Pet Teacher pt.1

Boring.

John shuffled the arctic snowdrift of papers on his desk, and checked how many were left to mark. They rustled gleefully at him, and his eyebrows slipped into a frown. Just over half. He sniffed and continued onto the next, ignoring the typical English gloom that beckoned beyond the window as he turned to a new page.

Samantha.

The sight of the name at the top of the essay made him pause and fiddle with his jumper. His mind opened up, diving into Samantha's waiting arms, guilt-ridden as he pictured her sweet demeanour. Long dark hair that waved slightly unkempt down to her pert buttocks, barely hidden beneath a far-too-short-for-school issue skirt. Small, sharp nose with icy blue eyes that seemed to pierce whomever they looked upon. Slim, taller than most girls at around 5'8, with wide lips that smiled in an unnerving way.

John adjusted himself from his suddenly uncomfortable position, glancing over at the small mirror in the corner. He had never considered himself a lady's man, neither broad shouldered or tall, but he felt he possessed a certain understated handsomeness, noting the somewhat chiselled jawline and hazel gaze hidden beneath effeminate lashes.

Hands soft and unworn by the easy ministrations of grasping pens and flitting across keyboards removed his spectacles and massaged the vein prodding at the side of his head.

He wished his mind wouldn't wander, but Samantha seemed to have a way of getting under his skin in the most excruciating way. Every delicate gesture made his chest swell, every curtsy and sly smile almost physically hurt him. At eighteen she was almost fifteen years his junior, looking to go to university, and excited to follow the field that he taught in particular: History.

John didn't even need to glance at the essay to know it would be flawless. He found it fascinating how adamant the other teachers

could be about her, saying she's a hellraiser, unteachable; It had never been that way for him, and she seemed to melt whenever he entered the room. Most were driven up the wall by her antics, with Mrs Cooper steadfastly refusing to allow Samantha into her classes after a prank involving a filled-up condom (Samantha had never revealed to the Headmistress how she had managed to collect so much semen in one rubbery balloon, but the effect was impressively grotesque when applied to the back of Mrs Cooper's head.)

John adjusted his glasses and was about to skim through what would most likely be a delightful piece of work, when a knock at the door shook him from his reverie. A shock of long dark hair cascading down shoulders flashed in his mind's eye, and sure enough when he turned, there she was.

Her unnaturally wide eyes speared him to his chair with icy tendrils which somehow spread warmth in his chest, a heat that continued up his arms and down to his lap. A soft skip into his office threw his pulse, and he gripped his desk chair as if gravity had suddenly reversed and would cause him to fall upwards.

"Hiya Mr Moran," she said sweetly.

He couldn't have gained more pleasure from hearing songbirds on the first morning of spring.

"Samantha," he replied levelly, although he felt anything but level.

She grinned, checked green skirt playing with the peaks of her milky thighs; legs that seemingly went on forever, refusing to give way to secrets that must have been mere inches from discovery. That long mane of black hair was tied into pigtails, and she looked every inch the demure young woman.

"I was wondering, could you run through my essay with me? I won't change it or anything, but I'd like to hear what you think of it… you know, from my favourite teacher."

Her foot rolled slowly left and right like a ballerina's, tipping one way then the other as she gazed balefully at him. She was smart enough

to know exactly what she was doing, and John had to wrench his head from her grasp and screw it back onto his shoulders.

“I’m sorry Samantha, but that’s not fair on your peers.”

Her top lip wobbled, and she pawed at the tight white frills of her shirt and striped tie that in typical fashion had been lengthened at the shorter end.

“I won’t tell anyone!” she exclaimed, biting her lip in a way that made John’s sitting position quite uncomfortable again.

“We can keep it our little secret….. I just want to be as good as I can be for the final exams, and I learn so much better the way you teach me!”

She bounced a little, and John had to keep his eyes from the top of her breasts, carefully cinched together and peaking as far as they dared above the lip of her semi-unbuttoned shirt. They were not big, but they were planted straight out from her chest as if trying to announce themselves out to the world at all times, and John had needed to remind himself to avoid looking in that direction after catching himself glancing multiple times at the tantalising hint of depth between the curves.

He frowned, but her eyes seemed to become even bigger, the coyness of her posture like a weight compressing against John’s chest. He knew it wasn’t good etiquette… but she had been the most well-behaved in class…. He would not even have considered it for any other pupil, as they mostly acted like they were still in kindergarten, but Samantha in his opinion already had the attitude and wisdom of one older than her years.

His body language shifted subtly, and Samantha beamed with delight as he gave a mock weary nod, turning his chair towards the desk and gesturing her over. The delighted figure skipped forward and without skipping a beat sat herself firmly in Mr Moran’s lap.

The gentle curve of her ass wedged against his erection, and John let out something between a moan and wheeze as the aroma of the

strawberry shampoo she had showered in this morning enveloped him.

Fear of the situation, but also a beckoning of his darkest fantasies started to mix and boil in his brain as she adjusted herself like she was readying for a nice comfortable read, except her adjustments were purely wiggling her tush directly on his lap. She ground herself back until she sat heavier and more firmly entrenched against his throbbing member.

“I’m ready,” she said in a sing-song voice.

The closeness as she leant against his chest, feeling the warmth of her back and the bra clasp dig into his chest, added spice to the savoury desires bubbling away inside his skull.

“Yes….. yes, of course,” he murmured, before wheeling the chair, now heavier with two people on it, over to the desk.

“Oh, you read it already?”

“No, no just starting actually,” he replied, along with a jerked shake of the head.

This was so dangerous.

“It’s okay, read it now,” she said, her voice getting quieter, closer.

“Fine, um… It may take a few minutes,”

“I’ll wait.”

She was whispering now, head turned so he could see the wetness of her lips as the skies outside darkened.

“Okay,” he murmured, and he slid a hand gently onto her belly so he could pull her back and see over her shoulder.

She giggled, and leaned back further so that his chin peeked over her shoulder, and turned her face into him, nuzzling at his neck as he looked at the first line and tried to read it.

'*The English civil war marks one of the most poignant and political conflicts in the history of the country. It marked the true end of power for the Kings and Queens of the English monarchy, and paved…*' Her breath was winding its way across his cheek.

'*… the true end of power for the Kings and Queens of the English Monarchy, and paved the way for the democratic and parliamentary…*' Her hand placed over the top of his, squeezing it into her slim, tight belly.

'*The English Monarchy, and paved the way for the democratic and parliamentary system that we have….*'

Her tongue was in his ear now.

Her tongue was in his ear.

It was hot, burrowing into his space, loud, and close. She began to give wet, sticky kisses, purposeful and invasive. Underneath the frilly skirt her ass began to move, and it was spelling 'Onomatopoeia' in the air, pumping against his lap, before just grinding against it. She pulled his hand onto her belly and the other reached up behind to grab his hair, slender fingers closing with surprising strength into a harsh fist so she could pull him into French kisses of his earhole.

Everything happened at once and John began to moan as Samantha toyed with him, landing a hard bite deep into his neck which made him whimper and pull away. She softened him with a look, bringing his face back and snaking her tongue between his lips, turning his muscles to spaghetti. John's brain was overheating as she sucked and fondled him, the roughness of her invader more evident when she slithered across his own raw taste.

Samantha was like a whirlwind of sensations, the almost imperceptible hairs on her neck tickling him, his eyes up close to the milky white skin which almost seemed to glow. A huge moan vibrated down his spine as she tasted every bit of his orifice that she could, grinding her rear end up against him, trying to wedge his ache directly in between her cheeks as they grappled each other.

John was putting up token resistance, pulling his hand gently from her belly, only to revel in the hand that clasped it tight, pushing it back into her stomach.

Briefly, she broke the kiss and pulled his face into her neck as she reached for something, her handbag, which was on the desk. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted a bottle, but he shamefully didn't stop pressing against the warmth of her, breathing in the heady delights of her rich scent, the faint tang of her sweat. He heard the opening of the bottle and eyed the sight of her pouring a viscous liquid all over her left hand as she continued to grind herself backwards as aggressively as she could into his embrace.

He stopped nuzzling for a moment, and quickly Samantha plugged the leak, inserting her tongue forcefully back into his mouth, as she owned him, taking control. He moaned again, and then broke the kiss in surprise as he felt her wet hand slide into his trousers and grasp firmly at his cock.

"Wait, no, Samantha," he panted as sense began to return to him, with fear following in its wake.

"Shhhhhh," she chided, like calming a worried child, and her hand began to work its ministrations on his cock, slathering it in copious amounts of lube. Wetness spread through his underwear and pants as she dotingly worked her sticky digits over and around his turgid member.

John felt sweat dampening his thighs as she jumped from him, turning like a viper to attack his zipper and almost ripping it in half as she exposed his excitement.

His elation was clear as she lowered the front of his boxers, revealing his thinly haired golf balls and four inches of prim, English cock.

She giggled and John squirmed as intense embarrassment coursed through his arteries and wormed its way to his core.

"That's…. that's quite enough that's…OH!"

He gasped as the warmth and wetness of Samantha's mouth dove onto his eager sausage, clamping sweet lips to his shaft and

beginning a steady churn of sucking and tonguing as she gobbled every inch of his slick cock into her mouth.

The fact that she knew exactly what she was doing made the sensation euphoric as John bent almost double, her nose bumping into his belly as she pumped her face back and forth. The sensation was so tight and pleasurable that it was almost painfully sweet as she flicked her guilty eyes up and stared at him, as if she had been forced into degrading herself with the taste of his penis in her mouth. She sucked up and down, hot breath enveloping the sensitive head as she pushed it as far as it would go, resting just inside her throat. Occasionally she would let it slip from her opening and suckle at the shaft like a lollipop, and John knew this was a memory he would treasure forever.

He was about to bring his hand to grip her hair when she quickly slipped off the end of his sensitive helmet, making him whimper as she flicked it on the way out with the tip of her tongue, a sliver of drool hanging from his blue-balled manhood as she stood up.

She was eying him hungrily, and glanced down at the tiny flagpole which was lathered in copious amounts of spit and lube. John didn't move, accepting of the fact that he needed Samantha more than he had ever wanted anyone or anything in his entire life. His Job didn't matter. His life didn't matter. Nothing existed outside of this room.

Samantha bit her lip and turned around, and John tried to peak underneath to catch a glimpse of her panties, but she was too quick. Pre-empting his naughtiness she had lowered herself quickly onto his lap, and began to slide one hand underneath her skirt whilst the other took hold of his throbbing desire once more, aiming it upwards.

John braced for that first warm, wet feeling of a woman's sex to melt onto his waiting helmet…. And then gasped as he felt the tightness of her asshole pushing down on his cock. Samantha grunted and grimaced as she began to slowly work the tip inside her, and he felt her ring relax as she pressed down on him. Then he was inside her.

He groaned as everything in his life came undone, and his dick began to slide further inside his favourite student as her chest rose and fell, concentrating on keeping herself relaxed as she bucked her hips a little with each further invasion of her asshole. A small smile fluttered on her face as she got a little further down, and all too soon her butt cheeks settled in his lap.

She turned back and grinned, a doting expression of naughtiness as she placed soft kisses on his cheek, before beginning a slow rocking motion, up and down, turning away to concentrate purely on angling him as deep as possible inside her.

Heat.

His dick was immediately compressed by the oppressive warmth of her lubed up walls, and John found himself in the perfect mix of heaven and hell as he grabbed hold of her waist, pushing her forward a little so that she rose to her feet, bent over the desk. He kept himself inside her the whole time, kneading her tight cheeks as she grabbed hold of the desk, murmuring a furtive “Fuck me.”

In that moment, with the sensations of her ring as she made it contort around his manhood, her hips between his fingers, John gave in to the evil pleasure and began to gently pump, in and out.

The dainty body in front of him began to writhe, an elbow pointing out, a spasm of the hands as he felt the heat of her anus on his shaft.

"*Yes…..yes..*" she breathed, as his dick found a home in her most private of places. John reached around and under her belly to begin fondling her pussy, but she clawed his hand away before he could get there.

“NO….no…. just…. Not yet!” she whispered apologetically.

Her quiet dismissal made him momentarily come back to his senses.

They were having anal sex in his school office. Anyone walking past the door might hear them. What if they came in and saw him bending Samantha over the desk and fucking her in the ass?! he’d be finished! Just as this thought entered his head, Samantha flung herself back

fully, hilting him inside her, the slap of skin on skin like a thunderclap between the sweaty moans and quiet breaths. He froze at the gratifying, but far too loud spank, and Samantha giggled, thrusting back again.

THWAP

"God… Shhhh…shhhhh…Ohhh Jesus-!" John begged her to stop slamming into him, but she only got harder and more insistent, digging her heels in and flinging herself backwards into him so hard that the meaty **THWAPS** were loud and ugly, echoing around the office like a warning siren. John panicked, but he stood firm, and even dig his fingers into her hips as she began to piledrive herself onto him.

"Fuck, Fuck Mr Moraaaan," she moaned, and he began to thrust hard into her, making her squeak as his cock excavated the depths of her anus. John noticed whilst punishing her taut hole that her free hand was hidden beneath her, most likely fondling herself to a new height of pleasure.

"Oh, oh…" she started gushing in time with each thrust, and steadied herself more firmly against the desk as John began thrusting into her as hard as he could, her frail frame trembling under the ministrations of the man fucking her with all his might.

The feeling of her anal ring around him was so tight that John couldn't control it, and relief pulsed from his balls as he began squirting his seed into Samantha's waiting rectum, groaning as months of secret desire were poured into the young woman beneath him.

"God Yes… YES," she hissed, holding back a scream as she began to spasm, her back arching, knees turning inwards in the most effeminate way as she juddered. Her eyelids fluttered, and it took a few moments for the movements to die down, as she collapsed on the desk, legs quivering.

"Fuck," she breathed, her voice still shaking slightly. "Teach me Daddy," she giggled, letting out a soft breath, and John couldn't help but smile as she steadily pulled herself off of his still-sensitive manhood with a squelching **POP**, cum dribbling from the tip as her skirt slid down to hide what must have been a widened, gushing butthole.

There was a moment of stillness as she pushed herself up from the desk, smiling. John waited patiently, his cock already recovering, readying itself for the moment that he would finally discover Samantha's pussy, his mind so far gone that he was almost rabid. Cool air that was seeping through the glass window was sharp against his turgid cock, covered in juices as it anticipated another, warmer liquid.

Samantha let out a shy smile and turned to reveal…. A bulge tenting her skirt in an outwards direction.

John's mouth fell open. His hands had suddenly stopped working, and he found himself almost falling to the floor before he caught his weakened legs. The shape jumped subtly, the cloth rippling with power.

His gaze was stuck on the huge shape as she withdrew her hand from under her skirt, releasing what looked like two huge juicy plums which dropped into view, swinging from her groin as she swayed closer to him, that icy stare still piercing in the most disarming way.

"Oh Mr Moran," she said sweetly despite the haunting hunger in her expression. "You've been a bad Daddy."

Ice wound its way down his spine. She was ogling at him, her tongue flicking across moistened lips.

"S…. Samantha."

"*Shhhh* Daddy."

John's stomach was a writhing snake-pit as she stepped closer, to where the clothed beast was almost touching the tip of his manhood.

"You took advantage of me…" she breathed, still swaying like a pendulum, hypnotising him with the outline of her huge cock which was waving side to side.

"Wait, I didn'-"

"Now I'm going to take advantage of you."

John's mouth was watering, and he felt trapped between fear and blind desire for the woman of his dreams.

"I… I'm not…. We shouldn't…"

"I'm going to teach you from now on," she said, the new conviction in her voice startlingly different from her earlier behaviour.

"No… No I don't, I don't think it-"

Her voice was as gentle as a snowflake falling into a bank of snow, but it silenced him immediately.

If you refuse, I'll go to the Headmistress's office, and show them an eighteen-year-old anus full of your semen."

The blood pumping through his body changed into an icy river, even as the volcano in his groin began to build once more. Everything seemed to narrow down to her eyes, those deep, blue eyes which held him prisoner, as Samantha pressed up against him, brushing a hand lightly across his cheek.

The other hand was unzipping her skirt, and pulling off her tie as she pressed up against him.

"I'm going to make you beg for this," she murmured into his ear, which sent deep, rolling waves of desire back down into his body.

Her hands snaked round the nape of his neck, looping the tie into a knot with one end.

When she had finished making a knot that wouldn't tighten any further, John realised what it was.

A leash.

"Now, put me back on your desk, and look into my eyes as you fuck me."

She was no longer asking questions, and he followed her as she stepped back, resting the top of her ass directly on the papers he had been so carefully studying, what felt like a lifetime ago.

His body seemed to know what to do even if his brain did not, and led by those arctic oceans and the tie around his neck he moved in between her legs, lifting them from the knees so that Samantha was lying back on his desk.

The skirt came free and was discarded, her cock now open against her belly, and he stared at it with fear and jealousy in his heart. She was eighteen, and her cock was enormous, nine inches or so. It seemed about as thick as her wrist, throbbing with intent, and despite himself his meagre offering was now at full mast. He could see now how much she was enjoying his reaction to her womanhood, and her knowing smile made his lips quiver.

“See something you like?” she asked.

“Let’s… let’s just…..”

“No Mr Moran, let’s not.”

Samantha put her finger to his lips, and then began to brush his cheek gently. He couldn’t help leaning into her soft touch.

“I’ve wanted this for.. so long…..”

Her expression had taken on a somewhat haunting quality, as if years of hunger were suddenly evident in the crunched brows, tightened jaw and sharpened cheeks.

“So have I,” he whispered.

“I know Daddy…. And I’m not letting you go, so stop talking and rape me…. or I will burn your whole world down.”

Her trembling voice had hints of madness in it, and he couldn’t offer a response other than to push his quivering groin forward, touching against her leaking asshole, his own cum squelching in the ring as he carefully entered her once more.

"God…*Oh* yes..."

She spread her hands on top of the pages on his desk, scrunching them on purpose as she lifted her legs to John’s shoulders. The way

she dug her nails into the pages made his blood boil in the most delicious way. Her monster jumped, swollen and zealous as he hilted all the way in, this time feeling her heavy testicles pushing into his tummy. All the daintiness and playfulness in her form had been replaced with furious passion; chest heaving, teeth grinding as she tightened her anus on his shaft, making him whimper. John had the strangest sensation of feeling utterly dominated by the young woman whose ass he was currently fucking.

“Go on, Daddy,” she said, almost drooling in heat.

Warmth spread across his cheeks, and he took a moment to observe the half-naked young girl in front of him, demanding his cock, feeling his heart almost jump out of its ribcage as he took hold of her thighs and began to steadily fuck Samantha.

She kept eye contact the whole time, glued to him as her mouth opened slightly, glazed with satisfaction as he found those special places inside. Footsteps at the door fluttered past his eardrums, but his brain was being overridden by the young woman ripping her shirt open, revealing the simple white bra covering her chest. The clasp came free and she threw it aside, revealing budding nipples on top of gentle swells, begging to be touched. He couldn’t deny them and pressed eagerly into her young breasts, and Samantha lay back, letting pleasure wash over her face as she slid two hands onto her dick.

All of a sudden she was murmuring and dribbling as her most sensitive areas were massaged, her cock, tits and asshole. Her dick was making a lurid squelching sound which was just as loud as the steady slap of John’s hips on her cheeks, and anyone walking past the door would have been able to work out exactly what was happening.

John didn’t care, and he found himself going faster, needing to feel her tight hole, to see her cum…. His gaze flickered to her weapon which she was pumping away at furiously. Good lord it was an ungodly thing attached to such a sweet looking girl, and a spatter of pre-cum flew from the tip all over her neck as her eyelids fluttered. Even the way it spurted from her was strong and youthful as the

thick cream held fast to her chin, dribbling back down slowly like creamy lava.

John watched in quiet astonishment.

Her Pre-cum is bigger than my full load.

Samantha grinned and turned herself slightly so that a rope of cum landed across several of her classmate's work, and John watched in horror as she began to wipe her hands across the wet lines, slathering the papers in semen.

"Samantha! Please, for goodness sa-"

The pull on the leash was harsh, forcing his head towards her.

Her eyes were wide, lips quivering as she spoke in the most defeated whisper: "Oh Miss Adams, it hurt so much….. h-he… I couldn't stop him…."

John's stomach dropped through the floor, and his heart began to tremble under the punishment it was receiving. Her performance was masterful.

The grip on the tie was firm as her scared pout turned into a mischievous lip-bite.

"Were you going to say something, Daddy?"

The gorge rose in John's throat as she slowly, and purposefully, slid a pile of pages to the floor, placing her dirty hands back on the uncovered layer underneath.

There was nothing he could do.

"No Samantha…. Nothing at all…"

"Baby."

She finished the sentence for him, and John couldn't believe how his manhood betrayed him with its eagerness, pulsing against her insides as she said it.

“Baby,” he said, tenderly.

The ecstasy written across her face made his chest swell, and a small part of him wondered how he could be so pathetic that this eighteen-year-old girl could so easily bend him to her will.

The question was quickly disregarded as she brought herself up and clamped her mouth to his, snogging him with the deepest of French kisses, tongue so active and bold that he was almost blindsided by a near-choking attempt as it waggled at the edge of his throat. He spluttered and she responded by breaking the kiss and spreading saliva across his face, covering every bit of skin she could reach.

John began to pump into her as she lathered his forehead in spit, splitting her buttcheeks on top of his class’s work, her womanhood crushed between them. Samantha was somewhere in the clouds, a look of disembodiment plastered on her features as she lay back and began to wank her steel shaft with all her might whilst massaging her breast with her free hand.

Her moaning was constant, louder when he hilted inside her, and it was making his chest swell as he ground his hips forward, feeling her brace against the desk to make their union of bodies more aggressive, more animalistic. For a few minutes he steadily fucked her whilst she plunged her fist up and down her throbbing sausage. He barely noticed as the heavens opened outside and the window began to rattle with rainfall, too busy savouring every soft whimper of Samantha as she begged for more.

"Fuck… Yes… deeper, *deeper*!"

John grunted in frustration, as he was already hilting inside her, even as she pleaded louder, knowing full well he had nothing more to give.

“Please Daddy!”

"I’m *trying*," he muttered, cock throbbing as she shuddered with each frantic drive.

"Try *harder*!" she begged whilst furiously rubbing herself..

John felt his cheeks begin to burn.

“I… I can’t,” he whimpered.

Samantha opened her eyes, and her gaze was mischievous.

“Why not Daddy?”

The humiliation began to spread through his body as she pumped her monster, his eyes becoming wet.

“I can’t go deeper.”

“Why…. Why Daddy…”

“Because ….”

The words caught in his throat, as Samantha watched on, a frantic grin on her face as she teetered on the edge of a cliff.

"*Say it*."

“Because.. It’s too small.”

It came out as a sob, and in that moment he saw her expression reach eutopia, gasping as her machine rippled, pumping out floods of thick, white jizz. Her demented moans edged John’s meagre manhood into spitting its load into her ass as Samantha continued to wank herself, using her womanhood like a fleshy hose, dousing herself, the walls, the desk, John… everything. It was like being caught by a firehose, and she was shrieking with delight as she fired a few ropes into John’s face, who couldn’t believe the tangy, sweet smell was so inviting to his senses. She doused everything around in spunk, muttering nonsense as her back arched uncontrollably, eking out every last bit of his pleasure as she coated the room in hot cream.

When the last few rivulets had been spattered across the only dry papers left, Samantha slumped onto her back, thick wads of cum congealing on her face and belly.

John remained motionless holding her legs to him, unable to come to terms with the sheer supremacy of the organ protruding from her groin, glistening like an oiled-up machine gun. His own penis had

already softened, unable to contend with the superior foe which was still throbbing with menace.

“God… I love being bigger than you,” she whispered softly, making John’s balls shrivel, even in the face of his triumph.

Once again Samantha surprised him, interrupting his moment of emasculation by pulling herself to John’s lips once more.

The kiss she took was filthy and passionate, some of the cum on her face shifting to his own forehead and hair as he melted into the embrace, locking tongues with Samantha in a slippery dance. She didn’t let up, and they spent the next few moments eagerly grunting and tasting each other, sharing fluids and landing soft nips to exposed necks and lips.

When she finally broke their embrace, John was panting.

“I hope you enjoyed this,” whispered Samantha, pecking him on the cheek.

“I did… so much.”

“Good,” she replied with a smile. "Because next time, *I’ll* be fucking *your* ass..."

She put her hands either side of his shocked expression, and gave him one last smooch.

“…. Daddy.”