. The seniors were allowed to miss because it was related to a test everyone but them took. That left just her and Mr. Olsen alone for an hour, being she was the only senior in the class. Mr. Olsen told her that since nobody else was there she could feel free to work independently on an upcoming project that would be due while he worked on grading papers for another class. So, she got to work. It wasn't 5 minutes later before she found herself unable to concentrate, and couldn't help but let her eyes wander up to his. He was looking down fiddling with a

pen in his hands but she could still see the crystal blue of his beautiful eyes and she loved his soft sandy blonde hair. He was muscular and wore shirts that (while they weren't 2 sizes too small like some guys wear) they were tight enough on his arms and chest that you could see his clearly defined muscles.

She found herself lost in daydreaming about him before his voice snapped her out of her head.

"Hayden?" her eyes came into focus and she gave him a look of bewilderment.

"Are you alright?" he questioned.

"Huh?... Oh yeah, I'm fine. I guess I spaced off."

"Yeah, I noticed. You've been staring at me for the past 15 minutes." Her face turned bright red and she looked at her lap.

"Sorry," she mumbled in response that was followed by his soft chuckle.

"It's alright, sorry to have snapped you back to reality. Looked like you were daydreaming about something nice." Her face turned even brighter red with a blush that crept down her face and neck. He laughed again and returned to grading papers.

Her voice interrupted him only moments later. "I can't focus on this project right now. Do you have something else you need done that I can help with for the rest of the period?"

He thought for a moment then a mischievous smile spread across his face, causing her to laugh. He then got up motioned for her to come over to him. Right beside his desk were 3 ceiling high cabinets that he used to store books and various materials in. He open up the doors and Hayden understood her task. They were a mess from things being shoved in carelessly throughout the course of the year. She turned to look at him and just shook her head. Men and their disorganization, she thought and smiled. She set off pulling items off shelves and placing them in sorted piles next to her. When she got up towards the top she needed a chair to reach the higher shelves, being she was only 5'2. She was standing on a slightly rickety stool on her tippy toes trying to reach some books that had gotten shoved to the way back when a strand of her blonde hair fell into her face tickling her nose and causing her to sneeze. The force of the sneeze caused her to lose her already shaky balance and she could feel herself falling backwards before she had a chance to respond.

The next thing she knew she was laying with her back against the front side on Mr. Olsen on the hard ground. He had attempted to catch her on her way down, but was a second too late and ended up holding her as she fell backwards knocking him to the ground as well. At least she landed on me rather than the hard cement floor where she could have bashed her head, he thought.

It took her a second to realize that she was laying on him. Finally, it hit her and she fumbled to push herself off of her teacher. He still lay there on the ground with her next to him trying to compose herself. Her brain was racing a mile a minute, not because of the fall, but because she had just been atop Mr. Olsen and had felt his cock pressed into her ass slightly. A tingling sensation ran throughout her entire body as she marveled in the feeling.

Mr. Olsen pulled himself on his elbow facing Hayden laughing a little as he asked her if she was okay. He couldn't help the unwanted thought that crept to the forefront of his mind about how beautiful she looked laying there breathless on the ground next to him, her hair splayed out over the ground, green eyes bright with the adrenaline rush, her black skirt riding slightly higher than it normally lay, revealing at least an extra inch of two of her beautifully tanned thighs. A few inches higher and he would be staring at her underwear clad pussy. He snapped himself out of the daze he was in as he felt his cock start to grow slightly more than it had as she fell backwards with her ass grinding into his cock moments before.

When she looked up at him she realized his face was only inches from hers. He lips looked even better from this distance than they did from afar. Following what felt like several minutes (but was really only seconds) of silence, something overcame her, maybe it was the adrenaline, or the fact that she would be graduating and never get the opportunity again, but she leaned up and gently pressed her lips to his.

At first he was shocked at her forwardness, and by the fact that for the last 3 years he had been fighting with himself about this girl. From the moment she opened her mouth in his class freshman year, he had struggled to push down the way he felt about her. It wasn't just that she had a pretty face, it was the fact that she was one of the smartest students he had come through his course since he began teaching 3 years prior. She had brains, the motivation to go with it, but she also knew how to joke around, making him laugh on more than one occasion. When he first saw her, he had mistook her for a student teacher that had wandered into the room, because she did not appear to belong in a freshman class. However, it turned out, lucky and unlucky at the same time, that she was right where she was suppose to be.

It only took a moment for him to lose himself in this girl, pushing aside his conscious screaming at him to stop, and give himself over to her kiss. He pushed his lips tighter against hers and when he felt her mouth slowly start to part and her tongue press softly to his lips, he lost all inhibition and open his mouth to receive her soft sweet tongue. His own tongue made its way to her mouth, and soon they were dancing and moving inside each others mouths. His hands slipped up to cup her face and she rolled herself so she was propped up on her elbows over him with one hand still on the ground and the other gently gliding over his chest, playing with the buttons on her shirt, every once and a while her finger would slip through one of the holes between the buttons and slide onto his bare chest,

sending lighting bolts to his cock. He found himself rock hard within mere moments of her initiating the kiss.

She fought the urge to rip his clothes off, reminding herself to take things slow and enjoy this moment as he could realize what he was doing and pull away, hating her forever. Every fiber in her body screamed with lust towards the god that was under her. Her lace thong was soaked through from her desire and she could feel the wetness creeping down her thighs. She couldn't stand it anymore, and realizing she would have to be the one calling the shots here, as she knew he would be afraid of her changing her mind and turning on him (what teacher wouldn't in a situation like this?). So, she gathered her nerve and worked his fingers down his chest, lower and lower until she reached his zipper.

He felt her smile into his mouth when her hand had finally worked its way down to his crotch and she felt how hard he was. He wanted to reach his hand up her skirt and slam his fingers inside the angel before him, but he fought that urge as he didn't want her to change her mind or scare her away. Instead, he let her explore, not that that was a bad thing in the slightest. She worked her small delicate fingers around his cock, still concealed inside his pants, and rubbed nice and slow around the shaft, then up towards the head where she gently circled her finger, driving him crazy with lust. This would be an experience in itself if she had just been some random girl, but the fact that he had real feelings for her made it all the more intense.

When she finally worked up the nerve to undo his belt, unbutton his pants and zipper and work his cock from his pants, he decided that was a good indication that he had the go ahead to finally touch her. His hands moved down to her legs and slowly worked up under her skirt to her pussy. She had on a lace thong that was easily pulled aside to allow his fingers the freedom to explore. He soon had his fingers covered in her juices and running them up and down her slit, paying special attention to her clit, manipulating it between his fingers but not too that point that it would be too intense.

She had just pulled her mouth from his and moved her soft sweet lips to the head of his cock, when the bell signaling the end of the class rang out at a piercing volume. She lifted her head from him with a look of disappointment on her face before standing and straightening out her hair and clothes. He put his cock back inside his pants and adjusted himself with a grumble.

Then, he kissed her forehead quick before his next class started to file in. She started to gather her things and walk out the door before he hollered at her, motioning for her to come back. With a confused and worried look on her face, she reached his desk, where he slipped a note discretely into her palm before sending her on her way. She waited till she had made it into a stall in the bathroom before opening to folded note in her hand. Scribbled in his messy and hardly legible handwriting was a message that made her heart stop.

It read: If you would like to continue what we started, I would love to have you. If not, we can pretend

this never happened and continue the year as we started. The decision is solely yours, I will not think any less of you either way. If you decide to take this offer, here is my address...

To be continued....