

FLUFFER IN TRAINING CH. 02

rm Dexter

Buxom Rachel's thoughts turn to her favorite teacher.

First Time

4.7

11.5k words

Rachel couldn't concentrate in school the next day. All she could think about was her new job. The money she'd be able to earn would make her life so much easier. She didn't want to have to go home to Nebraska, a failure with her tail tucked between her legs. The possibility of being able to stay in California was too enticing to pass up. She hoped that she'd be good at the job. She was a bit of a natural worrier, and wanted to make sure she did the best she could. Being fired would be worse than never taking the job in the first place. She was thrilled that Mr. Smithers had been so pleased with her oral talents during the interview. And she was also totally enraptured at how much she loved feeling those cocks get hard in her mouth.

Her last class finished at noon and she raced home, anxious to get back to the studio. She hoped she passed the medical exam okay, but she also took comfort in the fact that knowing they were doing that for all employees. She definitely didn't want to catch anything nasty.

She peeled out of her clothes and showered, her hands taking a little too long as they soaped up her heavy breasts. The nipples responded and it felt good. She closed her eyes, sliding her soapy hand down over her midsection and between her legs, picturing Steve and Mr. Smithers' cocks in her mouth, working on them until they filled her belly with hot creamy cum. She remembered the taste, and how exciting it made her when they went off, and she rubbed her stiff clit between her slippery fingers, leaning against the shower wall as she climaxed. She'd rubbed herself to three tingling climaxes after she'd gotten home the day before, but obviously it wasn't enough. Her whole body had seemed to come alive with need as soon as her lips closed around Steve's cock, a feeling of illicit desire overwhelming her. She couldn't wait for her first day of work.

She went to her dresser and looked at her clothes, remembering Mr. Smithers' suggestion of what he wanted her to wear. She chose her best bra. It was made of sleek white satin with delicate lace trim at the top edges of the bra cups. She slipped it on, adjusting her girls until they filled the big curving cups. The heavily-structured bra pushed her big tits together and up, creating a deep dark line of cleavage. The ample amount of soft tit-flesh threatening to spill over the jam-packed cups told her she definitely needed to go up a size. "If only I could resist that craving for chocolate," she said to herself, pulling on a pair of matching white satin panties, the French-cut leg openings fitting high on her broad hips. Surveying her wardrobe for the few things she thought would be appropriate, she selected a powder blue sleeveless turtleneck that she hadn't worn in a while, but she knew the stretchy fabric would emphasize her buxom figure, just like Mr. Smithers suggested. Pulling on the sweater, she felt it stretch over her round tits, the vertical ribs of the fabric flowing in and out sideways as the material molded itself to the lush contours of her voluminous breasts.

"Oh my, this top is getting too small as well," she muttered to herself as she looked at the fabric, stretched tight as a drum over her generous bust. "It's going to have to do. I'll definitely have to do some shopping once I get my first pay check." She shimmied into a pair of faded jeans, wriggling her hips as she pulled them over her wide hips and big curvy bum. She pulled on a pair of short boots with a Cuban heel that were comfortable, and still looked great. A glance in the mirror was

enough to let her know a jacket would be needed. With the way her tits were on the verge of bursting through the tightly-stretched material of her sweater, the last thing she needed was to get arrested for public obscenity. She was almost out the door before she remembered to grab some hairbands, remembering what Mr. Smithers had said about his fluffers keeping their hair away from their mouths while they worked. She stuffed a couple into her purse and headed out, anxious to get to the studio.

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"Hey, little lady," Rachel heard as the bus doors opened and she stepped inside. Looking up, Rachel spotted the smiling face of the bus driver she'd had the day before.

"Hi," she replied with a smile as he nodded to the seat just inside the door across from him. She paid her fare and sat down in the very front seat he'd indicated. As she took her seat, she noticed the way his eyes gravitated to her chest.

"Well, how did the interview go? Did you get the job?" he asked, pulling back into traffic.

"Yes, I did. Thank you for asking, and for making sure I got there on time yesterday. I know you were driving pretty fast there at the end."

"Ah, forget it. I'm willing to do anything I can to help. I know how tough it is for a young person nowadays to make ends meet." His gaze flicked over as he gave her a smile and a wink, his eyes dropping to her tits for a second before he turned back to the road.

"You're right about that. I really needed the job. I appreciate what you did. I didn't realize how long it would take to get there."

"So are you going to be one of their new starlets?" he asked, glancing over and blatantly looking her up and down.

"Uh, no. I'm not going to be in any of their movies. I'll be working as a production assistant behind the scenes."

The bus driver paused as his eyes flicked over to her, his gaze temporarily resting on her full round tits. "I'm surprised. A pretty girl like you, I would have thought they'd make you a star in no time."

Rachel felt herself blushing, never having considered herself to be all that pretty. She was always conscious of her buxom figure, and figured being slightly plump was a turnoff for most men, especially here in California where skinny women seemed to reign supreme. "That's so nice of you to say that, but I'm really happy to just get the job."

"So what exactly does a production assistant do for a company like Starlite Films?"

Rachel was unsure of how to answer, but decided being fairly honest was the best way to go. She didn't need to be explicit when it came to stating that her main duty would be sucking cock. "You basically help the director out by making sure things are ready for every scene, making sure the actors have everything they need to look and do their best onscreen."

He moved his eyes from the road to look over at her, this time his gaze immediately focusing on her lush pouty lips. He looked at her mouth for what seemed like a long time until, finally, he lifted his eyes to hers and nodded slowly, a wry grin on his face as he pulled the bus over towards the

next stop. "Yes, I can see why you got that job. You look like someone who's willing to be helpful when people are having a difficult time rising to the occasion. Do you think it will be a hard job?"

Rachel gasped as she listened to his question, his eyes looking back at her mouth for a second before concentrating on the road. She was saved as two Latino women boarded the bus and sat right next to her, chattering away like magpies. The bus driver simply grinned and turned away, focusing his attention on the road as he pulled back into traffic.

Rachel's stop was just a short distance away and, as she exited, the bus driver looked over and smiled. "Good luck. I hope to see you again." Once more, his gaze lingered a long time on her prominent chest. Rachel found the attention exciting, especially since it came from a grown man. Back in Nebraska, she was used to goofy high school boys staring at her tits, but this...this was something different coming from a grown man in California. She was used to grown men looking at her curvy plump figure, but the only other grown man who had complimented her like that had been her Film and Communications teacher in high school, Mr. Dexter.

Rachel thought back on that final semester, and Mr. Dexter. He'd been her favorite teacher, always giving her a warm comforting smile when she entered his room. Mr. Dexter was an attractive man in his late 40's, with wavy hair with more than just a touch of gray. He was of average height and build, with rugged features and skin that looked permanently tanned and weathered. This was only his second year at the school. He'd come to Nebraska when his wife had contracted leukemia, and when things got worse, she'd wanted to come home to be near her family. The school was thrilled to have someone with his background in screenwriting. Unfortunately for Mrs. Dexter, the change in location didn't halt her illness. She rapidly deteriorated and passed away almost a year ago, but Mr. Dexter had stayed on, liking the tranquil lifestyle that Nebraska had to offer.

Rachel was aware of Mrs. Dexter's demise, and her heart went out to the man who had always smiled kindly to her, even if she hadn't had him as a teacher until this year. The pleasant smile that adorned his face greeted Rachel on her first day of film class and, without hesitation, she took a seat in the front row, just off to the side from Mr. Dexter's own desk. She cherished her time in his film course, listening rapturously as he expounded on the world of film and the possibilities the medium offered in this day and age. His class was the last of the day, and she was surprised when after the first week of classes, he spoke to her as the bell rang.

"Oh Rachel, would you mind staying behind for a few minutes?"

"Uh, sure, Mr. Dexter," she replied and, as a student always thinks in these situations, wondered if she was in trouble for some reason.

Once the last student had filed out, Mr. Dexter went to the classroom door and closed it, pulling down the dark shade over the window in the door, common procedure when they were watching films. Rachel was surprised when she thought she heard the lock on the door being flicked closed.

"Thanks for staying, Rachel," Mr. Dexter said as he ambled back and perched on the front corner of his desk, one foot on the floor with the other dangling in front. He was wearing a soft blue shirt and tan khakis, which Rachel thought looked good on him. He leaned forward slightly, resting his hands on his thighs as he spoke to her. "I just wanted to tell you how much I'm enjoying having you in class. I can see how interested you are in the course, and it's a nice change to have students showing a genuine interest, rather than just putting in the time to get the credit."

His kind words instantly put Rachel at ease. "Thanks, Mr. Dexter. I'm loving the class so far, and I can only see it getting better. I actually hope to pursue a career in film—that's been my goal for a

couple of years now."

"That's good, although I think you know the opportunities here in Nebraska aren't that great."

"I know," Rachel replied, nodding sadly. "I was hoping to possibly go to college in California once I graduate."

Mr. Dexter nodded, his eyes roaming over Rachel's curvy body. She'd gotten a new outfit on the weekend, and with this being Monday, she'd worn it right away. She'd been looking through one of her teen fashion magazines, and although she'd turned 18, she still loved to look at the styles. Most were for girls not as plump and voluptuous as her, but she perused the magazines from cover to cover just the same. One outfit caught her eye, which was labelled as the 'Hot School Girl Look'. The outfit consisted of a plaid kilt that ended around mid-thigh on the slim young model, with a crisp white shirt accessorised with a slim black neck-tie loosely knotted. White knee socks and shiny black Mary Jane shoes with a bit of heel completed the outfit. The shoes had a higher heel and pointier toe than typical Mary Janes. The model in the picture was giving the camera a smoldering look and knowing smile that made her look both fun and teasingly sexy. Rachel loved the outfit the minute she'd laid eyes on it.

Having checked the balance in her bank account, Rachel had gone to the mall and found all the items necessary for the outfit. Trying on the pleated red and black kilt, she noticed that with her big curvy bum and full thighs, it ended up with the hem of the skirt rising much higher on her legs than she anticipated. She tried on a bigger size, but it didn't fit right around her waist, so she went back to the original one, hoping the shortness of the skirt wouldn't take away from the look she wanted. The brilliant white blouse fit snugly over her sizable breasts, with little pulled gaps between the buttons when she breathed deep. But again, going one size up looked too sloppy, so she stuck with the one that was just a little too small. The shoes felt good when she tried them on in the store with her jeans on, but the slight high heel was even more than she was used to. When she tried the whole outfit on at home with the knee socks and the tie, she saw how perfect the shoes were with everything else, the higher, yet solid heel, giving the outfit the sexy look that had caught her eye in the magazine.

After parading back and forth in front of the mirror and feeling good about how the outfit seemed to work on her plump curvy figure, she'd worn it that first day back at school after the weekend. She'd had a few smiles and appraising looks from the usual goofy boys, a couple she noticed who'd elbowed their friends in the side and nodded in her direction. But now Mr. Dexter was looking at her, looking her up and down, and the appreciative look in his eyes made her feel good, made her feel special.

"Well, California's definitely the place to be," he said. "You know, I've still got some connections there. If things go well for you this term, I'm sure it wouldn't hurt if I was to write you a letter of reference for your college application. And then, if things work out with college, I have some names of people in the business I could put you in touch with."

"Really, you'd do that for me, Mr. Dexter?" Rachel asked, beaming inside. She sat forward, her heart pounding with excitement.

"I'd be happy to," he said, his eyes dropping down to her sumptuous chest, her massive tits straining at the tight white blouse as she smiled from ear to ear. He'd been taken by Rachel since the first time he'd spotted her in the hallways at the school. Her plump curvy body was so different from most of the young girls, and it caught his eye every time he saw her. Those huge tits, big

round bum and full thighs never ceased to hit him right in the groin. And that pretty face of hers was absolutely gorgeous. Her jet black hair framed her pretty features attractively, the round face made even more alluring by just about the most beautiful mouth he'd even seen. Her lips were deliciously pouty and plump, just like the rest of her. Her mouth was wide and full, a mouth made for sucking cock, as far as he was concerned. He'd noticed right away how much she resembled the younger version of Monica Lewinsky, who he'd always found attractive, knowing the scandal Ms. Lewinsky had been involved in and envious of the man who'd parted those gorgeous cocksucking lips, apparently again and again.

Whenever he looked at Rachel and that perfect mouth of hers, thoughts of doing the same to her, and staining her dress, just like Ms. Lewinsky, rapidly came to mind. With his wife's illness leaving her bedridden, he'd taken to relieving himself in front of his computer in the spare bedroom. He'd often look at pictures of Ms. Lewinsky and compare her to Rachel, picturing what he'd like to do to either one of them. He'd looked up Rachel's Facebook page, which the young girl had left unblocked. He printed off some pictures of her, and had laminated them for his own personal use. It never took long when he stroked his sizable cock for him to pump out a big load, usually all over Rachel's pretty face, using his fingers afterwards to push the milky cum across the plastic surface towards her full beckoning mouth.

Yes, he'd thought about Rachel a lot, and now she was in his class. He found it difficult each day to stop his eager dick from springing a boner, especially when she'd chosen to plunk her curvy buxom body in the seat right in the front row of his class. If only she'd chosen the one right in front of his desk, that would have been perfect. And today—fuck—today she'd worn a sexy schoolgirl outfit that sent a jolt right to his midsection, just like he'd been tattooed with a cattle prod. He'd had to spend most of the class lecturing while seated at his desk, his cock like an iron bar in his pants as he looked at the girl, her full creamy thighs on display right there in the front row, not to mention those huge plump tits that seemed to be threatening to pop right out of her tight white shirt. Fuck, she looked incredible, and as he set the class some work to do in order to free up his own time, his wicked mind started whirling, coming up with an idea that he was now hopefully putting into effect. Rachel was very sweet, and yet incredibly naïve, which he hoped would allow things to work out perfectly for him, just as they had for that president.

"Rachel, I think you've got a great future ahead of you in the film industry, and I'm sure if you put your mind to it, a pretty girl like you could do anything she wishes."

"Well, thank you, Mr. Dexter," Rachel replied, feeling herself flushing at the thought of a grown man like her teacher calling her 'pretty'. "You...you really think I'm pretty?"

"I think you're very pretty, Rachel." Mr. Dexter paused, and then winked conspiratorially at the young girl. "You know, being your teacher, I shouldn't be saying things like that, but since it's just you and me here, I have to let you know I think you are one of the most beautiful young women I've ever seen." He paused again, this time wagging his finger back and forth in front of his face. "But please, don't tell anyone I said that, I'd probably get in trouble for speaking to a student that way."

"Oh no, Mr. Dexter, I'd never say anything," Rachel burst out. "You're my favourite teacher, and I'd never want you to get into trouble."

"Thanks, Rachel, that's nice to hear. I think it's nice that the two of us can talk like this, don't you?"

"Yes, I think it's very nice." Rachel was beaming inside, enjoying the personal attention the teacher was giving her.

"You know, Rachel, every day when you come to class, it makes my own day better just to see you here. But I have to admit, what you're wearing today is very special. Is that a new outfit?"

"Yes, it is," Rachel replied, her hand automatically going to her throat, her fingers touching the knot of her loosely-tied tie. "I saw pictures of it on a model in a magazine, but I didn't know how it would look on me. Do you think it looks okay?"

"It looks better than okay," Mr. Dexter said, his eyes now roaming freely up and down over her buxom form. "I have to tell you, it looks amazing on you."

"I was kind of worried, because the girl in the magazine was...well...let's just say she was built a lot different than me."

"If she was a model, I assume you mean she was skinny?" Mr. Dexter's eyebrows arched up as he gave Rachel a warm smile, which comforted the young girl.

"Yes. I'm a little more...uh..."

"Curvy?"

"I guess that would be one word for it. I have to admit to having sweet tooth. I don't think I'll ever have the willpower to be able to look like one of those girls in those fashion magazines."

"Don't ever worry about that, Rachel. You look perfect, just the way you are. I don't think you should change a thing." Mr. Dexter gestured with his hand up and down the full length of her plump curvy body.

"Thank you, Mr. Dexter. That's so nice to hear. I was worried that for this outfit, I'd look too..." Rachel reached inside and summoned up the courage to actually say what she was thinking, "that I'd look too fat."

"Oh dear, Rachel, don't ever think of yourself as fat. You have an absolutely incredible body. Yes, you are curvy and voluptuous, but men love that. Trust me, you are gorgeous. And in that outfit, you look absolutely stunning."

Rachel felt herself blushing even more under the kind words of her teacher. "You think this outfit looks that good? I wasn't sure I'd be able to carry it off. I'm not really used to walking in shoes like these." She nodded down as she turned her foot sideways, showing off the heel that had her standing taller than she was used to.

"I think those shoes look perfect. I thought you walked just fine when you came into my classroom." Mr. Dexter paused as he gestured to the clear space on the floor beside his desk. "Why don't you walk to the other side of the room and back again so I can see how you do in those shoes?"

"Okay, I can use the practice," Rachel said, sliding her buxom form out of the chair and walking towards one of the side walls. She concentrated on walking gracefully, placing one foot in front of the other, like she'd seen models walk on the catwalk.

Fuck me, Mr. Dexter said to himself as the plump young girl walked away from him, the back of her kilt swaying seductively as her big curvy bum moved from side to side, the creamy smooth skin on

the backs of her thighs drawing his gaze like a magnet. He was glad his classroom was on the second floor of the school with the windows overlooking the sports field below, giving them total privacy. He definitely didn't want anyone inadvertently observing what was going on in his classroom.

Rachel reached the wall and turned slowly, making sure of her footing. She then walked back, making sure to keep her head held high, moving one foot gracefully in front of the other, just like the models she'd seen.

Oh sweet Jesus, Mr. Dexter thought as his eyes focussed on those huge tits, shifting seductively as she moved. His eyes were drawn down to her legs again, the short kilt hitting her high on those full lush thighs, making his mouth water. All of this at the same time she had an innocent—yet wickedly alluring—smile on that gorgeous young face of hers. He felt his prick start to stiffen, the tube of flesh filling and extending down the leg of his khakis as he sat on the edge of his desk and stared at her, totally awestruck.

"Mr. Dexter, are you okay?" Rachel asked with concern, seeing a different look on her teacher's face than she'd ever seen before.

"Yes, Rachel," Mr. Dexter said, breaking out of the trance the young girl had put him in simply by walking back and forth across the room. He knew that now was the crucial moment to put his plan into effect. Would the naïve young girl go for it, or would he end up going home and jacking off a night's worth of loads thinking what might have been? He hung his head, his face shrouded with sadness. "I'm sorry, Rachel. It's just that you're such a beautiful young woman, and things have never been the same with me since...since Mrs. Dexter passed away." He dropped his hands over his lap, hiding his stiff cock as he sighed loudly and hung his head...waiting.

"Oh Mr. Dexter, I'm so sorry about everything that's happened to you," Rachel said, standing right in front of him. He flicked his eyes up just slightly, the impressive shelf of her round heavy tits just inches away. "It must be so hard for you now."

Was it ever hard, he thought to himself, the back of his hand resting against the steely bar beneath his pant leg. "Rachel, I'm sorry for acting this way, but it's just that I...I miss Mrs. Dexter so much...I...shouldn't..." He stood in front of his desk and turned away, dropping his head. Not only was he hoping to appeal to the young girl's kind and sympathetic nature, but it helped to hide the stiff protrusion running down his pant leg.

"Mr. Dexter, please don't feel like that," Rachel said. She stepped past him and threw her arms around his shoulders, hugging him. "It'll be all right."

It feels all right, that's for sure, he said to himself, feeling the warmth of her full breasts pressing against him. He reached forward and slid his arms around her, returning her hug, but being careful to keep the stiff bar of flesh inside his pants from pressing against her. "That's so kind of you, Rachel. I just miss her so much."

"I know, I know," the young girl said soothingly, her hands rubbing in slow circles over his shoulder blades. "If there's anything I can do to help, just let me know."

Those were the words he was waiting for. Now to see if she'd go along with his plan. "Rachel, that's so sweet of you. There is one thing," he said as she pulled back slightly from the hug, her face flushed. "Just a couple of minutes ago we talked about how we shouldn't be talking about some

things between a teacher and their student—like how beautiful you are and how gorgeous you look in that outfit. Remember when you said that was okay, and we'd just keep it between ourselves?"

"Yes."

"Well, since we're talking freely between the two of us, and the special relationship the two of us can have together, I think there's something personal I can say to you, and trust that you'll keep it between you and me. Can I...can I do that, Rachel? Can I trust you like that?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Dexter," Rachel responded instantly, her heart going out to the man.

"Rachel, I think you know that a man has needs, and things haven't been the same since Mrs. Dexter passed, of course. And seeing you in class since the start of the term has brought back some of those feelings, and then seeing how grown up and sexy you look in that outfit today...I...I can't help what I'm feeling."

Rachel felt overwhelmed by what Mr. Dexter said, but she felt a tingling of excitement at the same time. He'd just said she looked 'sexy' in her new outfit, and it made him think of the way things had been with his wife, and he'd talked about his needs. Rachel knew what he meant, but she was unsure of what to say or do. "I...I...," she muttered.

He took a step back. "This is what you do to me, Rachel," he said, nodding downwards.

Rachel's eyes followed his until they alighted on his midsection, where her gaze zeroed in on a large cylindrical bulge running down the inside of one pant leg. "Oh my," she gasped, her hand covering her mouth as she continued to look at the throbbing protrusion, the engorged crown seeming to throb with each beat of his pulsing heart. "I...I did that?"

"Yes, Rachel. You are so beautiful, I couldn't help what was happening inside me. It's been so long since I...since I..."

Rachel had looked back into his sad eyes, filled with grief, but the size of his erection drew her gaze like a magnet. She felt mesmerized, his swollen cock drawing her eyes like a hypnotist's watch. She looked at it hungrily, and for some reason, felt her mouth start to water as a nagging itch started deep inside her pussy. "I understand. What do you want me to do?"

Now that was exactly the next thing he'd hoped she'd say. "Rachel, I think you understand how inappropriate it would be for a teacher and his student to have actual sexual relations, but I think there is something else that you could do to help me out." He let his words hang there, seeing what she'd say. At the same time, he flexed his stomach muscles slightly, feeling his turgid prick lift and press against the taut material of his pants.

Oh my, Rachel thought to herself as she looked at the front of his pants, the enormous cock trying to free itself from the confining material restricting it. It was so big. Bigger than the couple of boys she'd had sex with this year. But Mr. Dexter was a man—a real man—not a boy. She found herself longing to reach out and touch it, to feel that stiffness beneath her fingers, to feel the heat she knew would warm her hands like nothing else. "What...what would you like me to do?"

There now, that's the perfect response, he thought. "I think it would be okay if maybe you were to start by taking it out and stroking it. Even though we wouldn't really be having sexual relations by doing that—which we both know would be wrong—I'm sure it would give me some relief. Why don't you start by getting down on your knees and taking my pants off?"

"Okay," Rachel said, stepping forward as if in a trance, and then dropping to her knees right in front of him. Her eyes were focussed on the massive bulge down his pant leg as she started to undo his belt. Once she had that open, she undid the button and then drew down his zipper.

Mr. Dexter could hear her breathing raggedly as she unzipped his pants. He looked down at the girl's chest, seeing those massive swells heaving with excitement as she grabbed the waistband of his pants and boxers at the same time. He shifted slightly as she pulled downwards, the pants clearing his hips and tumbling to the floor. Once it cleared the elasticized waistband, his stiff prick lurched upwards, almost hitting her in the face as it pointed skywards.

"Oh my God," Rachel muttered, her eyes staring intently at the throbbing prick mere inches in front of her, the veiny cylinder of flesh pulsing and stiffening even more right before her eyes. The circumcised head was huge, engorged to a dark crimson with a thick rope-like corona separating the enflamed crown from the stiff projecting shaft, the protruding veins running upwards feeding blood to the throbbing cockhead.

Mr. Dexter looked down, seeing the wanton look of desire in the young girl's eyes as she stared at his erection, her eyes glassy and unmoving. He knew his cock was bigger than normal, having heard his wife complain numerous times about the pain it had caused when he fucked her, or how it had stretched her lips almost to the tearing point when he'd asked her to suck him off. But Rachel, Rachel had a fuller mouth. Wider, bigger, with the sweetest set of soft pillowy cocksucking lips he'd ever seen. He knew his big cock and her full sexy teenage mouth were just made for each other.

"It won't hurt you, Rachel," he said in a warm lulling voice. "Why don't you just wrap your hand around it to start?"

Mesmerized by the throbbing erection just inches away, Rachel slowly reached forward as if in a trance, her fingers reaching out to circle the broad girth of the trunk-like shaft just above the base. "Aaahh..." She let out a soft gasp as her fingers closed down on the rigid cock, her hand wrapping around the velvety-soft, yet incredibly hard, shaft. She couldn't believe that something could be so powerfully hard, and yet so luxuriously soft at the same time. And the heat of it. It was so hot against the soft young skin of her hand that she felt like she was gripping a branding iron. And yet it felt so good...so deliciously, wickedly good in her hand. She noticed her fingertips didn't come close to touching the base of her palm—his cock was that big.

"That feels so good, Rachel," Mr. Dexter continued, a soft lulling tone to his voice. "Why don't you try stroking it a little bit?"

With her eyes glued to his rigid member, Rachel could only nod. She moved her hand upwards, feeling the loose outer sheath slide smoothly over the stiff rigidity beneath. "So hard," she unconsciously muttered under her breath, feeling more excited than she'd ever felt in her life. She got near the top, her hand encountering the thick rope-like coronal ridge, where she instinctively stopped, and then reversed the direction of her hand. When the heel of her hand bumped up against his neatly-trimmed midsection, she pumped upwards again.

"Oh yeah, that's it...that's perfect," Mr. Dexter muttered, his voice lush with praise before taking on a more pained tone. "It's been such a long time since Mrs. Dexter passed away. I'm sorry, Rachel, but I really need this." Little did Rachel know that just last night he'd pumped out three loads all over her face using the laminated pictures he'd creaped off of her Facebook page. The girl was so sexy and her hot young hand felt so good that he knew it wasn't going to take him long to get this first load off.

"I'm so sorry about Mrs. Dexter, and I understand how it must be for you. I'll do whatever I can to help," the young girl said, her heart going out to her teacher. She continued to pump her hand back and forth, loving the feel of his big hard cock filling her hand. She saw a bead of clear liquid fill the pursed red eye at the tip, and then the glistening strand of precum started to distend downwards as she kept pumping, the shiny web of cock-sap looking teasingly erotic as it swayed lower and lower, the shimmering dewdrop at the end finally hitting the top of her hand.

"Aaahh," she gasped as the slimy fluid clung to her skin, feeling her oozing pussy twitch and pulsate as the excitement of what was happening overwhelmed her. She could feel that her panties were soaked, but she couldn't take her eyes off the older man's gorgeous cock, the engorged head looking almost ready to burst.

Hearing her excited gasp was all it took to send Mr. Dexter over the edge. "I'm almost there, Rachel. Just a little more...just a little...oh my God...here it comes," he warned, feeling the tell-tale contractions in his midsection as cum sped up the shaft of his cock. As her hand continued to pump back and forth, they both watched as the yawning red eye at the tip turned a milky-white for a split second before a glistening white ribbon of cum shot forth, rifling through the air before splatting forcefully against her upturned face.

"Aaaahh," she gasped again, and Mr. Dexter could tell by the tone of the gasp that it was more from excitement than surprise. He looked down at the girl's face as he continued to shoot his spunk all over it, her eyes glassy and full of desire, her wide full mouth open as she breathed raggedly. The second and third shot had landed in long white ropes on her face as well, the pearly cum crisscrossing her skin in an obscene mosaic. Even amidst the throes of orgasm, he smiled to himself as he saw her hot pink tongue slip out from between her lips and circle around her mouth, wetting her pouty lips lewdly. Her hand kept pumping, and he kept shooting, flooding her face with cum as he totally unloaded.

Rachel was excited beyond belief when Mr. Dexter started to come, and when the strands of semen landed on her face, she felt her body start to tingle as a climax shot through her.

"Unnhh...unhhh...unhhh," Rachel moaned deep in her throat as an orgasm started deep in her hot itchy pussy and shot throughout her young body like an exploding bomb. She was trembling and shaking as her climax swept over her, her plump meaty pussy gushing into her panties. But she kept pumping, jerking Mr. Dexter's big cock as it continued to spit out rope after rope of hot sticky cum, the milky deluge raining down upon her pretty face.

Mr. Dexter couldn't believe his luck. The naïve young girl had totally fallen for his ruse, and now he was reaping the benefits big time. He was shocked to see that she'd become excited by what she was doing to the point she started to climax, and when she'd started moaning and shaking through her orgasm, it had fired his libido even more. She was jacking his spurting prick enthusiastically, her face a mask of wanton lust as he plastered it with spunk. "That's it...that's it. Pump it all out...get every last drop," he moaned as her hot young hand kept jerking, strands and gobs of cum shooting and landing on her eagerly-waiting face. The luxurious sensations within him slowly dwindled, and Rachel instinctively slowed her pumping hand until, finally, he stopped, the last pearly wad of man-juice drizzling lewdly onto her working hand.

In the final stages of his shattering climax, Mr. Dexter had closed his eyes, surrendering to the blissful sensations coursing through his body. Now he opened his eyes and looked down at the young girl kneeling before him, her hand wrapped around the base of his still-hard cock. "Oh fuck," he muttered under his breath as he took in the swirling mess of thick white cum almost totally covering Rachel's face. The stuff was everywhere, with thick white gobs in her jet-black hair shining

boldly, while other milky strands hung lewdly off her chin and cheeks, with one errant strand dangling obscenely from one earlobe. He knew he'd shot a massive load, but he couldn't believe how much of her face was covered. The stuff was everywhere. Even though it was only one load, it reminded him of some bukkake movies he'd seen, where a number of guys all came over the same girl's face at the same time.

"Mmmm..." He heard Rachel moan softly as her tongue slipped out from between her full red lips and took a leisurely swipe in a slow circle around her open mouth. He watched his sperm-laden cum get gathered up on the surface of her tongue as she licked, finally completing her circle and drawing her spunk-coated tongue back into her mouth. She moved the warm thick cream around in her mouth, and then swallowed, her eyes closing in bliss as the muscles in her neck contracted, drawing the thick rich semen deep into her waiting stomach. "Mmmm," she moaned again, only louder this time.

Oh fuck, she loves it, Mr. Dexter thought to himself as she continued to moan and whimper, wanting more. He knew what he wanted from her now, so he reached forward as he spoke to her. "That's a good girl, Rachel. It's nice that you like my cum. It's all for you. Let me help you get every single drop." He put his index finger on her forehead and scooped up a sizable gob of his jizz, moving the cummy digit down until the tip was poised right in front of her gorgeous wet mouth. "Here's some more. Open that mouth into a nice round 'O' for me and I'll feed it to you."

He smiled to himself as Rachel compliantly did as he asked, ovalling her mouth into a welcoming 'O', giving him an enticing vision of what he wanted to do with her next. "That's my girl, that's perfect. Now suck my finger clean." He slid his dripping finger into the opening and she immediately closed down on the intruder, welcoming it into her mouth.

"Mmmm," she purred as she started sucking, her tongue laving all over his cum-covered finger as she licked it clean. Mr. Dexter was thrilled at the girl's lewd behavior as she enthusiastically sucked at his finger. He slid his finger back slowly, the smile on his face growing as she followed it, sucking harder to keep it in her mouth.

"That's the way, that's a good girl," he said in that same lulling tone as he sawed his finger slowly back and forth, loving the way her lips pursed forward as he drew it back, reluctant to let it go. He finally pulled it right out of her mouth, her sucking lips making an audible "POP!" as it came free. "Would you like me to feed you the rest, Rachel?"

"Yes, please," she replied eagerly, her cum-covered face bobbing up and down as she nodded.

"That's good," Mr. Dexter said as he scraped the side of his finger across her cheek, gathering up more of his silky man-juice. He traced the tip of his finger around the opening she eagerly formed again with her mouth, teasing her by waiting until she whined with desire before sliding his finger home.

Rachel purred again as she sucked and licked, over the moon with the taste of her teacher's semen. She didn't know what had come over her, but once she tasted his cum, she felt like an addict who could never get enough. It had felt so luxuriously dirty when he'd shot all over her face that it had triggered a climax within her, the delicious sensations wracking her plump young body as she kneeled before him. And now he was feeding her his seed, his long thick finger feeling teasingly wicked as he slid it back and forth between her sucking lips. She loved the texture of his semen, so thick and warm, so different than anything else. She was hooked from that first taste, and she wanted more of it—she wanted as much as she could get.

"That's the way. Lick it all up," Mr. Dexter said as he continued to feed her, pushing fingerfuls of milky cum into her eagerly-waiting mouth. Soon, all that was left on the young girl's face was a glistening sheen, the final traces of his cum slowly drying on her smooth skin. The rest of his load had already found a nice warm home in the pit of her stomach. But he was still hard as a rock, his big prick refusing to go down as he looked down at the plump young girl kneeling before him.

"Did you like that, Rachel? Did you like feeling my cum on your face, that hot thick cream against your soft young skin?" he asked in that soft lulling voice as he took the head of his prick and drew the crimson crown all over her face, letting her feel the intense heat on her supple skin.

"Y...yes," Rachel replied in a wanton hiss, her eyes half-closed as she pushed her face against the engorged cockhead, loving the caressing feel of the steely monster as he moved it slowly all over her face, the pebbly surface of the glans rubbing teasingly from her chin to her forehead.

"Did you like the taste of my cum?" Mr. Dexter asked as he drew the enflamed knob provocatively all around her mouth. "Did you like the way it felt on your tongue? The warmth of it, the creaminess, the masculine flavor as it slid smoothly down your throat?"

"Yes," Rachel replied, her eyes glassy with sluttish desire, her open mouth following his turgid erection as he continued to tease that gorgeous mouth by circling it teasingly with the now-dripping tip.

"That's good. That's a good girl. How would you like to taste some of that cum straight from the source?"

"Oh God, yes!" Rachel moaned, turning her mouth towards the rigid spear as he moved it all around her ovalled lips, teasingly keeping it away from the hot wet opening.

Mr. Dexter smiled to himself, the look of slavish desire in the young girl's glassy eyes making him hornier than he'd ever been. "All right, here you go," he said, feeding the broad flared tip right between her parted lips. "Suck it. Suck it until I fill that pretty mouth of yours with more cum than you can swallow." He smiled as Rachel's pouty lips instantly closed down around his thick cock. Her tongue instantly swept over his turgid prick, coating it with hot saliva. Within seconds, he was amazed at how hot the inside of her mouth felt, as hot and slick as molten butter.

Rachel leaned forwards, her lips pursed obscenely forward as she pushed herself further down the length of his rigid stalk. "Mmmm," she moaned, her eyes closing in blissful pleasure as she took more and more of his throbbing cock inside her hot wet mouth. She reached forward, her hand circling the base of his prick as she drew back, her lips locking down when they hit the pronounced rope-like corona.

Mr. Dexter felt another huge gob of spit bathing his cockhead as she pushed a wad of saliva to the front of her mouth, and then she impaled herself on his throbbing dick once more, her lips reaching even further down his veiny shaft.

"Oh fuck, yes," he hissed, marvelling at the girl's wanton enthusiasm. She kept bobbing her head, glistening webs of saliva now leaking from the corners of her mouth, the slimy strands dangling downwards and swinging obscenely. Her hand around the base of his dick was pumping back and forth towards her pistoning mouth, her slender fingers now working in a teasingly delightful corkscrewing motion. He looked down at her pretty face, her eyes hooded with slavish desire as she sucked and moaned, moaned and sucked. Her eagerness to please was overwhelming. He'd never had such an enthusiastic cocksucker in his entire life. The feel of her hot sucking mouth and the

slutty look on her face triggered another orgasm, from deep in his sperm-filled nuts to the tip of his engorged prick.

"OH YEAH...HERE IT COMES," he warned as he felt the next load speeding up the shaft of his cock. "GONNA GIVE YOU ANOTHER BIG MOUTHFUL...YESSSSSS." He moaned loudly as he came, rifling a long stringy rope of cum deep into her feverishly-sucking mouth. It was quickly followed by a second volley, and then a third. He looked down happily as Rachel moaned blissfully as he kept unloading, filling her mouth with his hot thick seed. Milky rivulets started to leak from the corners of her mouth and slide lewdly down her chin, but she kept sucking, and he kept coming.

"Ohhhnn..." Rachel gave off a high-pitched squeal, her lips still wrapped around his cock. Mr. Dexter looked down and noticed she had one hand up underneath her schoolgirl kilt, the muscles in her arm flexing, letting him know her fingers were busy working on her dripping cunt as she brought herself to climax. Her other hand was still pumping his spurting dick, milking out wad after wad into her hot sucking mouth. Mr. Dexter had an idea and flexed backwards, pulling his cock out of her vacuuming mouth with a noticeable 'POP'. He flexed his hips downwards as she continued to jerk his cock, the ropes of cum now pasting themselves against the front of her blouse. After wetting down her chest, he lifted his hips and drove his raging prick back between her gaping lips, wanting to finish inside that hot sucking mouth of hers.

"Mmmm," Rachel purred again as she savored having the throbbing dick back between her lips. She sucked furiously, wanting the last of his milky cum. The final few strands spurted forth, and Mr. Dexter tipped his head up and sighed, blissfully content, as Rachel nursed tenderly at his spent cock. They stayed like that as they each recovered from their orgasms and caught their breath, the air heavy with the scent of sex. Finally Mr. Dexter looked down, his eyes focusing on the strands of cum clinging to her shirt.

"C'mere, Rachel, stand up," he said as he reached down and helped the girl to her feet. She stood before him, her mouth open as she breathed raggedly, her face still flushed. He looked down at the front of her blouse, spotting numerous translucent splotches where his cum had landed on the white material and was now soaking in. He thought about that famous 'stained blue dress' of Monica Lewinsky's, and now he'd done the same to Rachel, just as he'd intended when he'd pulled out of her mouth and shot onto her chest.

"Oh dear, look at the mess I've made. Let me wipe that off for you," Mr. Dexter said as he reached forward and rubbed at the gobs of cum. His hand was pressing against the big soft swells of her tits, and he was happy to see she continued to gasp and shiver under his touch, yet made no move to make him remove his hand. Smiling to himself, he cupped his hand around one impressive mound, feeling the outline of her heavily-structured bra beneath her shirt. He squeezed softly and hefted her big round tit, amazed at the size and heaviness of it.

"Rachel, I'm sorry to get carried away like this, but you are so beautiful, and it's been so long...so long since Mrs...since Mrs. Dexter passed away," he said, his eyes full of sorrow.

"It...it's all right, Mr. Dexter," Rachel said, feeling her pussy twitching again as he continued to grope her. "I understand. I'm so sorry that had to happen to you."

He moved his hand across the front of her shirt and slid his fingers beneath her schoolgirl tie, his fingertips toying with the button between her two voluminous breasts. "Rachel, it's been so long, do you think I could...do you think I could..." he asked as he popped open the button. "It wouldn't

be like we were having sexual relations—which we both know is something we shouldn't do. But it's just...Mrs. Dexter..."

"Yes, it's all right," Rachel nodded in agreement, her face still flushed with excitement at the same time as her heart went out to her teacher.

Smiling to himself, Mr. Dexter then proceeded to make himself right at home with Rachel's substantial chest. He started by tossing her schoolgirl tie over her shoulder, and then plucked open the buttons above the one he'd already undone. He then moved downwards, popping open the button just below her huge mounds. As he did, the shirt sprung open to each side, the flesh-filled bra seeming happy to get some freedom. He undid one more button, watching the fabric gape open even more as her substantial chest filled the opening, the upper swells of her breasts all but spilling out of her bra. He stopped, leaving a few buttons in place around her waist.

"You have beautiful breasts, Rachel." His voice was warm and comforting as he spoke, keeping Rachel at ease. He reached into the front of her open shirt, sliding his hand around one cup of her lacy white bra, filling his hand with her big round tit. He squeezed softly.

"Mmmm," Rachel purred again. He noticed her eyes were glassy and half-closed again as she stood and let him feel her up. He squeezed again, amazed at the size and softness beneath his fingertips. He slid his thumb over the shiny satin fabric of her jam-packed bra, feeling her nipple instantly hardening beneath the surface. He did it again, looking down into her shirt to see the growing bud beneath his thumb cast a dark shadow on the surface of her bra as it started to protrude.

"Very nice," he said softly, moving around and switching hands to concentrate on her other breast. As he felt her up, he could see Rachel getting aroused, her breathing becoming short and ragged, her face flushed, a fine sheen of perspiration glistening on her skin. Boldly, he brought his hand up and slid his fingers right into the top of one bra cup, loving the feel of her warm flesh against his fingertips, the satiny material sliding over the back of his hand as he reached downwards, bringing his full hand beneath her huge breast. Cupping it firmly, he drew his hand up, pulling the massive mound up and out of the heavily-wired bra cup, easing it down over top of her bra and letting it go.

"Oh fuck," he muttered quietly, his eyes staring hungrily at her huge tit. The areola and nipple were a bright rosy pink, and the nipple was big—really big—and he could see that it was still getting stiffer and bigger now that it was free. The protruding bud seemed to be calling out for his touch, so he reached forward and cupped her breast, teasing the pebbly button with his thumb.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter," Rachel sighed, spreading her legs slightly and steadying her feet in the sexy high-heeled Mary Janes as he worked her over. He reached into her bra and drew out the other heavy breast, his eyes growing big as he let it go, the pair of big round knockers covering the full breadth of her chest as they settled. They looked amazing, the size and roundness of them looking even more spectacular as they settled naturally, her bra now almost totally hidden from view by the plump voluminous orbs.

"Rachel, I don't think I've ever seen such a perfect pair of breasts," Mr. Dexter said, his voice warm with praise as his hands returned to her chest, feeling and squeezing freely as he paid equal attention to each of her gorgeous tits. He took one of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, rolling it teasingly.

"Oh my...aaah...aah..." Rachel sighed as she surrendered to his touch.

"Do you like that, Rachel?" he asked, giving her other nipple the same treatment.

"Y...yes. My...my breasts have always been very sensitive."

He watched as her head tipped back and her eyes closed, her full mouth open as she gasped in ragged little breaths. He remembered her reaching beneath her kilt when she'd been sucking him off, and he could see that she was just as excited now. "Why don't you reach beneath your kilt and touch yourself, Rachel? It's just the two of us—no one is ever going to know."

Mr. Dexter watched as Rachel quickly came to a decision, her hand sliding down the front of her body. She lifted the hem of her skirt up and bunched it up around her waist, her fingers pointing downwards as she slid them beneath the waistband of her silky white panties. He watched her fingers move downwards, and then they started moving, as if she had a small animal wriggling about beneath her panties.

"Aahh...aahh," she gasped, her eyes still closed as her fingers worked on her dripping cunt. He went back to groping her tits, his hands and fingers working over the massive orbs, hefting, squeezing, caressing. He worked on her nipples, pulling, pinching, pressing. He could see her pleasure level escalating and licked his fingers, and then returned his hands to her big stiff nipples, rolling each one between a thumb and forefinger at the same time.

"Oh, Mr. Dexter," Rachel gasped out, her body starting to tremble. "I...I...AAAAHHHHHH," she moaned loudly as she started to come, her plump body quivering and shaking. The pleasure was so intense, she thought she might collapse, but she remained standing, the blissful sensations coursing through every delicious nerve-ending of her body. Mr. Dexter continued to grope her sensitive breasts as her own fingers rubbed at her fiery red clit, her pussy gushing into her panties.

With his hands working on her breasts, Mr. Dexter could feel her climax pulsing right through her. The young girl was shivering and trembling, her mouth open and gasping as she moaned, the tingling sensations overwhelming her. She shook and spasmed for a long time as he groped her amazing tits, his spit-coated fingers toying with her big rubbery nipples. Finally, the sensations coursing through her waned, and he stopped teasing her sensitive nipples, moving his hands below the mouth-watering boobs to cup and caress them gently.

"Are you all right, Rachel?" he asked, watching the girl's eyes opened tentatively, her breathing slowly returning to normal.

"Yes, that was wonderful. I'd almost forgotten how sensitive my breasts are."

"That's so nice that you're like that. Most women aren't anywhere near that sensitive."

"They aren't?"

"No, you are very lucky." He gave her breasts another loving squeeze, which caused her eyes to flutter for a second. "I think it's so special that we can help each other like this. With what we're doing, no one could ever accuse us of having sexual relations, since there is no sexual intercourse. And we wouldn't want to cause any problems for either one of us, would we, Rachel?"

"No sir, of course not."

"So if we keep this just between the two of us, and help each other out like we just did, that would be fine, don't you think?"

"I...I think I'd like that," Rachel replied, her heart warming at the special bond she was feeling with her teacher.

"I'd like that too, especially with someone as caring and beautiful as you."

"You...you really think I'm beautiful? You don't think I'm too fat?" Rachel asked, her lifelong insecurities coming to the surface once more.

"Don't ever say that, Rachel. You are absolutely gorgeous. Yes, your body is definitely curvier than most girls, but that body and that gorgeous face of yours is what makes you so stunningly sexy." Rachel beamed under his praise, her flushed face smiling from ear to ear. Mr. Dexter nodded downwards, "I've already come twice, but look at what just being near you has done to me." Rachel's gaze followed his, his big cock once more standing fully erect, the enflamed crown bobbing enticingly right in front of her.

"Really, that's because of me?" Rachel asked, once again mesmerized by his powerful throbbing manhood.

"Yes, that's all because of you. And it looks like I need to come again." Mr. Dexter paused for a second, watching Rachel, but the look on her face told her she was just as eager as he was to keep their little rendezvous going. "I know, why don't you take off your panties and put them over my cock? I think that would be nice."

Rachel shivered when Mr. Dexter used the word 'cock', excited by the illicitness of what they were doing. She compliantly reached beneath her kilt with both hands and shimmied out of her panties. Mr. Dexter smiled when he looked at the silky garment, so wet with her pussy-juice that they were almost translucent. She reached forward and draped them over his rigid erection, the damp gusset laying right over his engorged glans.

"That's it," Mr. Dexter said. "Now, get down on your knees and rub them back and forth. Make me come with your panties."

Rachel obediently dropped to her knees, the tip of his panty-covered cock mere inches from her face. She could smell it—the intensely masculine scent of cock and semen. She reached forward with both hands and started pumping his cock, one hand above the other on the lengthy shaft.

"Of yeah, that's the way. Pump that cock, pump it real good. Pump out that next load of cum and then I want to watch you lick up and swallow every last drop." Mr. Dexter leaned back against his desk as Rachel enthusiastically stroked his cock. He let her experiment, her eagerness to please more than making up for what she lacked in experience. She looked so sexy kneeling there between his legs, her shirt still undone, her big heavy tits swaying and bobbing enticingly as she manipulated his throbbing prick. It didn't take long before he was ready to pop off another load.

"I'm gonna come, Rachel. Make sure you catch it all in the front of your panties."

Rachel adjusted the panties so that the sodden gusset was covering the tip of his cock. She kept jerking with both hands, her tits swaying rhythmically back and forth, her nipples stiff and enflamed a hot rosy red.

"Of fuck, I'm gonna come...I'm...OH YESSSSSS," Mr. Dexter hissed as he came again. His prick fired a long white rope into her panties, but she had one hand wrapped around them, making sure they stayed in place. She kept pumping, and he kept shooting, his sperm-laden cum soaking right

through the fabric and glistening wetly on top. Volley after volley spurted forth, the sodden material no longer able to contain his load. It was now covering her hands, and yet she kept pumping, milking every drop out of him as he leaned back against the desk, thrilled at the young girl's wanton enthusiasm. The last few wads of jizz spewed forth, flowing down his cock and onto the backs of her hands. Knowing he was done, Rachel instinctively stopped. Mr. Dexter stood before her, his chest heaving as he regained his breath. He watched as Rachel inspected her cum-covered hand, and then slowly brought it to her mouth. Her soft red tongue slipped out from between her lips and licked at her hand, a big wad of cum clinging to the pad of her tongue as she drew it back into her mouth.

"Mmmm," she purred like a kitten with a bowl of cream as she savored his semen, rolling it around on her tongue before swallowing. She eagerly came back for more, licking her hands clean. Mr. Dexter watched, totally enthralled by the girl's lewd behavior. Once she'd licked up every drop from her hands, she carefully removed her panties from his slowly dwindling prick, and then leaned closer, extending her long wet tongue and licking his cock clean, taking every pearly strand and milky gob of cum into her mouth.

"You know what to do now," Mr. Dexter said once she was done cleaning him. He nodded towards the cum-soaked panties in her hand. As if in a trance, the plump young girl brought the panties to her mouth. He watched as she sniffed, breathing deeply through her nose, the scent of their combined juices hitting her like an intoxicating drug.

"Yessss," she hissed, bringing the panties closer to her mouth as she extended her tongue. She brought the tip to the inside panel of her silky panties, the material laden and matted with semen. She pressed the flat of her tongue against the massive wad and licked slowly upwards, drawing a big clump of milky man-cream into her mouth. She moved it all around inside her mouth, savoring it, and then swallowed, her eyes closing as the warm semen slid blissfully down her throat. She came back for more, her tongue pressing against the soaked fabric again and again. Finally, she pushed this sodden gusset right into her mouth, sucking noisily to get as much of them mingled juices into her mouth as possible.

Mr. Dexter smiled to himself as he pulled on his underwear and pants, watching the kneeling girl totally absorbed in what she was doing. Rachel sensed the movement and seemed to snap out of her trance, slowly removing the panties from her mouth and getting to her feet, stepping into her wet panties and pulling them back into place. He saw that she was flushing once more, and she turned with her back to him as she stuffed her breasts back into her bra and did up her shirt.

"Mr. Dexter, I...I...," Rachel said, unsure of what to say.

"It's all right, Rachel. What happened here today is just between the two of us. No one will ever know. And like we talked about earlier, we never did have sexual relations—in the biblical sense, that is—right?"

"I...I guess," the young girl responded, Mr. Dexter's calm voice convincing her.

"Well, all right then. Why don't you head home now? We can talk again after school tomorrow. Would you like that?" He gave her a conspiratorial wink as he looked her buxom form up and down.

The look in his eye made Rachel feel all squishy inside again. "Yes, I'd like that," she responded, smiling back at him. As Mr. Dexter moved back behind his desk, she gathered up her things and made her way to the door. She was just reaching for the handle when his voice brought her up short.

"Rachel, I'm going to talk to Janine tomorrow and have you switch seats with her." Rachel looked over to Janine's desk, the one right in front of his own desk. "So, starting tomorrow, you'll be sitting there." She nodded in agreement. "And Rachel, it would be nice if you could wear another short skirt and a tight sweater or blouse tomorrow. Do you think you could do that for me?"

"Yes, Mr. Dexter. I can." Rachel replied, feeling that itchiness deep within her pussy again. She turned and left. She felt like she could barely wait for school to be over tomorrow.

*

The next day Rachel wore the short skirt and tight sweater as Mr. Dexter had asked. On that very first day of sitting at her new desk, when Mr. Dexter gave the class some work to do on their own and sat behind his own desk, his eyes met Rachel's, and he gave a slight nod towards her legs. She casually glanced around to make sure no one was looking, and then slowly let her plump legs roll open, giving him a perfect view right up to her cockpit. She saw him reach down with one hand beneath his own desk, knowing he was feeling his cock. She spread her legs even wider, feeling her panties getting wetter by the second. He fed her three loads again that day, much to her delight.

Rachel and Mr. Dexter continued their encounters every day after class. Over the whole term, not once did they have 'sexual relations', as Mr. Dexter called it, nor did he try to kiss her—not even once. Rachel quickly accepted that that was the nature of their relationship and never questioned Mr. Dexter about it. As soon as the last class of the day was over, Mr. Dexter would lock the door and they'd begin by Rachel taking down his pants and blowing him. He liked to get the first load off quickly, and then he'd usually open her blouse or reach beneath one of the tight sweaters she'd taken to wearing, and openly grope her big heavy tits. While he did, Rachel would be busy using her own hand between her legs, the excitement of sucking his cock and having him feel her up always making her come. She'd then either jerk him off or suck him off a second time before they'd finish. He loved to shoot on her face or her tits, and they usually ended up with him feeding her his cum from his fingers before sending her on her way.

Rachel finished the term at the top of class, earning straight A's on every assignment. Mr. Dexter's letters of support had been appended to her university applications, helping to get her into UCLA.

As she thought about Mr. Dexter and all he had taught her, both in class and afterwards, Rachel smiled to herself as she turned from the bus stop and headed towards the Starlite Films studio. She wondered what this first day of work was going to be like.