After School Punishment

by Lolita ©

Just one of those girls you laid in bed at night and thought about while

you whacked off. Her name was Amanda Beckmen but everyone called her

Mandy. She was a cheerleader, president of the school dance committee, the

Winter Ball Queen. All of that and she was young, a fresh little thing. If

this had been a normal situation I would just have gone up and asked her

out. I'm not intimidated by girls. The only problem was... she was my

student.

Mandy had all the elements that men, not just high school boys, dream of.

Curves of a perky 34C chest, 25 inch waist, and 36 luscious inches of

perfect hips. Her ass was tight and she walked like Marilyn Monroe. She

often wore clothing to accent her well-formed hour glass and it distracted

not only the teen-age gawkers in my class but me as well.

Dress was definitely one of her strongest suits, unfortunately, Biology II

was not. Mandy was not stupid by any means, she just had one too many

upperclassmen sitting around her in my class. Always a flirt, Mandy seemed

to prefer boys older than her. Sometimes when I was in the shower I would

tug at my meat wondering how she would like an older man. But in class the

next day I would have to push those thoughts aside or risk an embarrassing

situation in the middle of my 4th period class.

The day the trouble started was a day Mandy was being particularly noisy

in class. My students in 4th period always seem to be a little more uppity

because it's right after lunch so I try to let it slide when they act up

for the first twenty minutes or so. But it was well into the hour and

Mandy was interrupting my lecture by her giggles. While writing something

on the bored I saw her out of the corner of my eye, flirting with one of

the senior football players that sits next to her. I turned and gave her a

slight "a-hem" and a semi-mean look. I thought she had gotten the point.

I continued with my lesson and suddenly heard a giggle and a whisper.

Turning around I saw Mandy's green eyes flash with the fear of getting

caught.

"Miss Beckmen, if you are so bored in my class perhaps we should assign

extra work to keep you busy."

She settled back in her seat and folded her hands in her lap. "No Sir."

"Good then, I can continue." And I went on.

I gave the students my assignment for the day and sat down at my desk and

started working on grades. About five minutes later I glanced up at Mandy.

It was so always so hard to scold her and today was no exception. She had

on a little black skirt, very short and pleated, with a tight pink sweater

very low cut in the neck line. Mandy's tan breasts rose and fell with her

breathing. Her hair was mostly blonde but it had a hint of hell-cat red in

it , was pulled up in a long pony tail of curls that spilled down around

her neck. Her jewelry was a small silver chain with a tiny heart charm and

small silver hoops in her ears that she would fidget with while she read.

My view traveled south and a wondered if that skirt that she was wearing

was with-in the bounds of the school dress code. I also wondered what was

under it. Her legs were crossed, black thigh-highs hugged them and a cute

pair of 50's style oxfords finished off her ensemble.

My eyes darted back and forth from her to the grade book .......until I

caught her passing a note to the girl on the right.

"Amanda! That is the last straw. You be back here after the last bell, I

am going to make sure you have enough work to keep you busy in here for

the rest of the quarter," I growled.

Her green eyes snapped with anger and she whined, "But Mr. Smith I'm

sorry! I have cheer-leading practice after school!" As she protested she

leaned forward with cleavage spilling out of her sweater. This girl made

it real hard for you to get mad at her, but I had to be strong.

"You'll just have to explain to the cheer-leading advisor why you missed

practice then," was my reply. I couldn't back down, "we will discuss it

after school." She immediately set back and pouted in her chair until the

bell rang. As she left the room I made it a point to remind her, "I'll see

you after school Mandy." She predictably flounced out of class.

My last school period of the day is what we teachers are given as a

"planning" hour. We normally grade or make lesson plans for the next day.

Today I had a stack of tests on my desk that I really did not feel like

grading. I started to straighten the desks in my room and I eventually

came to Mandy's. I started to wonder what my punishment would be. I really

didn't have any extra work for her to do and her grade average of a B was

better than most of the class. Maybe I would have her grade papers I did

not want to mess with and then send her home with a good lecture on

classroom decorum.

A smile crept up in the corners of my mouth when I thought about how her

cleavage had almost fell right out of that sweater. Hey I'm human, and was

only 25 at the time. I guess I'm attractive; 5'11", brown hair and hazel

eyes, athletic build. No problem getting a date. Then why on earth was I

standing here getting hard at the thought of this, this, this girl?

The sound of the last bell broke my thoughts and I quickly went to my desk

and sat down, trying to hide the damage of my wondering mind. When Mandy

walked in I pretended not to notice and continued working on straightening

my desk. Finally she approached, "Mr. Smith, I'm sorry, I mean I know that

I was wrong and all its just that Becky is having a really hard time with

her boyfriend and she needed my advice," she began to explain.

"What does this have to do with the disturbance in class today?" I questioned.

"That's what the note was about," she went on, "I was telling her what I thought."

"Well Mandy, note passing in not permitted in school and it makes me feel

very unrespected when you do it on my time," I lectured. "Now here is a

stack of tests. Grade everything but the essay and we will talk about punishment."

Mandy picked up the stack of papers and I handed her a red ink pen. She

got to work. I begin to work on the assignment for the next day as she

quickly graded. My eyes would occasionally dart over her body. This

continued for half an hour. A junior named Allen came in and asked for

help on an assignment. When he left I looked down the hall. My wing of the

school was empty. When I turned back around I found Mandy staring at me.

Her pink little tongue was softly caressing the red pen top between her

parted lips. I only got a half a second to view this before she snapped

her head back down and continued grading.

It only took that half a second for me to get hard. That hot little pink

tongue darting was more than I could take. I returned to my desk and

wondered if she knew I had caught her. I decided to be a little bold.

"Mandy, Becky wouldn't be having sexual problems with her boyfriend would

she?" I ventured.

"Sex!?" she squeaked out, "um, why do you ask? I mean did you read the

note?"

"Well, no, but so many times today young girls are pressured into having

sex and I wondered if that was the problem."

"Um, well yeah. I mean she's not a virgin," Mandy blurted out, then caught

herself. She turned red and stammered, "It was about sex but a different

kind of sex."

"Oh I see," I nodded my head and tried to ignore the bulge in my pants.

Mandy's eyes seemed to dance a little. I pressed on, "what kind would that

be?"

She looked taken aback even more now, "oral sex," came her quick reply.

I had to see how far she would take this, "and she asked you for advice?"

Mandy blushed to the roots of her hair and shifted in her seat. A nod was

her only reply. My eyes locked with hers for a moment. She had a look of

lust on her pretty little face and she knew exactly where I was going with

this. Instead of giving up the ghost completely I told her to finish the

tests. It was only a few minutes later she brought me the tests. She

leaned over the front of my desk and handed them to me, those tan breasts

heaving forward again. I told her to come around to me so I could level

with her. She did as told and I looked up at her from my seat. My cock and

my brain were debating over what to do.

"Well Mandy we can get this over with all at once or you will have to be

in here everyday after school this week, what will it be?" I started in. I

had an idea.

"OK, what do I need to do, a report or something? Just tell me cuz I

really need to get going..." she began to babble.

"Alright lean over my desk and hike your skirt up so you can receive

swats," I calmly said.

"WHAT?" she almost screamed, "SWATS?? I haven't been spanked in school

since I was in 2nd grade, this is silly!"

"You know that they are still part of the punishment system at our school.

Swats or your in here every day this week," I explained knowing her social

life was too important for her to waste time in class after school.

She scrunched up her face and turned around, bending over my desk she

flipped the back of her skirt up over her behind. A lace white thong

appeared into my view traveling along her tight ass. No tan lines I

noticed as I reached for the paddle in my desk. Never had I spanked a

girl, and Mandy knew as well as I did that it was not mandatory for the

spankee to be bare-bottomed. I knew I had free range now. She was willing

to play.

I raised the paddle and told her to hold onto my desk, I struck her just

hard enough to leave a little red mark and she yelped out loud. I repeated

this two more times before she breathlessly said, "Mr. Smith please just

use your hand, that board hurts sooooo bad."

I sat it on my desk and raised my hand, bringing it down and smacking her

tight little ass. This time I heard her gasp. I did it again and again. I

felt her ass wiggle back into my hand the third time. Feeling my cock stir

in my pants I knew the gig was up, I stopped spanking her and begin to

trace my finger tip down the crack of her ass were those knickers lie. She

shivered.

"Oh Mr. Smith, what are you doing," she asked in the ficklest scared tone

I have ever heard.

"Punishing you," I told her and I turned her around.

Her mouth found mine and our tongues became tangled. As I began to travel

down to her neck, nibbling and licking here and there my hands reached up

under her skirt and each squeezed a perfect ass cheek. I picked her up by

her cute little ass and set her up on my desk. Her fingers where working

on my shirt and had it undone and before I knew it it was on the floor. I

dropped to my knees in front of her and leaned forward into the crotch of

her knickers. They smelled damp and musky with her juices. I slide my

tongue along her panty line and she moaned and whined. I repeated this

action as my hands traveled up to pull the material over her hips. Then I

push her skirt up around her waist and stood back to take in my view.

Mandy's head was tossed back and she had her arms bracing herself back on

the desk. Those tiny white knickers were binding her at the ankles. Her

nipples were hard and erect through the fuzzy pink of her sweater. Her

pussy was shaven, and a little bit of juice was beginning to appear on the

lips that were starting to puff out. I slide my right index finger down

her moist slit and then pushed in slightly at the bottom, sinking it

slightly into her hole before pulling it out and traveling up to her clit.

When my finger brushed into it she lost control and let out a scream,

loosing her grip on the desk she fell onto her back.

"Mr. Smith please, you are teasing me," Mandy whispered when I removed my

hand. I leaned forward and kissed her lips and then gave them a quick

swipe with my tongue.

"You want me Mandy? Do you?," I asked. My cock was so hard now it wouldn't

have mattered what she said. I reached down with one hand and begin to

stroke her clit again; the other worked on unbuttoning my fly.

"Oh God yes! Please Mr. Smith, please, " she begged. My cock sprang free

as the jerked my pants with my boxers down around my knees. I removes my

finger from her swollen clit and traveled down to her hole again. I sank

my finger in deeper this time and I could feel how hot and tight she was.

She squeezed my finger from the inside of her velvet vise. I knew it was

time for lunch.

After a another moment or so I finally buried my face into her sweet

pussy. I started by only inserting my tongue a fraction of the way into

her slit, driving her to grind her hips into my face. The next thing I

knew I had a tanned set of thighs wrapped around my head. Mandy moaned and

withered on my desk. My tongue was down doing flat laps all over her

pussy, occasionally rolling her clit with my tongue. About three minutes

into this, Mandy came.

"Oh Oh OH OH OH OH OH GOD YES OH YES PLEASE OH GOD!" she screamed. Her

juices flowed and I attempted to swallow every last drop. She tasted so

sweet and I wanted her to sample herself, so I leaned up with a mouth full

of her honey and gave her a passionate kiss.

"Mmmmmmm," Mandy cooed. I smiled at her. My cock brushed against her bare

thigh and jerked. It desperately needed attention. Mandy seemed to read my

mind. She reached down and slid her hand along the length, tracing her

fingertips lightly over the head as her breathing returned to normal.

"Sit in your chair," she nearly commanded me. I did as told. Mandy crawled

off the desk, her skirt fell back down over her hips. She quickly removed

her sweater and stood in front of me in only her white lace bra and skirt.

I reached out to touch her nipples but Mandy pushed my hand away.

"Uh uhhh, you keep your hands off for now," she told me.

"I thought I was the teacher," I reasoned.

"Oh you are, I am going to work on some extra credit." She dropped to her

knees and took my cock in her hand again, pumping it up and down, I leaned

my head back and enjoyed. Mandy's tongue found the head of my cock and

traced circles around it. I felt her other hand tickle my balls. Her mouth

traveled all the way down the length, licking and kissing softly. Then

before I knew what hit me, Mandy had all 7 inches of my in her mouth and

down her throat. My hands begin entwined at the back of her head and

slowly began to bob with her in time. I felt her moan lowly and the

sensation raced through my cock. I nearly came at that so I pushed her off

my cock quickly.

"What's wrong Mr. Smith?" Mandy's wide eyed response came, "what kinda

grade am I getting today?"

I smiled down at her and pulled her to her feet. I stood myself and

embraced her, running my hand along the back of her bra and unfastening

it. "Oh Mandy, Becky is a smart, smart young lady to ask you for help. You

certainly know what your talking about." My hands grabbed the twin mounds

of flesh on Mandy's chest and then tweaked the nipples. I dipped my head

and pulled the left one into my mouth, biting it softly and then licking

my way over to the other one where I repeated the process. Mandy's voice

was starting to raise again in her moans and I pulled back up to her face

and looked her straight in the eye.

"Mandy do you want me to stick my cock in you and slam it in and out until

you scream?" I demanded to know.

"Oh yes please Mr. Smith, fuck me please," she pleaded. What's a man to

do? I turned her around and forced her back into her original position,

bending over my desk. She whimpered as I pushed her legs apart and rubbed

the head of my cock on her shiny wet opening. I couldn't take it any

longer, I grabbed her by the waist and positioned myself.

"Mandy you nasty little girl," I groaned as I slide my rock hard cock all

the way down her tight tunnel, she felt so good, "you were bad today! Do

you see what happens to naughty girls like you?" I slapped her ass for

effect.

Her ass pushed back and her tight little inner muscles squeezed on my

cock. She panted out, "yes Mr. Smith I know I was bad please punish me

some more."

I pulled almost all the way out of her and slammed full force back into

her, my cock squeezed into her honey hole. I began my all out assault on

her, slamming into her so hard I could hear my balls flapping against the

perfect cheeks of her ass. My pre-cum and her honey made a loud stucking

noise everytime I drove into her again. She was pushing her ass back to

meet my thrusts and tossing her head.

"Oh fuck me please! Shove that big hard cock into me, harder, harder, yeah

give it to me, yes, YES OH GOD YES," she panted. I grunted in response and

reached around under her and began to toy with her clit, she promptly

erupted all over my desk once again, squeezing my dick hard, causing me to

loose it. I pulled her up-right as I slammed her to the hilt, grabbing her

breasts, mashing her back against me, I buried my load deep inside my

student's hot quim.

We had collapsed forward onto my desk, my dick still deep inside her. I

looked down at that tight ass one more time as I slide my now softening

cock out of her now sloshy pussy. Our combined juices ran down her thighs.

Mandy was still laying face down on my desk, panting and shaking. I ran my

hands up her back and caressed her shoulders and neck. I wasn't sure how

to react at this point. I had just shot the biggest load of my life in

this sweet, young little thing. And then my brain took back over. What had

I just done? She was my student!

Mandy regained control over her body and her legs began to work again. She

stood up and once again her ass disappeared from my view under the black

pleats of her skirt. She reached down and pick her bra off my desk and put

it back on. I didn't know what to say as she dressed herself. I began to

slide my own clothes back on. I didn't want to say, "don't tell anyone,"

because she didn't seem like that kind of girl. I pulled my legs through

my khakis and searched for something appropriate to say.

"Mandy, I want you...."

"Mr. Smith, I hope that I'm...." we both said at the same time, followed

by a nervous laugh.

"Ladies first..."

"Well, I just hope that you know that I'm not going to tell anyone about

this. I mean I don't kiss and tell," she managed to get out. I just smiled

at her as I buttoned my shirt.

"Mandy I know, your a very sweet and smart girl. I could loose my job," I

gently replied. I wasn't sure where this was going.

"Um, I was wondering," she continued, "if I could maybe come in here for

some extra credit next week?'

She turned her face towards mine and finally met my eyes, she had a

mischievous little gleam about her. I nodded my head, baffled at what she

had just said. She pressed herself against me again and wrapped her arms

around my neck, giving me a long, hot kiss.

"I'm sure that would be fine Mandy," I told her when we broke the kiss.

She shoved something in my hand and fled the room.

So there I was, mystified by what had just happened. I look down at my

hand to see what Mandy had given me. It was her knickers and something

else, a piece of paper. I opened it and realized it was the note she had

started to pass to Becky. My eyes scanned it and an evil grin came to my

face when I read this passage.

"... that's all you have to do to drive him insane! I swear it just makes

them crazy. What I wouldn't do to wrap my lips around Mr. Smith's dick! I

bet he is good, real good. You know how I like older men!.."

I raised her knickers to my nose and inhaled her scent. I couldn't wait for

next week.