

# **Classroom Conquest (m/f, cons)**

By  
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Standard Disclaimer!  
This is a fictional story intended for Adults only!

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Karen was unaccustomed to dealing with high school teenagers. With her degree in education, she had planned on teaching at the middle school grade levels, liking that age of the developing teens. But the nearby middle schools had very little turnover and the only positions available were at the high school. It was either take the job of teaching high school science or consider going to a middle school that involved over an hour's drive in busy traffic to get there.

Having been married for three years, Karen and Bill Turner had saved as much as they could and just purchased a home in this nice suburban area. Karen thought it would be so nice to teach in the nearby area but had been disappointed to learn of the limited vacancies in the two nearby middle schools, especially with their one year old child being at a sitter's home a mile from where they lived. Thus, she decided to keep her applications active at the middle schools, letting the principals know that she would teach at the local high school till an opening arose.

Karen Turner, age 26 with long silky blonde hair, in her petite frame of 5'3" 114 lbs. could easily pass for one of students in the high school. Even in her interview with the high school principal, she would have been mistaken for one of the students if she had not dressed in a neat skirt and blouse, with her 3" heels. Had she dressed in a ragged blouse, jeans and sneakers, she would definitely have been mistaken as a student.

Although she was quite nervous in teaching the high school level, everything seemed to go well that first week of school. There was only one boy, or rather a young man, who had caught her attention from the first day and his presence in class bothered her. He was in her last class of the day and the way he looked at her made her body quiver in weakness. She learned that his name was Jim Rawlings, age 17, who appeared to be quite popular around campus. Then she learned that he was the star quarterback of the football team and the teenage girls just swooned over him.

It was not that Jim Rawlings was disrespectful in any way, it was just the way he stared at her and how self- confident he appeared to be. What bothered Karen was how similar this young man was to her first teenage love when she had been in high school. She had fallen head over heels in love with the teenage stud who had also been the

quarterback of the high school football team. It just seemed that they had the identical same traits, the self-confidence that made her go weak in the knees.

As it was a week night, Karen knew that Bill would normally be too tired for any intimacies but she desperately needed to get some sexual relief. In bed, she snuggled up to her husband and reached over to caress his manhood. But Bill just muttered that he was exhausted and just too tired. Frustrated, Karen lay back and a moment later she was listening to her husband snoring.

Under the covers, in the darkness of the night, Karen first pictured her first boyfriend in her mind and how she had fallen for him. She dreamt of how she had lay naked with her teenage love and how he had introduced her to the joys of sex. Closing her eyes, she reached down to let her fingers wander under her silky panties to touch her sensitive slit. Never before had she found the need to play with herself, but tonight she needed to quell the itch between her thighs. Her body began to shiver in excitement as she touched her sensitive clit, rubbing it as her body shuddered in search for the relief she desperately needed. But as her body quivered in the throes of a mild orgasm, it was the picture of young Jim Rawlings floating in her mind.

Panting for breathe, her body relaxing after achieving the much needed orgasm, Karen slipped out of bed to make her way to the bathroom. The crotch of her panties was sopping wet with her love juices and she needed to change if she was to get any sleep. She felt so guilty at what she had done, not for masturbating to relief herself but for having pictured her teenage student as the lover who was giving her the needed joy.

The next day at school, Karen blushed when she gazed upon Jim Rawlings as he entered her classroom. Quickly she lowered her gaze as he turned to look at her. She felt the blood rushing through her entire body and just hoped that she was not blushing from embarrassment. Fortunately there were about five more minutes before class was to begin, giving her time to compose herself.

Jim had in fact noticed his beautiful teacher quickly turning away when he had looked in her direction. The way she blushed, he knew that she felt some attraction to him. He was happy that the feeling was mutual for he just couldn't stop staring at her beauty. How he had dreamt of her each night when he went to bed. How he had jacked off, imagining he was naked in bed with her. Jim knew he could get any girl in the high school that he chose but the high school girls seemed so immature. It was the beautiful Mrs. Turner that turned him on with her maturity and beautiful dress.

When class began, Karen assigned an in class writing project that would keep the students occupied. She just felt too nervous to teach on this day, nervous at what had taken place the night before. She watched as all the students groaned at the assignment, then get busy writing. She pretended to be reading at her desk but she couldn't help but notice that from the back of the room Jim Rawlings kept stealing glances up at her.

Karen swallowed hard as she observed the normally confident young man look a bit flustered, squirming a bit from time to time in order to adjust the bulge in his crotch. She could tell that he seemed a bit flustered today, so much different from his normal self. She swallowed hard as she saw him adjust his pants again, pulling at the bulge in his crotch.

Fifteen minutes later, Karen glanced up to see Jim with his eyes closed while taking deep breaths. She was worried about him, wondering if he was in fact ill. Not wanting the other students to notice Jim's situation, she merely got up from her desk and slowly walked about the class, looking down at some of the papers being written, then she was in the back of the room near the handsome teenager.

All Jim could think about was the lovely Mrs. Turner, how mature and sexy she was in her neat skirt, blouse, and white heels. He just couldn't do the assignment, his mind only filled with the sexy images of his beautiful teacher. His cock was throbbing, threatening to burst through his tight fitting jeans. His eyes closed, wishing he could be with her, to somehow find a way to merely touch her.

Total lost in his dreams, Jim was unaware that his beautiful teacher had gotten up from her desk and was nearing him. He had been with many a teenage girl never with anyone like the woman of his dreams. He was suddenly startled by the soft tender touch upon his shoulder and the sexy voice of Mrs. Turner asking "Are you feeling okay, Jim?"

Karen gasped softly as she felt the handsome teenage body shiver upon her touch. She swallowed deeply as it was the same type of shiver that she had felt coursing through her husband's body when he reached his peak and climaxed. What shocked her was what she had observed on the paper before he moved his arms to cover it up. It had read 'I love you, Mrs. Turner!' With Jim nodding that he was fine, Karen nervously continued walking about the other end of the classroom.

Finally making her way back to her desk, Karen sat back down and pretended to read again. But she couldn't help but to sneak a glance up at the handsome young man in the back of the room. Seeing him, she let one hand slip below the desktop and rested it on her thigh. She knew she should stoop but slowly her hand crept up to her silky panties, touching her sensitive slit, causing an immediate shiver shooting through her body as a mild orgasm coursed through her.

When the bell sounded that class was over, the students filed up to put their papers into the tray, face down. The last one to pass her desk was the embarrassed Jim Rawlings. Karen noticed that he held his books in a manner that covered the front of his jeans. She wondered if in fact her touch had made him cum in his pants and that he was trying to cover himself up. When the classroom was empty, Karen grabbed the stack of papers and looked at the one on top, the one that was placed there by the handsome teen. She gulped as she read the contents "Mrs. Turner, I'm sorry!" and it was signed by the young teen.

Meanwhile, Jim quickly made his way to the locker room at the fieldhouse to get ready for football practice. Fortunately, he kept an extra pair of jockeys in his locker for when he needed to change after practice. He needed to change out of his cum-soaked jockeys and to let the wet spot in his jeans dry out. He was worried about what Mrs. Turner thought of him, embarrassed at what had occurred in the classroom, knowing that she must have seen what he had written when she had leaned next to him. But now he felt some relief in the fact that she was aware of his love for her.

Unable to concentrate, Karen had to get out of the classroom, needing to get out of the school. Packing up her books, she grabbed her purse and made her way out of the school and into her car. As she drove towards her home, she did not take her normal route but instead took the longer way home, using the route that would take her pass the football field. She shivered as she observed the star quarterback throwing the ball a long distance to one of his receivers. Taking a deep breath, she stepped on the gas pedal and made the drive home.

It was a short drive home but to Karen it seemed like it was taking an hour. Instead of stopping to pick up her young child from the sitter, she passed the sitter's home and drove up into her driveway. Picturing the handsome teen in her mind, she let her hand wander over her blouse to cup a breast, then touched her sensitive nipple. Once she had parked her car in the garage, she entered the privacy of her home and quickly made her way to the master bedroom. Closing the door, she kicked off her heels, then peeled off her blouse. Closing her eyes, she let her hands wander over her trim belly, then up to her breasts. Pushing her lacy bra up and over her breasts, she fingered her sensitive nipples, all the while pretending that it was the handsome teen that was touching her so intimately.

Quickly, Karen stripped off her skirt and her lacy panties, panties that were sopping wet at the crotch. She lay back upon the king-sized bed, then arched her hips up into her teasing fingers, moaning "Jimmy .....ohhhhh, Jimmyyyy!" Her body tensed, shuddered in an orgasm, then finally her body began to relax as she settled back onto the bed. She lay there panting to catch her breath, feeling the wave of shame and humiliation that now began to overtake her emotions. Here she was happily married with a beautiful little girl, yet she had just masturbated herself to a climax while wishing it was the handsome teenage stud caressing her body. She felt so guilty as got back into her clothing, then left the home to pick up her little girl.

That evening, Karen cooked a nice roast for her husband, overridden with guilty that she had even thought of someone other than him. She knew her husband loved her very much but only wished he would be more romantic and take her whenever he wanted, take her like a 'real man' would, like she knew the handsome teenager would if given the opportunity.

The next day, Friday, Karen watched as the time slowly moved along. How she longed to have her last class of the day, the class that the handsome teen was in, causing her to clench her thighs together to quell the itch emanating from between them. Finally

the students of her last class began to file into the classroom. As the bell sounded for the start of class, she looked up and was disappointed to see the empty chair in the back of the classroom. Then she noticed that several other male students were also missing. Inquiring with some other students, Karen was reminded that this was Football Friday, where the players were excused from attending the last class period to prepare for the game.

Using her cell phone, Karen called her husband to ask if he'd like to go to the football game that evening, telling him that she'd have the neighbor next door sit their daughter for the evening. Bill enjoyed football games, especially pro-football for which he and his buddies had season tickets to every home game. Karen was relieved that Bill had agreed to accompany her to the game, now she would have the opportunity to see her handsome student in action.

Sitting at the edge of the bleachers, next to where the players would run onto the field, Karen looked down as the team began to gather at the opening. She had looked at the player roster and looked intently for #11, the star quarterback of the team and her handsome stud of a student. She did not have far to look as he was obviously a leader on the team and in the first row of players below her. Then she saw him look up in her direction and give her a small wave. Karen smiled and waved her secretively with her hand that was in front of her, hidden from her husband.

The two teams were supposedly a toss-up as to which was predicted to win. But Jim had his best game ever and led the team to a runaway victory. He had that extra stimulation to perform well when he had come out off the tunnel. How he wanted to impress the woman of his dreams and had certainly done so on this night.

Throughout that weekend, all Karen could think about was the handsome hulk that she had watched intently during the game. She knew it was entirely wrong to think of her teenage student in such a manner but she just could not shake the image of the handsome young man from her mind. Besides, she told herself that it was just a case of puppy love on his part, something that many teens go through with their infatuation with their teachers. In spite of it all, she longed to see him again in her classroom.

In his room, Jim lay in bed during the weekend, constantly thinking of his lovely teacher. He pictured how lovely she had looked as he had been about to run onto the field. The sight of her beauty had his blood pumping through his entire body and had him charged up throughout the entire game. Running off the field in victory, he returned her discreet wave to him.

On Monday, as her last class of the day commenced, Karen and her handsome student exchanged knowing glances and brief smiles to one another. Karen had long to have this last class so she could gaze upon the handsome young man that was in love with her. But she knew she could never encourage such a thing, especially since she was happily married with a child and besides that she was the young man's teacher. Still, she couldn't help fantasizing being up close to the handsome teen, feeling his muscular arms

around her. Once the class began, time just flew by and the bell sounded for the end of school, sending all the students rushing to the doorway.

When the bell rang, Karen had been standing in front of the classroom, going over a portion of the study material. She bid the students goodbye as they made a mad rush to the doors, announcing for the last one through each door to lock it. With the students leaving, Karen turned and walked to the blackboard to erase what had been written earlier. Once the doors to the classroom closed, all was silent in her classroom as she began erasing the blackboards. She took a deep breath, glad that she had managed to see the handsome teen again.

In her preoccupation with her thoughts while erasing the blackboards, she had not checked to see that everyone had in fact departed from her classroom. It was the very teen who handsome features filled her mind that had remained in the classroom, taking in the sight of her sexy body as she had to reach up to get to the top of the blackboards. She froze to the spot when a voice just behind her asked "Can I help you do that, Mrs. Turner?" The voice of the handsome teen of her fantasies had her quivering in nervousness and her breathing became quite labored.

Up until the time he saw his teacher in the stands discreetly waving to him, Jim had been quite worried of what Mrs. Turner thought of him. He had been so embarrassed in knowing how he felt about her after seeing the paper on his desk, how the mere touch of her hand had sent shivers throughout his body and he had actually cum in his pants that day. But now, he knew that she had feelings for him even though she was married and had a little baby girl. He knew she would not give up those precious things and risk a scandal in an affair with one of her students. Still, he just had to be with her, wanting desperately to touch to soft petite beauty.

Karen took a deep breath as she felt the muscular body brush up behind her, closing her eyes to compose herself. Then she shivered as a large hand touched her upper right arm, then began to move upward while caressing her, then closing over her much smaller hand that held the eraser. "Oh, please .....please, Jimmy .....this is wrong .....please, I'm married .....I have a child! Oh, Jimmy .....no, stop, please .....you're my student .....we .....we .....can't!" she stammered.

Standing at 6'2", Jim towered over his beautiful teacher, he inhaled deeply to take in the fragrance of her sweet perfume. She had looked as sexy as ever on this day, wearing a light green blouse, dark green skirt and white heels. Pressing up against her petite body, he bent his head down to nuzzle her soft blonde hair and to lick her tender ear. Then, his left hand moved up slowly, first caressing her belly then up to cup her right breast. As his wet tongue traced her inner earlobe, he could hear and feel her heavy breathing caused by his closeness and intimate touch.

Rational thoughts disappeared from her mind entirely, she could only think of the handsome young man pressing up against her, touching her intimately. She had felt her

nipples stiffen once he had brushed up next to her, now he was touching her right breast and flicking her stiff bud with his thumb. "Ohhhhh .....ohhhhhh, Jimmy!" she swooned as his hand moved in search of her twin nipple. She was helpless in his arms, unable to repel him nor to put up but mere token resistance to his advances. Fortunately the glass in the doors were frosted and one could not view into the classroom, unable to view the unacceptable embrace between teacher and student.

Breathing hard, Karen's eyes closed as she leaned her head back against the broad chest, feeling the skirt being pulled from her skirt. Then she felt the strong hand slip under her blouse, gasping as she felt his hand upon her bare flesh of her belly. She took a deep breath as the wandering hand pushed up at her lacy bra, pushing the cups up and over her twin mounds. She sighed as her breasts were being cupped one at a time, with each nipple being lightly teased by the flicking fingers of the young teenager.

Her right hand was slowly being drawn down with the eraser removing a portion of the white chalk writing. Her hand was drawn down to her side, still holding the eraser, then Karen felt a fumbling between their bodies. Seconds later, the large hand again caressed her smaller one, taking the eraser from her hand and letting it fall to the floor. Her hand was then pulled back a bit and her tiny fist closed over a hot fleshy bar. She squeezed it hard and heard a groan emit from the handsome teen, then she squeezed him again and began to slowly slide her hand up and down his swollen manhood.

Gripping the thick pulsing shaft in her hand, Karen was oblivious to the hands unbuttoning her blouse, then the hands were at her waist trying to undo the button to her skirt. Before she knew it, her emerald green skirt lay in a puddle upon her white heels. She groaned as the young hands were now caressing her through her thin lacy white panties, a finger pressing her panties into her slick groove. "Oh, pleaseeeeee .....ohhhhhhhh!" she groaned as a finger slipped under a legband of her panties and began tracing up and down her moist slit. Moments later, her lacy white panties lay atop her fallen skirt on the floor.

A moment later, Karen lay with her back on the cold classroom floor behind her desk, eyes closed and her back arched. She moaned loudly as a sensitive pink nipple was being devoured by the lust hungry teen, who was teased her stiff nipple with his lapping tongue. "Ohhhhhh .....please .....Jimmy!" she moaned as he paid homage to her tender breasts and nipples. "Ohhh, Jimmy .....noooo .....noooo .....not thereeee!" she panted, feeling the teen idol's tongue begin tracing a path down to her belly button and below.

Karen was becoming frantic, her sensitive was secreting her love juices at the prospect of what might occur but she was so afraid of giving her entire being to this lustful teen. She arched up as the handsome teen nuzzled his face into her soft golden fleece while in search for her most private treasure. "Oh, Jimmy .....no .....no, please .....ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Goddddddd!" she pleaded, then groaned as his mouth clamped over her slick jewel. Never before had she ever experienced the

sensation of being eaten by her lover, always forbidding her husband from obtaining the pleasure of feasting upon her most private part.

Lifting her knees, Karen planted her heels into the slippery linoleum floor and grasped the teen's long hair as she arched her hips up into his hungry mouth. At the angle her legs were positioned in, the soles of her heels slipped a bit each time she arched up into her young lover's slurping mouth. "Ohhhh, God .....God .....ohhhhhhhh, I'm cummingggggg .....ohhhh, Jimmyyyyyyy .....ohhhhhhhhhh, yessssssss!" she groaned, body arched up high as she fed the young teen her sweet love nectar.

Burrowing his tongue deeply into his lovely teacher's love slit, Jim lapped up the tasty feast. He just couldn't not comprehend that he had gotten this far with the woman of his dreams, especially since she was married and had a child. Furthermost, she was the teacher and he was merely her student. He gazed up to see the beauty sprawled on the floor with her blouse pulled apart and her lacy white bra pulled up to her neck. She looked so beautiful with perfect breasts and its matching pink nipples. He gazed down to her golden fleece that was matted with the mingling of his saliva and her love juices.

Moving over to kneel between her widespread thighs, Jim shuffled up to place his throbbing manhood up against her moist slit. With his beautiful teacher lying helplessly prone before him, he leaned forward pushing his thick cockhead into her tight slit. With his cockhead enveloped in her tight quim, he pushed forward again, sliding his thick manhood in a couple more inches. He panted from the exquisite pleasure of finally claiming the woman of his dreams, so tight, even tighter than the promiscuous teenage girls that he had fucked.

"Ohhh, Jimmy .....Jimmy .....ohhh, you're too big .....ohhhh, Jimmy, it hurtsss!" Karen moaned. She spread her thighs further to ease the pain, then arched her hips up to capture even more of his thick manhood. "Oh, God, Jimmy .....so biggg .....ohhhh .....it's soooo deep .....oh, never so deepppp .....ohhh, yesssss!" she crooned. "Aieeeee .....ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned as Jimmy's cock pushed deeply into her, deep into her womb, far deeper than her husband had ever been.

Jimmy was beside himself, never had he experienced such a fantastic fuck, this was far beyond his wildest dreams. He began to pull his cock out till only his cockhead remained, then slowly dipped his throbbing hardon back into her moist slit. Then he began to speed up the fantastic fuck, bringing squeals and moans of delight from his beautiful partner. Then he felt her trim legs entwine themselves around his buttocks, dragging her skirt and panties that had become entangled around one heel.

On the cold floor, the two lovers went at it like barnyard animals, thrusting and arching into one another. Their lips covered each other's and their wet tongues darted against each other. As Karen broke their passionate kiss, her body shuddered as she exclaimed "Oh, Jimmy .....Jimmy .....oh, God, Jimmy .....I'm cummingggggggg!" Karen's body arched up, lifting her young lover up with her.

Thrusting hard into his lovely teacher, Jimmy buried his throbbing cock as deeply as he could, then he groaned loudly "Oh, Mrs. Turner .....ohhhhh, you're so beautiful .....so tight .....ohhhhh, Godddddd!" Spurt after spurt, his young thick seed belched out to fill his beautiful teacher's fertile womb.

Fifteen minutes later, the exhausted lovers lay entwined together, then they looked at each other and moved to engage in another passionate kiss. Tongues touched and played with each other and they were like two young lovers rather than a teacher and her student. When the kiss broke, Karen's mind cleared and she realized the immoral sin she had just committed. She had become an adulteress and had committed that act with her teenage student. But Karen had to admit that it was the most satisfying and mind-shattering orgasm that she had ever experienced. She realized it was too late to undo the damage she had done in making love to this teenage stud, then she leaned up to remove her blouse and to unsnap her lacy bra. Then she kicked off her heels and kicked away the tangle of her skirt and panties. Now she was totally naked as she leaned up to rub her stiff nipples against the masculine teenage chest.

Witnessing his beautiful teacher strip off all her garments, he kicked off his jeans and jockeys that were at his ankles, then removed his t-shirt that was bunched at his neck. Totally naked as his lovely teacher, he slowly moved to rub his masculine body against the woman of his dreams. With arms and legs entwined again, the two lovers began their second round of intimate lovemaking.

An hour later, after they managed to recover from their third mind-blowing fuck session, the two lovers began to get dressed. As they put on various articles of clothing, they couldn't help but to stop for a few seconds to engage in another deep kiss. Karen peered out the window into the parking lot to see only her car remaining and there were no students loitering about campus.

Then the thought entered her mind and Karen asked "Aren't you supposed to be at football practice today?" She was relieved to hear him reply that "With the game we had last Friday, Coach gave us the day off! Seeing you in the stands waving to me got me all fired up against the other team! You're the reason I did so well!" With that, they embraced for another passionate kiss.

Exiting the school, Karen noticed that darkness was setting in and called her husband who should be on his way home, asking him to stop and pick up their little girl as she had been tied up in the classroom. She learned that Jim's car had some mechanical problems so he had caught a ride to school, thus she told Jim to hop in and she'd drop him off. She knew she shouldn't have a student in her car for fear of rumors but she just couldn't leave her young lover here alone.

As Jim lived farther beyond her subdivision, she took a longer route so as not to pass her husband's car on the way home. She felt a bit relieved that darkness had now set in so no one would see Jim in her car. She took a deep breath as she felt Jim rest a hand on her thigh and slowly begin to caress her inner thigh with his exploring fingers.

Passing her subdivision, she followed Jim's direction and turned right into a dark deserted side road. Then she was startled as Jim reached over to turn off the ignition and the car rolled to a complete stop.

Karen was pulled over into Jim's arms and another passionate kiss commenced. When the kiss broke, Jim crawled over into the back seat where there was more room, then pull her arm to get her back there. Karen followed her young lover into the back seat of her car where they engaged in another deep kiss. Karen let her hand run up his muscular thigh, easily finding his bulging manhood. Nervously, she pondered the thought of pleasing her young lover in such a way that would be memorable to both of them, then slid down to kneel upon the floor of the car.

Determined, while kissing her young lover, Karen reached down to unzip her young lover. A moment later, her petite hands were clasping the hot throbbing muscle of the young teen stud. Then she bent down, hesitantly licked her lips, then leaned forward to nervously kiss the pulsing cockhead. She turned her head up to look at the young teen to express her love for him "Jim .....I .....I've never .....I .....I want you to be the very first!" Then she bent back down to engulf the thick cockhead into her hot wet mouth.

Jim looked down in amazement, seeing his lovely teacher get her very first taste of a man's cock. "Oh, God, teach .....ohhhhh, teach!" he groaned loudly as he bucked upwards to spear his thick cock into her hot sucking mouth. He couldn't believe this beautiful woman of his dreams had never before sucked a man's cock and he had the good fortune of being the first to feel the pleasure of her sweet lips. He had many a blowjob from his teenage girlfriends but nothing that could compare to this exquisite suck off that he was now experiencing.

"Oh, teach .....I .....I'm gonna cum, Mrs. Turner! Oh, please .....please don't stop .....don't stop, pleaseeee .....I want to cum in your sweet mouth!" Jim warned her in case she didn't want him to cum in her mouth yet prayed she would not deprive him of the pleasure. To his delight, his beautiful teacher clamped her lips tighter onto his cock, tonguing him faster and faster. He reached down to entwine his fingers into her long blonde hair, arching his hips up, pumping into her sweet mouth. Although his beautiful teacher had no intention on stopping at this point, Jim desperately needed to cum between her beautiful pink lips, to have her taste his manhood. Arching up high, holding tightly to the silky blonde hair, "Oh, Mrs. Turner .....oh, Godddd .....I'm cumminggggg!" Jim's body shook uncontrollable in violent convulsions as he spewed his hot thick jism into the gulping beauty.

Karen gulped and swallowed, feeling the flood of hot goo slither down her throat, shivering as its warmth slowly traveled down into her belly. Bobbing her head up and down her young lover's cock, she literally milked him dry. What she had always considered to be a despicable filthy act that only a slut would do, she realized how wrong she had been as this was the perfect way in which to express her love to this handsome teen. Finally the thick cock in her mouth began to soften and dwindle in size, drained of

its strength, then slipping from her still sucking lips. Looking up at the handsome teen, Karen licked at her creamy lips to savor the taste of his manhood, she knew for certain that they both would always remember this very special occasion.

Moments later, fully dressed, the two lovers embraced in a final hug and kiss before departing their separate ways. Karen had to rush on home before her loving husband wondered what had happened to her. On the drive home, guilt set in and Karen could not believe at what she had let happen. She blinked back the tears forming in her eyes, ashamed at what she had done, feeling the guilt of having betrayed her husband for the first time. Yet she had to admit that the climaxes she had achieved on this day far surpassed any she had ever experienced before. She told herself that she would never let this happen again but in reality, she knew she would be helpless once the handsome young teen touched her.

Arriving home, Karen saw that Bill had arrived home after picking up their daughter. Entering her home, Karen wanted to make a beeline to the master bedroom but her husband greeted her at the door to give her a kiss on her lips. She shivered, hoping that he did not detect the scent of her lover's manhood on her lips. The crotch of her panties was sopping from the overflow of her flooded cunt. In the bedroom, she quickly changed into a pair of shorts and a blouse so she could go about with the dinner preparation. Instead of removing her soiled panties, she kept them on, wanting to feel her teen lover's spunk matting her swollen and well-fucked slit.

Throughout the remainder of the week, the two lovers could only exchange glances and discreet smiles at each other. Purposely, Karen had assigned her class with a short assignment to be written in class. That allowed her to walk about the classroom, slowly making her way to the back of the room. With everyone busy writing, no one would notice her hand making a brief contact with the shoulder of her young lover. On Friday evening, Karen took the same seat in the bleachers where she and her teenage stud run could exchange knowing glances to one another.

For the next three weeks, there was just not opportunity that presented itself for the lovers to be together. Only courtesy greetings and smiles could be exchanged without arousing anyone's suspicion. How each long to be in each other's arms again, desperately in need of the sexual relief they had found earlier.

Bill Turner did not care much for yard work but it had to be done. He had put a lot of time into the yard over the past few weeks so he could relax once the pro football season began. With the first home game coming up this Sunday, he looked forward to spending the day at the game with his old buddies again. This was a yearly ritual for he and several of his fraternity brothers, tailgating before and after the game.

On Thursday, Bill had gotten off work early and was puttering in the yard trying to clear some weeds and brush. When his lovely wife and daughter arrived home, he greeted each of them with a kiss. He gave Karen a hug and thanked him for solving his yard work problem, telling her it was a very reasonable proposition and great idea.

Karen was totally puzzled and asked "What do you mean, honey?" "You know, that young man that you told to see me about doing some yard work! It was a terrific idea and the young man stopped by when I was out in the yard this afternoon. He said he's a student in your class and that you told him I could use some help in the yard. It'll be perfect as he's free on Sundays and beginning this Sunday the team's back in town! The price is pretty reasonable and besides, I'm happy to put some spending money in a football player's hands!" Bill replied. "I can't believe that boy is so ambitious, playing quarterback on the high school football team and yet he wants to earn some spending money on the weekends. I told him that you've been bugging me to plow and seed your garden so I told him to come around this Sunday and you can show him exactly what you want!"

The next day, Karen passed out some papers that she had corrected. When Jim got his paper back, he noticed that stapled to the top was a tiny envelope attached to it. Opening it, he smiled at the brass enclosure that the envelope contained. Without anyone noticing, he slipped it into the palm of his hand, then put the house key into pocket.

Early Sunday morning, Bill Turner anxiously slipped out of bed to get an early start to pick up one of his buddies and be early in line to get into the stadium. He gazed at his lovely wife bundled up under the blankets resting peacefully in her sleep. With the blankets up to her neck, he could not observe that instead of her regular flannel pajamas, she was clothed in a sexy sheer white negligee. Since their first year of marriage, Bill had not had the pleasure of seeing his lovely wife in such an enticing outfit.

Ten minutes after observing Mr. Turner back out of the garage and depart, Jim got out of his car and made his way up to the Turners' front door. Using the key in his possession, the door easily opened for him. He looked at the nicely kept home and made his way upstairs to the master bedroom. His blood was rushing through his body and his cock twitched in anticipation.

Seeing the lovely blonde beauty asleep with the blankets over her, Jim began to disrobe, then crawled into the bed next to the woman of his dreams. He touched the soft skin of her right arm, then let his hand move down to caress her soft thigh, his hand slowly wandering up under her thin negligee. Caressing her smooth skin, he snuggled up closer to tease her earlobe with his wet tongue, bringing mewling sounds of pleasure. Soon he had her panting in heat as he slipped a finger under the leg band of her panties in search of her sensitive clit.

"Oh, Jimmy .....what are you doing up here? Didn't Mr. Turner hire you to work in the yard? You're being a very naughty boy!" Karen teased as she slipped her hand behind her to firmly grasp his pulsing manhood. Continuing to let his fingers explore her soft nest, Jim nipped playfully at her ear, whispering "Mr. Turner told me that I was to see you cause you wanted your garden plowed and seeded! Show me the garden you want plowed and seeded, Mrs. Turner!"

With his cock gripped tightly in her clenched fist, Jimmy groaned loudly as his sensitive cockhead was moved into position between his beautiful teacher's hot loveslit. He pushed forward and gasped as his thick cockhead was suddenly enwrapped around the hot clenching cuntlips of the beautiful woman. He tensed his body, not wanting to move a muscle in fear of unleashing his potent load prematurely. Then he pressed forward to spear his shaft into the woman of his dreams.

"Oh, Jimmyyyy .....plow it deeperrrrr .....ohhh, yesssss .....ohhhhhh, that's ittttttt .....yesssss, Jimmyyyy .....plant your seed in my garden! Fuck me, Jimmyyy .....fuck me .....fuck me harder .....yessssss .....ohhhhhh, yesssss, Jimmy .....give me your babyyyyy!" Karen stammered loudly. "Oh, Jimmy .....oh, honey .....I love you!" she moaned.

Moments later, with blankets and clothing discarded, the two lovers embraced intimately as their bodies slowly moving upon one another, joined as only a husband and wife should. Then the bed began to sway slowly, then began to rock harder and harder while the momentum picked up speed in time to the jackhammer rhythm upon the bed. Never had the Turners' marital endured such strenuous activity before.

When Bill Turner returned home, he was feeling good after consuming some beer at the game. He saw that the lawn had been trimmed and a bundle of brush cut and tied for the trash. Seeing his lovely wife come to meet him at the door, her greeted her "Hi, honey! Looks like the young man of yours accomplished quite a bit today! Hope he got your garden plowed and seeded as you wanted it?" As Karen turned to lead the way into the house, she replied "Oh, he did a fabulous job! I'm sure that with the amount of seed he planted in my garden, it should start to bloom very soon!" Walking in front, Bill did not see his lovely wife rub her flat tummy, one that would soon be bulging from the seed of her teenage lover.

After two straight home games, the pro team would be playing away in a late afternoon game. That meant that Bill Turner would be at home, curtailing the normal Sunday morning frenzy on the Turners' marital bed. On that Sunday, Bill and his teenage helper worked together in cutting down the wild shrubbery on the small hillside in the back of the property.

Constant glances between Karen and Jim were all that could be exchange during that Sunday morning. Karen prepared sandwiches and a pitcher of ice tea for their lunch. After she had called them in for lunch, she saw Bill and Jim sitting across each other at the table in the patio. First she brought out the large pitcher of iced tea so they could cool off from the strenuous labor. As she brought out the tray of sandwiches, moving right alongside the handsome teen, Karen asked her husband if he could clear out a small area adjacent to her garden. As her husband turned back to look at the area she was pointing at, Karen shifted a bit to the left and rested herself down onto the arm of the chair that Jim was sitting in, right upon his hand that rested on that chair.

Karen knew how much her young lover wanted to be alone with her, as much as she wanted to be alone with him. As they ate their sandwiches, Karen asked "Oh, Jim, I noticed that you had some problems in the last assignment that I returned the other day. If you have a few minutes after you finish the yard work, I'd like to go over it with you. It'd really be saving me some time on Monday as I'll have to help the other students out in class!" "Oh, sure, Mrs. Turner!" Jim replied, knowing it was an excuse for them to be alone for a few moments as the paper he had gotten back the other day showed he had all the problems correct.

With the yard work completed for the day, Karen got Jim and her husband a can of coke each to cool off. As Karen was leading the way to the spare room that served as a study, the baby awoke from her nap and began to cry. Jim advised Karen "Go ahead and take care of Jim! I'll get her and feed her a bottle of milk! With the baby crying maybe you should close the door so the crying won't disturb Jim's concentration!"

Karen felt so wicked as she entered the study, she felt a shiver of guilt course through her body. She silently answered her husband's comments 'Yes, Bill, I'll go ahead and take care of Jim! You're right, I'd better close the door!' Once the door to the study was closed, Karen turned the lock as a precaution, then the two lovers embraced in a passionate kiss. With time of the essence, Karen's shorts and lacy pink panties quickly fell to the floor. Meanwhile, Jim merely unbuckled his jeans and pushed it down over his hips. Pulling his jockeys to the side, the pulsing teenage cock was bared and quickly speared between the widespread thighs. It was a quick but quite satisfying fuck on the small sofa for the two lovers.

As Jim sat up on the sofa, he watched as his lovely teacher slid down from the sofa and crawled up between his widespread legs. "Ohhh, goshhh .....Mrs. Turner!" he groaned loudly as he felt her soft petite hands grasp onto his cock, causing it to twitch in reaction. On the other side of the wall, behind the sofa on which Jim sat, Bill Turner was walking the baby to keep her happy as he tried to feed her, when he heard the young teen groan. He laughed at thought that his lovely wife must really be going down hard on her student. If only Bill Turner could see through the wall, he would see that his beautiful young wife was indeed going down on her student, with her lovely blonde head bobbing up and down the teen's long thick shaft.

As young baby Turner put the rubbery nipple into her mouth to get at the warm milk, lovely Mrs. Turner was on the opposite side of the wall putting the rubbery cockhead into her mouth as she tried to get at the warm milk it contained. Both mother and daughter began to suck harder to quench their hunger for warm nourishing milk.

Twenty minutes later, the two lovers nervously emerged from the study. Karen went to the living room, watching her little baby smack her lips from the tasty formula that she had been fed. Licking her own lips, she savored the thick tasty formula that her teen lover had fed her in the study. Both mother and daughter were well sated from the very healthy liquid nourishment they had received.

As the pro football season was coming to an end, Bill did not want to lose the weekend help of the young teenager in the yard. With the cost quite reasonable, he felt reasonably certain that his wife would allow him to keep on with the young teen to assist in the yard work. Bill smiled with relief as his now pregnant wife actually encouraged him to keep the young teen on to help with the yard work, especially since he wanted to get out with some fellow employees to improve his game of golf.

In mid-June, the seniors sat in the auditorium listening to the commencement speakers. It was naturally a happy occasion for all the graduates as this brought their high school days to a close. As the principal went up to the podium, he addressed the senior class and told them "You may have noticed that one of your favorite teachers, Mrs. Turner, is noticeably absent from this happy occasion! Mrs. Turner wanted very much to be here today but another happy event in her life has just occurred. It is my pleasure to announce that both mother and son are doing fine at Belmont Hospital, with little Jimmy Turner weighing in at 6 1/2 lbs just an hour ago. Jim Rawlings sat up proudly with the announcement, unable to contemplate a better graduation present, that he was now the father of a little baby boy and that his son had been named after him.

End of Story.