**7th Period Tease**

by[tabber](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=349972&page=submissions)©

He loves teaching. He enjoys his classes at the University and has pride in preparing them for the world once they graduate. Now, having said that, he's having a hard time in his last class of the day.   
  
This class is mostly boys, but occasionaly there are a few girls in the room. This can lead to trouble as the guys compete for the attention of the girls in the room.   
  
There was one young woman that was in the room that drove him crazy, but it had nothing to do with school work. Each day in class just got more and more difficult. The whole period he couldn't keep his eyes from staring into her cleavage.  
  
"How the hell am I supposed to focus when I can see half of her breasts about to fall right out of her bra?" he wondered to himself. "Plus, how do they even stay in their anyway?"  
  
She was always leaning over, or stretching right in front of him. Her shirts were always unbuttoned just enough to show some skin, but lately, it was getting too much. One time, as he approached the desk she was sitting in, she had leaned forward and pushed her arms in tight, only enhancing the view even more!  
  
He could barely even look her in the eyes when she talked to him. "Surely she knew what she was doing, right?" he thought. "I'm going to have to say something soon."  
  
Friday, was the highlight of the week. On Fridays, the teachers could dress more casual and the students didn't have to wear their uniforms. He looked up when she came into class for the last period of the day. He noticed that several of the boys in the room also turned her way as she sauntered into the classroom.  
  
"Good afternoon, Mr. Davis," she said with a smile. He stammered something back, barely intelligible with his tongue hanging out of his mouth like it was.  
  
Today she was wearing short denim overall dress. It was like an old man's overalls, but this definitely was designed for the female body. It had the traditional two-button closure on the sides, and the overall straps over her shoulders. The bottom hem of the skirt hit her just above the knee. It was short enough to be sexy, yet just long enough to be safe for school. She had on a white tank t-shirt underneath, but there was also the traditional front pocket at the chest, so it looked like he wouldn't get the usual view today. She wore sandals on her feet. Of course, they just had to be the sexy kind with the leather across the top and the straps tied around her ankles.  
  
"Of course she would be wearing those," he thought to himself. "This should be an interesting class."  
  
She sat down in her usual spot at the desk nearest to his. It didn't take long for him to notice that the tank top had low scoops in the underarm area and that it wasn't exactly tight fitting. If the view was just right, and she leaned forward, he was going to see most of her bra-covered breast! Now if he could only find a way to get that perfect view!  
  
He walked around the entire room a few times, checking on the students. Everyone was working on their assignments so he made his way back to his desk. When he glanced over at her, she was in deep concentration, staring at the papers on her desk. She was seductively tapping the eraser end of her pencil against her lips. When she saw his looking at her, she smiled while touching the eraser with the tip of her tongue.  
  
"How has your day been?" she asked him.  
  
"It's been just fine, Miss Fisher," he replied. "It just keeps getting better as the day goes by."  
  
"I'll bet you really love this class period, don't you?" she said again, with that flirty smile.  
  
He smiled back and looked her in the eyes, "Yes, I just never know what will happen in this class each day. There's always something new happening. You never know what you're going to hear," he paused, then added, "or see."  
  
She looked him right back in the eye when he said that. He thought she was going to say something back to him, but she just smiled.  
  
He got up then to answer a question, and when he returned, he saw that she had turned in her seat facing his direction. As soon as he sat down and turned his gaze her way, she pulled her left foot up into the seat. She was focused on her papers as she balanced her chin on the knee of her drawn up leg.  
  
Panties! He could see her panties! It wasn't just a glimpse either; it was the full open shot of the crotch of her pink panties. He lost all focus on the room as he zeroed in on the view he had. He felt his eyes go wide, but he couldn't stop it.  
  
"Ahem!" he nearly jumped out of his skin as he heard her clear her throat. He looked up at face and she was staring right back at him. He was so busted, but she just looked at him knowingly with just a hint of a smirk on her lips.  
  
She stood up, smoothed her skirt down and said that she needed to go the restroom.  
  
"Hell, so do I," he felt like saying, but he told her that was fine. He watched her walk out of the room, as did all of the boys in the class he noticed with a tinge of...jealousy? When the door closed, he sat back in his chair and let out a deep and heavy sigh.  
  
He sat there with his stiff cock pushing hard against the crotch of his khaki pants. "What am I going to do?" he wondered to himself. "What is she going to do next?"  
  
She came back into the room a few minutes later. When she slid into her seat, she did so very demurely and ladylike. He began to wonder if he was losing his mind.  
  
"Okay," he decided. "I'm just going to sit here and concentrate on my work." He pulled a few student folders out and started shuffling papers when he heard her clear her throat again.  
  
When he looked up at her, she was smiling at him. She tapped her fingernail on the desktop with her closed fist. When his attention went there, she quickly opened and closed her fist. It was quick, but he couldn't help but notice that she had pink fabric in her hands. Her panties?  
  
He looked quickly at her face to see her smiling and nodding. She leaned over and put her hand down into her purse and when it came back up, her hand was empty.  
  
He couldn't help it. He had to reach down and readjust his cock in his pants. She noticed this and smiled. Just then one of the students asked for help. He had to get up and walk over to the desk to help him out. He hoped his obvious erection wasn't being noticed.  
  
When he sat back down, she was back in the position she had done earlier. Her left foot was pulled up into the seat and she had her chin on her knee. It all looked so casual, but to his view it was heart-stopping.  
  
He was staring right at her bare, shaved pussy!  
  
As his mouth went dry, and his jaw fell to the floor, she slid her hand slowly up and down her leg, watching him the whole time. Her hand finally stopped at her ankle. She looked around and saw that no one else in the room could see what was happening.  
  
As she never broke eye contact with him, she slid her middle finger of her right hand across her pussy, opening up those puffy pink lips for him to see. Immediately he could see the glistening wetness that had been held back until now. She slowly slid her finger up and down until it was coated with slickness.  
  
Then she suddenly sat up and said, "Hey, Mr. Davis! You've got something on your chin. Hold on, I got it."  
  
He had no idea what she was doing but suddenly she reached forward and brushed her hand across his chin and just for a split second, she trailed her middle finger across his lips, pushing it in just a bit to touch the tip of his tongue.  
  
Sweet nectar!  
  
He tasted her sweet pussy on his lips. He could smell her scent.  
  
She sat there smiling at him and just kept running her fingers up and down her pussy lips, every other stroke she'd slip a finger deep inside.  
  
Finally the bell rang. He couldn't stand up, his erection was so evident. The rest of the class gathered their bags and left.  
  
"Lock the door, Mr. Davis," she whispered to him. "Then come back and show me what's causing you all that difficulty in your pants."

**Conclusion**  
He closed the door and flipped the lock on the knob. He turned around and quickly headed right back across the room to where she was.   
  
Still sitting at her desk she was now undoing the clips holding the overall top up as he approached.  
  
"What the hell do you think you're doing!" he asked in a frustrated whisper. "We're at school in a classroom!"  
  
She smiled up at him as she undid the last button and lowered the front bib. "I know exactly where we are, and I know just what I'm doing." She said. "Don't you find this exciting?"  
  
Again, he reached down and adjusted his hard cock in his pants, moving it to where it could expand more. As he was doing this, she crossed her arms in front of her waist, grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it over her head, tossing it to the floor.  
  
Her breasts rose with the shirt, and then bounced back down. They were a pale white against the tan skin of her upper chest. Pink nipples, stiff and erect. She pinched and pulled on them with her fingers.  
  
Then she reached down, bending a bit, to once again slide her index finger inside of her pussy. When she stood up, she held it up for him to see that it was glistening with her moisture. "Taste?" she asked him with a smile, but before he could lean forward, she took her finger and slid it all over her right nipple.   
  
He looked at her face with wonder in his eyes. She reached out and grabbed the back of his head and pulled him to her breast. He sunk to his knees, his mouth automatically opening and sucking in her nipple, tasting both the sweet, yet salty taste of her skin and the liquid sin that was from her pussy.  
  
"Mmmmmmm," she moaned as he worked her nipple in his mouth. "That's just what I needed. Now do the other one."  
  
He slowly sucked harder on her nipple as he pulled away until the suction popped it out of his mouth. It was wet from his mouth but firm and erect. He moved his mouth to her other breast, but paused before licking it. He let his hot breath blow across her nipple, but then he pulled back and gave her a questioning look; his eyebrows lifting high.   
  
"Oh! Sorry, I forgot," she told him. She reached down and put a finger back inside of her pussy and worked it around until it was wet. Then she coated her nipple for him. Small strings of her juices stretched from her finger tip until they broke, sliding back onto her hard nipple. He leaned forward and hungrily sucked it all in, working his lips, tongue and teeth on it.  
  
He did this for a few minutes, his fingers giving equal attention to her other breast as she moaned. Then, he slowly worked his other hand to her pussy and worked his fingers up and down her slit, slowly separating the lips and letting the juices coat his hand. It was like sliding his fingers through hot syrup as he worked his fingers on her pussy lips, finally reaching her clit and beginning to stroke it.  
  
"Oh, damn it, not yet!" he heard her moan, and then, "Just do it! Faster, faster, mmmmmmmm!" After he heard that, it was only seconds later that he felt her body jerking up against him. As her orgasm hit, she quickly reached down and pressed her hand against his, pushing it hard against her throbbing clit.   
  
She rode the waves for a full minute and then told him hoarsely, "Take it out. Take your cock out and stick it inside me. Hurry!"  
  
He slowly and awkwardly rose from his knees to a standing position. He looked down on her. She was sitting there, half dressed, face and neck flushed red, legs spread and pussy lips full and open. "Hurry!" she urged him again.  
  
He undid the belt of his khakis and pulled his pants and underwear down to his ankles. The precum on the tip of his bouncing cock glistened as he quickly went back to his knees. He inched forward until the purplish red head of his cock nudged against her pussy lips. They both pushed against each other until he was sliding deep inside of her.   
  
"Ohhhhh, yes!" she softly moaned as her feet came up and she wrapped her legs around him. Shudders went through her body as she continued the spasms from her earlier orgasm. He slowly began a back and forth sliding motion, the slickness feeling so damn good around his cock.  
  
Then he pulled up and stood up, his cock glistening with her juices, and growled to her deeply, "Suck it. Stick it in your mouth and suck my cock."  
  
She jumped up from the chair and slid down to her knees and looked up at him. She reached up with her right hand and grasped his throbbing meat and then looked up at him. Keeping her eyes in contact with his, she slid his cock deep into her mouth. She worked him over good, sliding her tongue all round the sensitive areas, and working her hand wherever her lips and tongue were not.  
  
She could taste his precum and her juices mixed together. Call it something tribal in instinctual but it made her pussy throb for more of his cock.  
  
He was ready for more too, because he reached down and pulled her up. He spun her around and pushed her over the desk, her bare ass arched up in the air. As he moved into position behind her, she stood up on her tiptoes, increasing the arch of her back and allowing him better access to her waiting pussy.  
  
He took his cock in his hand and slid it around her hole, getting it soaked again and then inserted just the head inside of her pussy. His thick head popped past her ring of muscle and then he violently slammed it into her, knocking the breath out of her. He put his hands on her hips and started slamming into her.  
  
"You wanted this. You teased me to get this. Now, take it!" he growled. He reached his right hand up and grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head back. He leaned forward and kissed her neck, alternating with sucking hard and practically biting her. It was animal. It was violent.   
  
Her ass was rippling with each forward thrust as he slid his hard cock in and out.   
  
"Fuck. Me." she said between thrusts as her air left her. "Fuck. Me. Fuck. Me!"  
  
She reached down between her legs and as her fingers touched his cock where it was sliding back and forth, she also found her aching clit and stroked it once, then twice and then she felt her pussy squeeze and clamp on his cock as she had another orgasm.  
  
He felt her tighten around him and with just a few more powerful thrusts, he was shooting hot jets of his cum inside of her.  
  
He froze, then moved again, then froze again as his cock spurted his juice deep into her. Then he collapsed onto her sweaty back.   
  
A few minutes later, as they stood and rearranged their clothing, he told her, "Miss Fisher, you're lucky I won't be putting this little display on your permanent record."  
  
"Oh Mr. Davis," she said with a knowing laugh. "This little incident will never see the light of day."  
  
"Are you sure about that?" he asked her as he rearranged his softening cock inside his pants.  
  
"Positive!" she told him. "Besides if they replace me with another teacher to help you with this class, it'll be old Mr. Williams, and I don't think you'd want that at all, now would you?"