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by[SexySoBeChick](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=206533&page=submissions)©

"What in the hell are you doing, Ms. Goodbody?"  
  
Nina's heart raced with both fear and excitement as she slid into her school desk at the front of the class. As innocent as you please, Nina looked up at her scowling Advanced Biology teacher and said, "Just taking my seat, Mr. Cox."  
  
"No," Mr. Cox said, pausing to take a deep breath, obviously marshaling his patience. "I mean—why aren't you wearing any clothes!"  
  
Snickers, whispers, and catcalls from her classmates combined with the roaring of her own blood pounding wildly in her ears nearly deafened Nina. She looked down at herself and not only felt, but also saw her bare skin flush with embarrassment. Even the cold plastic seat beneath her wasn't enough to squelch the searing heat of her humiliation. At that moment, she dearly wished a giant hole would open up in the floor and swallow her, whisking her away from the stupidest thing she'd ever done.  
  
No, this wasn't one of those anxiety-induced nightmares we've all had about showing up to school or work without a stitch of clothing, exposing our most private selves to the ridicule of the world. No, unfortunately for Nina, this was very, very real.  
  
You see, Nina was sick and tired of being Miss Goody-two-shoes Goodbody. It wasn't that she was unpopular exactly. It was just that—at eighteen and three weeks shy of her high school graduation—she wanted to break free of her responsible, A-student, perfectly-behaved image and do something wild and crazy. The idea had been niggling at her for some time, but it wasn't until her Social Studies teacher had given them a project on national holidays that she finally found a way to decimate her good-girl reputation once and for all without ruining her GPA or getting expelled. After all, she was only fulfilling the requirements set forth by her teacher, right?  
  
"Well, Ms. Goodbody?" Mr. Cox demanded. "I'm waiting for an answer."  
  
Despite her initial nerves, Nina was determined and emboldened by the knowledge that her plan was flawless. Let them snicker now, she thought, but by the end of the day, this stunt is going to become the stuff of school legend!  
  
Lifting her chin defiantly, Nina explained, "Mrs. Homely gave us a project on national holidays that is due today. We were supposed to pick a holiday, write a ten-page report, and give an oral presentation dressed in a costume representative of our holiday."  
  
"And what holiday is this," Mr. Cox asked, waving his hand to indicate her nudity, "supposed to represent?"  
  
"National Nude Day," Nina answered proudly. "July 14th."  
  
There was an awed murmur throughout the classroom and Mr. Cox's eyes narrowed dangerously. In his mid-thirties, Mr. Cox was a good-looking, tall, trim, powerfully built man with dark-brown hair and green eyes. Even though he was a stern, difficult teacher, Nina had always had a crush on him because he reminded her of Ben Affleck. But Nina knew he didn't appreciate her disrupting his class and found his expression downright intimidating.  
  
"You're making that up," he challenged, piercing Nina with his unwavering gaze.  
  
"No, sir," Nina said, pulling her report from her backpack. "See for yourself."  
  
Mr. Cox snatched the well-researched, ten-page, footnoted report with color photos and bibliography from her hand. A tense silence filled the room as Nina and her classmates held their collective breaths while Mr. Cox scanned her history on National Nude Day. She took some satisfaction in watching his eyes linger on the photos she'd downloaded from the Internet of people celebrating the holiday in the buff.  
  
Once satisfied, Mr. Cox tossed the report onto her desk and said, "I don't think Mrs. Homely had National Nude Day in mind when she gave that assignment."  
  
"That may be," Nina conceded, "but she never specifically excluded it. And although the student handbook does makes limitations on what we can wear, it doesn't say we can't attend classes in the nude."  
  
There were a few hoots and hollers at this, but a deadly glare from Mr. Cox quickly quieted them. Then Mr. Cox turned his burning green eyes on Nina, slowly scrutinizing her naked body from head to toe, giving special attention to her breasts and pussy before returning to her angelic face and settling on her hazel eyes.  
  
Leaning over her ominously, Mr. Cox said in a low, steely voice, "I guess you think you're pretty smart, huh?"  
  
Oh yeah, Nina thought she was an absolute genius. Here she was, flouting the authority of the school and one of its most feared teachers, making a spectacle of herself, earning the admiration of her peers—and they couldn't touch her. Sure, Mr. Cox could send her to the principal's office, but as soon as she explained, he'd have to send her back to class. The worse they could do, would be to tell her father what she'd been up to. Nina was prepared for that and had decided this walk on the wild side was well worth her very likely grounding.  
  
But Nina was also smart enough to keep her gloating to herself. She knew she'd bested Mr. Cox. And Mr. Cox knew it—although he'd never admit it. However, there was no telling what he'd do if she made him look like an idiot in front of the entire class, so Nina widened her eyes, adopting an expression of sincere innocence and said, "Gosh, Mr. Cox, I haven't really thought about it."  
  
Mr. Cox gave her one last, long, highly skeptical look before straightening and walking to the blackboard. Facing away from the class, he picked up a piece of chalk and began writing on the board. "Today, we begin our last unit before final exams—reproduction. As many of you are aware, the primary female reproductive organs are . . ."  
  
As Mr. Cox spoke, a muted chatter began as the students commented on Nina's nudity and how she'd escaped punishment.  
  
The goth girl to her left whispered to Nina, "You are friggin' brilliant."  
  
"I wish I'd thought of it," murmured the school tease to Nina's right.  
  
The boy directly behind Nina, leaned forward and breathed in her ear, "You've got a great ass, Nina."  
  
Nina blushed at the last comment, but she had to admit—she loved getting this type of attention. Because she hadn't wanted her father to foil her plan, she'd arrived to school dressed as she normally did—in jeans and a T-shirt—and no one had said anything to her. She'd stood out as much as the school's colorless floor tiles. But when she came out of the girl's restroom without a stitch of clothing, everyone noticed her. As she walked down the hall to Advance Biology, her first period class, the whistles, lewd jeers, and giggles of her schoolmates energized her in a way nothing else ever had. For the first time in Nina's life, she felt like a rebel and she understood how being bad could become addictive.  
  
Suddenly, a loud slam startled Nina and her classmates, snapping their attention to the front of the classroom where an extremely irritated Mr. Cox had just thrown his heavy Biology textbook onto the floor to silence them.  
  
Moving in front on his desk, he glowered at the class and said, "Being an outspoken proponent of seeking inventive ways to teach coursework so it's more interesting, I've decided a live demonstration is in order. Since Ms. Goodbody seems to enjoy being the center of attention, perhaps she'd like to volunteer."  
  
Nina felt like the bottom fell out of her stomach as a sense of foreboding replaced her former elation. "No, sir, I'd rather not."  
  
"If you refuse, Ms. Goodbody," Mr. Cox began, his gaze now firmly fixed onto hers, "I'm afraid I'll have to give you an 'F' in class participation. And as you know, class participation is twenty-five percent of your final grade."  
  
"B-but, s-sir," Nina stammered in outrage. "You can't do that!"  
  
His eyes gleaming with triumph, Mr. Cox said, "If you'd thoroughly read your student handbook you'd know that I can give any grade I deem appropriate."  
  
The air between them fairly crackled with tension. He had her and they both knew it. The only reason Nina had gone through with this stunt was because she'd thought she'd conceived a foolproof way to shed her prissy image without marring her impeccable school record or perfect GPA. But Nina had underestimated Mr. Cox's deviousness. Although exceedingly wary of what this "live demonstration" would entail, Nina saw no other choice but to submit to Mr. Cox's demands.  
  
Breaking eye contact, bowing her head in defeat, Nina asked, "What do I have to do?"  
  
"Stand up here next to me and face the class."  
  
Nina nervously tucked a lock of her long blond hair behind her ear before following his order. Nina's heart was beating so hard it felt like it was going to burst through her chest. However, Nina realized she wasn't really experiencing fear so much as . . . anticipation.  
  
Her fellow students had been conspicuously silent throughout the exchange between Nina and Mr. Cox, but she could feel their undivided attention and curiosity focused on her. Even though it excited her to be so blatantly on display, Nina wasn't quite confident enough to meet their hungry eyes, so she kept her head bowed slightly.  
  
"Ms. Goodbody is an exquisite example of a sexually mature female," Mr. Cox said to the class. "Actually, I think her name should be Irresistibly-fuckable-body."  
  
Sounds of agreement erupted from most of the male students and Nina couldn't stop herself from blushing. She was so surprised by Mr. Cox's vulgar compliment that she lost some of her self-consciousness and looked up at him. The smoldering desire she saw flaring in his eyes took her breath away.  
  
Mr. Cox stepped behind Nina, moving so close the crisp cotton of his shirt and slacks brushed against her skin, causing an involuntary shiver of awareness to ripple throughout her body. At 5'9'', Nina was a head shorter than Mr. Cox, so he was able to rest his chin on the crown of her head. He pressed even closer, practically enveloping Nina with his much larger, very masculine body.  
  
"I'm going to use Ms. Goodbody to demonstrate some of the more interesting female reproductive organs."  
  
Nina gasped when she felt the electric touch of his fingers on her waist. She looked down in surprise and saw that his hands were so large they easily spanned her narrow waist. Nina watched in disbelief as his fingers slowly skimmed over her ribcage to cup her ample breasts.  
  
"First, there are these large, firm, mouth-watering breasts." His warm breath feathering her ear, Mr. Cox asked Nina, "What are they? A C-cup?"  
  
"Yes," she rasped.  
  
"They're topped with these succulent pink nipples," he continued, pinching them and forcing a whimper of pleasure from Nina. "See how sensitive they are and how they harden and become more prominent when stimulated? This is not only useful for breastfeeding infants, but also in arousing the female."  
  
No one had ever touched Nina so intimately and she found it surreal that her severe Biology teacher was so openly fondling her in front of the entire class. She knew she should be ashamed of herself for allowing this to happen. She knew she should protest or think of some way out of this situation. She should feel degraded or violated—but she didn't. All she could think about were the wonderful sensations assaulting her, the delicious warmth that ignited in her lower abdomen and quickly invaded every cell.  
  
One of Mr. Cox's hands left her breast and traveled down her stomach to her lower abdomen, while the other continued to massage her breast and pluck her nipple, making her body burn even hotter. He eased her closer to him so every inch of her back pressed against his front, nestling her backside into his groin. Nina had never felt—or even seen—an erection in the flesh, but there was no mistaking the hard bulge prodding her ass. Her heart thundered with the realization that she was the cause of his arousal.  
  
"What you can't see are her ovaries and womb," Mr. Cox said, tickling her as his fingers traced the location of the organs on her bare flesh. "The ovaries release the egg that once fertilized by the male's sperm becomes a fetus, which grows in the womb until it develops into a full-term baby."  
  
Mr. Cox threaded his fingers through Nina's pubic hair, purposely tugging it enough to make her cry out with an unusual mixture of pleasure and pain. "Who can tell me what this nice pelt of neatly-trimmed pussy hair says about Ms. Goodbody?"  
  
"That she's a natural blonde," said the boy who sat behind Nina.  
  
"Very good, Mr. Archer." Mr. Cox nuzzled the hair tucked behind her ear, inhaling her scent, while maintaining a firm grip on her pussy hair. "I believe I also heard you comment on Ms. Goodbody's shapely ass. Although it's not directly involved, it does have an important role in the reproductive process in that a great ass grabs a man's attention. Who can tell me why men are so attracted to large breasts and a round, shapely ass, even though they have nothing to do with reproduction?"  
  
"'Cuz you gotta have somthin' to hold on to while you're bangin' the bitch," said a jock named Randy from the back of the class.  
  
His buddies slapped his back and gave him several high-fives, while more than a few girls gave him the evil eye and made sounds of disgust.  
  
"Well, there is that," Mr. Cox said, his voice laced with uncharacteristic amusement. "But the real reason is much more elemental than that. You see, on a primal level man seeks out fertile women who are best able to carry and rear his offspring. Large breasts and a shapely ass are indications that a woman is healthy and will be able to nourish her young."  
  
Nina was startled when Mr. Cox suddenly released her and stepped away. He'd gotten her in such a state she was weak-kneed and could feel her pussy getting wet.  
  
"Hop up here," Mr. Cox commanded, guiding her back onto his desk. "Lean back on your elbows and spread those lovely legs so we can get a good look at your pretty pussy."  
  
Revealing herself like that would have been unthinkable just an hour before, but now she obeyed his command without question. Nina found it exhilarating the way her classmates were looking at her. Surveying the room, she saw expressions of undisguised lust and curiosity on the boys' faces and expressions of awe and envy on the girls' faces. Nina was amazed to see that Sally—the school tease—had actually pulled her skirt up to her hips so she could rub her pussy through her panties.  
  
One at a time, Mr. Cox lifted her legs, propping her heals on the edge of the desk to completely expose her pussy.  
  
"See how, when aroused, the outer lips of her pussy swell and separate, opening it for penetration and insemination. Look at how fat and distended her clit is and how her pussy is soaking wet," Mr. Cox said, his tone growing more harsh and vulgar. "Oh yeah, you're ready for a good fucking, aren't you, bitch?"  
  
Nina was caught off guard by the question and the change in his demeanor, but before she could respond, he turned back to the class and said, "Let's say Ms. Goodbody isn't ready and needs some encouragement. What are some ways to get a bitch hot and wet and ready for fucking?"  
  
"Why do you need to get her ready at all?" Randy scoffed. "Just rape the bitch."  
  
There were more than a few angry hisses from the female students, but they were drowned out by shouts of encouragement from the males.  
  
"Yeah, just rape the bitch!"  
  
"Fuck the slut hard!"  
  
"Man, the cunt's been askin' for it!"  
  
Nina couldn't believe what she was hearing or how much the idea of Mr. Cox raping her, on his desk, in front of the entire class really turned her on. God, she thought, I really must be a slut, after all.  
  
"All right, settle down!" Mr. Cox ordered. "Now to answer Mr. Wood's question, you could just rape her, but fucking a dry slut is as painful for the man as it is the slut. It's like scrubbing your dick with sandpaper. And it takes a lot of effort to overpower a woman and force yourself on her. It's much easier to get her hot and begging for your dick. So what are some ways to get a slut nice and wet?"  
  
The students called out a number of answers: kissing, playing with her nipples, dirty talk, spanking, fingering her clit, etc.  
  
"Those are all excellent answers," Mr. Cox said, "but let's focus on masturbation. Now, each bitch has her own way she likes to get off. Ms. Goodbody, why don't you show us how you finger your pussy."  
  
Nina knew Mr. Cox wasn't really asking her, he was commanding her. But could she really do it? Could she actually finger her pussy in front of all these people? Even though she was a virgin, she'd often rubbed her clit until she came—but only at night, in her darkened bedroom, when she was all alone. She didn't know if she had the nerve to do it in public.  
  
Although . . . hadn't she found the courage to take off all her clothes and parade around the school buck-naked? If she could do that, so could do anything, right? And this is what she wanted, wasn't it? To ruin her reputation as a goodie-goodie and do something wild and reckless? What better way to do that than to masturbate with her whole Advance Biology class and teacher watching every flick of her finger? And her pussy was wet and aching for relief . . .  
  
Biting her lower lip, Nina closed her eyes and, putting all her weight on her left elbow, she slowly inched her right hand down over her hip to her pussy. At first, she simply rubbed her outer pussy lips, but soon she was rubbing between them, collecting the moisture seeping from her vagina, spreading it over her inner folds and around her clit. It felt so good to touch her pussy her breathing quickened and her pussy produced even more cream. Nina couldn't remember ever being so turned on.  
  
Unbidden, an image of Mr. Cox standing before her crept into her mind. As her fingering became more purposeful—her index and middle fingers circling her clit with gradually increasing pressure, occasionally dipping into her virgin hole to collect more juices—Nina's fantasy Mr. Cox began taking off his clothes. Thanks to her Internet research on National Nude Day, Nina had seen pictures of nude men, so it wasn't too difficult to visualize Mr. Cox's beautifully naked body.  
  
Once naked, he knelt between her legs and her probing, teasing fingers became his soft, slick tongue and voracious mouth. His tongue delved into her narrow passage, consuming her sweet juices as fast as her pussy produced them. Then he flattened his tongue and licked her slit in several broad strokes from bottom to top before his lips captured her engorged clit. He sucked, nibbled, and licked her tender nubbin so wickedly, Nina's body arched violently off the desk, her hips grinding her pussy against his face. In no time at all, Nina was crying out as she experienced the most intense orgasm of her young life. After the convulsions of pleasure ceased, Nina collapsed in a languid heap on Mr. Cox's desk.  
  
When she finally recovered, Nina opened her eyes and lazily sat up. She'd been so absorbed in her fantasy, she hadn't realized her classmates had enjoyed the show so much they'd joined in. Some wore a dreamy, satisfied look and slumped in their seats, suggesting to Nina that they'd come right along with her. Several girls were panting, their hands still stuffed inside their panties while they madly rubbed their pussies. Several boys had their dicks out and were furiously whacking off. Hypnotized by the display, Nina watched as Randy came with a loud shout, shooting his cum out so far that it landed on the little redheaded girl who sat in front of him.  
  
At that moment, scattered gasps and shocked exclamations jerked Nina's attention away from the copious amount of cum streaming down the side of the redhead's face.  
  
"Oh . . . my . . . Gawd!"  
  
"Would ya just look at that bad boy!"

"So that's how he got his name!"  
  
Following their line of sight, Nina was astonished to see that Mr. Cox had stripped off all his clothes and stood next to her in all his naked glory. Even her most vivid imaginings couldn't compare to the reality of his impressively masculine form. Nina leisurely took in his broad shoulders, sculpted muscles, and washboard abs. Dark brown hair lightly dusted his chest, swirling around large, flat, male nipples and arrowing down to his groin.  
  
Nina's eyes widened and an involuntary whimper escaped her throat when she saw the thing that had so fascinated the other girls. Mr. Cox's cock stood proudly erect, rising dramatically from a dense thatch of pubic hair. Nina had never dreamed a cock could be so . . . enormous. It had to be at least nine inches long and as thick as her wrist. Veins bulging, the large plum-shaped head red and leaking pre-cum, he looked painfully hard and about to burst. The sight his giant tool pointing directly at her was more than enough make her mouth dry and her body squirm with renewed lust. Idly licking her parched lips, Nina found it both magnificent and frightening.  
  
Mr. Cox abruptly grabbed her ankle and tugged her to him, causing her to shriek in surprise. Before she knew what was happening, she was sprawled out lengthwise on his desk with Mr. Cox between her legs, looming above her, his fiery green eyes devouring her.  
  
"Look at you," he snarled, fisting her hair in his hand, "you're just a dirty little whore, aren't you? You had everyone fooled, pretending to be sweet and innocent and good—but you not. You're really a nasty little tease who wants a cock up her cunt, aren't you? Aren't you?!"  
  
Too many emotions—fear, shame, excitement, desire—warred within Nina, making coherent speech—or even thought—impossible, so she just shook her head stupidly.  
  
"Don't you say no," he hissed, yanking her hair, forcing her to arch her back, her heaving breasts nearly grazing his chest hair. "You strutted around here naked, flaunting that hot body, making every disk hard, then fingered your pussy till you came, showing everyone how much you want to be fucked. Tell me you want it, whore!"  
  
"Please," Nina begged. But they both knew he was right and that she was actually pleading for his cock.  
  
"Please what, whore? I want to hear you say it."  
  
"Please fuck me, Mr. Cox," Nina said, her voice quivering with anticipation.  
  
Never breaking eye contact with her, Mr. Cox said to the class, "I think it's time Ms. Goodbody and I demonstrated the act of conception. But first I need to determine whether or not she's fertile." To Nina he asked, "Are you on birth control?"  
  
"No," she answered on a mere whisper. She couldn't believe this was really happening.  
  
"When is your period due?"  
  
Her checks colored slightly, but she said, "A couple of weeks."  
  
"Perfect," he announced, then leaned in, taking a deep breath, filling his lungs with her scent. "I thought I smelled it on you. A bitch in heat."  
  
Nina expected him to slam his massive cock in her right then and there, but instead she felt one of his blunt-tipped fingers probe her entrance and slide into her tight sheath. He groaned when he felt her virgin barrier. "Oh yeah, I'd always hoped you'd be a virgin."  
  
Nina's brow furrowed in confusion. Always? Had Mr. Cox thought about her before today? It seemed incomprehensible to Nina that her stern teacher had fantasized about taking her virginity. However, all thought quickly vanished the moment Nina felt Mr. Cox replace his finger with the bulbous head of his cock.  
  
Poised for penetration, he asked, "You know this'll make you mine, right bitch?"  
  
"Yes," she rasped.  
  
"You want me to pop your cherry with my big cock, don't you, whore?" he teased, squeezing her breast with one hand while the other still clutched her hair.  
  
Unable to draw breath, Nina simply nodded.  
  
"Beg me, slut," he ordered, pulling her hair. "Beg me to pop your cherry. Beg me to give you my cum."  
  
This wasn't what Nina had bargained for when she'd come up with her National Nude Day plan, but now she couldn't imagine wanting anything more—not even her precious perfect GPA. "Please, pop my cherry."  
  
"Sir," he yelled. "Please pop my cherry, sir."  
  
"Please, pop my cherry, sir."  
  
"And?"  
  
"Please, sir, please pop my cherry and give me your cum!"  
  
With a satisfied growl, he thrust his monstrous cock into Nina's tiny pussy, savagely ripping through her virgin barrier. Nina cried out as a searing pain overwhelmed her.  
  
Sliding deep into her wet heat, Mr. Cox moaned blissfully. "Fuck, your cunt is tight."  
  
Frantic to get away from the source of her unexpected pain, Nina kicked her legs, trying to gain leverage to scramble out from under him, but she only succeeded in impaling herself further on his cock.  
  
"No, stop," she wailed.  
  
"Shut up, bitch," Mr. Cox sneered, settling his heavy body on top of hers to stop her struggling, "you wanted my cock."  
  
"Please let me go," she implored, trying to push him off of her with her arms, but she was no match for his weight.  
  
He yanked her hair again and said through gritted teeth, "You begged for my cock, cunt, so take it!"  
  
He slammed into Nina, burying his cock to the hilt. Nina had flinched, expecting even more pain, so she was extremely relieved when it didn't come. She just felt impossibly stretched and completely filled by his pulsating member.  
  
"Damn, your cunt feels good on my cock," he said, slowly easing his cock out and then back in.  
  
It was then that Nina felt the first waves of pleasure and relaxed, enjoying the new sensations he was creating in her body. The ridges of his cock rubbed the walls of her pussy as he moved in and out, causing her inner muscles to clench his shaft even tighter.  
  
"Oh fuck yeah," Mr. Cox grunted. "That's it, you hot little slut, squeeze my fucking cock."  
  
Nina had been wet before thanks to her previous orgasm, but now that she was getting into his fucking, she was positively sopping. Her mind growing hazy with her increasing pleasure, Nina barely noticed the squishing sound being produced every time he drew his cock out of her snug, slick pussy and slid it back in.  
  
Mr. Cox released her hair and turned her head so that her warm cheek pressed into the cool wooden surface of his desk and she faced the class. Nina had been so engrossed in their fucking, she'd forgotten that the entire class was looking on. Now, she saw that every one of them was enthusiastically masturbating, their eyes glued to the spot between Nina's legs were Mr. Cox fucked his cock into her cunt again and again, faster and faster.  
  
"Look at them watching you, bitch," Mr. Cox rumbled in her ear. "All of them can see what you really are. They'll always know you're such a nasty cunt that you begged me to fuck you in front of them."  
  
Nina knew good girls didn't behave like this. She knew only the most wanton slut would let her teacher fuck her, and probably impregnate her, while her classmates looked on. This was irresponsible, reckless, lewd, nasty—and she love it!  
  
"Oh God," she moaned, luxuriating in the feelings bombarding her senses.  
  
"Yeah, this is what you wanted, isn't it, whore," he taunted, sawing his huge cock into her once-virgin pussy, again and again, harder and deeper.  
  
Nina could only moan her assent as she began to move beneath him, her hips rising to meet his thrusts, unable to take her eyes off of her fellow students getting off while watching her. A pressure she'd never experienced began building inside her as Mr. Cox pounded her pussy, the base of his groin mashing her clit with every thrust.  
  
"Tell me how much you love it, slut," he demanded.  
  
"I do," she cried, "I do love it. Please don't stop."  
  
"Don't stop what, whore?"  
  
"Fucking me . . . don't . . . stop . . . fucking . . . me!"  
  
"Fucking you with what, slut?"  
  
"Your cock," she panted, the mind-numbing pleasure ever increasing the pressure building inside her. "Please . . . keep . . . fucking . . . me . . . with . . . your . . . big . . . cock."  
  
"Sir," he reminded her, pinching her nipple sharply, making Nina gasp with even more pleasure.  
  
"Please keep . . . fucking me . . . with your . . . big cock . . . sir!"  
  
Drilling her throbbing cunt harder than ever, Mr. Cox growled, "I'm going to come, bitch. Beg for my cum, slut."  
  
"Please, sir," Nina wailed, feeling she'd shatter into a million pieces any second, "please give me you cum, sir."  
  
With a primal roar, Mr. Cox threw his head back, slammed his cock into Nina one last time, and exploded, filling her fertile young womb with his boiling hot cum. The instant she felt the first splash of cum, Nina screamed out with her own climax, her pussy muscles spasming around his cock, milking it of every last drop of cum. And he was more than happy to give it to her. He was still pumping her full of his potent cum, when her body gave out and melted into a sated pile of quivering flesh on his desk. Nina didn't think she'd ever be able to move again.  
  
But then Mr. Cox pulled his deflating member from her aching pussy, grabbed her arm, and pulled her off the desk, so she fell to the floor, kneeling at his feet.  
  
He took her head in his hands and pulled her face to his groin. "Clean my dick, cunt."  
  
Both exhausted and exhilarated, Nina eagerly licked his spent member, tasting the sweetness of her own juices, the tangy-ness of her virgin blood, and the saltiness of his sperm.  
  
"Now, " Mr. Cox said to the class, "it's time to show me how much you learned watching me fuck this bitch. Everyone pair up. Men claim your bitch and have her suck your cock until it's hard—but don't come in her mouth!"  
  
Taking off what clothes they still had on, the students did as instructed, but there were three more boys in the class than there were girls. Randy, another football player named Chad, and a small geeky guy named Harold were without partners.  
  
"Mr. Cox," Randy asked, "can Chad and I pretend Harold's a bitch? I can fuck his ass and Chad can fuck his mouth like we would a pussy."  
  
"Oh, all right," Mr. Cox said impatiently. "Just as long as you remember you can't get anyone pregnant that way."  
  
Nina had stopped cleaning Mr. Cox's cock to watch her classmates in action, but Mr. Cox grabbed her by her hair and pushed her face back into his groin. "Get back to work, bitch. I want my dick nice and clean before I fuck you again."  
  
Nina's heart leapt in her chest hearing that Mr. Cox wanted to fuck her again, but her pussy was so sore she couldn't imagine becoming aroused anytime soon. But she supposed that didn't really matter. Mr. Cox would fuck her whether she was aroused or not. She should have been appalled by the idea, but was actually strangely content.  
  
While Nina lovingly laved the cock that had taken her virginity and had given her so much pleasure, she felt the sticky result of their fucking slowly leaking from her tender pussy. He tasted like heaven and smelled even better. Licking his shaft, she buried her nose in his pubic hair and took a deep breath, filling her lungs with his unique manly scent. She was thrilled to discover that he was also bathed in her own scent. It was like she'd marked him as surely as he'd marked her.  
  
Once she'd licked his cock clean, Nina lifted it with her hand and started licking his huge balls.  
  
"That's it, slut, lick my balls," Mr. Cox growled, guiding her hand to stroke his quickly swelling cock. "Take them in your mouth and give them a good cleaning."  
  
Nina tried, but they were just too big to fit in her mouth, so she licked and sucked as much as she could, massaging the rest with her other hand. Mr. Cox groaned in pleasure and Nina could feel his cock getting harder and harder, so she assumed she was doing a good job.  
  
Eventually, Mr. Cox pulled Nina's mouth away from his balls and directed it to the head of his cock. "Suck my cock, bitch. Show everyone what a hungry little slut you are."  
  
Nina could only take a few inches into her mouth, but she worked the rest of the shaft with her hand the way he'd shown her and continued to massage his balls with the other. As she worked her mouth up and down his shaft, Nina found she could take more and more of him, until the head was at the entrance to her throat, almost gagging her.  
  
"Fuck yeah, whore, suck it hard," he hissed. "But don't you make me come. I'm saving my cum for that hot cunt."  
  
Now completely erect, Nina could barely get her hand around the base of his cock and could feel his pulse beating against her lips. Fervently lapping the pre-cum dripping from the head, Nina had never imagined she'd enjoy giving head, but she loved it all. She loved knowing she was making him hard. She loved him fucking her. She loved people watching her. She loved his vulgar tone and the names he called her. She loved calling him sir. She loved his cum in her cunt. And she loved the taste of his dick.  
  
"That's enough, slut," Mr. Cox said, pulling her away from his cock and jerking her to her feet. "All right," Mr. Cox said to the class, bending Nina over his desk so her ass was in the air. "It's time to get your bitch wet and ready for fucking. I think we'll try spanking this time."  
  
Nina freaked at the word spanking and began struggling to get away from him. No one had ever spanked her—not even her very strict father—and the thought of Mr. Cox doing it now scared her like nothing else could.  
  
But Mr. Cox put a strong arm on her back and forced her back down onto his desk. "Stay still, bitch, or I'll make you very sorry."  
  
Nina believed him and knew she'd never be able to overpower him, so she stopped struggling despite her fear. She squeezed her eyes shut and prayed it wouldn't hurt too badly.  
  
To the class, he instructed, "Bend your bitch over the nearest desk and smack her ass like this . . ."  
  
Smack!  
  
Even though Nina was braced for it, the stinging slap made her sheik in pain and her eyes well with tears.  
  
"And keep spanking her," Mr. Cox continued, "until you think she's ready for a good, hard fucking."  
  
Smack . . . smack!  
  
"That's for pretending you were a good girl," Mr. Cox told Nina, who was now opening crying.  
  
Smack . . . smack . . . smack!  
  
"And that's for being a cock tease."  
  
Nina knew she should stay still and take her punishment, but she couldn't seem to stop herself from trying to escape his heavy-handed blows. Of course her efforts were useless, he just held her down and kept wailing away at her burning ass.  
  
Smack . . . smack . . . smack . . . smack!  
  
"And that's for showing everyone your pussy."  
  
Smack . . . smack . . . smack . . . smack . . . smack!  
  
"And that's for being a nasty little slut."  
  
And so it continued, but to Nina's amazement she began to feel something other than pain. It seemed that each blow sent a jolt of pleasure straight to her pussy. She'd thought her pussy too sore to become aroused again, but before long, she was sobbing with need, her pussy dripping wet and her ass involuntarily rising to meet his blows.  
  
"That should be enough," Mr. Cox announced, pulling Nina's legs wide apart and firmly taking hold of her hips with both his hands. "Now mount your bitch and keep banging her until you shoot your cum deep in her cunt."  
  
In one mighty thrust, Mr. Cox buried his impossibly hard cock in Nina's cunt and she whimpered in relief. He immediately began pumping in long demanded strokes, slamming his hips against Nina's bruised ass, increasing the pleasure coursing through her body. His cock was driving deeper into her pussy in this position, such that Nina swore she could feel the head nudging the entrance to her womb. The sensation was so erotic that Nina came with a keening cry, her pussy convulsing so violently she thought she might force his dick out of her body. But Mr. Cox kept right on thrusting into her cunt, making her orgasm unbelievably intense.  
  
Laying his body on top of her back, putting his weight in his elbows, Mr. Cox rumbled in Nina's ear, "It's going to take me much longer to come this time, whore. I'm going to give you a long, hard fuck before I give you my cum."  
  
Nina moaned at his boastful declaration. It seemed impossible that she could come again after her last orgasm, but already she could feel another one building inside her.  
  
Mr. Cox turned her head like he had before, so Nina was facing the class. Nina's eyes widened at the scene before her. Her classmates were going at it like wild animals. All around the room, girls were bent over desks just like she was, while boys fucked them to an inch of their lives. Nina noticed that none of them seemed to mind and were actually egging the boys on. The pungent aroma of sweat and sex permeated the classroom and a symphony of slapping, moaning, grunting, and raucous exclamations reverberated off the walls.  
  
"Fuck me harder, baby!"  
  
"Christ, your pussy's wet!"  
  
"Take it all, bitch!"  
  
"Do you like watching them, slut?" Mr. Cox murmured in Nina's ear, never letting up on his rhythmic thrusts, his heavy balls repeatedly slamming her clit.  
  
"Yes," Nina answered, watching Sally squeal with pleasure, as her pussy was drilled quite thoroughly by Mark, the boy who'd complimented Nina's ass.  
  
"Does it turn you on to watch or be watched, whore?"  
  
"Both," Nina wailed as she came again, tidal waves of pleasure almost drowning her in unconsciousness.  
  
"Fuck," Mr. Cox grunted, thrusting his cock faster. "You're such a nasty little slut."  
  
Once Nina could breathe again, her eyes focused in on Harold, who was at the back of the room, getting fucked in the ass by Randy and in the mouth by Chad. She would have felt sorry for poor Harold, but he wore an expression of such rapture that Nina knew he loved everything that was happening to him. Nina had never watched men fucking each other before. For that matter, she'd never watched anyone fuck before today, but the sight of the two jocks giving it to Harold in both ends transfixed Nina and sent a shiver rippling through her body.  
  
Mr. Cox must have followed her line of sight, because he asked her, "Does that get you hot, bitch?"  
  
Nina couldn't deny it. There was something so forbidden, so illicit, so . . . erotic about the scene that spoke to the naughtiest part of Nina's true nature. "Yes, it gets me so hot, sir."  
  
Her admission seemed drive him wild, because he starting ramming his dick in and out of her cunt still harder, faster, and deeper. "I knew you were a filthy slut. Only the nastiest, filthiest, most shameless slut would get off on watching men fuck each other."  
  
Mr. Cox's derision and aggressive fucking combined with the sight of Harold being hammered was getting Nina so aroused she felt her fourth orgasm of the day quickly approaching. Then she saw Randy and Chad both dump their loads into Harold at the same time and she lost it, coming so hard she thought she might actually die of pleasure.  
  
"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Mr. Cox yelled as he climaxed with her, slamming the head of his cock into the back of pussy, shooting load after load deep into her womb.  
  
Just then, the bell rang throughout the school, signaling the end of first period. As Nina lay on Mr. Cox's desk trying to remember where she was—or even her own name—she was barely aware of Mr. Cock withdrawing from her swollen, cum-filled pussy and the rest of her classmates scrambling into their clothes.  
  
"Read chapter thirteen for tomorrow," Mr. Cox shouted above the chatter before they rushed off to their next class.  
  
Nina didn't want to move. She wanted to stay right where she was for the next two years at least. But she knew she couldn't. She had Social Studies next period and she had to give a speech of National Nude Day. After all, that's what started this wild ride in the first place.

Feeling weaker than she'd ever felt in her entire life, Nina pushed herself up from the desk and turned around. Mr. Cox had his back to her and was busy zipping up his slacks. She opened her mouth to say something to him, but she promptly closed it again. She had no idea what she should say, so she just staggered to her desk on shaky legs and gathered up her things.  
  
When she started for the door, Mr. Cox called, "Just a minute, Ms. Goodbody."  
  
Nina turned around to see him—shirtless—leaning over his desk, writing something on a piece of paper. As she watched, he straightened and fixed her with his penetrating green eyes. "Come here."  
  
It was like she was in a trance, couldn't do anything else but go to him. Once in front of him, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her so passionately, her whole body melted against his. When they finally came up for air, Mr. Cox said, "You'll never know how long I've wanted to do that."  
  
Nina smiled up at him, her heart soaring with joy.  
  
He smiled back at her and then frowned. "You do know you're mine now, right?"  
  
"Yes," Nina said, unable to stop smiling.  
  
He pressed the piece of paper into her hand and said, "Here's my address. I think you're going to need some extra tutoring in this subject. Be at my house at four o'clock. And don't be late."  
  
Nina was so happy she would've agreed to anything at that point. "Okay."  
  
She gasped when she felt his fingers delve into her freshly fucked pussy. Then he brought his fingers to her lips and coated them with their combined juices. "Don't clean yourself off today," Mr. Cox said. "I want everyone to see that your mine. You better still have my cum on you when you come to my house later, or I'll spank you so hard you won't been able to sit for a week. Is that clear?"  
  
Licking the cum from her lips, Nina said, "Yes, sir."  
  
"Good," he said, smiling. "Now go give your speech on National Nude Day."  
  
Feeling Mr. Cox's cum trickling down her thighs, Nina couldn't wipe the stupid grin off her face as she walked down the hall to Mrs. Homely's Social Studies class. She had a feeling this was going to be the best day of her life. Call it woman's intuition, but Nina sensed she was not only going to get an "A" on her National Nude Day project . . . but also an "A+" in reproduction.