**A Lesson Learned in School**

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John Watson was a teacher. He wasn't a very good teacher as the many teaching posts he had lost would surely testify.

And the job he had now was only on probation until he had proved his worth to the School Principal. And, he decided, this was not going to be easy!

First, the Principal was a woman, and John's success rate with women was dismal. Two failed marriages and a string of casual relationships proved that.

Second, he had been given one of the worst classes in the school to teach, and it was on this class that he was to be judged.

There were twenty-two boys in this class, aged between eighteen and nineteen and in IQ from minus to zero. He had them twice a day, each class for one and a half hours.

The first session was always English, for which he was qualified, and the second session was General Subjects, which pretty well left it up to him to choose. The school closed on Wednesday afternoons.

It was a mixed school, but strangely, all the classes were of one gender only. The girls and boys only came together for meal breaks and sports activities.

However, both male and female teachers taught all classes, so John was able to see a cross section of the pupils. He much preferred to teach the girls.

He found that, although in their mid to late teens, the girls were guileless and relatively naive and most were unaware of their own sexuality.

Notwithstanding, he was aware that some of them openly flirted with him, but guessed that it was probably a bravado thing to impress their peers.

There was a school uniform but it was not rigidly applied. However, most of the pupils wore their own interpretation of the dress code.

The girls wore a white blouse which zipped up the front and a plaid skirt which zipped up the side. The main difference was how low the zip on the blouse went down and how high the hemline of the skirt went up!

Regulation white socks and slip on black shoes completed the supposed ensemble.

The boys also wore white shirts – either T-shirts or short sleeved shirts and with dark jeans. No amount of persuasion would encourage them to wear dark shoes and sneakers were the order of the day.

John was forty-eight years old, although he looked and acted much younger. He lived in a bachelor flat only ten minutes walk from the school, which suited him fine.

He was of average height, slim and with a full head of unruly dark hair. Women somehow found him attractive and sensual but he seemed oblivious to this.

He mostly wore blue denim jeans, sneakers without socks and tight fitting T-shirts of various colours. He liked to think that this would help him identify with his pupils to some extent.

However, he was getting absolutely nowhere with his problem class and realised he would have to do something drastic, and soon, to get them on side.

He decided he had to offer them something that would grab their attention and also elevate his own image in their eyes. Not an easy thing to do!

Although they were lacking in intelligence, they were street-wise and cunning and not about to be easily fooled.

A possible solution presented itself the next day, and the ramifications of the plan he had conjured in his mind sent the blood rushing through his body and made his heart go into overdrive. The more he visualised the scenario, the more exited he became.

One of the classes he taught was made up of eighteen girls and he was popular with them all. There was one girl in particular who he enjoyed watching and talking to.

Her name was Sally and she had just turned eighteen. She was very pretty (and knew it) with dark brown eyes that could melt and a pert little face framed by dark auburn hair.

She was one of the girls who, he thought, was aware of her sexuality because she would quite often lean back in her seat with her legs slightly splayed.

Quite often he would glimpse sight of her panties as she moved around in her seat and he noticed that she would run her pink tongue over her lips when she caught him looking.

He fantasised about her a lot when he was home alone in his flat and, as he masturbated (as he did most nights) he would wonder what she would look like without her clothes.

Sometimes, he would dream that he would slowly undress her and other times that she would strip for him. But it was all harmless stuff as it would never happen.

Then he caught her smoking! Not just smoking, but smoking dope. It was the unmistakeable aroma that first alerted him.

It was during the lunch-time break and he just happened to wander down to the bicycle sheds in case any of the pupils were making out.

There was nobody there at all, except Sally. She was sitting on the grass with her back against the shed, deeply engrossed in her joint.

Her skirt had ridden halfway up her slender thighs and John believed that she was completely unaware of his presence.

He skirted the bicycle sheds to a different vantage point where he was directly opposite her. He was no more than five paces away from her and he had an interrupted view of her.

Her knees were drawn up to her chest with her feet apart and he could see not only her white panties but also the dark shape of her pubic hair pressed against the material.

What should he do? For the moment he was content just to look at her and fantasise. Maybe he would just walk up to her, put his finger to his lips and with a "Sshh," sit down in front of her.

He would take the joint from her lips and place it in his own and take a deep toke before placing it back between her lips.

Then, while she continued smoking he would watch as his hand, as if all by itself slowly moved under her skirt and up to her panties.

He would gently move the white material to one side to expose two puffy pink lips which glistened as he stared.

He would extend his middle finger and slowly push it in between her very wet lips and a sigh would escape from her partly opened mouth as his finger travelled its full length into her pussy.

"Oh, Mr Watson – that feels so good. Please don't stop."

Maybe! Maybe! Maybe!

He could see that she had almost finished her joint and would soon get up and leave. He had to do something immediately and make it up as he went.

"Sally! What the Hell do you think you're doing?" He had sprung from his hiding place and with a few short steps he was standing in front of her.

A look of astonishment, then fear visited her face, but he noticed that she had made no move to close her legs or adjust her skirt.

"Mr Watson... I um ... I didn't know you were there," she blurted, as if to hide her confusion.

"Would that have made any difference, Sally," he barked. "If I'm not mistaken I believe you are smoking a joint."

"Eh! No Sir...I mean yes Sir. I'm sorry Sir. This is the first time Sir."

He doubted that from the accustomed way she had smoked the joint. And he realised that there was no apparent queasiness about her, just a euphoric haze – which was rapidly disappearing as she began to fully realise her dilemma.

But, her legs continued to be apart and her skirt seemed even higher up her thighs than when he first saw her.

John's breathing became ragged as he watched her gaze up at him with those big brown eyes. Tears slowly formed in the corners of both eyes and slowly coursed their way down her cheeks and dripped onto her blouse.

For the first time since he had found her he looked at the shape of her small breasts and the way the blouse rose and fell with her crying.

The zip on her blouse was opened sufficiently for him to see the lacy edge of her bra, which was also white. His erection, which had started from the first moment he saw her, was now like a pole in his trousers.

He wondered if she was aware of this, or could even see it, but he decided her fear was so great that she wouldn't think to look.

The school bell suddenly sounded in the playground on the other side of the bicycle sheds.

He realised that he must press home his advantage now or the moment would be lost.

"Sally – You realise I must report this to the Principal and she will have to advise your parents and the Police of what you have been doing.

Taking drugs is a very serious matter and can lead to even greater problems. Do your parents know that you smoke at all?"

"No, Mr Watson. That is, my Mum has no idea. My Father died several years ago so there is just my Mum and me."

"My Mum's not well and is under the Doctor, so please don't tell her about this. I am truly, truly sorry and I'll never do it again."

"Look, Sally! If I were to say nothing then I would be failing in my job as a teacher and as an adult. I'm afraid there is no alternative. Where did you get the joint from in the first place?"

"I can't tell you, Sir – I promised and I don't want to get him into trouble."

Well, thought John – at least we know it's a 'he'.

"Is it your boyfriend, Sally?"

"No, Mr Watson. I don't have a boyfriend but I am friendly with him."

"Then, you must like him a lot to risk your Mum finding out and the possibility of the Police investigating!"

This brought a fresh wave of tears and her bottom lip quivered as she fought to control her mounting emotions.

John felt sorry for her as he watched her and he was sure he could see even more of her panties than before – or was it just his imagination.

"Well, if you won't help me, then I can't help you. Go straight to the Principals office and wait there until I come."

"Nooooooooooo! Mr Watson. Please! Please!"

She bowed her head in submission and John thought how it would be if only he could bend down, rip off her panties, take out his cock which was now painfully engorged, and ram it into her tight little pussy.

He was so turned on he was sure he would cum with only the second thrust.

"His name is Paul Harris and he only gave me some to try. Please don't tell."

John knew this Paul Harris. He was in his problem class and was always ready with a smart answer.

He was more or less the leader of the pack, in a subtle way, and the rest of the class always listened to him.

"Thank you, Sally. At least you have some sense. But, you have to be punished, and punished in a way that you will never forget."

"Now, go to your class and come and see me at the end of the day before you go home and we will decide what to do with you."

"Thank you Sir, Mr Watson, Sir."

The relief was written all over her face and she quickly stood up and ran back to the playground before her teacher could change his mind.

"And, Sally, if you take my advice you will not share this afternoon's events with anyone – not even your closest friend, unless you want the whole school to know immediately!"

"No, Mr Watson, Sir – I won't tell anyone, Sir."

"Especially Paul Harris because he will tell everybody."

"No, Sir, I promise Sir – Thank you, Mr Watson."

John watched as her little bottom jiggled as she ran, again showing glimpses of her panties. His erection began to fade as he realised this fantastic event was now at an end, but his penis twitched again as he began to think about what he could do to use all of this to his full advantage.

He now had a free period and decided to take a long walk to think over all that had happened.

Had she deliberately parted her legs more to entice him? Had she seen him before he had seen her?

He doubted it. But, how frightened was she and to what lengths would she go to keep his silence?

As he walked he began to form a plan in his mind. A plan that would serve to punish Sally in a way she would never forget and also to determine if she was, indeed, the sexually aware girl he thought she might be.

It would certainly excite his senses too, and more than ever before, but, more importantly, it would allow him to stamp his identity on his problem class. If this worked, they would think he was God.

The rest of the afternoon went quickly for him. He didn't really concentrate on the class he taught in the afternoon as his thoughts were only about Sally.

God, he couldn't wait for the end of the afternoon to put his plan into action with Sally, and he couldn't wait to get home to gratify his lust.

As the bell rang signifying the end of the school day John dismissed his class and sat back to await, with eager anticipation, the arrival of Sally.

He again wondered what Sally was all about. Was she a virgin? He doubted that, given the school and the area, but he thought that she wouldn't be too experienced.

Was she deeper than she gave him to imagine? He would find out!

There was a timid knock on the door and Sally shuffled in. She turned to close the door (what did that signify?) but John told her to leave it open. He didn't want to alert her fears yet. Her eyes were a little red and puffy but, apart from that, she was a joy to behold.

"Now, Sally, we must have a heart to heart talk about what's going on in your life and why you are smoking pot and what we are going to do about it all. And please be honest with me and answer all my questions truthfully."

"Yes, Mr Watson."

"Go and sit over there where I can see you." (At least as much of you as I can, he thought). She sat down opposite him and he noticed her knees were very slightly apart. Was she teasing him?

"How long have you been smoking pot, Sally?"

She was about to say that it was the first time, but stopped and decided to be truthful. After all, her life and future was now in his hands.

"It was my third time, Mr Watson."

"So, you must like it then."

"Sort of, Mr Watson."

"What is it you like about it, Sally?"

"It makes me feel good and relaxed and gives me confidence, Mr Watson."

"In what way?"

"It makes me feel dreamy and hor..."

"Carry on, Sally."

"That's it, Mr Watson."

"But, you didn't finish what you were going to say, Sally."

"Yes, I finished, Sir."

"Sally – I thought you were going to be truthful with me. How else can I help you?"

Sally blushed and lowered her head until John could no longer see her face. Was she going to say it? Without raising her head, she whispered,

"It makes me horny, Sir."

"Do you like feeling horny, Sally?"

"Yes Sir – sometimes Sir." She paused for a moment and then added, "Always, Sir!"

"Were you feeling horny this afternoon when I found you, Sally?"

Her voice caught in her throat, and she whispered,

"Yes Sir."

"Was it just because of the joint or was it also because I was there?"

"It was because I was being watched, Sir."

"So Sally, you liked to be watched when you are feeling horny?"

"Yes Sir."

She now raised her head, almost in defiance, and looked at him. Once more, her tongue caressed her lips.

"What do you feel when you are horny, Sally?"

"I get tingly all over and I get excited, Mr Watson."

"Explain it to me, Sally."

She paused for a long time, breathing heavily. John waited and watched.

"My nipples get hard and I get wet, Sir."

He was going to play this to the very end. There was now no going back and he wanted to ensure her silence and cooperation. The more she confided in him, the more of a hold he had over her.

"What do you mean by 'get wet', Sally?"

"You know, Sir – I just get wet."

"But how, Sally. I need to know."

Again her head dropped and she studied her knees. Then, in barely a whisper, she said,

"In my pussy, Sir."

"And, what does that make you want to do, Sally?"

"Nothing Sir, I just want to be watched."

So, she was an exhibitionist! Even better!

"Are you horny now, Sally?"

"A little bit, Sir."

"Why is that, Sally?"

"Because you're watching me Sir."

"And are you wet, Sally?"

"A little bit Sir."

"And, are you're nipples hard?"

"A little bit Sir."

John thought for a moment and let the silence hang over the both of them. Did she think that he was about to jump her bones? Was she sexually active? Time to find out!

"Sally – what are your sexual experiences?"

"Excuse me Sir!"

"Oh. Come on Sally – has any boy fucked you yet or are you still a virgin?"

Her head shot up and she stared at him for a long time.

"Not properly, Mr Watson."

"What does that mean, Sally?" "I've played around with a couple of boys but they only touched me with their fingers and their lips."

"How many times has this happened, Sally?"

"Just the once, Mr Watson."

"You mean, two boys at the same time?"

She hesitated again, and then whispered,

"Yes Sir."

"Was Paul Harris one of them?"

"No Sir, although I know he likes me a lot. I've never got close to him."

John stored that little piece of information at the back of his mind. So, Paul Harris had the hots for Sally!

"Tell me what happened, Sally."

"We went over to Westcott Woods – just for something to do. We sat under this big tree and they started to kiss me on my lips – one after the other."

"Did that make you feel horny, Sally?"

"A little bit, Sir, but I was scared because they were older than me. Then one of them took his belt off his pants and tied my hands together so I couldn't move.

They stood me up and tied the belt to a branch of the tree above my head."

"What did you feel, Sally?"

"I was more scared than anything, especially when the other boy took off his belt and tied my legs to the tree."

"Weren't you excited that they were watching you, Sally."

"A little bit, Sir, but I was still scared. And I felt so defenceless with my arms over my head and my feet wide apart."

"Then what happened, Sally?"

She was quiet again and her head fell down once more.

"They undressed me Sir. They took all my clothes off and pulled my nipples and squeezed my breasts and put their fingers inside me."

"Did that make you wet, Sally?"

Again, a long pause, and then;

"Yes Sir."

"Did they kiss your pussy with their lips, Sally?"

She shuddered involuntary and looked up at her teacher.

"No Sir."

"Did you want them to, Sally?"

"I don't know, Sir. Maybe I did! I've seen it in some of the magazines the boys read and wondered what it might feel like – somebody's eyes so close to your secret place."

She shuddered again, and then licked her lips.

He stored that bit of information away, too.

"And then what happened, Sally?"

"They took off their pants and their things were sticking out and they played with themselves until they shot their sticky cum all over me. Then they took back their belts and ran off."

I decided to change the conversation to a different area.

"Do you play with yourself, Sally?"

Another pause while she collected her thoughts.

"Sometimes I do, Sir."

"And what do you think of when you are playing with yourself?"

"Being watched, Sir."

He now had all the information he wanted and it had been nearly half an hour since she came in and he was anxious not to raise any suspicions, either at the school or at her home.

Time to set his plan in motion!

"OK Sally. I've decided not to tell the Principal and I won't tell your Mother. But you have to learn the error of your ways."

"Tomorrow is Wednesday and a half day. When your last class has finished I want you to come straight here to this classroom. Tell your Mother you are doing extra studies at school."

"My Mum doesn't get home until the evening, Sir, and then she goes straight to bed. She doesn't need to know!"

Perfect!

"OK, but, let me tell you this. You must obey me, immediately and without question, anything I ask of you!"

"The very second you don't comply it will be all over and I will go straight to the Principal and the Police. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mr Watson."

"Do you fully understand?"

"Yes Mr Watson – and thank you, Mr Watson."

"Alright, off you go and I'll see you tomorrow afternoon."

She jumped up and darted out the doorway. John couldn't make up his mind whether she was relieved or disappointed.

Tomorrow he would know. He went home and enjoyed the fruits of his labours as he lay, naked, on his bed.

Sally walked slowly home and went over the day's events in her head. She and her Mum lived about a twenty minute walk from the school and she had plenty of time for thought.

Not that she was in a hurry. It would be several hours before her Mother returned from her casual job at the bakery.

And then her Mother would go straight to bed after taking her pills and not wake until the morning.

For the most part, Sally had the house all to herself for much of the time, and she made good use of it.

Sally was troubled. She had been experiencing these strange urges since she was fifteen and now, over three years later, things hadn't abated. Quite the reverse – they had become more pronounced.

She had, quite deliberately, allowed Mr Watson to see her panties when sitting in the classroom. She had chosen her desk and seat with care, making sure that she was in direct line with the teacher's desk.

Not that it was only for Mr Watson, although he was her definite favourite. Any male teacher would have the pleasure of looking up her skirt if he so desired, and all of them did.

Every now and again one of the boys entered her classroom for one reason or another and she would immediately bury her head in her book but opened her legs as wide as she dared.

It was not the same, though, because she didn't know whether they looked or not, and all the pleasure was in her knowing that they could see her.

The episode with the two boys only happened yesterday and that's why she decided to smoke her joint that afternoon.

She had it neatly wrapped in tissue paper inside her bra and she went to the bicycle sheds as soon as the bell rang.

As she slowly relaxed she re-lived the events of yesterday although her version didn't end with the boys running off.

She desperately wanted to know what it was like to cum while being watched. As her mind worked, her hand slowly crept down and began to tug up her skirt.

That's when she saw Mr Watson out of the corner of her eye. She watched him as he manoeuvred himself into a position directly opposite her but she was not brave enough to allow her hand to reach up to her pussy.

She did manage to raise her skirt a little higher and parted her legs some more. She had no idea what would happen, but imagined that he would watch her for a while and simply go away.

When she suddenly opened her eyes and saw him approaching her and shouting at her, she froze.

Could her fantasy come true and he would watch her masturbate?

Well, it just hadn't happened that way. She had wondered what he was going to do when she went to him after class, but he had shown no interest in her at all, other than asking her a lot of questions.

Then she wondered what might happen tomorrow, but decided she would probably be disappointed.

She arrived home and went straight to her room. She checked her watch and realised that Mr Jenkins, from next door, was due home any moment and she moved towards the big picture window in her bedroom.

She always made sure the drapes were pulled back as far as possible – not so that she could see out, but so that others could see in.

Sure enough, Mr Jenkins's car pulled into the driveway below her. He always parked in the driveway rather than drive into the garage.

As he got out the car, he looked up, as he always did, to Sally's bedroom window. Sure enough, there was Sally slowly unzipping her blouse and shrugging it off her shoulders.

He pretended to slowly wind the car window as he watched her hand go the zip of her school skirt. Mesmerised he watched it slip to the floor.

As far as he could see she was just wearing her white bra and panties. He wasn't able to see that she still had on her white socks and black shoes. Her hands went behind her back and her breasts flattened against the material of her bra.

He held his breath as he watched the bra drift to the floor and her breasts sprang free, bouncing slightly as her bra released its grip. She was truly gorgeous! Her nipples were like tiny stalks and pointing directly at him.

She put her hands behind her neck and lifted her hair up with her fingers cascading to the top of her head. Her breasts seemed to thrust out even more, beckoning him in invitation.

He stopped all pretence of closing the car window and just watched, as he did every other night that she put on a show for him.

She bent forward and hooked her thumbs into the waist band of her panties and, as she looked him straight in the eye, she slowly lowered them to the floor.

She stood upright again and slowly lifted one foot out of one leg of her panties. Then, she lifted her other leg with the panties still hanging off her shoe and grabbed the panties with her hand, lifting her leg as high as it would go.

This gave Mr Jenkins a complete and uninterrupted view of Sally's pink pussy lips. He stood transfixed as this vision of lust and loveliness slowly pivoted on one foot so that she was side on to him.

Sally's nipples tightened as she felt Mr Jenkins's eyes burn into her pussy, now completely exposed and open to his view.

Mr Jenkins watched as Sally slowly brought her other hand down her tummy, fingers creeping into her dark triangle of pubic hair as one finger gently separated her two pussy lips, pulling one lip up and outward so that he could see into the very core of her.

With beating heart Mr Jenkins watched as Sally slowly pushed her index finger up into the moist warmth of her beautiful secret place.

Sally's body shook as she started the rhythm that would bring her to her climax while Mr Jenkins watched her. Her finger increased in speed until it was almost a blur as it worked its magic on her pussy.

Sally's eyes were glued to the man's face as her pussy began to respond to her rapid caress. Any second now and she would tip over the edge and her body would become nothing but a pool of sexual explosion. She was almost there.

Almost!

But Mr Jenkins could stand no more and he shook his head and slowly walked up his driveway to his front door. Once inside, he sat on the hallway seat and regained his composure.

This had to stop or he'd have a heart attack. She's eighteen, for God's sake, and he was seventy-six years old!

Sally collapsed in a heap on the bed, her bosom heaving and her legs trembling. So close! Why did he have to go just then? Why couldn't he watch for just a few seconds longer?

Why does it always take her such a long time to cum? Why can't she climax normally without someone watching her?

All these questions coursed their way through her head as she lay exhausted on her bed, her finger no longer playing its dance.

She slowly pulled the blanket over her body and sleep overtook her until her alarm clock played its strident tune the next morning. She lay for a while in a tranquil haze, remembering last night and its frustrations.

Suddenly, she became wide awake as she remembered the other things that had happened yesterday. As she stumbled to the shower, she heard her Mother downstairs making the coffee for her before she went back to bed.

As the hot water hit her body, she wondered what was in store for her today.

John Watson was awake early and was shaved and showered long before his alarm clock sounded. He too wondered what the day held for him and if his carefully made plans would succeed.

He collected the few items he had put aside the night before and put them in his bag. He was as ready as he could be.

Too keyed up and nervous to eat breakfast, he slowly made his way to the school and arrived there at least half an hour before his usual time.

He went to his classroom and prepared the room for the day's events. His first class was girls and they were almost as much a problem as his boy's class was, but he wasn't being judged on them.

However, something stirred in the back of his mind.

The class finished without problems, although his mind wasn't really on it and he let the girls get away with more than he normally would, not that they noticed.

Sally wasn't in this class and he wondered how she was and what she was thinking and also what she might be expecting.

He had only seen the back of her head as he traversed the main corridor, so he knew she was here somewhere. The thought of what he was planning caused his cock to twitch, although it was pretty flaccid as he had given it a severe beating last night.

He had climaxed twice during the night, and the second was even stronger than the first, sending a stream of his semen into the air. He smiled to himself as he recaptured the moment.

His problem class sullenly filed in and he was pleased to note that they were all present. He had decided on a plan of action that would appeal to their basic instincts and hopefully secure their respect and their cooperation.

Today's class was a General Session and he decided to help them investigate courtship and procreation in the animal kingdom.

That should get their juices flowing. With half an hour to go the class was getting restless. No doubt they had plans for the afternoon. He was about to change all that!

"OK. Listen up, Guys. I need to talk to you for a minute."

He had their attention immediately because this was unusual. He never called them 'Guys'.

"I need your help. It is important for me to keep this job but I can only do it if this class improves drastically."

There were snickers around the room and a lot of fidgeting, but he still held their attention.

"But I understand that for you to do something for me then I have to do something for you. Right?"

They all nodded their heads in unison. This was the language they understood.

"So, I have planned an extra lesson as soon as we finish here, but it won't be an ordinary lesson. It will be one you will remember for a long time."

There were groans and shaking of heads and a general feeling of discontent.

"So", he continued, "If anybody wants to leave after the first fifteen minutes I will understand and will thank them for trying. Do we have a deal?"

"How long will this take, Sir?"

This was Paul Harris and John was pleased he had spoken up. Get him on side and the rest of the class would follow.

"About an hour, Paul, maybe an hour and a half. But it's really up to you guys how long you will want it to last. Are you with me, Paul?"

Paul nodded just as the bell rang for end of school that day. Round one to the teacher!

They sat in silence not knowing what was going to happen next. As they looked around and waited, Sally was slowly making her way to the classroom. She had taken particular care with her appearance this morning, just in case.

She had picked her laciest white bra and matching panties. A little eye shadow to accentuate her eyes, (not that they needed it) and some light pink gloss lipstick.

She applied the lipstick as she approached the classroom, rolling her tongue over her lips to give them added gloss.

She really looked adorable and very, very sexy. Her breathing became heavier and her hands felt sweaty as she stood outside the door.

Should she knock or just open the door and go in? Well, Mr Watson was expecting her so she decided to go in.

As she opened the door she saw that the classroom was full and began to back out, thinking she had the wrong room. But, then she saw Mr Watson and just stood still, not knowing what to do.

"Hello Sally, please come in and shut the door. Class. This is Sally and Sally and I have a little agreement, don't we Sally? You do remember our agreement, don't you - and you also remember the alternative don't you?"

Sally nodded her head, too frightened to say anything.

"That's good, Sally. Class, Sally has agreed to join us for this session and I am very pleased to welcome her. Do any of you know Sally?"

Paul Harris's hand shot up, as did about half a dozen other boys. But Paul's face was a picture of bewilderment.

"Sally, do you know any of these boys?"

"Some of them, Sir!" She couldn't trust herself to say more.

"Can all of you see Sally?"

The irony of the question escaped Sally, who now had a sense of foreboding. This was not what she had expected at all.

"No, Sir," intoned a muscular boy whose name was Greg Little. "I can only see her head and shoulders from where I'm sitting."

"Well, that's no good at all, is it? I'm sure Sally wants all of you to see her, don't you Sally?"

Again, the innuendo was lost on Sally, but she just nodded her head, remembering the deal they had.

"I don't particularly want to move all the class around." said John, and then, almost as if he had just thought of it, he said,

"I know, Sally! Why don't you stand up on my desk and face the class? That way everybody can see you!"

Before she could demur, John took her hand and led her behind his desk, pulled out his chair and instructed her to step up on to it and then onto the table.

Her legs nearly gave way as she was trembling so much but momentum carried her forward. Once she was in position and facing the class, John asked her how many boys could she see in the room.

She slowly counted the boys, catching each one's eye as she passed over them.

"Twenty-two, Sir."

"So, with me that's twenty-three pairs of eyes looking at you, right now."

A slow realisation began to dawn in her mind, although very sketchy. What was her teacher going to do to her?

"Sally – I want you to stand with your feet apart and your hands on your head. Your feet a little further, I think," he said, as she slowly complied with his instructions.

Her heart was now beating furiously in her chest and her breasts moved up and down in rhythm.

She remembered that she had chosen this blouse because the fabric allowed the shape of her nipples to show through and she was acutely aware that every boy could see that they were becoming more pronounced.

Tears formed in her eyes, which only heightened the beauty of them. The boy's faces became blurry but she dare not take her hands of her head.

She looked downwards and noticed that the boys directly in front of her were looking up her skirt.

Not a sound could be heard in the classroom. John had moved to the back of the classroom but directly in front of Sally.

He saw that her head was bowed but that the act of placing her hands on her head had lifted her delightful breasts up and out, so they appeared to be pointing just at him.

"Michael!" He spoke to a pimply boy by the window. "Would you please draw down the blinds?"

Michael leapt to comply and quickly had the shades closed. It made no difference to the visibility in the room as the lights were very bright.

Sally followed his movements and watched the outside world recede from her view.

"Graham!" He spoke now to another boy on the other side of the room. "Would you please lock the door, but first let anybody out who wants to leave as the first fifteen minutes are now up."

No-one moved except Graham who quickly locked the door and returned to his seat. Again, Sally watched him without moving her head. What now, she thought?

Although she was very scared she was also beginning to feel the stirrings of sexual arousal.

Here she was, totally vulnerable and totally defenceless, standing high up on her teacher's desk with her legs apart and her hands on her head.

John spoke from the back of the room.

"Do you think Sally looks comfortable?" he asked, to nobody in particular.

A few said "no" and some laughed a little nervously.

"Why do you think Sally looks uncomfortable?"

This time there was a stony silence.

"Well, I believe she is embarrassed," - he paused for effect "because she is standing on my desk with her shoes on."

Peter!" He spoke to a boy to his left. "Would you please go to the front of the class and remove Sally's shoes?"

Peter jumped up and made his way to the teacher's desk, watching Sally all the way. Sally saw his head disappear under her skirt and felt his hand lift her left leg, take of her shoe and then repeat the exercise with the right leg.

"Stop!" commanded John. Peter froze with his head between Sally's ankles.

"Peter, I want you to turn your head, look up, and tell us all what you see."

Peter swivelled his torso so that his back was against the desk and looked straight up Sally's skirt.

"Well, what do you see, Peter?"

"Heaven." came the quick reply.

There was laughter around the room and the boys were now beginning to get into the spirit of things.

"That may be so," said John, "but it tells us nothing."

"Well Sir. I can see Sally's knickers and they're white. I can see a dark patch a little higher and there seems to be a damp patch in the middle."

"There's also a little tuft of hair peeking out the side of her knickers."

"Can you pull it, Peter?"

Peter didn't answer but reached up between Sally's thighs to where he saw the little bit of hair.

Making sure that the back of his hand brushed against her sex, he placed the hair between his thumb and index finger and pulled down vigorously.

Sally let out a shriek of pain as some of the hair parted company with her pubis.

Peter held his trophy aloft and sought John's permission to return to his seat. John nodded in acquiescence, a wry smile permeating his face.

Sally was behaving exceptionally well.

John then asked Simon, another boy, to remove Sally's socks and, together with her shoes, to put them by the door.

Simon complied, he too taking the liberty of looking up Sally's skirt and staring at her ever dampening panties.

John noticed that Sally's toenails were beautifully manicured and painted a pretty pink colour. This he could use.

"What beautiful toenails you have, Sally. Lift your leg in the air and show us, please."

Sally's legs were still trembling a little, but she manages to balance on one leg and point the other out in front of her.

This, of course, caused her skirt to ride high up her thighs and the boys craned their necks to try to see the damp spot Peter had mentioned.

Sally's pussy was now decidedly wet and nobody had any difficulty in seeing her damp panties. And, the more they looked, the damper they became.

"Is it just me, or is it getting hot in here, or am I just hot?" enquired John. "And, if I'm hot, think how hot Sally would be up there on the desk."

"We all know that hot air rises, don't we?"

There was now no doubt in Sally's mind, nor the boy's, that they were going to strip her naked, much the same as the two other boys had done the other day, only this time, instead of four eyes watching her, there were now forty- six.

The thought made her shiver and her nipples again hardened painfully.

Then again, maybe they would have a little fun with her and then let her go. She didn't know which one she preferred.

And, a lot depended on what else they might do to her if they did strip her naked.

"Eddie," he asked another boy. "Sally is looking a trifle hot and I think you need to help her. Would you be so kind as to remove her blouse?"

As Eddie moved forward John stopped him.

"How do you propose to accomplish this task, Eddie, with Sally's hands on top of her head?"

"I don't know, Sir!"

"Well, I do," said John, and moved to his desk and picked up his bag, looking up at Sally as he did so. God, she was lovely – almost too lovely to share with this lot, he thought.

He reached into his bag and brought out a large pair of dressmaker's scissors. Holding them in the air, he said,

"This should do the trick, Eddie," and passed the scissors to him.

Sally gasped. If they cut off her blouse, how would she get home? Surely the teacher didn't expect her to walk home naked. Or did he?

Eddie climbed on the chair and up on to the desk the same way Sally that had about thirty minutes earlier.

e stood behind Sally, the scissors now in the waistband of his pants, and reached in front of her, feeling for her zipper.

His hands grazed her breasts a couple of times, raising a collective groan from the boys.

Finding the zipper, he grasped it in his fingers and slowly began to pull it down, exposing more and more of Sally's cleavage and bra as he descended.

With a final flourish he separated the zipper and the two halves of Sally's blouse hung loosely off her shoulders.

Sally could feel the boy's breath on the nape of her neck as his breathing became laboured. He was obviously feeling very aroused knowing that he was about to cut off a eighteen years old girl's blouse and expose her bra clad breasts to his friends.

He was also feeling an immense power, knowing the girl could do nothing to prevent him.

As he collected the scissors his erection grew until his pants could hardly contain its growth.

He inserted one blade of the scissors between her shoulder and the arm of the blouse and prepared himself for the joy of cutting it off her body.

Sally drew in a sharp intake of breath as she felt the cold blade of the scissors touch her arm.

She drew a second gasp as she felt Eddie's erection slide against her bottom, and yet another as Eddie cut through the fabric, leaving the tattered blouse lying against her flesh.

She felt the blade on her other arm and shivered as Eddie cut the material in two. Eddie put the scissors down on the desk, then, pressing his groin firmly into Sally's back he slowly lifted the two halves of the blouse up and away from her body.

With a flourish, he threw the ruined blouse over to where her shoes and socks lay and, just as he was about to descend from the desk, he pressed his lips to the nape of Sally's neck and blew warm air onto her naked flesh.

Sally's nipples grew even harder and sharper as she glanced at the boys below her, all their eyes firmly riveted to her pert little breasts and the dark nipples outlined by the sheer fabric of her bra.

She watched as Eddie walk in front of her to get his first glimpse of his handiwork. She saw the shape of his penis visibly move as he stared at her.

Sally was a mess of mixed emotions. She was now feeling incredibly horny; not only because of what was happening to her here but also because of the frustrating memories of her fruitless escapades with the two boys who had tied her to that tree with their belts and Mr Jenkins leaving her high and dry last night.

Her immediate fear was that, if they now took off her skirt, everyone could see how aroused she had become.

She felt as though her panties were totally drenched. Her fears were immediately realised when he heard Mr Watson say,

"Young Bob Lindsey – if you please – her skirt!"

Bob was overwhelmed that he had been chosen for this task. He walked up to her and stood in front of her.

He had noticed that her plaid skirt had a zip down one side. All he had to do was lower the zip and the skirt would fall to her ankles.

But he enjoyed the notion of all her clothes being ruined and unwearable, causing his mind to run riot as to how she would get home when they had finished with her.

So, instead of using the zipper, Bob picked up the scissors and with his head level with where he knew her panties to be, he started cutting upwards.

Each snip brought added excitement to the watching boys and rising consternation to poor Sally.

She felt a breeze slowly caress her inner thighs and knew that Bob would be close to reaching his target.

She now felt the blade of the scissors as it snaked under the waistband of her skirt and with the loudest of snips the waistband separated and the skirt fell to the floor.

Bob picked it up and threw it where her other clothes were now making a small pile on the floor. Bob stood still for a full minute and looked straight at the crotch of her panties.

He was aware of the smoky aroma of her arousal and deeply breathed in the heady scent. He noticed a little red cupid emblazoned on the front of her panties, at about the place he thought her clitoris might be, and smiled at the knowledge.

He looked up and saw two similar cupids on the underside of both bra cups. He smiled again. When Bob had sat down John rose from his seat at the back of the classroom and addressed the boys.

"Well, that's the hour already up. Who wants to go home?" Nobody even moved!

He looked over at Sally, still with her hands on her head and her legs maybe even further apart than they were at first.

Her white, lacy bra and white matching panties stood out in contrast to her olive skin and black hair. Her nipples jutted proudly inside her bra – dark and pointy.

John could only imagine, as did all the boys, what they were soon to see.

A beautiful eighteen year old girl standing high on her teacher's desk, stark naked with her hands on her head and her legs spread – her breasts and her pussy openly displayed for their pleasure. It was the stuff of dreams.

John Watson was going to be their hero.

Now each boy was hoping against hope to be chosen for the next job. However, John himself walked up to, and behind, the desk.

He climbed up and stood behind Sally and whispered in her ear, so that nobody else could hear.

"Well, Sally. Shall we stop now?"

Sally noticed that he had picked up the scissors and once more felt the blade against her naked flesh as it separated her skin from material of the bra fastener on her back.

Her guttural "No" and the snip of the scissors were as one. She felt her bra give a little but it still remained firmly in place, as John knew it would.

"I'll be back," he whispered to her.

He walked back to his seat and the boys were agog to see what would happen next. They heard Mr Watson address Sally.

"Sally – are your arms aching? I'm sure they must be by now."

"Yes Sir, very much, Sir."

"Then, when I tell you to, you may lower your arms for a while. But, as you lower them to your sides you will gather the front of your bra, the back of which I have already cut, and with your hands you will expose and display your breasts to us all."

"Then you will throw you bra over with the rest of your clothes and resume your position with your hands on top of your head. Do you fully understand, Sally?"

"Yes, Mr Watson," she said with a trembling voice.

"Then tell us all what to are going to do, Sally."

Sally took a deep breath and looked directly at Paul Harris in the sea of faces. Without taking her eyes from his, she said.

"I am slowly going to lower my arms to my side, removing my bra on the way, and expose my breasts and my nipples for you all to see."

"Then, I'll throw my bra with the rest of my clothes and put my hands back on my head, Sir."

John noticed that she had added the word "nipples" and knew that this was a measure of her arousal.

"Good!" he said. "Commence!"

She slowly unlaced her intertwined fingers and flexed them to help get the blood circulating once again.

Then she traced the contours of her face with her hands as they descended past her neck and shoulders.

As her hands drew level with her breasts she gently pinched the material of each bra cup between her fingers and with a little bounce, her breasts sprang free as her arms continued their journey downwards.

There was an audible gasp as each boy expressed his appreciation of this eighteen year old girl's figure. Her beautiful breasts pointed upwards, as only a young girl's breast can.

They were tipped by two very prominent dark brown nipples that were made for touching and caressing and kissing and sucking.

Sally looked across at her clothes and, swinging her bra, she sent it flying towards the rest of her pile.

The action made her breasts bounce and jiggle, as John had thought they would. He had thought all this through, down to the very smallest detail.

As they all watched, Sally slowly raised her arms once more to her head, causing her breasts to rise even higher on her chest.

She now stood before them, naked but for her sodden panties. Nobody spoke – not even a whisper. Sally looked down at her breasts as she had done many times before, but under more private circumstances.

She saw how firm and unblemished they were. She saw how the brown circle at the tips of her breasts was small and symmetrical.

And she saw how sharp her nipples had become as her arousal continued.

Her pussy lips, she knew, were now swollen and her clitoris had risen from within its little hood, ready to be recognised.

Although she had a desperate need for release, she prayed that they wouldn't make her cum, unless it was just with Mr Watson. She would like that very much.

"Thank you, Sally," said John. "You are every man's dream come true. I have never seen a girl look so sexy and alluring.

I am sure that you know that everybody in this room has a massive erection and all because you are showing us your perfect and erotic body. Doesn't that make you feel good, Sally?"

"I suppose so, Sir."

"Now, who shall it be to completely expose and display our little girl to us?"

Sally looked down at all the faces looking up at her, and realised that, every last one of them, including those who had already touched her, wanted to be the one to finish stripping her completely naked.

Her temporary embarrassment overcome she was now looking forward to having her panties taken off her. In readiness, she shuffled her feet even further apart.

Nobody, apart from those two boys who had stripped her the other day, had ever been this close to her without her clothes on.

There was always a window separating her from those to whom she had shown glimpses of her naked body.

Now, she could smell, feel and even taste all these boys who were about to see her completely naked.

"Paul Harris – go strip her!"

"Yes Sir, Thank you Sir."

Sally was mortified. This was the boy who had always let her know that he wanted to touch her and kiss her, and she had always said "No".

Now he was to be the one to take off her panties and show her to all his friends.

Paul could not believe his luck. Ever since Sally had entered the classroom he had lusted even more for her. And, as each piece of clothing was removed, his lust grew.

Now he was to pull those little white panties down those silken thighs and look straight into the little pussy he had only ever dreamed about.

He, too, enjoyed watching Sally's clothes being cut away from her and he too imagined her going home naked.

So, that was the way he planned to go. He advanced towards her, never taking his eye from hers. She held his gaze.

Her little breasts moved up and down on her chest and she thought she felt a dribble of her juices running down her leg.

Paul was now immediately beneath her and still looking up at her face.

He felt for the scissors and, finding them, weighed them in his hand.

He lowered his eyes to her panties and, licking his lips, he slowly inserted them horizontally in front of Sally's pubic hair.

He carefully snipped through the fabric but making sure that the two halves stayed intact.

He then put the scissors vertically on the outside of her left leg and cut the waist band in two, again making sure the severed material stayed in place.

He repeated it with the right leg and the deed was done.

All the pieces of the cut material stayed in place, although there was nothing to hold them up save static electricity and the presence of her perspiration and leaking juices.

He put down the scissors and stood back to view his handiwork. He had done it well. He then stood to one side so that all could see.

The next thing he did surprised them all. They all thought he would rip her panties off with his hands.

Not so! As he moved to the side of the desk he suddenly, with the swiftest of movements, smacked her really hard on her bottom.

Sally shrieked as the remnants of her panties flew into the air and down to the floor.

The momentum of the smack thrust her hips forward, her legs out and her shoulders back, and thus she presented her swollen pussy lips and dark, triangular, and curly black hair to all the boys; to Paul Harris and, above all to Mr Watson.

Realising how sexy and provocative her enforced pose was, she retained it as long as she could. She felt the skin across her pubis tighten, as did her buttocks as she thrust her pussy forward and upward.

Her clitoris stood proud and erect and perfectly visible to all and her pussy lips glistened and were slightly parted, showing her pink secret place.

John Watson began to clap. The applause was soon taken up by all the boys and she was still able to retain her evocative pose with her hands still on her head whilst they appreciated her.

The applause slowly receded and the room, once more, fell into silence.

Sally slowly straightened her back but managed to keep her pussy thrust outwards. She had never been so turned on before in her short life.

She believed that it was every eighteen year's old girl's dream to experience what had just happened to her.

And here she was still standing on her teacher's desk, absolutely stark naked, being ogled by her teacher and twenty-two virile boys, some of whom had already touched her flesh.

It just didn't get any better. But, how was she going to get home now that it was over? She glanced over at her ruined clothes. She let her hands drop by her side and made a move to get off the desk.

"Did I tell you to remove your hands or move at all?" barked John Watson. "Resume your position immediately."

The classroom was stunned into silence.

"Everybody sit down. Paul Harris – stay where you are directly in front of Sally."

As all the boys sat down, John made his way up to his desk, climbed up, and stood behind Sally.

"I'm sorry, Mr Watson. I thought it was all over." whispered Sally.

"That's alright, Sally," John whispered back, kindly, "But we're not quite finished with you yet."

He looked down at Paul.

"I understand that you and Sally know each other a little bit, Paul."

"Yes, Sir – we've seen each other around."

"And you don't have the hots for Sally at all, Paul?"

"Well, yes, I've always liked her, Sir."

"Did you ever want to kiss her, Paul?"

"Well, Yes, Sir."

"Have you ever kissed her, Paul?"

"No Sir."

"Would you like to kiss her now, Paul?"

"Absolutely, Sir!"

"Then your wish is granted, Paul."

Paul made to move towards the back of the desk, but John stayed him with a firm "No!"

Paul resumed his position in front of Sally. Sally turned her head to look into Mr Watson's face with questions written all over her own face.

He bent his head and whispered in her ear.

"You told me yesterday that nobody has ever kissed you on your pussy lips. I'm about to change all that."

Sally's words caught in her throat and came out as just a groan. John leaned her back against his body so her hips were, once more, thrust forward.

His hands circled her waist from behind and slowly descended to her pubic hair. By feel, he continued downwards until his fingers were either side of her pussy lips.

He slowly pressed his fingers in and outwards, gently separating her pussy lips until he was able to take one lip in each hand.

He then pulled them wide apart as Paul stood transfixed. He stared at Sally's pink tunnel as it twitched and pulsated between the teacher's fingers.

"Are you ready, Sally?"

"Oh Mr Watson!" was Sally's only reply.

He looked at Paul.

"Well, Paul – Kiss the beautiful little girl."

Sally felt Paul's breath cool and moist on her pussy and could feel the stubble on his cheek on her inner thighs, but she couldn't see his face as she was bent backwards in her teacher's arms.

Paul extended his tongue and, starting at the bottom most part of her opened pussy, slowly licked up to the top of her fold, pausing only to flick her erect clitoris.

Sally moaned as she experienced the first time ever her pussy was being kissed. Her hands still on her head, she turned to look up into her teacher's face.

John let go of Sally's pussy lips and Paul took over himself. He buried his own lips into her tight hole and pulled her pussy lips over his mouth as his tongue slipped deeper and deeper into the moist depths of her pinkness.

The other boys left their seats to gather around Paul as they watched him tease the little girl. Sally looked down and watched them as they got closer and closer to her.

She felt the familiar stirrings in her body as it responded to Paul's mouth.

"Mr Watson."

He looked down at her as she spoke and marvelled at the sight. Her little oval face was framed with her dark hair, and her eyes, now filled with passion, were fixed on his.

He looked down at her breasts which seemed to present themselves to him personally as her raised arms pulled them upwards.

He looked down further to her flat tummy, now arched as she tried to match the thrust of Pauls tongue in her vagina.

He continued his downward exploration to her thick patch of triangular pubic hair and to Pauls face buried deep inside her.

Down even further to her pretty legs, now bent backwards as she gave herself completely to Paul's tongue.

"Mr Watson. Please don't let them make me cum."

"Why ever not, Sally?" He asked. "I thought that's what you wanted."

"It is, Mr Watson. But I make a lot of noise when I cum and I squirt a lot."

"But that's wonderful Sally. Believe me, they all want to hear you moan and they all want to see you squirt."

She was quiet for a moment, then a low moan emitted from deep inside her. Paul had stopped kissing her pussy although she could still feel his breath.

He placed his middle finger against her entrance and slowly pushed it into her.

She now felt more hands holding her lips wide apart and yet another playing with her clitoris. More were gently stroking her legs, hips and bottom. It seemed that everybody wanted some of the action.

She lost herself as Paul's finger increased its rhythmic dance insider her. He began to diddle her faster and faster.

Then he inserted another finger alongside the first one. She was so tight he knew he'd not get another in.

Sally felt her climax begin to rise. Her legs began a dance of their own and she knew now that she was soon going to cum and cum hard.

She thought about the two boys and how she felt when they tied her up naked to the tree.

She remembered the feel of their semen as it shot all over her face and breasts, one after the other.

She remembered how she so wanted to be touched as they ran away.

She remembered Mr Jenkins's face as she lifted her leg with her panties to show him all of her, and her disappointment as he walked away.

But she knew that there would be no disappointment this time. This time would make up for all the other times.

She arched her back even more against the body of her teacher. Her fabulous Mr Watson! How she longed for his touch.

She was getting close – so close. Her pussy began to spasm as even more hands moved over her body.

"Mr Watson."

"Yes Sally." He looked down at her again and revelled in the feel and sight of her.

"I'm getting close, Sir." She closed her eyes, and then opened them again.

"Mr Watson."

"Yes Sally."

"Mr Watson. When I cum, will you kiss me and keep kissing me until I finish?"

He looked down at her beautiful lips with their pink gloss lipstick and he could almost taste her already.

"Yes, I will kiss you Sally."

She smiled up at him and framed a "Thank You" with her lips.

Paul's fingers were now thrusting in and out of her so fast they seemed almost to be a blur to those watching.

She felt another hand follow the crease of her bottom and gently touch her there.

"Oh Mr Watson – Oh Mr Watson," was all she could say.

Just as she was about to cum her teacher bent his head and gently prised her lips open with his tongue.

His hand found her breast and he rolled her nipple in his fingers. This completely sent her over the edge.

With her hands still on the top of her head, she arched her back even more, allowing her teacher to feel her breasts at will.

She pressed her lips to his and smelled the manliness of him. Her tongue found his and she tried to suck his mouth into hers.

John became heady with the taste of her sweet mouth, the smell of her hair, the faint aroma of her perfume and the feel of her breasts as he squeezed and kneaded them.

"Oh Mr Watson. I'm cumming. I'm cumming." she shouted into his mouth.

He watched as she arched her back high into the air and a guttural moan pushed itself from her mouth into John's.

Her legs spread themselves wide as Paul's fingers increased their tempo.

Then a gush of her juices squirted from her pussy high into the air, soaking all those around her.

Eager hands then lifted her bottom up in the air so her legs were hanging down and her pussy even more exposed and vulnerable.

Another wave hit her and she clenched her hands tight above her head in ecstasy.

Her pussy suffered another spasm and, once more, another squirt rushed like a torrent from her gaping pussy.

As it left her body she felt another primeval scream build within her and she again groaned it loudly into John's mouth.

She felt several more lips and mouths nip and bite her pussy and clitoris, and she knew they were all watching her cum.

This thought started yet another climax and the boys fought to hold her aloft as squirt after squirt of love juice forced itself from her body and she writhed in passion.

Still John held her and kissed her deeply, and still she moaned into his mouth. He let his hand glide over her erect nipples, teasing them.

She felt totally spent and her legs were shaking and her chest was heaving. When she thought it was all over she began to go limp and the boys watched her and held her.

They gently lowered her to the desk and John laid her on her back, his lips still glued to hers.

As her bottom met the cold of the desk, she looked at the boys surrounding her and saw that they were all looking down between her legs, wondering if she would give them just one more.

The two boys either side of her, each holding a leg, gently spread them wide open so all could see her if she were able to cum again.

This very act of display again caused her body to respond but she didn't think she had anything left to give.

One of the boys stooped between her splayed legs and gave her one long lick.

This was enough. Her legs found purchase on the desk and she raised her little bottom high into the air.

Without any further stimulation other than the knowledge that the boys were all only inches from her pussy watching her together with the involuntary rise and fall of her hips, she felt another climax build.

And it hit her even more than the previous ones. With each squirt her hips and pussy punched the air in complete abandonment.

She again moaned into her teacher's mouth but this time she formed them into words and he realised what she was saying.

"Mr Watson. Look at me cum. I'm only eighteen, Mr Watson and I'm cumming for you, Mr Watson. Just for you, Sir. Look at me cum, Mr Watson. I'm only eighteen and its all for you, Sir."

With one last effort, and with her hips as high in the air as possible and her legs as wide as she could get them, and looking at all the boys staring at her, she said,

"And this is for you." She screamed as gush after gush after gush of juice squirted from her pussy as she spent her final climax.

Even after the last spurt, her hips continued their dance as if she didn't want any of this to end.

Slowly she sank down to the surface of the desk like a limp rag. She was already sleeping when John manoeuvred her into a more comfortable position.

The desk was wide enough so that her head was just on the back edge of the desk, slightly hanging down and her bottom on the front edge.

She looked so vulnerable as she lay there with her head slightly tilted back and her legs dangling over the edge of the desk.

The boys went back to their seats and watched as John gently kissed her lips and then both her breasts.

He moved round to the front of the desk and arranged her legs so they were only slightly apart but still gave an uninterrupted view of her pussy lips, which he now bent to kiss.

Sally stirred ever so slightly as he took each lip into his mouth and tasted their delicate flavour.

Then, he move back to where he normally sat and where Sally's head now rested and looked out at his problem class.

They returned his gaze, but alternating between him and then staring at Sally's exposed pussy. Paul was the first to speak.

"Man – that was awesome. This has been the best day of my life."

The rest of the class nodded their agreement.

"So, I guess we're a team then?" John asked.

They nodded again.

"Not a word of this to anybody outside this room. Today only belongs to us and Sally."

Again they nodded. John believed that they were beyond speech.

"Time to go," he said, "But first I do believe Sally needs a goodbye kiss from you all."

They rose as one and formed a line to the left of where Sally lay.

The first boy moved up to the desk and moved between Sally's legs where he inserted his tongue in between the folds of her vagina and gently licked upwards.

Sally moved just a little.

The second boy took his place and bent his head and searched for Sally's now dormant clitoris which he found and nibbled.

Sally moved again and emitted a little moan.

By the time the first boy reached the door and number seven was licking Sally's pussy, she had begun to move her hips upwards to meet each tongue.

John watched Sally closely, and then signified to the first boy not to leave but to circle behind him and rejoin the tail end of the line.

Maybe, just maybe, there was more fun to be had. As each boy took his place between Sally's legs and licked or kissed or nibbled or sucked Sally's movements became more active and, in her oblivion, her body began to respond to each caress.

John began to stroke and feel Sally's breasts while kissing her gently on her eyes and lips.

By the time the line was on its second journey Sally's breathing was becoming laboured. Slowly, her eyes flickered open and she became aware of John caressing her, and smiled up at him.

Then she felt other lips on her pussy and when she raised her head she saw the line of boys and realised what they were doing.

Her nipples immediately responded and hardened and she felt John's fingers teasing them to even higher arousal.

She realised that her hands were no longer above her head and assumed that was no longer required of her.

She felt so relaxed and totally satisfied but as each boy worked her pussy she felt a warm glow pervade her body.

She remembered how Mr Watson had opened up her pussy lips when Paul had started licking her and how good that felt, not only because it made her more sensitive but also because it made her more available and more on display to the boys.

As the line continued to move, she closed her eyes and languished in her new arousal.

Her hands slowly crept down her tummy and as she felt her teacher's lips caress hers in a gentle but sensual kiss her fingers found her pussy and, just like Mr Watson had done for Paul and how she had done for Mr Jenkins, she spread her fingers and opened herself up just as the next boy was about to take his place,

The boy just stared at this opened expanse of pinkness and watched as Sally's fingers pulled her pussy lips even further apart in open invitation.

He stared at her tight tunnel as it disappeared into her vey core and, instead of bending to kiss her again, he put his middle finger against her opening and gently pushed it all the way in until it could go no more.

Sally let out a distinct grunt and then raised her hips off the desk to meet the boy's finger.

He slowly withdrew it until the tip barely touched her entrance, then pushed it all the way back in again.

Sally let out another grunt and blew against her teacher's mouth.

Encouraged by his friends, he now worked Sally in the same way that Paul had done.

With each thrust of his finger Sally's hips rose to meet it, and as he increased his tempo so did Sally's movements until her bottom was slapping against the wooden surface of the desk.

John bent to whisper in her ear.

"What do you want to happen now, Sally?"

"I don't know, Sir but I think I'm going to come again, Mr Watson."

"Is that what you want to happen, Sally?" She nodded as her back now arched and allowed the boy total access to her body.

"Do you want anything else to happen, Sally?"

She thought for a moment and then said,

"Mr Watson - I love be kissed. Would they all kiss me while they masturbate me? But, when I cum again, you must be the one who is kissing me."

Another boy had now taken his place between her legs and was licking the full length of her pussy.

She still had her back arched and tried to concentrate on what her teacher was saying.

"OK Sally – anything else?"

"No, it's OK Sir."

"What is it, Sally?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Tell me, Sally."

"Well Sir, you remember when those boys tied me up to the tree."

"And they masturbated all over your body?"

"Yes Sir. That really turned me on. I've thought about it a lot since, Mr Watson."

"And you'd like that to happen now?"

"I think that would definitely make me cum again."

"We'll do it all Sally."

He called Paul over and told him what he wanted. He told him to select four of the boys who were willing to masturbate over Sally's body and the rest were to take their turn kissing Sally's delicate and sensitive lips, both on her mouth and between her legs.

All of them wanted to be in the masturbating group, but Paul eventually select the four, himself included.

The four quickly stood in front of Sally and undressed. Sally let out a gasp as she saw that they all sported erections.

She watched as they began to stroke their shafts and her libido shot through the roof. The rest of the boys continued with the line, but now while one was sucking her pussy another was kissing her deeply on her mouth.

As the boys had stared at Sally's pussy earlier, waiting to see her cum, so Sally's eyes were fixed on the four cocks in front of her, willing them to spurt their cum all over her face, breasts and pussy.

Her hips began to gyrate once more as she felt the boys' lips work both her mouth and her pussy. She reached for her teacher's hands and, as her climax began to build, placed both of them over her breasts, her hands covering his.

Her breathing became faster and she felt her pussy fill with wetness as she watched the boys pump their cocks in front of her.

One of the boys could hold himself no longer and he quickly climbed onto the desk and aimed his pulsating member against Sally's breasts.

Just at that moment the boy sucking her pussy found her clitoris and, with eyes glazed, she moaned loudly into the mouth of her boy kissing her.

The boy now kneeling beside her also let out a guttural moan and as his testicles rested against the warmth of Sally's breast his hand quickened on his shaft.

Sally looked at him just as his penis exploded in his hand and she watched as the hot semen shot out in spurts and splattered over her left breast, covering her nipple and running down the side.

"Mr Watson, I'm going to cum soon. Please be ready to kiss me."

"I'll be ready, Sally."

Two more naked boys now took their place beside her, pumping their cocks vigorously. Sally watched in fascination as they increased their pace.

Her breathing seemed to increase at the same time.

One of the boys paused his stroke for a moment and then his jism spat out and hit Sally directly in the middle of her breasts and formed little pools that began to trickle down to her tummy.

The second boy, now unable to contain himself any longer, straddled her chest and aimed himself at Sally's face.

Her eyes were only inches away from his penis and she watched as his skin moved up and down with his hand. As he felt himself cumming he lowered himself until his balls rested against Sally's open mouth.

She opened her mouth wider to accommodate his little sac and he groaned and loudly shot his load straight into Sally's hair.

This was too much for Sally. Her back arched again and her hand shot back down to her mound.

As she found her clitoris and began to stimulate it she called for her Mr Watson.

"Sir, I'm cumming, I'm cumming again."

John quickly shoved the boy off her, and taking good care to avoid the semen in Sally's hair, he covered her mouth with his own.

"Oh My God, Mr Watson." she gasped as a jet of warm juice shot from her pussy like a tornado, covering the boy who was licking her pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh Mr Watson."

A second explosion hit her and her fingers moved over her clitoris as a stream of fluid shot once more from her pussy.

John sent his tongue snaking around hers, and then sucked it into his own mouth as she moaned and groaned.

Paul, who was the last boy to masturbate, wondered if he could hold back any longer.

He watched, mesmerised, as he saw Sally's pussy convulse with passion and lust.

"Sir – I'm cumming again. Sir, please. Please Sir, Please Mr Watson. Please. Please. Please."

She squirted yet another orgasm high into the air as Paul came closer and closer to his climax.

"Please what, Sally?" John asked.

"Please Sir. Please. Please."

She paused for a moment as she felt another climax start.

"Please Mr Watson."

She expelled all the breath from her body and finally screamed,

"Please fuck me Mr Watson. Please fuck me now. Please let them watch you fuck me. Please fuck me. Please. Let them see you fuck your eighteen year old little girl."

It was too much for John. He jumped away from her face and placed himself between her thighs. He had his fly open and his cock out by the time he got there.

Sally moved her hand from her clitoris and grabbed John's cock and guided it to the outer folds of her pussy.

With one swift thrust he forced himself deep inside her and felt her hymen rupture as he ploughed into her.

"Fuck me Mr Watson. Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh. I'm cumming for you, Mr Watson. Shoot your cream inside me, Sir. Fuck me hard. Fuck me hard. Don't stop."

As her juices pistoned against the sides of her teacher's penis in yet another orgasm her head fell backwards over the edge of the desk.

Then she saw Paul beating his cock so fast with his hand, only inches from her face. This really sent her over the edge.

"Cum with me, Mr Watson. Cum with your little girl. Cum with me now!"

As the wave of passion again hit her with the biggest climax of her young life, she felt her teacher shudder, pause, and then pump spurt after spurt of his creamy semen deep inside her.

A scream of ecstasy was about to rise from Sally's throat but Paul, his eruption now beyond containment, suddenly filled her upturned mouth with his cock and pumped his full load into her hot little mouth.

Sally nearly passed out with the power of her orgasm. Her teachers cock was still emptying its load inside her tight little pussy and her mouth was filled with Paul's cock still leaking its salty cum.

She instinctively swallowed and sucked on his penis until Paul, his legs no longer able to carry him, slumped to the floor, exhausted.

John had never known an orgasm like it. Sally's pussy had milked every last drop from him and even as his erection was receding, Sally's pussy continued to grab his cock in tight embrace.

He looked up at Sally's face and saw that she had, indeed, passed out but the contented smile on her face was the look of joy itself.

The room was, again, silent. The occupants looked drained, but sated.

Paul had recovered sufficiently to put his clothes back on, as had the others.

John continued to stand between Sally's thighs, his now flaccid penis still in the grip of her pussy lips.

Without a word, they began to file out of the room, Paul being the last to go.

John stood up and pulled his penis out of Sally's tight fold with an audible plop.

Paul took a last look at Sally spread-eagled on the desk, gave a slight wave to John, and closed the door.

John re-zipped his fly and moved towards the window where he opened the drapes once more.

He looked back at the naked Sally and thought how beautiful, yet vulnerable, she now appeared, still on open display.

The boys began to file past the window on the way to their respective destinations and almost like voyeurs, stared at Sally's nakedness.

Again, the last to go was Paul who looked wistfully at Sally's form.

As an act of ownership, John moved to Sally and, holding a nipple between thumb and finger, pulled upwards so that her breast, now flattened against her chest, resumed its conical shape.

The significance of that gesture was not lost on Paul, and he turned and disappeared from view.

John turned to Sally and, removing a damp face cloth from his bag, wiped all the cum from Sally's supine body.

Some of his semen was still leaking from within the folds of her pussy so he wrapped the cloth around his finger and wiped the inside of her pussy clean.

Sally stirred.

John looked at his watch and it was still only 3:30 pm and Sally needn't be home until the evening.

He bent and collected her ruined clothes and put them in the bag after he had taken out the large sloppy Joe he had put there earlier.

He knew that it would come down past Sally's knees and, together with her shoes and socks she would be able to walk outside.

He reflected on the recent events and was satisfied that everything had worked out perfectly.

His mind turned to the class of girls who were almost as much a problem as his boys had been and an idea began to germinate in his mind how best he could remedy that situation.

And, he had the very boy in mind that would assist him.

He looked back at Sally and was surprised to see that she was sitting up and looking at him, her legs drawn up to her chest.

He supposed that she now sought some privacy and dignity after display both her body and her rawest emotions to so many people.

He picked up the sloppy Joe and moved towards her. He held the garment over her head and she raised her arms to accommodate him, allowing her delightful breasts to resume their fantastic shape.

As he looked at her, his penis stirred once more.

He lifted her off the desk, where she has spent so much time, and held her tightly to his body.

Her arms crept around him and held him just as tightly, her head resting on his shoulder.

He couldn't stop himself from lifting her hem and fondling her supple body once more.

Then, he gave her his address and told her to go to his home to shower, and to wait for him while he tidied up and locked the school.

She said nothing, but stood on tip toe and chastely kissed his lips.

As she did so, his hand dropped to her bottom and gently stoked it through the fabric.

Without a word, she turned, bent to put on her shoes and socks, and left the room, closing the door behind her.

John watched as she walked past the window, and thought how sexy she looked dressed in his old sloppy Joe.

Then she was gone.

He replaced all the desks in their correct position, picked up his scissors and returned them to his bag.

He made a quick inspection of the classroom and satisfied himself that it was as he had found it, although that classroom to him, and to his problem class, would never be the same again.

He turned to put out the lights but, before doing so, he moved back towards the window, reached up and removed the video camera he had placed there earlier.

He carefully put it in his bag and started home to rejoin his beautiful Sally.