**Another Evening with Mr. Logan**

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**Another Evening with Mr. Logan Ch. 01**

I'm an eighteen-year-old high school student and I had a webcam study session with my history teacher yesterday. After completing the study session, I accidentally left the webcam running. My teacher, 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 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 on that slutty outfit!"  
  
He replied, "I don't want to post last night's video on the Internet, but I might. I know quite a few guys 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 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. Then I cracked open the door and shrieked because it was Brian, my eighteen-year-old classmate on the doorstep holding a pizza.  
  
Mr. Logan said, "Tell Brian 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 shoe string straps on my tank top 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 fall 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!