

Things learned at school

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I couldn't believe we were nearly through the second term of the school year. I think I had noticed you in my geography class from day one. You had a sparkle in your eyes that to me spelt trouble, and fun. In my many years of teaching I had come across many types of people, some I liked, some I didn't. Some ex students still contact me from time to time, but none had drawn me into them like you have. The way you looked at me when handing in your assignments, the way you held yourself within your peers, the way you walked and your personality soon made me realise I was besotted with you, this 16 year old that had my heart racing. There were times I would think you thought the same way about me, as I was certain you were flirting with me, and then there was uncertainty in my mind as you paid me no attention. And I would think to myself, "Come on don't be silly, she is just a young woman still at school and you are the mature one here. Why would she be interested in you!" As the weeks went on your flirting became more direct: leaning over my desk showing me your cleavage, licking your lips with your tongue as I was talking to the class, sucking your finger slowly in and out of your mouth while looking directly at me. Then the questions started, asking me about my personal life. I think you liked how embarrassed I got and tried to just avoid the questions. You started asking them in the general class, and the others would laugh, which was easy to dismiss. But then you started asking questions quietly as you dropped your work on my desk at the end of the class, making sure you were the last person. Looking at me, waiting for an answer with those soft juicy lips only a hands throw away from me. Ohhhhh how I wanted to taste those lips, devour them and feel your tongue dance around my mouth. But I would just stumble and mutter something about it being my personal life, all the while squirming on my chair. Towards the end of the first term you started telling me about boys you were dating, a couple of whom were in the same class as you. You asked me if I thought they would find you sexy, and what I thought was your best asset. I am not sure if you saw the bulge in my pants, but my self-control was about to burst. Your teasing and questions were driving me wild. I gave you some lame answer about how different people find beauty in different things before turning back to my work on the desk. It was by the end of the first term I was fantasising about you at the beginning and then at the end of every day. It made my weeks long and my dick very hard most of the time. It also made dates hard, as my mind often wandered to you. The term ended and I had a few weeks of relaxation, not being tormented by a gorgeous student that I knew was taboo, and someone I knew had a naughty streak to them. The strong thought in my mind, though, was that I could easily get caught out or look silly if I was wrong about the situation. Then all of a sudden it was

back to school, and you started off from where you had finished at the end of the term. You had me on a string, and I think – well now I think you knew exactly where you had me, and where you wanted me. There were times you would brush past me, or stand close to me as I was looking over your work, and I could almost feel your breasts against me. You leaned over, showing me your cleavage, or bent over to pick something up, showing me how smooth the tops of your legs were. Luckily I only saw you 3 times a week, but the torment was intense. But then you threw a curve ball at me. Our class was always the first period after lunch, and it is still very strong in my mind. I walked into the class 10 minutes before class was due to start, only to find you and Mark at the back of the class. His back was to me, and his mouth on your neck and ear. Your eyes opened and realised I was standing there. A smile broke out across your face, you licked your lips and blew me a kiss as a hand left Mark's back and gave me a little wave. You then all of a sudden pushed him away and said "Oh, the teacher!" The look on Mark's face was one of embarrassment as he walked past me. I could see your blouse buttons were still all done up, so maybe I had caught you not long after it had started. You took your seat and pulled out your books, saying "Good Afternoon," as if nothing had happened. I went to my desk and prepared for the lesson, feeling a little green eyed monster, wishing it were my hands and mouth feeling your soft skin. Over the next few weeks this happened once a week, usually with Mark, but sometimes other boys. You started apologising, saying not to worry: you were just kissing and hugging. All the while your teasing of me carried on, my head was going round and round, not knowing what to think. Then one day you handed me a blank piece of paper as the work you had completed for the day. I was shocked and horrified. You walked away saying, "It's OK, Sir, I will catch up next week." I realised then just how naughty you were. You thought I would let it slide. That night I went over so many different ways of teaching you a lesson, I don't think I slept at all. The next day was a Friday, and being a long weekend, everyone was keen to get away as soon as they could after school. As the class sat down and waited for me to speak, I stood quietly in front of the room, watching you, but pretending to look around the class. I made some comments about poor work habits recently and then called out 5 people, of whom you were one to meet me after school. Your faces showed how annoyed you all were, as you had to go to your other 2 classes in the afternoon and then come back to me for god knows how long. You arrived last with a sultry look on your face. I think you thought I would be easy on you. As you walked in I told you to take a seat, and then announced to the others to finish the page they were on and they could go. "Seeing as Miss Smith is late, she can do the rest of the work for all of you." As I said this I looked straight at you. Your mouth dropped open, and the smile started to fade away. I went and sat down at my desk and did some work for 5 minutes or so. Then I got up and left the room. You could hear my footsteps go down the hall. And after a few minutes you could hear me approaching the classroom again. As I entered the room again you looked up at me, using those gorgeous eyes to full effect, trying to get me to be easy on you. I was on a roll, and today I wasn't letting you play with me. The doors into the hallway were locked and I knew we wouldn't be disturbed. I told you to bring all the work to my desk. As you stood next to me, I took a moment to breathe your scent in. My heart started racing, as I had no real plan of what I was going to do with you, just lots of thoughts in my head. "Why haven't you finished

even one yet Smith?" I asked you in a very firm and grumpy voice. You didn't answer. And as I stood up I said, "Do you know what happens to girls that continue to play up and misbehave?" You just shook your head. I pulled open my draw and pulled out a foldable cane and a leather strap. "Bend over the desk Smith. Now, as this is the first time I have had to really discipline, you can have a choice. The Cane, strap, or my hand across your bum cheeks: which one do you choose?" Your face had a look of shock. You shook your head and said, "But sir, but.... But you can't do that." "I told you to choose or else I will make the choice for you." "Your hand – your hand sir, ohhhhh, I'm sorry, I will be good, I promise!" I moved behind you and lifted your skirt up a little, bringing your cute bum into view, and exposing your little red thing. I let out a small moan in admiration, hopefully quiet enough that you didn't hear. Whack, the first slap came without warning and you let out a yelp. Whack, whack, whack, 3 quick slaps. I then rubbed your cheek a little where I had spanked you. Then whack, whack, a little harder this time, I could hear you whimper a little each time. I spanked you in lots of twos or threes, then rubbing your cheek a little. This went on for a few minutes. Your body seemed to relax this time when I massaged your cute bum. I then asked you a question, which was the moment my life changed. "I think, Miss Smith, you have been teasing me for some time now. I see the boys you bring in, and how you look at me while they are trying to kiss you and feel you up. But you don't let them go any further, do you?" "No sir, I don't." Whack, whack. "Why don't you?" "Cause I like older men sir, they are just boys." "How many older men have you been with?" "Three." Whack, whack, whack. "Three? Are you telling the truth?" "Yes, sir, I am." I slapped your bum a couple more times then massaged both cheeks before speaking again. "So do you know what happens when you tease people?" "Yes sir, but I was trying to flirt with you, not tease too much. I like you, sir, please don't hurt me." "Ahh, the naughty tease and flirt has a soft side," I said as I moved back to my chair. "Are your legs tired?" You just nodded your head. I then grabbed your arm and told you your punishment wasn't over yet. I pulled you to me and laid you across my lap. Your chest and stomach no doubt could feel the effect you had on me. I lifted your skirt all the way up to your lower back and gently tapped your bum, going from cheek to cheek with the palm of my hand. The taps got harder and harder, and all the while I asked you more questions about your teasing and other boys and older men. I told you how I had been fantasising about you and how I hadn't acted on your flirtations, as I didn't want to get in any trouble. But now, you had pushed me over the edge. "Sir – ohhhhh sir... you have me very wet, if you want me I am yours for as long as you want." I stopped spanking your bare ass and slid my fingers under your thong and moved the thin material away from your kitty. I was amazed how wet you were. My fingers slid up and down your slit, wetting my fingers, rubbing over your clit. Your body tensed as I applied more pressure to your clit and slipped some fingers into you. You slipped a hand underneath you and held my dick through my trousers. Whack, whack. "You should have asked first, Miss, but now it's there, just hold it." "Yes sir, ohh, god, you are so hard, you are amazing with your fingers sir, ohhhhh." My fingers continued playing with you as my other hand started to undo your buttons of your blouse. I slid my hand under your bra and caressed your gorgeous tits. My god I was in heaven, I couldn't believe what I was doing... and in my classroom. I could feel you getting close to cumming, so I stopped and told you to stand up. Pushing my chair out a bit, I told you to come sit on

wet you were. My god. Your hand was holding my dick firmly, but not moving as my hand was working up and down your slit, applying force onto your clit, and then rubbing it hard... then harder and harder. I wanted to hear you cum for me. My hand was very wet as you started to scream: 'Ohhhhh fuck me sir! Ohhhhh yes!' Your voice rang in my ears. Your hips moved in time to my hand, bucking and writhing around on the seat of my car. Then you exploded – your climax was very intense as your juices squirted out of your sweet kitty. I looked at you and into your eyes, enjoying the moment of you cumming. I smiled at you and said, "I want to lick that kitty and taste what you just squirted out while you suck my dick. My place or yours, gorgeous?"