

Advanced Seduction

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Version 1.5.0

Coming Home

1

Christina moaned as she pulled down the familiar street of her parent's house. After two years, she had hoped that the four hour drive from college would get easier, but it never did. Instead, she spent hours staring at the landscape of Nebraska while driving as fast as she could without risking a ticket.

She managed to distract herself for almost half the trip by dwelling on old boyfriends. The thoughts started with just dating and dancing but quickly focused on the intimate moments, with fumbling fingers and cock driving into her. The miles passed quickly, but somewhere near Omaha, her plan backfired when she realized there was no way she could relieve herself. She needed an orgasm, desperately, and a dirty rest stop bathroom didn't seem like the place. Instead, she suffered the last hour of her trip with soaked panties and an itch that desperately needed some "quality" time with the vibrator still hidden in her own room.

As she pulled onto the cracked concrete drive of her parent's house, she squeezed her thighs together. The muted, wet squelch brought a shiver of pleasure coursing up her spine and her lips parted at the sensations. She thumbed both garage door buttons, if only to see if her parents were home.

By the time she stopped in her customary spot, the guest spot now, the doors opened to reveal two empty stalls.

"Yes!"

She threw the car into park, yanked the keys out of the ignition, and sprinted into the garage while ignoring her bags. She would come back later, after she relieved herself. Her tennis shoes scuffed

the step as she entered the kitchen through the back and tapped buttons to close the garage doors.

Familiar smells and memories came welling up. Two years didn't change her parents house much, but it still felt like home to her. A pang of homesickness tugged at her, reminding her that it wasn't home anymore, just a place filled with memories.

And then the shiver of need. She dropped her keys on the counter and ran up the stairs. The familiar creaks of the house followed her as she took the steps two at a time. She didn't even need to look around to get to her room. Four steps forward and turn to the right. Inside, the room smelled of old perfume and dust.

Christina closed the door behind her and tugged at her jeans. Her fingers trembled as she fumbled with the button before she managed to yank it down to her ankles. She tried to step out, but her shoes caught on the legs. With a frustrated moan, she sat down on the corner of her bed and extricated her feet. With every movement, she could feel the air tickling against her thighs and aching clit.

As the denim slid off her legs, she looked down at her bare thighs and feet. Working out twice a week had kept her high school shape, with legs that were a bit too thick for her own tastes but greatly appreciated by the last few boyfriends. Her pubic hair, a slightly darker brown than the hair on her head, peeked out from the gap below the bottom button of her green embroidered blouse. The hairs were damp and clung to the curve of her sex.

Breathing in, she smelled the comforting smell of her own excitement: musky and sweet. She closed her eyes as she pushed one hand between her legs, curling up against her slick lips. Her inner muscle clenched as she worked one finger along her slit, parting it to rub the hard nub of her clit.

Christina remembered that she was in her room for a reason. Stumbling to stand up, she padded across the room to her closet. On the top shelf, in a box labeled "Urban Girls", she grabbed the small vibrator she bought on a dare almost six years ago. She giggled at the sight of the tiny red device. She remembered how her friends stared at with wonder, none of them willing to take the first step to actually use it.

She brought it back to her bed. It was hers from the first day, though she never told anyone that it kept her company for the long nights of her teenage years. When she crawled on her bed, she heard the air conditioner began to rumble. In a few second seconds, cool air blew out of the vent, adding to the orchestra of little sensations.

Rolling on her back, she spread her legs and twisted the vibrator on. It shook in her palm and she felt the heat gathering in her sex. The wet slickness seemed to boil inside her and memories of the last few hours washed across her mind.

She brought it down to her clit and let out a louder moan. Her toes curled as she dragged it through the curls of her pubic hair and along the sensitive folds of her sex.

The smell of her excitement surrounded her, blending in with the perfume of her room and the dust from the blanket. It was a heady mixture and she pushed her fingers around the vibrator to find her opening. With two fingers, she fingered herself with hard, short strokes.

With vibrations shaking her and fingers plunging, she brought back the memories of her boyfriends: the cocks and fingers pressing against her sex, the fumbling with her jeans in the back of the gymnasium, and even the steamy kisses to heat up before braving the winter cold. There were a thousand little memories that turned her on and she only needed one good flash to set off the orgasm boiling inside her.

But, hours of dwelling on her memories had dulled them and sapped the excitement. She felt the heat growing inside her, and the sounds of her wet fingers echoed against the walls to prove it, but nothing pushed her over the crest of an orgasm. Whimpering, she added a third finger to her pussy, pumping fast enough to feel her juices dribbling between the gaps of her palm and her aching sex.

She found a memory that wasn't worn smooth. As she strove to remember the feel of her boyfriend, an ex-boyfriend now, and his cock against her ass, the warmth of an orgasm began to spread along her limbs. She felt her muscles tensing with anticipation and the wet slurping increasing until her thighs were soaked with her juices.

Christina panted and whimpered. She pulled her head off the bed as she drove into herself, pumping with hard, desperate strokes.

And then the garage door squealed open.

“Fuck!” She tensed as she felt the orgasm slipping away. With a whimper, she tried to focus on the memories. Her wrist hurt from trying to push herself to a crest. It felt good, as did the vibrator, but the moment had passed.

Slumping back, Christina sighed. “Damn it, Daddy, why did you have to come early?”

She fought frustration and the knife edge of pleasure still inside her. She needed an orgasm, badly, but there was no way she could do it with her father coming through the door.

Dressing quickly, she hid the vibrator underneath her mattress for that night and, hopefully, a powerful orgasm with her screaming into a pillow. She went into the bathroom to wash her hands. It wouldn’t be good for her to smell like sex.

She started to leave the bathroom, but then pressed the lever to flush the toilet. And then remembered she had to wash her hands again to continue the ruse. With a blush on her cheeks, she took a cursory pass with the soap before finishing up.

“Honey?”

Christina wiped her hands dry and headed into the hall as her father came up the stairs. “Daddy!”

“Welcome home!” He pulled her into a tight hug. He wasn’t anything to brag to her friends, balding and somewhat fat, but there was no question that he always smiled when she came into the room.

Together, they went downstairs and Christina lost herself in the idle conversations of school, home, and everything between. Though, nothing could stop her from feeling the edge of hunger between her thighs and a desperate need to have an orgasm.

Chance Encounter

2

Smiling, Christina strolled along the side of the mall with her dad. A bag with two new outfits tugged on her fingers, but he was already carrying three others after insisting that she needed to go clothes shopping. It was like the days before she went to college, except that he wasn't grumbling about the cost of new shoes, jewelry, and blouses.

She leaned over and rested her head on his shoulder for a moment. "Thanks, Daddy."

He grinned and kissed the top of her head. "I'm just glad to see you home. We missed you."

Christina grinned and stood up straight. She spotted the game store ahead and gestured with her free hand. "Going in there?"

"Yeah, now that I don't have a rambunctious teenager, I need some quality time sniping other people's brats."

"You're a spawn point squatter, Daddy."

He chuckled. "I'm teaching people not to be assholes."

"No, you like sniping people and hearing them curse."

"Yeah, that too. Here, hold my bags? I'll only be a second." When she nodded, he handed her the rest of the bags and strolled into the store.

Christina grinned and headed toward a nearby bench. As she was setting down the bags, she caught sight of a familiar man walking by. It only took her half a heartbeat to recognize Mr. Roberts, her chemistry teacher, and her pulse quickened as the memories came flooding in.

Mr. Roberts was her old AP Chemistry teacher and the subject of more than a few fantasies. His black hair bobbed with his

movement, short to expose the back of his neck but long enough that it swayed with his movement. She knew that if he turned around, he would be looking at her with bright blue eyes that seemed to glow in the dark.

Biting the bottom of her lip, she let her gaze travel down. When she was a senior and staring at his ass, he was twenty-six and just out of college. Two years had done little to fade his good looks. She focused on the tight curve of his jeans. He wore black denim, just as before, but with the school out for the summer, his clothes appeared tighter around his buttocks and legs. She could see the flex of his muscles with every step.

The frustrated pleasure simmering between her legs began to rise again. Years of hopeless schoolgirl fantasies rose up and she took a deep breath as the memories came back.

“OMG! Chrissy!”

She jumped at Anna, one of her high school friend, called out to her. Her thighs clamped together as started to turn around.

But, she halted when she saw Mr. Roberts stopping himself. Her heart thumped louder as she saw him turning around to look. At the first sight of glasses, simple wire frames, and his bright eyes, she let out a gasp and spun around to face Anna as the curvy blonde bounded up.

Anna, a girl who failed to become a cheerleader because of her weight but was prom queen because everyone lusted after her, swept Christina in a hug. “I haven’t seen you in years!”

Christina gasped for breath. She pawed at Anna for a moment before the other woman set her down. “Anna!” She smiled and hugged Anna back, far more gently than the enthusiastic greeting. As she did, she peeked over her shoulder at Mr. Roberts.

He stood in the middle of the mall with a smile on his face. His eyes bore into her and she felt a blush growing. Turning away, she held the hug for a beat too long.

“OMG. Is that Mr. R?” gasped Anna. The blonde stepped back, staring blatantly past Christina.

Christina didn’t want to look, but she couldn’t help it as she turned and looked down the hall. Her heart thumped faster as she stared at her former teacher and their eyes met.

Her pussy clenched with a fresh wave of moisture. With his slender body and tight jeans, she couldn't help notice the bulge in his pants. Her blush and cunt grew hot and she had to turn away.

"He is so fucking hot," murmured Anna. She leaned over. "I remember you had something for him, didn't you?"

Christina's jaw tightened as she tried to get the thoughts out of her head. "M-Maybe."

When Anna didn't say anything, Christina looked up to see her looking back at Mr. Roberts.

"Anna?"

"I think I'm going to invite him to the party," said Anna right before she walked away.

Christina looked at her friend in shock before whispering loudly, "Anna!"

Either Anna didn't hear her or she was ignoring Christina. As if she did it ever day, she bounded over to Mr. Roberts.

Christina worried her lip as they talked. Occasionally, one of them would glance over to her and then back again. She tried to get the courage to walk over to them, but she couldn't think of the words that didn't come off as being desperate or lame.

After a few minutes, Anna bounced back. "Yep, he's coming."

Christina glanced back to Mr. Roberts.

He saw her and waved.

She gave a hesitant wave back. She fought back a moan as she watched him turn and head away from her in the hall.

"So, you coming?" Anna's voice was sly.

"What?"

"To the party."

"What party? I just got in town."

Anna beamed and gestured toward one of the doors. "Elemental, over on fifth. Tracy wants a night out dancing and, ever since she got married, she's been—"

"What? Tracy is married?"

"Yeah," Anna said with a frown, "almost two years now. And she's got a kid too."

"But, we just graduated."

Anna giggled and hugged Christina. "Two years ago. A lot... oh, hi, Mr. S!"

Christina's dad stepped up with a bag of his own. "Anna, you are looking lovely."

Twisting her hips, Anna smiled. "Thank you, Mr. S."

"You know, you don't have to call me that."

"I know, but you'll always be Mr. S. to me." Anna turned to Christina. "See you at the party? It's at nine."

Christina dumbly nodded, unsure of what she was doing.

Anna gave her a hug and then hugged Christina's dad before bounding in the opposite direction from Mr. Roberts.

"That girl," said Christina's father, "is like a class five hurricane."

"Yeah...." Christina glanced down the hall, but Mr. Roberts had walked out of sight.

"Probably blows like one too."

"Daddy!" She spun on her dad.

Grinning, her dad gathered up the bags. "Want to have dinner before that party? My treat."

"Um..." She tore her thoughts away from her former teacher. "I wasn't sure if I was going to go."

He gestured toward the wake of Anna's passing. "I was pretty sure you said you would."

"Yeah, but...."

"Go on. Your mum isn't going to be home until midnight at the earliest. Her flight doesn't land until ten, and then she has paperwork, TSA, and everything else before she can head home."

Christina went to pick up a bag, but her father had all of them in his fingers. She blushed and nodded. "Are you sure?"

"Why not? You're here for a week. I'm sure we can lose you for a day or so."

Late Decisions

3

The beat pounded in Christina's body, the dull thud of the bass drowning out most of the conversations. She didn't care as she enjoyed the dance floor, swinging her arms out above her and shouting wordlessly in time with the music. Her heart pounded in her chest and sweat slicked her skin, but losing herself in the rhythm felt good.

Too soon, the song ended. Christina looked around for her friends before the song started. She spotted Tracy and her husband, Jack the Geek of all people, as they ground on the dance floor. They didn't need a song as they stared into each other's eyes.

The next song began with a crescendo of bass pounding. Christina felt it in her chest but her curiosity, and the need for cooler air, drove her from the dance floor. Wiping the sweat from her forehead, she slipped through the people to the quieter edges.

Anna was in a corner, pinning two men as she kissed them. Their arms were around the blonde, holding her tight as they obviously enjoyed making out. Christina looked curiously for a moment and then made a double-take when she realized one of them was a woman with short hair.

"Hard to believe she's bi." Mr. Roberts' voice was dangerously close to Christina, close enough that his breath caressed her ear.

She jumped and glanced over. They were inches away from each other and her heart pounded with the closeness. "Um... hi."

He smiled, his lips pulling back from bright teeth. She remembered when she wondered what it would feel like to kiss his lips. And now they were so close it would take only a moment to reach over.

Embarrassed by her thoughts, she tried to back away, but someone bumped into her. She was pushed forward and she inhaled to avoid crushing her breasts against his chest. Their lips almost brushed and an intense wave of heat exploded along her body before pooling in the space between her legs.

He looked sheepish. "Sorry," he said but she couldn't hear the words over the volume of the music. He started to say something, but then closed his mouth with a frustrated look. Straightening, he peered over the heads of the dancers.

Christina struggled with her lusts. He was touching her, just a light pressure on her wrist, but sparkles of pleasure radiated from the contact. She trembled, not wanting the moment to end, but also terrified of what would come next.

Mr. Roberts lowered himself and gestured toward one the walls that blocked the noise of the dance floor from the tables. He leaned forward, a soft scuff of his stubble brushing along her cheek as he yelled into her ear. "... a beer!?"

She stared at him in shock. Mr. Roberts wanted to have a drink with her? She felt the heat exploding from inside her, her clit throbbing from a sudden flash of excitement. Gulping, she nodded sharply.

His fingers wrapped around her wrist, not holding but guiding, as he tugged her toward the quieter parts.

She followed meekly, struggling with the pounding in her heart. She was beating faster than the music and the blouse she wore felt suffocating around her chest. Glancing down, she saw her nipples peeking through the fabric and blushed hotly.

As soon as they pulled out of the crowds, Mr. Roberts relaxed his grip and her sweat-slicked wrist slipped from his fingers.

She held her breath as she stared at his hand, the fingers held open as he was offering to take her own. She trembled as she lifted her hand back into his grip, slipping her fingers along his own and clenching.

He gave her a smile that almost knocked her knees out from underneath her. Tugging lightly, he pulled her to the far end of the bar, past the tall tables filled with chatting twenty-somethings, to the booths at the end. "Is this okay?"

Christina nodded dumbly and slid along the cracked vinyl bench. For a moment, she thought he would join her, but Mr. Roberts slipped across from her.

“I haven’t been here in a while. It’s louder than I remember. You can drink now, right? You’re twenty-one?”

She stared at him in shock.

He tapped his finger on the table.

Christina had a flash of him glaring from his desk at her. She gulped and nodded. “Yes, I’m... twenty-one. Sorry, Mr. Roberts—”

“Dave.”

She jerked. “What?”

“You aren’t in school, Chrissy. Dave will work.” He favored her with a smile that sent bolts of pleasure straight to her pussy.

Clamping her legs together, she gulped and nodded.

“Besides, what are you sorry about? You haven’t done anything wrong.”

She stammered for a moment.

When a waitress came by, she let out a sigh of relief as Dave focused on the woman to order beers for both of them. Christina noticed that he was buying the best the club had, though that wasn’t saying much.

“My treat, by the way. I know what it’s like being a starving college kid.”

She giggled nervously. “I’m not that starving.”

His eyes scanned her body. She watched the flicker of the bright blue eyes.

For a moment, she was naked before him. She inhaled until she realized her breasts were rising up against her dress, tenting the fabric of her blouse. She inhaled sharply, then blushed hotly. Struggling to find some way to save herself, she tried not to think about the moisture gathering against her sex.

“No,” he said with a smile, “you definitely aren’t starving.”

Christina almost moaned at the look he gave her. She pressed her hands against her thighs, shivering at the rasp of her jeans against her sensitive pussy and the heat of her pussy. Gulping, she stared down at the table.

“Ah, the beers.”

She watched as the waitress delivered the beers, then dragged the nearest bottle to her. Peeking over the rim, she watched as Dave took a sip from his glass.

He made a face. "Not the greatest, but good enough for here."

"You're fond of beers?"

A nod. "You could say that. I brew my own in the basement."

"Really? I never knew that."

"Well," Dave said with a grin and a wave of his hand, "most parents don't want to know their teacher likes to make beer. They probably think I'm going to bring a keg into class."

"And get everyone plastered?"

"Yeah," he said with a chuckle.

She giggled. Inwardly, she tried to build up courage to ask to try out his beers, just an excuse to stay near him. But, the words wouldn't rise in her through. She felt trapped and helplessly, caught between the heated itch between her legs and a fear of rejection. He used to be her teacher and she wanted something inappropriate for that.

Dave set down his glass.

Taking a deep breath, she said, "Um...," but then the words failed her again. Looking up, she felt pinned by his intense blue eyes. She could almost imagine him undressing her with them, she wanted him to undress her, but she didn't dare ask.

Christina sighed and tried again. "I... could..." She let out a frustrated sigh. "Sorry."

He watched her for a long moment.

Embarrassed, she grabbed her beer and drained it. It wasn't as if she could just go out and say it.

"You know the problem with being a teacher?"

She looked up sharply at his flippant tone. "What?"

"Hormones."

"Hormones?"

"Yeah, hormones. When you were in my class, I was what... ten years older than you?"

"Eight."

"Eight," he said with a smile, "which made it very hard to actually concentrate during class."

Hope blossomed inside her, both in her heart and between her legs. She squeezed her thighs together, shivering at the heat gathering against her fingertips.

He raised an eyebrow, as if encouraging her to ask.

She did. "Why?"

"Pretty girls. Actually, very sexy teenage girls sitting in the front row."

She couldn't breathe. Her throat swelled up as she stared at him, her eyes wide and her thighs grinding together. "I-I always sat in the front."

He looked at her and smiled.

Squirming, she pried her legs apart to free her hands. She sniffed and caught a whiff of her own excitement. The moisture of her excitement clung to her things and closed her legs before he could smell her.

As the waitress passed, he held up his glass.

Christina nodded at the silent question and added her own glass to the tray.

In the silence, she wrung her hands together. Gulping, she risked speaking. "Did you like looking at me?"

"In the front row?"

She nodded, feeling more humiliated and excited than she ever thought possible.

"Every single day. More than once when you wore that plaid skirt."

Panting, she peered up at him. "I still have that skirt."

"I can't tell you how much I wanted to hear that."

She inhaled, her breasts rising as she arched her back. "I... it's still in my room at my parent's place. On the other side of town..."

Dave started to lean forward, but then the waitress brought back the beers. He took it and pushed it aside. A heartbeat later, he leaned on the table and peered at her. "Is that an offer?"

A whine escape her throat.

"Because, if I'm going to be honest, I've been thinking about that skirt of yours for a lot of years." He sipped at his beer. "And even more thoughts the young woman wearing them."

"Have you really been thinking about me?" She squirmed in her seat.

“Every time I saw someone sitting in the front row.”

Memories of her sitting in front of the class, sometimes with her knees apart against the legs of the desk, rose up. She moaned softly at the thought that he was watching her every movement. “I wish I knew that then. We could have had a few after school... specials.”

Dave sat up sharply. “Seriously?”

“Y-Yes?” She cleared her throat and took the plunge “Yes.”

“Ever thought about doing it in the class.”

“Almost every night,” she said, her breath coming in soft pants. Her cunt was a fire and nipples ached. She was talking about sex with her teacher, her fantasy.

“Still do?”

Blushing, she glanced down at the table before sheepishly looking up. “I am now.”

“Do you think,” he gulped and looked at her over her glasses, “if I got you into the school, you could... maybe put that skirt on?”

She almost came at the sudden heat boiling inside her. “But, it’s almost midnight.”

“And summer, but that won’t stop us.” His smile bolstered her.

“Why?”

“Rob, the janitor owes me a favor for sneaking some vodka into a game. And I know he’s currently sitting at home watching a game.”

She took a deep breath and glanced at the bar. She shivered and nodded. “I can be at the school in an hour.”

Quick Shower

4

Christina tapped her foot against the floor of the car as she resisted the urge to floor the accelerator. Only a block away from her parent's house and she was impatient to tear apart her room to find the skirt she swore she had.

She couldn't believe that Mr. Roberts, Dave, invited her to the school. She only hoped that she read him right instead of coming with one expectation and being disappointed.

The car in front of her continued to plod along. The brake lights flashed every few houses, adding to her frustration and anxiety.

"Come on, come on!" She thumped her steering wheel and swore under her breath.

Her jeans were already soaked. The smell of her excitement filled the car, sweet and tangy. It was both humiliating and thrilling at the same time. For years, she fantasized about Mr. Roberts and now, maybe, it would happen.

The car in front pulled past her parent's drive. She yanked the steering wheel and screeched into the pad. She missed and ended up in a diagonal across her customary place and her mother's. A few seconds later, she was out of the car and ducking underneath the garage door as it opened.

She spotted her dad as she came through the kitchen. "Hi, Daddy! Bye, Daddy!"

In her room, she started at the bottom drawer and pawed through it. It had been two years since she wore the skirt and she wasn't absolutely sure where she left it. Her heart was pounding and she was frantic, which added nothing to her efforts. She kept

pushing clothes around until deciding to just yank them out until she found it.

“Something going on?”

She jumped at her dad’s voice from the door. Guiltily, she looked up. “I, um, have a date?”

Her dad was wearing his bathrobe and a pair of boxers with a comic hero on it. It did nothing for his appearance, but somehow it was comforting. There was a strange smile on his face. “Must be a hot one.”

“It’s with...” She blushed as she realized what she was about to tell her dad. She gulped and glanced down at the jeans in her hands.

“You don’t have to say, honey.”

Smiling, she looked back at him. “Sorry.”

“As long as you have fun. Going to shower too?”

Christina glanced at the bathroom door.

“You probably should, if you hope to get lucky.”

“Daddy!”

He chuckled, shook his head with amusement, and closed the door.

Christina gave up trying to be neat and dragged the clothes out of her drawer. Panties, jeans, and skirts tumbled through her hands. They were old styles, ones that she probably would never wear again, but not the skirt she wanted.

Finally, jammed into the corner of the second drawer, she found it. Red with black and white stripes. Squealing, she grabbed it and threw it on the bed. She panted as she tore off her jeans, giving her slick pussy one stroke through her damp panties, and tried on the skirt.

Two years made the waist a bit tighter than she liked. The back of the skirt rose up on her buttocks and she felt the cool air against the backs of her thighs. Padding over to the mirror, she turned around and admired herself.

“Fuck.” She was beautiful, or would be once she got some makeup and a better shirt.

She glanced at the bathroom, thinking about her dad’s words. With a sigh and a longing look at the clock, she stripped off and headed for a quick shower.

At the last minute, Christina decided to shave her legs. She almost continued up against the hairs of her sex, but the ticking clock reminded her that Dave would be waiting for her. Gasping, she finished and tossed the razor on the tray before getting out, drying off, and heading out.

Ten minutes later, she wore a red bra, white blouse, and her red and black skirt. A pair of knee-high black stocks and matching heels finished up the task. As she stood in front of her mirror, she wondered if she went too far. She looked like a slut. A horny one at that.

Christina ran her hands down her hips, feeling the bands of her panties through the fabric. Trembling, she brought her fingertips along to the front, pushing between the junction of her legs. The rasp of her skirt against body felt good.

She pushed her fingers around the fabric her black thong and felt the heat of her sex soaking through the fabric. Whimpering, she pulled her hand away. “No!”

Panting, she held out her hands. “Okay, Chrissy, just take a deep breath. He wants you. He wants this.”

She forced herself to take a deep breath and then again. She watched her breasts rising and falling in the mirror. Her nipples were hard enough to see even through the fabric. She wanted to tugged on them or tease them, but then she caught herself when she saw the clock.

Heart pounding in her chest, she hurried down the stairs. Her heels tapped against the stairs, the thin carpet barely muting the ticking of her spikes.

In the kitchen, her father leaned over the counter reading a gaming magazine. He looked up at her. For the briefest of moments, there was a look of terror on his face, but it quickly turned into a smile. “A hot date indeed.”

Blushing, Christina smiled. “It’s Mr. Roberts.”

“Your old English teacher?”

“No, AP Chem.”

“Oh, the man who got you to study hard enough to get that scholarship?”

She rocked her hips. “Yeah...”

“Then he deserves it.” Her dad stood up and came around. “You, my dear, are beautiful.”

“Thank you, Daddy.”

He dug into his pocket and pulled out something and handed it to her.

Christina stared down at the box of condoms and a pair of twenty dollar bills.

Clearing his throat, her dad returned to the counter. He was blushing when he leaned back over to his magazine. “He’s a lucky man.”

“Daddy?”

Her dad looked up. “Very few people ever get a chance to enjoy this. They make movies about it,” he blushed hotter, “I guess. So, have fun, be safe, and call if you need me.”

Christina squealed and came around to hug him tightly. “I love you, Daddy.”

She kissed him on the cheek before heading to her car.

Coming Back

5

Memories and fear rode in the passenger seat as Christina followed the familiar route to her high school. She remembered the first time she drove her car to school, and the endless back and forth of the following year.

It was the fear that nagged at her. Here she was, two years after graduating high school and dressed like a slut. Scenarios flashed through her mind: Dave not being there, being arrested for being the only one in the parking lot, or even her car breaking down and having to explain to someone her outfit.

She worried her lip, tasting the fresh lipstick, as she drove into the parking lot. To her surprise and relief, there was a single car near the front door. The lights were off and she couldn't see a driver.

Trembling with excitement, Christina pulled next to the car and put her own into park. Looking around, she saw Dave standing just inside the front door of the school, his body shadowed by a flickering light above him. He looked just as nervous as her, pacing back and forth and clasping his hands together.

Somehow, seeing Dave fretting helped. If he was just as scared as her, he was probably thinking the same thing. She grinned at the thought of him fantasizing about her, wondering what outfit she would be wearing or how she would make the first move.

Her body grew hotter with every passing second. She fumbled with her seat belt before pushing the door open. But, just as she started to get out, an idea came to her. Closing the door, she hiked up her skirt and lifted her hips. Her fingers wrapped around the strap of her thong and pushed it down.

The fabric clung to her pussy for a moment, then dragged along her shaved thigh. The moisture tickled her skin, leaving a tingle of excitement and a smear of glistening liquid. She almost came as she stepped out of it and threw it on the passenger side.

When she smoothed the fabric back over her thighs, there was no hint that she was bare underneath her skirt. But, feeling the warm air against her thighs and body added to the sharp edge of anticipation.

She was about to fulfill a fantasy of a lifetime.

Giggling nervously, she got out of the car and headed for the door. With every step, she felt her juices slicking her movement. It added a sexiness to her movement and she swayed her hips to cause her skirt to flutter around her thighs.

When she reached the door, she saw Dave staring at her through the glass. He wasn't moving anymore. His jaw hung slack, unmoving as the rest of him. Underneath one hand, his bulge was obviously straining his jeans.

Christina felt a thrill of excitement, knowing that he found her sexy. She cocked her hip to cause the fabric to flare and rapped on the glass.

Dave shook himself as if to regain his wits. He fumbled with the door, turning a key to unbolt it. It squealed open and she breathed in the smells of a school she never expected to enter again.

"Um, wow," he sighed, "you're beautiful."

She shivered at the lustful growl in his voice. She twirled her hair with a finger. "Do you like, Mr. Roberts?"

He stepped to the side. "I do, Miss Sinclair." He cleared his throat. "But, aren't you late for class?" He locked the door behind her.

With a grin, she flipped the edge of her skirt. "Yes, Mr. Roberts."

She walked down the center of the hallway, moving through the pools of light. She looked over her shoulder and gave him a sultry look before continuing on, her hips swaying. With every movement, she felt the warm air of the school tickling between her thighs and the dampness coating her skin.

Dave's shoes scuffed the floor behind her. She smiled as he matched her pace, but didn't catch up to her. His eyes were on her and she flipped up her skirt so he could get a glimpse of her bare thighs and the bottom curve of her butt.

“Fuck,” he whispered, “this is really happening.” His wonderment pushed her to grab the side of her skirt, slowly pulling it up to her hip as she reached the stairs leading to the second floor.

Barely able to contain herself, she took the steps one at a time. Every time she lifted a leg, she could feel the damp hairs of her pussy on her thigh and the warmth air tickling her. The air conditioner wasn't on and the heat somehow added to the intensity of her movements.

His shoes squeaked as he stopped.

Christina waited until she had one foot hiked up on the step, her legs spread, before she looked over her shoulder. “Is there something wrong, Mr. Roberts?”

He stared at her ass with his eyes locked on her hips and the cleft between her legs. At the sight of his gaze, lustful and hungry, she felt the heat between her legs igniting into a flame. It licked along her skin and she shivered at the tiny orgasm that rippled along her skin.

“You are...” Dave took a step closer, “so fucking beautiful.”

She beamed. “Thank you.”

Dave took another step. “C-Can I do something?”

Trembling with his closeness, she could only nod.

He took the final step and reached out. His hands, startling warm, cupped her buttocks. His thumbs stroked against her inner thighs before he parted her cheeks.

Christina moaned loudly. She clutched the railing until her knuckles cracked from her grip. “Mr. Roberts!”

“I've always wanted to do this.” His breath was hot against her sex, the little puffs tickling the damp hairs. Her clit throbbed with anticipation. When he inhaled, she could feel the air tugging at her skin as it blew across her slickness.

When his nose brushed against the side of her cheek, she jumped. His hands gripped her tighter, his thumbs holding her right at the edge of her heated opening and parting her nether lips. She felt him tilt his head.

And then his tongue was against her. Hot and slick, she almost fell over when she felt him working his way against her sex to lap at the opening.

Christina swooned and gripped the railing tighter. Only one boyfriend had ever gone down on her, but nothing prepared her for the intensity of Mr. Roberts mouth against her. She let out a gasp and shook, trying to find purchase with her other hand.

Dave drew the tip of his tongue up her slit and then down again. From his angle, she didn't think he could reach her clit, but it didn't matter. He was actually licking her.

Her panting echoed against the stairwell as she pushed back with a moan.

He nestled closer, working his face into her body.

She spread her legs, the tip of her heels scraping on the well-worn treads of the stairs. As she moved, he delved deeper until his nose pressed against the back part of her sex and his tongue flicked along her length.

He was reaching for her clit and she knew he wanted it. Panting frantically, she released the railing and fell forward. Her hands struck the stairs and she gripped the gritty edge. Her entire body shook, but her senses were focused on the tongue as he forced his way hard against her nether lips and flicked her clit.

Christina cried out with a gasp and a moan. She closed her eyes and lost herself as Dave lapped her pussy from clit to hole. She could hear the wet slurping but didn't care. The pleasure burned inside her. She clenched her pussy and muscles in time with his lapping, losing herself almost completely.

Dave knelt on the stairs and sucked on her lips before planting his mouth over the opening. He didn't seem to mind her damp hairs as he lapped faster and harder, adding to the slickness until the slurping filled the stairs.

With her excitement, it didn't take long before she felt the crest of pleasure rising up. It was a knife edge in intensity and moving fast. It exploded from her cunt and raced along her body, shaking her to the core.

Her body jerked and she lost tension in her knees. With a cry that echoed painfully, she collapsed against him. Her pussy planted hard against his face while her knees lost their tension. The only thing that kept her from cracking against the stairs was his hands holding her body and the incredible tongue buried in her hole.

Christina's orgasm tore through her and her legs spasmed. It grabbed her entire body. One foot slipped off the stair as she jerked and cried out. Her face bumped against the stair as she slumped forward with her eyes rolled up in her head.

The orgasm tore through her and she was helpless to do anything but lose herself in the white-hot flames of pleasure. Her breasts and knees were crushed against the stairs, but it didn't matter. The discomfort only added to the pleasure as she mewed helplessly and gripped the stairs. Her nipples burned with the need to be touch and she forced them to the edge and pressed down, using the shaking that wracked her body to enjoy the sensations.

Too soon, the spasms subsided and she relaxed. Her body molded against the stairs and she opened her eyes. A smile stretched across her face and she took a deep breath. "Fuck, that's good."

Dave, panting, chuckled himself. His hands were still on her sex, his palm pressed against the throbbing heat, but his mouth was far away. "I... agree... Miss Sinclair. You are rather," he chuckled again, "juicy."

Her body felt weak as she peered over her shoulder. He knelt between her splayed legs with a broad grin on his face and his cock straining in his jeans. His face, from the nose down, glistened with her juices. A large wet mark coated his throat and collar and soaked the fabric of his shirt.

She gasped. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't—"

He stopped her with a flick against her clit.

Christina shivered at the touch, clamping her mouth down.

"If you are still willing, Miss Sinclair, I'd like to get to get a lot messier before this night is done."

She moaned. "I'd like that."

"And," he looked bashful, "maybe have you return the favor?"

She glanced down at his cock and saw it straining his jeans. With a grin, she brought her gaze back up and opened her mouth invitingly. She was rewarded when he inhaled sharply and slipped a finger into her sensitive sex.

"T-Then," he stammered before clearing his throat, "Miss Sinclair, you're going to be late for class, don't you think? We have an," he grinned, "oral test that will be half your grade."

Christina stood up slowly, making a point of pushing her skirt down over her bare ass. “Yes, Mr. Roberts.”

Pop Quizzes

6

On the second floor, Christina walked with Dave's arm around her waist. His hand rested against her hip with his thumb caught in the waistband. When he pulled her close, she stared up at him with sultry eyes and tilted her head.

He kissed her on the lips, his mouth firm against her own. She felt wonderfully helpless in his arm. He took charge, as she always imagined he would. His hands clung to her tightly. With his kisses, he eased her mouth open and his tongue flashed out to tease her.

She whimpered softly, her body trembling, and parted her lips and let her tongue slid along his own. He tasted of mouthwash, mint, and her pussy. It brought a smile to her lips and she sneaked her arm underneath him to clutch his ass and pull him tight.

They stood in the middle of the empty hall and kissed.

But, as much as she moaned in his grip, it was the classroom she really wanted. With a tiny grunt, she broke the embrace and stared up at him. The sight of his intense blue eyes sent a wave of heat radiating from her pussy. "Mr. Roberts, I'm going to be late."

He grinned and released her. "Oh, sorry."

Turning on her heels, she walked the last few feet along and opened the door. The chemistry lab was just like she remembered: black-countered lab tables along the outer walls. In the center, a bank of twenty desks sat as if two years hadn't passed. Each chair was blue molded plastic with a writing surface on the top. A wire basket underneath used to hold her bag.

Biting her lip and grinning, she headed straight for the middle desk in the front row. Grabbing the edge, she swept herself into the

seat and felt a thrill as her skirt caught on the edge and her bare ass pressed against the warm plastic.

The lights of the classroom flickered to life as Dave flipped the switch. She lowered her head and watching him through her eyelashes as he hurried behind the desk. Digging into his pocket, he pulled out a strip of condoms and stuck it on the side.

She grinned and pulled out her box. Waving it, she leaned over the edge of her desk to give him a view of her red bra before putting the condoms on the basket underneath the chair.

“You came prepared, I’m surprised.”

“I always did my homework, Mr. Roberts. You know that.”

He clutched the side of the table and let out a long breath. “Fuck.”

She bit her lip and smiled. “Still okay?”

“All I want to do is rip your clothes off and fuck you right here,” he tapped the desk.

Christina wanted to clamp her legs together from the sudden gush of excitement. Instead, she dragged her leg away from the desk, parting her thighs and letting the fabric of her skirt fall into the space between her legs. “Isn’t that extra credit?”

He ran his hand along his desk, pushing his nameplate to the side. “You’d get a passing grade.” He continued in silence, taking off his glasses and setting them next to the nameplate.

She reached down and tugged on her skirt, pulling it up an inch before stopping. “I think I should study first. You did say I had an oral exam.” To make her point, she licked her lips. It was a cheesy come-on, but in the excitement of the moment, she didn’t care. She wasn’t taking theater class, she was going to fuck her teacher.

He hesitated, his fingers stretching out on the table.

She gulped. “Unless you don’t think you can give two tests in a row.”

He shook his head and came around. “No!”

She jumped and giggled.

“Sorry, no,” he murmured with a blush. “I mean, I can handle two tests.”

Christina tugged up the skirt a little further, a flush rising when he tilted his head to look underneath the desk. “Because, I’m sure I could use a bit of tutoring if you need some time to grade.” The

corner of her lip curled up, it was almost too much for her to keep a straight face.

Dave hesitated again, but then stepped away from the desk. His cock strained against his jeans and a damp spot had seeped through the denim. He reached down to unzip, but Christina shook her head and gestured for him to come closer.

His breath came deep and fast as he stepped up to the desk. He trailed his fingers along the top of her desk.

She reached over and tugged him by his belt to the side. Lifting her gaze up to him, she gave him a beaming smile. “Hi, Mr. Roberts.”

He reached down and stroked the back of his hand along her cheek. The touch was electric against her skin. He continued to lower his hand, tracing the line of her jaw and then down to her throat.

Christina panted softly as she fumbled with his belt. Dave’s fingers moving down the line of her cleavage made it hard to concentrate. She pulled the tongue of the belt free and unbuckled him. Panting with her effort, she unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans.

At the smell of his hard cock, her pussy clenched with anticipation. She trembled as she peeled back his underwear and stared down at the cock she dreamed about for years.

It was perfect. About seven inches long with a glistening tip. At the base, she saw nothing but bare skin. The scent of shaving cream drifted from his sex. Surprised, she looked up. “You shaved?”

He looked sheepish. “Yeah... I thought you’d like it better.”

She glanced down and then back up.

“D-Do you?”

Christina pushed his underwear down until his balls popped free from their confines. With a guttural moan, she lowered her head to mouth the side of his smooth testicles. He was hot and slick and smooth.

Dave’s hand clamped down on her breast and his fingers dug in.

“Let me show you,” she whispered before opening her lips and pulling his left ball into her mouth. It was thick and swollen.

“Oh,” he gasped and his knuckles cracked, “fuck!”

She almost came at the soft, needy cry. She slowly lifted her eyes to stare into his face as she rolled him around in her mouth. Her tongue explored the delicate skin, catching along the curves before moving up to where it joined with the rest of his body.

His cock jumped with his pulse. She tried to keep her eyes locked on his face, but it was hard with the long line of his shaft bouncing around. Thick dribbles of precum coated the bottom of his cock and she could taste it along his balls.

Grinning, she reached up with her free hand and grabbed his length. The slick heat felt good again her palm, but the inhaled gasp felt better. She was actually doing it, she was blowing her teacher. Feeling his moans vibrating through his body, she pumped his cock in slow, steady strokes. Every inch of his length felt perfect: a smooth shaft, a slickness that tasted good, and even a head that felt just perfect for driving into her cunt.

“C-Careful of the head,” he whimpered.

She froze, her fingertips against the ridge of her glans.

He blushed. “S-Sorry, I’m just really sensitive there.” With a gulp, he amended himself, “I-Is that okay?”

Christina let his testicle pop out of her mouth without letting her eyes move away from his beautiful shaft and face. “Yes, Mr. Roberts.”

With a soft moan, she lifted her head and tilted his cock toward her. Her lips kissed the base of his shaft, feeling the steely base underneath silk skin. She took her time to drag her lips away, leaving a lipstick mark. The taste of musk and precum brought a wave of heat to course through her body.

Dave moaned and his eyes began to roll up in his head. “T-That feels good, Miss Sinclair.”

She giggled, almost breaking the mood. Instead, she lowered her gaze to focus on his glistening cock and kissed her way up to the tip. When there was room, she swapped sides with her palm so she was stroking his base and balls. The wet, slurping noises drifted around her as she regarded the tip of his shaft.

“Please?”

Christina brought her gaze back up to him as she tilted her head. Her lower lip dragged along the slick skin until they were connected

by the tiniest contact. She smiled and opened her mouth further, inviting him to push his cock past her lips.

Dave's body trembled with his panting. He peeled his hand from the back of her chair and reached out for her, a silent question.

She nodded and felt a heat boiling inside her. The anticipation of what would come next was inevitable and overwhelming.

His hand was gently against the side of her head. With a firm grip, he tilted her down and pushed forward. His cock felt huge as it slid along her bottom lip before rolling over her tongue.

She closed her mouth around it, enjoying the thickness sliding into her and the heat filling her.

His hand held her in place as he slid in and out, tiny strokes at first but quickly growing longer. She stared into his eyes as she felt the ridges of his length sliding along her lips and the head of his cock working toward the back of her throat. She hadn't given a blow job in a long time, but seeing him panting with need pushed away the fear that he would start pounding her face.

Christina brought her other hand down between her legs, pulling away the fabric so she could stroke her pussy with two fingers. She was soaked, slick and dripping. The pleasure of her fingertips on her clit coursed through her body, adding to the intensity of her high school teacher fucking her.

It didn't take long before his precum flooded her mouth. It pooled on her tongue and she felt dribbles running down her throat.

"I-I can't last long." He pumped faster, sliding deeper and faster. His length pulsed with heat and he brought his other hand into play, holding her head in place as his hips plunged his cock into her mouth.

Christina curled her fingers around the curve of her pubic mound and drove two fingers up into her cunt. A moment later, she matched his thrusts with her own, adding to the pulse of pleasure radiating from her sex.

She kicked off her left shoe so she could curl her toes. She couldn't look away from his face, admiring and lusting with every stroke. His belly bumped against her nose with every stroke and his length came close to gagging her, but they moved together in a rhythm.

Just as sweat prickled his brow, Dave gasped. "I... I'm coming!"

The cock in between her lips began to swell. Christina pushed him away, she didn't want him to come in her mouth.

For a moment, he stared down at her in glazed confusion. The first spurt exploded in her mouth, coating the back of her throat. And then he pulled it out of her. The second caught her face, painting a line from her nose to her shoulder. More of them came in rapid succession, thick ropes of cum coating against her lips, hair, and chest.

"Sorry!" he gasped.

Christina swallowed the bit in her mouth and tilted her head, exposing her throat and cleavage to his orgasm.

Dave fisted his cock and let it pump, shooting wads of cum against her skin. It coated her before rolling down in the valley of her breasts. More of it splashed against her blouse before dripping to her skirt.

When the last bit failed to leave his shaft, instead it spurting and dribbled down, Christina leaned forward and kissed his tip.

He jumped at her touch.

She pulled back slightly and looked up. She could feel cum connecting their bodies.

"Sensitive." He cleared his throat. "I mean it's a bit sensitive."

She nodded and sat up, arching her back to lifted her cum-soaked breasts to his view. Looking down, she grinned. Her outfit was ruined, at least until someone washed it thoroughly. Glancing up, she smiled. "You like, Mr. Roberts?"

"You look like you've been studying hard."

A moment of silence stretched between them. Christina struggled with the corny line, suddenly lame in the afterglow of an orgasm. In front of her, the corner of Dave's lip curled up.

It was too much. Christina snorted and laughed.

He joined her, leaning against the desk as his cock bobbed. "I-I'm sorry! That was horrible."

"Y-Yes, it was."

They quieted after a moment.

Dave pulled up the desk and sat on it, his shaft growing limp as it oozed cum. "Do you... want to come home with me?"

Christina pressed her hand against her pussy. "Yes," she whispered.

She glanced over at his desk. “But, I’d like you to fuck me on that first.” She turned back. “If you’re willing.”

He looked down at his shaft. “I think I need a few minutes.”

“I can wait,” she said as the heat tickled her fingers, “it will be worth it.”

Dave smiled suddenly. “I’m only five minutes away. You interested in some of my beer? I could run out, grab it, and come back. By the time I get back....?”

“I’ll be on that desk, waiting for—” She almost gave a schoolgirl joke, but then decided to be honest. “Waiting to fuck you.”

K. Sebastian

Final Exam

7

Twenty minutes felt like hours, an endless stretching of the seconds. It reminded her of the final moments of her tests, when the clock ticks thudded with painful slowness. She swung her feet in time with the clock, her bare toes sailing out before coming back down. Her skirt clung to her hips and fluttered with the breeze.

She spread her legs and moaned softly. Even after twenty minutes, she still felt the moisture and heat boiling inside her. It tickled her hairs and glistened along her thighs. The ache of pleasure radiated along her body, reminding her that in a few minutes, she would be fucking her high school teacher.

Next to her, her phone rang out. She jumped at the pop song and fumbled with it. Flipping it over, she unlocked the screen. It was a message from her father.

“Achievement unlocked: 5G - Banged the Teacher?”

She rolled her eyes and giggled. Flipping the phone on the side, she typed a quick response. “Don’t be gross, Daddy.” A heartbeat later, she added a bit more before sending it. “Soon.”

Another text came in. “Spending the night?”

“I think so. Do you mind?”

“No, mom gives her love and you’re having dinner with us on Sunday. Call if you need me. Love you.” It was Friday night, well, Saturday morning.

Before she could respond, a second message came through.

“P.S. Don’t tell me details.”

She grinned and locked her phone. Tossing it on the corner of the desk, she let out a loud sigh and glanced at the phone. Twenty-two minutes since he left.

When he offered to get a beer, it seemed like a good idea. A little drink and then some more fucking. But, in the long minute since she left, she felt exhaustion tugging on her. It was almost two in the morning and she started to wonder if what his bed would feel like.

Christina yawned.

She swung her feet.

Grabbing his glasses, she twirled them around her finger.

She considered pawing through the chemistry books on the shelves, but didn't. She got enough with her Chemistry classes in college.

And then she realized she heard footsteps coming up the stairs. A brief moment of fear flashed through her, was it a janitor or the cops? She glanced down at her skirt, wondering if she should cover herself.

Tugging on her skirt, she spread her legs and drew the skirt up until she could see her pussy lips. Leaning back, she smiled toward the door just as Dave walked in with two bottles of beer.

His shoes squeaked as he came to a sudden halt. His mouth opened as he gripped the bottle necks tightly. "You... are beautiful."

She grinned and set down his glasses. "Thank you."

Dave held up the bottle. "Got my best batch."

"Um, Mr. Roberts?"

Concerned washed over his face. "Yes?"

"I'm actually getting a bit tired. Do you think you could come over here instead?"

He answered by setting down the bottles and walking over. "Tired?"

She held out her arms for him and nodded.

Stopping a few feet shy of her, he unbuckled his pants, kicked off his shoes, and pushed them down. There was little grace in his moments, but Christina didn't want grace at the moment. She wanted him.

"You know," he said as he stepped out of his jeans, "it was really hard to drive with a hard on." When he stood up, his cock bobbed with his movements.

She drew her eyes down to admire his cock. It was perfect, with a slight curve. The head jerked in time with his pulse and the tip

glistened with a droplet of precum. Reaching down, she wrapped her hand around the heated length and pulled him closer.

“You know,” he said with a grin as he nestled between knees, “Miss Sinclair, I would think you’re trying...” he smirked, “a good grade.”

Christina leaned forward until her shirt split open and her breasts rose up against her bra. “Dave?” she whispered.

“Yes?”

“No more teacher puns. I want you to fuck me really hard and then... take me home.”

He snorted with a grin. “Good, because I’m having trouble keeping a straight face when I say them.”

She tilted her head and kissed him.

Dave inched closer. His cock, still caught in her hands, bumped against her thigh and she felt her knuckles against the slickness of her pussy.

Christina broke the kiss. “Condom?”

A look of horror crossed his face. He stepped back sharply, pulling his slick cock from her grip. “Oh, sorry.”

“It’s okay.” She spread her legs further and inched forward until her pussy was at the edge of her desk. “But, hurry,” she whispered.

He almost ran around the desk to grab the condoms. Ripping open the box, he pulled out the strip, and pulled off the first one. His hands were shaking as he tried to aim his bobbing cock into it.

“Come here,” she purred.

When he came around, she leaned into him to kiss him while using her fingers to unroll the latex down his length. At the base, she pushed it around before dragging her fingertips along the smooth, lubricated surface.

He followed her hand. Stepping forward, his cock slid through her fingertips until it bumped against her belly.

She continued to kiss him, working blindly as she tilted up her hips and aimed his shaft toward her sex. Her kissing grew more frantic, her lips parting to let his tongue slip into her mouth. The taste of mouthwash tickled her senses as did the hint of her own pussy.

As she worked his covered head up and down her slit, she felt his moan in his throat. It shook her body along with a flash of heat that

curled her toes. She pushed down, forcing the swollen head across her clit and down to the opening of her being.

When her pussy lips enveloped his head, Dave held his breath. It was a sudden silence, interrupted only by the thumps of her heartbeats and the patter of his.

Christina lodged the head firmly inside her sex, her inner walls clenching on the hot, slick intruder. Then, with a slow drag of her fingers, she pulled away and gave him access to thrust into her.

Dave broke the kiss and inhaled as he pushed forward. His cock jumped inside her, straining at her confines, before slipping deeper.

The slow entrance ripped a moan from her own throat. She could feel every ridge as it penetrated her, the ridges scraped against raw nerves and the heat seeped against her own skin. She trembled at the intensity and rawness of it. She was finally fucking her teacher, the one she lusted after for so many years.

Even with the twenty minute wait, she gave him no resistance as he plunged into her liquid core. Every inch of her pussy clamped down on him, molding to his length as he burrowed deeper.

She panted, her eyes locked on his own. She wanted to say something, but her throat refused to make any noise beyond a moan. She could only pant and stare into his eyes as he buried himself in her. His balls, smooth and slick, pressed against her thighs

And then he was inside her. Completely. Every twitch of his pulse sent flickers of pleasure rolling across her senses. She squeezed down on him, just enjoy the sensation of his hardness forcing her open.

Dave moaned gutturally, his breath washing against her face. "Oh, fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this."

She hooked her arms around his arms. She kissed him. "Now."

He palmed her ass and gripped her tightly. Slowly, he withdrew his cock from her.

Christina arched her back and kissed him. Her breath came in sharp gasps. When his cock slipped almost completely out of her, she whimpered softly.

His hands pulled her body closer to the edge. He leaned forward at the same time, burying his length back into her body with a wet

slurp. It was slow and sensual, not like the frantic lapping or the blow job earlier.

She expected him to pull out and drive home, but he gripped her tightly and took his time to slide back into her. His thickness spread her insides, pushing the swollen deep inside her slick core.

With every stroke, he pulled her closer to the edge. She realized her legs were completely off the desk and wrapped her legs around his waist. The only thing holding her up was the sharp edge of his desk and the cock that drove deep into her.

Her pussy clamped around his cock and she rested more of her weight on him.

Dave stepped back and pulled her off the desk.

There was a rush when she was completely impaled on his cock, her body settling on his shaft as if she belonged there. She gasped and pulled herself up, easing his cock out of her and enjoying every ridge and bump of his shaft before driving back down.

He gasped with effort and drove her down.

Together, they sank into each other. Christina's damp hairs ground against his cock and belly. She shivered with pleasure and clenched together, whimpering for him to pound deeper.

The world spun around her as she clutched to him desperately, her chest grinding against his. She felt an orgasm rising inside her, a slow bubbling of heat that rose up into her chest. It filled her with an intense wave of brilliance, a swell of a growing orgasm that rushed up.

She clamped down on his cock. "Mr. Roberts!" Her body exploded into an orgasm, gripping her tightly.

He groaned and plunged into her, his cock driving in with a wet slurp. He withdrew and drove it back, pounding into her tight hole until she thought he would drill her in half.

A few pleasure-filled seconds later, she felt him come. His cock swelled inside her, straining against her muscles and stretching her to her limits. The wet jets of cum filled the condom and the heat of his orgasm spread out.

He froze for a heartbeat before sinking to the ground. Sweat covered his body as he knelt down.

Christina's legs relaxed and she slumped down. She leaned into him, her hips pressed tightly to his. She could feel the spasms inside her. With a giggle, she kissed him on the lips.

He grinned and kissed her back. Reaching down, he gripped his condom-covered cock and slipped it out. "I think you have fulfilled every fantasy I've ever had."

She smiled and inched back to give him back. "The morning is young. After breakfast, I'm sure I can find a few more."

He looked up at her. "Really?"

"Please," she whispered coyly, fluttering her eyes, "Mr. Roberts. I really need good grades."

"I thought we were skipping the teacher jokes."

She leaned forward and kissed him again. "Then how about I teach you a few things instead?"

Heading Home

8

Sunday afternoon, Christina pulled her car into her parent's drive. Her skirt, freshly laundered and smelling of perfume, shifted against her bare thighs. She smoothed it down to avoid revealing her shaved pussy and the swollen folds from fucking only twenty minutes before.

She grinned and thumbed open garage door. With a yawn, she got out and headed into the house, holding her heels in one hand and her phone in the other.

Her dad sat in the kitchen, playing a game on his laptop. He glanced up for a moment then chuckled. "Good weekend, huh?"

"Yeah," she sighed before dropping her heels near the door. "Thank you, Daddy."

"Might want to change before your mom comes home. Her flight landed ten minutes ago."

Christina yawned. "Good idea."

"What happened to your blouse?"

She blushed as she looked down. She wore one of Dave's button-down shirts that she remembered from her classes. Her breasts strained against the thin fabric and her nipples peeked out. Her blouse was ruined when he grabbed her and pulled her into a fierce kiss during dinner. She didn't remember where the bra was, probably with her thong somewhere in the cushions of his couch.

Christina shrugged. "I thought you didn't want to know."

Her dad chuckled and slammed his thumb down on mouse. "You're right. Probably want a shower then too."

She padded around the counter to kiss him on the cheek. “I love you,” she said but he was staring intensely at the game on his screen.

Turning around, she gathered up her heels and headed up the stairs. After dinner, she was going to enjoy a long hot bath... alone.

About the Author

I like to write little naughty stories in my spare time. ♥ I'm not really into sci-fi or fantasy like the others but I like a good story set in the city, maybe the 'burbs or the country. I need tales of lovely house wives needing some loving and office workers that need to be bent over the copier and tamed. I want to go back to school well after graduation and seduce my teachers, or find that the grocery store offers a "helping hand" with getting off in the car.

I can be found at <https://katiesebastian.com>.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.