Pet Teacher pt.2

“Get ready class!”

Miss Leinsure’s order stung the gathering of young adults as they shimmied forward in a multi-coloured clump. Greying hair and a stern expression didn’t hide the fact that she was stunning, able to turn heads if she wore anything revealing on her slim figure. Her pert chest and never-ending legs were not an advantage in the business of teaching however, and she had resigned herself to wearing the drabbest attire possible to stop boys from popping halfway through her lessons.

Students in pleated skirts and ties filed into the coach outside the front gates, some of them bleary eyed, others filled with anticipation.

“Whose idea was it to do a weekend trip,” she muttered to Mr Moran.

John squirmed and didn’t answer.

“I spend enough time with these filthy creatures during the week, now I have to give up my weekend too? Honestly…”

As she said this a girl tripped stepping through the door of the coach.

“Careful Baily!” she called. “Daniel, help her up now, chivalry is not dead unless we choose to forget it!”

The boy, or rather man, seeing as he was nearly 6 foot and clearly well on his way to adulthood, picked up the girl, who gave a sheepish smile before skipping onto the bus.

The boy’s face went a deep shade of burgundy, half-falling into the bus himself as other students snickered around them.

“Good God, there’s so much hormonal energy floating around I think we’ll be drowning in it by the end of this.”

Mr Moran fidgeted, eyes only for one young woman in the crowd.

Samantha had done her hair in pigtails and they waved as she sashayed towards the bus like an Egyptian Queen fresh from her

conquests.

Her eyes snapped to his and the mirth she exhumed sent chills down his spine. He realised one of her friends was also watching; Tina, a sweet looking ginger freckled girl with a rather pronounced chest, was staring at him, whilst the third of their trio, Violet, a young woman with dark skin, frizzy black hair and horn-rimmed glasses that even John would have balked at wearing in public, was gazing nowhere in particular.

The trio stood out through their body language. They were not looking around, nervous, avoiding the stares and banding together like the other clusters of students, safe in their cliques and groups. They walked like businesswomen, laser focused, and John watched Samantha whisper something into Tina's ear without breaking eye contact with him. Tina smiled and said something back, and the two of them started snickering. Violet's expression didn't waver, but her stare locked onto John and he felt his cheeks go warm.

"John, earth to John?"

"What?! Oh, Julie, yes…. Sorry. My mind wandered."

Miss Leinsure pursed her lips.

"It's been wandering a lot recently, are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes, yes quite…"

"Hi John!"

His internal organs clung to each other as he turned into the headlights of those bright blue eyes.

"Oh um… yes, hello Tina, Violet…. Samantha…"

She was playing with one of her pigtails, and John was hit by the sudden urge to stroke it as well, but he quelled it as Miss Leinsure gave him a confused look, before turning to the trio.

"Excuse me, but that's *Mr* Moran to you."

Samantha's icy circles snapped away from John and settled firmly on Miss Leinsure.

The other girls also brought their laser focus to her, and she bristled.

"On the bus now girls."

"Are you single Miss Leinsure?"

Julie paused and narrowed her eyes.

"That is neither here nor there, and not up for discussion."

Tina chimed in.

"Ever had sex with a woman?"

Miss Leinsure's eyes widened, and her voice became a low growl.

"Samantha and Tina, you will be staying with me and Mr Moran tonight for one hour of your evening free time."

John's stomach felt like it was going to drop out of his abdomen.

Samantha's expression changed into a mocking sad face.

"Oh no! Miss Leinsure…."

Miss Leinsure didn't notice the insincerity.

"No, I'm sorry but you do not act this way, it is extremely disrespectful towards your teachers. We will see you both tonight, now on the bus."

"See you tonight mistress Leinsure" giggled Tina, blowing her a kiss which made Miss Leinsure bristle.

"Th-That's *Miss* Leinsure…" she said, but the young woman had already hopped onto the bus.

Violet was the last one in, and she turned to Miss Leinsure and whispered something.

Miss Leinsure's face went the shade of a bruised plum as she hissed a response.

"*You will join us for TWO hours. Now ON. THE. BUS*!"

Violet didn't smile or grimace, indeed she didn't seem to be affected by anything Julie had said in the slightest, fixing her with an unblinking stare.

Julie was taken aback by this, eyes watering as Violet searched her soul.

After a moment she simply walked onto the bus.

Miss Leinsure adjusted her jacket, flustered as she gazed after the swaying ass of Violet.

"She is… Those girls worry me sometimes….."

It wasn't often that Miss Leinsure got lost for words, and John was curious as to what had gone on between them.

"What did she say?"

Her lips went thin.

"Just a silly thing, it's… it's nothing."

John knew it wasn't, as whatever Violet said had clearly affected her. She seemed to be in the same place as him, gears churning as her brain went elsewhere.

Eventually all the seats on the bus were filled, a full class of twenty students, two teachers and the driver who set them on their way, beginning the breezy spring morning of their school trip to the countryside.

John looked over at the back of the bus driver's head, thankful that Samantha and the girls had sat on the back row. Truthfully he hadn't even planned to come this year, but Samantha had sent him a simple message:

'School trip. Come Daddy xxxxxx'

He didn't even consider disobeying.

The early part of the trip passed quietly, students nattering away with Miss Leinsure in deep thought beside him. Eventually, after churning through his own worries for the umpteenth time, he decided to break the silence.

"Julie… are you okay?"

She turned to him with an odd look on her face.

"Yes… Oh I don't know…"

He gave her a sympathetic smile.

"What did Violet say to you?"

She looked at him and sagged a little.

"She… She asked me…."

She paused and John nodded encouragingly.

"….. what's the biggest cock I've ever felt inside me."

He couldn't help pulling back in surprise.

"Right," he said, like this was a normal thing to deal with in school life.

"I don't know… it just… for some reason…."

"It's alright," he said sympathetically. "Sometimes they say things that throw you for a loop."

She nodded, staring out the window at the grey streets, hands fidgeting in her lap.

John sighed. Things hadn't exactly been easy for him either since Samantha had started taking control.

The worst thing was that she hadn't rushed it.

A little rub of his bottom here and there, a moment of bending over to show her panties straining under the wicked bulge, a few seconds

pressing up against him as she handed in her work. It had only been two weeks, but he was now at full mast whenever he entered the school, fingers clawing his thighs as he waited for the moment he would have to bend over and receive her.

He found himself sweating despite the weather and removed his tweed jacket, placing it on his lap (which also helped cover his erection, curse it all).

The view outside changed over the course of the next few hours, going from grey, to dashes of green, to fields of emerald and gold, sheep dotting the hillside as they idled down a slim country road. A turn-off led them towards a manor house standing in an outcrop of forest, half-hidden between the trees.

“Well, at least we won’t be in tents this year, thank God,” said Julie. "Goodness knows what possessed them to try *that* last time."

The bus crawled to a stop, and people began scrambling to remove their seatbelts.

“Everybody off!” ordered Miss Leinsure, leading them out and into the courtyard in front of two large doors.

Closer up John could see the vines creeping up towards the ground floor windows, the cracks in the plaster, and the rickety looking windows. Not quite a haunted house, but certainly auditioning to become one, give or take a few decades.

The students traipsed off the bus in various states of excitement, boredom, or nervous energy. John didn’t look at them because he knew Samantha would be boring a drill into the centre of his forehead, content to focus on the crisp air that stung the face. Breaths of steam plumed from twenty huffing mouths as the students lined up in their coats and scarves.

At this point a woman walked out of the large doors with a beaming smile on her face, looking younger and healthier than anyone had a right to be and wearing ridiculously tight leggings; when combined with the bright blue hair cropped to one side of her head, it was quite

a sight. The chill didn't seem to affect her at all as she waited in a proud pose, hands on hips, studying the students.

Many of the boys' eyes had gone saucer-like at the sight of the woman who didn't look far off their own age, suddenly far more interested in the trip than they had been previously.

"Okay guys, gather round!"

Her tits were clamped in a T-shirt too tight to hide anything, sucked into her chest like they had their own gravitational pull. John looked over and noticed that the three girls, Samantha, Tina and Violet were all watching her intently.

The students swarmed forward.

"My name is Claire, and I'll be your guide and warden for this trip, along with Alex who is currently out gathering some chocolate-shaped supplies!"

She seemed like she had been teleported straight out of a 1980s gym class, the energy suffocatingly high.

'*Oh God, this trip is going to be a nightmare*,' thought John.

"Now guys, we'll be doing a few different activities across the weekend, but the first port of call is to get you all set up in your rooms, follow me!"

She marched off, buns jiggling, and it felt like the physical manifestation of a rainbow had presented itself in human form, leading them into a world full of sunflowers and marshmallows.

John had the consoling thought that at least he wouldn't have to join in.

***

"What do you mean, everyone?!"

Claire was still grinning with intense optimism as she responded.

“Well you can’t ask your students to do a bunch of activities if you’re not showing them the way!”

Miss Leinsure narrowed her eyes, and John huffed in silent protest, but to Claire silence was all she needed to impose her sadistically happy will.

"*Awesome* guys, and don’t forget to bring some tough clothes, we’ll be climbing rocks, so don’t wear anything that you don’t want to add designer holes to!"

Julie’s eyes were snake-like in their disdain.

"I didn’t bring *tough clothes*."

Claire looked her up and down.

“Wellllll, I think me and Michelle have some stuff that’ll fit you very nicely!”

“I’m sorry, what?”

Claire cocked her head like she was giving a child sweets for Halloween.

“You can use mine, I think I have a combo that will work wonders!”

“Wait, I’m…. I’m not sure that’s a good idea…”

John looked at Claire’s tight-fitting shirt and leggings that left little to nothing of her body to the imagination and imagined it on Miss Leinsure. The results would be… pleasing to baser instincts it had to be said.

Miss Leinsure could feel the situation getting away from her, a runaway train being driven by a sun-shining-out- her-ass maniac.

“I’m, I’m not sure, it would be too much to…”

Claire butted in, crushing her resistance.

“Nonsense! I insist!”

Miss Leinsure went deathly pale.

***

“OKAY FOLKS, HAVE FUN!”

The class spread out and began climbing the random rock formations scattered across the exposed hillside. The sun had decided to present enough midday heat that the scarves and jackets lay discarded on nearby rocks, the views stunning in all directions with endless green fields and the mansion behind them looking prettier in the afternoon rays.

Miss Leinsure’s jaw was still clenched tight. She wore a heavy puffer jacket to try and cover as much of her body as she could, but her lower half was clad in yoga pants which clung to every inch of her ass and quads.

“No safety equipment. No learning. Just climbing stones… I mean honestly!”

She was sweating profusely, having refused to remove the jacket.

“Just take it off,” said John.

Her voice was uncomfortable.

“No, no I’m fine… I’m fine.”

“You look like you’re going to pass out.”

“I’m… oh fuck it.”

John’s eyes widened at her use of a swear word, and then widened further when she removed the jacket.

She was wearing a tight white long-sleeved top which clung to her breasts, nipples budding at the centre of them. There didn’t appear to be any evidence of a bra. She was stunning, and it looked like she could give Claire a run for her money in the fitness department.

Julie avoided John’s stare.

“My nipples are sensitive,” she snapped, before striding off to hide behind a rock where Claire couldn’t admonish her for not climbing and

the students (and John) couldn't ogle at her.

Claire meanwhile was halfway up a cluster of boulders already, bounding like a mountain goat to the summit. John's eyebrow rose as he saw that Tina was close behind, fixated on the ass jiggling its way up the rocks in front of her.

John thought he should perhaps give a warning when his attention was stolen by Samantha, sitting between two alcoves of stone. She was wearing another skirt, pink, which flirted with her hips, and a crop top which showed off her slim belly. She crooked a beckoning finger, her smile demanding.

Drawn like a bear to a bee's nest, smelling honey, he wove his way towards her.

She proffered a hand and he took it, letting himself be led to a sunken outcrop hidden from the rest of the hillside.

He looked behind to check no-one had followed. They were alone.

She turned and dropped his hand.

"Hi Daddy."

He couldn't hide his enthusiasm, bringing himself closer to her lithe body.

"Hello Baby."

She hummed as she closed in and curled a leg around his, pressing herself against his own erection.

He gasped as that powerful bulge battered into him.

"Fancy getting fucked today?" she cooed into his ear as she ground her domination into his groin.

"Yes, yes," he whimpered as that huge rod pinned his carrot to his belly like a gorilla pinning a baby deer.

"Well sorry to disappoint but I won't today… I want our first time to be special Daddy."

He let out a small moan of frustration.

“M…Me too B-Baby.”

She backed away from him and turned her right foot, knee in like a naughty girl, her expression playful.

“Have you had breakfast?”

This threw him for a loop.

“What, breakfast? I… I had a little toast…..”

With surprising strength she grabbed his shoulders and forced him into his knees, staring at him with icy circles that seemed to rip out pieces of his soul and devour them.

“Here’s your breakfast, Daddy,” she said, anticipation lining her face as she whipped out her monster which bounced out from under her skirt like a bungee jumper, waggling in the air.

He whimpered as the demon-dick hung in the air like a cannon.

Before he had time to think it was closing the distance to his face.

Five inches. Three inches. Two inches.

It stopped a hair’s breadth from John’s forehead.

“Ask for your breakfast.”

Tears formed in his eyes.

“Please baby… c-can I have…”

“Breakfast,” she finished, grinning.

“Breakfast,” he whispered, eyes crossed as he looked straight down the barrel of her gigantic shaft.

“Mayyyybe,” she said, waving it from side to side as if she was toying with the idea, but didn’t want to spoil him too quickly.

Her aroma was wafting into his nose each time it swung past his face, and time seemed to stand still as he took in the sight, the *smell* of her tool. He took a sniff and balked. A salty tang mixed with the smell of sweat invaded his nostrils.

It seemed to respond of its own accord, flexing in mid-air.

Samantha giggled.

“Oh Mr Moran …. men don’t usually smell a cock before they suck it!”

His cheeks went a rosy red.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have… I wasn’t…”

“Don’t worry, you’re not a man.”

Her voice morphed into one of superiority.

“You’re Daddy, and you wanted to smell my cock.”

He cringed.

Her smile grew wider.

“Say it back to me.”

He looked down so he wouldn’t have to acknowledge her gaze, but she grabbed his face and he was forced up into a heavy stare. He teeth were bared, and that hint of madness that lingered inside was leering through her features.

“SAY IT!” she spat.

“I’m Daddy, and I want to smell your cock,” he sobbed, tears beginning to fall down his cheeks.

Her left eye quivered.

"Why should I give Daddy his breakfast when he won’t even ask properly… I’ve been cooking it up all *week* for you!"

“Please Samantha, baby, let me suck your cock,” he said, trying to stop himself crying even as his erection throbbed so hard it hurt.

She growled.

John was stammering, pleading. “Y-You’re gorgeous, and better than me, so much bigger than me…”

His words seemed to feed her.

“I-I…. I want you to slap your cock against my face, f-feed me your cum, God Samantha I… I want to lick your balls….”

He couldn’t believe he was saying these things. She was starting to drool as he bared open his soul, the worst parts of himself on a plate for her to suckle at her leisure.

“You want to lick my balls?” she breathed, chest heaving.

"*Yes*,“ he whispered. ”I want to lick your balls, I-"

John didn’t realise he had tipped Samantha over the edge, that is until she slammed the full length of her cock down on his face; a meaty *_PHWAP_* that nearly floored him as she began to batter him.

“W—OH!, Samantha… UH!…”

He cowered as she slapped his forehead, a heavy swipe of cock meat slamming into his face so hard that he was floored by its weight. She pounced, stradling his chest as she battered his face a few more times, violent blows that he would be lucky to walk away from without bruises.

"*Daddy’s been a naughty boy*," she hissed as she shoved her balls into his face, mashing the sweaty plums against every bit of his eyes, cheeks, mouth and nose.

He didn’t protest, squealing into the flappy flesh of her testicles. Big sweaty bollocks were rubbed up and down his face as he smelt them, breathing in the testosterone, and he shivered as Samantha slid his nose across her balls and shaft.

The taste and smell of her nuts was glorious.

Like a meaty handle, John grasped Samantha’s buttocks and pulled her groin into his face, latching onto a juicy plum and sucking it.

She squealed as she forced her full weight down on top of him, and began to rock up and down.

He had been fantasising about it for so many weeks now that the sheer catharsis of feeling her push her cock against his face made him explode in his pants.

He whimpered as warmth spread across his crotch, and Samantha looked back in surprise, before laughing.

“Hahahha, oh DADDY, such a dirty boy!”

She smacked him a few times with her penis again which made him see stars. She wasn’t gentle; either she didn’t realise the weight of the organ being pounded against his face, or she didn’t care.

When she was done she stood up.

“Kneel.”

He obediently got to his knees, head spinning from the blows, waiting in front of her meaty cudgel.

“Suck.”

He launched himself at it. Needed to feel it inside him. Feel *her* inside him.

His lips opened up and attached to the wide girth of her helmet and he juddered. It was a strong, tangy taste, and he drew back in a moment of disgust. Clarity hit him. He was about to put this young girl’s penis in his mouth again.

Her eyes flashed dangerously.

“Bad Daddy.”

Samantha grabbed his face and dug her fingers into the sides of his jaw, forcing his mouth open as he winced before sliding her cock inside in one smooth motion. John’s first thought as she pressed him onto her shaft was how many textures there were; what felt like muscles or tendons like steel cables under the skin; soft veins, the sponginess of the head versus the almost immovable base.

Her hips jumped forwards as he began to suck and it slammed to the back of his throat, gagging him as she bucked her hips. He pulled back, spluttering, and moaning around her shaft, unable to hold back his excitement as his tongue slathered across the ridges and veins.

“Taste it,” said Samantha.

He took a good long lick, from tip to base, making her moan. The flavour of the head and the pre-cum dribbling lazily from the tip was strong and tangy, the skin sweaty and musky. Together it dominated his nostrils, the sheer masculinity making his eyes water.

“Wow,” he croaked.

“Yes, a perfect dick for Daddy,” she said, smirking.

She pulled her hips back a little and it hung, dripping saliva, betraying Samantha’s feverish excitement with its pulsing.

John’s expression became hungry.

“Do you want it?” asked Samantha, teasing it across his lips.

“Yes,” he whispered.

“Beg for it.”

“I… I really want your penis in my mouth Samantha.”

"*BABY*," she hissed.

He whimpered, expecting her to hit him with her cock again.

“Yes, YES BABY, I…”

“Yeah?” she sneered.

“I need to suck your dick,” he pleaded. “Please.”

In an act of desperation he went on all fours and began showering the tip with little pecks.

Samantha moaned as he kissed her helmet, drinking in the sight of John grovelling on his knees and doing everything he could to coax

out the semen churning in her balls.

“Please…” he whispered, eyes closed as he licked across the length of it, groaning like he was tasting strawberry ice cream.

Samantha melted, breathes becoming deeper as she reached behind Mr Moran’s head and stroked his hair.

A nine-inch cock was pressed to his lips and as it did so the hand in his hair tightened into a fist.

“Here comes the plane,” cooed Samantha, and John couldn’t help snorting as she slid a bit of her penis into his mouth.

“Oh you like that?” she crooned, and his smile was widened as she pushed her helmet into the side of his mouth, making an obscene bulge out of his cheek. John let her abuse his face as he put his hands to her butt, massaging her cheeks. “Ooooh you do like that,” she muttered, standing over him so that she was dominating his vision, his taste, his touch.

The sounds started. Saliva mixed with tongue and tight suction that was lost in the open air, that only they could hear. To John it was like an orchestra in his head, the sloshing waves of his mouth and the belly hums of Samantha as she egged him on. To Samantha it was like a porn film, a slut on their knees, choking and frothing at the lips to take a dick in their mouth.

Every second became sensual overload for John as he moaned into her womanhood, gagging on it. A particularly zealous attempt led to a few seconds of deep-throat before he began to choke, and Samantha grunted as he reached places she had not expected him to find.

"*Unnn*… Goodness….. Deep throat Mr Moran?" she uttered, shocked and proud.

Being called Mr Moran made him remember that she was only eighteen and the humiliation of being physically dominated by someone barely into adolescence surged through him once more,

cheeks burning red even as he willingly put the pink sledgehammer back in his mouth.

“Oh you do love it don’t you Daddy…” she breathed, chest rising and falling with heavy breaths.

He nodded, tears of effort and shame beginning to run from his eyes as he attempted the best blowjob he could muster.

Mr Moran began to attack her cock and balls in a frenzy, slathering every last bit of her genitals in spit and leaving them shining like a hard, throbbing lighthouse on the side of the hell.

She stood above him like a God, the lord of his world as he suckled on her tasty weapon, like a dog with a bone as he played with it, mated with it, clung to it in case she ever took away his new favourite toy.

Samantha’s mouth was hanging open as Mr Moran gave her the blowjob of a lifetime, giving every inch of himself to the task of pleasuring her hard-on, which throbbed as he flicked his tongue either side of it, giving a playful suck on one ball before sheathing it in his mouth nearly the whole way.

His nose was almost at her pubic bone as she gawped at him, feeling her heavy bollocks tightening up.

“Fuck me….. Oh Dadddyyyyy,” she whimpered as John slathered a full wad of spit across the top of her dong, like ketchup and mustard poured on a hot dog. To John’s eyes it was the tastiest meal in the whole world, and he soon had it plugged between his lips, teasing the pee-hole with his tongue and clamping just past the head to administer suction of lung-busting proportions.

Samantha felt the vacuum caused by his cheeks caving in, the hand beginning to tickle her balls, and shuddered, head and shoulders swaying like a madwoman as John teased out her hot cream. A fist tightened into his hair. There would be no holding back.

She shrieked as her balls clenched, and heat rocketed up the centre of her cannon, aimed directly at Mr Moran’s throat.

"It's *com*-," she heaved, eyes going cross-eyed as her detonation went off inside John's mouth. An explosion of thick, creamy jizz steamed into John's belly, and his eyes went wide, hands flailing for an escape that was nowhere to be found as Samantha filled him up like a petrol pump on full blast.

She began to thrust her hips into his face, the better to enjoy the feeling of him choking as she marked his stomach as her cum-pit.

The musk of semen enveloped his insides and combined with the lack of oxygen, John quickly began to feel overwhelmed, panicking as he fell backwards. He was followed tightly by Samantha who didn't stop fucking his face, closing the distance between hips and lips as she sheathed herself over and over in him, bellowing as all her demented love poured into the defenceless man beneath her.

It felt forever as she filled him to the point of overflowing, but eventually Samantha let out a long, guttural moan of finality, the river dying down to a few last spurts as the young girl's cock finally emptied.

Delicate hands began to stroke his face as he pulled himself off of her monster, spluttering. She didn't stop stroking as he heaved in oxygen.

"Good Daddy," she murmured, playing with a lazy curl on his forehead as he looked up at what must have been the happiest expression in the world.

John realised he was rock hard, and she seemed to read his mind at that moment.

"No Daddy… You've already cum…"

She tittered, gesturing to his wet patch on the front of his trousers, and he looked down in shame.

She knelt down and straddled his legs, resting her weight on him.

"Thank you," she said earnestly,

He didn't expect her to kiss him but she did exactly that, swooping down and connecting their mouths, her cum hanging from his chin

and slathered around his face as she moaned into her partner. Their faces were almost stuck together as she forced her tongue as far into his mouth as possible, playing tongue hockey together on the hillside as the sun pushed deeper into the afternoon.

John wasn't sure how long they stayed there like that, kissing, fondling, and nipping at each other, but when he checked the time he nearly heaved up a helping of some of the jizz sloshing in his stomach.

"Oh God, it's been nearly an hour!"

Samantha pushed her fingers into his mouth and he whined, confused.

"I don't care."

He waited for her to speak, not realised how demure she had made him, and even this small act of reverence sent blood rushing to Samantha's groin. She couldn't have picked a more perfect man to be her Daddy.

"We will stay as long as I want."

It all seemed to make sense somehow as he nodded and began to suck on her fingers. They spent another few minutes during which Samantha kissed him and rubbed John's manhood to the point where it was almost screaming for release, before drawing back with him agonizingly close to fulfilment.

"Okay… I guess we should go back," she whispered, placing a gentle kiss on his nose which made his shoulders slump back into the grass.

"See you soon Daddy," she said, retracting her fingers and standing up with one last smile.

John made to stand up with her, but she rested a hand on his shoulder.

"Wait, you forgot something."

She swiped her finger over a glob of cum on his jaw and put it into his mouth, feeding it to him. He slurped it down.

“Good Daddy.”

“Th-thanks, Baby,” he said as she turned around and picked her way between the huge rocks lying around them.

“Love you,” he whispered under his breath as she scampered out of view.

***

It turned out no one had noticed their absence as the teenagers were having a wail of a time, many flying up and down the rocks and chasing each other, others taking photos, and one group even sunbathing.

John walked over to Daniel who was busy watching some girls lying on the rocks, carefully placing his hands in front of the drying stain on the crotch of his trousers.

"Daniel, where are…*_BlURP_!*"

John went a shade of scarlet as a cum-laced burp bubbled up out of nowhere.

“Aha…. Where are…The adults,” he finished.

Daniel shrugged, too busy ogling the girls to even look at him.

“Dunno, not seen em.”

John peeled his eyes but couldn’t see any sign. Maybe they were back at the mansion?

It seemed unlikely, so he set off to the rocks where Julie had been hiding, burping like a toddler as he tried to let his stomach settle. The musk of cum on his body was so strong that it felt like he had bathed in it, and he felt his stomach tighten every time he came within ten feet of a student, fearing that they would get a whiff of his all-too-masculine cologne.

He peeked behind the rock and his heart stopped.

A few feet away, was Miss Leinsure, and right next to her, groping her, was Violet.

They hadn't seen him, and he tried to control his burping spree as he sprang back, before peering around the rocks. The sound of moans washed over him.

The young woman's hand was inside the front of Julie's pants, and it was obvious that she was wreaking havoc on the older lady's body.

"Hnn…. Violet, *Violet just… No, NO DON'T STOP….. yes*…" Miss Leinsure was whimpering, and he thought about making his presence known before he realised that her yoga pants had a gigantic wet stain running down the front and inside legs. Her eyes rolled up and she let out a throbbing wet moan as the stain ran further.

He looked on, enthralled as Miss Leinsure tried to kiss the girl pleasuring her, but Violet batted her away as she kept pulsing, working, teasing the front of her crotch.

John could only imagine what Violet was doing with that hand down Julie's pants, but whatever it was, it was having a sensational effect on Julie, who was grunting and gyrating her hips forward, trying to get more of whatever Violet was giving. Violet was showing no emotion, just that same blank expression as always, but he noticed the tiniest sliver of drool peaking at the corner of her mouth. She was working with such intent on Miss Leinsure that even a hiccup of cum didn't even get through to either participant, although it nearly made John fall backwards onto a particularly nasty looking stack of jagged stones clumped together behind him.

He tried to still his beating heart as his brain raced to keep up with what his senses were telling it.

So… Miss Leinsure was in the same boat as him now… That meant both teachers on the trip were engaging in sexual misconduct with a student. Claire was the only 'adult' that hadn't been fingered or sucked a cock today which was a discomforting thought, even as his erection steadfastly refused to go away.

He backed up, unable to switch his ears off as another groan was drawn from the rocks, which meant Violet must have teased another spurt of liquid from Julie's crotch.

He picked up speed and hurried back to where Daniel was lounging, not more than thirty feet away.

"Find em?" said Daniel.

John blanched.

"No, nothing," he piped. "Let's just wait shall we? It is a lovely day after all."

Daniel shrugged, indifferent as he wandered off to find another rock to go up and down.

Eventually, after a solid thirty minutes, Miss Leinsure and Violet reappeared. Miss Leinsure was red in the face, having apparently exerted herself clambering over many rocks during the afternoon, breathing heavily as she held the puffer jacket carefully in front of her waist.

"So, all done?" she huffed, not meeting John's eye as he tried not to look too guilty as well.

"Yes, just waiting for Claire," he said, careful not to speak directly at her in case she was hit by a waft of semen.

"Right, yes… hang on, John what's that?"

John blanched and pushed his hands tight against his groin, but when he glanced at her Julie was peering at something on his face.

"John, did someone hit you?!"

The parts of Mr Moran's face that weren't turning purple went white.

He must have got a bruise from being hit in the face by Samantha's cock.

"Oh… ah, yes.. stumbled and hit myself on one of the rocks just now…. Looks worse than it is!"

She didn't seem placated but stayed where she was, fidgeting a few feet away. Both teachers stayed a casual distance from each other, reeking of different bodily fluids, shame hanging in the air like a mist clouding the bright afternoon as the students had the time of their lives in the sunshine.

"Quite amazing what a lack of cell phone reception can do," muttered Miss Leinsure, and John couldn't help agreeing with a wry smile. He had to hand it to Claire, climbing rocks did seem to be appealing to them, although Samantha was spending an inordinate amount of time on the nearest rock face facing away so that both teachers could clearly see her white panties under her skirt.

"Jesus Samantha," muttered Miss Leinsure, "I suppose it's lucky I didn't have to borrow any of her wardrobe, or I'd be wearing a shoestring and nipple tassels right now."

John snorted, a mixture of laughter and embarrassment. If she only knew what those panties were hiding.

After a few minutes, John realised there were only two faces he couldn't see amongst those on the rocks in front of them: Tina and Claire.

It was fifteen minutes before they decided it might be best to start searching, and nearly half an hour of calling into every nook and cranny before they both appeared from somewhere down the opposing side of the hill.

Claire looked off kilter, hair akimbo as she stumbled over stones in a haphazard fashion, and it seemed as if she must have been doing some serious climbing to have gotten as sweaty as she was. Tina too, was red in the face with dark patches on her underarms, but she looked calmer, and strangely pleased with herself in contrast to her guide who looked like she'd been caught robbing a bank with her pants down.

"H-Hey guys!" said Claire, although her voice was catching, and it seemed as if that rainbow energy was not as effusive as before. "Thought we'd ah, lost you all for a second there!"

She put her hands on her hips, her casual manner belied by her chest rising and falling like she'd just run two marathons.

Miss Leinsure nodded, at this point just pleased to have finally found them.

"Right…. well.. now we're all here, let's head back shall we? … and I'd like to suggest we skip any afternoon activities, seeing as we overstayed by nearly an hour," she said, using a tone which usually commanded agreement.

Claire looked like she would rather do anything than jeopardise the action-packed adventures she had in store, but then her arms deflated slightly.

"Yeah, yeah maybe we should."

John raised his eyebrows. It was the first time today she had not powered through everything with the power of pure optimism.

Claire rubbed her head as if to gather her thoughts before they tumbled down the hillside, and John couldn't help noticing Tina smirk as she slipped over to Violet and Samantha, who started towards the manor.

"Let's go," John said, trying not to stare at Samantha's ass as she walked away, but unable to resist. The skirt was so tiny that he could see the bottom of her cheeks peeking out each time she skipped over a stone or muddy patch. He covered his excitement as it throbbed again.

"O-Okay gang, let's… let's roll out!" called Claire, coming back to her more sunny disposition, beginning a march that everyone followed at various distances towards the mansion.

Miss Leinsure let out a sigh of relief and began a brisk walk down the hill, and John realised that perhaps he should round up the stragglers as both of the other adults had disregarded them and steamed down the hill like they were racing for a lifeboat on the titanic.

'*What a day*,' thought John, who could almost taste the biscuits and tea waiting by the fire for him before he remembered that they had

detention with the girls tonight, and burped, sending the aroma of Samantha's semen into his mouth and nose again. His hands trembled, and his cock was raging against his underwear as he watched the girls walking in the distance, muttering and giggling to each other.

It seemed the adventures on this school trip were only just beginning.