**An Evening with Mr. Logan**

by TheSparkZone

**An Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 1**

I'm a high school senior and my history teacher offered to help anyone that was having trouble in his class. I really didn't need his help, but I like Mr. Logan so I scheduled a study session with him. He was unable to meet with me after school because he already had meetings scheduled with some of my classmates. Therefore we agreed to Skype with each other one evening.  
  
Mr. Logan is a handsome man and he would be quite a catch for someone my mom’s age. He is probably pushing fifty, and he is relatively fit with stylish, but graying hair. Even though Mr. Logan is much older than me, he always makes me laugh and he gives me extra attention in class so Mr. Logan is definitely my favorite teacher.  
  
I'm not a dumb blonde, but on the night that I was supposed to Skype with Mr. Logan, I completely forgot about the meeting. Only minutes before the Skype session was supposed to begin, I was lounging on the couch and watching TV. School was the furthest thing from my mind. I was only wearing a tank top and a pair of panties because I didn't plan on going anywhere or seeing anyone that evening. Suddenly my mom walked into the room with a glass of wine in her hand.  
  
I said, "Mom, you’ve already had a couple glasses of wine at dinner. Why are you having another one?"  
  
She replied, "I got a raise at work today and I feel like celebrating. By the way, weren't you supposed to study with your teacher tonight?"  
  
I jumped up and said, "Oh no, I forgot all about it," and then I looked at the clock and added, "And I don't have time to change my clothes!"  
  
My mom asked, "You don't plan to meet with him in that outfit, do you? You look practically naked in those underpants."  
  
I looked down and said, "Well, if I stay seated at my desk, maybe he won't know that I don't have any pants on."  
  
My mom added, "What about the top?"  
  
I replied, "The top looks okay."  
  
My mom laughed and said, "Looks okay? That top is meant to be worn under another shirt. Your nipples are showing right through the thin material and it looks like you could fall out if you move the wrong way!"  
  
Then she put her hands on my shoulders and tried to jiggle my breasts out of my shirt.  
  
I said, "See, they stayed in place and besides, maybe he won't even notice."  
  
My mom laughed again and said, "Won't notice? He's a man...of course he'll notice! How can he miss these?"  
  
Then my mom reached out and pinched my nipples. I just giggled and pushed her hands away.  
  
I said, "Mom, every time you have a few drinks, you start pinching and grabbing me."  
  
She replied, "It’s only because I love you. Now make sure you keep these panties hidden from the man," and then she slipped her finger into my panties and tickled my butt crack while attempting to pull down my underpants.  
  
I giggled, pushed her hand away and said, "Well, at least you're not a mean drunk...gotta go," and then I hurried off to my bedroom.  
  
I have a perky set of c-cup breasts, which look full and firm on my petite frame. My thin tank top had shoestring straps over each shoulder and the top offered a clear view of my deep cleavage whenever I leaned forward. The straps have a tendency to slide off my shoulders when I lean to one side or the other, and sometimes they fall down far enough to expose my nipples. Since I wasn't wearing a bra, I'd have to be careful not to lean in any direction tonight, otherwise my teacher would get an eyeful!  
  
I was also wearing a pair of sheer white panties. The tiny undies were a tad too small for me, but I liked the feel of the silky see-through material against my intimate areas. Since the panties were too small for me, some of my butt crack hung out in back and I had a bit of camel toe going on in front. Remaining seated during the Skype session would have to be a top priority because these little undies left nothing to the imagination.  
  
When the session started, it was all business. Mr. Logan provided me with topics that would be on the final exam and I sat there taking notes. I pushed my long blonde hair off my shoulders. It allowed me to easily see my paper, but it also allowed Mr. Logan to easily see my barely covered titties.  
  
As I took notes, I leaned forward and it made me nervous because I could feel my boobs threatening to spill out of my top. I pretended not to notice and continued taking notes, but I could tell by the inflections in the man's voice that he was paying close attention to what was straining to escape from my flimsy top. I blushed and began to regret that I wore such a daring outfit, but it was too late to turn back now.  
  
Mr. Logan asked me to open my textbook and I shrieked, "My textbook?"  
  
He replied, "Yes, is that a problem?"  
  
I said, "Um, no. It's on the floor right next to me."  
  
I couldn't stand up in those little panties so I was forced to lean sideways to pick up the book. As I did, the strap over my left shoulder slid down my arm. When I sat up and opened the book, I could feel the edge of my top hanging precariously on my nipple.  
  
I was so embarrassed that I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to draw attention to my nearly exposed nipple so I just sat there and hoped for the best. The fabric tickled a little and stimulated my nipple, which made it hard like a pencil eraser. With my nipple poking out against the thin material, it actually kept the shirt from sliding down any further.  
  
I could see myself in a window on my computer screen and I was afraid my top would fall off any second. I could also see Mr. Logan in another window and although he tried hard to concentrate on my history lesson, his main focus was on my dangling top.  
  
My flimsy shirt stayed up for a minute or so and I thought it was going to hang on, but then I coughed a few times. My heart stopped for a moment because coughing made my boobs bounce, but luckily it didn't make my top fall down. However, I did notice that each time I coughed, Mr. Logan took a deep breath and I could tell that he was waiting with great anticipation for the inevitable to happen. I'd never been in this type of situation before, but Mr. Logan's reaction to my near nakedness had a strange, but tantalizing effect on me.  
  
As we continued our discussion about whatever, at this point I wasn't even taking notes, I could feel the edge of the tank top slowly sliding down over my nipple. The upper half of my pretty pink nipple was showing now and I could tell that Mr. Logan's eyes were focused on my precarious situation. My heart was racing and it looked like beads of sweat were beginning to form on Mr. Logan's forehead. Then it finally happened.  
  
I leaned forward to write something down and out popped my left titty! It was completely exposed and my nipple poked out proudly. My face turned bright red, but I continued participating in the study session as if nothing had happened. However Mr. Logan's eyes were now wide like saucers.  
  
After allowing my left breast to hang out in the open for a minute or so, I couldn't just suddenly pull my top up so I allowed it to remain uncovered. I was mortified and I figured that the only way I was going to get out of this situation was to end the study session.  
  
I said, "Mr. Logan, I think I have enough information so I guess we can stop now."  
  
Mr. Logan seemed to panic when I said that I wanted to quit so he hastily blurted out, "It might be beneficial if I give you the actual questions that will be on the final exam."  
  
I was totally embarrassed because my left tit was hanging out directly in front of my history teacher, but he was also presenting me with a great opportunity. Figuring that my humiliation couldn't get any worse, I agreed to continue participating in the study session. While leaving one of my breasts uncovered, I began writing down the questions as Mr. Logan dictated them to me.  
  
As I was taking notes, my long blonde hair fell down in front of me and partially blocked my view of the paper. I instinctively pushed my hair back, which was a mistake because my hair partially blocked Mr. Logan's view of my bare boob, too. To make matters worse, in the process of pushing my hair back I accidentally bumped the other strap and it fell off my shoulder. The strap slid down my arm and the right side of my tank top didn't catch onto my nipple like the left side did. My whole top dropped straight down into my lap putting both of my breasts on display for Mr. Logan to enjoy.  
  
I was mortified and I wanted to run and hide, but I also wanted all of the final exam questions so I pretended not to notice that I was now topless in front of my history teacher. He must have really thought that I was a dumb blonde because how could anyone not know that their top fell off. However, I was now starting to get caught up in the excitement of the situation. I'd never been naked in front of a boy before, much less a man, but Mr. Logan's sudden heavy breathing alerted me to the effect I was having on him and it was actually turning me on.  
  
Mr. Logan's interest in my breasts was beginning to change my embarrassment into boldness and I decided to push the envelope a little further. I asked Mr. Logan to wait a minute while I put my hair up into a pony tail. I grabbed a rubber band off the desk and with my arms up behind my head, I thrust my bare breasts right into the camera. I gave my tits a little shake and bounced them for Mr. Logan before finally getting back to work. Seeing the expression on Mr. Logan's face was priceless and it was having an effect on me, too. My nipples were poking out proudly and I could feel wetness in my camel toe panties.  
  
After giving me the last exam question, it suddenly occurred to me that I needed to find a dignified way to get out of this situation. Mr. Logan was searching for an excuse to continue the study session, but I could hear my mom moving around outside my bedroom door and I didn't want her to catch me showing off for my teacher. Therefore it was time to put an end to the fun and games.  
  
To finish the session with some of my self-esteem still intact, I acted like I had an itch on my left breast and reached up to scratch it. As I scratched my hard nipple, I looked down and pretended to just now notice that my top had fallen off.  
  
I put my hands over my breasts and screeched, "Oh no, I lost my top!"  
  
With my breasts covered, I asked, "Mr. Logan, is this why the study session lasted so long?"  
  
He frantically replied, "Of course not. I can only see you from your neck up."  
  
I knew he was lying because a window on my screen showed me exactly what he could see, and what he could see were my fully exposed boobs!  
  
However, I played along and said, "Thank goodness. My top fell down and I was afraid you could see my, um, bare tits!"  
  
Mr. Logan said, "Well don't worry about it. I didn't see anything."  
  
I said, "Whew, that's a relief. So, if you can't see my breasts then I might as well let go of them and pull my top up," and then I let go of my breasts, leaving them completely exposed in front of the camera again.  
  
Very slowly I reached down and slid my top up, but the shirt got caught under my bare tits. I left the top in that position and forced each of the straps over my shoulders. Once the shoestring straps were in place, I tucked my boobs into my skimpy tank top, making sure that the material was only pulled up high enough to barely cover my nipples.  
  
Then I looked at the camera and said, "Thanks again for the study session, Mr. Logan. I'll see you in class tomorrow," and then I quickly ended the Skype application, or at least I thought I did!  
  
I stood up and backed away from the desk, and as I did I looked down and saw that my see-through panties were now right in front of the camera. To my horror, I could also see that Mr. Logan was still connected and he was watching me! I was going to make a mad scramble to end the Skype session, but once again I felt compelled to play the role of the innocent victim.  
  
The truth is that once my mom told me she has a secret fantasy where a strange man watches her get undressed. Whenever my mom has a little too much to drink, she says things that probably shouldn't be shared with her teenaged daughter. In this instance, she planted a seed in my head, and now when I get undressed, I seem to have the same fantasy. It really gets me excited when I imagine that a man is secretly staring at my naked body. However, this wasn’t a fantasy...this was real life!  
  
With my sheer panties on display in front of the camera, I began asking myself, “Should I do it? Should I do it? I want to, but if I let my teacher see me naked, how will I ever face him in class again?”  
  
I started to chicken out when I thought about the consequences, but then I said to myself, “He’s already seen my bare breasts. He’s already seen my panties. What’s a little more going to hurt?”  
  
I finally gave in to my naughty impulses and decided to make my fantasy come true.  
  
I said to myself, “Mr. Logan, you’re about to see me naked!”

**An Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 2**

I'm an eighteen year old high school senior and although my friends brag about putting on webcam shows, I'd never done one myself. Now I was putting on a show for my history teacher! After I finished my study session with Mr. Logan, I failed to turn off the Skype program. With my see-through panties right in front of the camera, I made a startling discovery...the camera was still on and Mr. Logan was watching me!  
  
I should have run for cover, but my mom and I share a secret fantasy where a strange man watches us undress. Somehow my mischievous side took over and I decided to try living out the fantasy. Mr. Logan wasn't really a stranger, but he wasn't a boyfriend either. He was also more than thirty years older than me. Mr. Logan thought I had no idea that he was watching me, which is what made it so exciting for both of us.  
  
There was a big mirror on the wall right behind my laptop. As I looked at myself in the mirror, I could glance down and see myself on the screen, too. From where I was standing, the camera was capturing me from mid-thigh all the way up to my forehead. I slowly lifted my tank top and pushed it over my head. Now I was standing in front of my history teacher wearing nothing, but a skimpy pair of white panties.  
  
I wasn't sure what to do next, but I didn't want it to end quickly so I began gently caressing my bare breasts. I also tweaked my round rosy nipples once or twice to make sure they were nice and hard. As I worked my hands over my pretty titties, I was starting to get turned on, but then my mom suddenly cracked open the door. I threw my arms over my chest and felt really ashamed of myself, but my mom didn't suspect anything at all.  
  
My mom asked, "Is your study session over?"  
  
I replied, "Yep," so she opened the door and stepped into my room.  
  
My mom was holding a towel in front of her with one hand and a glass of wine in the other as she announced, "I wanted to let you know that I just got out of the shower. You should take your shower and get into bed. You've got school tomorrow."  
  
I didn't know what to say or do. My mom was standing there with her bare ass right in front of the camera and my history teacher was staring at her. I always felt that my mom was hot because she works out every day and takes very good care of herself. She is also a very classy lady. As an executive secretary, she always wears expensive, but conservative clothes (although she wasn't wearing anything at the moment) and she was even drinking her wine from fine crystal stemware. Besides, my mom was a good ten or fifteen years younger than Mr. Logan so she probably looked really hot to him. I was also worried because my mom gets rather playful when she drinks, and tonight she had more than her share of wine.  
  
I wanted to get my mom out of the room before she noticed that someone was watching her so I said, "Okay, I'll get in the shower right now."  
  
My mom replied, "Good," and I thought she was going to leave, but instead she turned around and looked at herself in the mirror.  
  
I said to myself, "Please don't drop the towel...please don't drop the towel," but my mom carefully set down her wine glass, and then she lifted up her towel and wrapped it around her wet hair.  
  
I was really nervous now. My mom's full firm breasts and neatly trimmed blonde bush were right in front of the camera. My mom's naked body blocked my view of the computer, but I'm sure Mr. Logan's eyes were scanning every inch of my mom's bare flesh. I was worried that my mom would look down and see herself on the screen, but luckily that didn't happen.  
  
With the towel now on her head, she turned to me and said, "You should get those underpants off and get into the shower," as her bare ass was once again on display for Mr. Logan to study.  
  
I replied, "Okay," and then my mom finally left the room.  
  
After my mom was gone, I turned around and with my back to the camera I started slowly rolling my panties down over my cute little butt. I inched my panties down and little by little the crack of my ass came into view. Then I pushed the tiny undies down my straight legs and arched my back. As I stepped out of my panties, I spread my legs a little bit. I was still bent over as I reached for my panties and I was pretty sure that not only was Mr. Logan looking at my fully exposed ass, he could also see my smooth shaved pussy lips peeking out from behind.  
  
Then I turned around and innocently showed Mr. Logan everything I had to offer. I stood there for a moment with my bare breasts, pretty pink nipples and hairless young pussy right in front of the camera, much to Mr. Logan's delight. After giving my history teacher a nice long look at my naked teenaged body, I left the room and headed for the shower.  
  
I figured that if I stayed in the shower long enough, Mr. Logan would get tired of waiting for me and end the Skype session himself. However, when I returned from my shower, I was shocked to discover that Mr. Logan had found a new source of entertainment and the webcam action was hotter than ever!

**An Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 3**

I had a webcam study session with my history teacher this evening and when the session ended, I accidentally left the webcam running. Mr. Logan didn't think I knew he was watching me when I took off my clothes, but I was well aware that he could see me naked. When I left the room to take a shower, I could see that he was still watching me, and it made me feel both embarrassed and excited at the same time.  
  
After a nice long shower, I wrapped a towel around my nude young body and went back towards my bedroom. I assumed that my history teacher grew tired of waiting for me and ended the Skype session, but what I saw when I peeked into my room shocked me. My mom, still completely naked, was sitting on my bed right in front of the camera. Her legs were slightly spread apart and she was applying lotion to her ample breasts.  
  
My mom was giving her tits a nice slow massage and she was teasing her nipples in the process. She was making gentle circles over her nipples with her fingertips, and she pinched and pulled on them, too. I couldn't help noticing how her nipples stood out hard and erect, and I'm sure Mr. Logan also couldn't help noticing, too.  
  
I didn't know how to tell my mom that a man was watching her put lotion all over her nude body so I just stood there silently and hoped that she finished quickly. Unfortunately she leaned forward in front of the camera, took a sip of wine, and then sat back and continued taking her sweet ole time applying the lotion to her bare skin.  
  
After my mom was done with her breasts, she laid back on the bed and began applying lotion to her firm flat belly. Her back was arched as she leaned on one elbow, and as she caressed her smooth skin, she lifted one foot up on the bed. The position my mom was in left her legs spread completely apart, right in front of the camera! Mr. Logan now had an unobstructed view of my mom's fully exposed pussy. Her blonde bush was neatly trimmed, but it was completely shaved down between her legs, so Mr. Logan had no problem seeing every bit of my mom's tender pussy lips.  
  
When my mom finally finished giving Mr. Logan a total beaver shot, she put her foot on the floor and went to work on her legs. My mom leaned forward and her large firm breasts were dangling right in front of my laptop. She started at her ankles and slowly worked her way up until my mom's hands were caressing her inner thighs. Her hands were moving leisurely over the soft skin between her legs, but her fingers were getting dangerously close to her pleasure place.  
  
I felt like I had to do something fast before my mom's fingers did a little cave exploring in front of my history teacher so I cleared my throat, and then I walked into the room. My mom quickly pulled her hands away from her blonde bush and looked up at me kind of red faced.  
  
I said, "Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you."  
  
My mom stammered, "Um, uh, no problem. I just came in to borrow some of your body lotion. I hope you don't mind. I'm all out."  
  
I replied, "You paid for it...help yourself."  
  
I casually glanced over at the computer and noticed that my screen saver was on. I pressed a key, and sure enough, Mr. Logan was still there. I guess he could still see my mom even though my screen saver was invoked. I was going to cancel the Skype session, but all I did was make Mr. Logan's window smaller and the window showing my camera's view bigger.  
  
I tried to correct my mistake when my mom asked, "What's that?"  
  
I replied, "Nothing, just my webcam left over from my study session."  
  
My mom quickly threw an arm across her breasts and a hand between her legs and said, "You mean your teacher can see us? How could you let him see me naked?"  
  
I couldn't let my mom know that she had just modeled nude for my history teacher so lied and said, "Relax mom, he can't see you. Um, I guess he's having a session with someone else."  
  
My mom’s usually pretty sharp, but she drank a lot of wine tonight. That’s why it was so easy to convince her that Mr. Logan was not watching us.  
  
My mom again looked at Mr. Logan on the screen, and then she laughed and asked, "Are you sure he can't see me? I mean are you sure he can't see me do this," and then she shook her boobs right in front of the camera.  
  
I let out a nervous laugh because I knew Mr. Logan could actually see her, and then I said, "Mom, I think you've had a little too much wine tonight. Why don't I just shut down the computer?"  
  
She blocked my path and said, "No. Let's have some mom and daughter fun like we used to. We can pretend like your teacher is watching us."  
  
I said, “Mom, I don’t think that’s such a good idea,” but I didn’t know how to control her playfulness.  
  
My mom and I used to have tickle fights when I was younger, especially on nights when she had a little too much to drink...like tonight! I didn't want to strip in front of Mr. Logan with my mom sitting there so I made sure my towel was wrapped around me good and tight. I tried to walk over and close my laptop, but my mom grabbed the bottom of my towel and threatened to pull it off so I froze in my tracks.  
  
My mom looked up at me and asked, "Do you want me to put some lotion on your back?"  
  
I nervously said, “I don’t think so. Maybe you can do it some other night.”  
  
My mom said, “Sure. Your dad left me and soon you’ll be going off to college and I’ll be here all alone, but that’s okay, we can do it another night.”  
  
I said, "If you’re gonna lay a guilt trip on me then okay you can do my back, I just need to take care of something first."  
  
I tried to reach for my computer, but my mom got all excited and yanked my towel off.  
  
I screeched, "Mom, I don't have any clothes on," as I tried to cover my breasts and pussy with my hands.  
  
My mom laughed and said, "So what! You're naked, I'm naked, we're both naked. What's the big deal? It’s not like anyone can see us."  
  
My mom's playfulness left both of us completely naked right in front of my history teacher, who was watching us via the webcam. At this point I'll bet Mr. Logan thought my mom and I were both a couple of dumb blondes. How could anyone strip naked in front of a webcam and not know they were being watched?  
  
Then my mom reached out and started moving her hands up and down the front of my body. I was in a real jam. My mom wanted to pretend like we were flashing in front of a live webcam so I couldn't shut it down, but she didn't know that the webcam was live! My history teacher was connected and watching every move we made. It seemed like my only option was to endure the humiliation.  
  
My embarrassment continued as my mom said, "You've always had the smoothest skin," while her finger toyed with my belly-button.  
  
Having my belly-button tickled made me laugh out loud. I tried to back away, but she had an arm around my waist and held me in place. At this point my mom was sitting on the bed and I was standing in front of her. We were both to the side of camera as my mom leaned forward and began putting lotion on my legs. As she worked on the front and back of my legs, I put my hands on her shoulders for support. The only thing Mr. Logan could see right now was the sides of our breasts as they bounced and swayed in front of us.  
  
It isn't unusual for my mom and I to act this way, but it felt a little more sexual tonight. Maybe I was oversensitive because I knew my history teacher was watching us or maybe it was because my mom had a little too much to drink, but it really seemed like my mom was determined to put lotion on every square inch of my body. I began to tense up when my mom's fingers got right next to my pussy lips, but I was relieved when she bypassed that area and moved up to where my pussy hair would be if I didn't shave.  
  
As my mom moved her hand around over my bare beaver, she said, "Wow, you really got a close shave down here. It feels as smooth as it did when you were eight years old."  
  
I looked over at the camera, blushed and said, "Mom, you're embarrassing me!"  
  
She laughed and said, "Then this will probably really embarrass you," and she slid her finger down the middle of my smooth snatch.  
  
I didn't say anything. I simply let her continue rubbing my hairless pussy because it actually felt good, but when her finger made contact with my love button, I nearly fell down. It was certainly embarrassing to have my mother rubbing my pussy in front of my history teacher, but I let her do it anyway.  
  
When it started feeling a little too good, I said, "Mom, you shouldn't touch me there."  
  
She said, "Why not? You must like it...you're awfully wet!"  
  
Then she pushed my hand between her legs and said, "See, I'm wet, too!"  
  
I pulled my hand away and said, "No more wine for you tonight, mom."  
  
My mom said, "That’s fine. I’m done drinking...now its playtime," as moved her hands a little higher.  
  
Soon she was working her oily hands up and down my tight mid-section, which also felt good. However, she kept reaching higher and higher until her hands found their way onto my bare boobs.  
  
I squeaked, "Mom, do you have to touch my breasts?"  
  
She playfully squeezed my tits and said, "Come on. I'm your mother. Can't we have a little fun together?"  
  
As my mom continued massaging my breasts, I looked over and saw that we had Mr. Logan's undivided attention. I was so embarrassed that my legs were shaking and I was hoping that my mom would give up soon, but she seemed to have a lot of energy tonight.  
  
When she began tweaking my nipples, I grabbed her hands and said, “You know mom, we need to find you a man. You’ve got an itch that needs to be scratched.”  
  
My mom replied, “Yeah right. Everyone tells me I’m so beautiful and my body is so firm and I look so young, yet I don’t remember the last time a man saw me naked.”  
  
I looked over at the camera and said, “I do.”  
  
She asked, “What?”  
  
I giggled and muttered, “Oh nothing.”  
  
Once again I tried to close my laptop, but my mom wrestled me onto the bed before I could get to it. In the process of pushing me down, she rubbed her bare breasts up against mine. I could actually feel our hard nipples making contact with each other and it sent chills up and down my spine. To Mr. Logan, my mom and I must have looked like a couple of sorority girls at a slumber party having a pillow fight.  
  
I tried to position myself sideways, away from the camera, but my mom gently forced me face down with the camera pointed right between my legs. My legs were pretty far apart so I’m sure was giving my history teacher an unobstructed view of my bare butt and hairless beaver. My laptop is new and it has a super high quality/high definition camera that captures images incredibly clear so I was worried that Mr. Logan could even see the wetness between my legs.  
  
Then my mom climbed up and straddled me with her knees on the bed to each side of me. I casually glanced back and it was just as I had feared. My ass and tight pussy could be seen from behind, and with her ass up in the air, my mom's butt crack and bare beaver were also fully displayed on the screen. And as I had also feared, the images were crystal clear!  
  
The massage felt wonderful, but when my mom worked her way down to my bare ass, she climbed over and kneeled to the side of me. My ass was totally exposed and my mom's breasts could be seen dangling from the side as she placed one hand on my back to immobilize me. Then she took her creamy finger and slowly dragged it up and down my sensitive butt crack.  
  
I cried out, "No mom. You know I can't stand this!"  
  
She chuckled and replied, "You always had a ticklish little butt, even when you were a baby. It always makes me laugh when you squirm."  
  
I squealed, "I squirm because this is torture," but she didn't stop.  
  
My mom put her knee on the small of my back for extra leverage, and then she really went to town on my butt crack. She kept dragging her finger up and down the crack of my ass, sometimes going so low that she would touch my pussy, which made me flinch.  
  
I called out, “Mom, don’t touch me there!”  
  
She said, “Sorry,” but the more I complained, the more she tormented me.  
  
I looked back at the camera and there I was, completely nude with my stark naked mom's boobs hanging there in front of the camera while she tickled my bare butt crack and occasionally touched my pussy lips. It was embarrassing to begin with, but with my history teacher watching, it was downright humiliating!  
  
I was laughing and begging my mom to stop, but she was relentless until she touched my pussy again and said, "You're all wet. Are you getting turned on by your mother?"  
  
She split my pussy lips with her finger and moved it up and down until she touched my little clitty. That sent an electric shock through my body.  
  
As she continued sliding her finger up and down my little slit, she said, “You are really getting wet…you actually like it!”  
  
Then my mom touched my love button again and I let out a high pitched shriek.  
  
My mom said, “Yep, that’s your clitoris. I know what it does to a girl when she gets touched there, like this,” and then she rubbed my little clitty again.  
  
I begged her to stop and struggled to get free, but my mom was having fun tickling my clit and refused to stop. Finally, I reached back and I was able to push my mom’s hand away as she laughed hysterically. Then I buried my face in the pillow to hide my embarrassment.  
  
I thought my mom was going to leave, but she continued with the massage. She leaned over between my legs with her feet on the floor at the end of the bed and worked her way down until she got to my feet. Out of curiosity, I glanced back at the computer and my mom was bent over and backed up right in front of the camera. In her bent over position, my mom was now treating Mr. Logan to an extreme close-up of her bare butt crack and fully exposed pussy lips from behind.  
  
Finally, my mom stood up, patted me on my bare behind and said, "You should get to bed," and then she headed out the door.  
  
When my mom left, I should have shut down my computer, but something inside of me didn't want the show to end. That something was the need for me to have an orgasm. I decided that the show wasn’t going to end until my needs were met, even if I had to do it myself!

**An Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 4**

I had a webcam study session with my history teacher earlier this evening, but I accidentally left the webcam running after the study session ended. Mr. Logan didn’t think I knew that he was watching me. However, I was well aware of his presence when I took off all my clothes in front of him. Then my hot mom appeared naked in front of the computer camera and she really didn’t know that my history teacher was watching her. My mom heightened my humiliation by fondling me and giving me a thorough (and I mean thorough) nude massage while my history teacher watched. After the massage, my mom left the room so it was now just Mr. Logan and me.  
  
I was still naked and lying face up on my bed. The computer camera was at the end of the bed and it was pointed right at my hairless beaver. I glanced over at Mr. Logan and he was still looking at me. I figured he had seen so much of me tonight that there was no reason to end the Skype session now.  
  
My juices were flowing and I had urges that needed to be satisfied immediately. At this point I didn't care if Mr. Logan was watching me or not. In fact, knowing that my history teacher was watching me actually intensified my emotions. I decided to have a little fun with the situation and perform for the camera like my mom did, except I was well aware that my teacher is watching me.  
  
In my best sexy voice I said, “Mmm, I’m so turned on. I know you can’t see me Mr. Logan because I turned the webcam off hours ago, but I’m gonna pretend like you’re still watching me through the computer while I play with myself.”  
  
In a soft, innocent voice I continued, “It’s really a shame that you can’t see me right now Mr. Logan because I don’t have any clothes on. I’m completely naked. Would you like that Mr. Logan? Would you like to see one of the eighteen year old girls in your class naked? I think you’d like that. I think you’d like that very much!”  
  
I looked right at the camera, licked my lips and began dragging my fingertips up and down my bare flesh.  
  
I said, “I love tickling my bare skin. My skin is so soft and it feels so good when I gently drag my fingertips up and down my naked body. It’s too bad you’re not here to tickle me Mr. Logan. You could tickle every inch of my bare body and I wouldn’t tell anyone. It would be our little secret.”  
  
I continued running my fingers up and down my body until my fingers found my bare breasts.  
  
I rubbed my tits and said, “Mmm, my breasts feel so good. They’re so full and firm. I bet you’d have fun squeezing these and I’d love it if you played with my nipples, like this. See? See how I’m playing with my nipples?”  
  
I started moving my fingertips in gentle circles over my round rosy nipples for the longest time while my history teacher watched. Then I began pinching and teased my nipples until they were good and hard. I couldn't help myself and I started pulling on my nipples until I worked myself up into frenzy.  
  
I pushed my breasts together in front of the camera and said, “Look Mr. Logan…see how hard my nipples are? Having my nipples touched drives me wild. I wish you were here to touch my nipples. Would you like to touch my nipples? Maybe you could kiss them and suck on them, too. That would feel really good.”  
  
I casually glanced at the screen and Mr. Logan was still watching me, but now it looked like his arm was moving up and down. It was exciting to know that my history teacher getting off while he was watching me play with myself. As Mr. Logan stroked himself, I slowly moved my fingers up and down my inner thighs. I knew my history teacher could see me, but I wanted to continue playing the game where I acted like I was only pretending to perform for him.  
  
I said, “I know you can’t see me Mr. Logan. I know I’m just imaging that you’re watching me because our study session ended long ago, but if you were still connected to the webcam, you’d be able to see my pussy. See? I shaved real close just for you. See how smooth it is?”  
  
I looked at the camera and asked, “What, you want a better view? Mr. Logan, I’m your high school student and you’re my teacher. You shouldn’t be asking for a closer look at my pussy,” and then I put my hand over my bare beaver as if I was trying to hide it from him.  
  
After a short pause I giggled and said, “Okay…if you want to see my pussy that bad then here, let me give you a better view,” and then I moved closer to the end of the bed, which was also much closer to the camera.  
  
I said, “You can see my pussy much better now, can’t you? You can really see how smooth and clean it is. Wait, what did you say? You’ll give me an A if I spread my legs wide apart?”  
  
I paused for a moment, and then I continued, “Mr. Logan, are you sure it’s a good idea? You’re my teacher and I’m your eighteen year old student. I don’t know if I should spread my legs for you. If I do, then you’ll have a clear view of my tight wet pussy. Is that what you want to see…a little teenaged girl’s smooth bare beaver? Oh, okay Mr. Logan. For an A in your class I’ll do it…and I won’t tell anyone,” and then I spread my legs apart as wide as they would go.  
  
I looked at myself on the computer screen and what I was showing my history teacher was downright obscene. My smooth shaved beaver and pretty pink pussy lips filled the screen, and Mr. Logan appeared to be thrilled with the opportunity to see my most private area.  
  
I continued with the soft sexy dialogue by saying, “It’s too bad you can’t see me right now Mr. Logan. You’d be able to see my entire pussy, from the top all the way to the bottom of my wet pink lips. And if you were here, you’d be able to touch my pussy like this,” and then I slid my finger into my tight wet pussy and began thrusting my finger in and out.  
  
I continued, “Mmm, that feels so good. Are you watching? Are you watching, Mr. Logan. Can you see me playing with my pussy? I bet you wish you were here so you could touch my pussy. I’d let you…I’d let you touch my pussy.”  
  
Then I moved my other hand down between my legs and said, “I also like to massage my little clitty. See? See how I touch my love button? Yeah, that really feels good...It really gets my juices flowing. Watch how I’m doing it so you can do it next time. You can do it just like this,” and then I arched my back to make sure that all of the action was being captured by the webcam.  
  
As I worked my fingertip in little circles deep inside of me, I continued massaging my love button with my other hand. Teasing my little clitty was driving me wild! With one finger, I was showing Mr. Logan exactly how I liked to be touched while my other finger feverously worked over the inside of my wet pussy. Soon my juices were really flowing and I could feel the tension inside of me building stronger and stronger.  
  
I moaned, “Mr. Logan, it feels so good. I…I don’t think I can…uh…take it much longer.”  
  
Soon I was right on the edge of an orgasm and I started calling out, "A little more...almost there…ah, just a little more and, uh yes, yes, oh yes...that's it, that's it, I’m cumming. I’m cumming”  
  
My body felt like it exploded. I continued ramming my finger in and out of my pussy while I struggled to catch my breath, and then I just couldn't take it anymore. With a little whimper, I pulled my finger out, and then I laid back, spread my legs wide and let Mr. Logan feast his eyes on my tight teenaged pussy.  
  
He must have liked what he saw because I heard Mr. Logan grunt followed by some heavy breathing, and then the show was over. As I tried to recover from my powerful orgasm, my body twitched and flinched. I laid there spread-eagle for a long time. Finally I was able to relax and when I looked up, Mr. Logan was smiling at me. His hair was messed up and he had sweat running down his face.  
  
I was still naked as I stretched out on the bed as the scent of young girl pussy juice filled the air. Then I scooted up to the computer, touched my nipples and blew Mr. Logan a kiss before closing my laptop.  
  
Suddenly my mom popped her head through the door and said, “Goodnight.”  
  
Then she continued, “By the way, you know I can hear you out here, don’t you? It sounds like your teacher missed one heck of a show!”  
  
I just blushed and said, “Goodnight mom!”  
  
Maybe my mom knew the truth or maybe she didn’t, but the truth was…Mr. Logan didn’t miss a thing!

**Another Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 1**

I had a webcam study session with my history teacher yesterday and I accidentally left the webcam running after the study session ended. Mr. Logan thought he was spying on me, but I secretly knew he was watching me remove my clothes in front of the camera. Then my hot mom exhibited some bad behavior after consuming too much wine. She made a nude webcam appearance, but she really didn’t know that my history teacher was watching her. Somehow my mom and I ended up naked together and she heightened my humiliation by fondling me as Mr. Logan viewed our escapades over the Internet. I finally finished the show by giving myself an explosive orgasm while still pretending that I didn't know my history teacher was watching me.  
  
I was a little apprehensive about attending my history class today, but it was extraordinarily ordinary. Mr. Logan acted as if it was any other day. At first I was thankful that he didn't acknowledge my performance, but then I started wondering if I turned him on at all. I began to worry that instead of putting on a hot sex show for Mr. Logan, all I did was make a complete fool out of myself. I would find out later in the evening that he liked what he saw and he wanted to see more!  
  
Instead of going home after school, I hung out with my friends at the mall and I didn't get home until later in the evening. When I finally arrived at home, I saw a strange car in the driveway. I went inside and I was shocked to find Mr. Logan sitting in our family room with my mother.  
  
My mom called out, "Hi honey, look who stopped by...it’s your history teacher."  
  
I smiled and said, "Hello," but I was thinking, "What the hell is he doing here?"  
  
Then Mr. Logan filled my mom's wine glass and asked, "Should I open another bottle?"  
  
My mom happily replied, "Sure, it’s Friday night. There’s no limit on Friday night."  
  
Then she added, "I don't know how you knew I liked wine."  
  
As my teacher opened a second or possibly a third bottle of wine, he looked over at me and smiled. My teacher and I both knew how he found out about my mother's passion for wine. Mr. Logan is my favorite teacher, but I was curious as to what was behind that sinister smile on his face.  
  
I tried to excuse myself and go to my room, but my mother said, “Hold on young lady. Your teacher shared an interesting story with me.”  
  
I swallowed hard and asked, “What story was that?”  
  
She replied, “He told me about your study session. More specifically, he told me about your outfit...you know, the one I told you not to wear.”  
  
I said, “There was nothing wrong with that outfit.”  
  
Mr. Logan looked at my mom and said, “If there was nothing wrong with the outfit, then maybe she should put it on now.”  
  
My mom asked, “Do you really think so? I mean the outfit is rather revealing.”  
  
Mr. Logan replied, “Absolutely. Sometimes a girl will only learn a lesson through humiliation.”  
  
My mom said, “Okay, if you think so," and then she turned to me and said, "Mindy, go put that outfit on.”  
  
As I turned to storm off to my room, Mr. Logan stood up to get another bottle of wine.  
  
When he got close to me, I whispered, “What are you doing? I don’t want to put that slutty outfit on.”  
  
He replied, “I don’t want to post last night's video on the Internet, but I might. I know quite a few boys in class that would love to see it.”  
  
I threatened, “You wouldn’t!”  
  
He just smiled and picked up a fresh bottle of wine. Apparently Mr. Logan was very calculating in his plan. His strategy was to get my mom drunk, blackmail me into taking my clothes off, and I’m sure there’s a twist in the plot that will leave my mother naked, too. Phase one was complete...my mom was already past her limit and phase two was in progress because I was in my room changing into yesterday’s skimpy outfit. It was just a matter of time before I would find out what else he had in store for my mother and me.  
  
As I stood in front of the mirror, I pulled off the T-shirt that I wore to school. Then I reached behind and unhooked my bra. I let my full firm breasts fall out of the cups, and then I slid the bra straps down my arms. Next I pulled the thin white tank top over my head and slipped the shoe string straps up my arms. I adjusted the shirt to make sure my boobs were covered, but there was no hiding my pretty pink nipples as they poked out from under the thin white fabric. I returned to the family room and Mr. Logan's eyes lit up when he saw my barely covered nipples, which were about to pop out from under the low cut shirt.  
  
My mom asked, "Is that what she was wearing yesterday?"  
  
Mr. Logan replied, "Well, not exactly. She wasn't wearing pants."  
  
My mom looked at me and said, "I thought you were going to keep your panties hidden?"  
  
I said, "I tried to hide my underwear, but things happened."  
  
My mom sternly asked, "What things? Show me how much he saw!"  
  
I pleaded, "But mom, I'm not wearing the same underwear today."  
  
She demanded, "I don't care. Get those pants off now."  
  
As my history teacher watched, I unbuttoned my tight jeans and pulled the zipper down. With my pants open in front, a little bit of my tiny pink panties were exposed to my teacher. Then I turned around and began pulling down my jeans, but something felt wrong...something felt very wrong. As I pulled on the tight jeans, it felt like my little undies were sliding down, too!  
  
My heart began to race when I realized that my butt crack was being uncovered in front of Mr. Logan. I tried pulling on the jeans very slowly, but they were extremely snug and I could feel the crack of my ass being put on view as my pants inched their way over my butt. When my jeans slid down around my ankles, I bent forward to pull them over my feet and I shrieked when I saw my little pink undies tangled up with my pants. This meant that Mr. Logan was now staring at my bare ass!  
  
As I tried to separate my panties from my jeans, Mr. Logan said, "You may as well leave your underwear off. After all, you ended up taking them off anyway."  
  
My mom stood up and took my jeans and panties away from me, leaving me standing there bottomless in front of my history teacher. After Mr. Logan got a good look at my bare ass, my mother patted me on my butt cheek and told me to turn around. The tank top didn't even cover my belly button so everything below my waist was on display. My mom walked off with my pants and underwear to throw them in the dirty clothes hamper, leaving me alone with Mr. Logan for a minute or two. All I did was stand there in silence as my teacher carefully studied my hairless pussy.  
  
My mom returned and asked, "Did she parade around in front of you like this during the study session?"  
  
Before Mr. Logan could tell her that I was also topless, he was interrupted by a knock on the door. By instinct, I quickly put my hands in front of my pussy and wondered who it could be.  
  
Mr. Logan said, "That must be the pizza delivery boy."  
  
I shrieked, "The pizza delivery boy! Why is it that every time a girl loses her clothes, the pizza delivery boy shows up?"  
  
Mr. Logan just laughed and handed me a twenty, as if I was supposed to answer the door.  
  
I turned to my mom and said, "You can't expect me to open the door. I don't have any pants on!"  
  
Before my mom could speak, my history teacher said, "Maybe a little humiliation today will make you think twice before you decide to strip on the Internet."  
  
My mom said, "That makes sense."  
  
I said, "Yeah, after a few bottles of wine to cloud your judgment, every stupid idea makes sense!"  
  
Mr. Logan simply pointed to the door so I stomped off into the living room.  
  
As I walked away, I heard my mom say, "I'll bet I could show that pizza boy a thing or two," and Mr. Logan said, "Maybe you can show me later," as they laughed.  
  
I just rolled my eyes and made my way to the front door.  
  
I cracked open the door and screamed, "Its Brian from class!"  
  
Mr. Logan said, "Tell him I said hello," which made my mom laugh.  
  
They were both plotting against me so I had no choice...I had to open the door. This was really embarrassing because Brian is the cutest boy in class. I always wanted to go out with him, but he is a popular football player. Brian never paid much attention to me, and I was too shy to go up to him and strike up a conversation. Unfortunately, today was the day that I was going to receive Brian's undivided attention!  
  
With a hand between my legs, I pushed the door open, but a strong breeze from the door blew the twenty out of my hand. It landed on the floor in the middle of the room. Then I opened the door and Brian stepped in.  
  
He immediately looked down and said, "Mindy, you don't have any pants on!"  
  
I blushed and said, "I didn't know we ordered a pizza."  
  
Then I made an embarrassing mistake. I pulled down hard on my tank top to cover my pussy and when I did, I heard a snap followed by another snap. My heart nearly stopped when I looked down and saw that both of the shoe string straps on my tank top had popped free from the shirt.  
  
The front of my top slid down, but the edge of it was caught on my rock hard nipples. I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that any movement would cause my top to fall off my bare titties, so I just stood there frozen while Brian anxiously waited for my perky breasts to pop out. As I remained in the humiliating pose, I glanced over and saw that Mr. Logan was recording the whole event on his cell phone.  
  
Mr. Logan could see everything that was going on, but Brian was too interested in my predicament to notice the presence of our history teacher. Brian just stood there waiting for my next move. He knew that if I pulled my shirt up, my shaved beaver would show and if I didn't pull my shirt up, it would fall down and my boobs would be totally exposed.  
  
I decided to try and reach for the top, but when I did the edge of the top slipped off my nipples and the shirt plunged all the way to the floor. It left me completely naked right in front of a boy from school that I liked. I was mortified as I threw an arm across my chest and a hand between my legs.  
  
Brian didn't know what to do, so he just held out the box and said, "Here's your pizza."  
  
I blushed and asked, "Do you really think I'm going to reach out and take that pizza from you?"  
  
Brian shrugged his shoulders so I said, "Okay, I'll take the pizza, but you have to close your eyes."  
  
He agreed, so I dropped my protection and took the pizza from him with both hands. With my back to him, I bent over and set the pizza down on the coffee table. My bare butt was completely exposed in front of my classmate.  
  
Then I glanced over my shoulder and called out, "Hey, you were supposed to keep your eyes closed!"  
  
He said, "Sorry," and put his hands over his face, but I could tell that he was peeking between his fingers.  
  
I still had to pick up the twenty off the floor. With the realization that I was powerless to stop Brian from staring at me, I bent over to pick up the money. My legs were straight and my back was arched so I was sure that Brian was not only gawking at my bare ass, he was getting a good look at my tender pink pussy lips from behind, too.  
  
While bent over, I looked back and with a sly grin I asked, "Brian, are you peeking at me again?"  
  
Brian smiled, but he didn't look away. Apparently he really liked gazing at my nude body!  
  
After giving Brian a nice long look at my bare backside, I stood up, turned and walked towards him. I made a half-hearted effort to conceal my womanly charms from the boy, but one of my nipples was showing and his view of my pussy was not blocked at all. When I got right up beside Brian, I dropped my arms leaving my firm breasts, round rosy nipples and smooth shaved pussy completely uncovered for the boy to observe.  
  
I held out the twenty and said, "Here, keep the change."  
  
He took the money, and then he asked, "Do you want to see a movie tomorrow?"  
  
I replied, "I'd love to," but before he could move, I grabbed his super stiff penis through his pants and said, "I have to warn you, I may be naked, but I'm not easy. Do you still want to take me to a movie?"  
  
He leaned forward, kissed me on the forehead and said, "I'll be here at seven," and then he walked off to his car.  
  
He looked back and I waved as he caught one last glimpse of my naked body illuminated by the porch light. Then I returned to the living room, picked up the pizza and took it to the table in the family room. When I bent over to set the pizza down, my bare titties and pretty pink nipples were hanging right in front of my history teacher.  
  
Then I tried to go to my bedroom and my mom asked, "Where are you going?"  
  
I replied, "To my room so I can put on some clothes."  
  
My mom grabbed my arm, pulled me down into the chair and said, "You'd better eat the pizza before it gets cold."  
  
I complained, "But mom, I'm naked."  
  
She said, "Oh come on. Our guest has been looking at your tits and ass all evening. Just eat and then you can get dressed."  
  
Against my will, I sat with my breasts hanging out and my bare beaver on display from between my slightly spread legs. While we ate our pizza, my mom wanted to know more about Brian, but Mr. Logan was only interested in my tits and pussy. I was so annoyed that my mom made me eat in the nude that at one point I spread my legs as wide as I could, giving my history teacher a clear view of my smooth sweet snatch. My mom gave me a disapproving look, but I didn’t care. After we finished eating, which seemed to take forever, I was finally allowed to go to my room, but I was convinced that Mr. Logan was not ready for the evening to end!

**Another Evening with Mr. Logan – Part 2**

I went into my room, but before I got dressed I heard Mr. Logan and my mom heading for her bedroom. I peeked around the corner and noticed that they didn't close the door all the way. Figuring that this could be a golden opportunity to get the goods on Mr. Logan, I grabbed my super high definition video camera and tip-toed down the hallway. There was a six inch gap in the door and it provided just enough room for me to have a clear view of all the action.  
  
My mom had surpassed her wine limit, but that didn’t stop Mr. Logan from offering her a glass of Jack Daniels. I’m not even a drinker and I know that mixing alcoholic beverages can have dangerous consequences. Drinking always puts her in a playful mood and she was more playful tonight than usual.  
  
My mom asked Mr. Logan, "Do you want to play a game?"  
  
He countered, "What kind of a game?"  
  
She replied, "I'll be the teacher and you can be the naughty schoolboy."  
  
He laughed at first, but then my mom sat in her bedroom chair, hiked her skirt up and said, "Herbert, are you trying to sneak a peek at your teacher’s panties?"  
  
I almost busted a gut when I found out his name was Herbert, but I kept the camera rolling as Mr. Logan leaned forward to take a look between my mom's legs.  
  
She jumped up and said, "That's it. You must serve the punishment for looking at your teacher's underwear!"  
  
He asked, "And what might that be?"  
  
She said, "You must strip naked and then you will be confined to the bed."  
  
He said, "Okay," and began unbuttoning his shirt.  
  
After his shirt hit the floor, he kicked his shoes off, pulled his socks off and began unbuttoning his pants. Then he dropped his pants, pulled off his underwear and tossed them on the floor with his other clothes. From the back, he looked pretty good for a man of his age, but I wanted to get a look at him from the front.  
  
Then my mom got up from the chair and pushed the man onto the bed. I couldn't see anything because my mom's skirt covered his manhood, but I waited patiently with the camera rolling. Then my mom moved Mr. Logan’s hands up to the headboard and before he knew it, his wrists were locked in handcuffs.  
  
I thought to myself, "Wow, where did those come from?"  
  
Mr. Logan tried to break free, but he was trapped. Then my mom slid down to the end of the bed, leaving Mr. Logan's naked body completely uncovered. I had a clear shot of his erection and I zoomed in for a close up. While I'd never actually come in contact with one, I'd seen enough of them on the Internet to know that Mr. Logan had a big one.  
  
Mr. Logan was so concerned with his wrists that he didn't even notice that mom was chaining up his right leg.  
  
Mr. Logan said, "Okay, this has gone far enough. You have a young daughter in the next room."  
  
My mom said, "Yes, a young daughter that you saw naked," as she struggled to capture Mr. Logan's other leg.  
  
Then my mom said, "If you can get out of the chains, you can have me," and then she leaned against her dresser while the poor man fought to escape from the cuffs.  
  
Finally, he gave up and said, "You got me, I can't get loose."  
  
My mom said, "That's a shame because you would like these," as she slowly began unbuttoning her blouse.  
  
After the fourth or fifth button was undone, my mom's bra was showing and she leaned forward to give the poor man a peek at her massive cleavage. Then she pulled her blouse out of her skirt, unfastened the rest of the buttons and slipped the blouse off. Next she pulled down the zipper on the side of her skirt and it slid down her legs.  
  
With my mom’s blouse and skirt on the floor, she stood in front of Mr. Logan in just her bra and panties. My mom's underwear was nothing spectacular. She was wearing your basic white bra and panty set, but my history teacher seemed to enjoy the show. In my opinion, my mom is very attractive and she keeps herself in shape, too. I guess guys would call her a MILF.  
  
My mom asked, "Do you want to see more you naughty boy?"  
  
He begged, "More, please more!"  
  
She said, "Alright," and then she unfastened the hook on the front of her bra.  
  
She shook her upper body a little and her big tits fell out of the cups allowing Mr. Logan to feast his eyes on her round rosy nipples. I don't know what was harder, Mr. Logan's dick, my mom's nipples or my nipples! Everyone was getting excited. Then my mom leaned forward and placed Mr. Logon's erect penis between her breasts. She pushed her breasts together and started moving her body up and down.  
  
She asked, "Do you like that?"  
  
He replied, "Oh yes, oh yes. Please don't stop," but when my mom thought he was getting close, she stopped stroking his manhood with her tits.   
  
He called out, "No, you can't stop now," but she said, "I have to save you for later."  
  
My mom crawled up to the top of the bed and said, "It's the teacher's turn. Start sucking," as she placed her left breast in his mouth.  
  
My mom moaned, "Mmm, that's nice. You're doing a good job Herbert," and then she started rubbing and pulling on her other nipple.  
  
My mom kept switching her breasts in and out of Mr. Logan's mouth so that they both got equal attention. While she was in the process of getting her tits sucked, she was also rubbing her silky panties up and down against Mr. Logan's stiff shaft, which he really seemed to be enjoying. Then she suddenly came to an abrupt halt.  
  
She stood up above Mr. Logan's face and said, "It’s time for you to see the goods."  
  
My mom hooked her thumbs inside her panties and pushed them down as Mr. Logan stared right up between her legs. He had an unobstructed view of my mom’s neatly trimmed blonde bush. It was actually trimmed very close between her legs, so the man had no trouble getting a good look at her precious pink pussy lips.  
  
She rubbed her pussy with her finger and asked, "Do you like it? Do you like what you see," and he replied, "Yes...very much!"  
  
My mom asked, "Do you want to taste it?"  
  
Mr. Logan shook his head to signal yes so my mom lowered herself over Mr. Logan's face. I could only see the side of my mom, but she had her hands on the headboard with her breasts thrust out and her head back as she made soft moaning noises.  
  
This went on for a long time, and then my mom said, "I hope you're ready Herbert because I need you now!"  
  
Mr. Logan was still chained to the bed as my mom moved down, hovered over his rigid missile and guided it into her wet waiting pussy. Once he was inside of her, she started riding him like a bucking bronco. My mom used her hands to push herself up and down on his thick dick leaving her boobs free to bounce around in front of Mr. Logan. My history teacher couldn’t take his eyes off my mom's big bouncing tits as she played rodeo girl on top him.  
  
Then my mom began massaging her clit with her finger as she rode Mr. Logan's manhood and it looked like it was having quite an effect on her. My mom's eyes were closed tight and she started pinching and pulling on her nipples with her free hand, which Mr. Logan also appeared to enjoy. Then it looked like my mom was having trouble catching her breath and I knew she was close.  
  
My mom start screaming, "Not yet Herbert. Don't stop, I'm almost...I'm almost there."  
  
Mr. Logan called out, "Can't...can't last much longer," but my mom screamed, "No, not yet. Hang on just a little longer," and then she really started massaging her clit.  
  
My mom began moving up and down much faster over Mr. Logan and her boobs were bouncing out of control.  
  
She started moaning, "Oh I feel you getting harder. You're getting so hard. It feels so good. Hold on, just let me...wait...I'm...I'm cumming, I'm cumming! Oh so...so good."  
  
Then Mr. Logan let out a loud grunt and it was obvious that he was shooting off his love gun. Seconds later it was over and my mom collapsed over Mr. Logan as they both fought to catch their breath. After my mom thought she had recovered from her orgasm, she tried to get up, but she was unstable and stumbled over to her chair. That's when I'd seen enough and went in to take a shower.  
  
After a nice hot shower, I styled my hair, fixed my makeup, but I didn't get dressed. I draped a towel around me, picked up my camera and went into my mom's bedroom. When I entered the room, I found my mom passed out in her chair and Mr. Logan still trying to free himself from his restraints.  
  
With the camera focused on my history teacher, I said, "Hi Herbert. What's wrong? Did you get locked up for being a bad boy?"  
  
Mr. Logan said, "Ha, ha. Now get me out of these things," but I said, "I don't think so. When my mom passes out from drinking too much, she stays passed out for a long time. That means your ass is mine!"  
  
He asked, "What are you talking about?"  
  
I said, "Well Herbert…do you mind if I call you Herbert?”  
  
My history teacher said, “I would prefer you call me Mr. Logan.”  
  
I said, “Okay, Herbert. You threatened to release a compromising video of me on the Internet and now I'm going to make a video of you to counter your threat. Isn’t payback's a bitch?"  
  
Mr. Logan replied, “I wasn’t really going to send the video.”  
  
I said, “Well I can’t take that chance.”  
  
I set the camera on the dresser and pointed it at the bed. Then I went over and grabbed ahold of Mr. Logan’s penis.  
  
I said, “It’s all sticky. I’d better clean it up.”  
  
I poured some rubbing alcohol on it and scrubbed it with Mr. Logan’s shirt. He whined and complained that it burned, but I didn’t care. I wanted a nice clean penis to play with. Then I grabbed ahold of it again and wiggled it around, but it was pretty lifeless.  
  
I said, “You’ve got a limp dick.”  
  
He said, “Your mom worked me over pretty hard and then you poured a harsh cleaner on it. I think you put it out of commission for a while.”  
  
I said, “That’s too bad. All they’ll see on the video is a middle-aged man that can’t get an erection, even though he’s with a naked teenaged girl,” and then I dropped my towel in front of the camera.  
  
I posed with my bare butt in front of the camera, and then I showed off my perky breasts, pink nipples and shaved beaver. The whole time I was acting like I was trying to excite Mr. Logan. During my performance, I kept trying to stroke his manhood, and then I would make a frown face at the camera because he wouldn’t get it up.  
  
I said, “I’ve got an idea. Let’s play dress up. I’ll make you look good for the camera.”  
  
Mr. Logan was chained to the bed so he was unable to say no. I went and got my mom’s makeup kit, and then I climbed up on top of Mr. Logan. I straddled him and rested my sweet snatch right on his bare chest. I was naked so my ass was being recorded on the video, but I ignored the camera and went to work.  
  
I began with a heavy foundation, and then I went for the glittery eye makeup. Mr. Logan tried to resist, but I warned him that if he moved around, I was liable to poke him in the eye, so he calmed down and complied with my demands. I don’t know why he was putting up a fight. Every time I leaned over to apply the makeup, he had a close up view of my full firm titties, so he should have just laid back and enjoyed the show.  
  
I used mascara, eye liner and anything else I could find in the kit. I put some powdered blush on his face and I finished him off with some bright red lipstick. I stepped back and looked at my masterpiece, but I decided it needed more so I gave him a set of clip-on earrings, and as a final touch I put an artificial flower in his hair.  
  
I stepped back and said, “You look so cute! Let me take a picture,” and then I went and got my cell phone.  
  
Mr. Logan was very quiet during the whole process and I don’t think he was having as much fun as I was. In fact, I don’t think he was having any fun at all. After snapping off a few photos, I told him that I wanted to get him hard again, so I placed his penis between my breasts and began stroking him like my mom did. As I rocked back and forth, my bare butt and hairless pussy were right in front of the camera, but I knew I could always edit that part out later.  
  
After a short time, my history teacher’s dick rose to the occasion. I took some more pictures, but I felt that my subject needed to suffer a little more humiliation. I started playing with his penis like it was a doll and that gave me an idea. I went and got a dress from my old Barbie Doll and put in on Mr. Logan’s manhood. Then I got the lipstick and drew a happy face on his dickhead. I was laughing and having a good time as the camera rolled. Mr. Logan didn’t think it was funny at all. Then I stopped playing around and put some lotion on my hand.  
  
I said, “Are you going to be a good boy and behave yourself?”  
  
He said, “Yes,” so I removed the dress, placed my soft slippery hand around his hard penis and began stroking it.  
  
I stroked and stroked and stroked, but nothing was happening. I guess playing dress up was too stressful for the man. Then his manhood got really hard so I started stroking faster.  
  
As I moved my hand up and down, I held it a little tighter. Mr. Logan refused to say anything, but his body was tensing up and his breathing was getting heavier so I knew he was about to cum. Then it happened. Mr. Logan fired his rigid rocked and the milky substance flew so far that it landed on the side of his face.  
  
I said, “Mr. Logan, you ruined your make up!”  
  
Then I picked up my towel and went into the bathroom to clean myself up. I went back into the bedroom to get my camera.  
  
As I tried to leave, Mr. Logan said, “Aren’t you forgetting something?”  
  
I said, “Oh, yes I did. How silly of me,” and then I bent over and put the Barbie dress on Mr. Logan’s now shrinking dick.  
  
He called out, “No, that’s not what I wanted. I want you to unlock these cuffs.”  
  
I replied, “No can do. I honestly don’t know where my mother has the key. Besides, I think she’ll enjoy waking up and finding a sissy boy on her bed.”  
  
I said goodnight and turned off the light. Before going to bed, I put my camera and phone in a safe place. Mr. Logan is still my favorite teacher, but he’ll think twice before he messes with me again. Earlier tonight Mr. Logan said that I would learn a lesson through humiliation. I sure hope he learned his lesson…payback is a bitch!