

The following story is a work of fiction. Its contents are of a graphically sexual nature and may involve non-consensual sexual acts between underage partners. Any resemblance to persons either alive or dead is purely coincidental. This story is intended for ADULTS only. If you are under the legal age of consent in your local jurisdiction, or if you are easily offended, kindly STOP READING NOW.



The Obligation - by - The StoryMaster

"Gawp!" she croaked as her hands reflexively shot to the fronts of his thighs. Pushing herself away, she turned her head to one side and gagged silently for several seconds. Melissa hated it when Mr. Johnson pushed it in too far. And if the taste wasn't enough, it always made her feel like she was going to throw up when it touched the back of her throat.

"Take your hands away, Melissa," the older man said in a patient tone of voice. "Now straighten up and open your mouth," he instructed the unhappy teenager who squatted on the floor in front of him.

Reluctantly Melissa obeyed. She had no choice. Melissa Carpenter had an obligation, you see.

The expression on her face was truly priceless to behold and would have melted the hearts of most men, but not so Benjamin Johnson. Her big blue eyes pleaded with him while he massaged the back of her neck with his left hand as encouragement. "No stalling, now," he murmured. "You wouldn't want to be late for your next class, my dear," he added, after which he began to rub the blunt head of his penis across her pink lips.

Melissa made a face but did not try to turn away. She recognized the familiar musky odor as her history teacher smeared his clear, sticky pre-ejaculate over her lips and nose.

"Be a good girl now and open that pretty mouth, Melissa. I promise I won't push this time," the man coaxed.

The pretty fifteen year old slowly rose up onto her knees. She made no attempt to conceal her disgust as she stared at the heavily veined instrument of her displeasure jutting out from its sweaty nest of coarse, dark pubic hair below the older man's pale distended belly. Melissa opened her mouth.

"That's my girl," Mr. Johnson whispered his approval. "Hands at your sides, now," he coached. He liked to put it into her mouth the first time, and then let her take over. Gazing down at his target, the parted white teeth and small pink tongue, he grasped his semi-erect member with his free hand and milked himself until another large drop of viscous fluid formed at its tip. Then with a smile, he pulled the young girl forward and placed the head of his manhood onto the warm, wet surface of her tongue, allowing the drop of pre-ejaculate to mingle with her saliva.

"Cawlk!" Melissa's shoulders heaved as she barely suppressed another gag. It took every ounce of her willpower to keep from balking again, but she was somehow able to maintain control. She knew he liked for her to keep her mouth open wide until he told her to close her lips around him. So Melissa obediently knelt before her history teacher, allowing the wicked man to place the head of his penis into her mouth then slowly move it from side to side across her tongue. Another gag wracked her body, but she remained steadfast and didn't pull away.

"Mmm..." Mr. Johnson sighed. "You have such a pretty mouth, Melissa," he cooed as he gazed down into her clear blue eyes. He was about to give the lovely teen permission to being sucking him, when quite unexpectedly he climaxed.

It caught Melissa by surprise too when his first salvo caromed off the back of her soft pallet and slid unimpeded down her throat. She was in the habit of allowing Mr. Johnson to "spurt" into her mouth. Actually, he insisted upon it, but she'd learned to anticipate him, closing off her throat and taking the vile substance only into her mouth so she could spit it out afterward. Melissa thought surely she would be sick, but surprisingly it stayed down, and she was in the process of puzzling over that, in fact, when Mr. Johnson broke his promise.

Without warning her history teacher pulled her head forward while he pushed himself farther into her mouth. He was reasonably strong for a man of his stature, and instantly Melissa's hands flew to the fronts of his hairy thighs where they scrabbled ineffectually as she felt the tip of his filthy penis touch the back of her throat. Unable to breathe, she dug her short fingernails into his flesh when the second

viscous projectile exploded from him like a rifle bullet directly into her esophagus. Melissa remember hearing his lewd groans, before she choked on his next installment. Because her mouth was blocked by the source of her torment, a spray of heavy semen escaped through her nostrils when she coughed. It was a thoroughly demoralizing experience for the pretty teenager and one she would never forget, in part because she was immediately chastised by her teacher as soon as she stopped choking.

"Look at the mess you've made, young lady," he scolded, indicating the drooling lines of ejaculate on the fronts of his thighs and the dripping mass on his testicles. "I hope you didn't get anything on my trousers," he added scornfully.

While Melissa lapped at one side of her history teacher's constricted scrotum with her tongue, cleaning him like he'd taught her to do, she let her mind wander back to a saner time in her life, a time several months earlier, before the dreadful circumstances in which she was currently embroiled, began. While she struggled to keep from vomiting, Melissa wondered if this nightmare would ever end.

Melissa Carpenter was charming, talented in many ways and exceptionally pleasing to the eye, but she was a terrible student. Her teachers attributed her lack of scholastic aptitude to a minor attention disorder, but most of her peers thought she was just plain spoiled. In any case, because of her poor grades the pretty blond found herself in the unenviable position of having to either pass her mid-term exams with very high marks or face the prospect of summer school. For Melissa, who was quite the little socialite, summer school was simply out of the question, but the mid-terms loomed over her like an unscalable cliff. Melissa definitely needed help.

Although she chose not to apply herself to her schoolwork, she was not a stupid girl. To the contrary, Melissa was crafty and imaginative, and more often than not she got what she wanted.

At the age of twelve she'd begun to shed her baby fat and develop those enticing contours and curves that would inevitably make her very popular with the boys in her life. By age thirteen Melissa had amassed a regular entourage of interested young men, and a few of them not so young. By the eighth grade she, Melissa was the most popular girl in school, and had her pick of any young man she wished to allow to associate with her.

Melissa naturally went for the most popular boy in school. His name was Trevor Williams. The two young people were first introduced by Melissa's best old ex-friend, Madison Lewis, at a cookout. Madison, a rather fetching young lady in her own right, was dating Trevor at the time, but that would soon change. Melissa had just turned fourteen.

Trevor Lewis was sixteen, and the two attractive teenagers hit it off right away. It seemed at the time that Madison was the only one not to see the obvious chemistry between Melissa and Trevor. In less than two weeks, Melissa managed to woo the handsome sixteen year old away from Madison, ending their friendship for the foreseeable future.

Trevor was not only a charming and attractive young man, he was also a talented athlete and an exceptional student. His grade point average never once fell below 3.8, and by the time he reached his junior year in high school, he was being actively scouted by the wrestling departments of several well known universities. There was little doubt in anyone's mind that Trevor Williams would secure a scholarship with at least one of these prestigious schools.

This was indeed fortunate for Trevor, because as fate would have it, the bright young man had not been born into a life of plenty. To the contrary, unlike the "fairy princess" he dated, Trevor had been forced to work his way through school. There was no envy or resentment on his part, however. Trevor simply applied himself to the task at hand. He was a confident young man, yet modest and humble as well. In short, Trevor Williams was the son that every man desires, honorable and hard working.

It was this honorable side of her beau that Melissa was currently having difficulty with. "Please Trev," the engaging fifteen year old beauty pleaded. "I thought you said that you'd do anything for me," she cooed and gave Trevor her most beguiling smile.

The two young people had been seeing each other pretty steadily for almost two years now, and Melissa could usually convince Trevor to see things her way, but this particular request involved going against his strong moral conviction and sense of what is right and what is not.

"You know I would, Mel," the young man replied in a pained voice. She was obviously making it very hard for him. "But what you're asking me to do is wrong. You know that." He paused for a second then offered, "Why don't you study really hard all weekend. I'll help you. We can do it together. You'll see."

"Ohhhh," the pretty blond whined. "There's just no way, Trev. I've got to make a B+ on this exam or I'm dead," she added ruefully. Then with surprising vehemence, "I hate history! It's so stupid! All those dates to memorize and names of people who've been dead for a hundred years. Who cares!" she declared emphatically.

Trevor remained silent while his pretty girlfriend vented her anger and frustration. He wanted to help Melissa, but she was really putting him on the spot. He really did care deeply for

her and obviously wanted to see her succeed, but there were limits. Trevor was indeed an upstanding young man.

"Johnson will fail me for sure," Melissa went on, interrupting her boyfriend's thoughts. "He hates me. I know he does. And besides, he's so weird," she said. "He's always staring at me. He gives me the creeps, Trev," she added imploringly. "Please, Trevor, please. I know you know how to get the test answers. I'll never ask again. I promise. Please, just this once," Melissa pleaded.

Her beau didn't respond, but rather he stood with his arms folded across his chest. He was obviously troubled, and it probably wouldn't take much more wheedling to tip him over the edge. Melissa Carpenter decided that it was time to play her trump card.

Although the two young people had been dating for quite sometime by today's standards, their relationship had remained about as Platonic as a teenage relationship could be. Mostly it had been Trevor who'd been unwilling to move beyond simple kissing and the occasional awkward petting and on to the next higher level. He claimed that he wouldn't be able to respect himself were he to take advantage of Melissa. But, Trevor was after all, a healthy American lad, and by the age of seventeen those urges were becoming harder and harder to ignore. Lately he'd started to lose control of himself more and more often when he and Melissa were together. On one occasion he'd actually touched her breast. Through her sweater, of course. That had been a week ago, and his hand still burned.

That time it had been Melissa who'd put the brakes on, and none to gently either. Trevor had been terribly embarrassed when she'd slapped his hand away. Melissa had feigned a pouting spell and then let her young beau apologize to her over and over again. The incident ended only after Melissa allowed Trevor to thoroughly emasculate himself before her, and then it wasn't mentioned again. What neither would admit, however, was that secretly, they both hoped that something like that would happen again, soon.

Melissa had come to enjoy the power she held over Trevor, learning at a very young age that what boys wanted, she had, and that those desires could be used to influence their behavior. Melissa somehow instinctively knew that she would lose some of that power should she give in to Trevor. But unfortunately she felt she had no choice. It was time for Melissa to cash in her chips.

Dialing her charm up to "10", Melissa placed her hands onto Trevor's broad shoulders and gazed into his eyes. Then with all the allure of a jaguar she purred, "If you'll help me, Trev, we can maybe go out and... you know." There was absolutely no mistaking what she meant as

she blushed hotly and averted her gaze, but when she looked back up at the young man, the she-cat was back. "Come on, Trev, you know you want to." Then she added in a husky voice, dripping with unveiled seductiveness, "I want you to, Trevor."

The young man had never heard that particular throaty quality to her voice before, and there was something in the way she looked at him and the manner in which she spoke that caused his juices to free-flow. Trevor Williams caved in seconds later.

Trevor's part of the bargain was to supply Melissa with the answers to her mid-term history exam, and for his services he was promised heaven and earth. Being an honor roll student, Trevor enjoyed certain privileges not available to the majority of the student body. Frequently he found himself alone in areas and offices that were off limits to most, and it was because of this privilege that Trevor was able to secure a copy of the American History Mid-term examination with surprisingly little difficulty.

Benjamin Johnson had also been his American History teacher in the tenth grade, and in looking over the answers to the ten page multiple choice test, Trevor recognized most of them. "Funny," he thought, that Melissa would think badly of the middle-age man. Trevor remembered Mr. Johnson as being a "pretty good guy" and a good teacher. From time to time, he would even share an off-color joke which tended to endear him to the boys in his class. Trevor never bothered to consider how the girls felt about it. "They were just jokes after all," he rationalized.

Monday morning came at last. All day long, Trevor was distracted, wondering how his girlfriend would fare on her history exam, but when at last the final bell rang and the two young people met in the hall, Melissa's expression told the whole story. Trevor couldn't remember ever having seen her so elated.

"I know I passed. I just know it. Oh thank you, Trevor," she cried, throwing her arms around his neck and hugging him tightly. Right then and there Trevor began to hope and dream.

The next day when the exam were announced, it became official, and Melissa Carpenter surprised everyone in her American History Class by racking up an A- on her history mid-term. The tests were passed out and the answers gone over one by one. History class that day seemed like it would never end.

Melissa didn't remember much of what was said, because the entire time she was thinking about the bargain she'd made with Trevor. "Was she going to do it? Was she going to let him go all the way?" Thoughts and images raced through her mind, both exciting and frightening her.

"Was she ready to give him heaven and earth like she'd promised?" Melissa was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she didn't hear the bell ring, signaling the end of class. Then at last, her daydreams were interrupted by a familiar voice calling her name.

"Miss Carpenter? Miss Carpenter?" her history teacher spoke from behind his desk at the front of the room.

Melissa looked up at him blankly as she tried to collect her wits. Most of her classmates had already left the room, and only a few stragglers still crowded through the door to the hallway, chattering vociferously as they went.

"Miss Carpenter, may I see you for a moment, please" Benjamin Johnson spoke unemotionally to the pretty blond teenager seated in the third row, giving her no indication as to what he wanted with her.

Melissa presumed that he'd called her up to congratulate her on passing the mid-term. "Little does he know," she thought smugly as she gathered her books and walked to the front of the classroom.

"Yes, Mr. Johnson," she said sweetly when at last she stood before his desk.

"Aren't you the little charmer," Benjamin Johnson thought to himself, and for several moments he remained silent as he gazed upon the young girl. She was nothing short of elegant, as she stood before him, not realizing that her fate was in his hands. He'd had his eyes on Melissa Carpenter for quite some time, hoping that some day an opportunity might present itself where he might come to know her better.

Melissa always dressed neatly, and Benjamin appreciated that. So many of the young ladies in the school chose to dress like ragamuffins these days. It was refreshing to find one so young who recognized her good looks and dressed accordingly.

Today, for example, Melissa wore a black velvet skirt which broke just above the knee. For a top she'd chosen a charming hot pink sleeveless blouse which clung to her nubile curves snugly enough to allow her small breasts to make an impression in the soft fabric, but not so tight as to appear cheap or tawdry. On her small feet she wore pretty white strap sandals. A pale pink beaded necklace finished off the ensemble.

Usually the lovely fifteen year old wore her thick blond hair up or tied back in a short pony tail, but today she'd opted to wear it loose and flowing like a warm golden mantle. She was magnificent.

Several minutes passed while neither of them spoke. Then gradually her smile began to fade and was replaced by a questioning look, which tended to enhance her naturally pouty mouth. Melissa cocked her head to one side, and her blue eyes flashed an unspoken challenge. She was about to ask her history teacher what exactly it was that he wanted to see her about, when Benjamin Johnson broke the silence.

"I'm curious, Miss Carpenter," the middle age man began, staring at Melissa over the top of his reading glasses. "How is it that you can go for an entire semester, turning in barely passing grades, and then make an almost perfect score on the mid-term examination? Doesn't that strike you as odd?" he asked.

Melissa was caught completely off guard. She'd been expecting praise, not suspicion. Panic snapped at the periphery of her conscious mind like emotional pirana as she tried desperately to calm her racing heart and collect her thoughts. She paled visibly, and her mouth went dry as the Mojave.

"I asked you a simple question, Miss Carpenter," her history teacher said. "I'd appreciate an answer, and perhaps a plausible explanation." He waited.

Melissa was so stunned that she just couldn't think. In her head the words, "He knows! He knows!" screamed over and over again. She licked her lips, but words still eluded her.

"You must have spent every waking moment over the entire weekend studying," her teacher suggested, baiting her. "Is that what happened, Miss Carpenter?"

It was as though he'd thrown a life ring to a drowning person, so quickly did she grasp at what she perceived to be an avenue to safety. Nodding her pretty head enthusiastically, Melissa finally found her voice. "Y... yeah. I mean, yes, sir, Mr. Johnson. That's what happened, really," she lied. "My boyfriend came over and helped me study. Heck, we were up all night on Saturday, practically." She embellished her tale with a nervous little laugh, then fell silent.

Mr. Johnson stared at the young teen for several long, uncomfortable minutes, so long in fact, that by the time he spoke again, Melissa was squirming guiltily. "I see," he said at last. He had to suppress a smile when he noticed her sigh with relief. Benjamin allowed another few minutes to tick by while he continued to watch her closely. After a few moments she started to glance around the room in an effort to appear calm and in control. Then when she'd regained at least a part of her composure, she faced him and asked rather boldly, "Can I go now?"

Johnson didn't answer her right away, then quite unexpectedly he asked, "Mr. Williams is your boyfriend. Is he not, Miss Carpenter?" He phrased the question casually, but still she looked at him suspiciously.

"Y.. Yes, sir," she answered timidly. "Do you know, Trevor?" she asked then instantly regretted having done so. "Of course he knew Trevor. Everyone knew Trevor," she silently admonished herself.

"Why naturally I know Mr. Williams," Mr. Johnson replied with a smile. "Besides his enviable reputation both scholastically and athletically, Mr. Williams was once a student of mine," the man explained. "Also since he's a member of the Student Government, we faculty members see a good bit of him. In fact, I'm told he was in my office just last week. Funny... I must have missed him."

The way he said that suddenly made Melissa's blood run cold. She only discovered that she was holding her breath when her history teacher asked her another seemingly innocuous question, defusing the tenseness in the air, and causing her to exhale with an audible sigh.

"How long have you and Mr. Williams been seeing each other, Melissa? You don't mind if I call you by your first name, do you, my dear?" Johnson asked warmly.

For some reason the hairs on the back of Melissa's neck stood on end, but she chose to ignore the premonition. "He seemed so sincere, and besides," she reasoned. "What's he gonna do anyway? He might send me to summer school, I suppose, that is if he really knows something."

"Two years," she answered, more at ease. "Trevor will be going to college next year," she added proudly.

"That's what I understand," Mr. Johnson said, rising from his chair. "Word has it your young man stands a good chance to secure a scholarship to help to defer the costs of higher education," he went on in a conversational tone of voice as he moved around his desk, stopping directly in front of Melissa. He leaned back on the edge of the desk and smiled down at the darling young girl. This was as close as he'd ever come to her. He was so close, in fact, that he could smell her delicate perfume.

"I expect the two of you will miss each other for awhile after Trevor leaves for college?" He phrased his supposition as a question, rather than a statement of fact.

Melissa looked up at him questioningly. "Funny he should ask something like that," she thought. "I... I guess so," she responded

after a minute.

"Come now, Miss Carpenter," her teacher exclaimed in mock surprise. "The two of you are together constantly. Unless, of course, you have another beau in the wings for after Mr. Williams leaves town?" He smiled craftily.

Melissa was becoming increasingly incensed by the rather personal turn their conversation was taking.

Mr. Johnson, on the other hand, had other plans. "Tell me, Miss Carpenter," he went on as though he were passing the time of day. "Are you and Mr. Williams having sex?"

The question came out of nowhere, causing the classroom to fall into a heavy silence.

Melissa refused to believe what she'd just heard. "Maybe this was one of his sick jokes," she rationalized. In any case, the pretty teenager was speechless and stood gaping at her history teacher with her mouth ajar.

A full minute passed while Melissa stared in slack jawed disbelief at Mr. Johnson. Her thoughts, on the other hand screamed quite loudly in her head. "He's my American History Teacher for Christ's sake! How dare he ask me such a thing! This is outrageous!" And what was even more infuriating was that all the while he stood there leaning on his desk with this totally smug look on his chubby face. "He does have a chubby face," Melissa decided. "He looks like a fat little frog!"

When at last, the outraged teenager found her voice, the only sounds that issued from her lips were a series of unintelligible sputters. "How da... Who the hel... What do y... How could y... I... d...!" and then she fell silent again, red faced and breathing hard.

Melissa couldn't remember ever having been so furious. All along she'd suspected that Mr. Johnson was some kind of weirdo. Now she was certain of it. And, since Melissa was a rather attractive young woman, she'd had her share of incidents where she'd been approached in what she considered to be inappropriate ways by an assortment of scum bags and lechers. But she knew how to handle herself. "Yes, sir. She'd show him!" Melissa Carpenter thought to herself as she balled up her fists and prepared to give her history teacher the verbal equivalent of a naval broadside. Whatever fear or apprehension she'd been feeling over her exam results was instantly eclipsed by white hot rage. Nothing disgusted her more than a pervert.

Drawing herself up to her full five foot, five inch height, Melissa faced her foe, bristling like a terrier. "I think that kind of

question is totally inappropriate, Mr. Johnson," she half spoke, half hissed. She struggled to keep herself at least partly under control, but it was difficult, for she was shaking mad. "And furthermore, I don't think it's any of your damn business!" She glared icily at the older man. "In fact, I don't think we have anything further to say to each other," she said with finality and bent to retrieve her books that she'd set on the classroom desk near where she stood. Then as she was turning to make her exit, she looked back at her troll-like history teacher who hadn't said a word or moved a muscle since she'd laid into him. "When Mr. Gillmore, [the school principal], hears about this, you're going to be looking for another job, Mr. Johnson, sir," Melissa said mockingly. She gave the man a haughty smirk and turned to leave.

Johnson let her get half way to the door before he cleared his throat and spoke. "I think you cheated on your exam, Miss Carpenter," he said. "Furthermore, I believe that you had an accomplice."

Melissa froze in her tracks. Slowly she turned to face her American History teacher who stood leaning against his desk still. "What do you mean?" the teenager feigned innocence. From across the room, Melissa could feel the man's eyes boring into her, searching out her secrets and bearing her soul.

"Why don't you come back over here for a minute, Miss Carpenter," Mr. Johnson suggested politely.

"But... I... I'll be late for my next class," Melissa whined, grasping at straws. She hated it when she whined.

"I'll write you a note," her history teacher replied with a wry smile. "I think you and I had better talk a few things over right now." His smile quickly faded.

Melissa knew the game was over. She tried to gather her courage as she reluctantly crossed the short distance to where Mr. Johnson stood waiting for her. She feared the worse. "Summer school is such a drag!" Melissa muttered under her breath.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Carpenter?" her history teacher said.

She stood in front of him now. Gathering what remained of her composure, Melissa squared her shoulders and looked the man in the eyes. "Let's get it over with. I know you're going to make me go to summer school, so let's just be done with it, OK!" she said rather arrogantly.

Melissa was angry with herself for getting caught and even angrier with the rotund little man for catching her. She was prepared to face

the music, but she was in no mood to take a lot of crap from Johnson. "God, he's such a troll!" Melissa thought silently.

Benjamin Johnson remained silent for a good while. For such an attractive girl, Melissa Carpenter had to be one of the rudest young women he'd ever met. "We're going to put an end to that," Benjamin thought as he returned Melissa's insolent glare coolly and calmly. "I could have you expelled, you know," he threatened.

Melissa hadn't expected that. "Summer school was one thing. Sure it would be a drag," she thought to herself. "But dismissal! God, her parents would kill her!" Melissa's mind raced as she tried desperately to think of what to say or do next. She knew she had to be very careful. Mr. Johnson had mentioned the possibility that she might have gotten help with her mid-terms, and he'd asked her about Trevor. Melissa was still mad about the sex question, but so far he hadn't put two and two together. One slip of the tongue, though, and Trevor's dreams of college were history.

Johnson could see that the "wheels were turning" from the troubled expression on her face, and elected to let her stew for awhile longer. Then at last he broke the uncomfortable silence. "Perhaps expulsion is a bit harsh," Mr. Johnson said thoughtfully. "And since you mentioned it, maybe summer school would be in order."

Melissa relaxed noticeably. She found it hard to believe that she could actually be relieved to find out she had to go to summer school, but under the circumstances...

"Consider this, Miss Carpenter," Johnson began again. "Suppose instead of regular summer school, you and I spend a few days each week together for some private tutoring. That way you won't have to ruin your entire summer, and you and I can get to know each other a little better," he calmly suggested.

At first Melissa didn't catch the true meaning of the man's offer and began to consider dates and times in her head. Then suddenly it stuck her. It wasn't what he'd said. It was more the way in which he'd said it that caused the subconscious alarm bells to sound. Looking at the middle aged man with thinly veiled contempt Melissa asked, "You don't mean...?"

she let the question go unfinished when she saw him smile suggestively.

Melissa began to worry a little for her safety, but maintained a bold front. "I think it's time for me to go, Mr. Johnson," she said flatly as she clutched her books to her chest and glanced toward the door. She intended to have no further conversation with the warped little man. Melissa couldn't wait to get out of that classroom and make a

bee-line for the school office where if she had her way, Mr. Benjamin Johnson would soon be under arrest for making lewd and lascivious advances to a student.

"I think you'd better stay, my dear," the man said unexpectedly. Melissa looked at him in disbelief as he went on. "What do you think Mr. Williams' chances of securing a scholarship would be were it to become common knowledge that he helped you to cheat on your history exam, Miss Carpenter?"

And there it was. For a very long time no one uttered a sound. The atmosphere in the classroom became heavy and oppressive again, and Melissa found it increasingly difficult to catch her breath as the full ramifications of her situation became clearer by the minute. Melissa's heart began to race, and she felt suddenly weak.

"Well, Miss Carpenter?" Johnson pressed as he watched the blood drain from her face. "I expect an answer, young lady!"

"But... but..." Melissa stammered. "How..? How did..?" but she was simply too flustered at the moment to go on.

"How did I find out?" Mr. Johnson asked, completing her thought. She looked up at him with a panicky expression on her lovely face. "I don't think that matters, Miss Carpenter. Do you? The fact is, I did find out, and now it seems to me that you and I have to decide just exactly what we're going to do about this, shall we say, delicate situation." He stared unflinchingly at the uncomfortable teenager until she started to squirm.

"But why pick on Trevor?" Melissa asked in a pitiful little voice after a minute or two. "I mean, he wouldn't have done anything like this if I hadn't asked him to. Please don't report him, Mr. Johnson." She was pleading now and bordering on desperation. "I'd just die if I was the cause of Trevor not getting into college," she added miserably.

"Hold on, hold on, my dear," Mr. Johnson said in a slightly softer tone of voice. "Let's not jump to conclusions," he went on as he took a step toward the unhappy girl. "I don't wish to see Mr. Williams get into trouble. Heavens no!" he exclaimed. "I happen to like young Trevor very much, as a matter of fact, and desire only the best for him, as I'm sure you do too, my dear."

Benjamin reached out and placed his hand on Melissa's shoulder. It was the first time he'd ever touched her, and even now he imagined he could feel an electrical current leap from the magical creature standing dejectedly before him and flow up his arm like something alive, exhilarating and invigorating him. "Get hold of yourself,

man," Johnson silently admonished himself. There was no need to rush into this. If he played his cards right, he knew that he could have this precious gem for his very own, to have and to hold at his leisure.

Melissa's thoughts were so black that she didn't notice when her history teacher put his hands on her, and when she detected a note of sympathy in his voice, she looked up at him timidly. The haughty, arrogant teenager had fled the scene and was temporarily replaced by a frightened little girl. "You... you mean you won't... you won't turn him in?" she asked haltingly.

"Well, that depends, my child, but I feel certain we can work something out," Mr. Johnson replied, squeezing her shoulder affectionately.

Finally Melissa noticed his hand on her shoulder, but decided to allow it for the time being. Then she gave him a healthy sample of her sweetest smile that had served in the past as the key to every man's heart. She even placed her small hand over his on her shoulder briefly, and began to believe that maybe she could get out of this mess with minimal damage. "Thank you, Mr. Johnson," Melissa said sincerely. Trevor and I will always be grateful to you."

"My pleasure, Melissa," her history teacher said, calling her by her first name again. "Always willing to help out a friend." He smiled reassuringly at the pretty teenager.

Melissa took his smile to mean that their discussion was over, and that she could leave now. However, as she turned once more toward the door, Mr. Johnson cleared his throat and said, "Speaking of friends, Melissa. I think it's only appropriate that since you and I now share a mutual investment in Mr. Williams' future, if you will, that we get to know each other a little better. Don't you agree?"

It was a rhetorical question, of course, and caught Melissa totally by surprise. She stopped abruptly and turned, feeling that old familiar icy feeling in the pit of her stomach.

Seeing expressions of suspicion and apprehension begin to cloud her lovely face, Mr. Johnson tried to make light of the situation. "Oh come now, my dear girl," he began. "Surely it won't hurt for you to be just a little bit nicer to me, after everything I've done for you and Trevor."

Melissa remained silent for a time while she eyed the older man dubiously. "What did you have in mind, Mr. Johnson?" she asked in a quiet voice, purposely using the formal salutation in hopes that the man's sense of responsibility would keep him from suggesting anything

really crazy.

"Now Melissa, let's not go getting testy again." Mr. Johnson spoke in a calm voice, and although his tone was not exactly threatening in nature, Melissa had little doubt that he meant business. "Obviously our time is limited at the moment, but perhaps after school today we might get together and discuss this matter further. Unless, of course, you have other plans?"

Melissa didn't care for the direction things were going and quickly fabricated an excuse. "Well, I... I'm supposed to meet Trevor after school and go over to his house for dinner and maybe study some." She glanced sheepishly at her history teacher. Then when she saw the smile spread across his face, Melissa instantly realized the corner she'd painted herself into. "Well, actually..." she started on a new tack, but her teacher interrupted her.

"Splendid, my dear!" Mr. Johnson said. "So your parents won't be expecting you home until later." He thought for a moment then went on. "Why don't you tell Mr. Williams that you've had a change of plans for this evening, Melissa" her teacher suggested with a smile. "You don't have to go into detail or anything right now, but I think that considering what the two of us have done for him today, young Trevor shouldn't mind terribly were he to discover that you and I are friends. You can see Trevor tomorrow, if you like. Oh, and I wouldn't bother saying anything to your parents about this. We'll have you home plenty early." Although Mr. Johnson's plan was phrased as a request, it was abundantly clear to Melissa that indeed, it was a demand.

"But Mr. Johnson, I... I mean, I really... We really shouldn't, be talking about stuff like this." Melissa realized that her voice came across as pathetic and whiney, and she hated herself for it. But as she felt the loop of the older man's snare close tighter around her, the determined, headstrong debutante who'd walked into her American History Class just over an hour ago was nowhere to be found. "I mean.. I'm one of your students, and... and besides, I'm only fifteen." God, how she'd hated to say that!

Ben Johnson was really enjoying toying with the girl, but time was wasting. He did, after all have another class to teach that afternoon before he could begin Melissa's "tutoring". So, in a sterner tone of voice he said to her, "I'm not exactly sure what you're talking about, my dear, but I will say this. At fifteen years of age, young lady, it's high time you learn that we must all take responsibility for our actions. You chose to cheat on your mid-term examination, and Mr. Williams chose to assist you in your transgressions." He paused to allow the weightiness of her wrongdoings to sink in. "You may now choose whether or not you wish to risk summer school and possibly

expulsion for yourself as well as certain dismissal for Mr. Williams and the guarantee that he will have no chance at acquiring scholarship funds, or, Miss Carpenter," Johnson paused for effect, staring coolly at the girl. "Or, Miss Carpenter, you can meet me here this afternoon after classes, and perhaps the two of us can reach an understanding about why I shouldn't report both you and Mr. Williams to the school office, in addition to beginning your tutoring, naturally. Think of it this way," he went on before Melissa could open her mouth to argue. "You'll be helping Mr. Williams, uh... Trevor," he said in a milder tone. "You'll be helping Trevor to realize his dreams, with my help, of course. Just a couple of good friends helping another friend. Some day, Trevor might even thank us," Mr. Johnson finished with his familiar smile.

Melissa was simply too confused to think clearly at that moment. She had the uncomfortable feeling that her troubles were far from over, but for the life of her she couldn't come up with a plausible argument with which to refute her history teacher right then. "Maybe later, when I've had some time to think," she told herself, but to Mr. Johnson Melissa simply nodded her head somewhat dejectedly.

"Splendid!" the older man said. "Remember, my dear, that young Trevor's future rests in your hands," Johnson reminded the pretty teenager as she gathered her books to leave. She responded with a resigned though slightly contemptuous look. "Oh, and don't forget to call off your date with Trevor for this evening," he added with a wry smile. "I'll see you after three-thirty, my dear." Benjamin was very tempted to elicit a kiss out of the lovely girl, but decided that he could wait until later.

The time seemed to crawl by, and for the rest of the day all Melissa could think about was what she was going to do about the situation she'd found herself in with her history teacher. At one point she tried to convince herself that maybe, if she were to offer to work very hard and make straight "A's" for the rest of the semester, maybe Mr. Johnson would reconsider. Actually, when she thought about it, he really never did say just exactly what he wanted to with her after school. Perhaps she was getting all worked up over nothing, falling prey to her imagination. She was so used to having men make passes at her, especially the last couple of years. "All the man suggested was tutoring," Melissa reminded herself.

"But he can be so creepy," that little voice in her head pointed out.

"He's just a lonely little man who likes to tell off-color jokes, probably harmless," Melissa decided, putting an end to her mental debate with herself. "She'd go to see Mr. Johnson right after school. They'd set up a schedule for him to tutor her in American

History, and that would be that."

Melissa felt greatly relieved once she came to the conclusion that she'd obviously misunderstood her history teacher's intentions. Interestingly enough, however, when she ran into Trevor at around three o'clock, she managed to tactfully cancel their evening together without ever divulging to him the real reason why. She simply told the somewhat gullible young man that she had "stuff to do", and that was apparently enough for Trevor. After all, he was the trusting sort.

The corridors were dark and eerily silent where only minutes earlier, it seemed, they were filled with a cacophony of excited voices and slamming locker doors as the throngs of Melissa's fellow students beat a hasty retreat. It was Friday and school was OUT!

From the window of the ladies bathroom on the second floor Melissa could see Trevor waiting outside for her in their usual meeting place. More than likely he wanted to say goodbye to her and maybe find out what she was doing tomorrow, but Melissa didn't want to run the risk of having him ask her any questions. As a matter of fact, she didn't want anyone she knew asking questions, which is why she'd been hiding out in the ladies room for the last twenty minutes. Melissa had pretty much convinced herself that her history teacher meant her no harm. Still there was the fact that she had been caught cheating, and Melissa wanted to keep that matter very confidential. The fewer people who knew about her tutoring arrangement, the less chance there was that awkward questions might be asked. She watched as Trevor became impatient and started looking at his watch. Finally he glanced around one more time, threw his letter jacket over his shoulder and headed for the parking lot.

"See you tomorrow, Trev," Melissa whispered from her place of concealment. "Everything's gonna be alright," she assured herself.

Melissa waited another ten minutes just to be safe. Then when she figured that everyone except for maybe the janitor would be long gone, she opened the bathroom door ever so quietly and peeked out into the hall. It appeared deserted, but just as Melissa was about to step out into the darkened corridor a door slammed somewhere in the building. The sound reverberated down the empty hallways and scared the immortal hell out of her.

"What are you so jumpy about?" Melissa asked herself once she caught her breath. "It's not like you're robbing the place or anything!" Still, her heart was pounding in her chest as she stole quietly down the second floor hall toward Mr. Johnson's room.

On the frosted glass pane in the upper half of the door, "Room 207 -

History" was printed in large black letters. The door was cracked open a bit, which resolved one problem for Melissa. She'd been wondering whether or not she should knock. Its hinges groaned loudly when she pushed the door open just enough to poke her head inside. Mr. Johnson was seated at his desk and looked up immediately.

"Ah, Miss Carpenter, splendid. Do come right in," he said with an inviting smile. He glanced up at the clock on the far wall. It was five minutes to four. He watched the attractive young lady enter quietly and close the door behind herself. "Set the lock, please, Miss Carpenter. You never know who might be wandering around after hours, and we can't be too careful, can we?" She turned and gazed at him pensively, then shook her head in response. "God almighty, she's stunning," Benjamin said to himself.

A litany of rationalizations played in her head as Melissa walked slowly to the front of the classroom. Although she'd told herself repeatedly that she had nothing to fear, and that everything was going to be just fine, Melissa was very apprehensive. Her body language must have given her true feelings away, because as she approached Mr. Johnson rose from his seat, moved around to the front of the desk and leaned against it.

"Why the long face?" he said, feigning sympathy. "It's so unbecoming on such a lovely young woman, Melissa." Then after a brief pause he asked again, "You don't mind if I call you by your first name do you?" He smiled warmly at the charming teenager who'd stopped just out of reach a few feet away from him.

She looked up at him with those deep blue eyes of hers and shook her head. Then she tried to smile.

"That's better," her history teacher said, looking her up and down.

Melissa thought she could feel him touching her with his eyes. It made her shiver inside, and suddenly she had a powerful urge to get the hell out of there. "Take it easy, Melissa," she told herself. "Just relax. Think about Trevor."

"Come closer, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said affectionately and held out his hand to her. "I don't bite," he chuckled.

Melissa stood gazing at the man for a full minute while she tried to decide whether or not to stay or run. He was pudgy and balding and old enough to be her dad. Everything about Mr. Johnson, in fact, was repugnant to Melissa, but deep down inside, past all of the optimistic justification and sunny good time feelings, Melissa knew what she was going to have to do. She knew that it was the only way that Trevor would stand a chance to go on to college. But in spite of her strong

feelings for the lad, she simply didn't know if she was ready to admit it to herself or to go through with it. With a resigned sigh, Melissa Carpenter placed her small hand in his.

Her subtle perfume permeated his senses as Benjamin Johnson pulled her closer, and it was all he could do not to take her right then and there. "Patience, Ben, old man," he chided himself.

"You are indeed a beautiful child, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said huskily. "Trevor is a lucky young man." She was less than two feet away now, blushing hotly. "So self-conscious," he thought to himself. "Speaking of Trevor, my dear, were you able to postpone your date without too much difficulty?"

"Uh huh," Melissa answered meekly, staring at the floor.

Mr. Johnson dropped her hand then placed two fingers beneath her chin and raised her face up to his. "Let's see that pretty smile again, Melissa," he coaxed, and reluctantly she complied. "That's my girl. You're so much prettier when you smile for me." He paused for a minute while he drank in her beauty. "I'm glad you've decided to be nice, Melissa," he told her then moved his hand from her chin to her cheek. Her skin was like satin, but abruptly she recoiled and turned away. "Don't be shy, Melissa. You're not shy around Trevor, are you?"

That got her attention, and she looked up at him impetuously. Her expression was no longer docile. Her eyes were the color of arctic ice, blue and cold, and just beneath the surface of those frigid pools danced the blistering flames of enmity.

"I'll bet you can fight like a tiger when aroused, or fuck like one," Benjamin silently mused.

Melissa made a withdrawal on her spiritual reserves and faced her history teacher. "Do what you think is right with me, Mr. Johnson, but let's leave Trevor out of this, OK," she said scornfully.

"To the contrary," Johnson countered. "Mr. Williams is the main reason we're here." His crafty smile was back. "If you recall, my dear, we agreed to meet to discuss the pact we made with each another. Then we can get on with your tutoring," the older man explained patiently.

"What pact?" Melissa asked contemptuously.

"You know very well what pact, Melissa. The arrangement we made to keep Mr. Williams' larcenous activities a secret," Mr. Johnson expounded. "We decided earlier today that you were going to come here

this afternoon and help to convince me that I should ignore my duty as an educator in order to help our a friend."

"But you made me come here," Melissa said, bristling for a fight. "You don't care about Trevor. All you want is... is..." She fell silent, unable to complete the sentence, but they both knew what she meant. She'd voiced her suspicions. Now the ball was in his court.

"I didn't make you come here, young lady," Mr. Johnson said. His harsh tone of voice caused Melissa to take a step back.

"Good," he thought. "She can be intimidated fairly easily, anyway."

"I asked you to come here, Miss Carpenter. I asked you to come here and help me to help Trevor," he lectured sternly, causing her to avert her gaze. "Like I told you earlier today, I think the world of Trevor Williams. He's an honest, hard working boy who deserves a break, but because of your selfishness, Miss Carpenter, Trevor is in some very hot water." He paused to let his words sink in. "Do you understand me, young lady?" he asked closing the gap between them in one step. The pretty teenager started to move away from him, but he grabbed her rather roughly by the shoulders, cutting off her retreat. "I asked you a question, Miss Carpenter."

Melissa looked up at the man. Her expression was a mixture of fear and loathing. "OK...OK... I understand," she said bitterly.

Abruptly Mr. Johnson softened. "Hey, let's not start off like this. I want us to be friends." She looked away again. "So help me, Melissa," he said, shaking her lightly. "Help me to help Trevor." He waited, staring down at the top of her head until at last she looked up at him.

"What do you want me to do?" Melissa asked in a small voice.

Those were the words that Benjamin Johnson was waiting to hear. Soon the lovely Melissa Carpenter would be his.

"To begin with," he said, releasing her and leaning casually back against the edge of his desk. "We need to start being honest with each other, if we're going to be friends, Melissa."

Melissa stood staring at her history teacher rather blankly. She had no idea what to expect next from the man. "What do you mean?" she asked naively.

"Why don't you start by telling me honestly what you offered Mr. Williams in return for his pilfering the answers to the exam for you."

Melissa was caught completely by surprise. She flushed beet red and didn't know whether to be embarrassed or angry. "I... I..." she croaked.

"Come now, Melissa. You and I both know that Trevor is an excellent student and an impeccably honest young man. You must have made him a very attractive offer for him to compromise his moral principles in such a manner." He smiled as he watched the girl squirm.

"I... I..., but!" she said, still totally flustered.

"I'll bet I know what you promised our forthright young man," Mr. Johnson said with a sly smile. Then he winked at her.

Slowly Melissa regained at least a part of her composure. She knew the moment of truth was at hand, so steeling herself, she faced her American History teacher. "What exactly are you saying, Mr. Johnson?" Melissa asked, being purposely vague.

Johnson smiled at her little game of cat and mouse. He could play along for a little while longer. "I have a lot of respect for Mr. Williams, my dear, but he is very young," he pointed out. "I suspect that quite possibly he was swayed by the promise of maybe indulging in your charms, causing him to ignore his better judgement and end up in trouble."

Melissa found that his purring banter was becoming extremely aggravating, and she wondered if he would ever get to the point.

"I, on the other hand, am quite a bit more experienced, and am not so easily persuaded," Johnson maintained. "I think you should make me the same offer that you made Trevor, Miss Carpenter. Yes, indeed," he said. "If it's good enough to motivate Trevor Williams to steal for you, then it will probably be adequate to assure my continued cooperation and confidentiality. Let's find out, shall we?" Johnson said. His wicked smile seemed to be permanently embossed on his face now. "But..," he said, holding up his hand. "Like I told you before. I won't be as easy to convince as Mr. Williams was. You two have been seeing each other for two years, you said. Mr. Williams has a big head start, so you and I have a lot of catching up to do, my dear. I'd like to check out what I'm getting for my cooperation, young lady. Then I'll decide if I think you're worth me turning my back on my professional ethics."

Melissa was utterly flabbergasted. The man was insane. He made her feel like a piece of raw material that he wished to test before he used it. "Professional ethics!" she spat. "Professional ethics! Who do you think you're kidding," she said in disgust.

"Now let's not be rude, young lady," her history teacher said, cutting short her tirade.

Then quite unexpectedly he pushed himself forward, walked around his desk and sat down in his seat. Melissa stood gaping at the man, not knowing what to expect next, but whatever it was, she was pretty sure she wouldn't be too wild about it. She didn't have to wait very long.

"Come around here, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said tersely.

She hesitated.

"Remember, with one telephone call," he threatened, producing a small cellular phone from his jacket pocket. "I can ensure that Trevor Williams' future is a bleak one indeed."

"But, Mr. Johnson," Melissa said miserably as she moved slowly around the big desk toward the rotund little history teacher.

"Oh, stop your whining, young lady. Why you'd think you were six years old," he scolded.

As soon as she was within reach, Mr. Johnson took Melissa by the hips, spun her around so that she faced away from him, and then pulled her back until the backs of her legs almost touched his knees.

Leaning back in his seat, Mr. Johnson took a good look at his perspective prize before commenting, "You have a lovely figure, Miss Carpenter. I'll bet you get a lot of exercise, don't you my dear."

Melissa could hardly have anticipated what occurred next. Mr. Johnson hadn't even finished his compliment, when his right hand moved up under her skirt like lightning. Before Melissa knew what was happening her history teacher was sawing his hand back and forth between her legs, and allowing his fingertips to trail over some rather private areas of her anatomy. "Very nice, my dear. Very nice," he murmured.

"Nnnnn....," Melissa gasped between clenched teeth as soon as her mind caught up and commanded her body to react. She raised up on her tip toes and tried to pull away, but her teacher easily restrained her by gripping her inner thigh with the one trespassing hand and holding her tightly by her left hip with the other. Even while he held her thus, effectively preventing her from escaping, his right hand remained quite busy. Reveling in the moist feminine heat he found between her supple thighs, Mr. Johnson pressed upward against her with his thumb and first two fingers.

"Sttoppppp," she cried out of both fear and frustration, and a bit too loudly for her teacher's liking.

"Hush, Melissa!" Mr. Johnson admonished her from behind. "We wouldn't want anyone to hear us, not when we're just starting to get acquainted." He chuckled at his witticism. "Now hold still. Christ, you'd think you've never been touched by a man before."

"But it, I mean, I..." she whimpered woefully, but failed to finish expressing her grievance.

"That's not like her," Benjamin reflected. He hadn't known Melissa for very long other than on an academic level, but one thing was for certain about this little debutante. She didn't take personal criticism well at all. "Why didn't she refute me on that one?" he wondered.

Acting purely on a hunch, he removed his hand from between Melissa's legs, and turned her around to face him. She was beet red from embarrassment, "and what else?" Johnson pondered. Keeping his hands on her hips, he studied the lovely teenager for a moment. He kept trying to catch her eye, but each time he did, she would quickly look away. Finally he was forced to order her to look at him.

Ever so reluctantly she faced him. Her eyes clearly expressed her uneasiness and confusion. "Such dichotomy of character," Benjamin mused. "One minute she's the scrapper, head strong and confident, and the next the timid little girl. I guess I never will understand what goes on in the mind of a young lady in her teens," he concluded. In any case, it wasn't her mind that he was after.

"You need to relax, my dear," Mr. Johnson began by speaking soothingly. Meanwhile, he allowed his hands to travel gently down the flanks of her thighs, stopping at her knees. "You're so tense, child, and your muscles are all in knots," he commented as he started to massage the backs of her thighs, kneading their firm muscles as he moved his hands slowly upward over the soft velvet of her skirt. All the while he kept his eyes fixed on hers. "Are you always this nervous and up-tight when you're around boys, Melissa?" His hands moved back downward, rubbing, squeezing. "Are you this skittish when you're with Trevor?" he asked, staring pointedly into her big blue eyes.

"Well, no, but..." she replied softly.

His hands started back up, then stopped just below the hem of her skirt. Everything was progressing famously, albeit a little slowly. Mr. Johnson glanced quickly at the clock on the far wall. Four

forty-two, it read. He had plenty of time, and his comforting tone of voice and concerned questions were serving to distract the girl, quite successfully.

"Do you and Trevor," he stopped to make sure she was listening to him. "Do you and Trevor get intimate with each other often, Melissa?" He slid his hands under her skirt then slowly up the backs of her thighs.

Melissa stared at him for a few seconds then looked away, but before she did, Benjamin distinctly saw a tiny glint of... "gilt, maybe? I wonder," he speculated. Then again, it could quite possibly have been a reaction to the fact that his hands were up under her skirt again. The flesh of her thighs was wonderfully firm and resilient beneath skin like satin. Johnson waited to see how she would respond.

"Mr. Johnson, I," she started then hesitated, blushing hotly and averting her gaze.

"You what, Melissa?" he prompted immediately. "And please look at me when you speak to me, Melissa. It's the only polite thing to do," he pointed out to her. He waited, sensing that she was about to divulge something rather personal in nature. "With the right motivation," he reminded himself.

His hands rested just below her hips now, and he could feel the soft fabric of her little panties beneath his palms.

"What did you want to tell me, Melissa?" he coaxed in a more earnest tone of voice. She began to squirm in his hands. "You and Mr. Williams have been intimate with each other, haven't you?" Benjamin then asked a bit incredulously. "I mean now-a-days, many young ladies start a lot younger than you are," he added.

He felt the thin elastic waist band of her panties beneath his fingertips.

"Answer me, Miss Carpenter," he requested rather brusquely. "You're not a virgin still, are you?"

"No...I mean, well but...." Melissa responded right away.

She looked highly agitated. Benjamin had her right where he wanted her. She was confused and embarrassed, yet at the same time she would wish to maintain an air of maturity. He knew that being considered mature meant everything to a girl Melissa's age.

"But what, Miss Carpenter? Either you are or you aren't. There's no in between," Mr. Johnson said patronizingly. He studied her lovely

face, but again she refused to look him in the eye.

The timing couldn't have been any more perfect.

"I think we need to get to the bottom of this little mystery right now, Miss Carpenter," Mr. Johnson declared, and with that, he hooked his thumbs over the little elastic band. "Let's just take these down," he muttered and swiftly drew her panties down to her ankles.

It all happened so quickly that Melissa didn't realize she'd been stripped of her underwear until she heard her history teacher tell her from his bent over position to pick her left foot up. Even then it was like a dream, or nightmare rather. "Now the other foot. That's it." she heard the man speak as if from a great distance. Melissa didn't recall losing her balance and catching herself with a hand on Mr. Johnson's shoulder as she obediently stepped out of her panties for him. She was so very flustered and bewildered by his earlier barrage of very personal questions, some of which had triggered feelings and memories she'd wanted to forget, that in fact, Melissa didn't remember much about the episode at all. It wasn't until she felt her history teacher's fingers start to fumble with the single button on the front of her black velvet skirt, that Melissa returned to the present, but by then it was too late.

"Wha..?" she exclaimed dumbly then glanced down when she felt the skirt fall around her feet. A second later she looked back up at her teacher, but this time it was he who refused to look her in the eye. Benjamin's attention was directed elsewhere, you see.

Melissa Carpenter stood before him dressed only in her little pink sleeveless pullover, the tail of which ended just below her navel. Below that line of hot pink cotton curved the softness of her lower abdomen, and below that... Well let's just say that Benjamin Johnson was left breathless at the sight.

"Oh, my dear, sweet, child," he managed to get out at last. His eyes were riveted to the enchanting golden triangle between the young girl's thighs. Melissa's wispy soft blond curls were surprisingly sparse, and allowed him to clearly see her wide, heavy labia majora beneath. Johnson wanted more than anything to reach out and stroke that soft coat, but managed to control himself for the time being.

"Please don't, Mr. Johnson," Melissa pleaded and then covered herself with both hands when she couldn't stand having the man stare at her down there for another second. She pressed her knees together and turned away.

Benjamin let her turn. He wanted to get a better look at her back side anyway, and oh, what a treat that turned out to be. Fearing that

she might try to get away from him, although he didn't know where she would go, dressed as she was, Johnson placed a hand on Melissa's left side above her hip, his finger tips reaching nearly half way around her slim waist.

"Don't be shy, my dear," he cooed to her as he placed his other hand onto one exquisitely shaped orb of her plump little butt. "Like I told you before, you have a lovely figure. You should be proud of your body, not ashamed or afraid of it, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said softly as he rubbed her back side almost reverently. She flinched slightly when he let his fingers delve ever so slightly into the mysterious, dark valley between rolling hills of milk white, warm and supple flesh.

"Don't hide yourself from me, Melissa," her teacher said as he unexpectedly peaked around her left side. She tried to rotate her hips farther in order to escape his probing eyes, but this time he restrained her. "Take your hands away, Melissa" he instructed her, and gently grabbed the forearm of one offending hand.

Turning quickly, Melissa looked over her shoulder at him with big puppy dog eyes. "But Mr. Johnson," she whimpered. "Please, Mr. Johnson. I... I just can't." She was close to tears now, and started to struggle with him weakly as he tried to coax her to uncover herself.

"What can't you do, sweetheart?" Mr. Johnson cooed in mock sympathy. He pulled her left hand around behind her back.

"I can't... Nooooo," she cried louder as her history teacher turned her gently yet inexorably around until she faced him once again. She crouched slightly, knees held tightly together with her right hand still jammed into her crotch.

"Now we'll have no more of this behavior, Miss Carpenter," the older man said more forcefully. "You're a beautiful young woman, and I for one would like to see more of you. Take your hand away this instant, Melissa!" he ordered the stunned little beauty.

Reaching behind her left thigh, he grabbed her just below her buttock and yanked her closer and none to gently. Melissa dropped her hand as she stumble forward, granting Mr. Johnson an unobstructed, close up view of her treasures.

Positioning her between his knees, Johnson said a slightly softer tone of voice, "There, now. That's much better. Let's you and I not start off our relationship fighting, my dear," he murmured affectionately. "Remember we have Mr. Williams to think about."

Melissa stiffened at the mention of Trevor's name. She couldn't remember ever having been in a more dreadful situation. She couldn't believe this was really happening, yet there she stood, in front of her American History Teacher, naked from the waist down. Melissa imagined she could feel his eyes caressing her, probing into her secret places. Not even Trevor had seen her like this before. Melissa was thoroughly mortified.

"Now, back to my question," Mr. Johnson said in a conversational tone. To his credit, he managed to tear his eyes away from the girl's enticing plumpness, and gaze up at her from his seat with a look of genuine curiosity on his pudgy face. Then after waiting a minute for her to respond, he prompted, "Well, Melissa, which is it?"

With a perplexed look, the pretty teenager asked him, "W.. What do you mean?"

"Are you a virgin or not?" Mr. Johnson replied in mock surprise.

At first Melissa stared at him with a look of utter torment on her face. She opened her mouth to speak once or twice but couldn't make a sound. Finally she looked away in shame.

Benjamin asked her again, and again she was either unable or unwilling to answer him. After a minute, he said to her, "It hurts my feelings, Melissa, that you choose to keep secrets from me. Do you keep secrets from Mr. Williams too?" he asked, not really expecting an answer.

No response.

With a sigh, Mr. Johnson said, "Very well, then, have it your way, my dear, but I wish you'd be more forthright with me. I mean we're going to find out sooner or later." Slowly, Melissa turned to face him. Her deep blue eyes were distant and troubled. Benjamin sensed just from looking at her that she was hiding something about which she was deeply chagrined, something that troubled her even more than standing half naked in front of her history teacher. Eventually it would have to come out, but he could be patient, and besides, Benjamin figured he could find far better ways amuse himself for the time being.

"I'm going to put my hand on you, now, Melissa," he said flatly. "I expect for you to hold very still, and I promise I won't hurt you," he added sincerely as he placed his free hand on her tummy, effectively preventing her from escaping from between his knees. Then with no further comment, he slipped his hand downward and cupped her fabulously resilient flesh.

"No don't, Mr. Johnson!" Melissa cried out in dismay. Then she jammed her hands between her thighs, pushing her teacher's hand aside.

For a brief moment in time, Benjamin Johnson had touched heaven. Never in his life had he felt such immaculate softness, and yet she was so very plump and firm at the same time.

"Take your hands away, young lady," Mr. Johnson ordered the distressed teenager. He looked up at her sternly from his seated position. Her face was flushed a rosy shade of pink both from embarrassment and anxiety. "I said remove your hands right now, Melissa." Then abruptly he removed his hands from her and sat back in his chair. "Unless, of course, you've decided to call off our arrangement. In which case, I'll be stopping by Mr. Gillmore's house on my way home to discuss the future of your Mr. Trevor Williams. Is that what you would like for me to do, Miss Carpenter? Do you wish to reconsider, or do you want me to stop?" he asked the unhappy blond beauty.

"Yes! I mean, no, Mr. Johnson, " she whined. "I don't want Trevor to suffer because of me, but I just don't know if I can do this," she whined despondently.

Mr. Johnson sat for several moments, gazing at the young blond before he spoke. She was so adorable. "And why is that, my dear?" he queried the girl, trying a new tack.

"Why is what?" Melissa asked.

"Why is it you feel that you can't go on?" Johnson said. "It's all perfectly natural. I'm a man. You're a woman. I mean look at you, standing here next to me with no pants on and all. Tell me, have you ever gone this far before, Melissa?"

She obviously had to think about that one. "No, not really. Well.... kind of," she said and started to squirm.

"It was that `virgin/no virgin' thing again," Benjamin told himself. "I realize this is a little awkward for you, Melissa, but if you'd just relax a little, I think you might learn to enjoy it," he said sincerely. Then he sighed and fell silent for a moment.

"At the risk of being indelicate, I feel like we need to come to an understanding, Melissa." He began again in a businesslike tone of voice. Once again he reached toward her, and once again she tried to recoil from his touch. Mr. Johnson didn't utter a sound, but there was no mistaking the look on his face. Melissa instantly reconsidered and allowed him to place his hand onto her left hip. Then he scooted up to the edge of his chair and put his other hand on her right hip. Looking Melissa straight in the eye, Mr. Johnson turned her so that she faced him directly, then he said in no uncertain terms, "I am

going to make love to you this afternoon, Miss Carpenter. I think you know that." He watched her blue eyes grow wide with concern, and her mouth practically fell open. Johnson continued. "Whether or not you choose to enjoy it, is entirely up to you, my dear, but you will accommodate me. I don't think we need to rehash the consequences should you fail to cooperate. Do I make myself clear, young lady?" he asked her directly.

Melissa stood between his knees considering her limited options and feeling totally defeated while her teacher's eyes bored into her. She knew that she had no choice. There was no way out. She'd wanted to save herself for Trevor, but that simply wasn't going to be. If she was lucky, perhaps he'd never know. Slowly Melissa looked up at the older man. Their eyes met. She nodded her consent.

"That's better, Melissa. That's my girl," Mr. Johnson said, warming right away. He squeezed the firm flesh above her hips affectionately. "Now let's have a closer look at you," her teacher said, wasting no time. "Trevor is one lucky man to associate with such a dedicated young woman. You must care a great deal for him. Don't you, my dear?" he asked rhetorically.

Melissa nodded dumbly, then watched transfixed as her history teacher leaned forward in his chair and studied her closely. It was all she could do not to turn away or cover herself with her hands. Then for the second time that afternoon, she felt his hand upon her. "Oh... gddddd!" Melissa groaned softly through clenched teeth, as his fingers moved over her, touching... pushing... probing, until she thought she would scream.

"Spread your feet apart a bit more for me, Melissa," Mr. Johnson instructed her. His hand moved farther between her trembling thighs.

"Tell me, Melissa, sweetheart," Mr. Johnson asked, tugging playfully at her wispy coat. "Do you shave yourself... for swimming, I mean?"

"Huh... wha...what?" she replied breathlessly.

He cupped her firmly and began to palpate her private flesh slowly and rhythmically, allowing her soft blond curls to slide between his fingers.

"You know," he said in a perfectly calm voice. "Many girls find it desirable to shave themselves down here in order to wear those fashionable new swim suits, but your pubic curls are so naturally sparse and fair, I was just curious if you shave. Just an innocent question, my dear, one friend to another." He smiled up at the confused teenager.

Meanwhile, Johnson pressed upward with his four fingers against Melissa's meaty labia. For a fifteen year old, she was remarkably well endowed. Resisting the temptation to slip a finger between those marvelous lobes of flesh, Mr. Johnson, moving his fingers in pairs apart then together, he in turn opened then closed Melissa again and again.

"Hhhhoohhh!" the pretty teen exhaled, feeling the cool classroom air against her moist intimate petals.

Mr. Johnson felt a powerful tremor pass through her slim figure. "Does Mr. Williams touch you like this, my child?" her teacher asked as he continued to rub and push and squeeze, slowly and firmly. "Does he, Melissa?"

Melissa glanced down first at his hand between her legs, then into his eyes. Her blue eyes were troubled but somehow remote and unfocused. She shook her head distractedly.

Mr. Johnson smiled knowingly up at her. "That's too bad, because I think you like being touched like this. Don't you, Melissa? Don't you, baby?" he cooed softly.

"Nnnn!" Melissa groaned between clenched teeth, but his hand kept rubbing and squeezing and... It was driving her mad. Again, a tremor wracked her body.

"Now don't fib to me, Melissa," he said in a patronizing tone. "I can tell, you know," he added.

The expression on her face was marvelous to behold when felt her teacher's finger slipped much too easily between the outer gates of her citadel. Melissa thought she heard him mention something about her being very wet, but at that particular point in time, she found it rather difficult to concentrate on anything other than the wonderment of his inquiring digit as it stroked slowly back and forth, seeking her out her deepest secrets.

"Nooo!" Melissa cried quite adamantly when his finger tip started to tickle around her vaginal portal. Suddenly she reached down with both hands and grabbed Mr. Johnson's wrist. At the same time she clamped her thighs together tightly on his marauding hand.

Mr. Johnson didn't fight her, but neither did he remove his hand from between Melissa's legs. Instead he stared patiently up at her and didn't speak for several seconds. Melissa didn't know what to do and was about to plead with her teacher not to make her go any farther, when he spoke.

"Shall I call Mr. Gillmore, Melissa?" he asked her succinctly.

Melissa was crushed, and felt like bursting into tears, but she somehow knew that would accomplish nothing with Mr. Johnson other than to make her look even more like a child. Without his even having to ask her, Melissa slowly relaxed the muscles behind the smooth skin of her thighs. Then finally she dropped her hands to her sides and stood staring at her feet, feeling dispirited and hopeless.

"That's better," Mr. Johnson said, giving her a playful squeeze on the bottom with his free hand. "I feel certain that Mr. Williams will appreciate the fact that you've chosen to cooperate, Melissa. Not only will you be insuring his academic future, but think of the experience you'll bring into your relationship with Trevor. I'm sure the work we do here today will be beneficial to you young people in the long run."

Melissa wasn't really listening to her history teacher, rather her attention was focused on his finger tip which once again hovered near her entrance, swirling over the moist folds of her labia minora.

Benjamin watched her expression carefully. There was little doubt that she was distressed by their arrangement, but there was no mistaking the blush of color in her cheeks either. On more than one occasion, he felt her push against his hand, when he touched a particularly sensitive spot, and whereas just a few minutes ago, Melissa had been relatively dry, his finger tip now glided over supple petals slippery with dew. From time to time the two of them exchanged poignant glances while he worked with her, and after a few more minutes, he deemed her ready.

Melissa's eyes spoke volumes, and Benjamin was fortunate enough to take in every nuance of expression as he slowly pushed his long middle finger into the lovely teenager. Besides the obvious consternation involved with being handled contrary to her wishes, there was something else in Melissa's expression. Anxious anticipation could best describe what he saw in her eyes, as though some long kept secret was about to be discovered.

Johnson met with no resistance as he slowly worked his finger in past the second knuckle. Then he paused for a moment and asked, "You mentioned that you and Mr. Williams aren't intimate with each other, did you not, my dear?"

"Uh... uh..., Ohhh," Melissa groaned as his finger moved about inside of her.

"Answer me, Melissa," Mr. Johnson ordered. "It's obvious that you've been with someone at some point in time." He waited. "Who took your

virginity, Melissa? Have you been playing around with someone behind Trevor's back? That's not very nice, Melissa," he glared up at the distressed girl. "Now tell me who your lover is, young lady." He pushed his finger in a little deeper, and felt her clamp down in an effort to resist him.

"It's nobody!" she blurted out suddenly in anger and frustration. It was bad enough that her history teacher was blackmailing her into having sex with him, but he also seemed to insist upon asking her some very indelicate questions.

"Nobody?" Mr. Johnson sounded dubious. "How could nobody penetrate your hymen, Melissa?" he asked sarcastically. As he spoke, he pressed his thumb to the top of Melissa's carnal rift and began to rub her slowly in tight circles.

Melissa shuddered from the electrifying sensations that leapt from under his thumb and coursed through her body. It was becoming harder and harder for her to concentrate. "Ohhhh..." she moaned unconsciously.

Mr. Johnson smiled, and after a few seconds he asked, "Are you listening to me, my dear?"

"Uh.. Huh," she nodded distractedly.

"Then tell me who you had sex with, Melissa, and how old you were at the time."

"W..why?" the pretty teen asked bitterly.

"Because, I want to know all about you, Melissa. After all, in a very few minutes, you and I are going to become much better friends," he said with a wry chuckle.

Melissa shot him a cold look.

"Who's your secret boyfriend, Melissa?" her teacher asked again unrelentingly. As he watched her face, he saw her indignation rise like mercury up a thermometer.

"It was an accident, OK!" she blurted out when she could contain herself no longer. "I don't have a secret boyfriend, OK!"

"I see," Mr. Johnson responded calmly. "Tell me about this 'accident'," he said. He began to move his middle finger slowly in and out. She was wonderfully tight and her vaginal muscles were surprisingly athletic.

She looked down at his hand then into his eyes. She hesitated then asked in a small, uncomfortable voice, "Do you have to... do that, Mr. Johnson?"

"Do what, my dear?" he asked with a smile.

Another hesitation.

"You know. With your finger," she murmured, then she shivered all over.

"Yes I do, Melissa," he replied and offered no further explanation. "Now about that `accident'," he added. He pushed his finger all the way in, causing her to groan softly and her tummy muscles to flex.

Melissa gave him a perplexed look, then in a barely audible voice, she said, "My friend, Cassidy did it."

"I beg your pardon, Melissa. Speak up please," her teacher responded.

"I said, Cassidy Wilson did it, but it was by accident," she added emphatically. Then she hesitated, and only when Mr. Johnson raised his eyebrows did she reluctantly disclose her tale. "We found her mother's vibrator thing," Melissa explained, blushing hotly. "We both tried it, Cassidy went first, and I held it for her. Then it was my turn," she said. "It felt really weird." Melissa squirmed a bit in his grasp, remembering that day and those strange new sensations. Johnson held his finger still for the moment, and let her continue with her story without distraction.

"Go on," he prompted.

"Cassidy was holding it for me. You know, between my legs." Melissa's face was beet red now as she recounted the events of that momentous afternoon. Cassidy kept pushing the thing against my... my," she hesitated. "My, you know, down there." She nodded down at his hand between her thighs. "I guess I flinched. I don't know. It felt so strange, and it made the muscles in my legs twitch." Unconsciously Melissa squeezed her teacher's finger. She looked anxious and confused.

"Go on, Melissa. Then what happened?" Mr. Johnson asked.

"I don't know, I... I think maybe I must have accidentally moved my hips or something at the same time that Cassidy was pushing the thing against me, and then...." She hesitated again. "Well..." Then she stopped and stared down at her teacher. "This is really embarrassing, you know," she whined.

"I know," Mr. Johnson replied flatly. "Tell me what happened next, Melissa."

Again she gave him that perplexed look of disbelief. It was priceless. "There was some blood... not a lot. Cassidy pulled it out right away. It didn't hurt much, but it scared both of us to death. Neither of us really knew what Cassidy had done to me at the time, but both of us promised we'd never tell anyone."

It was all Benjamin could do not to laugh. In fact several moments passed before he could speak in a composed manner. "Miss Wilson must know by now that she took your virginity that day. Has she ever said anything to you about it?"

The uncomfortable girl gazed at him curiously. "Well yeah. I guess so. I mean she said she was sorry and all," Melissa replied after a second. "What difference does it make, anyway? It was an accident, like I said," she said a little testily.

"Now don't get cross with me, my dear," her teacher replied calmly. He started to move his finger again, probing about inside of Melissa and making her shudder. "I was just curious, that's all. It's not everyday that I meet a young lady who lost her virginity to a girlfriend. Perhaps I'll have a word with Miss Wilson about this at a later date," he mused.

"No wait, Mr. Johnson. You don't understand. Cassidy didn't mean to...." Melissa began with an alarmed expression on her pretty face, but her history teacher interrupted her before she could finish.

It was too late, anyway. Benjamin Johnson had already made a mental note to contact Miss Cassidy Wilson at his next opportunity for a little heart to heart chat.

"So you're telling me that Miss Wilson took your virginity, and that you've not been with a man since that day. Is that correct, Melissa?"

She stared at him for a moment in silence, nodded her head then looked away.

Benjamin gazed at her for several seconds, then he shook his head and said, "I still find it difficult to imagine that such an attractive young lady hasn't yet taken a lover. Be that as it may," he went on. "I must say that the prospect of helping you to discover the wonders of physical love is very intriguing, my dear. I believe we are both in for a very pleasant experience."

Melissa stared at her history teacher with considerable displeasure ,

but before she could respond to his rather assuming remark, Mr. Johnson said quite unexpectedly, "Squeeze my finger, Melissa."

"W..what?" the teenager asked, shocked. "W..what did you say?"

"I said, squeeze my finger. Don't play dumb with me, Melissa. You know what I want. Use the same muscles you use when you want to stop peeing." He moved his finger in and out of her a couple of times while he stared fixedly up at the stunned young girl. "Squeeze my finger, Melissa," he repeated.

It had to be one of the most loathsome and dehumanizing things anyone had ever asked of her, but Melissa knew by now that she had little choice in the matter.

Benjamin felt her slowly bear down. "Good," he said. "Again, please."

Melissa couldn't remember ever having been more embarrassed.

"Harder," Mr. Johnson demanded. Then he began to move his finger in and out again. "Relax when I push and squeeze when I pull out, Melissa," he instructed the bewildered, indignant teenager. "Good," he said when he felt her start to comply with his instructions. "A few more times, and I believe you'll be ready."

"Huh?" she looked at him obviously alarmed.

"Squeeze my finger, Melissa. Concentrate," was his only reply.

After what seemed like hours, Mr. Johnson finally extracted his finger from the girl, and the wooden chair legs groaned against the linoleum as he stood.

"I want you to see something, my dear," her teacher said casually. He held his hand up in front of Melissa's face, and began to rub his thumb and middle finger together slowly. "You're a very wet young lady, Melissa," he commented with a cynical smile.

Melissa thought she would simply die as she stared in horror at Mr. Johnson's hand. Not only was his middle finger, the one which had done the majority of the trespassing, but his other fingers and his thumb as well, were uniformly coated with a silky, clear fluid. Gazing in stunned disbelief at her teacher's fingers, Melissa felt mildly sick to her stomach. She realized that in spite of the fact that he was forcing her to accept his repugnant attentions, the despicable little man had also somehow been able to arouse her. Melissa had never felt more ashamed.

"Let's take your blouse off now, my dear," Mr. Johnson said to the appalled teenager.

Melissa was still so shocked, in fact, from the revelation concerning her unanticipated sexual arousal, that she unconsciously raised her hands over her head when he asked, making it easier for him to remove her top. He tossed the blouse onto his desk, then stooped, picked up her velvet skirt and placed it on the desk as well.

"You always wear such pretty things, Melissa," Mr. Johnson purred. "That's one of the things that I find most attractive about you, my dear."

Melissa wasn't sure whether to take that as a compliment or not, considering the circumstances.

"Turn for me, now, Melissa," her teacher said in a gentler tone. Gripping her lightly by her shoulders, he helped her to turn, facing away from him. "I want to see your little titties, my dear," he added gruffly, and before Melissa knew it, he'd unfastened the tiny catch at the back and slipped the thin straps of her brassiere over her shoulders, causing the small garment to slide down her arms and fall to the floor. "We'll pick that up in a minute," Mr. Johnson said as without the slightest warning, he slipped his hands under Melissa's arms and around her torso. He then cupped her small breasts and pulled her naked body back against his.

Melissa was too surprised to resist, as he began to knead the firm flesh of her two perfect breast cones. Nobody had ever done that to her before. "Why Trevor had never even seen her breasts, let alone touched them," the girl thought absently to herself. Melissa shivered when her teacher nuzzle his lips against her neck.

"Mmmm..." he murmured into her soft hair. "You smell so fresh, Melissa, sweetheart," Mr. Johnson whispered then began to kiss her neck and the top of her shoulder.

"But, Mr. Johnson, I..." she began.

"Hush now, little one," he said as he nibbled behind her ear.

"Ohhhh," Melissa moaned when he pressed her little breasts against her chest, flattening the precious cones between her ribs and the palms of his hands. Next he pinched her tiny nipples and stretched her breasts outward from her chest, before he finally released them, causing the resilient flesh to snap back into its immaculate, original shape.

Then as he began to repeat the procedure, Mr. Johnson made what Melissa felt was a highly indecent proposal. "Why don't you touch

yourself down there for a minute, Melissa, while I rub your pretty little titties some more. Would you do that for me, please?" he asked gruffly from just behind her ear.

"What?" Melissa responded somewhat breathlessly. She couldn't believe he'd ask her to do something like that. "Mr. Johnson, I just can't," she whined rather pitifully.

"And why not, my child?" her teacher murmured into her fragrant hair. "You let your girlfriend touch you," he reminded her. "You let me touch you, Melissa." He kneaded her shapely breasts with his hands, feeling the denser mammary glands beneath the softer fatty tissues.

"Ohhh...uggghhhhhh," Melissa gasped. She felt his hot breath against the back of her neck.

"Touch yourself, Melissa," Johnson repeated. "Rub yourself down there, sweetheart. Keep yourself nice and wet for me, Melissa."

His hands never seemed to rest, and Melissa felt sparks fly between her small erect nipples and his fingers as he fondled her. She shuddered all over. Then suddenly he reached around her, took Melissa by one of her wrists and guided her hand downward.

"But Mr. Johnson, I..." she moaned softly as he slid his hand over the back of hers and pressed it between her thighs.

"Shhhhhh.... That's my girl," Johnson murmured as he squeezed her hand with his own, causing her to clasp her intimate flesh. She pressed her butt back against his, trying to escape his attentions. "Make yourself wet for me, Melissa," he whispered then began to kiss her neck and shoulders repeatedly while he helped her to get acquainted with herself.

"You just keep touching yourself, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said when he unexpectedly removed his hands from her.

Surprised, Melissa turned and looked back at him, but unconsciously, she kept her hand between her legs.

She made quite the exquisite site, standing naked before him. Mr. Johnson, resting one hand on her shoulder, quickly unbuckled his belt, dropped his trousers and stepped out of them. "Keep rubbing yourself, Melissa," he instructed the confused girl as he placed his pants on the desk. She turned away in shame and embarrassment. She was definitely primed, for he could see that telltale flush of color in her shoulders, face and neck, and surprisingly she began to move her hand slowly up and down between her legs.

Mr. Johnson bent down and retrieved Melissa's bra from the floor along with her panties. The bra he placed on top of the growing pile of clothing on his desk top, but the panties he brought reverently up, and nuzzled his face into the soft satin. He nibbled at the smooth fabric with his lips and inhaled heady drafts of her intoxicating bouquet. Intermingled with the subtle perfume she wore, was that unmistakable, slightly unwashed scent that young ladies try so hard to disguise, but which made Benjamin Johnson's senses reel with delight.

He could wait no longer.

After tossing her fragrant undergarment on top of the pile, Benjamin reached out and took Melissa by her narrow waist. She jumped in surprise when he first touched her for she'd been distracted by the odd sensations which were just beginning to make themselves known to her from somewhere deep in the center of her womanhood.

"What?" Melissa asked rather distantly as her history teacher maneuvered her. Trading places with her, he turned her to face his desk.

"Bend over, my dear, and put your hands on the desk," Johnson ordered somewhat impatiently.

Even as she was following his instructions, it dawned upon Melissa what was about to happen. Somewhere in her subconscious a small voice shouted for her to either fight or flee, but somehow it got lost in a haze of confusion, perhaps brought on by the intoxicating mixture of adrenalin and endorphin which flooded her system.

Melissa had looked at a few "dirty magazines" with her girlfriends before, and had seen people "doing it" from behind. "Doggie style" they called it. She'd even seen a few pictures of couples "making love" standing up, but Melissa had always envisioned her first time as being in a big soft bed with satin sheets and lots of pillows. Wrapped in the strong arms of her faceless "Prince Charming", she would invite him atop her, and then....

"Spread your feet apart, Melissa," she heard her history teacher say, snapping her back to the present. He kicked lightly at her ankles until she did as he requested. Oddly, she still hadn't thought to resist. With one hand on her hip he guided her into position, and all would have gone quite smoothly, except Melissa chose that moment to glance back at him over her shoulder.

Perhaps it was that insistent "little voice" that finally got through to her, or maybe it was simply curiosity, but whatever the reason, the first thing Melissa saw when she turned was that which her history

teacher held tightly in his right fist.

From her angle pretty much all Melissa could see was its bulbous head. It was dark purple in color and at least two inches in diameter. Melissa was stunned as she stared at the blunt head of the meaty battering ram, and while she looked on in growing horror, a drop of clear, viscous liquid formed at the mouth of a fairly large hole near its center. Melissa couldn't really tell how long the thing was, for most of it was obscured from sight behind Mr. Johnson's fist and forearm, but what she could see was covered with dark purple veins and sprouted out of a mat of black hair between his pale, chubby thighs.

Melissa felt him tighten his grip on her waist as he took a step toward her. Pure fascination held her rooted in place long enough for him to move into position behind her, but when she felt the scalding hot tip of the beast touch the insides of her shapely buttocks, the alarm bells went off with a vengeance. Unfortunately, or fortunately as the case may be, her instinctive warning system reacted just a little too late.

Since she was wholly inexperienced at the art of love making and hadn't done so well in biology class either, Melissa didn't know that the vulva, or external genitalia of the human female, is specifically designed to facilitate the insertion its male counterpart. Much like a socket, the buttocks, inner thighs and labia all curve inward toward the vaginal entrance, forming a foyer or vestibule which is damn hard to miss.

"W...wait, Mr. Johnson. P...please," Melissa gasped. It felt like a boiling hot billiard ball as it moved downward slightly, parting the heavy folds of her labia majora. She tried to shift her hips in an effort to move herself out of harm's way, but again, she acted too late. Her history teacher was already on the glide path. "N...nnno, wait, I..." she said breathlessly. "I can't do this. I can't!" she cried, and was about to make one last valiant effort to escape when suddenly she froze.

Melissa felt herself begin to dilate, and like most young ladies will do at the exact time of entry, she became rooted in place as her body instinctively prepared to accept her lover. As if from a great distance, Melissa heard her history teacher coax her. "Sure you can, Melissa. Just relax, sweetheart. Don't fight me, Melissa. That's a good girl." He felt her begin to open up for him.

"No, donnn't. Plea.... Ohhh...ohhh...uugnhh!" Melissa's final plea was cut short and ended in a rather unladylike expression of surprise. As a throbbing fire ball swelled between her thighs. Melissa felt like she was being torn asunder as she heard her history teacher say

in a husky voice, "Sweetheart, I want you to meet the other `Mr. Johnson'!"

It was a shame that he couldn't see her face, for her expression was priceless. Benjamin was beginning to have doubts about her carrying capacity, when at last her gates fell. As though her body decided to switch sides, Melissa threw her head back and rolled her shoulders forward. Intuitively, she arched her back to better align her vaginal passage, and with that, Miss Melissa Carpenter accepted her first lover. Not bad form for one so inexperienced.

"Everything alright in there?" a man's voice called from outside the door of Room 207. He knocked a second time. It was the night watchman, Fred.

Mr. Johnson cleared his throat and tried to speak. He stared into the startled eyes of the lovely young girl before him as she looked back at him over her right shoulder. Then quickly he glanced down to see about seven inches of his ten inch engine still protruding from between the twine milky white globes of her perfect little rear end. The first three inches of him was in nirvana.

"We're just fine, Fred," Mr. Johnson answered a bit hoarsely. Melissa shook her head imploringly and mouthed a silent, "Please". Her eyes gradually grew round and staring then finally closed as her teacher slowly pulled her back onto himself, causing her to exhale loudly.

Meanwhile, back in nirvana, the convoluted walls of her vaginal passage were thrust aside by the broad head of his manhood as he traveled another few inches into her interior. "Just helping a young lady to get caught up," Mr. Johnson called to the night security guard. He pulled back with his hips, extracting a few inches of his meaty engine from the girl. She shuddered. Inside, Melissa's exceptionally elastic muscles closed down behind him.

"You sure you don't need any help?" the guard out in the hallway inquired. "I thought I heard a cry or something a minute ago."

"Oh, yes, that was Miss Carpenter here," Mr. Johnson answered cheerfully. "She insists that I'm moving too fast." He winked at Melissa when she turned and stared at him in disbelief. Then without warning, Johnson shot his hips forward much more forcefully than the first time, and driving her down onto her elbows on top of the pile of their clothing.

"Huuuuuhhhh," Melissa responded as softly as she could, considering the wind had just been knocked out of her.

"I think we have everything well in hand," Mr. Johnson replied.

"Well, if everything's OK, I guess I'll be movin' along," the guard said.

"We'll be just fine, won't we, Miss Carpenter?" Johnson said, and then had to suppress a laugh when he saw the look that Melissa gave him. "Tell him you're OK," he whispered to the distressed girl.

Holding her tightly by her waist, Mr. Johnson rocked his hips from side to side and maneuvered another inch of himself into the lovely girl. Melissa shuddered as the broad head of his penis moved forward into an area of her anatomy that had previously remained unexplored for almost sixteen years.

"Answer him," Mr. Johnson snapped under his breath. Then he jabbed her lightly.

"Huhh..I'm f..fine," she called out, struggling to keep her voice from faltering.

Melissa and her friends had often talked about what it might feel like to be with a man, but none of their innocent musings could hold a candle to the all encompassing fullness and internal fire Melissa experienced at the hands of her history teacher. Slowly she lowered her head to the desk top and hoped she would survive.

"Whack !!"

Melissa heard the impact of his palm against her right buttock even before she felt the sting. In an instant she was up on her hands. Glaring back at Mr. Johnson she hissed, "He's gonna hear us!" then nodded in the direction of the door.

Johnson smiled at the anxious teenager and said, "He's gone for now. Anyway, Melissa, Fred's a good looking chap. Who knows, you might want to become better acquainted with him some day," he added ominously. Melissa stared at her teacher in shock and was about to say something when he cut her off. "Arch your back, Melissa, and pay attention," he ordered.

"Whack !!"

"Oww," she protested, as a glowing red hand print formed on her butt.

"Arch your back!" Johnson growled. "Head up, shoulders forward."

Melissa glared at him icily, but in the end, she did as she was told. She stared across the room at the faces of presidents Washington,

Jefferson and Lincoln as she felt her history teacher's thick penis start to pull out of her.

"Squeeze me, Melissa," Mr. Johnson said pausing his egress from her momentarily.

"Huh?" she said, looking back at him again.

"You heard me. I said, squeeze me. Just like you did to my finger." Melissa stared at him for several seconds, until he raised his hand.

"OK... OK..." she said hastily.

While he gazed at her lovely face, her expression became distant. Then he felt her embrace him. She was like a steely soft vice. "Keep squeezing, just like that," Johnson instructed, as he began to inch his way out of her. Her strength was remarkable. It was like she was actually sucking on him. "Until I'm almost all the way out." He felt her start to tremble from the effort. When approximately one inch remained inside of Melissa, Johnson told her to relax. Then he removed his hands from her waist and placed them on his hips.

"Very good, Melissa. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" Johnson winked at her when she shot him a hateful look. "OK. Now, my dear, if you're relaxed and ready, I want you to push yourself back onto me. Would you do that for me, please, Melissa."

Again he was forced to suppress a guffaw at the look of incredulity the teenager gave him. Mr. Johnson gave her a couple of seconds to think about it then raised his hand over her pretty butt once more. "Do it, Melissa," he ordered.

Melissa's abject humiliation was painted plainly on her face as she leaned back against her history teacher. A violent shiver coursed through her body as she slowly impaled herself on Mr. Johnson's "Mr. Johnson".

Once she was fully on him, Mr. Johnson coached her through several repetitions of alternately flexing then relaxing her vaginal muscles around him. "If this ever becomes an Olympic sport, I'll gladly volunteer to be this little lady's trainer," Johnson mused silently. "Again, Melissa," he snapped. Five minutes flew by while he worked with the wonderful girl, then at last Mr. Johnson patted her on the rear and told her to take a break.

"You're quite a talented young lady, Melissa," Mr. Johnson complimented her. "I just know we're going to work well together over the next few months."

"Thanks a lot," she responded sarcastically then realized what he'd said. "Next few months?" she cried in shock.

"Why of course, my dear. You don't think we can become close in just one evening? Think how long you've been dating Mr. Williams, Melissa. At least I deserve a chance to catch up, don't you think?"

Melissa was speechless. Her mouth opened and closed, but no sound came out. She stared at the man who's penis currently occupied a goodly percentage of her available abdominal area and thought she would be sick.

"I know... I know, Melissa. I don't expect for you to warm up to me overnight," Mr. Johnson cooed as he reached down and took her by her hips. "And I promise I won't make you rush into anything." Once again he rocked his hips from side to side, worming his way deeper into the stunned young girl. "We'll take it nice and slow. You set the pace, my dear."

Melissa's tummy bulged outward as the broad head of his penis nestled against her cervical os, and she felt the fronts of his hairy thighs press against the soft skin of her buttocks. Melissa was fully involved.

"Like I said, we'll proceed at your pace, Melissa." Her history teacher removed his hands from her hips, and Melissa actually thought her ordeal was over for the night when unexpectedly Mr. Johnson said, "So, my sweet child. At your own speed. I want you to take your time and make love to me. Do it well, and we'll call it an evening. If, however, I think that you aren't concentrating or that you're not being attentive, then we'll simply have to keep working."

After approximately twenty minutes Melissa's mind went blank as she rocked steadily back and forth, again and again on her history teacher's, heavy penis. Occasionally he reminded her to squeeze at the appropriate times, and after a few minutes, he insisted that she look back and maintain eye contact with him. What truly sickened Melissa, however, was his incessant commentary regarding her "vaginal fitness" and "how well lubricated she was". Worst of all, though, were his constant references to Trevor, and how "the two of them were doing him such a great service in so many ways".

Suddenly Mr. Johnson grabbed her by the hips and held her firmly onto himself. "Squeeze me, Melissa," he ordered a little breathlessly. "Again," he said when she complied. "Again," he gasped. "Keep doing that until I tell you to... Oh! Jesus!" Benjamin groaned loudly as he dug his fingers into her supple hips.

At first Melissa didn't know what was happening, when she felt

something "flick" at her, deep inside. As she stared at Mr. Johnson's flushed and contorted face. She felt his dreadful penis twitch just before she felt that odd "flick" a second time. Then an unusual sort of liquid heat began to spread deep in her belly as she felt a third "flick".

"Wait a minute," Melissa's mind cried. "That wasn't a 'flick'. It was a spurt!"

"Nooo, Mr. Johnson," the unhappy teenager moaned pitifully when she finally realized that she was being inseminated by the older man. "Please, Mr. Johnson. I'll get pregnant," she cried, trying to keep her voice down in case the security guard was about. She tried to pull away from him, but he held her little bottom tightly against his thighs. "Ohhhhh..." she moaned when yet another pulse of viscous hot semen "flicked" at her insides.

Melissa was so distressed by the prospect of becoming pregnant by her history teacher that she barely noticed when he slid his soft hands up her flanks and under her torso. Melissa groaned softly when he began to knead her small breasts while he kissed her back and shoulders.

Between kisses Mr. Johnson murmured what a good girl she was, and how he thought the world of Trevor, and on, and on.... Melissa was starting to think the night would never end.

At long last he stood up behind her. He was still inside of her, but Melissa could feel him beginning to shrink. Then after a few seconds Mr. Johnson pulled out of her with a disgustingly, wet sucking sound. Even after he was gone, Melissa still felt an unpleasant fullness in her abdomen. Something inherently female in Melissa told her that she was surely with child. Her heart sank.

"You've done very well this evening, my dear," Mr. Johnson said to her. Both of them looked up at the clock. It was now seven thirty-five. "You may get dressed now."

Melissa didn't speak. She had nothing to say to the man. She turned, picked up her panties from his desk and leaned over to step into them.

"Just a moment," Johnson said. "Hold off on the underwear for a moment. I have a surprise for you," he said when she looked at him questioningly. He held out his hand for her panties. Hesitantly Melissa handed the small satin garment to him.

Mr. Johnson pulled on his trousers, and while Melissa was dressing as best she could, he stepped behind his desk and opened the middle drawer. He removed something from the drawer, but Melissa didn't get a good look at it.

"I'd like to see you again, tomorrow afternoon, Melissa," he said, moving closer to her.

"But... It... It's Saturday," she complained. "Trevor and I have plans this weekend."

"That's fine, Melissa," her teacher told her. "In fact, I hope that you and Mr. Williams continue to enjoy each other's company often. On the other hand, you and I have an agreement. Do we not?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

Melissa gazed into his dark eyes for a moment then dropped her eyes to the floor, dejectedly. "I guess so," she said softly.

"Good. Then be a good girl and bend over for me, Melissa" Johnson said with a smile. "You can put your hands on my desk again if you like."

"But... but I thought we were... you know... finished," the anxious teenager whined.

Mr. Johnson smiled warmly and placed a hand on her cheek. Just as she was about to shrug away from him, Johnson dropped his hand to her shoulder and turned her around. "Bend over, my dear," he said, offering no further explanation.

"Wh... what's that?" Melissa gasped when she felt the cool plastic touch her.

"Spread your feet apart and be still, Melissa," her teacher ordered. Then she felt his hands on her, spreading her open down there from behind.

"But..." she started. "Hey wait!" she blurted out when he slipped the hard rubber object effortlessly into her well lubricated vagina. "What are you doing?" she asked miserably when the man began to twist the object while sliding it in and out slowly.

"Just hold still, Melissa," he answered flatly. "I'm getting your surprise ready for you."

Melissa relaxed visibly when he pulled the thing out of her. Then suddenly she felt it touch her again. This time it was in the wrong place. "He must have gotten confused," she thought to herself. Then she said in an embarrassed tone of voice, "Mr. Johnson, I... I think you missed."

A most unladylike grunt escaped Melissa's lips, and then she began to protest quite spiritedly as the hard rubber object found its way into her rectal passage. "Mr. Johnson, what are you doing!?" Melissa cried out as he seated the wide plastic flange snugly against the cheeks of her butt.

Melissa's "surprise" was a small phallic device, approximately three inches in length and one half inch in diameter. It was deliberately shaped so that once fully inserted, her anal sphincter ring would hold it in place.

"You may stand up now, my dear," Mr. Johnson said after patting her affectionately on the rear. Gingerly Melissa stood up and smoothed her skirt down over her thighs. She was afraid to move, because the horrible thing in her rear end was poking at her from the inside. Meanwhile Mr. Johnson explained. "I won't be seeing you until late tomorrow afternoon, Melissa, and I know that in the meantime, you'll be with Mr. Williams. I wanted to give you something to remember me by."

"But," she started to protest.

Ignoring her distress, Johnson continued. "I expect for you to leave it in place until we're together again. Whenever you feel it in there." He placed a hand on her hip and squeezed gently. "I want you to think about our time together this afternoon. Will you do that for me, Melissa?" he spoke in a friendly manner.

"But, Mr. Johnson," Melissa said anxiously. "Why do I have to leave it there for so long? What happens if I have to go to the bathroom?"

"You'll be just fine until tomorrow afternoon," he assured the dejected teenager. "Remember, Melissa. You have an obligation to Mr. Williams and to me."

Melissa turned to leave and winced as the hard rubber plug shifted inside her tender interior. Then she remembered her panties. Turning back she reached for them lying on the corner of the desk, but her teacher snatched them away.

"I want something to remember you by as well, my child," he said huskily. Then he raised her panties to his nose and inhaled a deep draft of her subtle fragrance. Melissa blushed hotly. "Until tomorrow, then, my dear," Mr. Johnson said to her as she turned and waddled toward the door.



The Obligation - Part Two - by - The StoryMaster

"Is that you, dear?" Melissa's mother called from the pantry.

"Yes, Mom," the pretty teenager replied. She winced slightly when she turned a little too quickly to shut the kitchen door behind herself. She had to move fast though, if she wanted to make it through the kitchen and into the relative safety of the hallway before her mom emerged from the pantry. She much preferred not to have to face her mother just now. Melissa breathed a sigh of relief when after three or four rather ungraceful waddling steps she made it into the hall and proceeded in the direction of her room.

"Trevor called. He wanted you to call him back as soon as you got home," Melissa heard her mother say as she reached her bedroom door.

"O.. OK, Mom," Melissa answered, opening the door and disappearing inside. Stepping gingerly she crossed the room and fell face down into the pile of stuffed animals atop the fluffy comforter on her bed. "How could she talk to Trevor? How could she talk to Trevor ever again?" she thought miserably. Then after a good cry, Melissa fell into a fitful sleep.

Her dreams were dark and filled with disturbing images and confusing, helter-skelter, scenes in which, incredible as it may seem, she was having sex with Mr. Johnson, her American History teacher, but that simply couldn't be! In her dream the man's hands were everywhere, and then suddenly he was making love to her.

"No, that wasn't exactly correct, was it?"

As her nightmare progressed, Melissa slowly came to the realization that it was she who was in motion. As though she were having an out of body experience she saw herself standing with her hands braced against a table or a desk of some sort, and in horror she looked on as her other self rocked back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

"Oh, no! God, no!" Melissa cried in her subconscious mind, for suddenly it became abundantly clear to the beautiful fifteen year old that it was she who was doing all the love making and not her shadowy lover. It was she who was fucking him!

In her slumbering state, Melissa groaned softly. Unconsciously one hand crept down to her lower abdomen, while the other moved to her breast.

"Ohhh," she groaned aloud. He was so big! And he was hurting her. Her tummy ached terribly with a deep, throbbing...what? Desire? Mindlessly Melissa rolled from side to side on her bed, while in her dreams the pain in her abdomen intensified. Then as will often happen in a dreamscape, the scene changed. Suddenly Trevor was there, seated cross-legged on the desk right in front of her. He was watching her, studying her actually, while she made love.

"Oh, Trev," Melissa whimpered. Then she gasped abruptly when her lover's huge engine invaded her once again. "I'm ss..sorry, Trev," Melissa said dejectedly.

Her handsome beau looked so very sad. Then Trevor was speaking to her, but Melissa couldn't understand him, and suddenly he didn't seem at all upset about the situation.

"Why doesn't he help me?" she thought angrily. "Doesn't he care that another man is having his way with me?" Melissa thought indignantly.

Then once again the dreamscape shifted, and Melissa found herself seated beside Trevor on the tabletop, facing herself and her older lover. She watched as the man who looked a lot like Mr. Johnson used one hand to press downward on the small of her back, forcing her to arch for him. It was utterly mortifying, and when Melissa looked toward Trevor to see what his reaction would be to the way she was

being treated, she was astounded to see that her beau gave no sign that he objected in the least to what was being done to her. Melissa heard herself groan loudly, and turned to see that her lover had reached up under her torso and was squeezing and kneading her tender breasts as the hazy ordeal continued. It was then that Melissa's attention was drawn to her facial expression as she watched herself writhe wantonly in the older man's hands. She fully expecting to see distress and anguish etched upon her face, so you can imagine her shock when what Melissa saw was anything but a look of pain or suffering.

As she looked on with growing horror, Melissa perceived her facial expressions changing much like a slide presentation. Seated beside her silent boyfriend, Melissa watched her clear blue eyes open wide with wonder, then slowly they became hazy and distant. Her cheeks were flushed, and a sheen of perspiration glowed upon her forehead and upper lip. She was breathing heavily, her ribs plainly visible beneath her flawless skin with each gasping breath. Melissa watched herself slowly lower her head between her arms, allowing her soft blond locks to sway freely to the timing of her lover's cadence. Dream time passed. It could have been minutes... or hours... or even days that she rocked to and fro in the hands of her phantom lover. Melissa raised her head and looked to her left to where Trevor was seated, and was startled to discover that she was now witnessing the scene through his eyes. The real shock came, however, when she realized that what she saw through Trevor's eyes was her dream self becoming aroused and even passionate.

"No!" Melissa cried and awoke with a start. At first she was disoriented and shaken, but gradually her breathing slowed as she realized that she was lying in her own bed in her own room. For a few seconds the pretty teen lay bathed in blessed relief, believing that it had all been a ghastly dream. She glanced at the digital alarm clock on her bedside table. It was almost eight-thirty. She'd missed dinner, but perhaps there were some leftovers in the fridge that she could use to whip together a quick meal for herself. "I'm starving," she thought to herself as she raised up and rolled onto her side.

No sooner did Melissa swing her legs over the edge of her bed and shift her weight forward in an effort to stand, than she received a sharp reminder of the reality of the afternoon she'd spent with Mr. Benjamin Johnson. "Ugghh," the pretty teen grunted then jumped to her feet to relieve the sudden pain and pressure in her nether region. She reached back and touched the hard plastic flange. The feel of it, and its foreignness made her cringe as slowly memories and images began to form in her mind.

Melissa recalled how her history teacher, had initially inserted the despicable device into her vagina in order to lubricate it, then after

removing it from there, he'd proceeded to push the small torpedo shaped appliance up into her rear end. Then to add to her humiliation, Mr. Johnson had informed her that he wanted her to leave the hideous object in place until the next day. Naturally, Melissa had argued the point, but Mr. Johnson wasn't about to capitulate. In the end, Melissa had left his office and the scene of her first sexual undoing, pantyless and bearing a small memento of her newly established relationship with her history teacher.

The thought of it made her skin crawl. At first it had hurt like hell, but in a surprisingly short time, her body had adjusted to the foreign object, leaving Melissa with a dull sensation of fullness back there, kinda like she needed to use the toilet. It hadn't taken long for her to figure out that if she moved slowly, the dull pain the thing produced in her belly was at least tolerable.

Melissa wanted nothing more than to take a nice hot bath. She felt dirty all over, and when she took a moment to inspect herself, she found a sticky mess between her legs. Her soft pubic curls were all matted together, and there was a viscous, musky odor which hung about her like a shroud. She felt disgusting. In addition, Melissa remembered that she'd been rather short with her Mom earlier that afternoon. Melissa was never rude to her mother and felt badly about it. It wasn't quite nine o'clock, and she knew she had time before the rest of the family turned in for the night. She would apologize to her Mom right after her bath.

Melissa waddled toward the bathroom, shedding her clothing along the way. Pausing briefly, she studied her reflection in the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door. She didn't look that much worse for wear, actually. Her breasts were a little red and sore, as Mr. Johnson had taken great pleasure in mauling those smallish cones with his big hands. Other than that there were no visible signs what so ever of Melissa's afternoon engagement with her history teacher.

The real effects of her first coupling were internal, and to Melissa, they were very noticeable. She'd never experienced that particular kind of soreness before. It was a dull, penetrating sort of ache that Melissa found to be not altogether unpleasant in spite of the circumstances of her liaison with Mr. Johnson. Although she hated the man for what he'd done to her, subconsciously Melissa felt a peculiar sense of completeness, and this presented a new and thoroughly confusing emotional conflict for her.

She turned to the side to view her profile, and there it was. The flange of the anal plug that Melissa bore was in the shape of a rounded rectangle about two inches by one inch, and was nestled snugly between her buttocks such that her soft flesh was indented around it. Melissa frowned and touched the thing again. The idea that she could

be forced at the whim of a total stranger to endure having a foreign object placed into her body was utterly abhorrent to her, but if the truth be known, deep down in her subconscious where her "inner female" resided, Melissa felt mild excitement at the site of the hard plastic pressed between her fleshy globes.

The barrel of device lay completely hidden from view, occupying the first three inches of Melissa's rectal passage. It was rounded at the tip and approximately three quarters of an inch in diameter except where it narrowed at its neck. The design caused the appliance to interact with the first anal sphincter, allowing the rubbery toroidal muscle to actually draw the device inward, holding it firmly in place.

For those of you who have joined our story late, Melissa Carpenter, age fifteen, has just recently entered into an obligatory relationship with her American History teacher, Mr. Benjamin Johnson. Ben Johnson had been admiring Melissa from afar for quite some time and recently was fortunate enough to have discovered the means by which he could convince the vivacious little blond to spend some quality time with him.

At the time Melissa was dating a very popular student by the name of Trevor Williams, and the young couple were always together. Trevor was a fine young man, the son any father could be proud of. He was a talented athlete, an exceptional student, and he was totally devoted to Melissa Carpenter.

Trevor Williams also had the reputation of being impeccably honest. So when Melissa came to him, begging him to help her pass her mid-term exams by supplying her with the answers to her American History test, Trevor was, needless to say, torn between his strong morals and his desire to please Melissa.

In the end Melissa was able to win the young man over, but in Trevor's defense you will wish to note that she was and is an exquisitely lovely young lady. And at the tender age of sixteen, Trevor Williams was ill equipped to resist the kind of allure and enchantment that the beautiful Melissa Carpenter brought to bear upon him.

Melissa Carpenter was 5'-5" tall and weighed approximately 116 pounds. She had strawberry blond hair that she was in the habit of wearing up with straight bangs and a short pony-tail. The immaculate shape of her nubile young body was the stuff that wars are fought over. At age twelve Melissa began turning heads, and by the time of this writing she occupied the secret dreams and desires of virtually every male she encountered, young and old alike. With square shoulders, broad hips and a slender waist, Melissa was perfectly proportioned for her height and weight. Her breasts, although a little on the small side, were

none the less delicately shaped cones of flawless flesh, firm and every so slightly pointed at the tips. And her derriere, now there was a dream maker. When Melissa Carpenter strode the hallways of her school there were always numerous collisions between distracted males in her wake, turning their heads to get a better look.

In addition, Melissa had a face that Michael Angelo would kill for. At a fairly young age, she discovered "the power of pretty", and in relatively short period of time she'd developed it into an art form. Melissa knew exactly how to glance at a boy in order to bend him to her will. Her lips were full and her mouth slightly pouty and extremely expressive. Melissa knew precisely how to flash her big blue eyes in order to get her way. On the other hand those same sensual blue pools could instantly turn the grey-green color of a storm swept sea if she was displeased.

In short, Melissa Carpenter was, in the minds of many, an absolute work of art.

Ironically, it was her ability to sway the hearts and minds of men that landed Melissa in her current predicament. She managed without a great deal of difficulty to convince her boyfriend, Trevor, that the rewards at which she hinted would be well worth the sacrifice of his honor and integrity, and that's how Melissa came by the answers to the exam. As it turned out, her tactics were sound, but her strategy wasn't well thought out at all.

Melissa wasn't a stupid child by any stretch of the imagination, but she tended to be somewhat impulsive. For example, she'd been turning in barely passing grades the entire semester, then suddenly she practically aces the mid-term. Highly suspicious, I'd say, and so said Benjamin Johnson, her teacher. After confronting Melissa with what amounted to irrefutable evidence of cheating, Benjamin devised a method by which she could make restitution for her wrong doings. The plan naturally involved Melissa consenting to have sex with him which understandably was not at all popular with the pretty teenager. Fortunately though, Mr. Johnson had a little extra leverage in the form of Trevor's involvement in Melissa's transgressions, which he used to encourage her to cooperate.

Melissa was still exhausted, and as she slid into the warm water, she found that she needed to turn slightly to one side, reclining on one hip lest she bring pressure to bear against the exposed end of the device buried in her rectum. But the bath water was so wonderfully soothing that after thirty minutes she began to feel almost human again. .

More than once Melissa toyed with the idea of removing the repulsive device. "How would he ever know?" she reasoned. One time she even

reached back, and with some difficulty grasped the flange of the imbedded anal appliance and gave it a gentle tug. Melissa quickly discovered that the thing was in there pretty tight. She found she could twist the device one way or the other without causing herself too much discomfort, but when she tried to pull on it, she instantly got this really "yucky" feeling in her belly. It wasn't painful exactly, just "yucky". Melissa decided to leave it alone for the time being, discovering that unless she messed with it or sat on it, the thing really wasn't all that noticeable anymore.

"Are you alright, Melissa?" her mother asked when the pretty teenager wandered into the kitchen. The older woman's concern for her daughter was obvious in both her voice and her expression. "I looked in on you last night, but you were sleeping so soundly that I didn't want to wake you."

Melissa gave her mother a puzzled look? "Wha.. What do you mean, Mom? It's only nine o'clock."

Melissa's mother stopped what she was doing and turned to face her lovely teenage daughter. She looked very worried now. "It's nine o'clock in the morning, Melissa," she said. "Are you sure you're feeling OK, dear?" her mom asked as she dried her hands on a dish towel then went to her young daughter.

"Yeah, Mom, really," Melissa insisted as her mother took her by the shoulders.

"You don't look sick," the older woman said, placing her hand on Melissa's forehead. "And you don't appear to have a fever." Melissa's mother put her fingers under her daughter's chin and made her look up at her. Then gazing into the pretty teenager's eyes, she asked in a sterner voice, "You haven't been drinking or anything have you young lady?"

Melissa squirmed and turned away. She didn't appreciate being scrutinized in such a manner, even though she knew that her mother was genuinely concerned for her well being. "Noo, Mother!" she huffed in a decidedly exasperated tone of voice. "You know I wouldn't do that," she said, acting insulted that her mom would suggest such a thing.

Melissa had never touched alcohol or drugs, or even tobacco, and she took great pride in the way she conducted her personal affairs. She thought of herself as a good, wholesome, American teenager. "Why I've never even had sex," she thought to herself. Then with a start, she brought a hand to her mouth, and her eyes stared unseeing.

Her mother noticed her pretty daughter's face grow paler, and her expression become dark and distant. "What is it, Melissa? Tell me,

dear," the older woman insisted and shook her daughter gently.

For at least a minute Melissa remained lost in sullen thought. Then eventually she snapped out of it and tried to put on a brave face for her mother's benefit, but only after concluding that from this moment on, she would have to adopt a new self-image.

"I'm alright, Mom, really," she said and tried to smile, even though that was the last thing on Earth Melissa felt like doing. "I just have a little headache, that's all, and yesterday, I was feeling kinda nauseous. Maybe I had a twenty-four hour flu bug or something," she offered, praying her mother would cease and desist with her interrogation, well intentioned as it might have been. "Can you make me something to eat. I'm really starved," the pretty teen said in an effort to change the subject once and for all.

Her mother continued to stare at her for several rather uncomfortable seconds before at last she said, "Well, alright then. If you're sure you're OK."

"I'm alright, Mother. I promise," Melissa insisted with just a hint of impatience. "But I'm really famished."

"I guess you are," her mom said in a little bit brighter tone of voice. "You missed dinner last night, you know," she scolded as she turned toward the refrigerator. "That's just not like you, dear."

"Don't start again, please, Mom," Melissa pleaded as she went to the kitchen table and plopped down into a chair.

The pretty teenager was barely able to suppress an audible groan when the disgusting thing that Mr. Johnson had placed into her rear end jabbed upward into some very tender tissues, and practically knocked the wind out of her. Melissa shot a quick glance in her mother's direction, and thankfully her back was turned, or she most certainly would have noticed the color drain from her young daughter's face and a distinct line of perspiration spring to her forehead.

"A Mr. Johnson called for you about thirty minutes ago, dear," Melissa's mother said, as she rummaged about in the refrigerator. "He said he's your history teacher. Is that right?"

Melissa's blood ran cold, and she had to concentrate to keep her voice steady. "Y...yeah, Mom, he's my teacher. W..what did he want? Did he say?" the teenager asked, fearing the worst.

"Well, he said that he'll be tutoring you each week, something about advanced social studies or the like," her mother prattled on as she set a Tupperware container on the

counter. "Anyway, he said that Trevor's involved too, and that he wants the two of you to come to his home this evening to begin your studies," the older woman went on, not noticing the expression of growing alarm on her pretty daughter's face. "He said you can stay for dinner, and that you might be quite late getting home, which is fine with me, dear, since your father and I have plans anyway."

Melissa's heart was going ninety miles an hour, and she tried desperately to appear calm as her mother turned and set a bowl of cantaloupe wedges in front of her. Melissa couldn't think of anything to say, so she sat staring at the bowl of fruit while her thoughts raced.

"What wickedness does he have planned?" the distressed teenager wondered. "And why involve Trevor?"

"Anyway, dear, Mr. Johnson said to be at his home at around five and to come as you are, whatever that means."

Melissa almost choked on a piece of cantaloupe. She knew exactly what her history teacher meant, as her mind's eye was tugged inward to the dull throbbing presence in her backside. "O..OK, Mom," Melissa managed after regaining her composure.

The ride to the home of Mr. Benjamin Johnson was one of the most uncomfortable experiences Melissa had ever been through to date, barring one, of course. Trevor's Jeep Wrangler had an extra heavy duty suspension, and the custom bucket seats just happened to be shaped such that every little bump or dip in the road caused shock waves to be transmitted from the Jeep's big knobby tires directly into Melissa's lower abdomen by way of the hard rubber device secreted away inside of her. To Melissa, it felt as though she were being kicked in the belly from the inside every few minutes or so. The knuckles of her right hand were white where she clung to the side roll cage bar above the passenger door in an effort to raise her shapely bottom up off the hard seat and attenuate at least a few of the blows.

"Ugghh, God!" Melissa groaned under her breath when Trevor, in his usual driving fashion, brought the vehicle to an abrupt stop at a traffic light, causing Melissa to rock suddenly forward then back and down onto the hateful anal plug. Beads of perspiration adorned her forehead and her mood was anything but cordial as the pretty teen turned to her boyfriend and hissed, "Can't you take it easy, please!"

Trevor didn't know what to make of Melissa's attitude recently. "Hell, he'd done what she'd asked and gotten her the test questions. She'd passed her exams with flying colors, and she ought to be happy," the perplexed young man thought to himself. "Then she goes and breaks

our date yesterday with no explanation or anything, and tonight she's acting like she doesn't want me around even though Mr. Johnson invited us both over for dinner. Probably to celebrate Melissa passing his mid-term," Trevor surmised. "If he only knew," the young man muttered to himself, referring to his theft of the history exam questions. Trevor liked Mr. Johnson, both as a teacher and a person, and he felt badly about what he'd done, but that was all water under the bridge now. Melissa had passed the mid-terms, and that was that, as they say. "Now if only she'd be a little nicer to me, like she promised," Trevor thought, glancing surreptitiously over at his pretty girlfriend. Melissa stared straight ahead, ignoring him entirely. She looked upset and even angry, Trevor noted. "Hell, it's probably just that time of the month," the trusting teenager concluded.

For the past couple of years, Trevor Williams, like the rest of us, had been forced to learn about the vagaries of the emotional female during menstrual cycles, and his pretty girlfriend had introduced him first hand to the joys of PMS. Trevor caught on quickly, discovering that once every month there would come a time where nothing he could say or do that would count for anything, and once every month he learned to keep his distance. "But this is different, somehow," Trevor reflected and was about to turn his attention back to his driving, when just then the Wrangler hit a fairly deep pothole in the road. Trevor couldn't remember ever having seen the kind of expression that appeared on Melissa's face. "Are you OK, Mel?" he asked when he saw her eyes grow suddenly wide and staring. He thought also that he'd heard her make a grunting noise of some sort.

Melissa wouldn't look at him. She didn't care about what Trevor thought right now. For a second or two all she could think about was catching her breath which had been temporarily knocked out of her as though she'd been punched in the gut. Then as she struggled to maintain at least some semblance of composure, Melissa's thoughts were occupied with trying to figure out a way that she could gracefully exit the Jeep and make it into her history teacher's house when they arrived without Trevor noticing the growing wet spot on the back of her dress. You see, just before the Jeep hit that last big pothole, Melissa's bladder had been relatively full. It no longer was.

Melissa knew that her panties were soaked, and she prayed that she wouldn't leave a puddle in the seat as Trevor pulled up in front of the home of Benjamin Johnson. At the last minute, a thought occurred to her, and Melissa asked Trevor if she might borrow his letter sweater that was in the back seat, claiming that it might be cold in the house. Stealthily the pretty teenager tied the arms of the sweater around her waist so that it covered the back of her dress to her knees as she slid from the Jeep. Glancing back as the door closed, Melissa noticed the distinct sheen of moisture on the car seat she'd just exited but didn't think that Trevor had seen it. "Thank

God they're vinyl!" she thought as she began the uncomfortable walk to the front door.

"Well, well, well!" Ben Johnson said in a very congenial tone of voice to the two young people standing on his front steps. "How nice it is to see you both. Do come right in," he added sticking out his hand to Trevor, but all the while he had his eye on the young man's pretty girlfriend. When Trevor took his offered hand, Johnson practically drug the him through the front door and into the foyer, before the polite high school student could step aside and allow his girlfriend to precede him. "And good evening to you, Miss Carpenter," Johnson said, turning to Melissa. "You do look lovely tonight, my dear," he said reaching for her and placing a hand onto her shoulder. Melissa refused to look the man in the eye, averting her gaze as she allowed him to draw her into his residence.

Feeling it was one of the least provocative things she owned, Melissa had chosen to wear a simple cotton, sleeveless sun dress, knee length and teal in color. Besides, summer was almost here, and the nights were getting warmer. And although she strongly suspected from his message that Mr. Johnson preferred that she not wear panties, Melissa had worn a pair anyway, and right now she was very glad she had. The absorbent cotton had helped to trap at least a part of the flood resulting from the pothole incident, and in addition Melissa had included a panty liner due to the persistent vaginal oozing she was experiencing. She was sure that her dress was spotted in spite of the added protection, and she only hoped that Trevor's sweater would conceal it.

Benjamin Johnson noted the sweater right away, thinking it a little incongruous with the rest of her ensemble, and as he guided Melissa into the foyer, he glanced down at her pretty little rear end which he enjoyed looking at but which was obscured by the heavy sweater. Johnson thought about the anal appliance that he'd placed into the lovely girl many hours ago, and hoped that she'd obeyed him and left it in place. He imagined the dark rubber torpedo shaped plug surrounded by moist and tender tissues which shifted around it as she walked past him. Lost in this pleasant daydream, Ben Johnson almost missed it, but at the last second before she turned, his sharp eyes spotted the darker color of Melissa's dress where it peaked out from under her boyfriend's letter sweater.

"Her dress is wet," he correctly deduced. Then glancing quickly in Trevor's direction, Ben Johnson concluded from the young man's good natured expression that he was clueless. Looking then at Melissa as she sought to maneuver herself nearer the wall, Johnson raised an eyebrow and smiled when at last he caught her eye. "We've had a little accident, haven't we," the older man mused when Melissa blushed hotly, thereby confirming his suspicions. "And we haven't told Trevor

about it," he reasoned, winking covertly at the obviously uncomfortable young lady.

Then with a gracious flare, Ben Johnson held out a hand, indicating the way and saying, "Let's retire to the library for awhile until dinner's ready, shall we." Moving to Trevor's side, Mr. Johnson placed his hand onto the shoulder of his former student, urging him forward. Then unexpectedly he turned to Melissa at the last moment and asked, "May I take your sweater, my dear?"

"N..no thank you," Melissa responded a little too quickly and looking decidedly uncomfortable as she stared at her history teacher. She quickly averted her gaze when he grinned at her.

"Wow, you've got a lot of books!" Trevor marveled, turning in a circle and gazing at the ceiling high walnut book cases filled with rare volumes. Melissa remained silent. Her panties were cold and clammy and very uncomfortable.

"Yes, well. I've been collecting them since my college days," Benjamin Johnson stated proudly. "And speaking of college, I suppose you'll be leaving us pretty soon, young man," he said to Trevor. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Melissa look his way.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Johnson," Trevor replied.

"And have you decided which scholarship you're going to take advantage of,

Mr. Williams?" Johnson shot a glance at Melissa before continuing. "I understand you did very well at the mid-term exams, but of course you always do, my boy. And I was so pleased to see how well Miss Carpenter fared this year."

"Y... yes, sir," Trevor answered modestly, totally missing the thinly veiled innuendo. "I..I think my Dad and I have decided on Dartmouth, sir."

"Ah, yes, Dartmouth is a fine institution," Mr. Johnson said, casually looking in Melissa's direction. Her eyes were wide and pleading. "Aren't you proud of your young man, Miss Carpenter?" he asked.

He'd caught the lovely teenager completely off guard, and Johnson relished the sight of her attempt to "shift gears" and smile for her boyfriend.

"Y...yes, sir, Mr. Johnson," Melissa stammered in reply.

Ben Johnson wondered if anyone besides himself thought it rather odd

that she didn't move to her boyfriend's side and congratulate him. Instead, Melissa remained in the same spot she'd occupied since she entered the library, close to one of the tall book cases with her back to the wall.

After a brief but uncomfortable silence, the high school teacher spoke up. "Where are my manners," he said. "I haven't offered anyone a drink. What'll you have, Trevor?" Ben Johnson asked the honor roll student.

"I...I..." Trevor stuttered, thinking at first that he was being offered alcohol. Trevor Williams had never touched a drop.

Benjamin Johnson smiled at the naivete of the young man and offered, "Coke? Ginger Ale?"

"C..coke will be fine, sir," Trevor replied sheepishly.

"And for you, my dear?" Johnson asked, turning toward Melissa.

"N..nothing, thanks," Melissa said, trying to be polite.

"Noting at all?" Johnson pressed, raising his eyebrows.

Melissa shook her head, saying, "I'm not thirsty right now." Then she added, "Do you have a bathroom I can use, Mr. Johnson?"

Smiling broadly, Ben Johnson walked to the lovely teen and placed an arm around her, feigning affection. He felt her cringe beneath the weight of his arm as he said, "Why of course, my child. You should have said something earlier. No sense waiting until it becomes an emergency," he added with a wry smile. Then turning Melissa toward the door, Ben Johnson looked back at Trevor and said, "You wait right here, young man, while I show your pretty girl to the powder room, and then I'll be back with your drink in a jiffy."

No sooner than the two of them were alone in the front hall, Mr. Johnson dropped his hand from Melissa's shoulder as they walked and placed it onto her shapely rear end. Melissa tried to escape by pretending not to notice and then walking a little faster, but to no avail.

"Not so fast, young lady," Johnson said, taking her by her shoulder with his free hand and stopping her in her tracks. Meanwhile with his other hand, he brushed the sweater aside and spread his fingers and palm out onto the firm surface of Melissa's left buttock. Her cotton dress was still slightly damp to the touch as he kneaded her supple flesh for a moment, before removing his hand.

Melissa kept her eyes on the floor and said a silent prayer that maybe, just maybe her history teacher wouldn't notice anything unusual.

"It appears that we've had a little accident, Miss Carpenter," Mr. Johnson said after a moment, shattering her hopes. "I hope that you'll tell me all about it later," he murmured to the distraught teenager. "But first we have a more important matter to attend to," he added. "Come with me, please, my dear," her history teacher said, taking Melissa by the hand and leading her farther down the hall and around a corner.

"This'll be fine," Ben Johnson said, stopping the lovely girl in the hallway outside of the door to the downstairs bath.

"But Mr. Johnson, wait, I..." she pleaded as he turned her to face the wall.

"Now be still, Miss Carpenter. We wouldn't want young Trevor to hear, now would we," he cautioned as he reached around her slender waist and untied the sleeves of her boyfriend's letter sweater. After unwrapping the sweater from around her, Johnson hung it over his right shoulder for the time being.

"Please, don't, Mr. Johnson," the exquisite young girl whimpered, looking back at him over her shoulder while he deftly hoisted the hem of her dress up to mid-thigh.

"Hush, my child," Benjamin said a little gruffly as he reached up under Melissa's dress and between her legs. "Were we a good girl?" the older man murmured from close behind her right ear as he ran the palm of his hand up the satin smooth skin of Melissa's inner thigh. Then just as he felt the swelling of her magnificent derriere the edge of his hand bumped into something hard and artificial.

Melissa shuddered when she felt her history teacher start to finger the object imbedded in her rear end. "I'm happy to see that you followed my instructions, my dear," he whispered as he pressed his body against hers, pushing her against the wall. "But I do insist that you not wear underwear in the future when you come to visit." Through her damp cotton panties, Ben Johnson grasped the sides of the rounded rectangular flange that represented the external portion of the imbedded device. After kissing the lovely girl on the side of her slender neck, Ben murmured with his lips still pressed against her fragrant skin, "Do you need to use the bathroom, sweetheart?" He felt her body stiffen when he twisted the end of the anal plug a little. "Tell me you need to go, and I'll take it out, Melissa," he said then nibbled at her ear lobe, causing her to shiver.

"Mr. Johnson. Oh please, Mr. Johnson," the lovely blond cried a little too loudly when he tugged teasingly at the end of her plug.

"Not so loud, sweetheart," he whispered. "I don't think Trevor would understand or approve," he added with a little chuckle. "Last chance, baby girl. Tell me that you need to go, and I'll take it out. I promise."

"I...I..," Melissa began and then nodded her head reluctantly.

"No, Melissa. I want you to tell me," her teacher corrected her.

Melissa couldn't remember having been this embarrassed in a long, long time. It was like some kind of a nightmare she thought as she felt her history teacher twist the wicked thing inside of her, causing her tummy to flex slightly. Until now, Melissa hadn't realized just how badly she really did need to use the bathroom, since the anal appliance made her feel kind of that way all the time. But now that Mr. Johnson had altered its placement ever so slightly, Melissa felt the telltale cramping begin farther up her rectal track.

"Tell me that you have to go to the bathroom, Melissa," her teacher prompted. "Tell me, sweetheart. Tell me, Melissa."

Ben could feel through the external flange of the device when the young girl clamped down on the embedded portion. "It won't be long now. She definitely has to go," Ben concluded from the noticeable increase in her muscle activity.

"Tell me you have to go, Melissa," he said more forcefully.

"I...I...I need," she began and then hesitated.

Reaching over her shoulder, Mr. Johnson took the girl gently by the chin and turned her face more toward his. Locking eyes with her he then mouthed the words, "Tell me."

Her expression was a symphony of anguish and humiliation when at last Miss Melissa Carpenter said to her American History teacher, "I.. I need to use the b...bathroom, Mr. Johnson." Her eyes were wide and pleading, and the way that she bit her lower lip was priceless. Ben Johnson fell in love with her all over again as he placed the palm of his hand against her cheek and caressed her soft skin with his thumb. "OK, sweetheart," he said with a warm smile, then looked on in wonder as her big blue eyes glazed over and turned inward when he slowly extracted the anal plug from her supple interior. Ben was pleased to feel Melissa's muscles clutch and tug at the device until it finally pulled free of her.

"There we are, my child," Ben Johnson said as he fumbled briefly inside Melissa's panties to retrieve the little torpedo. At last he held it up beside her shoulder so she could get a good look at it, before he dropped it into the pocket of his trousers. "You can go ahead and use the bathroom now, Melissa, and when you're finished, please leave the panties in the hamper beside the tub. I'll take care of them later," he said with a wink. "I've got to go and fetch a drink for your beau," the man added casually then turned and walked away as though nothing at all out of the ordinary had happened.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Carpenter," Ben Johnson said affectionately. "Trevor and I were beginning to worry about you. Weren't we Trevor?" he said clapping the young man on the back good naturedly.

Trevor nodded dumbly in response and then smiled at his pretty girlfriend as she re-entered the library. He took one last swallow of his coke and set the empty glass aside, before asking Melissa if she was feeling better. Melissa replied that she was, and stood for a moment nervously smoothing her dress down around her hips. She'd dispensed with the sweater, since her dress had dried enough so the embarrassing wet spot was no longer noticeable, and now only she and her history teacher knew that beneath that slightly soiled sun dress, Melissa Carpenter wore nothing at all. Melissa felt terribly exposed and declined a seat on the sofa when her history teacher offered it. The three of them pretended to carry on a conversation for the next ten minutes or so, until from the back of the house, presumably from the kitchen, a timer bell rang.

"Ah, there's dinner," Mr. Johnson said happily and got up from where he and Trevor were seated on the couch. "I hope everybody is hungry," he said and stepped beside Melissa who stood beside the nearest book case. "Surely you're hungry, Miss Carpenter. After all, a young lady your age needs to keep her strength up. No telling what she might be called upon to do," Melissa's history teacher added with a wry smile and put his arm around her.

Melissa shot the man a nervous look, feeling that his insinuations were becoming a bit too transparent, and that Trevor would surely suspect that something was amiss. But when she looked over at her young beau, he didn't look too well. In fact, Melissa had failed to notice that Trevor had been unusually quiet for several minutes now.

"Ready to eat, Mr. Williams?" Ben Johnson asked.

The young athlete looked up at his former teacher with an expression of deep concern on his handsome face. Then without warning, Trevor clapped a hand over his mouth and heaved violently.

"Are you alright, son?" Mr. Johnson inquired, knowing full well that he was not.

After one more heave, Trevor Williams launched himself from the sofa and staggered from the library, heading off down the back hall. Soon the sounds of retching could be heard from the back of the house.

Melissa stood stunned, not knowing what to do. "Wha...what's wrong with Trevor?" she cried when at last she found her voice.

"Now don't you worry about your young man, sweetheart. I guess something he ate doesn't agree with Mr. Williams, but he'll be just fine in about an hour. I promise," he told her and then gave her a hug. "Sadly, though, I think our little dinner party is over," Ben Johnson added as more violent heaving sounds came from the back hall bathroom. "Tell you what, my dear, let's you and I go upstairs and get you settled, then I'll see if Trevor is capable of driving home. Naturally, I'll offer to take you home when we're finished studying," he added with a wink.

"W..what do you mean?" Melissa asked as she tried to shrug his arm from around her shoulders.

"How quickly we forget our responsibilities," Mr. Johnson said, faking exasperation. Then taking her by the hand, he turned her toward the door.

"Bu..but, w..wait, Mr. Johnson," Melissa said, her voice filled with alarm. She tried to pull her hand from his grasp, but he held her fast. "Wha..what about, Trevor?" Another retching sound came from the back of the house.

"You just let me worry about Mr. Williams, young lady," the older man said sternly as he pulled her toward the wide staircase. "I don't think he's going to feel much like hanging around, so I'll just send him on home, then you and I can get on with our tutoring. I doubt that your beau would have appreciated my lesson plan anyway," Ben Johnson chuckled as he mounted the first stair with Melissa in tow.

Originally he'd considered bringing the young man into the fold, so to speak. Using the fact that Trevor had stolen confidential material from his office as incentive, the middle age history teacher planned to have him watch while he bedded his pretty girlfriend. And perhaps he still would at a later date, but the moment the lovely young girl had appeared on his door step, Johnson decided that this evening belonged to just the two of them.

It was a rather unremarkable bedroom that Melissa found herself in. Seated on the edge of the queen size bed, she cast her gaze about and

wrung her hands nervously. Through the partially open door, she heard muted voices from downstairs. Then moments later Melissa heard the front door close. She was alone, but not for long.

"Your young man is already feeling better, my dear," Ben Johnson said, entering his bedroom. What a lovely sight she was, seated on his bed. "How long he'd waited for this day," he sighed contentedly.

"Trevor asked me to say goodbye for him, and that he'd see you tomorrow at school. He also expressed how sorry he was that he wouldn't be able to join us this evening. Maybe some other time," Johnson added with a wink when he noticed the dubious look on Melissa's face. "Well," he said, glancing at his wristwatch after a moment of heavy silence. "It looks like we have plenty of time, my dear," Johnson said as he stepped toward her. Holding out his hands to her he offered, "So why don't you hop off the bed, and we'll start by getting you out of those soiled things." Ben Johnson couldn't suppress a grin when the pretty teenager gave him an absolutely incredulous look. "No stalling now, Miss Carpenter," the man added after a moment of hesitation on Melissa's part, during which time her expression changed from incredulity to one of undisguised hatred.

"Haven't you gotten what you want already!" Melissa hissed venomously and tried to pull away when her history teacher reached out and took her by her wrists.

"Oh, my goodness gracious no, my child," the older man chuckled as he pulled her off the bed. "Why there's a whole world of wondrous delights just waiting to be discovered. Most young ladies your age are forced await fulfillment, often for years, while their silly young boyfriends make their clumsy attempts to please. You, on the other hand, my dear girl, are fortunate enough to have me for a mentor and guide, and together we'll continue on our journey of discovery." With that Johnson pulled her quickly toward himself.

Caught completely off guard, Melissa found herself standing nose to nose with her history teacher, her young body pressed against his. "Nnn...!" the pretty fifteen year old hissed and turned her head quickly to the side when the older man tried to kiss her. Next Melissa felt his arms encircle her waist and his fingers begin to fumble at her hips seeking to grasp the fabric of her sun dress.

Ben enjoyed it to a degree when she fought him. He liked the feel of her supple body moving against his, so he allowed her struggle a bit while he went about tugging her cotton dress up over her shapely hips.

Since she'd been relieved of her panties earlier, Melissa immediately detected a draft and realized that she was exposed. "Stoppppp," she whined as her efforts to escape crumbled.

"Alright, that's enough, Miss Carpenter!" Ben Johnson barked, losing patience with the headstrong teen. "Raise your hands up over your head and be quick about it," he ordered in no uncertain terms.

Momentarily stunned by the harsh tone of voice her history teacher had adopted, Melissa ceased her struggles and gaped at him in disbelief. Then slowly she raised her hands.

"I suggest you stop this nonsense and save your energy, my dear," Johnson muttered as he hauled Melissa's dress up and over her head. "There, that's much better," he said, dropping the slightly damp sun dress to the floor at the girl's feet. He smiled at the lovely teenager's efforts to conceal her nudity, noting how the blush of color that flashed in her neck and cheeks tended to enhance her image of innocence.

Melissa was mortified, because for reasons she could not begin to fathom she'd elected not to wear a bra this evening. Therefore for the second time in as many days she found herself totally naked in the company of her American History teacher.

"Come, my dear. We should get you cleaned up a little after your accident," Ben murmured in a more kindly tone of voice. At first she tried to shrink away when he reached for her, but after a sharp look from him, the unhappy girl allowed Johnson to place his arm around her shoulders and lead her toward the bathroom.

Melissa was rather confused and anxious, but she brightened a bit at the thought of a warm bath. She felt decidedly filthy, and besides, if she took her time, perhaps whatever Mr. Johnson had planned for her wouldn't last as long. If she was able to relax, she might even come up with a way to get out of this mess.

"Step over here, Melissa," her teacher instructed her, pointing toward the wash basin set into a granite topped vanity.

"But..." she started to argue as she looked longingly in the direction of the oversized sunken bathtub. "Can't I please take a bath, Mr. Johnson," she pleaded. "I feel so dirty," she whined as he shepherded her away from the tub.

"No time for that, my dear," Johnson told her. "But don't you worry your pretty little head, because Ben's gonna give his special girl a nice sponge bath."

"What!" Melissa gasped and tried to pull away from him.

"No nonsense now, Miss Carpenter!" Mr. Johnson snapped as he took her

by the wrist and pulled her toward the sink. Then placing his hands onto her shoulders, he faced her toward to large triple mirror on the wall above the basin. "My, my, we do make a handsome couple, don't we, Melissa," Ben Johnson commented happily as he gazed at their reflections. Melissa glanced up briefly, frowned and then looked away. "I expect for you to cooperate with me, Melissa," her history teacher told her as he reached out and turned on the tap. "Mind what I tell you, and we'll get along just fine, my dear" he said, adjusting the temperature of the water and reaching for a wash cloth. "Cause trouble, and as sure as the sun rises, your young beau will be flipping hamburgers for a living rather than attending university. Do I make myself clear, Melissa?" Ben Johnson asked, staring at her reflection in the mirror. "Look at me, and answer my question, young lady!" he ordered when she hesitated.

Her expression was precious. With a look of unmistakable hatred mixed with just the right amount of submissive trepidation, Melissa glared at her history teacher in the bathroom mirror.

"Well?" Johnson pressed.

"Alright, I understand," the lovely teenager hissed under her breath then looked away again.

"Very well, then. That's better," the older man said as he held the wash cloth under the running water. "Move your feet apart for me please, Melissa," Ben Johnson instructed the unhappy girl. "A little wider, please" he added then tapped at the inside of her left ankle with his shoe.

"Oww," Melissa whined softly as she moved her foot to the side until she stood with her feet spread just beyond shoulder width.

"That's my girl," Ben murmured from just behind her right ear as he placed his free hand onto her right hip and shifted the dripping wash cloth behind her. "Now just hold nice and still for me, sweetheart," Ben cooed, watching her reflection closely as without warning, he slid his hand between the girl's shapely thighs and then pressed the warm, wet cloth upward and against her.

"Nnnnn..." the startled teenager squealed and quickly pressed her thighs together, trapping his hand between them.

"Now be nice, Melissa," Ben Johnson cautioned the girl. "Spread your legs, and let me wash you. Heck, I should think this would feel rather nice," he added almost casually. He looked up just in time to catch her staring at him in the mirror with a precious and troubled expression on her pretty face. "Do as I tell you, Melissa," he said

more sternly when she hesitated.

"Ohhh," she whined. "Please, Mr. Johnson," she pleaded despondently.

"Hush now, my child," Ben Johnson murmured as the luscious teenager once again spread her legs for him. "Let Mr. Johnson get you all fresh and clean," he said in a hoarse whisper as he began to move the damp cloth slowly back and forth between her trembling thighs. He steadied Melissa with a hand on her right hip as he went about cleansing her most private areas. Nothing escaped his intimate touch, and the young girl squirmed in his hands as he pressed and prodded with his finger through the terry cloth.

"Stopppppp," Melissa groaned between clenched teeth, and she rose up onto the balls of her feet when Ben pushed firmly upward against her puckered little anus.

When at last he was finished, Melissa stood literally trembling with abhorrence and humiliation. Never in all her fifteen years had she ever felt so thoroughly violated and debased. After toweling her dry, her history teacher escorted the unhappy teen back into his bedroom, but rather than leading her to the bed like Melissa was expecting, Mr. Johnson directed her to his big maple wood desk, where he left her standing uncomfortably while he took a seat in the padded leather chair. Then without a word, the older man turned away from Melissa and opened a lower desk drawer.

Melissa stood shifting her weight from one foot to the other as she eyed her teacher warily. She had no idea what he was up to as she watched him remove a small black leather case from the desk drawer. After placing the case on the desk blotter, he next retrieved a smallish glass bottle filled with clear liquid. It was an oddly shaped, squat little vial with a slender neck and what looked like a rubber stopper in the end. Melissa thought she'd seen such a container before, but she couldn't remember where or when. Additionally, she was entirely too preoccupied, worrying about what wickedness her history teacher had in store for her.

Setting the bottle on the desk top next to the mysterious, leather case, Mr. Johnson turned and spoke to her at last. "I want you to touch yourself for me now, Melissa. Just like you did in class yesterday. Will you do that for me, please," he said in a conversational tone of voice.

Melissa was utterly astounded not only by his bluntness, but also by his unmitigated gall and stood gaping at her teacher in shocked silence for several seconds. She was about to speak when Mr. Johnson continued as though he were discussing the weather. "Make yourself wet for me, my dear. Can you do that, do you think?" He looked up at

the stunned teenager as if his request was not at all unusual. Then when she didn't answer him, Ben added with a wry smile, "Of course if you need a little help, I can take care of that."

Turning back to his desk, Mr. Johnson opened the top drawer. "Perhaps a little artificial lubricant might be in order," he said, placing a blue and white tube which read "K-Y something or other" on its side near the case and vial on his desk blotter.

Melissa didn't answer. She really didn't know what to say, as she tried her best to return her history teacher's gaze with some small modicum of courage.

"Or maybe you need a little help concentrating, Melissa," Mr. Johnson offered, looking up at her with a peculiar expression on his face.

Melissa was about to inquire what he meant, when her teacher unexpectedly produced an object she recognized all too well. In fact, the very sight of it made her shiver involuntarily when Mr. Johnson stood the little anal appliance on end next to the other items on the desk top.

"We both know that this is a real attention getter," Mr. Johnson added with a smile as he turned to face the uncomfortable teenager once more. "So what's it gonna be, young lady?" he queried.

Melissa stood staring at her history teacher in silence for a long while, and then she began to fidget nervously. Then without warning Mr. Johnson reached out, grabbed her behind her left thigh and dragged her so close that her legs brushed against his knees. "Why don't I get you started," he said, and before Melissa could even think to react, Ben Johnson pinched a quantity of soft pubic down between his fingers and tugged playfully.

"Nnnn.." Melissa squeaked and immediately tried to pull away from him, but he held her fast. "Stppppp," she hissed unhappily when her history teacher extended three fingers between her legs and pressed upward against the resilient flesh of her sumptuous labia majora.

"Hush, Melissa, and hold still!" Ben Johnson cautioned the distressed young beauty as he slowly worked his middle finger between her plump outer lips. "You ought to be used to my touch by now, considering what close friends we've become," he added with a wicked little laugh. Instinctively she tried to retreat from his exploring finger, but Ben was persistent, and as he probed deeper between her supple folds, a smile slowly spread across his face. "That's my girl," Ben murmured as his finger tip slid effortlessly into a world of rich and silky moisture. Melissa felt it at the same time, and her expression of dismay clearly portrayed the fact that she knew she was getting wet.

"Why can't I control my own body!" she silently berated herself. Then as she felt her history teacher's finger tip glide smoothly over her inner folds her mind wandered. "It had to be the thing in the bathroom," she concluded in self-defense. "Ohhh!" Melissa moaned out loud before she realized it.

"That's right, Melissa," Mr. Johnson cooed. "My little girl likes it, doesn't she. Yeah," he purred, gazing up at the troubled teen.

"Nnnnno," Melissa whimpered and shook her head miserably.

"Now let's not tell fibs," Johnson countered, toying with the girl. "Ben can tell when his special girl is happy," he went on, as he slowly extracted his fingers from between Melissa's thighs. "You can't fool me, sweetheart," he chuckled as he held up his fingers and rubbed them together in front of her. Melissa groaned audibly as she watched his fingers slide together, coated with silken fluids of her own making. "Now you just go ahead and touch yourself like a good girl and keep yourself all nice and wet for me, Melissa, darling," Ben Johnson told the unhappy girl. Staring deep into her eyes, he willed her to cooperate, and sure enough, her right hand began to inch toward the juncture of her thighs. "That's a good girl," Ben murmured as he took her hand and guided it to its target. "Just make yourself nice and wet down there, and I'm going to fix us a nice surprise," he whispered as he released her hand.

Ben waited for a second, watching while she slowly slid her fingers into her pubic curls and gently cupped herself, then he turned to the desk.

When she first saw the hypodermic syringes, Melissa assumed that her American History teacher must be an insulin dependant diabetic. She watched distractedly while Mr. Johnson opened the small zippered case and removed one of the glass syringes from beneath its retaining band. Melissa continued to rub herself very slowly while her teacher fitted one of the shining needles from his kit onto the end of the syringe.

"How're we doing?" Ben asked with a knowing smile, nodding toward Melissa's hand between her legs. She blushed hotly and averted her gaze, but didn't remove her hand.

Curiosity eventually got the better of her, and Melissa's eyes were drawn back to the goings on at the desk. Now she remembered where she'd seen a bottle like the one her teacher held in his hand - at the doctor's office. Ben caught the girl watching and gave her a wink, then returned his attention to the business at hand. When the 3cc hypodermic was nearly full, he carefully pulled the needle from the rubber gland at the neck of the vial containing a very potent,

clinical grade of cocaine hydroxide. Holding the syringe up to the light, Ben thumped on the side of the small graduated cylinder with his index finger in order to dislodge any air bubbles which might have adhered to the inside of the barrel. Next he grasped the end of the glass plunger of the device and very carefully advanced it just enough to expel to one or two tiny bubbles of air, stopping when a shining droplet of clear liquid swelled at the beveled tip of the hypodermic needle.

"It won't be long now, my child," he said to Melissa and placed the syringe carefully onto the desk.

Melissa thought it was rather strange that Mr. Johnson would prepare two insulin shots for himself, but not knowing a thing about diabetes, she figured he must need it. Anyway, the longer he played around with his medications, the longer it would be before she would be expected to do anything with him. Melissa knew there was no getting around the fact that she was going to have to allow the man to have his way with her again, and she only hoped it wouldn't take too long, and that he wouldn't ask her to do anything weird.

Melissa started when she felt his hands on her hips. She'd been daydreaming in that muzzy place girls go when they begin to get aroused, and before she knew it, her history teacher had turned her around so that her back was to him. "Mmm..mmm," Melissa complained softly when he slid the blade of his right hand between her legs from behind and began to rub her with a slow sawing motion.

"Is my little girl nice and wet for me?" Ben cooed in a patronizing voice.

Before she could stop herself Melissa nodded her head.

"That's nice.. That's nice," he repeated as he allowed the edge of his index finger to trace slowly upward between her shapely buttocks. The edge of his hand came away wet, as Ben stood up behind Melissa, unbuckled his trousers and let them drop to the floor.

Feeling his body close behind her, Melissa gazed back at him apprehensively from over her right shoulder. Then when he smiled at her, she turned away, nervous and embarrassed. She looked divine.

"Just keep touching yourself down there, sweetheart," Ben whispered from just behind her ear as he slid his hands under her arms and around her slender body. She trembled delightfully in his arms when he cupped her perky little breasts and began to kneed the supple flesh affectionately. "Are you all ready for me, Melissa, darling?" he murmured with his lips pressed softly against the side of her neck.

"Are you ready to make love, baby?" he whispered then kissed her two or three times on her neck and shoulders.

"Mmmm," Melissa moaned unconsciously when he pinched her nipples between his fingers and rolled the hard little nubbins from side to side. Then she felt him press himself against her backside, hard and hot.

"I think you're all ready for Benjamin, honey," he said and lowered himself back into his desk chair. As he did, he released her breasts and allowed his hands to slide down her flanks until they came to rest upon her flaring hips. "Why don't you just sit back, Melissa. Just have a seat in Uncle Ben's lap," he told the slightly befuddled teenager. Then after spreading his knees apart he began to pull her down.

Hands on her knees, Melissa leaned forward slightly then allowed herself to be guided back and downward. She jumped in surprise and gasped when she first felt the smooth, hot tip of Mr. Johnson's manhood touch her, but he held her steady and continued to draw inexorably down. "W...wait," she cried breathlessly. Her history teacher suddenly felt much bigger than he had only yesterday as she felt herself begin to stretch around him. "Nnnn.." she groaned as the man abruptly popped into her. Melissa's hands flew to the arms of the desk chair in an effort to support her weight and slow his ingress, but much to her dismay, in that same instant she lost her footing and then her balance. Additionally, Mr. Johnson continued to pull down on her hips, such that the unhappy teenager could not support herself using her arms alone. As a result, Melissa suddenly fell backward and down into her history teacher's lap, thrusting herself onto him with the entire weight of her falling body. A most pleasing and visceral grunt escaped the girl, and had he been able to see her face, Ben Johnson would have seen a look of pure, wide eyed astonishment portrayed there.

Ben would never cease to be amazed at just how exquisite this adorable girl truly was, as with a groan of his own, he slid into the immaculate snugness of Miss Melissa Carpenter. Like he had during his initial introduction to this wonderful child woman, Ben met with the perfect amount of resistance. Her nubile internal musculature put up just enough of a fight as he intruded into the cradle of her womanhood, to make Ben feel that indeed he'd taken her. Then as her femininity dilated and adjusted to his presence, Ben quickly decided that he never wanted to leave the hot, clutching confines of the lovely Miss Carpenter.

As Melissa's shapely rear end landed on the tops of his thighs, Ben felt something shift deep inside of the lovely girl, and the head of his manhood immediately moved into the new space she'd provided. Ben

was convinced that he had just found a place inside of Melissa Carpenter that no one had ever visited before, and he felt happy and fulfilled.

Speaking of fulfilled, Melissa was experiencing difficulty breathing because of the upward thrusting force seemingly exerted directly upon her diaphragm by her loving history teacher. Picturing herself seated impaled atop a flagpole, she started to struggle. Melissa felt his arms encircle her mid-section, preventing her from moving to alleviate the abdominal pressure as a stuttering groan escaped her lips, and a powerful tremor wracked her body.

"Easy, Melissa, honey," Mr. Johnson soothed. "Just relax and let your body adjust. After all, it's not like we're total strangers," he added with his customary wicked chuckle.

"Buhhh...hut, I c...can't breathe," Melissa gasped, feeling her history teacher's penis at the back of her throat.

"OK, then, my dear," Ben Johnson responded after a moment. "We wouldn't want to make you uncomfortable," he said sarcastically. "Why don't you stand up, and we'll switch to a more suitable position, one we can both enjoy," he instructed as he slid his hands under her and lifted upward on her little rear end. Ben helped Melissa to regain her feet, and as she stood his manhood popped out of her with an audible sucking sound.

Rising from his chair, Mr. Johnson turned the lovely blond to face him. She gazed up at him curiously as he took her by the shoulders and slowly backed her up against the edge of his big desk. "We seem to have a thing for desks, Melissa," he said with a wry smile. "Why don't you hop up and have a seat," he instructed as she frowned at his reference to their liaison at school yesterday.

"But..." she began to argue.

"Here, let me help you, my dear," Ben said, interrupting her. She was as light as a feather as he caught her under her arms, lifted her up and plopped her down on top of the desk. "There we are, that's much better, don't you think," he said as he placed his hands on Melissa's knees, spread them apart and stepped up between her legs. "Scoot this way a little, if you would please, my dear" Ben directed, and reaching out, he took her by the hips and coaxed her toward the edge of the desk. "There now, that should be just fine," he said looking the girl in the eye. She returned his gaze warily. "Tell me, Melissa," Ben Johnson began again in a conversational tone of voice. "Now that you're sexually active, my dear," he went on, smiling at the incensed look she gave him. "Have you given any consideration to taking a lover, other than me, of course?" he asked casually. Meanwhile, Ben

grasped his fully erect penis in his right hand. Then as he continued to speak in an even tone of voice, and without the slightest hint or warning, he directed the head of his cock between Melissa's outer labia.

She was positioned at just the right height such that with one forward thrust of his hips, Ben re-entered the startled young girl with ease. Before Melissa realized what was happening, he was in her, and even as the stunned awareness dawned upon her face, Melissa's history teacher propelled himself deep into her vagina, causing her to rock her head back and gasp in surprise.

"I'd be willing to bet that Mr. Williams would like to spend a little time in the sack with you, Melissa." The shocked expression on her face was utterly priceless, and Ben Johnson could barely suppress a laugh. "Now what kind of a look is that, my dear?" he asked as he slowly extracted all but a couple of inches of himself from the immaculate teenager.

Melissa was too stunned to speak. Staring down between her legs she watched in shocked silence for a moment as her history teacher delivered two or three short "testing" strokes. Then looking back up at the wicked older man, a sense of loathing came over Melissa that she hadn't experienced before until that moment, and was just about to open her mouth and launch into a diatribe of unrivaled ferocity when Mr. Johnson abruptly slammed himself back into her. "Huuggggn!" was all she could manage in response.

Ben Johnson had certainly noticed the change come over his young partner, for her face darkened like the sky before an oncoming squall. He also felt her tense up, inside and out. "Nothing like a good hard slammer to get a girl's attention," Johnson thought gayly as he watched the unhappy teenager's eyes snap open wide when the head of his cock hammered into her cervix. Then in that same enraging conversational tone of voice Ben said, "You don't seem nearly as enthusiastic this evening as you were yesterday afternoon, my dear." He began to get up a slow and steady rhythm while he chatted casually to the astounded girl. "In fact, I think maybe you might need a little help, Melissa." He smiled ominously.

"W...what do y..you mean?" she managed despite the fact that his cadence was becoming increasingly more ardent.

In answer to her question, Ben Johnson unexpectedly pulled out of Melissa, leaving her blinking in surprise. Without a word, he picked up the tube of K-Y jelly and squeezed a healthy dollop into the palm of his left hand. In silence he stared directly into Melissa's eyes as he proceeded to apply the lubricant to himself. Then as before he entered her without comment or warning.

Her nostrils flared in reaction to his renewed presence, but the pretty teenage managed not to make a sound this time. "God, she feels good!" Mr. Johnson groaned under his breath as he literally flowed into the young girl. The added lubrication allowed him to feel every supple convulsion of her untamed womanhood, and although it really wasn't necessary at the moment, Ben knew that it would be welcomed by both of them as their love making became more enthusiastic.

As he began a steady cadence, Mr. Johnson was pleased to see Melissa look down and become momentarily mesmerized by the sight of his glistening shaft pistoning slowly in and out of her body.

"Pretty neat looking, don't you think, my dear?" Ben Johnson asked. Melissa looked up in surprise, and blushed hotly, embarrassed that he'd caught her staring, and that she'd been looking in the first place. She gazed into his eyes for a moment, then looked away without comment.

"Why don't you lie back on the desk for me, sweetheart," Melissa's history teacher suggested, and tried to kiss her when she glanced his way.

"Don't," Melissa said quietly and turned away.

"Have it your way, my dear, but I have something here that I think will change your mind," her teacher said. "Lie back now, Melissa," he said, smiling at the curious look she gave him as he helped her to recline on the desk top. Once she was down, he took her by her slender waist and pulled her nearer the edge of the desk, at the same time pushing himself deeper into the sweet girl. "Comfortable?" he asked facetiously when he heard her groan softly as the head of his cock nestled firmly against her cervix. God what a sight she was lying there before him so innocent and vulnerable. Ben had to fight hard not to simply fuck her silly right then and there, as he felt to his left beneath the center section of his desk and pressed the button that activated the small Web-Cam that sat unnoticed just a few feet away.

Melissa refused to comment or to even look at the man. She vowed to herself that she would not participate this time. She wouldn't give him the pleasure. Yesterday he'd caught her by surprise, but not this time. If he was going to have his way with her, then so be it, but he'd have to do it all by himself. "If he just wouldn't push so hard," Melissa thought as she felt him deep down at her very center.

"I have a special treat for us, this evening, my dear," Mr. Johnson said, breaking her concentration. "It's kind of illegal, but I know you won't tell on me," he added with a chuckle. Melissa looked up at

him, her curiosity getting the better of her, just as he slipped the piece of latex tubing around her arm immediately above her elbow and pulled it tight.

"What're you d....." Melissa started to ask, but her history teacher cut her off.

"Be still, my dear, and make a big fist for me," Ben instructed her.

"B...but.." the girl stammered fearfully.

"Do it, Miss Carpenter! Make a fist, now!" Johnson snapped, startling her.

Smiling inwardly, Ben Johnson swabbed the inside of her elbow with an alcohol wipe when he saw her obey him. Almost instantly two sizeable blue veins rose proudly beneath her pale skin.

"But, Mr. Johnson, I... I mean I've never, I... Please don't hurt me, Mr. Johnson," Melissa whined pitifully when her history teacher picked up one of the slender glass hypodermics. Her blue eyes were wide with near panic as he moved the shining beveled tip of the needle closer to her outstretched arm. "Don't, please, don't, Mr. Johnson," Melissa sobbed and tried to pull her arm from his grasp.

"Hold still, Melissa," Johnson ordered. "If you move, I very well might hurt you," he added for effect. That did the trick. Melissa froze in pure terror. "One little prick," Ben murmured in concentration as he pressed the sharp needle against her skin over one bulging blue vein.

"Ow," Melissa squeaked as the tiny needle passed through her tender skin like warm butter.

"Oh, be still," Ben scolded. "You know that didn't hurt." Her face was a mask of fear as she glanced quickly from his face to the syringe in his hand then back to his face. "Just hold real still for me for one more minute, sweetheart, and we'll be done here before you know it," Johnson said softly as he felt the momentary resistance of the vein wall, before it too fell to the advancing hypodermic.

"B.. But what're you....?"

"Almost there," he muttered, ignoring her concern as he slid the short needle all the way into her flesh. "You can relax your fist now, Melissa," Ben Johnson said, smiling down at the distraught teenager. "Hold still now," he added when Melissa squirmed beneath him. Again she froze. "Just one more second," Ben whispered as he tugged gently on the plunger of the syringe. A smile spread across his face when he

noted a tiny plume of bright red blood jet into the glass barrel of the syringe, turning its contents a light shade of pink. He was in.

Ben had used a good bit of cocaine in his time, but had always sniffed or snorted the drug in its powdered form. Someone had told him recently, however, that taken intravenously, the effects of the drug were a hundred times more powerful. Ben had always been nervous about needles in general, so he'd thought long and hard before deciding to give it a try. The guy he'd purchased the drugs and paraphernalia from had written down some abbreviated instructions for him, and assured him that it wasn't difficult, but he was pretty nervous, none the less. In fact he performed his first intravenous injection only yesterday on himself for practice. All had gone very well, and whoever it was who'd told him it was better that way had been right on the money. Ben couldn't wait to share his discovery with his new found love.

"So far, so good," he muttered under his breath as he depressed the plunger and watched as approximately half of the powerful stimulant drug disappeared into Melissa's arm.

Melissa gazed up at him fearfully from the desktop and started to say something when suddenly a queer little expression flashed upon her pretty face.

"That's a good girl, Melissa, darling," Johnson murmured as he pulled out on the syringe plunger again. "One more minute, and then you and I are going to have the time of our life," Ben spoke softly as he watched the barrel of the hypodermic slowly fill with dark red blood.

"Wha???" the lovely teenager said a bit breathlessly. Ben Johnson knew that in spite of the tourniquet which prevented the bulk of the powerful drug from entering Melissa's circulatory system, a small quantity had obviously slipped through, and she was beginning to feel its effects.

"Shh...shh...shh, Melissa," Ben whispered. The syringe was full again with a mixture of her blood and the remaining cocaine. Holding the barrel of the hypodermic tightly, Ben reached out and carefully tugged at the latex tourniquet, leaving it hanging loosely around her biceps. Then with one fluid motion, Ben Johnson advanced the glass plunger and watched the blood/cocaine mixture disappear ahead of its black rubber tip.

Ben knew he'd have to move quickly. Even as he carefully pulled the shining needle from her flesh, the powerful drug coursed through the girl's system on its way to the pleasure centers of her brain. Unconsciously he swabbed the inside of her elbow with an alcohol wipe then used the same wipe to sterilize himself. Suddenly a powerful

tremor passed through the girl, inside and out. Quickly Ben snatched up the second syringe and without bothering to apply a tourniquet, he pumped his fist rapidly.

"Wha.. What.. Oh, m..my Goddddd!" his lovely teenage partner gasped.

"Thank God," Ben muttered to himself when he hit the vein on the first try. Melissa was becoming more animated with each passing second as Johnson injected the entire contents of the hypodermic into his arm as quickly as he dared. With no tourniquet in place, he knew he had only seconds before the headlong rush into pleasures beyond imagination started. He literally tossed the syringe aside and then, being a cleanly man, he took a second to dab at the tiny drop of blood that formed in the crotch of his elbow over the injection site with an alcohol wipe.

Melissa's vision began to narrow as her teacher used the second syringe on himself. Then suddenly her universe exploded into a riotous hodgepodge of sensory phenomena. She felt her heart race. "Oh, my God!" Melissa gasped aloud. Her own voice sounded tinny and distant. "What.. Wha..?" As her last coherent thoughts fled, Melissa saw her history teacher smiling down at her from his position between her legs. Then a feeling of power and wholeness the likes of which Melissa had never before imagined filled her to the roots of her being.

That wasn't all that filled her, and as the powerful cocaine rush took her, so did her loving history teacher. The next hour and a half of Melissa Carpenter's life can best be described as a medley of sensual delights beyond anything she would have dreamed possible.

"Oh, my dear girl!" Ben croaked as his own dosage took effect. Through the haze of his rush, Ben Johnson beheld the enchanting teenager lying before him. The expression on her face was one of unbridled wonder. As he reached down and grasped Melissa around her narrow waist, her young body strong and supple in his big hands, Ben pulled her onto himself watching his presence register in her facial expressions. Ben suddenly felt his testicles constrict from the effects of the powerful, stimulant drug. Melissa's blue eyes grew wide and round as he pressed himself against her cervix, and her internal musculature squeezed reflexively. Ben knew that a brief period of relative flaccidity would soon occur, so he held himself deep inside of the young beauty, allowing her to milk him reflexively.

Shortly after her history teacher entered her, something in Melissa Carpenter "clicked". Held firmly in the grasp of the powerful cocaine that her loving teacher had introduced directly into her circulatory system, Melissa lost all inhibition and control. She became a creature of instinct and unbridled passion. Her body sensed the male

presence inside and reacted accordingly, and for awhile Ben Johnson held still and let young Melissa do all the fucking. The enraptured teenager's hips

soon began an instinctive and powerful humping motion, and Ben had his hands full trying to keep up with her.

"That's it, Melissa. Fuck me, baby. Fuck me, Melissa!" her teacher huffed as he allowed his pretty partner to have her way with him. Reaching down, he grabbed Melissa's muscular thighs and drew them up on either side of his hips. This served to better Ben's "angle of attack", allowing him more complete involvement with his younger lover.

After a few minutes, Ben felt his manhood begin to stiffen once again, growing more generous by the second. Melissa obviously felt it too, because she began to groan with each thrust of her hips against him. Ben was in heaven. After a few minutes he slowly pulled his hips back, extracting himself from the tight confines of her birth canal. Gazing down at Melissa's sweet pussy, he marveled at the way her inner lips adhered to his shaft, pulling outward, and causing a noticeable suction. Then after a short pause during which he delivered two or three shallow thrusts to the young girl, Ben Johnson reentered his lovely young pupil fully with one uniform thrust of his hips. Ben would forever remember and relish the sight of Melissa's muscular tummy bulging outward in response to his ingress.

"Huhhhhh..ohhhhhhh!" the beautiful teenager gasped. Her eyes grew wide and staring, as Melissa gazed sightlessly up at Ben. The fact that she was being taken against her will by her American History Teacher for the second time in two days no longer mattered to the enraptured youngster. Although Melissa saw his face, smiling down at her where she lay upon his big wooden desk, it simply didn't register. Her entire being was focused on the throbbing fullness in her belly. Melissa sensed the head of her teacher's penis pressing against her cervix and little else as Mr. Johnson engaged her utterly.

Leaning down to her, Ben said, "Put your arms around my neck, Melissa." It took a moment for his instructions to register with the enraptured teenager, but then slowly she did as he asked. "Hold on tight, sweetheart," Ben murmured, his lips just inches from hers. And with that, the older man slowly rose up, pulling his lithe young lover along with him. When she was seated upright in front of him on the very edge of his desk, Ben took a moment to position her thighs around his hips and himself firmly within her depths. Then without further explanation, Ben slid his hands beneath her firm little backside and picked her up. Her nubile body was as light as a feather in his arms, as he took a step back from the desk. Gazing into her big blue eyes, Ben allowed his sweet young student to settle down onto himself. Although Melissa was quite inexperienced, she tended to be an

intuitive lover, none the less, and as Ben continued to stare into her eyes, he saw understanding begin to dawn. "Oh my, Melissa," Ben said with a big smile when he felt her begin a kind of vaginal calisthenics. "Lock your ankles behind my back, Melissa," Ben instructed.

"Huh? Ohhhh!" Melissa was able to moan, staring at him in curious wonder. Then slowly she did as he asked. Her expression could best be described as one of enthusiastic resignation.

Hugging her warm body tightly against his own, Benjamin Johnson began to bounce the teenager on his fully erect manhood. When she tried to move with him, he whispered, "Just relax, sweetheart, and let Mr. Johnson do the work for now." Her firm little breasts rubbed up and down against his hairy chest as he bounced her up and down rapidly for several minutes until she began to gasp in time to his cadence. Then slowly, Ben leaned over the desk and deposited his aroused young lover onto its smooth surface.

"I'm going to fuck you hard now, Melissa," Ben Johnson informed the enchanting youngster.

Her expression of angst was worth its weight in gold. Ben began his thrusts at a moderate pace, watching Melissa's face to gauge his progress. He delivered three or four long, measured strokes to Melissa, and swore he could feel every velvety fold of her convoluted interior as the head of his penis cast aside her tender internal tissues. Melissa closed her eyes and rolled her head to one side. Then as if perceiving from his developing cadence that the real love making was starting, she opened her eyes and gave him another apprehensive look. Her blue eyes were round and filled with astonishment, her pupils dilated from the coke which roared through her being, causing every nerve ending in her body to sizzle with increased sensitivity.

"That's my girl," Ben murmured as he thrust his hips forward quickly.

"Huhhh!" Melissa gasped, rocking her head back against the desk top.

Mr. Johnson gave his prize pupil three rapid thrusts, before returning to his original pattern of long, slow forays into her depths. When he sensed her settling down to his rhythm again, Ben supplied Melissa with one hard thrust followed by several rapid jabs. In this manner, he maintained control over their engagement, by keeping his young partner off balance. Increasing his pace slightly, Melissa moaned and closed her eyes in response.

"You like that don't you, Melissa?" Ben murmured. "You like Mr. Johnson's big cock inside you, don't you, sweetheart. Don't you?"

The fronts of his thighs began to slap against Melissa's bottom. Melissa rolled her head from side to side. Joe jabbed her suddenly, causing her blue eyes to snap open wide and staring.

"Slap..slap..slap..slap..slap.." The bedroom resounded with the fleshy sounds of thigh on buttock.

"Pay attention, Melissa," Ben suddenly demanded. "Squeeze me, baby. Fuck me back, Melissa."

Melissa's expression registered puzzlement and incredulity, but she was unable to respond verbally. The young teen was simply too far gone to argue or resist. Her entire world lay between her quivering thighs with her teacher's thrusting penis at its epicenter. Melissa knew only alternating periods of fullness, then emptiness, then fullness again.

Slowly and almost imperceptibly, a tide was rising inside of Melissa Carpenter. Although she'd made love to her history teacher just yesterday, orgasm had evaded her, so the sensations that were ever so slowly building up inside of the enraptured teenager were of a relatively unfamiliar nature. The powerful cocaine she'd been given mixed with her ever increasing ardor, held Melissa in a kind of dream world, suspended between the reality of being taken again by her American History teacher, and the inexplicable new sensations that filled both her mind and body.

Judging from the distinct rosy glow that spread up his lovely partner's shoulders and neck, and the beginnings of more defined and uniform vaginal contractions, Ben Johnson surmised that the young girl was approaching climax. Leaning forward and placing his hands on the desk top on either side of Melissa's waist, Ben gradually stepped up his tempo. The expression on the young girl's face slowly evolved into one of puzzled wonderment, and as her history teacher smiled down at her, Melissa's first orgasm seized her just seconds later.

Mr. Johnson made love to Melissa for over an hour, assisting her in achieving multiple carnal apogees. The cocaine helped the young girl to maintain her stamina throughout the period of intense erogenous activity as well as increasing her innate sexual appetite. Once again Mr. Johnson insisted upon coaching Melissa during love making, telling her when to squeeze him and when to relax. Whereas before his incessant chatter about her anatomy and even her relationship with Trevor, had been exceedingly humiliating, not to mention aggravating for Melissa, it was somehow more palatable this time around. Their love making seemed to make a much greater impression upon the head strong young lady, and later she would recall the experience with a kind of reserved fondness.

Ben inseminated Melissa for the second time that week to the sound of soft whimpers. All in all it was a highly successful and satisfying coupling, in Ben's opinion. In addition, he'd managed to capture the entire encounter in both mpeg movie clips as well as a large assortment of still images. Melissa, was understandably quite surprised when later that week, she received an e-mail from her American History teacher which included three rather compelling file attachments. The e-mail was signed, "Looking forward to our next tutoring engagement - Ben Johnson."

Thank you for taking the time to read this story.
You will find this and all of my published works at www.asstr.org .
Simply log on, go to the "Authors" page, look for my pen name under the "S's" and click on the ftp link provided there.

Regards... StoryMaster