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MY TEACHER, MY PET
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Note: all fictional characters portrayed in the following work of fiction
are at least 18 years of age, or 19, or older if local officials wish them
to be.

Part I

He looked down on his hardening, semi-rigid cock, swaying pointedly toward the kneeling woman at his feet. She sat with legs folded under her, sitting back on her heels, blond head hung down. A surge of lust shot through him. For young Keith it is a dream come true, an unbelievable thrill. He can't contain his joy to see this mature, older woman, his teacher, stark naked, and kneeling on the floor before his painfully stiff erection.

From the first day of the term, Melissa Parker, his slim, attractive, 30-ish,

English teacher, had been the hot topic among the sex-crazed high schools boys in her class. They talked about her all the time. And they dreamt about her. It was common knowledge that she was divorced, currently unattached, and that she lived in that sprawling ranch house all alone, with just her two cats to keep her company. There was, of course, endless speculation about the pretty blonde's sex life. The boys were convinced she was lonely, wildly horny, and desperately in need of a man.

Every lust-filled male in the room wanted her, fantasied about what it would be like to fuck the pretty school teacher with the collar length silvery blond hair. And though they thought she was kind of old, they still voted her best-looking teacher in the high school. They spent hours in English class staring at her pert breasts under those slick silky blouses she wore, tits that were not too large, yet full of promise, neat handfuls, that they would gladly die for the chance to feel up.

When she walked across the room, they avidly followed the sinuous lines of those long, slender legs, inevitably encased in sheer black pantyhose. And when she turned to write on the blackboard, which she frequently did, they would to a man, admire the seductive curve of that skirted behind until every teenaged boy in that class sat sporting monstrous erections, sat in their chairs just aching with intolerable readiness. And now, incredibly, here she was, actually topless, Ms Parker, kneeling there before him, poised, and apparently willing to go down on him!

All summer long he had sweated and slaved in the hot Georgia sun pushing that bulky lawnmower back and forth across the undulating swells of her spacious lawn. At first he never saw her, except when he went to collect his pay. She

stayed inside safe, in the air conditioned house. On those hot summer's days, he inevitably stripped off his T-shirt to work bare-chested in just his jeans and sneakers. He liked to think she was watching him. Sometimes he actually caught a glimpse of her at the window, watching him, while he labored in the yard.

As the summer went on, she started coming out to putter around with the potted geraniums she kept on the deck. In time she took to lingering there, spending more time out on the deck, occasionally following his shirtless physique with eyes that were safely hidden behind her large dark sunglasses. She dressed to get a tan, in skimpy summer outfits, usually a pair of brief shorts, worn with a flimsy shirt, or maybe no more than a T-shirt or tank top, usually with open-strapped sandals on her bare feet. Eventually, she'd take her place on back on the chaise longue, easing back and crossing those long deliciously tanned legs of hers. He was sure she didn't bother with a brassiere under those light-weight tops, and the sight of those tall, tapering legs as she emerged onto the deck in a pair of snug shorts would inevitably send a tremendous surge of lust through the teenager, instantly powering Keith's always ready prick into a full erection so that he had no choice but to quickly turn away, lowering his shoulders as he strained into the weight of the heavy lawnmower. She'd have a paperback with her, or maybe a crossword puzzle book, and she would proceed to ignore him, he was, after all, no more than hired help, someone to do the yardwork.

Then one summer's day, things changed between them, and now they could never be the same. It was a sultry day, the sun brutally hot and relentless, Keith's face, neck and shoulders were sheened with perspiration. He had stopped to

run clawed fingers through his sweat-soaked hair, when he saw her making her

way with a tall glass of iced tea held in offering, walking barefoot across the lawn to where he stood next to the roaring lawnmower. He gratefully accepted the chilled glass and tried not to stare at the woman who stood before him, her hips banded by those white shorts and wearing an electric blue sleeveless blouse, the first few buttons of which were undone, providing him with a nice view of the tops of her unfettered breasts.

He still tried not to stare, and quickly lowered his eyes, but he couldn't help it when she turned on her heel, and he found his gaze was riveted to that shapely behind, so tightly packed in those sexy shorts, swaying easily as the slender blonde made her way back to the house. Keith retreated behind

the house to the shade of a big oak tree, there to finish his drink. He took long gulps of the cool tea, letting the coolness run through him, feeling randy, a semi-hardon unfolding in his jeans, a knot of lust tightening in his belly. It was an impulse, not even a half-formed thought, just some vague notion that he should return the glass, that had him moving towards the back

kitchen door.

He opened the screen door and let himself in, fully prepared to place the glass on the counter and get out. But something stopped him. It was quiet in the house, eerily quiet, he guessed that she was out in one of the the front rooms which opened out on the vast yard. He didn't know what possessed him

but he crept into the coolness of the darkened interior, stealthily following the hallway towards what he knew must be the livingroom. When he got to the

doorway, he edged closer to look around the corner-- and there saw her!

She stood looking out from behind the curtains, straining up on her toes to see over the jutting deck. But what intrigued most him was that his teacher had one hand inside the front of her blouse, and she seemed to be feeling herself up, as she strained up to see where he had gone to. For a moment he stood paralyzed at the intriguing sight. Then he stepped up,

"Hey, Ms Parker, looking for somebody?"

Startled, the bonde jumped and spun around to face him, yanking her hand down in one quick motion. She stood, staring wide eyed at the bare-chested boy she had been looking for, now standing right in front of her, smiling, almost leering at her.

He was tall, with broad shoulders for such a young guy. His hips were neatly compact. And there was an unmistakable bulge in the front of his tight jeans. Her eyes took in his sweaty, smoothly muscled chest, that flat, hard belly, and the downy haze of soft brown curlings that grew like a stalk up his belly to fan out over his chest.

"Keith...you...startled me..", she began in her confusion, blushing now and avoiding his playful eyes, wondering how much he had seen of her fondling herself. Suddenly, she remembered her open blouse and her hands flew up to fumble with the buttons, while the boy stood there with that pleased smirk on his face.

"It's so hot today, I was just..."

Before he knew what he was doing, Keith was on her, taking her nervous hands

in his, forcing them away from the open front of her blouse. He held the woman tightly by the wrists, straining at her open front of her blouse while she looked up at him in her distress, uncertain and suddenly afraid.

"No, Keith," she squirmed in her resistance, "this isn't right..."

Abruptly, he spun her around and wrapped the struggling blonde up in his arms,
pressing himself up against her from behind.

"Leave it go teacher, I like seeing your tits," he breathed in her ear, while running his hands under the loose blouse to cup her bare breasts, opening and
closing his greedy fingers on her, feeling the silky softness of her free tits, holding her like that in the palm of his hands as he tightened his embrace, pressing his hard body up against hers.

"Yah, teacher, all the guys would love to see these pretty tits of yours," he murmured, giving her a squeeze with his eager hands. She was breathing hard,
paralyzed by indecision, torn between her conflicted feelings and the raging need for a man, a need she had so long denied. He moved against her, letting her get the feel of his tented erection as he grinds his hips into the warm soft pillows of that marvelous ass. Melissa stopped squirming and now she stood still, letting her arms fall down to her sides, hands hanging helplessly. She meant to stand there passively, but she couldn't help the instinctive response of her body, the arching up of her back in sheer sensual pleasure, as the young man nuzzles her craning neck, licking his way up to her ear. She feels his hot breath on the side of her face as he brings his lips next to her ear to whisper, "Yeah, they know you're hot teacher. The guys all think you're really hot, did you know that? They all say you're a real prick teaser, a cock sucker who's probably pretty good at giving head. And you

know

what teacher? Before we're through, I'm going to let you suck my cock."

His dirty talk sends a quiver through the tense woman, and she feels her insides turning into mush. She weakened in the knees, as a wave of lust raced through her, stirring her, leaving a deep-seated throbbing in her womb. She pressed back against him, in a low breathless voice, she manages to get out her half-hearted protest.

"No...no, Keith, this isn't right. I'm your teacher, we can't.. doooo this."

Now he spins her around in his arms again, and before she has a chance to recover, he is kissing her, covering her surprised mouth with his, pressing his open lips to hers, in a hard, grinding kiss, while his tongue slithers in to explore her open mouth. The woman squirms hotly against him, feeling the

hardness of his erect prick against her belly. Her arms come up to clasp his broad shoulders and tighten, holding on as he runs his feverish hands down her back. Fitting his curved palms to those delicious rear curves, he savors the firm resiliency, the delightfully feel of that luscious ass, a richly mature, womanly ass that has settled into something of a pear shape, with fulsome bottom curves that were deep and generous. He has long admired that

ass in his classroom, now he is electrified, wildly thrilled to actually get his very own hands on Ms Melissa Parker's wonderfully inviting rear end.

The kiss breaks but he continues to hold her tight, burying his face in the crook of her neck, licking her, while she turns away gasping for breath. Melissa's whimper turns into a pleading moan, low and earthy, as she awakens

to the intensity of her sexual longing. She feels the urgency, the desire in her loins, driving her hungry body to seek to seek full contact with the

lustly surging male, even as a part of her mind tells her it is all wrong. Summoning up all her resistance, she is able to squeeze her hands between their tightly pressed bodies and struggles to push him away.

"Noooo!" she manages in a strangled half-plea, her voice husky with passion. Flushed and panting through open lips, the disheveled teacher stands before her student, that shiny blue blouse hanging uselessly on her narrow shoulders, totally undone, half-naked breasts heaving in ragged swells, her eyes on the floor, carefully avoiding his. Keith too, is breathing heavily, barely able to contain himself. His cock is painfully erect, pressed solid against the front of his jeans, there's a curious tingling in his wrists. Slowly the blond head comes up, and he sees those marvelous blue eyes looking at him with a curious mixture of fear and desire. Something stirs in him, something deep and powerful.

"Get undressed!" he orders. His voice cracks, though he's struggling to keep control, and get the words out in an even manner.

For a long moment she stares at the muscular, bare chested guy in front of her, wanting him, knowing he wants her so badly. Keith waits, as the full realization of the decisive moment comes to him. What if she turns and runs?

What if she screams?...or calls the cops, ...or calmly and deliberately orders him out of her house? What has he done?

The two stand only a few feet apart breathing heavily, waiting in the silence of that perfectly still house. Keith summons up his courage, holding himself tense for one long agonizing moment. Then his teacher seems to make up her

mind. Without a word, she brings her hands up to slip the loose blouse down off of her shoulders. The blond woman moves in silence, her eyes avoiding

his,
yet complying with her student's order, doing as she has been told, uncover-
ing
her breasts to his appreciative eyes.

Keith can't help smiling in elated triumph, to see his teacher, the woman of his impossible dreams, actually stripping for him, just for him.

"Ohhhh. yeah, teacher, those are real nice," he croons in honest admiration as her womanly breasts come into his view for the very first time. These are the tits he had thought about and visualized so many nights alone in bed as he grabbed his cock and yanked hard, straining for relief. Now he takes pleasure in seeing those totally naked tits, rising and falling with her ragged breathing, rich, full handfuls, taut, slightly conical, they jut out invitingly toward him, with just a bit of sag to them, sporting expanded, hardened nipples, that are thickened and stiff with the excitement that comes
from the realization that she is standing bare breasted before her thoroughly aroused, sex-crazed student.

"Now let's get those pants off of you."

Part 2

Once again she seems to hesitate, and for a long agonizing moment, Keith is seized with the horrible fear that he has gone too far. But then she seems to make up her mind. Watching her blond face he sees her tongue dart out to swiftly lick her lips, and she quickly looks down to watch her trembling fingers as they undo the clasp at the front of her shorts, peeling down the front zipper, revealing a pair of low slung hipsters, pink panties appearing before his hungry eyes as her shorts fall open down her hips.

Never taking his eyes off the bare-breasted woman as she bends over to run the shorts down those luscious suntanned legs, and hastily step free of them, Keith is already tearing open his jeans, and shoving them down his young strong legs, frantically pulling at them to get them off over his sneakers.

She glances up to see his handsome tapering torso banded in white jockey shorts, the bulbous head of his prick clearly outlined as it pokes defiantly at the taut cotton underpants. She notices the darkened trace of pre-cum that stains the front of his bulging briefs, and tells of his super-readiness.

"Come here, teacher."

She hears the words and she shivers and comes to him, moving as if in a dream, no longer uncertain now, but strangely passive, even submissive, as though willing to place herself totally in the young man's hands. She raises her arms, offering herself to him, willing to let him take her in his embrace, but he surprises her by dropping to one knee before her, her arms fall weakly to her sides.

Now he surprises her a second time by leaning forward to press his lips to her crotch, delivering a kiss to her pussy through the slick front of her thin panties, and sending a sharp quiver of excitement through the tense young woman. Flustered, and trembling with arousal, Melissa looks down on the shifting muscles of those broad masculine shoulders, watching from under lowered lashes while the boy takes the waistband of her panties between his fingers and lowers them to expose her blond-furred pussy tucked between smooth columnar thighs. A shudder of lust goes through her as he draws her tangled underpants down her legs and lifts each bare foot in turn, to pull her crumpled panties free. Scarcely daring to breathe, she watches as he returns to her gently mounded sex, to kiss her there, and give her a tickle

with his tongue before slowly sliding it up her tensely rigid, quivering body. Now he's embracing her.

By now the hot teacher is only too eager to get her hands on the lad's hard muscled young body. Feverish hands hungrily explore each other's naked body.

With a rutting surge of lust he grinds into her writhing body, grunting, seeking more of the feel of her hot squirming breasts as they bore into his bare chest. His hands are everywhere, finally sliding down to clasp her soft warm bottom, fondling her lavishly, cradling her naked ass while they hold a long lingering kiss.

When they break from their torrid embrace, he hurriedly shoves his briefs down, freeing his cock to spring up, quivering with alert readiness. Taking her hand, he places it on his upright prick, and as her fingers wrap around his turgid prick and she tightens her fist on him, she closes her eyes and seems to melt before him, collapsing against him with her hand still clutching

his prick. As their bodies come together, she presses her palm down his quivering manhood, sending a shudder of lust rocketing through the randy kid.

He feels the precipitous rise of excitement that signals he's skating on the edge, and he garbs her by the arms to abruptly push her away.

"Oh, Keith..." she breathes, as she stands swaying before him, breasts rising and falling in ragged heaves.

Holding her by one arm he drags her over to the sofa, where he sprawls down,

opening his legs in an obviously lewd invitation, even as he yanks her down to the carpet, forcing the woman to her knees before him.

"Ohhh noo..." she starts to rise, but his hands tighten on her bare shoulders, and he presses her down holding her in an iron grip, squeezing her shoulders and shaking her.

"Come on, teacher, you know you want it. I'll bet you just love to suck cock! Yah, you're a real cocksucker, aren't you?" he teases. "Look at it! Take a good look at my cock. It's waiting just for you!"

Slowly Melissa raises her head. The kneeling woman has no choice but to regard the rudely pointing prick that juts out, wagging before her eyes. When he sees that blond head come up, he eagerly shifts his hips forward on the sofa, bringing his loins even closer to her pretty face.

Then he reaches down to take hold of himself and place the swollen head right up against her closed lips. The thrill of that first contact is electrifying, bringing a wild feeling of elation, a renewal of that surging arousal that jolts through him and causes him to stiffen even more painfully. He shakes his proud manhood in lewd offering. Holding his fully-erected shaft in one hand, he rubs the bulbous head of his prick across her lips.

He waits, hardly daring to breathe. Then he sees his teacher move, edging up to lightly take hold of her young student. Holding his taut manhood wrapped in her long delicate fingers, moving as in slow motion, she lowers her head to bring her pursed lips to the head of the boy's quivering prick. She bestows her humble kiss, then using lips and tongue, she falls on him, greedily licking and kissing her way along the shaft to the very base where his cock sprouts from his lightly furred crotch.

"Ooooh. yeah, that's so nice teacher," his words turn to a shivering moan as he arches up, when the eager woman buries her face in his crotch to lick at his hairy balls. When she pulls away from him, it is to leave his upright cock wetly glistening with her saliva, and throbbing with rutting impatience. "I just knew you'd be a great cocksucker," he crows. "You love sucking cock don't you teacher?"

"Say it!" he hissed with sudden vehemence, grabbing her shoulders and shaking her.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes...", she murmurs in a voice that's low and breathless. "I love it. I love sucking cock."

From under lowered lashes, the passionate English teacher glances up to study the young face of her student. He smiles down at her, and his hands reach out for her, gentle now, smoothening the soft helmet of blond hair, slipping down her neck to caress the velvety skin of her naked shoulders, so soft and silky and deliciously warm and to the touch. He runs his fingers through the pale blonde strands of silky hair, before digging them in and curling them around her head to cradle her head and hold her face between his palms. Slowly, he brings her face back to his naked loins, shoving his hips forward so that the bulbous head of his cock presses lewdly against her pursed lips.

Keith is thrilled beyond belief to see the blond head in his lap. Now the randy high school kid has had his share of girls in his young life. He's made out with quite a few, and he's even persuaded a couple of them to go down on him. Yet he's never had a woman like this! The sex-maddened teenager is enthralled, intoxicated with the creamy rise of pleasure, thrilled beyond his

wildest dreams that he is about to get a blow job from a mature, older woman ..who is actually his teacher! This particular blowjob is one he means to savor fully.

"I knew you were such a little cock sucker the minute you first came into the room." he smirks triumphantly. "So let's do it. Time for a blow job!" He leans closer to watch, inanely pleased to see her bend down in docile submission, and open her mouth, and take him in, he carefully edges forward

to press his advantage. Now he savors the sweet thrill of that delicious victory, the sheer perfection of that supreme moment in which his beautiful teacher's lips will close on his teenaged cock for the very first time.

He brings his feverish hands back up to the sides of her head, open firmly palms placed on either side of her face. His grip tightens and he holds her neatly positioned before his pulsating prick as he waits.

Following the pressure at the back of her head, she eases forward. Her lips open to take him in and form a taut ring that slides down the upright shaft, as she accepts him into her mouth, while her soft wet tongue eases the transit, welcoming him to the warmth of that moist cavern. He can feel the edge of her small white teeth grating against the sensitive underside, while the flickering tongue that plays along the full length of his hard shaft, sends shivers of savage animal desire into his loins.

Looking down on this vision of feminine submissiveness, Keith feels a rush of pleasure, wildly elated to see the mature woman, naked and on her knees before him. Watching the blond head of his English teacher bobbing dutifully up and down on his wetly glistening prick, brings a surge of pure joy. His grip tightens and he holds her steady as he begins a rhythmic pumping mo-

tion

of his own, bucking his loins, fucking his teacher's pretty blond face with his pumping prick.

Melissa's moving more eagerly now, working her young student over with growing

enthusiasm as she gets caught up in the flood of passion welling up in her healthy, sex-starved body. She knows how she must look, on her knees, her mouth stuffed with that thick cock, going down on this grinning boy like a dirty whore, and the thought sends a thrill stabbing through her. To be debased like this, humiliated before one of her students, forced to pleasure this strutting male, it stirs feelings of the deepest feminine submission that bring a quickening to her womb.

And his groans of animal pleasure, the hot searing words that he instinctively

knows will turn her on, these things only intensify the heated passion that infuses her and shakes her to the core.

"Yeah, teacher ... that's nice, real nice," he growls softly, plunging his rigid cock deeper as her warm enveloping lips slide along its full length, tightening on him and sucking with each forward thrust of his hips. He grins to himself as he watches the servicing woman diligently working him over with

lips and mouth and tongue, taking his smoothly sliding shaft even deeper into her mouth.

Keith is losing the struggle to keep control as the excruciating thrills of pleasure rack his straining body. He is determined to alter the pace and he pulls back, almost all the way out of her wetly clinging lips, out of her tightly ovalled mouth until the ridge of the lust-swollen head is just over

her teeth, and then he plunges slowly back in, all the way in, fully savoring each delicious inch that slides over her velvety tongue as his teacher takes in his swollen manhood.

He holds her head in his hands, throws back his head, and savagely fucks her mouth. It took only a few seconds of this exquisite pleasure before Keith feels the telltale surge in his loins, the power building of the dammed-up flood of semen that's been welling up in him as he slowly, rhythmically, pistons in and out of the taut ring of his teacher's lips.

Melissa moves like a sex-crazed Fury, bobbing vigorously up on and down on her student's prick. She can sense he is close, thrilled with her power to drive him on, she hears his pleading moan as he tosses his head back and forth, and arches his hips high up off the sofa. She can feel his prick throbbing, sense the imminence of his impending climax as the first drops of seminal fluid oozed onto her tongue.

Keith could hold back the maddening tickle of pleasure no longer, suddenly he stops. His hands squeeze in on her ears now, holding her absolutely motionless in his strong grip, and he holds himself still, looking down at his teacher's face stuffed with his engorged cock, together they waited for the building eruption that is rising up with such terrible power, that primordial, unstoppable force surging up from deep in his loins.

"Aaaahhhh!" He throws back his head and clenches his teeth then lets out a low wavering groan, as he finally comes with deep, gut-wrenching shudder. The young man's climax, spurs his eager cocksucker on to even greater efforts. Her arms fly up to wrap around his hips, and she's pulling his loins in hard

against her face, as she keeps right on, sucking deeply, harder and harder, as if determine to drain the guy of every last drop of his male essence.

In a heated rush he grabs for her, and pushes her back, suddenly eager to withdrew his gleaming, still-pulsating rod. Grabbing himself, he aims the head of his cock squarely at his teacher's face just as the first string of ejecting sperm flies thorough the air. It lands with a splat right on her brow. Holding his erupting cock between his fingers, he directs the thick jets of cum, splattering those pretty blond features, shooting wad after wad of his creamy cum onto her face and into her hair. Thick globs of sperm puddle on her brow and trickles down over the closed blond lashes of the panting woman's face, as he decorates her cheeks and mouth and chin with the last, weakly surging, dribbles.

Then he takes the bulbous head between his fingers and lewdly, obscenely, paints her lips with the trail of the lingering residue, rubbing the still pulsating head over her wet lips, leaving them glistening with a viscous smear of his semen. Her humiliation was complete, utter and total. He looks down at the kneeling woman and grinned in satisfaction when she finally pulled away from his softening penis, and he saw the ropy strands of his cum dangling from his teacher's lips and chin like a sticky spider's web.

Part 3

That was how it started. With the good-looking blond teacher, without a stitch of clothes on, on her knees, dutifully sucking her smug self-satisfied student's prick, paying lavish tribute to that lust-swollen, surging, young cock; going down on him as he watched her vigorously bobbing head, his hands clamping her naked shoulders;

hungrily sucking on his tautly erected penis while she clutched him and held him by the bucking hips. For Keith, that long hot summer uncoiled in boring, languid days that blended together, punctuated by a few hours of wild, unbelievable sex each Saturday. Now, only Saturdays mattered. He lived only for Saturdays. Each night, sweating in a tangle of sheets in his hot stuffy bedroom, he clutched his straining manhood and jacked off, thinking of Saturday, and what he would do to his teacher. He began to arrive at her place early, and he stayed until late into the night.

And he would take the young teacher again and again, in every possible way, fucking her at first with the sheer animal urgency of pent-up lust, desperately trying to satisfy that burning itch, the voracious longing they both had built up for each other over the long, agonizing week. He could be a rough lover, savage when his blood was up, grabbing her legs and viciously spreading her open in a heated rush, lunging in to penetrate her in a single brutal thrust, as she fling her blond mane about on the sheets, and whimpered and moaned, and pleaded for more. And then after the first fever had subsided, his powerful penis drained of a week's worth of raging lust, her hungry loins satiated for the moment, the throbbing quiver in her womb subsiding bit by bit, then they would fall into a more languid lovemaking, a simmering passion that kept her tingling all the day, as the healthy young stud raised and let fall her burgeoning sensuality, playing the 34 year old woman's helpless body with the instinctive sureness of a masterly musician.

And then the Summer ended, and with it the need to cut the grass; but Keith continued to leave home each Saturday morning, muttering some vague excuse in the direction of his uncaring mother, when he even bothered at all. His mother had long ago given up on him.

Keith liked seeing his teacher naked. One day he told her she was to greet him wearing nothing but her high heels and panties...and she did it! Opening the door to let him in, just as he wanted her.

It gave Melissa a quiet thrill of pride. She savored the delicious wickedness of those illicit hours, the sense of danger, the exciting anticipation of wild and kinky sex. She realized now what she had been denying herself for so very long. It was sex she needed; the kind of raw, raunchy sex she got only at the hands of her surprisingly masterful young stud. For Keith had unerringly found the right buttons to turn his pretty teacher on. He seemed to instinctively know that she was one of those women who loved to be "forced" to have sex, her kind of sex, sweaty, raw animal sex, the dirtier the better. He made her ask for it, beg for it, insisting she use the dirty words she secretly loved to whisper in the throes of passion. She found she loved this down and dirty sex. She was insatiable, wanting to wallow in sex like a whore, and Keith was pleased to force her to do just that.

He kept the woman naked for the entire day from early morning, till late at night. He could never get enough of the sight of her lithe nude body as she moved around the house, doing the most mundane chores, making him lunch in the kitchen in nothing but her shoes, and the apron tied around her waist. The apron came off when they sat down to eat, for he enjoyed the sight of his bare-breasted teacher, as she sat across from him, having lunch at her kitchen table.

And even after they had made mad, fierce love, and their passions were spent, the gnawing sexual hunger temporarily satisfied, even then he still wouldn't allow her to get dressed, insisting instead that she snuggle next to him on the couch, her naked body pressed against his, so he might sling an arm around her shoulders, and leisurely toy with

those delightfully wobbly breasts of hers.

Or if he was feeling frisky that day, he might have her sit opposite him on the large overstuffed chair, urging her to lean back, open her legs, and drape them, in widespread invitation, over the arms of the big chair. It was a deliciously wanton pose he had long fantasized about: his teacher sitting with her blond-furred womanhood on open display, completely exposed to him, those long white legs dangling loosely over the padded arms of the chair, bulging vulva stretched open before him, the petals of her hidden flower an open secret. He had her pull back the folds of her outerlips to reveal the labia, ragged pink lips still closed protectively, the coral pink flesh of that feminine flower surrounded by tiny curlings of pubic hair that shaded her splayed crotch.

He knew it thrilled her, made her unbelievably hot -- to be exposed like that. He could tell from the way her breathing deepened, the flattened cones of her breasts rising and falling in deep undulations. Her pinkish aureoles had expanded into wide tight disks, the nipples hardening like tiny little berries. She closed her eyes and her naked bottom squirmed excitedly on the flowered cushion of the chair. He made her play with herself while she held that pose, insisting that she masturbate in front of him, to show him how she did it. Her long blond lashes were lowered prettily as she looked out at him through slitted eyes, and her hand came up to his bidding and play with her exposed pussy.

Keith felt a renewed rush of passion and his rejuvenated prick stirred with new life, as he saw the hot blonde writhing and palming her vulva, fingering her sex while she squirmed in sexual heat in that big cushioned chair. She slipped her two fingers down along the protruding lips of her sex and pried back the petals, to hold herself

open with fingers pressing back the dark pink lips of her cunt.

"Go on..play with yourself," he urged in a heated whisper, thrilled beyond belief by the searing eroticism of the act. He watched, totally captivated, as her hand moved slid down to cover her cunt, and she started rubbing her palm down over her pubic mound, twisting her shoulders as she palmed her lightly furred vulva in a deep, slow, sensual massage. Her fingers played along the centerline, teasing over the pouting pussylips, the fingertips rubbing, pressing, slipping into the slick inner flesh. He watched her press into the cowl of flesh at the very top of the lips, where the hidden pearl of her clitoris lay in wait. She fingered herself there, plucking a delicate pizzicato, rubbing the little nubbin with a fluttery finger.

"Fuck yourself, teacher," he ordered brutally. "Stick your finger up your cunt...and fuck yourself!"

Melissa closed her eyes and her shoulders surged forward as she slipped her middle finger into her hot wet slot, curving it up from her cupped palm, to penetrate her vagina with her stiffened middle finger. Her hips thrust forward and a plaintive moan escaped her lips.

"Fuck yourself!.. Fuck yourself!... FUCK YOURSELF! he urged hotly, his control slipping away as he jammed his hand down the front of his pants to grab his aching prick, desperate to find some sort of relief. Her hips were rocking now, and the passion-driven girl hunched forward, then threw back her silky hair, as she brought a second finger into play. Immediately, she slipped a third curled finger up to join the other two, and now she sat on the very edge cushioned seat, three fingers jammed up her glistening wet cunt, her wrist jiggling in a flurry of motion as the sensual blonde writhed in

surging passion, finger fucking herself at the command of the lusty young man who owned her, body and soul.

It was all so unreal. Keith found himself living in two separate worlds. Of course, the two lovers couldn't help seeing each other at school during the week. And even though, during the Fall semester, Keith was no longer taking classes from his favorite English teacher, their paths would still occasionally cross in the hallways, coming and going from class. And when they passed in the halls, he would smile blandly and greet her with a "Good morning, Ms. Parker" -- ever the model student, respectful and polite. She acknowledged his greeting with a social smile of her own, and nodded her blond head, before lowering her eyes to hurry off at a quickened pace, heels clicking down the hallway, while he grinned at her rapidly retreating figure.

If the other guys noticed anything unusual between him and the English teacher, they would have shrugged it off. They would never have believed it, had they known the real story. From time to time, he actually toyed with the idea of telling a few of the guys. It was hard not to, especially when one of those loud mouths started bragging about what he'd do to satisfy their man-less and obviously horny English teacher. But Keith just smiled to himself. No, they would have never believed him anyway. The wild thought even occurred to him, that maybe someday he'd grandly invite a few of them over to Melissa's house some Saturday, and then have their beautiful teacher greet them at the door in nothing but her pink panties. He could only imagine the look on their faces! He smiled at the thought of sharing Melissa with them, of making his hot teacher take off her clothes and forcing her to have sex with three horny, well-hung guys.

But he never seriously entertained that idea. He concluded he really didn't want to share Melissa with anyone. It might have been different if Keith had had even one close friend, a buddy he could confide in, someone he could trust. But Keith had always been a loner, and in the end, he wanted his magnificent prize to be his, and his alone. So he ignored their bragging, and their endless speculation about the shape of Melissa's tits, and the feel of her ass, and what her pussy must look like, and what a hot piece she must be in bed; he kept his incredible secret to himself.

In time, Keith learned to compartmentalize his life. In his mind, he kept the trim and proper English teacher firmly tucked away at school, while letting himself savor the searing memory of the sex-crazed blonde wildly tearing at his clothes in her eagerness to get her hands on his muscular body, when he finally smiled down at her, grinning and nodding his permission.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the boundaries began to bleed over into each other. It all started one day at school, as he caught sight of Melissa striding purposely across the tiled floor towards the library. She was wearing the glasses she sometimes wore for reading, and she cradled an armful of books pressed to her bosom.

She looked delicious in that loose silvery blouse with the wide sleeves and the straight narrow skirt that layered the promising curve of her lovely behind; Keith felt a familiar stirring in his pants. He was always cheered by the sight of those attractive legs in their sheer black pantyhose, and an idea began to form in his mind. He hung around outside the library for a few minutes, hiding behind a pillar near the entrance. He watched her through the double glass doors as she chatted with Ms DeTour, the librarian, and when she emerged, relieved of her load of books, he boldly stepped in front of her.

Startled, she drew back. Her brown eyes, behind the disks of those rimless glasses, widened at seeing her secret lover suddenly appear, to stand brazenly blocking her way.

"Oh..It's you, I..."

"Hello, Ms Parker," Keith purred, flashing her his best boyish charm. "You look real nice today."

"Well...uh..thank you , Keith," she stammered flustered and uncertain. A quick shiver of fear ran through her.

Now he leaned closer, and dropped his voice to enclose only the two of them in his conspiracy.

"I want you dressed like this when I come over. Just like this," he added for emphasis.

Then, before she could react, he spun on his heel, leaving his speechless teacher standing there, her mouth open as she watched him disappear around the corner.

Part 4 Don Winslow

He knew she'd do it, at least he was pretty sure she'd do it, but he was still pleased to see that she opened the door wearing the clothes he wanted her in, the silvery blouse made of that shiny silky material, loosely-fitted, with wide billowy sleeves and snug wristbands. The flat pointed collar lay open, the two top buttons

left undone to reveal a small vee of smooth lightly-tanned skin looped by a pair of thin silver chains. The narrow black skirt fell hung straight on her trim lines, its hem riding just below the knee. Her outfit completed by the tinted stockings and sleek black pumps. He looked her up and down, and she noted the approval in his eyes. Dressed up as for work, she had obviously spent some time on lipstick and makeup. Her hair was neatly in place, an even layer of bangs across her brow and a helmet of soft blond that fell in a slight incurve to kiss her collar, he caught a whiff of her perfume, as she leaned forward, stretching up to greet him with a kiss. He saw that she was wearing the glasses she usually wore at school. She looked the perfect model of the proper school teacher.

"Hi, Ms Parker. You look real nice today," he teasingly complimented her, using the same words he had used in their brief confrontation in the hallway at school. And she warmed and smiled at him, a little nervously.

"Thank you, Keith."

He reached out and touched her on the left breast, letting his fingers lightly trace the bulging shape through the layers of the slick blouse and the underlying brassiere she had on, as he looked into her eyes.

"I think you should call me 'Sir.' Now try again."

He watched her work her pursed lips, curl the bottom one biting down softly on it with two small white teeth. Behind the disks of her glasses, her deep brown eyes turned soft and mellow as she gazed at him.

"Thank you,....Sir," she whispered.

"That's better. Now, let's get started. Do you like to dance, teacher?"

Keith had cleared away the furniture to form a space in the center of the livingroom rug. As was their habit, the curtains were already closed, and the room in semi-darkness, but Keith set about arranging the lamps, tilting the shades so that, like twin spotlights, they cast a pool of light on the very center of the room. He slid the CD he had bought into the stereo, and punched the start button, before settling back comfortably in the big overstuffed chair. The music came on low and muted, the slow sensual wail of a solo sax, joined gradually by a jazz trio. It was boozy, raunchy music, the languid, sexy music of the topless bars with their parades of nude dancers. Melissa Parker stood fully dressed in the middle of her livingroom, looking down on the tousle-haired boy in the T-shirt and jeans who had extracted his naked penis, and was now fingering it openly, grinning up at her, as the stripper's music settled into the slow heavy beat of an unmistakable bump and grind.

She knew what he wanted. Knew what she must do. She had no choice.

"Go on, teacher. Do it. Let me see you dance!"

Moving slowly and deliberately, the young blonde removed her glasses, and then took off the thin sliver chains, and finally her watch band, placing each item separately on the endtable under the nearby lamp. She took a deep breath, and staring off into space over the head of her seated lover, she started to move, in an almost disembodied way, swaying in time to the music. Keith was absently fingering his semi-rigid cock, with his eyes on the swaying figure of his teacher who moved her body but stood in place in her high heels. Her hips

swung from side to side, and her shoulders began a slight wiggling motion, as she closed her eyes. He saw her hands come up to her collar, where her nervous fingers began to work open the row of small black buttons down the front of her blouse, staring a widening gap that revealed her front and her gently sloping shoulders, the delicate traces of the collarbone the smoothly contoured chest and the tops of those sexy breasts of hers, taut bulges snugly encased in the filigreed cups of a navy blue brassiere. She tugged the blouse free of the skirt, unbuttoned the cuffs, then slipped the loosened blouse from her shoulders. Now her long blond lashes fluttered down, and her face took on a dreamy sort of expression as the girl let the slippery blouse slither down her extended arms behind her, only to gather it up, and not knowing what to do with it, simply letting it fall to the floor at her feet.

"Come on, dance for me teacher! Get that skirt off! I want to see you dance!" he ordered, his increasing impatience quite evident. And now the woman who had been standing in place and moving only her hips, a bit self consciously at that, began to make a series of short shuffling steps, her legs moving in the narrow skirt, wiggling, as she tried a little dance for him, throwing in a bit of the sashaying moves she thought a stripper might make, while she reached behind her to find the catch of her skirt.

It took a few little bit of blind fumbling, but she soon had the skirt undone and, the little zipper opened. Once loosened, the sagging skirt slid halfway down the girl's swaying hips, and assisted by a girlish shimmy and a tug on either side, the snug skirt fell to the carpet in a crumpled heap. He watched her lift each shoe in turn, to step free of the fallen skirt, and nudge it aside with a pointed toe.

Under the skirt, Melissa had worn a half-slip. The silken sheath was also made of deep navy blue satin like the matching bra, its generous lacy hem hanging to just above her knees. Next, her hands went up behind her to find the catch of at the back of her brassiere, but he stopped her.

"No! The slip. Take off the slip!"

She stared down at him and her hands went obediently to her waist as she hooked her thumbs into the thin elastic and lifting each knee, bent forward to free her shoes of the slippery satin she held bunched in her hand. He watched her toss the slip aside with a cavalier flip of the wrist. He grinned to himself, Melissa seemed to be getting into the role.

As she straightened up, his eyes took in the splendid sight of Melissa Parker in her underwear. Two skinny straps looped her nude shoulders suspending the brassiere that cradled her bulging breasts, a delicate piece of lingerie, embroidered lacy cups made of darkly shiny satin, that snugly cradled her highset bosom. Melissa kept herself fit with regular workouts, as was evident from one look at that flattened belly, the skin taut drawn over the traces of her hips. The pantyhose she wore smoothened the sleek contours of her haunches and molded those slim, shapely legs. The low riding panties that banded her hips were clearly visible under the hazy stretch of black clingy nylon.

She looked to him with an inquisitive look, and he nodded. Moving slowly now, twisting her shoulders in time to the music and wiggling her lower body in slow sensual undulations, she reached behind her to find the clasp of the bra and leaning forward, let it drop into her cupped hands, spilling her tits, to fall into place and settle with a slight wobble. Brushing the shoulderstraps down over her shoulders,

she gathered up the tangle of ribbons and lace flung it to one side with increased abandon.

Now she paused, standing perfectly still for a moment, straightening up, posing for him, letting him appreciate her newly exposed breasts as they hung free. She was gratified to see it in his eyes -- the look of approval he gave to the jaunty curve of her sexy tits, , taut skinned, softly conical, with just a bit of sag to them, they move with a slight jiggle, jutting out invitingly toward him with roseate tips that were slightly uptilted. The nipples, pointing slightly outward of center, stuck out proudly, as though inviting the sampling hand, the worrying lips, the sucking mouth. Keith's fingers tightened on his upright prick and he rubbed himself, hard.

His gaze went from her naked breasts to her face. The young blond woman was looking down at him through narrowed eyes, her gaze directed at the hand that tightened on his naked prick. A thin smile played over her lips as she thought of what she must look like. Her breasts seemed heavy. She could feel their weight, their heaviness, their swaying fullness. And she knew that her nipples had expanded and were thickened and stiff with the excitement that comes from the realizing that she stood bare-breasted before the boy lover, who was also her master.

"Go on... the pantyhose," he hissed.

Melissa went over to perch her nyloned bottom on the edge of the coffeetable. He watched her breast sway forward as she reached down to slip off her pumps. The pantyhose were next. She worked the clingy nylon down over her hips, lifting her bottom to pull it free, peeling the elastic nylon down her extended leg, pulling the stretching stockings off her feet, tossing the pantyhose aside, to

join the growing pile of clothing on the carpet.

Seeing the lithe blonde standing barefoot on the rug, tall and slender in only her low slung underpants, gave Keith a tremendous rush. She stood there staring at him, and she seemed to have forgotten the music. But as much as Keith felt the urge to take her, right then and there, falling on her on the livingroom rug, he was enjoying the striptease too much to stop now. The syrupy moan of the solo sax was now powered by the throbbing rhythm of a snare drum, a hiss and snap that punctuated a sexy bump and grind. He had slip her bare feet back into her pumps, and beckoned her over to take her place once more, in the center the makeshift spotlights.

"Come here teacher. Let me see those tits of yours," he said, reaching over to turn up the music.

Keith knew all about topless bars. Once he was with a couple of guys who actually got to sneak into such a place, a real dive way that looked like a barn, way out on a dark country road. They didn't get to stay very long before the bouncer had jostled the under-aged patrons back out on the gravel parking lot, but they were in there long enough to see the nude dancers gyrating on stage as they huddled in the shadows of the doorway. Those girls were pretty, but none of them could compare to his favorite schoolteacher. And she as putting on a show just for him!

"Bend down, show me those tits of yours."

The tall blonde leaned forward, allowing the hanging pendants of her breasts to swing out, as she bent over to cup them as if in offering. The nipples stuck out, pink and saucy. She felt a wave of heat pass over her as she held herself like that, cupping her firm tits and

squeezing them out to him as she leaned over, offering her breasts to the boy who sprawled back on the chair, still clad in his blue jeans, but with the front of his pants open, his solid erection waving at her, as he played with himself and watched his sensual teacher offering her body to him like a common whore.

"Yeah, that's nice teacher, real nice. Now put your hands behind your head, and stick out them boobs. Let me see them," he managed to get out, in a voice husky with passion. The blond girl straightened and raised her arms, arching up and bringing her uplifted breasts into greater prominence. With fingers laced behind her head, she closed her eyes, her tongue peeked out to quickly rim her lips.

"Go on, shake those things," he urged gleefully. Keith was clearly enjoying himself, though he took his hand away from his primed and ready manhood, lest there be a premature discharge of his weapon. He sat back with legs spread, his bare cock sticking up and throbbing with readiness. She couldn't help but notice the little jiggly movements he gave to his prick, as she looked down on him through lowered eyes, wiggling her shoulders and sending the jellied mounds shaking merrily.

"All right," he crowed. "Now make 'em jiggle! Come on, I want to see those titties jiggling," he called out, cranking up the music one more notch. The thumping of the sensual rhythm pulsated through the room as Keith's private topless dancer began jerking her shoulders up and back thrusting out her chest in bucking undulations causing her frisky tits to dance and quiver liquidly. He had her bend down, with hands braced on her knees and shake her dangling tits, twisting her shoulders to cause them to jiggle most delightfully right before his eyes. Keith loved every minute of it.

"Great teacher! You put on a damn good show!" there was sincere admiration in his voice. "Now, hop up and down for me. I want to see them bounce."

By now Melissa would have done whatever he wanted. She thought of herself, of the picture she must be presenting as she hopped on one foot, causing her slightly floppy tits to bounce up and down in a lewd manner of an exotic dancer. It was wild. It was crazy. But she loved it!

Keith had his hand back on his cock. He couldn't help himself. He was stroking his manhood, in slow hard pulls as he watched those bouncing tits.

"That's enough," he called, slowing the hopping girl to a stop.

He watched her standing there, sweating lightly, breath coming in quick shallow gaps through partly opened lips. His eyes swept down her lean, supple torso, scanning the sleek plane of her taut belly, and playing across the silken scrap which spanned the shallow indentation between her sharp angular hipbones. Melissa's panties were made of shadowy mesh, with a reinforced front panel, a V-shaped wedge of opaque satin, that was already damp with a telltale stain of feminine dew. The forced strip tease, the flaunting of her beautiful naked body had gotten to her, as he knew it would. The moist fabric had become plastered to her vulva, the gentle mound with its pale pussyfur, and the neat tuck of her cleft, were all clearly visible through the clinging film.

"Now take those cute little panties off....and do it right," he warned. "Slow and easy, just like the girls in the strip joints."

Melissa's hands went to the thin elastic waistband of her frilly blue panties, but as she smiled down at him with lewd wicked grin, and slipped her thumbs into the front of her briefs, he stopped her.

"No! Not like that. Turn around, and let me see your ass. I want to see your ass." he hissed insistently.

His lewd words sent a shiver of lust through the topless girl. She knew what he wanted. She turned in place, slightly widened the stance of her high heels, and lowered herself to thrust back her rearend, providing her audience of one with a most delectable view of her pantied behind. Then she reached around in back and slipped her fingers into the lacy waistband and peeled the thin panties down over her jutting buttocks. Of course, by now Keith had seen her naked many times, and he knew every inch of that sleek blond body, but still he always got a special thrill when he had her slip off her panties, and this was even wilder! He watched as Melissa Parker's naked ass came into view, those pale, perfectly symmetrical domes, firm and high-set, and nicely separated by a precise shadowline. The descending panties were lowered down her thighs uncovering the blond-furred pouch of her underslung vulva, a happy sight that caused Keith's cock to jump for joy. She eased her panties down to the back of her knees and let them fall the rest of the way, to collapse in a silken puddle ringing her ankles. He watched her step out of her fallen panties, reaching down to pull the tangled underpants free of her pumps. Then she looked over her shoulder at him.

Keith shook himself, suddenly aware of throbbing music. He wanted more, wanted the show to go on.

"Come on, stick that thing out for me, and shake it...shake that thing!"

With her hands once again braced on her knees, her bare ass protruding in his direction, his captive teacher started to wiggle her hips and then in time with the slow, moaning music she began to rotate her jutting bottom, making lewd, increasingly deep circles, sassy and brazen, enticing the guy with her bare ass, offered for his edification and amusement.

"Yeahh, that's wild teacher, that's great!" Keith cried cheerily.
"Now you can stop that ...and turn around, and dance a little for me. Yeah, dance! Let's see you go girl," he urged with a huge grin.

She shuffled around and began bucking her pelvis in time to the beat of the music, her long thin body rippling to the surging beat. Suddenly, she felt awkward, a new wave of self-consciousness came over her and she seemed unsure of what to do with her hands. So he put them on her hips, and thrust her belly out at him. Keith's eyes were riveted on that undulating blond pussy, the triangle of pale fleece that started low on her belly, gradually thickening into a tangle of tufted curls just between her legs. The cleft of her modest pussy was visible, neatly tucked in the riot of fine curls. Her lover was mesmerized, captivated by that gyrating pussy, while the woman stood with hands on hips, shoving her sex towards him in regular thrusts of her slender loins.

Through slitted eyes she looked down on him. His only movement was the slow, almost languid pulling on this cock, that he had started once again. He didn't say a word, but kept her at it, doing that obscene, lascivious dance of sexual offering, edging closer to his chair, till she was practically thrusting her pussy into his face.

Much later, after the most wild and passionate lovemaking they had ever experienced, the two lovers snuggled together on the sofa. Keith slipped an arm around her naked shoulders and drew the girl closer. He let his hand drift down to gently play with her right breast, cuddling the taut bulge with just the pads of his fingertips.

"You put on quite a show, teacher. I think you should get a job as a dancer, part time of course," he snickered, "'cause I want you to stay put, right where I can see you every day. But you got all the right moves. Yah, you could be a pretty good stripper. You know that?" Melissa said nothing, but she smiled to herself.

"Yeh," he went on, "when you shake those titties of yours like that, you can drive a guy wild, do you know that?" Melissa snuggled closer, eyes closed, feeling warm and cozy and wanted. You know it's a real shame to holster these babies," he continued, taking a nipple between his fingers and absently toying with the rubbery tip, rubbing it between his fingers as he talked. "Yes, sir, a real shame."

Suddenly he straightened, as if struck by a novel idea. "Tell you what you're going to do, teacher. On Monday, when you go to school, I want to wear these same clothes, your 'schoolteacher clothes'." He grinned at her. "But no bra. I don't want you wearing a bra. When I see you in the hall on Monday, I want to know these floppy ol' tits of yours are completely naked under that pretty little blouse. It'll be our little secret. Now, you'll do that for me, won't you, teacher?" he asked in a perfectly charming voice. The sudden vehemence of the kiss she planted on his open mouth surprised the hell out of him.

Don Winslow

In the weeks that followed, the young teacher realized that the boy toy she had taken on, had quickly become her masterful lover. It came to her with a shiver of pride, she was now his woman, no more than a sex slave, to be kept and used as the young stud saw fit.

Keith was elated to have this mature woman all to himself. He bought her a bracelet to wear, a chain of dull, matted silver. The links were not the sort of delicate braid she might buy for herself, nor were they ostentatiously large and chunky. But it was quite definitely a metal chain, one with links that that once joined, snugly encircled her slim wrist, a sometimes jarring note that could be seen by everyone -- that chain peeking out just below the cuff of blouse or jacket. He insisted that she wear his "gift" every day, without fail. The linked bracelet would bring unspoken questions to the eyes of the wondering teachers, but Melissa knew she had no choice in the matter. It was, he told her, a reminder, blandly anonymous perhaps, but they both knew what it meant. And it was not the only "reminder" he left with her.

The first time he had her go to school without a brassiere, the young woman spent the day feeling incredibly wanton, her feelings a mix of shame, humiliation, wickedness, and sexual heat. She wondered if it was obvious that her tingling breasts were loose, shifting freely, under the thin blouse, especially when she taught class -- especially in front of those sexually-preoccupied boys, whom she often caught staring at her bosom. She could feel the burning in her cheeks. Did they know? But surely, Keith wouldn't tell? It would be their secret, he had told her. The feel of her nipples rubbing against the

slick silk excited her terribly, and sent a wave of randiness through her.

That day, more than any other, she dreaded the inevitable encounter with her lover in the hallway, she knew he would be there. When he showed up, he did no more than give her that respectful student's smile of his, and said a few polite words of greeting. But when she responded, and went to move on, he put out a hand to touch her arm, lightly stopping her in place. His smile widened into a leering grin as his eyes fell pointedly to her chest.

"How do you feel today, Ms Parker," he asked, in bland innocence, his eyes boring in on her lightly-clad breasts.

Melissa, burning with embarrassment, lowered her eyes and rushed off.

Keith had so enjoyed the strip tease show his teacher did for him, that he had her do a repeat performance, not once but several times, always choosing outfits she wore to school, making her take off each piece of clothing, slowly and deliberately to the surging rhythm of the bump and grind. Melissa was curious to find her inhibitions were being shed in the process. She could loose herself in the music, stripping for her man, with all the confident moves of a professional dancer, proud of her thin, undulating body, the provocative swing of her taut breasts, thrilled to see his eyes light up each time she dropped her drawers for him.

Sometimes he had her take off her outer clothes, but keep her pantyhose on. He loved to run his hands over her nyloned legs, savoring the delicious feel of those feminine curves encased in slick smooth nylon. It got Melissa hot, incredibly hot, to have those warm

masculine hands moving lazily along her hunches, slowly caressing the sleek contours of her languidly moving legs, till she was so excited she couldn't stand it any more! He liked to have her parade around the houses in just her high heels and pantyhose, making her walk back and forth in front of him, swinging her hips with the easy sway of a runway model -- a bare-breasted runaway model.

The little shows she put on for him always drove the healthy stud crazy with lust, in no time he was tearing at those pantyhose, yanking down the sticky nylon in his haste to get the clinging stockings off of her. Much as he liked seeing her in pantyhose, he hated the inconvenience. He asked her about stockings, the old-fashioned kind, and when she admitted that some women still wore stockings, the kind with wide bands of elastic at the tops, he ordered her to go right out and buy dozen pair.

The following Saturday he had her model her new snugly banded thigh-highs for him. Keith was delighted, he never tired of seeing those pretty legs of hers sheathed in those long sheer stockings.

He continued the practice of having her greet him fully dressed in the clothes she wore to school, had her strip for him till she was naked, except for her stockings and heels. And that was how he kept her for the rest of the day, and much of the following day too, for by now, Keith was staying overnight, and the few rushed hours of passion on Saturday afternoon, had turned into a prolonged sexual marathon that left both lovers drained and exhausted when they made it to school on Monday morning.

Melissa knew she was sinking deeper and deeper into an impossible situation, at least part of her knew it. But she couldn't help herself. The more the boy treated her like a whore, the more she

loved it! She needed him to force her to do things, dirty, unspeakable things All week long thoughts of what he made her do on Saturday came to her at the most unlikely moments when she was trying to teach. She need only look down at the bracelet to be reminded. Once she let him in and the back door was closed behind them, she felt an instant surge of arousal. There was nothing too outrageous, nothing too sexy, nothing she wouldn't do at his command. She was willing to grovel, to debase herself in front of him, to kiss his bare feet, to crawl to him on hands on knees, as he sometimes made her do, all of these things and more as he wallowed in her status of a kept woman, nothing more than a willing sex slave.

She was wearing nothing but shoes and stockings the day Keith stepped out of the bathroom, to be greeted by the appealing sight of his bare-assed teacher with her back to him, caught at the moment of bending over to pick up a newspaper that lay scattered on the floor.

The invitation was irresistible. With one quick motion he stepped up behind the bending woman, and swung a flattened hand up to deliver a hard, stinging slap squarely across that temptingly presented butt.

"WHAP!"

"Ouch! What was that for?" The surprised girl jerked upright, ruefully rubbing her bottom.

"What was that for, 'Sir'," he reminded her.

"What that for, Sir?" she repeated.

He left her standing there, ignoring the stocking-clad blonde, who stood with one hand on her behind, as he sauntered over to the dinning room, picked up a straight-backed chair, and brought it back to the center of the room. He sat down in the wooden chair and smiled at her, in that half-teasing, half-evil grin she recognized with the accompanying delicious shiver that inevitably ran up her spine.

"I think you've been getting pretty careless lately, teacher," he began, with just a hint of that slow tease he sometimes used with her. "You forget to call me 'sir', even though I told you, and told you, over and over again. And you know what else? I think you've been getting just a little bit pushy lately. I think maybe it's time you got put in your place, teacher. 'Cause see, what you don't understand, is that I can do anything I want with that pretty little ass. I own that ass of yours. Now bring it over here. It's time you got taught a lesson."

For a long moment, they just looked at each other, the older, mature woman, her lean body clad incongruously in the sexy nylons and high heeled shoes of a whore, and the young lad who owned her, sitting on the wooden chair, the bulge in his jockey shorts clearly evident as he spread his well-muscle thighs in obvious invitation.

The rush of erotic pleasure that swept through her caused her to gasp. It was followed by a stab of keen anticipation in her groin, the quivering knife of sexual excitement at what was to come, at the big powerful hands of her masterful lover. She took the few steps that brought her to his side, and stood looking down at him, taking in his broad shoulders and the meaty slabs of his thick, furry chest, her big brown eyes softened in total surrender. Keith grinned up at his pet teacher, and said not a word, as he pointed meaningfully to his lap.

The long-legged blonde knew what to do. She submissively lowered herself to take the mandated place, stretching her body out across her student's naked thighs. She felt his hands on her hips, shifting her weight till he was satisfied that he had his teacher in just the right position, the classic spanking position, shoulders over one side, inverted head dangling down, while those stockinged legs angled down the other side till the pointed toes of her high heels dug into the thick carpet. Her bare bottom was now nicely served up over his right thigh. He couldn't help smiling at the enticing picture Melissa presented, the extended lengths of her outstretched legs sheathed in those long black hose, the bands of smooth white thigh-flesh that lay exposed at the tops, and that lovely, lush bottom, all soft and naked and vulnerable, just sitting there waiting for his attention. Keith was going to enjoy this!

He slid his left hand down the smooth velvety slope of her bare back, till he came to the shallow dip of her lower back, and there he let it rest, pinning the long blonde firmly in place over his lap. He contemplated the lush fullness of that mature womanly ass. It was not the sort of tight-cheeked young bottom you found on high school girls. No, Ms Melissa Parker had a substantial ass, one you could fill your hands with. Her pair of shapely buttocks flowed into rich, full undercurves that were deep and ripe with promise. Hers was an irresistible ass, one he had seen naked many times by now, and still marveled at -- especially when it was close at hand like this. Hers was an ass just made for spanking!

He used the pads of his fingertips to trace the seductive upswelling curve of that smooth white bottom, over the crest, and down the bulging slope to travel along the undercrease to the place where the rear cheeks met. Between the smiling undercaves, a tuft of silky blond hair marked her peeping vulva. He poked his finger in there, between

her asscheeks and the girl on his lap jerked her shoulders upward, her hips squirming in mounting excitement at the deliciously intimacy of that impertinent probe.

By now young Keith was uncomfortably hot, flushed with sexual desire, his body tingling with anticipation. His straining upright prick pressed against a solid hip through the white cotton of his briefs, as his cupped hand passed up and down the twin curves of his teacher's bottomcheeks, relishing the satiny smoothness of those firm fleshy mounds. He let his hand come to rest spanning the woman's ass. And he let it lay there possessively, giving her bottom a light pat, while he talked dirty to her.

"Ever had that big ol' ass of yours spanked, teacher? Well?!" he grabbed one mound and squeezed to show his displeasure when an immediate answer wasn't forthcoming from the inverted blond head.

The girl arched upward, wiggling, as he held her ass in an iron grip, tightening his fingers.

"Ughh...no...Sir."

He smiled. "That's what I thought." The big hand that held her butt relaxed.

"Well you're gonna get spanked now, real good. And you're going to count 'em out for me. Don't forget to count teacher, or you're gonna get twice as many," he warned.

With that he took a deep breath, raised his flattened hand, and swung, bringing it down in a crisp decisive smack delivered smartly to that oh, so vulnerable behind.

"SMACK!"

The glancing blow sent the jellied mounds wobbling as Melissa's blond head shot up and her body arched into a tight bow.

"Yeeouch, One!" she yelped, twisting in his lap.

He spanked her again...and again, two hard slaps, right across the quivering cheeks.

"SMACK!...SMACK!"

"Yeeouch. Two!...oowl..Three!"

The next two were precise smacks, not hard, but each squarely falling on those delightfully bouncy mounds, each getting a tiny yelp from the poor girl as she squealed out the required number.

"SMACK!...SMACK!"

"Ouch..Four!...Owwwel... Five!. Oh that hurts, Keith!" she shrieked, writhing in his lap.

He held his hand.

"Keith?" he said, his voice detached, curious.

"I...I'm sorry...Sir!" she corrected herself, tensing up, instantly aware of her mistake. He let her lay there and think about it, holding his upraised hand, watching her butt clench anxiously. The crack of her ass narrowed down to a dark slit, the sides of her cheeks

hallowing out as they tightened down in fearful anticipation of further retribution. He waited, pausing till he saw her butt muscles slacken.

Now, he paused to admire the results of his handiwork. His prick was incredibly hard, and he felt an ever greater rush of excitement that rose up to form a lump in his throat, a dryness in his mouth, as he contemplated Melissa Parker's blushing ass, an intense throb of lust powered through him. He couldn't resist spending a little time just playing with that pink-tinged bottom. Impishly, he poked a pointed finger deep between those cowering cheeks and watched her hips jerk in startled reaction, her butt tighten instinctively at the rude intrusion. Next, he laid a curved hand across his teacher's plump bottom, relishing the silken smoothness of those warm, soft mounds. He patted her ass lightly, affectionately. The cheeks slackened, then clamped once again, at the teasing touch of the index finger he ran up right her hidden valley.

He took his time. Shifting her with his widespread thighs. Then, pressing down with the hand that held her on the lower back, he was suddenly rocked by a strong desire to punish those choice, impertinent rearounds. He raised his hand and swung, hard, attacking with gusto, delivering a hard spanking the woman wouldn't soon forget, slapping the center of the rounded domes, the sweeping tops, the fleshy bottoms, walloping her bounding ass in a furious rain that soon had the young teacher squirming and yelping, kicking up her heels, stockinged legs flying up behind her to scissor the air. He whomped that squirming, agitated bottom in rapid succession, admiring the dance of her bouncy rearchecks under the rain of stinging smacks as she wriggled her hips in fiery torment.

"SMACK!...SMACK!....SMACK!....SMACK!..SMACK!"

It was only when his palm was stinging viciously, that Keith finally stopped. In the sudden quiet of the room he heard his teacher sniveling like a well-punished schoolgirl, her shoulders heaving as she gasped between ragged gulps of air, while his own breathing slowly evened out.

Flushed and panting, he sat with an aching hard erection poking at the front of his cotton shorts, and as he looked down on his teacher's freshly chastised rearend, he felt a quiver of perverse pride. He brought his tingling hand down to lay it on those heaving reddened mounds, rubbing her smarting behind in a slow deliberate massage, while Melissa responded by wiggling her hips in sensual delight, a dreamy moan came from the direction of her inverted head.

She was lulled by the warmth of his tender caress. As one slow hand kept moving over her bottom in a languid caress, he used the other to reach under the chair, fumbling for his displaced sneaker that lay there, all but forgotten. Holding the sneaker by the toe, he surreptitiously lifted it over his head, and brought the hard rubber heel cracking down hard, to deliver a powerful whack to the twin domes of Melissa's throbbing ass. The decisive smack of the rubber slapping the fleshy mounds was like a gunshot in the quiet room.

"THWACK!"

"YEEEEOWWWWL!" His surprised victim screeched, and her legs flew up in a blur of frantic agitation. "Owl, Owl, Owl" she yelped, kicking and twisting in fiery distress, wiggling her ass furiously, as though to shake off the sting, as her lover watched the dark pink imprint that slowly began to form across those quivering rearchecks.

Melissa Parker spent the next half hour standing in the corner of the room, facing the wall like a chastened schoolgirl, her blushing bottom on open display. She stood erect and tall in her heels, stockinged legs straight together, hands loosely at her side, facing the wall, feeling the eyes of her masterful lover as he studied her nude back, the sweeping lines that flowed so smoothly to the pleasingly rounded contours of those plump, freshly punished, buttocks.

Her boy-lover sat, sprawled back on her couch, sipping a coke, taking in the lascivious view, not saying much. When he finally did speak it was in that lazy, half-joking tone he used with her when he was amused and pleased with himself.

"You know teacher, I got a feeling that you won't be sitting very much at school tomorrow. In fact, I think you might have to teach that English class of yours standing up."