Pet Teacher pt.3

Earlier that day…..

Julie pulled on the yoga pants for the first time and grimaced. She should not let Claire force her up on the damn rocks like this. Everything was showing, nipples, thighs, ass…. It was like wearing a full-body suction cup, and she didn't know what to do with herself as she observed the results in a full-length mirror. She looked like a schoolboy's wet dream.

"Just scrambling on stones! Honestly, where's the education in that…." she muttered, pulling herself into some trainers and gingerly opening the creaking oak door, relinquishing the safety of her room.

After peeking left and right she made a dash towards the coatrack, feeling naked in the vacuum-packed, but at least comfortable material. Claire, their far-too-sunnily dispositioned warden, had offered her a choice of coats, and she spied a puffer jacket that might just conceal a decent portion of her assets…. There was no way she would be offering herself up as some sort of sexual awakening signpost if she could help it.

"Miss Leinsure!"

Julie froze, embarrassed at having been spotted already in such revealing attire, and turned as if there were a gun trained on her forehead.

"Tina, how are you," she responded levelly to the fresh-faced ginger girl, her body filling out her jeans and blouse in a way that almost rivalled her own.

Tina's eyes were roving up and down, her smile getting broader with every passing second.

"Good, mistress."

Julie couldn't help noticing how clearly Tina's breasts pressed through the translucent white material of her shirt, tugging at her eyeballs like someone had attached magnets to them, and Miss

Leinsure felt as if the lower half of her body had started riding a rollercoaster whilst she wasn't looking. Before her mouth could collect any words, Tina had closed the distance between them, pressing herself forwards into the tightly constricted breasts of her elder.

"Oooh! Sorry Mistress."

Miss Leinsure let out a surprised cluck, backing away from the superior chest of her student.

"OH! Goodness, It's *Miss* Leinsure, Tina, stop calling me mistress …."

As she backed up her ass hit something hard, and two hands placed themselves on her hips.

"Ah, excuse me….."

Her head turned and Violet's stare was like a cobra's, freezing her in place. Her ebony skin was sucking in the surrounding light, and Julie noticed a beauty spot for the first time, hiding just above the left side of her thick lips.

"V…. Violet, your leg…."

Something pillowy pressed hard against her chest.

She turned her head straight into Tina's whose nose was inches from hers, her breath faint and warm, close enough to count the freckles on her pale cheeks. She could feel their nipples fighting for dominance, and was surprised to find hers were winning, hardening to steely tips.

"That's not her leg you're feeling," murmured Tina, and she brushed her lips against Miss Leinsure who gasped, because Violet had pressed what felt like a truncheon deep between her cheeks.

"Now… Girls, girls, e-excuse me!"

Julie decided to take control and grab whatever ridiculous object Violet was pushing against her.

"Violet could you TAKE THAT THING AND -…. and……."

Her hands were gripping a shaft; a warm, fleshy shaft under Violet's skirt that seemed to have no end.

"Ah… v-very funny girls, very realistic… very…."

Her hands reached a gigantic, mushroomed head, foreskin pulled taut by the engorgement of the cock it preceded. It didn't make sense; it couldn't be a penis because it was too big.

She navigated all the way down to the base, to find two huge, swollen tennis balls, fleshy and hairless.

"That…. that's quite something Violet…."

A thrill ran through her when she realised that she had a big black cock pressed against her for the first time in her life. It had always been a fantasy, hidden in the back of her mind, and this was very much the real deal, although she had never imagined something quite so ferocious as the cudgel stuffed inside Violet's skirt.

Tina added to the haze, pressing her own groin into Miss Leinsure's crotch and she whimpered as another tool was mashed against her body; not quite as big as Violet's, but still weightier than most she'd ever felt.

"*Jesus christ*, girls, now, n-now listen here…"

Tina ignored her, fusing their hips together as she began to grind into her pussy.

"Ohhhhh," moaned Miss Leinsure as the two pork swords began bludgeoning her front and back, Tina and Violet wrapping their arms around her, immobilising her.

Her voice took on a pleading edge.

"*Girls*, Ohhhhhhhh GOODNESS…. G-girls wait…. *Ohh!*…"

Her sex was beginning to ache with need as Violet's ministrations gave tantalising possibilities of what her battering ram could do to Julie's insides, and as Tina rubbed her lips across Miss Leinsure's she

juddered, mouth opening just enough to suggest she was ready to kiss back if Tina crossed the line.

This was enough for Tina to snicker and pull away, and Violet slid Julie aside as she joined her.

Miss Leinsure's face slipped to one of confusion.

"I…. wait…."

Tina regarded her with disdain.

"Whores like you should beg for dicks this good."

Violet grabbed and pressed into her one last time, this time from the front, large eyes like malevolent floodlights, her clear features a paragon of virtue contrasting with the way she was burying her fingernails into Claire's rump.

"I like how wet you are."

Miss Leinsure's lip wobbled as the walls on her safe world caved in.

"Bye Mistress," said Violet, turning away, her impressive ass taking longer to follow.

"See you later when you're ready for us to POUND you out," laughed Tina as they strode off.

Miss Leinsure's knees sank inwards, her panties soaked through.

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FOUR HOURS LATER

John Moran and the gaggle of remaining students trudged into the mansion, faces red and sweaty with the effort exhumed on the rocks, others beginning to brown after a few hours spent tanning.

John was still processing what he had seen and done on the rocks; In Julie's case particularly, as he had spied her being heftily pleasured by Violet.

Not that he was in any place to judge, as a burp formed another cum bubble across his lips, Samantha having filled him to the brim.

'*Christ I should clean myself up*,' he thought, trying not to look at Samantha who seemed close to laughter as he covered his mouth with a trembling hand.

He felt the urge to go and embrace her once more, but thought it best not to do so in front of an entire class, instead marching to his room. When he reached the miniscule ensuite bathroom what he saw in the mirror made him blanch.

One brown eye, and one tinged with purple stared back at him, and his cock hardened as he wrestled with the fact that Samantha had given the bruise to him by smacking her penis into his face. He looked down at his little scrotum yearning to be touched, and thought that if he tried to hit someone with his penis, they probably wouldn't even notice. She had given him a *black eye*.

On second thoughts, a shower didn't seem like such a bad idea.

Within minutes he was stripped naked, warm water cleansing his body, even as he jerked himself with his eyes closed.

"Fuck," he murmured, before forming his lips in a circle, imagining that massive tool in his mouth, crushed against his face again, and within seconds his body was beginning to heave itself towards bliss.

"Hnnnn," he moaned, teasing out the orgasm to last a little longer, remembering the way her balls were slapping his chin, before firing weak ropes that dropped to the floor of the shower to be washed away.

When his balls had finished emptying the meagre load, humiliation remained, weighty in his chest as he washed the small spatters of jizz from his four-inch shaft, already softening down to its flaccid three.

Here he was, mid-thirties, a man, with a four-inch penis, being owned by an eighteen-year-old with a horse-cock.

John Moran lost himself for a moment, falling back to those fleeting moments when he'd managed to beguile women in the past. Seeing Samantha's prowess put all these meetings in a new light.

He thought about what she might have done to the precious few lovers he had ever acquired, and shuddered, images of splayed pussies shuttering in his head, limbs juddering, moaning as Samantha unmade them. If she had deigned to serve up a main course of bratwurst, they would probably forget his name within the first ten seconds.

"Get a grip," he muttered, before almost chuckling out of frustration.

He was probably going to be fucked in the ass by a hung eighteen-year-old schoolgirl. How could he be calm about something like that?

John checked his bruise one more time, wincing as he pressed the tender area, before clothing himself in trousers and a white shirt. Even though he wasn't hungry it was probably a good idea to eat something that hadn't come from a student's balls.

After brushing his teeth twice, (and finding the smell of cum challenging to get rid of) John made his way down to dinner, squeezing past knots of students on the large, creaky stairwell before entering a dining hall with long tables laid out in three rows, and a smaller side table for the teachers.

The place was chaos, students chattering and throwing things as he briskly walked over to the back of a tense-looking Julie, who was now wearing the blandest attire she had available, a grey blazer and ill-fitting trousers, as if compensating for earlier indiscretions by covering up her bodily attributes. It didn't stop her looking a silver fox of a woman.

"Hey."

Julie jumped like the words had smacked her across the face, visibly relaxing when she saw who it was.

"OH!…. Ah…. John… Yes… Yes do sit down….."

He was struck once more by her natural alure even in such an unflattering outfit, her greying hair still luscious, lips shapely with a slender body that suggested a more-than-decent level of fitness.

He thought about asking if she was okay, but seeing her expression decided not to, taking in her vacant stare.

“Wonder what they have for meals here…. I hope it’s decent.”

“Yes…. I guess we will have to ask Claire… speaking of which, where is she, our font of charm and enlightenment?”

John looked around, but couldn’t see a bright blue shock of hair anywhere, or a pair of enormous tits either.

“No idea.”

As he was searching, his eyes brushed over the back of the long, black waves of Samantha, and he shivered. At this point she provoked a physical reaction on sight, a pretty fist enclosed round his heart, or perhaps more accurately, his balls. Her slender form was still clad in the skimpy pink skirt and crop top from their afternoon trip, chatting quietly with her consorts Tina and Violet, and John noted the other students gave them a wide birth.

He stared for a second longer than he should have, noticing that Violet was staring at Julie’s back with a frightening intensity.

Best not to mention it.

“She’ll probably be creating fingerpaint rainbows or something along those lines.”

Julie snorted, the first hint of a smile welling up from beneath the tense lines of her face.

“Indeed.”

At this point three youthful serving staff began piling food onto tables as fast as possible, clearly prepared for the ravenous nature of young adults. John and Julie watched wistfully as what looked like steaming hot shepherd’s pie was served to each of the students in a lightning-fast manner.

“Couldn’t they have considered seniority in their serving order?” Julie grumbled.

John's stomach rumbled, but the closer the shepherd's pie got, the less enticing it seemed, to the point where, when the food was actually placed in front of them, he sort of wished they'd not bothered.

"Thank you," he said in a strained voice to the spotty teen who didn't spare them a glance.

Mr Moran hadn't experienced it often, but the man walking away in white overalls barely looked qualified to wash the dishes, let alone serve food.

Julie prodded the lumpy potato and hot, grey meat.

"Julie… as delightful as this looks, I do have some crisps upstairs," said John.

"Oh, thank God," moaned Julie. "Can we just leave them to it?"

John looked around the room.

They were all adults, so unless some sort of food fight broke out, five minutes wouldn't hurt. Most were wolfing the food down.

"I think they will survive."

With that, the two of them slipped away into the spacious corridors, Miss Leinsure almost salivating at the prospect of the meagre meal awaiting them.

As they were walking towards the staircase, Julie froze, face whitening.

"Did… did you hear something…?"

Despite the furore coming from the dining area, John's nerves began to jangle.

The hallways seemed a lot darker all of a sudden, the sunset almost complete, leaving the hallways bathed in shadows, and he remembered that they were the only two people walking around in a decrepit mansion.

A rusted suit of armour stared at them from the end of the hallway, sword glinting with malice.

His ears pricked. He could indeed hear something.

“What is it… a rat… a fox?!” murmured Julie, paralysed with fear.

The sound was coming from…. A door. No, a broom closet….? A sort of.. bumping.

John’s eyebrows rose.

“Erm… I’m not sure it’s-…”

As he was speaking the door burst open, and Julie nearly jumped out of her skin as a figure with blue hair and a prodigious chest emerged, clad in pink yoga-shorts and a sports bra lopsidedly attached to her front.

“GOODNESS, Claire! What are you…?...”

Claire’s dazed smile as she staggered from the broom-closet morphed into a horrified mask at the sight of John and Julie. Her was forehead sweaty and red, pink lipstick smudged across her face like a child’s fingerpainting, and the woman remained frozen, shellshocked at their appearance in front of her. Everyone remained stock still for a moment that would remain burned into their memories for years to come, until Claire’s legs finally started working again and careened away. They could only stare as her ass bounced off into the darkness.

“What on earth?....” mumbled Julie.

The sound of more rustling issued from the broom closet, and both of them peered inside to see the ginger hair of Tina teasing the tops of her shoulders, a smile on her face so smug it could have run for office as she ostentatiously zipped up her jeans, drawing their eyes to the bulge running down her left thigh.

Julie blanched. John’s breathing froze, the air stopped dead in his lungs.

“See you in detention,” Tina smirked, before strutting out of the closet, and off down the hall in the same direction as Claire, swallowed up by the darkness.

Neither of them spoke for a moment, simply staring at the point where the two figures had disappeared, until the smells began to hit them from the closet and both of them pretended to look repulsed as saliva started issuing in John’s mouth, and he was certain the same was happening to Julie, who was running a tongue across her bottom lip before shaking her head.

“Jesus,” she muttered, walking over and slamming the closet closed.

“Well… I guess we know why Claire wasn’t at dinner,” said John lamely.

“Yeah… Guess so,” said Julie. “Christ… detention… I had forgotten….”

She lapsed into silence, and John had a fairly good idea of why she didn’t want to continue that particular conversation as they walked in silence to his room, preferring not to remind themselves of their own less-than-moral activities with students that same day.

The Teacher’s living quarters were small, but at least they had their own ensuite bathrooms and comfortable, if a little too cosy, beds, and they sat on John’s, eating crisps in silence by the lamplight.

Detention. He had almost put it to the back of his mind, but he now remembered that in a few hours they would alone be in a room with their tormentors….

The same thing seemed to be going through Miss Leinsure’s head, almost missing her mouth as she placed a crisp there, more in the hope it would dissolve on its own than she would have to do something as distracting as chew it.

Eventually she broke the silence.

“John….. am I a good teacher?”

He looked at her curiously.

“What? Yes, yes of course!”

“Professional?”

“The best.”

“Right… Good… well, I…..”

She seemed to be rolling something around in her mouth, like a gobstopper was lurking somewhere behind her tongue.

John waited for a few seconds before prompting.

“You seem…. Off, today.”

She flinched, adjusting her skirt.

“Yes… yes I suppose I am…”

Another moment of contemplation, forehead creasing.

“I… just feel I have been unprofessional.”

“In what way?”

“In…..” She tried to push the words out, but they wouldn’t come.

“… Well, in my own way.”

Mr Moran took a slow, heavy breath.

“Julie, if it helps, I think that I have been as well.”

“Oh unprofessional?” she said with a wry smile.

“Yes…. Like…. Like Claire.”

This made her eyebrows rise.

“M… me too…..”

They sat in silence.

After a moment of wringing his hands, John spoke again.

“…. It’s the three girls, isn’t it.”

Julie tensed for a second before nodding once, not looking him in the eye.

Then she did something surprising and placed a hand on his.

The warmth was comforting.

“John… I have been a teacher for the best part of two decades, and a competent one for at least half of it…”

This brought a chuckle from his throat.

“…And this is the first time this has ever happened to me.”

“Same here,” he murmured.

“I don’t know if this makes us bad people but… I still think you’re a good man, and I still think I’m a good woman… we’re not taking advantage…..”

“If anything I would say it’s the opposite,” he responded drily, and they both let out an embarrassed chuckle.

They remained there, beginning to talk more openly than they had during all their years of work together, her hand on his.

“God I never wanted to be a teacher you know…. but I reckoned being a sommelier would be tricky if you don’t stop drinking wine once you start.”

“Really? I can’t imagine you being anything else; an alcoholic, I mean.”

She snorted.

“Well what about you, what did you want to be?”

“I don’t know.. Never really asked myself to be honest. The usual things boys want to be. Astronauts. Footballers. Honestly don’t think I ever had a plan, so when life gave me teaching, I followed the path given to me.”

“You know, I can’t imagine you playing football at all.”

“Neither can I, absolutely rubbish.”

She laughed, a half-clucking noise, and he couldn’t help joining in. She’d barely laughed once in all his years of working alongside her. Where had this charming woman been hiding?

“Speaking of wine, happen to bring any?”

“Well, there’s a shop a few miles away….”

“No car.”

“Bugger.”

“Taxi?”

“What, you want to go out on the piss?”

“Well….”

Julie interrupted him.

“You know, I can see why she likes you.”

His eyes turned to hers, and for a second a little electricity sparked between them.

It surprised him, and he looked back at her in a different light to his usual appraisal of her as a colleague, instead as a friend…. And maybe even more than that.

He turned his fingers to touch hers, and rested there for a second.

Julie looked like she was going to press forwards, and then pulled her arm back, nervousness crossing her features.

“W…we should get back to the dining room…..”

“Ah… yes, right,” he said, forcing a casual smile as she got up and opened the door.

“Probably destroyed the place in our absence,” she joked, her face still tense, and she glanced at him and then away, probably feeling the

same way that he currently was right now, as if someone had filled his head with honey, but the bees in his stomach were trying to steal it.

Their walk down contained no closeted individuals bursting out on them, and when they got back it was to a wasteland of dirty plates and used napkins .

“Well… close enough,” muttered John, and Julie laughed again, placing a hand on his arm.

They both froze upon the contact, Julie pulling back like his skin had scalded her.

“A-Anyway, ”I’ll… I’ll see you at detention?"

“Yes… yes see you there.”

She marched off, wringing her hands.

John watched her go, unable to avoid looking down at her firm ass, before heading back up to his room with a second woman to fantasise about, Julie and Samantha now a potent cocktail swimming through his brain.

“Get a grip,” he muttered again, trying to ignore the erection chafing in his underwear.

Detention was in an hour.

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The clock had sped up. He was sure of it.

Every time he looked back five minutes had passed, and after what felt like a few breathes since he and Julie had shared their moments of intimacy, John was making his way to an old, unused wing of the building.

The decorations and suits of armour here were not well-maintained, and he passed a few high-ceilinged classrooms that gave the air of forgotten lecture halls containing big, heavy-looking oak desks with small windows that avoided use of the gorgeous countryside views available to them.

John had the indignant notion as he trudged onwards that surely they shouldn't be the ones feeling punished… Perhaps they should just not turn up?

The idea of a teacher flunking detention made the corners of his mouth flicker upwards, before slipping beneath the river of fear building in his chest. His footsteps were like war drums in the silent corridor, signalling his impending doom, and by the time he got to the appointed door he could barely bring himself to touch it.

A long breath.

His hand grasped the antiquated handle and pulled.

The first person he saw was Violet, sat in the closest seats opposite the Teacher's desk, wearing a ridiculous assortment of long blue skirt and white blouse that he was sure had gone out of fashion sometime in the early 40s, horn-rimmed glasses fixed to her face. Still her thick chest and rear made even the ugly assortment of garbs tantalising.

She did not turn to look at him, and he did not linger on her either because the figure next to her warranted his undivided attention.

The surface of his skin began to brim with static electricity as he set eyes on Samantha wearing a ludicrous combination of short pink skirt with an accompanying top section around her cute breasts that one would be very generous to describe as a blouse - Instead it looked more akin to her having turned up in underwear, and the pink skirt was doing little to protect her dignity. The black hair was let down in a long sheet, and he could see a hint more makeup than was usually there.

She unfolded her legs upon seeing Daddy, her smile lighting up, and John glimpsed the gigantic bulge slung in a pair of black lace panties that seemed certain to rip at any second.

His mind was impaled on the blue icicles as they roved over his body, and she seemed more animated, less tethered than he had ever seen before.

John had a revelation in that moment.

This was it. This is where Samantha was going to take his anal virginity.

The concept of her fucking him hadn't completely hit home over the last few weeks, always an abstract thought, a possibility, narrowly avoided and potentially laughed about years later…. Now it was real, solid, as Samantha pawed at the sides of her chair.

Everything in him gave way and he sank to his knees.

"Hi Daddy!" she sang.

"H-hi…. Baby," he whispered.

"John," said a curt voice, and he looked to his left to see Julie sitting ramrod straight behind the desk, making the strange scenario look closer to a hostage situation than a casual meeting of students and teachers.

She was wearing clothes that had almost certainly been forced upon her, legs once again squeezed into yoga pants, this time accompanied by a cropped yellow T-shirt. It looked like she was joining a girl band against her will.

John reckoned she would freeze in her skimpy attire until he realised the temperature in the room had been notched up so high that steam was beginning to show on the windows.

Julie was watching something with fear, and he realised it was Violet, drilling a stare directly into the woman's forehead.

Her ability to not blink was quietly terrifying.

"A-ah… yes, hello Julie…"

John sprang to his feet, although why he tried to assume such a casual demeanour after being on his knees was probably due to his brain no longer functioning at full capacity, hoodwinked by his minx and master as he walked past the rows of empty chairs and placed himself next to the rather grim looking Julie, sat behind a wide, sturdy oak desk.

As he sat down Julie couldn't help flitting her eyes to him briefly, a glimmer of a smile breaking through her features, which he repaid with one of his own, before her focus was snatched away by Violet's piercing stare once more.

Samantha's head moved infinitesimally, one of her hands gripping the chair on which she sat a little harder as her own gaze snapped between her teachers.

Then the door burst open with a clatter, and Claire stumbled in.

She looked dishevelled, hair frizzy on top of a somewhat vacant stare, and her yoga pants had been replaced by yoga shorts, her new top nothing more than a decorated bra presenting a generous amount of cleavage. It looked like she was auditioning to wrestle other women on questionable late night tv channels.

"Claire… What are you…?"

"I-is… is Tina here?"

"She ah- she will be."

The usually cheery woman was frantic, blinking as she wrung her arms.

"Okay… okay good…., h-hello John, Julie."

John looked at her with a worried expression.

"You ah… fancied joining us for detention?"

She gave them an odd smile.

"Yes, yes, Tina informed me and it sounded… delightful!"

As if on cue the girl herself appeared like a shade, out of the darkness of the hallway. Her strut reeked of superiority as she brushed past Claire, winking at the woman as she did so before sitting down next to her cohorts. Together the girls gave an impression of a judge's panel on a prime-time talent show.

Claire's cheeks had turned the same colour as Tina's hair, and it took her a few seconds to regain her composure before shuffling to the other side of Julie, sitting and crossing her legs tight.

John watched Tina blow a kiss at the woman, who rubbed her knees, trying to get comfortable but unable to stop fidgeting like an ant was crawling beneath her outfit. John then had the thought that no ant would have survived under the material so tightly melded to her skin, the woman's nipples showing as sharp points, and he was sure he could see the imperfections on the surface of her skin through the fabric.

An atmosphere of tension descended on the room as it became clear that the people in detention were clearly not the students, as Samantha, Violet and Tina stared their elders down.

No-one could pull their eyes from the figure across from them, and Claire was grimacing as she pined openly for Tina, crossing and un-crossing her legs.

After a long pause Miss Leinsure began the detention.

"You… you all kn-know why you're here…."

She fiddled with the hem of her shirt which was floating above her belly button.

"So we will be here for one hour."

Her gaze met Violet's.

"And Violet will be t…two hours….." she whispered, wilting under the intensity of it.

The room fell into a rigid silence, the teachers shifting uncomfortably. Usually John would have brought a book, but he had completely forgotten to do so after the recent events with Samantha and Julie. Steam had subsumed the windows now, and John was sure that one of the girls must have turned up the heating on purpose as he wiped a dapple of sweat from his brow.

To John and Julie's surprise, Claire began the true proceedings.

“Fuck me.”

They looked over in shock at Claire, her mad eyes pleading at Tina.

The young woman gave her a mocking smile.

“Oh, Really?”

“Y-Y-YES! ” moaned Claire, and Julie gasped as she began to crawl onto the desk.

“Just… do it, I need it… put it in me….”

The woman rotated so her ass was facing the three girls, and Samantha tittered as the woman began to thrust her butt into the air in a reverse rutting motion.

John and Julie were gobsmacked, watching the woman’s ass gyrate, boring her gaze into the blackboard behind them, actively avoiding the shellshocked expressions of her peers.

Tina cocked her head to the side, seemingly mulling it over.

“Well… seeing as how you asked so nicely.”

She bounced up, and Claire began almost frothing with anticipation as footsteps move closer to hear rear.

When Tina’s hand came down with a stinging blow across one titillating globe, Claire shrieked, tears filling her eyes, but she did not move a muscle as Tina’s hands ripped her yoga pants down to the knee, beginning to rove across her naked ass, slapping and pinching at the soft pillows. She wasn’t wearing any underwear, and the puffed outline and pink lips of her vagina were thrust into the air for Tina to enjoy.

“Mmmm such a good girl,” uttered Tina, laying a few strokes between the woman’s legs, and Claire’s manic expression turned into one of delight as the girl began to pleasure her with minute strokes, teasing her pussy with the possibility of entry before circling around the edges, rubbing the lips without diving between them.

Julie mumbled something, but couldn't form words as Claire began to press herself back into Tina's palms, only to whimper as the girl kept her pleasing touches just out of reach, just enough to make the woman salivate even further.

It was garish in the extreme, and John, feeling embarrassed at how turned on he was becoming, began to edge sideways on his chair. Samantha stopped him.

"Stay Daddy."

John obediently fell back in his seat, cowed and trying not to show how aroused he was from Claire being pleasured by delicate, edging fingers.

Miss Leinsure whimpered, not even thinking of moving because she knew it would not be allowed, and Violet was so openly leering at her now that Julie's nipples had begun to press through her top.

John noticed this, and couldn't help himself getting painfully hard in response to what was happening as Samantha's eager eyes honed in on him.

Tina meanwhile, was bringing her head closer to Claire's rear end, and began to slide her tongue up, underneath her pussy, making the woman give all new noises of appreciation as the girl began to lap at her sex, tasting the moisture like a cat drinking milk as Claire fought the urge to press her ass back onto Tina's face, staying obediently still whilst the girl's tongue touched her in the perfect places to make her shudder.

It looked like Tina had an encyclopaedic knowledge of Claire's inner workings, a delicate tongue flick under the folds, a finger touch achingly close to her clitoris, a suggestion of insertion before brushing past her opening, but always keeping Claire taut and thrumming like the string of a violin, with her as the malevolent conductor.

"God, please…" gushed Claire, trembling as she attempted to keep herself still as Tina pushed and pulled her a little further towards breaking point, "J-just fuck me, *please*….."

The look of desperation on her face was like a sip of the finest wine to Tina, who licked the edges of her mouth, feeling across Claire's tight ass as one of her hands made its way down to her zipper, unveiling a cock of slightly smaller size and weight to Samantha's, around seven and a half inches, with a slight lazy curve to the side that made it look like it was pointing between Claire's ass and Julie's face. The head was a darker purple, and the veins were huge, thick caterpillars winding their way across the pink surface.

Julie and John both stared at it, both trying not to drool over the girl's divine appendage.

Tina winked at them as she noticed their stares.

"Not for you, greedy whores," she sneered, before slapping Claire's ass once more.

John couldn't help enjoying the way she spoke to them, and how much Claire's buttocks jiggled whenever they were hit, the woman's face tensing in a weird mix of pleasure and pain whenever she did so.

"Get in position slut," ordered Tina.

Claire scrambled backwards off the desk, bending over it in a lurid salute, waiting to be taken. She was so ready to be filled that she had almost teared up, her pussy aching to be sated.

Tina enjoyed the view of the open legs splayed out in front of her, before pressing forward to rub the swollen lips of Claire's vagina with her womanhood, accepting the vast juicy deposits which had drenched the surrounding area over the previous minutes.

Claire groaned like it was already inside her, clawing the desk, running a hand through her hair as starvation was mere moments from being sated.

John was entranced, noticing Julie bring a finger up to wipe a small crest of saliva slipping from the sides of her mouth, and the pre-cum churning in his testicles began to thrum with impatience, urging him to spew his load in his pants.

Then it finally happened: Tina slid her hands to Claire's hips, and everyone watched, spellbound as Claire's entire body seemed to react like she was having a fit, going into physical meltdown as her entrance widened to accept the huge cock being pushed into it.

"*GUHHHHH!"*

John's pre-cum raged in his balls, and then as the woman was being openly debased to his left, Samantha stood up.

Just seeing her move towards him with that ravenous expression sent the first uncontrollable sliver of excitement racing through him as he deposited some sperm on the inside of his boxers.

Claire was crying as Tina released her from the emotional pain of not being run through with a massive pork sword.

"*YES TINA… thank you Tina… thank youUUHuuhhhhh…"*

Samantha regarded the pair with satisfaction, before fixing herself back on Mr Moran.

"Are you ready Daddy?"

"Yes."

He replied so quickly that Julie's gaze snapped to him with a tight expression, until Violet got up and marched to the desk, pointing on the spot in front of her, next to Claire.

"Move here."

Julie closed her eyes and looked like she was going to break down in tears, before composing herself with a trembling lip… and climbing onto the desk next to a huffing Claire, turning to face the same way.

"Pants off."

"Y…yes, alright," sobbed Julie, before dropping them.

Before he knew what he was doing, John slid his hand on top of hers.

Her sobbing diminished, and she looked at him with a surprised, tender gaze.

“It’s going to be okay,” he said, squeezing.

At this her whole demeanour relaxed, and John had the realisation that she was far less worried about the impending sex with Violet than with the audience watching it, gazing into her now excited expression.

Samantha’s lip curled before Claire broke through with a moan that might have rattled the foundations if they had been a mere century older, her voice somehow rising in volume to the point where John severely hoped the rest of the class were enjoying their free time down at the local pub instead of hanging around in the corridors.

Her entire body was jerking, trying to push herself deeper onto the cock which was now close to hilting inside, and when Tina and her met at the waist she whinnied and stared forwards without seeing anything at all, entirely focused on the woman melded to her insides via a gigantic insertion rod.

“Good lord,” muttered Julie as Claire heaved, and Tina began hip rotations that had the woman clawing at anything within reach.

“UHHNN, UHNNNNNNNN!”

It was almost frightening how inhuman her voice sounded in the long echo of the classroom, as she took Tina’s ministrations with diminishing control of her motor functions, tongue beginning to loll from the side of her mouth before she collapsed fully onto the table.

“Little slut wants it,” muttered Tina, more to herself then to anyone else as she drew back before slamming her cock into Claire’s widened pussy, reversing course and plunging in again. The perverse ritual picked up a rhythm as Tina pumped her hips faster, each of Claire’s deep moans now punctuated by a yip each time the cock melted into her abdomen.

"UHHH-*ai*! UHN-*huh*!"

“Yeah, fucking take it,” Tina snarled, and the words seemed to poke through the haze to tip Claire into the first of a series of volcanic

orgasms that had the whole desk shaking as she clung to it for dear life, her body racked with spasms as the cock buried inside her triggered a stream of juices down the insides of her thighs.

"*GUHNN, Oo-OHHHHhhhh!"*

Drool was beginning to run from her lips as Tina fucked her heartily, revelling in the warmth of the woman's pussy as she drove herself inside it, deep, wet *SCHLIICKS* that were so loud next to Julie and John that they were having a hard time concentrating on their own predicament, namely Samantha and Violet's evil stares.

"Come here," whispered Samantha.

John obeyed, shuffling around the side of the desk to stand in front of it.

"So…. Daddy is getting bored of Baby huh?"

Samantha's quiet voice masked a cold fury that was wrapping itself around John like a cloak. Her frostbitten gaze attacked him.

"Would Daddy like to explain why he wants Miss Leinsure?"

Something in Samantha was breaking, coming loose, a spasm hitting her jaw.

"I… I'm not sure what you mean, baby…"

He wrung his hands.

"Do you like her."

"N-n-no…."

"Do you like me."

"Yes, yes I do!"

She came close and gently grazed his bottom lip with her teeth.

"One of those was a lie," she breathed.

He whimpered, water collecting at the corner of his eyes, as she breathed over his face. It was warm, with a soft aftertaste of mint.

“You do love me, don’t you.”

“Yes, Samantha!”

“But you like her too, don’t you?”

He couldn’t find anything to respond with, and he noticed Julie was looking at him with what might have been affection in her gaze.

“We’ll have to do something about that.”

Her tone was less furious, but John was sure she was still angry, and when she gestured to Violet who hopscotched closer to Julie, the woman’s face lined with fear as she whipped her head back to face the wall, still kneeling on her hands and knees on top of the desk as it shook under Tina’s pounding blows on Claire.

John began to wring his hands together.

“Samantha… Baby, p-please be gentle…”

“SHUT UP DADDY,” she snarled, and he fell silent as Violet slipped a hand through Miss Leinsure’s hair, pressing herself up against the back of her legs.

Julie was shaking, frightened as the girl took a grip from behind on her torso.

Then she was pulled backwards, off the desk and into a tango-dancer kiss.

“Mmmhh!” Julie whimpered in surprise, and her eyes widened, gazing into Violet as she explored the taste of her teacher’s mouth.

Then Violet’s whole body was on her, and her eyes screwed shut, senses ensnared within the young girl’s tenacity. When they came up for air Julie was gasping for breath, woozy from the lack of oxygen combined with Violet’s devilish tongue.

Samantha kept her gaze fixed on John, who was watching out of the corner of his eye with a raging erection in his pants.

It was so wrong that he was accepting the situation, but the sight of Julie melting like butter in Violet's grasp was incredibly arousing, the mature woman under the spell of hands snaking to tender areas, clutching at her breasts, teasing the hardening nipples poking through the top. The juxtaposition of mature white skin and clear black porcelain was a thing of beauty, an art piece, blemished only by the liquid trickling from Julie's mouth as she salivated in Violet's embrace.

At this point John's attention was swept up by Samantha bringing herself closer. He could see the wetness of her lips, no longer an innocent girl but a powerful, demanding woman who knew exactly what she wanted.

"It's cute that you like each other. You can have her when Vi is done…. but always remember that I still own you," she said, smiling softly.

"Oh…..o-okay baby."

She found what she was looking for in John's mouth, her arms wrapping around him as she forced his lips aside and buried her tongue in his throat, shoving him against the desk with aggression as Julie let out a murmur next to them.

When Samantha's darting tongue snaked its way across his own, it was darkening every sense that wasn't taking in her body, not noticing the edge of the desk biting into his butt because her crotch was bullying his, not feeling the sweltering heat of the room because her minty breath was cooling on his lips, nor the ugly cries of Claire as she peaked again, spewing a flood of wet pussy juice down Tina's cock, which by now was so sopping wet that the fluids were dribbling down onto her bollocks, and down to the floor. John was too busy enjoying Samantha's sighs and giggles to notice, as she nipped at him between locking lips, tickling his neck with her nose.

"I love you daddy."

“Love you too,” he whispered.

Her face crept into a leer.

“But just so you know Daddy…. I’m going to fuck you so hard in front of her.”

She gestured at Julie who was being bent over the desk by Violet, coo-ing as she received rough spanks to both cheeks, before her yoga pants were roughly pulled down and removed, leaving her naked bottom in the same position as the semi-conscious Claire, who at this point was a drooling, dick-drunk mess.

"*Blughh-hn!... Glhuhhh-un!"*

Claire’s hair was everywhere, Tina having pulled it multiple times, her ass cheeks red where Tina kept punching forwards with her whole weight, clamping the woman beneath her to the desk with each unyielding, pitiless thrusts which left her seeing stars.

John whimpered as Samantha resumed kissing with a much more violent attitude, shoving her crotch fully into his overwhelmed manhood. Feeling that giant bulge butting his worthless cock was the most unmanning and exciting experience of his life, and he knew he was ready to be subsumed in her length and girth, given over to her.

“You ready?” she whispered.

“Yes Baby.”

Samantha gave a guttural moan of longing.

"*Mmmmmmm*….. Strip Daddy."

He wrestled with his trousers which fell away, his hands so sweaty it was tough to get rid of his shirt, until Samantha started helping, patting his hands away and unbuttoning the soft material, revealing his glistening white skin. When his hard on sprang clear of his boxers she bit her lip and rested the tip of her finger on his slit. The sensitivity brought a similar response to being touched by cold metal, and he shivered as she teased it.

“And… and you?” he asked, now ravenous to see her lithe body once more.

“Beg me,” she sang.

His cock jumped.

“Please baby, please get naked for Daddy.”

She drew her tongue across her teeth and tittered.

“No Daddy… I think I’ll fuck you with my clothes on.”

The power imbalance just made him want her more, her tool now distending her panties as John sat butt-naked on the desk, his cock milking pre-cum as he waited for a scantily clad, smug Samantha to pop his anal cherry.

When she directed him onto his belly he looked over just in time to see Julie, already in that position as Violet unwrapping a hideously large, black cock.

His eyes drank it in, ogling the ebony monster, a taut vessel, and probably around eleven inches, with big, masculine plums swaying behind it.

It was an utter destroyer, and John had one last, mournful gaze at Julie’s vagina which would never be the same after even half of that thing was squeezed inside.

The time came, and Julie blurted out a cry of fear as she felt the head being slowly entered by Violet, clinging to the younger woman’s hands as her face was pressed against the desk. Julie’s eyes became lidded, much quieter than Claire, and seeing her wrestling with the glorious violation of her pussy was bringing him to another world of arousal as she gave a tiny whine, a suggestion of intense pleasure and pain, most likely both as Violet’s weapon (the biggest of the three girls by far) gradually widened Julie’s entrance farther than it had ever gone before.

The beleaguered woman’s lips pressed tighter together, trying to stifle the screams that desperately wanted to escape as Violet

shouldered her way in, and she couldn't help a whimper, hands tightening so hard on Violet's that it seemed like she was trying to cut off the girl's circulation.

Then the fucking began.

John and Samantha paused, and even Tina slowed her brutal dissection of Claire to observe Julie begin to take a pounding she would never forget, that great black whale hilting in her depths as she moaned, deep bellows brought out from the bottom of her lungs as Violet began to breed her.

"OhhHHHHhhH GOD V-V-VIIIIHHH!"

Her legs shuddered with nowhere to go, a cock far too big for her body now railing her as she was near lifted off her feet by the black python punishing her quivering snatch. Litres of lubricant would have been needed to take such a piece of heavy machinery, and Julie's body was thankfully more than up to the task, flooding Violet's cock with an intoxicating palate of warm juices that had Violet humming as she felt the spasms of Julie's entrance, indicating the first in a string of powerful orgasms.

"*G-UHGH VI-VI-VAIIIIIII!*"

Violet didn't let up, pounding home her advantage with claw like hands attached to Julie's body so there was no way of her avoiding her full due of cock-meat, a savage attack on her lower half that had the woman's head scrambling for answers as her body was flooded with wave after wave of pleasure-filled hormones.

Violet was not so much trying to make babies with Julie as violate her, staunch and uncompromising, her glasses still on which made her look incredibly nerdy for someone packing a stallion's cock into poor Miss Leinsure's oscillating body.

John started to see the signs of Julie shaping her hips to receive Violet even deeper, and his hand diverted to his groin as she let loose a high-pitched squeal, and Violet's balls were once more flooded with love juice.

The young woman seemed spurred by her quarry's reactions, shoving herself a little more fiercely into her previously intimidating teacher's quaking body, and before long she was unable to hold in her desire and let out a deep belly groan as Julie's insides were invaded.

Violet began to heave, her bludgeoning strokes becoming haphazard and arhythmic, and she whipped herself out of Julie in one motion, who groaned as her entrance tried to suck her back in, the young girl grabbing the older woman and manhandling her to the floor to kneel under her throbbing girl-cock.

"*Hnnn."*

Violet's exclamation was as if someone had given her a gentle kiss on the cheek, but an ocean of white liquid sprayed from the tip of her cock, jerking like a gear lever as it began to hose Miss Leinsure down, covering her in the smelly juices.

"UGHHPHPGH, FUHGPUCK!"

Julie cried out as ten tons of steaming hot jizz belted her in the face, subsuming her in Violet's healthy young seed.

It went everywhere, in her mouth, her eyes, her hair, and when the flood subsided, a sopping wet cum-statue was kneeling where her teacher had been moments earlier.

"Pblhfughhh," moaned Julie, touching her face and feeling the deep layer of donut icing that had been glued there.

The smell hit John's nostrils and he breathed in deeply, allowing that strong, tangy scent of virility to play with his senses, a heady mix that left him woozy and gagging for Samantha to do the same to him.

Julie had no time to take it in however, as already she was being lifted onto her feet, and shoved back across the desk.

"BVHVIOLET, *PHGGHH, PHGah-!*"

Splooge flew out of her mouth as Violet slammed back inside her and continued exactly where she'd left off, except with Julie looking much

the worse for wear as she now took Violet's cock with an air of demented enjoyment, giving into the mind-bending orgasms being so easily offered.

Violet's blink-less stare grew an appropriately odd smile to go with it, almost maniacal in nature as she debased the woman in front of her, and John's cock throbbed against the table as he watched Julie and Claire thrashing in states of carnal depravity, preparing to join them.

Then Samantha was directing him with light touches, his thighs widened, and he felt the air tickle the edge of his rim as his butt cheeks were caressed and pulled wide.

"Oh, so cute!" said Samantha, cooing over his pink flower as she teased it with her finger.

John had a painful moment of clarity as cool liquid began flooding his hole.

Samantha had an upturned container of lube aimed directly at his asscrack and was emptying it all over his backside. He looked back at her, bulge tenting out under the skirt, midnight black hair played over her shoulders, arms so gentle they deserved to be caressed, even as they eagerly fingered globs of slippery liquid into John's body.

His asshole was exposed, waiting to be penetrated. This was happening.

"....gonna fuck you so deep…" she muttered, entranced with John's now-shining ass, to the point where she continued rubbing lube over it even though it already felt like he'd sat in a swamp.

It took an odd cough from him to wake her from her stupor, and she blinked for a second before smiling apologetically.

"S-sorry Daddy…. I just like you… so gorgeous…"

Then she was pressing a hand on his lower back, steadying herself, and John couldn't see it but he knew what was happening by the

little gruff sigh she made, as her womanhood was released from its lace prison.

SPLAT

A wet log sank into the crevasse of his butt-cheeks, riding so deep that it felt like Samantha was trying to enter his asshole sideways.

"OOF!"

"Yeah, fucking take it Daddy," she tittered, humping her crotch up and down his backside in a formidable wedgie that had Mr Moran thinking back to his own school days, when he had first experienced what it was like to be bullied. It hurt that at his age he was now reliving the experience with far dirtier consequences. A few thumping spanks came down on his buttocks with such venom that tears started to form in his eyes as she made his cheeks wobble like mounds of jelly.

The thin arms no longer seemed gentle at all as she administered a few more swipes that left red marks up and down his rear end, and when she was finished John was snivelling.

"Don't you ever say no to me Daddy," she said in a low voice, one which pushed fear through to his heart, and then it happened.

The cock.

Started.

Pushing.

"HOOOOOOOFF!"

Like an eel trying to fit into a thimble, Samantha's bulging head was slipping and sliding playfully across his hole under the copious amounts of lube on both objects, and it was strangely erotic having her giant cock playing with his asshole, like a game of up-close-and-personal tag.

"Ooh come on Daddy, stop teasing meeee!" she moaned, purposely wedgie-ing him again.

John’s entire body became dick-centric; the only object that mattered was the one behind him, and he didn’t know whether to look at it, intimidating as it was, or look away and be frightened by not knowing where it would go next.

Then the head found its mark, and John crumpled in pain.

The experience of having his asshole widened was unpleasant to say the least, and the only thing stopping him from squealing like a stuck pig was Samantha’s hands on his hips, caressing, encouraging as the bulging head plugged his butt like an oversized cork in a bottle.

“Breathe Daddy,” Samantha said sharply, and John began huffing, taking big gulps of air as he tried to deal with the pulsing bulbous invader sitting in him.

Then the mushroomed cork slid further inside, the feeling continuing far deeper than he had hoped as John finally realised how far she was going to punish his insides, hugging the desk for dear life as she sank inches and inches into him.

By the time their hips met they were both shaking, eyes closed and huffing, the girth pressed into John’s anal wall, expanding it from its safety.

"Ooooo Daddy, so *tight*!" Samantha hissed between gritted teeth, and her hands tightened on his hips as she began the slowest of rhythms, barely moving her cock out, then back in.

John’s vision went blurry as something quite sensational passed through him, emanating from Samantha’s cock.

"Ooomph!… *What… h-oh*…."

"*Yeeah*…" she uttered, her voice almost zombified.

"Baby, *baby*…" he huffed, feeling Samantha’s fingernails digging into his sides as her heartbeat thrummed through the conducting rod inside him. Sex had never felt like this before.

"*Yeah*,“ she moaned, ”*Yeah*."

It was so slow, so gentle, that he could feel his heart being enclosed by Samantha's tender strokes.

Then she long dicked him.

The thrust was so violent and unexpected that John's whole body spasmed and his legs gave way, grabbing the desk with Samantha's cock pinning him against it.

"BABBBBYYY!" he squawked, and Samantha's laugh was so delicate he could have gone to sleep to it, even as she gave him another crushing cock-pound that would have sent him into the blackboard if he had not been wedged against the desk.

It was like someone was trying to kick his back door in, pain striking him even as the pleasure noticeable increased.

Then Samantha began to fuck him, hard.

Suddenly the hands and legs that seemed so dainty, so harmless, were thrashing John's asshole with a fury that had always lingered under the surface, but never quite come to the fore in this way, with so little held back.

"OOOF BABBBYYY-*uh*-Y-*uh*-Y-*uh*-Y!!!!!"

Her cock began to melt him, a prostate-pounding for the ages, ensuring there would be no doubts that this was a thoroughly butt-fucked man as she railed her teacher with wealthy, pounding strokes with no end, a chorus of wet hip slaps echoing through the room to join the other teachers in their own sweaty escapades.

THWAP *THWAP* *THWAP-THWAP-THWAP*

"*Fucking love you bitch!*" she grunted, as a particularly deep thrust drew out a spectacular moan from between John's saliva-drenched lips, tongue lolling.

"*HUUUHNNNNnN!..*"

"*Take my love, take it Daddy, UHN! You fucking whore!*"

His body jerked from the odious pounding, the first time John's prostate had ever been touched, his brain drowning in the waterfall of sensations which were flooding every nerve ending in his body, his heart struggling to keep up with the pleasure as he shook from head to toe.

Samantha was moaning, reeling from the feeling of finally being inside her beloved, getting to see him break under her whims, crushed by the pleasure meted out by her monster-cock.

"Sam…*mannnntha-HU!-UH!-UHN*!"

Her voice hissed in his ear as she leant over him, and John felt her body envelope him, putting one hand on his mouth and feeding him her fingers as she fucked him.

"*MMMMmmmm!"*

"*I LOVE YOU DADDY."*

Her voice was edging feverishly towards madness, and she didn't let up her sharp hip-snaps, impaling him and occasionally machine-gunning a few blows to his gut that left him taut like a bowstring.

"*Ohhhh yes, you're mine now!!"*

As she gyrated on top of him, John turned his head to the right, just about registering Julie whose forehead was covered in sweat, her body oscillating hard against the desk but gazing wide-eyed at him as Samantha hilted herself again, sending another lance of pleasure up his spine.

A scream came from the other side of Julie, and John glimpsed a flash of blue hair between Tina's fist as she drove herself wildly into Claire, who was making the hardwood desk judder each time her thighs were slammed into it.

"AHHAIIIIII! *AH! AH! AH!"*

Claire was being broken, a piece of sobbing, slobbering, slutty meat as Tina caved in her insides, bringing the house down as Claire took every bit of pleasure-giving spite that the girl could muster.

“You’re fucking mine now,” grunted Tina hoarsely as the desk was shifted forwards, all three teachers bellowing in a chorus of slutty cries.

“HUUHNN”

"*Gaaah!"*

"*OooOHNN."*

They moaned as the cocks all bottomed out inside them, and the three girls fucking them shared a moment of smugness as they demolished their supposedly superior elders, three girls lined up their cock-sluts.

“Take it!”

"*Fuck Daddy."*

“UHHGNN!”

SCHLLLICK

THWAP

“Babyyy, Ohhhh God!”

Through the haze of Samantha’s energetic pumping, John felt a vice-like grip on his wrist, Julie having grabbed it as she moaned in delight, which fuelled his ecstasy, anus clamping tight around Samantha’s girth.

Samantha slowed as John’s hand snaked into Julie’s, and they tightened to the point of being fused together, feeling each other’s ecstasy.

A weird look crossed her face.

“Go on Daddy… Kiss her.”

John looked backwards in surprise as Samantha removed her fingers and leant back, moving him to his right, onto his side so he was pressed up against his colleague.

“I said, kiss her,” she snarled, with a malicious grin, and she pushed him into Julie’s dick-drunk, cum-ridden face. He then realised she was eyeing him with a doting, dazed look, waiting to be kissed.

When he pressed his face into hers, their lips were sloppy and mis-aimed, because Julie was still in the throes of her orgasm and not operating properly, and John found himself getting hard again as he felt her tongue connect weakly with his, spewing some of Violet’s cum into his mouth.

He sucked the bitter nectar down, moaning into her, and as Julie became more compos mentis, she became more animated, until they were both clinging to each other, eagerly sharing cum and licking each other’s faces clean of Violet’s salty batter.

“Beautiful, Daddy,” whispered Samantha, watching John debase himself on Julie’s broken form, the woman herself reeling from the combination of Violet’s girth inside her, and the warmth of John’s mouth.

Then Violet and Samantha pulled back and pounded their lights out again.

Both the middle-aged receivers clung to each other, screaming as their young wards delivered them to hell, hand wrapped in ecstasy as the young girls’ cocks overtook them.

It was an avalanche of rolling sensations emanating from below their waists, and Julie was the first to start truly cumming like a whore, grunting into John’s mouth as Violet rotated her dick inside, spraying her juices all over Violet’s crotch. John was close behind with a body-racking orgasm that left him moaning for dear life as Samantha rammed home her love, spanking him like a jockey on the last leg of the grand national as his seed spurted onto the desk between them.

“FFFUUCK!” roared Samantha as she buried herself in him and released everything, all her pent-up fury and hormones in one spewing orgasm that shot from her cock, filling John’s asshole like a water balloon.

The worrying feeling that he might pop under the pressure of jism inside him began to take hold, before it released in milliseconds as cum exploded out of his rear end, pumping from the rim of his

asshole, an incredible sensation as Samantha's own seed shot all over her lower half, drenching her legs in ball-cream.

"Shit," she moaned, "Shit, shit shit."

John hadn't seen it, but he could tell by the way Julie's eyes were up in her head that Violet was doing the same, and sure enough white cream exploded out of her a few seconds later, a backlog of sperm that ended up all over the floor in a disaster zone of pussy juice and testicle mayonnaise.

Dimly, John thought that whoever planned to clean this up would have to wear a hazmat suit.

Claire meanwhile almost had steam coming off of her back as Tina sheathed her pork-sword one final time inside, writhing as her womb was filled with burning, sticky seed.

SPLOOOSH

A third puddle of ejaculate joined the first two, leaving three utterly screwed individuals slumped over the desk, drenched inside and out in semen.

The sounds of jerked breathes and sighs were all that filled the by-now blazing room, almost at sauna levels of heat.

Tina was the first to move, sweat thick on her brow, a tired, satisfied smile on her face as she wiped her forehead.

"Damn…. Hot as fuck," she tittered, slapping the ass of Claire, who looked out of it, face-down on the tabletop. "Sammie, you might have put the heating on a little high…"

"Yeah… maybe," chuckled Samantha, rubbing John's butt-cheeks, before whipping it with an easy slap, jiggling his sticky buns.

Violet said nothing, instead bending over and pushing John aside to roughly make out with Julie, who whimpered excitedly.

"She's nice," said Samantha, stroking John's back as Violet mauled Julie's mouth.

“Y-yeah…” he whispered, unable to prise his gaze from the glorious sight of the young girl tonguing her beautiful, controlled woman like she needed her mouth to breath.

“You can keep her,” Samantha whispered… “But remember, when I call you… you’re mine.”

“Okay Baby,” he murmured happily, and their lips connected, a gentle kiss, before Samantha drew herself slowly out of him.

Her dong leaving his ass left him feeling disturbingly empty. It would take a while to adjust to the space left inside.

Violet stopped kissing Julie after a good minute or so.

“I still have one more hour.”

Julie’s face cringed, warring between willingness to do whatever Violet wanted her to do, and natural self-preservation. Samantha intervened with a knowing grin.

“Miss Leinsure, maybe you should move that extra hour’s detention to next week.”

Julie nodded weakly, and Violet growled at first, but looking once more at the delirious woman below her, seemed sated enough to pull her cock out with little to no decorum whatsoever.

Julie gripped the desk and shuddered as cum exploded everywhere from a creampie so inhumane that it seemed like Julie’s lower half had turned into a sperm factory as she remained sagged against the desk, leaking onto the floor whilst the girls tittered.

“Jesus Vi, maybe give her a hug or something,” chuckled Samantha.

“No.”

“Fair enough,” she shrugged, before brushing her finger across John’s lips.

“Love you Daddy.”

He smiled weakly at her as she turned, letting him peek at her rear end once more.

Tina laid a spank on the semi-conscious form of Claire before doing the same.

“See you soon whore.”

Claire leaked in response, although John was fairly sure that wasn’t intentional.

With that the three conquerors left the conquered lying in their juices, lower halves spattered in jizz, demeanours so relaxed it was as if they were readying for a nice stroll through the countryside.

The door closed, leaving the two teachers and the warden alone in the steaming hot classroom.

For a while nobody moved.

John finally, achingly, pushed himself upwards to sit on the wet surface of the desk.

He looked over and almost felt sorry for Claire as she remained slumped on it, lungs attempting to bring the brain back to reality with huge gulps of air, but no amount of oxygen could recover the total wasteland that was her soul and body as she let out a pathetic whine.

Julie was on her side, blinking herself awake from the sex-induced torpor and groaning as she managed to join John in righting herself at the second attempt.

Neither of them were able to walk particularly well, and they sat there in silence until Claire managed to pull herself together and drag her sweat-drenched frame off the desk. Her subsequent attempts to stagger out into the corridor were less successful as they tried to calm her whilst she tried and failed to pull herself up to her hands and knees.

After a lot of slurred arguing she finally admitted defeat and accepted their help, allowing them to put their arms under her

shoulders and half-carry her up to their rooms on the second floor.

The short trip was terrifying as they remained constantly on the lookout for any students, and barring one scare involving a boy dream-walking past them on his phone without a backwards glance, they remained anonymous.

John and Julie dropped Claire off in her room, hastily accepting her exhausted thank yous (and a rather squelchy hug which had Julie wincing), and finally reached the door of John's quarters, supporting each other on jittery feet that didn't seem to be entirely listening to what their brains had to say.

When they reached his bed, he let out a long sigh of relief and sat down on it, Julie joining him, looking strangely introspective.

She grabbed his hand.

"Let's go to sleep," she said, the possibility of a smile coming close to her face without ever fully realising itself.

John, through his tiredness, felt his heart clench and began rubbing her fingers, squeezing them, and as one they curled up onto the bed, in a spooning position with John's arms wrapped around her, and together, they passed out.

***

"Are they here yet?"

"No, for goodness' sake you know they are always late."

Julie humphed down the stairs, looking nervous, and John took one look at her and felt that same energy that always rifled through him upon seeing her ready for sex, lacy lingerie tight on her body, a suspender belt clipped to black stockings, hair wavy and loose.

"Love you."

She smiled.

"Love you too… but I hope you know I'll be screaming quite loud this time."

John shuffled from foot to foot, still not used to walking around his own house in just underwear.

“But what about the neighbours?”

She gave him a crooked smile.

“Well.. I did sneak in a question of when they would be on holiday…”

“And?”

“They left this morning.”

He couldn’t help chuckling.

“You naughty girl.”

She gave a sneaky smile and wrapped her arms around him, locking their lips, and for a moment they lost themselves.

“Hang on.. you’re wearing the ring?” he asked after withdrawing his lips.

He looked down at the engagement ring in surprise, as she avoided wearing jewellery wherever possible.

“Yes… I like to remind myself I’m engaged whilst she’s inside me,” she said with a devilish smile.

If anything John’s engorgement down below became even more pronounced, vehemently sticking through the front of his underwear as she teased his lips.

A motor stopping outside the house broke their concentration.

“I think that’s them!” whispered Julie excitedly, and she tip-toed to the window in her heels, peering between the curtains.

The look on her face told him everything he needed to know.

Three knocks hit the door, and John strode forward, the nerves rising in his chest, opening it a crack, and then fully, careful to keep himself out of view of the street as two young women stared at him, one wearing a leather jacket and her usual far-too short skirt, plus a

beaming smile, the other wearing a plain black dress with no expression whatsoever.

“Hi girls.”

“Daddy,” cooed Samantha, almost bouncing on her heels.

“John,” said Violet in a monotone voice.

They both walked through, and John barely had time to close the door before Violet was in Julie’s space, wrapping her up and apparently attempting to push her tongue all the way down to his Fiancée’s stomach.

Julie moaned as she was shoved to the floor, hands already sliding down to sneak under the girl’s skirt to where she knew would be that anaconda, waiting to find a home inside her.

Samantha giggled.

“Let’s go upstairs Daddy.”

He nodded and their hands intertwined, leaving the two figures struggling on the floor of the living room.

“Where’s Tina then?”

Samantha squeezed his hand as they began to ascend the stairs.

“Oh, she’s gone to visit Claire, but I think they’ll join us next time.”

She looked down at his boxers.

“I said naked daddy.”

“S-sorry Baby.”

He pulled them down and flung them aside, his manhood already rearing to go, giving her a pink-helmeted salute.

“Good.”

Together they padded to the bedroom.

“How’s university?”

She flung herself onto it the King-sized mattress where he and Julie usually slept, as innocent as could be in the centre of it, discarding her jacket and top.

“Oh, it’s great. I’ve met some friends, not the same as Violet and Tina, but they’re nice.”

Her shirt landed on the floor, revealing her open breasts, and the hardness of her nipples hinted at a slight chill, or intense arousal.

“When you say nice…”

“I mean, nice,” she said, with a genuine expression. “Although.. one of them is pretty tight.”

John chuckled, and then the temperature in the room began to rise as the first of Julie’s moans began to echo through the house, and Samantha licked her lips.

“But they’re just not the same as Daddy….”

John crawled onto the bed, coming to kiss her, before being shoved onto his back.

“I’m on top,” she snarled, her aggressiveness coming to the fore as she pushed his legs into a crunched position, his butthole open to the air.

“My beautiful Daddy,” she said, pecking him on the nose.

“Fuck me Baby,” he whispered.

Downstairs his Fiancée was beginning to scream, and the house was soon filled with huffing, grunting and banging as the couple were sodomized and pounded in their own home by their two favourite students.

Next door, The Bailishes, an old couple who unfortunately had to cancel their holiday due to flight delays, froze in their living room, white as sheets as the sounds of rutting and demented moaning sailed through the open window .

Their regret at having lost their week in Majorca increased significantly as a loud “FUCK ME!” made Mrs Bailish tremble.

Perhaps now was a good time visit the grandkids.