

Teaching Tess

He was looking again. She could feel his eyes on her.

Did he think he was being subtle, that she wouldn't notice him staring? Did he believe she was oblivious to what he was doing?

If so, he was a fucking moron.

Ever since her tits had first started growing in at the ripe old age of thirteen, she'd had to deal with men looking. More than that. Some decided staring at her tits wasn't enough - chose to make unwanted comments and come-ons. And some thought they had the right to touch.

For the longest time, Tess had allowed herself to be a victim. No more.

If her teacher was going to be an asshole perv, then she might as well get something out of it. He, after all, had power over her grades. There was a trade to be made there.

Guys were all the same, really.

They lived for sex, probably couldn't go a day without thinking about it. Give them the faintest hope that they might get laid, and they became so easy to use and manipulate. A little bit of flirting, some exposed skin, and men - weak and pathetic as they were - would do anything.

Tess was attractive. She knew it, had done for a long time.

Just a few months ago, she'd hated that fact. She'd hated that men found her so appealing - that they wanted to sleep with her. She'd dressed to hide her body as much as possible, shied away from anyone who made an advance on her, loathed the attention she got from anything with a penis.

Now, she saw the world differently.

Being beautiful, being sexy, didn't make her a target, it made her powerful.

Why bother studying for an exam when she could simply *convince* her perv teacher to give her a passing grade regardless? What was the point in wasting her time studying when there was an easier option available?

Feigning ignorance, pretending she wasn't aware she was being watched, Tess set her pen down on her small desk, raised her arms into the air, stretched her back. Her chest bulged outwards, the buttons of her school shirt straining under the pressure.

Though her eyes were closed, enjoying the sensation of tension releasing along her spine, she could feel her teacher's eyes on her. Not just his, but others too - her hormone-filled classmates.

When Tess opened my eyes, many gazes shifted away from her. Boys afraid of getting caught looking at the goods. One pair, however, lingered. Her teacher, a married man with a young child, was the only one who continued to stare.

Tess turned her attention back to the schoolwork on her desk, suppressed a groan. She raised her pen, pressed it to paper, began doodling and drawing around the edges of her worksheet.

"Theresa," her teacher's voice called. The word - that name - made Tess cringe. A flare of annoyance quickly smothered. "Stay behind, please."

The bell had just sounded, everyone packing away their shit into school-bags and readying to leave.

Tess stared at her teacher, thoughts racing through her head.

Was he making his move? Would he come on to her? How could she use this to her advantage?

In a slow stream, everyone else left the classroom. The echo of their movement, their gossiping and chatting, disappeared down the hallway - joined with the distant cacophony of activity.

Tess stood, walked over to her teacher's desk. She straightened her back, swayed her hips.

"Ah, yes," he said, eyes glancing down at her cleavage. "We need to discuss your choice in clothing, Theresa."

"What about it, sir?"

He pursed his lips. "It's inappropriate for you to come to school dressed like that. This is a place of education, and your dressing provocatively is distracting your peers from their studies. I don't know why you've decided that it's a good idea to dress like," he waved a hand at Tess' chest, "this. But it is unacceptable. When you come into my class tomorrow, I expect all of your shirt buttons to be done up. Am I understood?"

Tess blinked, her mind not quite comprehending what her teacher was saying.

He wanted her to stop showing her tits off?

Not only was that pretty much impossible - her white school shirt was strained enough already, doing up any more buttons would make wearing the thing incredibly uncomfortable - but *he* was the one who stared at her chest the most. And he wanted her to cover up so that she wasn't distracting *others*? The only person she was 'distracting' was him!

Even now, his eyes kept flicking down at her cleavage, taking in the sight with a lecherous smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. And *she* was the one being unacceptable?

Two parts of Tess warred in that moment.

There was the old her - the weak and pathetic Theresa - who wanted nothing more than to shy away, to cover herself up and do anything it took to prevent herself from drawing attention, no matter how uncomfortable it made her. The part of her that wanted to apologise and hide, who was controlled by shame and fear and self-loathing.

And then there was Tess, whose desires were much more simple, much more to the point.

Tess clenched her fist, tensed her arm. A moment of hesitation, her old doubt surfacing. Then she swung, hard, at the perv teacher's face.

Pain shot through her hand as it made contact. Vaguely, she was aware of something snapping - a vibration rippling through her hand. It was only as her teacher stumbled backwards, clutching his face, that she realised it'd been his nose - not her finger - that had broken.

Bright red blood came pouring through his fingertips, his eyes watering, glaring in dumb outrage at Tess.

Before he could say anything, do anything, Tess turned on her heel, walked out of the classroom. Her hand ached, her heart raced painfully in her chest. Likely, she'd be expelled for this. Suspended at least.

Still, she couldn't wipe the smirk from her face.

Tess bit her lip, stopped herself from moaning aloud. They were in Brian's house - his family in the next room.

He leaned in, kissed her neck, nibbled on her shoulder. His fingers didn't stop moving, didn't stop massaging her clit. Brian had golden fingers, magical fingers. A maestro of teasing and pleasing Tess' body.

She covered her mouth, muffled the erotic sounds as best she could.

It wasn't that his parents didn't know. They did. It wasn't even that they had anything against their son having sex, they seemed more than happy to have Tess over. Being loud was embarrassing, knowing that Brian's parents might overhear her made Tess uncomfortable, paranoid.

Which, in turn, made Brian all the more eager to *make* her make noise.

And so it became a battle of wills. Who would give in first? Tess or Brian? Her with

the pleasure, or him with the temptation?

He continued to tease her, revelling in her agonising bliss.

Her anger and frustrations evaporated, lost in the feel of his fingertips. Electric-charged energy coursed through her, tingles of pleasure radiating outwards from her crotch.

Brian's mouth moved lower, kissing her collarbone, her chest, following her bra strap down to her large breast, her ribs, her stomach, then back up. He kissed her left breast, then her right, mouth hovering over her tight-packed cleavage.

Between her legs, his fingers moved too. Inching lower, between her lips, pressing into her opening.

She quivered at the sensation, shook as she felt his fingers entering her. Her body tensed, squeezed Brian's fingers from all sides, tight and firm.

Still, he moved them, slid them deeper into her, curled them.

When they brushed her sweet-spot, Tess gasped, spasmed.

At once, she forgot where she was, why she was trying to keep quiet. Tess let out a long, quivering moan. Her entire body felt like fire, hot and sweaty, hungry. When she saw Brian smiling up at her from between her tits, saw the victorious, smug grin, she did the first thing that came to mind. Tess planted both her hands on her boyfriend's head, pushed it lower down her body.

He got the idea.

Within moments, his tongue was out, lapping away at the wetness between her legs. Still, he kept his fingers inside her, steadily increasing the pace from a light, two-finger massage of her inside to total finger-blasting heaven.

She gasped and moaned freely, cried his name, begged for more, screamed in pleasure to the heavens.

And, when it came time, she climbed onto her hands and knees, slapped her ass for him. He crawled up behind her, mounted her like an animal, took his cock in hand and speared her with it.

He pulled her hair as he fucked her, slapped her ass and grabbed her tits.

Tess lost herself in the moment, allowed her mind to shut off completely, let the heat and pressure and electric tingles take over. She was an animal, being fucked like an animal. Senseless and unrelenting and amazing.

Asshole! Fucking *asshole*.

He'd sided with the teacher. The fucking pervy shithead of a teacher instead of his own daughter!

The loser had been locked away in his office drinking ever since her Mom ran away, and the only time he was able to put the drink down long enough to come out of his smelly den was to give her a lecture about punching teachers?

He'd taken her fucking laptop away!

Fucking asshole!

Tess stomped her way through the shitty town, with its shitty buildings and shitty people. She wanted to hit someone, break something. She wanted to get away from this fucking hellhole. If she didn't escape, she'd rot away here just like everyone else.

But she couldn't run away. Not without money.

Money that her cunt mother had stolen.

Fucking assholes, the both of them.

She turned into a local store, headed down a random aisle. There was no reason for her being there - she didn't want to buy anything and, even if she did, she sure as hell didn't have enough money to buy anything with. Her feet were leading Tess, and she was content with wandering aimlessly.

There was no point to anything. Tess' mother had taught her that. Life was

pointless. Might as well enjoy it while you can, regret nothing.

An odd impulse, a desire to do something she'd never done before.

All her life, she'd been a goody two shoes. Doing everything she was told, anything she thought was 'right' or 'good'. And what had it gotten her, except a fucked-up home life with the worst father imaginable? Her school life was messed up because a teacher couldn't stop ogling her and wanted *her* to change herself instead of, say, looking in another fucking direction.

No more. No more Miss Good Girl.

Tess glanced around the aisle she was in, saw no-one.

A moment of hesitation - the old Theresa poking through. Weak, trusting, stupid Theresa. She wasn't that girl any more. Tess pushed the hesitation aside, reached for a random shelf, eyes on the aisle for anyone who might notice. She didn't even see what it was before she'd stashed it into a pocket.

Heart-racing, she turned on her heels, walked out of the store as if nothing had happened. No-one stopped her, no-one called after her or challenged her.

She kept walking, didn't look back.

Only when the store was far in the distance, out of sight, did she reach into her pocket again, pull out the random item she'd stolen and examined it.

A small box with a bottle inside. On the cover was the head of a beautiful woman with bright blue eyes, flowing blue hair.

She'd stolen hair dye.

Of all the things she could have taken, she'd grabbed *this*.

Tess laughed. She couldn't help it.

Blue hair dye.

Her, with blue hair. Now that'd be different. The person she'd been a year ago would never have dared dye her hair *blue*.

Fuck it, Tess smiled to herself. Why not?