**Detention with Mr. Davis**

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On a Friday afternoon at 3:15, Mr. Davis was very frustrated. As a Biology teacher at a local high school, he wanted nothing more than to drive away from the tedium of his classes and head out to a cabin for the weekend, not worrying about students, or grading homework, or giving tests. Unfortunately, this particular Friday did not afford him that pleasure.

She was late.

Mr. Davis was a good teacher. However, he was also very, very strict, and he was known for giving out detentions faster than any other teacher at the school. Just the previous day he had given one out during his 5th period class to a female student in the front row. While Mr. Davis took pleasure in doling out these punishments, the unfortunate part was that he had to enforce them as well. And now he sat, trapped at his desk on a Friday afternoon, waiting for his student to show up to detention.

She was late.

As the clock ticked the seconds away, and those seconds turned into minutes, Mr. Davis grew more and more angry. The offense this student was being punished for was very grave indeed, and she was only making matters worse by wasting his time with her tardiness. Mr. Davis was about to go search for his missing student in the halls when suddenly the door to his classroom opened slowly, and in walked Alison Adams.

Alison Adams...

Mr. Davis watched as Alison cautiously poked her head around the door to look into the room where she usually had biology class. She saw her teacher Mr. Davis sitting at his desk and a sense of dread filled her chest as she saw the grim look on his face. Alison liked Mr. Davis, despite his strict nature, and was disappointed that she had made him so mad at her. She wasn't even sure why she had received detention in 5th period the other day! She had just been sitting there taking notes on the difference between "meiosis" and "mitosis", and then had accidentally dropped her pencil on the floor. She leaned over in her chair to pick it up, and when she was upright at her desk once again Mr. Davis yelled that she would have detention with him on Friday afternoon.

Without a word, 18-year-old Alison Adams entered the classroom and slowly walked to her usual desk at the front of the class. As she walked, her long, blonde hair flowed gently behind her. Her beautiful blue-green eyes sparkled and her voluptuous lips pursed in anticipation of her punishment. She wore her normal school outfit: a simple white blouse tucked into her miniature plaid skirt, with thigh-high white nylon stockings and black patent leather shoes. As she crossed the room, her breasts did not bounce at all, but remained taught and high, jutting away from her bosom with the mouth-watering perfection of her teenage body. Her long, shapely legs were something to be admired, but the true physical aspect of her body that begged for worship was her round, tight ass. Like two perfect globes, her butt was high and firm, large enough to call attention to itself, but not too big as to be a nuisance. Years on the cheerleading squad had given Alison Adams a spectacular form, and any man laying eyes on her instantly wondered what her body would look like naked and exposed...

Alison placed her backpack on the floor next to her desk and sat down, awaiting the harsh words sure to come from her teacher... Several long moments of silence ensued, and Alison risked a glance up at Mr. Davis. The man's intense, dark brown eyes glared back at her, drinking in her form, and the pitiful way this little schoolgirl peered up at him from under her long eyelashes. Finally he spoke.

"Thank you for finally joining me Ms. Adams. You do know you're late for detention don't you? Now, why don't we discuss why you have detention." When the girl sat silently, refusing to speak, Mr. Davis continued, "You do know why don't you? It's because you weren't wearing any god damned panties in my classroom yesterday."

Alison gasped. How had he known?!? Surely he was just guessing... She could get out of this. She began to speak, "But Mr. Davis..."

"Don't lie and say that you were!" her teacher interrupted her. "I saw! When you bent over your seat to pick up the pencil you dropped I could see everything clearly. I could see that you weren't wearing any panties. As you bent over and your skirt rode up I could see your pouty little pussy lips spread open..."

The girl was speechless. She couldn't believe her teacher had just said the word "pussy" to her! Let alone seen her cookie when she bent over... What was going on? She could barely think, and all she could do was stare back into her teacher's deep, dark eyes, entranced by the man she admired and learned from.

Mr. Davis continued, "Ms. Adams, this is unacceptable. I can't teach my classroom when I can see your little pink pussy lips touching the cold blue plastic of the chair that you're sitting on. I can't concentrate when I can see your juices running out of your cunt and pooling between your legs. You were CLEARLY excited from something. Would you like to explain why you weren't wearing any panties in my classroom?"

Little Alison was practically shaking. Her breaths were coming in ragged heaves. She had never heard an adult speak so dirty before! Let alone her own teacher! She could feel her face becoming flushed, and if she wasn't mistaken there was a slightly damp feeling down between her legs... She opened her mouth to speak but simply couldn't give the reason she had neglected to wear panties to Mr. Davis's class.

"Ms. Adams!" her teacher barked.

At that moment Alison had never been more frightened, or excited! She decided that rather than enrage her teacher with her silence she had better just tell the truth... difficult as it was...

"Well..." she began, "I have gym class 4th period, right before Biology with you..." she stopped. She just couldn't say it!

"And!??" Prompted Mr. Davis, getting more and more enraged by the moment.

"And, well... Ok. So we were done with gym class. The girls had just played volleyball all period. We were all really hot and sweaty and we got back into the locker room to change. So I was changing, and as I sat on the bench between the lockers I was putting on my stockings and I looked up and right next to me was my best friend, Jenny." She looked up at Mr. Davis who was unimpressed, "You know, Jenny McArthur? She's my best friend."

"Yes I know Jenny McArthur!" Mr. Davis spat out at his stalling student. "I don't see how she could have anything to do with you not wearing panties in my classroom!"

"But that's just it Mr. Davis," said Alison, "It was because of her. You see, like I said she was changing right next to me, so as I was putting on my stockings I looked over just as she was talking off her gym shorts... When she bent over, her butt and her cookie were sticking straight in my face. She was stepping out of her shorts and she was just spread open completely in front of me. I wanted to laugh as I saw a trickle of sweat run down her back and between her butt cheeks. I saw the same little drop of sweat pass over her... you know... and then drip down onto her cookie."

"Her cookie?" Asked Mr. Davis.

"Yeah, that's what I call it. You use the 'P Word' for it... Anyway, I saw the sweat run over her cook-... her pussy, and hang there from one of her lips. I remember actually thinking it looked really good. And it was so cool because I noticed Jenny shaved down there! All the hair was gone from her... pussy. Is it ok if I use that word Mr. Davis?"

He replied, "Of course Ms. Adams." Then he shifted uncomfortably in his teacher's chair. Alison wasn't sure why... But she continued with her story.

"So I could see her pussy spread open and hairless." The more she said the word, the more she enjoyed it! It felt so dirty and naughty to say it, especially to her teacher, and she could feel the heat between her legs making her even more wet. She liked saying it now. "And her pussy just looked so smooth and soft and pink. I liked how it looked. But I was embarrassed because I've never shaved my pussy." Suddenly she stopped. It felt even dirtier to say my pussy. Why was she getting so turned on?! "I kept sneaking glances between Jenny's legs as she toweled off and got dressed. I just really liked the way her pussy looked. I was actually kind of sad when she finally slid her panties up her legs to cover it. But I did get one last closeup look at it when she bent over to put her panties on. It looked so good! I just couldn't stop staring at Jenny's pussy!"

Now Mr. Davis truly seemed uncomfortable in his seat. As he shifted around he muttered, "Yes, yes that's all well and good Ms. Adams. But get to the point."

Alison was now fully aroused as she continued her story. "Well after seeing Jenny all shaved like that, it gave me an idea. So I waited until all the girls left the locker room and then I got out my razor and some shaving cream -- I keep it in my gym bag in case I need to shave my legs. I took off all the clothes that I had just put on and walked over to the showers at the end of the locker room." Alison couldn't understand it, but it was making her very excited to be telling her teacher these private things. She decided that she had crossed a line already, so she might as well go all the way and tell him exactly what she did next, and what she was thinking as she did it. "So I got into the shower. It was nice having the entire locker room to myself. I waited until my whole body was dripping wet in the warm water, then I got out my shaving cream. I put a small dollop in my hand and reached down to my... pussy. It felt very naughty because I had never done anything like this before. I actually shivered as I felt the shaving cream against the skin of my little cookie -- I mean my pussy!"

The girl couldn't believe how much she was enjoying this, and she barreled forward. "I wanted to make sure the shaving cream really got everywhere so I started rubbing it in, and I accidentally made myself... a little wet as I did it. I mean, I was basically rubbing my pussy with my whole hand, getting the cream everywhere. Finally I was covered completely, and I grabbed my razor. I was a little nervous because I had never shaved such a sensitive spot before, just my legs! I was timid with the first stroke, but I got more and more comfortable, and as I watched, more and more hair disappeared from my little pussy! It was starting to look more like Jenny's!"

Mr. Davis now seemed to be doing something beneath his desk, but Alison couldn't quite see what he was working on, so she took a breath and continued. "So Mr. Davis, I shaved all the hair off of my pussy and then I rinsed all the shaving cream away. I wanted to make sure I hadn't missed a single spot, so I rubbed my hand over my bald little... cunt to make sure it was smooth." In her excitement Alison had remembered another word that Mr. Davis had used instead of 'cookie' and she reveled in using it front of him now. And she thought she heard him let out a little moan as she said it... but it must have been her imagination. "I loved how it looked, Mr. Davis. For the first time ever I got to look down and see my naked cunt freshly shaven and smooth, just like men like them. I had to admit, it looked good. I reached down with my fingers to spread myself open. I loved being able to do this in such a public place! Right in the school locker room! I guess I just wasn't thinking! Anyway, the water was still running down my whole body, and I watched as the water dripped down into the folds of my pussy and then dripped off my lips to the floor. It was so cool looking! I was so caught up in how it looked that I didn't hear the door open."

"Then what?" broke in Mr. Davis. Alison could tell he was as engrossed in listening to the story as she was in telling it. She couldn't wait to tell him the next part!

"So I looked up, and standing there in the doorway to the gym was Mr. Johnson, our P.E. teacher! I guess he was coming to clean up our locker room or something, but he caught me standing there, spreading my naked pussy open with my fingers! I could see his eyes were locked on my open cunt, water still dripping from my puffy little lips. I didn't know what to do, so I screamed and immediately he ran back out the door. For a minute I stood there shaking. I caught my breath and looked down to my cookie again. I felt it with my hand and I realized it wasn't just water that was dripping from my pussy! I was as wet as I had ever been with my own juices! My own pussy juices were running out of my cookie and dripping down my thighs. I couldn't believe how exited I had gotten by getting caught touching my naked pussy! I wasn't even thinking straight and I reached down and used a finger to push against my... what did you call it again when we went over the female anatomy? Something with a 'C' I think..."

"Your clit, Ms. Adams. You reached down to touch your clit."

"Yeah! My clit! That's what it was! Mr. Davis it felt amazing! With no hair on me anymore everything felt so fresh and exposed. As soon as my finger touched my clit I practically collapsed on the shower room floor! It felt that good! I sat down on the tile and began rubbing my whole hand over my pussy. Oh Mr. Davis... it was incredible. I loved having my fingers everywhere. I would slide my hand straight down over my mound and I could slip my middle finger right between my pussy lips and then my pointer finger and ring finger on the outside of my lips and just be touching everywhere! Each time my finger rubbed over my clit I wanted to scream out in pleasure. It surprised me too, because I've touched my clit at home before... I know I'm not supposed to! But I can't help it sometimes! But it never felt like this before... And as I was rubbing my pussy over and over I suddenly felt like I wanted something... well, I wanted something up inside me! So without thinking about it I decided to slide a finger up into my pussy! Mr. Davis it felt so good! I felt so full and I wanted more and more, so I kept sliding my middle finger in and out of my shaved cunt. I felt so naughty and dirty sitting there on the floor of the showers with the water still running down over my body. But I just couldn't help it. Even the cold tile on my butt was turning me on! Soon I added a second finger into my cunt and I was furiously thrusting my fingers in and out. God it was so good. And then... I think I actually had an orgasm Mr. Davis. I came! And I was lying there on the shower room floor quaking from my orgasm with a huge smile on my face. And to be honest, I almost wished that Mr. Johnson would walk in again and see me like that!"

Mr. Davis was barely breathing. His hottest student had just told him a story about how she had shaved her pussy for the first time and then fingered herself in the school locker room. He couldn't believe this was happening to him. And Al Johnson, the P.E. teacher, had never mentioned anything about walking in on this girl! Mr. Davis brought himself back to the girl and said, "Ms. Adams, I'm very glad you told me that story, but I still don't understand why you weren't wearing panties that day."

"Oh I'm nearly there Mr. Davis! Then you'll understand. So you see, I finished showering and I cleaned all of my cum off my body -- I was just wet all over! So finally I was all clean again and I toweled off. I knew if I didn't hurry I would be late to your class, but I still couldn't help looking at myself. Once I was dry I inspected my pussy again. It looked just like Jenny's! It was all smooth and pink and my lips were all swollen from being excited like that. I wanted to finger myself all over again but I had to get dressed and get to Biology, so I put my blouse on, and then my skirt and my stockings, and when I got to my panties, I was about to put them on, but something made me stop... As I lifted a foot to slip on my little panties I felt a cool, cool gust of wind blow against my crotch. It felt like heaven! The cold air against my hairless lips... Mr. Davis I don't even know how to describe how it felt. Like I said, it was heaven! So I didn't want to put my panties on and cover up my sensitive lips. I folded up my panties and put them in my gym bag then walked to your class without them on. That felt good too! With each step I took my legs squeezed my pussy lips together and I got excited all over again... I guess that's why I was turned on and dripping on my chair during class. And that's why I wasn't wearing panties in your class yesterday."

A long moment of silence ensued. Alison looked at her teacher and he stared back at her. There were practically sparks shooting between them, and both were breathless from the telling of such a private, erotic story. In fact, Mr. Davis had a raging erection that was threatening to burst through his slacks. This was the reason he had squirmed so much during the story, he had been forced to readjust over and over again. Mr. Davis was first to break the trance and came back to his senses. This was his student! He could probably be fired for what they had been saying to each other! He needed to control the situation. "Ms. Adams!" He stammered, "Despite your story, it was completely inappropriate to do that. You can not come to my classroom without panties on. For your information, I happen to admire girl's panties and I am extremely disappointed in you for neglecting to wear a pair to my class. I am very upset with you. In fact, I think I'm going to have to call your parents so they know what you have done."

Alison gasped. Not her parents! They would be furious! The girl had grown up in a very strict household and she knew she would be grounded if they found out about what she had done, and what she had just told her teacher. They might even refuse to let her go to the upcoming Spring Dance! She had to do something... but what?!?

Then it hit her. Mr. Davis had just said that he liked panties. How much did he like them though? Enough to let her off the hook if he got to see some now? A wicked idea popped into the schoolgirl's head and she jumped up out of her seat. Walking slowly toward her teacher, Alison Adams said softly, but firmly, "But Mr. Davis. I'm wearing panties now. They're one of my favorite pairs. They're satin and smooth and I just love the way they feel pressing against my newly shaved pussy. Would you like to see my panties now Mr. Davis?" It was a risky move, but from the look in her teacher's eyes the girl knew it was the right one.

For his part, Mr. Davis couldn't believe what was going on. Here was his hottest student, suddenly offering to show him her panties?!? It was Friday afternoon for Christ sake! Anyone could walk in... But he simply couldn't bring himself to say no... Instead he found himself staring down at the girl's skimpy little plaid skirt...

"Mr. Davis," smiled Alison, now confident in her ploy, "I think you DO want to see my panties..." And with that she reached down for the hem of her skirt. The girl was standing directly in front of Mr. Davis's desk, affording him a front row seat to what was about to be the most tantalizing sight he had ever seen. He watched, with his dick throbbing in his pants, as Alison slowly slid her skirt up her thighs. His mouth opened slightly as the tops of her stockings came in to view. The lacey elastic at the top of each stocking was tight against the girl's muscular thighs and Mr. Davis ached to be sliding those stockings off her little body one after another... The man then watched as his student ever so slowly slid her skirt higher exposing more flesh. Mr. Davis nearly came in his pants when Alison's little pantied crotch was finally exposed to him. The tightest little white satin panties clung to the heavenly V between her legs.

Mr. Davis simply couldn't take it anymore, and he immediately began rubbing his dick through his pants. He didn't care if the girl saw what he was doing. This was absolutely the most erotic thing he had ever seen, and he wasn't going to miss this chance to enjoy it. Alison saw her teacher's hand move to the bulge in his pants and new she had him where she wanted him. In fact, it was turning her on just as much to be in this situation! She only hoped she could refrain from touching herself!

"You see Mr. Davis," she crooned, "You don't need to call my parents. You can just see my panties now and we can forget all about the day I didn't have any on!" By now the girl had lifted her plaid skirt all the way up to her waist and was brazenly showing off her entire pair of panties. Mr. Davis drank in the vision and gazed at the ruffled lace that ran along the entire length of the waistband and the elastic in the leg openings of her panties. They were the sexiest pair of panties Mr. Davis had ever seen, and they were right in front of him, on a perfect 18-year-old body! The man was aching to cum, and he slid his hand down the waistband of his pants to grip his cock inside his underwear. Alison watched this with excitement and before she could stop herself she began stroking her own crotch with her free hand. She was on fire. Never in her wildest dreams did she think she would ever be touching herself in front of her teacher. Nor did she ever think she would watch HIM touch himself!

"Aren't these panties nice Mr. Davis?" She teased. The man could not say a word. All he could manage was a single nod to say 'yes.' When Alison saw how helpless her teacher was, her smile broadened and she exclaimed, "And the best part is the back!" And with that she turn around and bent over to the floor, lifting her skirt high over her waist as she did so. What Mr. Davis saw made him come even closer to coming than he had been before. Alison's little white satin panties had ruffles running down the entire back of them. And the girl's ass... after watching her trounce around in her plaid skirts week after week he never could have imagined the perfection that greeted him now. And in such a lewd display! That's one of the things that turned Mr. Davis on so much. Usually Alison Adams was a straight A student, very quiet and studious, and now she was proving herself to be an unbelievably horny little slut! This was too good to be true.

Mr. Davis mumbled something barely coherent and Alison craned her head around to look at him from her bent over posture. "What did you say Mr. Davis?"

The teacher cleared his throat and said softly, "Can you stick your ass out any further Ms. Adams?"

The girl happily replied, "Sure I can!" And she arched her back further, jutting her voluptuous ass out at her teacher. This action caused the girl's panties to ride up into the crack of her ass slightly, exposing more of each cheek. "Ooo," giggled Alison, "I kind of like that!" She tried sticking her ass out as far as it would go so that her panties wedged right up between her two cheeks. The girl could feel the pressure of the satin material tight against her pussy as well as her asshole. The pressure felt incredible to Alison. "Wow..." she mumbled.

Her teacher could see that she was just as aroused as he was, and he began to wonder just how far he could take it. First he needed to regain control. "Ms. Adams!" he barked, The girl straightened up and looked back at her teacher, afraid she had gone too far. "Come here," he commanded. Diligently she walked over and around his desk, still cupping her little cookie in her hand because it felt so good. Now she was face to face with her teacher, whose hand was still down the waistband of his pants, pumping slowly up and down. Being this close to her teacher while he touched himself electrified Alison and all she could do was stare at the movement in his pants as he spoke to her.

"Ms. Adams," he began, "There is nothing that will excuse your behavior in my class yesterday. You are in trouble and I don't want you to forget that. However, I am beginning to see a different side of you. You are a naughty little schoolgirl, and while that is normally bad, for now it is going to help you a little. Here's the deal, I will inspect your panties, and you will obey my every command. After that is through, perhaps I will find a way to skip a call to your parents and we can hope that you will have learned your lesson? Does that sound fair?"

"Mr. Davis am I making your penis hard?" The girl asked the question out of nowhere. Her teacher noticed that she was staring down at his hand gripping his cock and he wasn't sure what to say. "Or should I call it your... dick? I've even heard Jenny call it a cock before..." Again Alison reveled in saying these naughty words to her teacher. "I'm making your big cock hard by showing you my panties, aren't I Mr. Davis? And you're touching your cock while you look at my panties."

"Would you like to see it Ms. Adams?" It was the only thing the teacher could think to say to keep her off balance.

Alison's eyes went wide at the suggestion and she said, "Would I get to show you my pussy Mr. Davis?"

"GET to?" Mr. Davis mused.

"I mean, have to." Stammered the girl. "Would I have to show you my pussy if I got to see your... cock."

Mr. Davis was afraid he would frighten the girl off with too many suggestions so he said, "Well no... but you have to show me your panties up close Ms. Adams."

"I can do that!" she happily exclaimed and without hesitation she climbed up onto her teachers desk and face him, placing each of her feet on an arm rest so she was straddling him. With a smile she flipped her skirt up once more and showed Mr. Davis her panties.

Now her panty covered crotch was less than a foot away from his face, and Mr. Davis was truly in heaven. He stared down at the bulging pussy before him and unbuckled his belt. He stood up so he could lower his pants and said, "You are a fucking naughty little schoolgirl Ms. Adams." Alison gasped at the language.

"You said the F-word Mr. Davis!" She exclaimed. But before the teacher could utter a word his student clamped her hands down on her pantied pussy and whispered, "I like it... say it again."

Mr. Davis continued to undo his pants and said, "God damn Ms. Adams, you are a fucking naughty little girl."

As Alison continued to vigorously rub her little pussy she asked him, "Does that make you mad that I'm a naughty girl?"

The teacher replied, "Yes it fucking DOES." And with that he shoved his pants down to his thighs, releasing his hard on which pointed straight at the girl's panty covered cunt.

Alison focused her fingers on her clit and whispered, "Yesss Mr. Davis." She stared at his cock and he wrapped his hand around it and began to pump up and down.

Mr. Davis stood there stroking his cock, just inches from his student as she caressed her pussy through her satin panties. "Now Ms. Adams, let's not forget what you have to do to make me skip a call to your parents. I want you to pull those panties tight up against your little pussy."

Alison smiled and said, "I can do that!" She grabbed the waistband of her panties and firmly pulled upwards, forcing the sating material tighter and tighter against her young pussy.

Mr. Davis watched in satisfaction as the material bulged against the puffy, bald lips. In a moment he could actually see a full outline of the girl's cunt, even the thin little slit down the middle. "Good girl," he approved, "Very good girl..." He savored the view then said, "OK Ms. Adams. Tighter. Pull your panties up between your pussy lips. I want to see if you were telling the truth about shaving..."

Alison didn't want her teacher to think she was a liar! So she did as she was told. She reached down and pinched the material at her crotch together and then fed it up in between her little pussy lips. She had to saw the material back and forth to achieve the required depth, but eventually her panties were buried inside her cunt, with her puffy pink lips spilling out around the material, exposed to the fresh air for the first time since she had put them on this morning. Alison knew what she was doing was very naughty, but she couldn't believe how good everything she was doing felt! Even with her panties wedged up in her pussy -- something she had never experienced before -- she could feel the material tight against her clit, which sent waves of pleasure through her body. In fact, she wiggled her hips and yanked her panties up even harder so they rubbed against her clit harder and harder.

"You are being such a good girl Ms. Adams." Said Mr. Davis from in front of her. He had taken a seat so that his face was now directly in front of the girl's exposed cunt. He leaned in closer and closer, inspecting the girl's shaving job. "I see you're not a liar Ms. Adams, that's a very good girl."

As he spoke, his breath passed over Alison's shaved lips and she squealed in delight. "Mmm YES Mr. Davis! I'm a good girl!" The sensation of his breath over her exposed lips was excruciating, and she almost shoved her hips forward so that her cunt would press up into his mouth. But she wanted to make sure her teacher was really happy so instead she asked, "Do you want to see my titties Mr. Davis?" She blushed as she said the word, but saw him nod so she unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled the white button-up off her little body and as she unclasped her bra she said, "I know they're a little smaller than other girls' but they're perky! And that makes them perfect." And indeed, as Alison dropped her bra to the floor her teacher saw that they were the most perfect pair of breasts he had ever seen. Tight and high, they were small but just enough for a perfect handful, with tan puffy nipples topping each mound.

Ms. Adams saw her teacher staring at her chest and admitted, "I love it when my boyfriend pinches my nipples. It hurts a little but it feels soooo good." And with that she reached up and grabbed her right nipple between two fingers and pinched gently. "Mmm" she moaned. Then she pulled on it hard, away from her chest making her entire breast pull up and away from her body. "Ahhh, god I love that..." She said. She reached up with her other hand to grab her left nipple and pinched hard again. Then she twisted her left nipple while she pulled on her right. The pain was nothing compared to the pleasure the girl experienced, and she felt a new rush of juices to her pussy. Alison looked down at herself and saw her panties still wedged up between her pussylips. She had never done anything so dirty! And it was turning her on so much. She looked at Mr. Davis who was still stroking his big cock and staring at her. Alison thought to herself, 'Well, I've shown Mr. Davis my cookie, and my titties... what else could I..."

An idea excited and shocked Alison, and she said, "Mr. Davis, did you like seeing my ass when I bent over before?"

Mr. Davis breathlessly replied, "Ms. Adams, you have the best looking ass I have ever encountered, and I would love to see it again."

Alison smiled and said, "I can do that!" She released her grasp on her nipples and flipped over on the desk so that she was on her hands and knees in front of Mr. Davis. She knew that in this position her ass would be right in his face! Perfect! She arched her back and pushed her ass closer to the man, feeling the panties still wedged between her lips and also her ass crack.

"OH god..." she heard Mr. Davis moan.

Good! She thought, he likes my bum! "Did you like the way my panties looked on my ass, Mr. Davis?" Alison asked as seductively as she could.

"God yes Ms. Adams."

Alison reached back and hooked a finger into the elastic of her panties, pulling them slowly out of the crack of her ass so that they covered her globes once more. Mr. Davis stared as the ruffles covered his student's ass once again. His panty fetish had never been so appeased before! This ass was perfect, and the panties just added to its beauty. He would NEVER get enough of this ass.

"Ms. Adams it's perfect." He said.

Alison wiggled her butt for him and said, "Yeah, I know it's nice, but sometimes I think it's too big." She reached back and grabbed handful of her ass and squeezed gently. "See," she said, "there is a lot to grab!" She reached back with both hands and continued to massage her ass cheeks while Mr. Davis watched in fascination. His dick was ready to explode, and this girl was certainly going to put him over the edge! He wanted to bury his face into that panty coated ass, but he was still afraid to touch his student.

Alison wondered why her teacher hadn't touched her yet. Wasn't she sexy enough!? Here she was showing off her best asset and he just sat there touching himself! She longed to feel his manly fingers on her body and thought about what would make him cross that line...

The idea came to her and she asked her dirty teacher, "Mr. Davis, I know you saw my pussy yesterday when I wasn't wearing panties, but would you like to see it again?" And without even waiting for a reply she reached back and pulled her panties completely to the side, revealing her smooth pussy and asshole to him.

"Alison, Alison, Alison..." moaned Mr. Davis.

The girl couldn't believe it! He had said her name! Not just 'Ms. Adams,' but 'Alison!' He must really like my ass she thought... She pulled the panties aside further and thrust her ass out to her teacher, hoping he would touch her somewhere. Mr. Davis leaned in to inspect the most amazing body he had ever seen. Her pussy was flawless, pink and smooth and puffy and young. He looked at her lips as they parted slightly open. She was glistening wet from her excitement and the girl's juices coated her lips. He wanted so badly to plunge a finger or his tongue into that perfect little cunt, but something else caught his eye.

The girl's asshole...

If Alison's ass was something to worship, then it's actual opening was a doorway to paradise. Mr. Davis gazed at the girl's tight little sphincter and memorized its beauty. It was impossibly small, tight, and wrinkled, and tinged a slightly darker shade of brown than the girl's skin that surrounded it. It was the most beautiful sight the teacher had ever seen and he knew it would be the subject of his fantasies every night from here on out. As he watched the girl struggle to keep her balance and continue pulling her panties to the side, he saw the tight little hole expand and then contract. Her motions were actually flexing and releasing the girl's asshole! It was the most erotic thing he had ever seen, and he wanted more... He couldn't believe the girl was satisfying his second fetish just as she did with his first. Panties and a perfect little asshole? This girl was just too good to be true!

Lost in his thoughts, Mr. Davis leaned in as close as he dared to look at Alison's ass. He got so close that as he exhaled, his breath blew directly onto Alison's wrinkled little rosebud. She gasped and involuntarily thrust her entire body back into Mr. Davis's face, searching for more of that glorious sensation. Mr. Davis wasn't about to move out of the way, and when Alison thrust backwards, his face plunged right between her butt cheeks. The tip of the man's nose firmly pressed directly into the girl's asshole and simultaneously the two groaned in pleasure. Alison had never had anyone touch her in such a private place before! Her teacher had his face buried in between her ass cheeks... and she liked it! She felt the man's nose right against her opening and she wiggled her ass back into him, trying to achieve an even more intense sensation. She couldn't get enough.

Mr. Davis could have died and gone to heaven right then. Never in his life had he been more aroused or satisfied than he was in this moment with his dirty, slutty little student. She appeared to be enjoying his contact with her asshole so he pulled away momentarily and said, "Ms. Adams, reach back and spread your cheeks apart for me so I can really your asshole exposed."

Alison did as she was told and when she was gripping one of her cheeks in each hand, spreading her ass wide and giving her teacher access to her back door she couldn't help but moan, "OH god Mr. Davis touch my asshole again! Nobody has ever touched me there and it feels amazing!" Mr. Davis smirked as he listened to his student spewing such naughty language from her mouth. Now THIS was hot! Hearing his favorite student say the word 'asshole' was incredible and he forced her to say it again.

"What do you want Ms. Adams?" he asked.

"Touch my asshole again Mr. Davis! Put your nose against it again, it felt so good!"

Mr. Davis smiled and asked her, "Does it have to be my nose Ms. Adams?"

The girl was getting impatient and screamed, "Anything! Put anything there, just touch it again! I want something on my asshole!"

Mr. Davis was only too happy to oblige and without warning he licked Alison along the entire length of her crack, his broad, rough tongue sweeping over the tight little hole. Alison nearly passed out from the pleasure. "YESSS!" she screamed! "Do it again Mr. Davis! Please lick my asshole again! That was amazing!" Her teacher complied once more and began licking long, powerful strokes up and down the girl's ass, driving her wild. He was enjoying himself far too much and he knew he was close to cumming. "It feels so good on my asshole, Mr. Davis! But put it in! I want it in!"

The teacher wasn't sure he had heard her correctly, so he asked, "What is it you want Ms. Adams?"

She bellowed, "Your tongue in my ass! Please push your tongue up my ass! I want it so bad!"

Mr. Davis had never expected this from his student! But he was enjoying every second of it. Preparing himself to cum at any second, he straightened his tongue, and making it as firm and straight as he could, he pushed it straight up and into the girl's waiting asshole. Again the two shared a simultaneous moment of unimaginable pleasure. Mr. Davis could feel his tongue forcing the girl's sphincter open and pushed against the resistance in order to please the girl. He could feel her asshole clamp down on his tongue and he had a momentary thought that he could do this for hours. Alison was beside herself with pleasure. What she was doing was new, and different, and naughty, and dirty, and sooo good! The feeling was incredible and she wanted more!

So there they were. Alison was on her hands and knees on her teacher's desk with her ass in the air and her teacher's tongue buried in her ass, and Mr. Davis was sitting there forcing his tongue up into his student while he continued to pump his own cock in his hand. Suddenly, there was a knock at the door...

"Shit!" exclaimed Mr. Davis. "Quick Ms. Adams, get under my desk, now!" He grabbed her and pulled her off his desk, throwing her beneath it where she would not be seen. He grabbed her blouse and threw it down after her. He didn't have time to lift his trousers back up, so instead he scooted his chair in close to the desk so that no one would be able to see below his waist. "Come in!" He called, and when the door opened, in walked Principal Victoria.

Alison was quaking underneath her teacher's desk. Moments ago she had been experiencing the greatest sexual thrill of her life! And now it had been cut short. Maybe Mr. Davis wouldn't ever want to do that again to her... She was very sad... but then she realized Mr. Davis's cock was still out of his pants! She hadn't gotten to see it this close-up before! She had been so focused on showing herself off to him. She knelt there in the darkness and scooted forward, between her teacher's legs to get a good, close look at his throbbing cock...

Above the desk, Principal Victoria had just walked in, and Mr. Davis was desperately trying to compose himself. "Principal Victoria," he stammered, "Please come in, what can I do for you?"

The principal walked in a few steps and said, "Hello Mr. Davis I'm sorry to bother you at the end of the week, I just had a quick question to ask..."

Below the desk, Alison was oblivious to what was going on above her. She was entranced by the hard dick in front of her face. She didn't know what to do, or if Mr. Davis would let her touch it, so she placed her hands on each of his thighs and spread his legs wide open as far as they would go in the confined space. She heard Principal Victoria's voice above her and knew she had to be quiet, but was glad that Mr. Davis hadn't resisted when she spread his legs. Now she examined the beautiful dick in front of her. She loved being up this close to it! She could see the big head on the end with a little pre-cum oozing out of the tip, and a thick vein running down the underside of the shaft. She examined it up and down and looked closely at Mr. Davis's heavy balls hanging below his dick. This was a view she had never seen before! And with Mr. Davis's dick sticking straight up in the air, his balls and scrotum were completely exposed for her to see. She scooted in as close as she could and placed her face half and inch from the man's testicles. She was breathing heavily in the cramped space…

Above the desk, Mr. Davis was barely managing to keep himself together. Principal Victoria had asked him about the recent SAT scores of a few students and was wondering which students would make good "peer helpers" to tutor other students. As he tried to concentrate on the conversation, Mr. Davis felt the girl below his desk spread his legs open, and then he felt her hot breath on his ball sack. He desperately wanted to tell her to suck one of his balls into her mouth and jerk him off, but under the circumstances, that was impossible. He hoped that she would simply take him into her mouth on her own accord. In the meantime, he gripped the edge of his desk and attempted to answer the principal's questions in a normal voice.

Back down below, Alison could sense that Mr. Davis wanted to have an orgasm. More pre-cum was dripping out of his dick and he gently thrust his hips forward at her. But she had never given a blowjob! How was she going to do it right? What if she did it wrong and Mr. Davis didn't like her anymore? She couldn't risk that. Instead she tried to think of an alternative. She could just grab hold of his cock and make him cum with her hand... yeah, that could work... but then what would happen when he came? Where would it all go? Think Alison, think! She didn't have much down under the desk with her, but suddenly the perfect idea popped into her head.

As quietly as she could, Alison shifted around and reached down for her underwear. She slid the white satin panties over her perfect ass and down past her thighs, then her knees, and finally off her ankles. They would be perfect! And Mr. Davis liked panties... right? A little unsure of what she was doing, Alison took the full seat of the panties -- the part that usually covered her round ass -- and wrapped the material around her teacher's pulsing cock. She hoped the smooth satin would feel as good on his dick as it did on her pussy...

Mr. Davis's eyes went wide as he finally felt a sensation on his erection. It wasn't a mouth, as he had expected, but instead it was something smooth, and damp, and a little warm... He tried to sit still, but squirmed a little as he talked with Principal Victoria. He wasn't hearing a word she said as he tried to figure out what was going on below him. Then it finally occurred to him: she was jerking him off with her panties! The girl was amazing! His suspicions were confirmed when he felt a ridge of one of the panty's ruffles rub against the tender underside of his cock. The feeling was amazing. Could this girl get any better?!? His dick felt like it was encased in white satin, with the occasional rough, ruffled surprise. The girl steadily pumped him up and down, gripping his cock tightly in her hand. He couldn't have taught her better!

As Alison continued stroking her teacher's cock with her underwear, she smiled at how clever she was. She knew Mr. Davis must be enjoying this. Now all she had to do was make him cum! She thought back to the anatomy lessons Mr. Davis had given her class and she remembered him saying that a man's testicles are very sensitive... With her free hand she reached up and cupped Mr. Davis's balls. Oh how she loved touching her teacher like this! She squeezed them gently with her fingers, feeling their weight and shape. This was so sexy! She wished she had one hand free to play with her clit while she did this! And to think, she was doing all of this while Principal Victoria was just a few feet away in the classroom! What if she got caught? That was an exciting thought... But for now she had to focus on the job at hand: make her teacher cum! Then he would surely forgive her for not wearing panties.

Mr. Davis was trying to breath as normally as possible, but the girl was really making it difficult! He felt her hand fondle his balls as her other hand continued to jerk him off with her satin panties. This girl was a pro! He wished he could get Principal Victoria out of there so that he could cum like he was dying to do. He truly thought he could hold off his orgasm... until he felt one more thing...

Beneath the desk, Alison was frustrated that she hadn't made Mr. Davis cum yet. Was she doing something wrong? His dick was getting harder and harder in her hand, but he wasn't cumming. She couldn't think of what else to do. She assessed the situation and decided that even though she wasn't confident giving a blowjob, maybe she could lick Mr. Davis's balls and that would put him over the edge. She scooted in closer and began pumping faster and harder with the panties in her hand. With her other hand she continued massaging his testicles, but what she added now was her tongue. Tentatively she stuck her tongue out and licked up the underside of Mr. Davis's scrotum. Immediately she felt him thrust forward in his chair and she knew she was on the right track! She tried all sorts of different tactics licking his balls. She kissed them, licked one and then the other, and eventually she realized she could suck an entire testicle into her mouth! Mr. Davis seemed to like that. Alison was enjoying herself, hidden under the desk, and she continued to jerk off Mr. Davis with her satin panties while sucking and fondling his balls. Everything was deliciously wet and dripping from her licking and sucking. She certainly hoped Mr. Davis liked it when things got really wet!

She noticed that Mr. Davis had scooted further and further forward in his chair, and he was barely even sitting on it any more! His cute butt cheeks were half on, half off of the seat! "Boy," thought Alison while she licked and sucked and pumped, "I can see everything down here!" She couldn't believe Mr. Davis still hadn't cum, as she took in the sights: her panties wrapped around the head and shaft of his cock, her lips wrapped around his balls, her saliva coating his sack and dripping down into the crack of his ass...

Alison stopped. Was that it? Was that the push that would send her teacher over the edge and make him explode into her panties? She had liked it when he did it to her! So why not give it a try? She had nothing to lose, so she decided to give it her best. She began lapping at Mr. Davis's balls with long, swift licks, and worked her way lower and lower. She felt her teacher tense up as her tongue found its way to the spot between his balls and his ass. She licked up and down this smooth area, wondering if it would do the trick. From the base of his balls to just near his ass the girl licked and sucked and kissed, but still no cum! Still slightly uncertain, Alison decided to go for broke and licked even lower... Her tongue came in contact with her teacher's asshole, and suddenly she understood why he had enjoyed doing it to her! It actually felt really good! Her thick tongue pressed right against his hole and she could feel the texture of it. She felt him pushing down into her and she swirled her tongue directly across his most private spot, and as soon as she did so she felt the cock in her hand spasm and begin shooting stream after stream of hot, thick cum into the panties she had wrapped around his dick.

Sitting at his desk, Mr. Davis could barely keep his eyes open as he came into his student's panties. He couldn't believe what the girl was doing with her tongue! The combination of the panties around his dick, the fingers at his balls, and that glorious tongue had made him lose control and he succumbed to the absolute biggest orgasm of his life. "Is something wrong, Paul?" queried Principal Victoria.

The man took a moment to catch his breath and said, "Yes, I think I'm just a little under the weather. I'll just finish up here and head home for the weekend. Thank you for coming in Principal Victoria." Finally the principal left and the teacher and student were alone once more.

Underneath the desk, Alison was proud of herself for making her teacher cum. "He'll be so happy with me!" she thought to herself. But suddenly she was being yanked out from under the desk! In a rage, Mr. Davis grabbed Alison by the hair and roughly pulled her up and into his lap. The girl gave a moan of pain from the rough treatment, but it was mixed with a groan of pleasure. The strangest things were turning her on! "You think it's funny to torture me like that while the principal is standing two feet away Ms. Adams?" He bent the girl over his knee. She needed to be punished, and he knew just how to do it.

"No!" the girl protested, "I thought you liked it!" She couldn't tell what was going on. She was laying on her teacher's lap on her stomach with her ass in the air. And suddenly she felt a great pain on her right butt cheek -- SLAP! Mr. Davis had just spanked her! SLAP! And then he did it again! Alison cried out in pain... and delight! Those slaps on her ass actually felt good after the first sting. She wanted him to slap her ass harder, but she knew she was being punished and probably wasn't supposed to like it so she pretended to protest, "No Mr. Davis don't!" But her teacher wouldn't listen, and smacked her ass again and again, turning it bright red. The girl was getting what she deserved, but his hand was beginning to hurt... Mr. Davis reached into a drawer in his desk and pulled out a blue, flexible ruler. He gripped it in his hand and brought it down hard on Alison's ass, right across both cheeks. There was a red welt, but he didn't care. Again he spanked her with the ruler, then again. He thought he heard Alison crying and was about to apologize when he looked down and noticed the wetness dripping from her cunt. She wasn't crying... she was moaning! She was actually enjoying this! Mr. Davis gave her one more extra hard slap on the ass with his ruler and then sat her upright.

"Straddle me Ms. Adams!" He commanded. The girl did as she was told and faced her teacher, sitting in his lap with her legs straddling his body. Looking at his student directly in her blue-green eyes the teacher said seriously, "I'm going to make you explode just like you made me explode." And with that he began roughly massaging the girl's breasts. She groaned and began grinding her pussy up and down the shaft of his cock. Although he had just cum, he was still hard as a rock from this little nymph. Mr. Davis began pinching Alison's nipples hard and rough as she ground her clit over the length of his dick. Mr. Davis knew just how he was going to make the girl cum and he thrust a hand between her legs, immediately sliding two fingers up the girl's cunt. Reaching in and stroking the inner wall where he knew the girl's G-spot was, Mr. Davis began pleasing his student like no boy would ever be able to. As he stroked her G-spot, Mr. Davis began sucking on the girl's right nipple, biting on it every so often, mixing pain with the pleasure. Alison was nearly out of her mind and had never experienced something so intense. She was spread eagle over her Biology teacher and he was making her feel things she had never dreamed of!

Mr. Davis was ready to make his student scream. He increased the pressure on her G-spot and as he did so he brought the thumb of his hand up to her clit, pressing directly on it and rocking it back and forth. He continued biting her nipples, and finally he reached around with his left hand to grab the girl's ass. He smacked her ass hard once, then pulled her cheeks apart and centered one finger right onto her perfect little asshole. He didn't insert the finger, but kept it there, pressing on the sensitive muscle, teasing her with the slightest hint of anal stimulation. While doing all of this he stared directly into Alison's eyes. It was a hard, powerful, intense stare, and Alison returned it, not wanting to take her eyes away from her teacher's for a moment. There was a true, deep connection as the teacher brought his student to the edge and it turned the girl on even more. Alison felt like her entire body was going to explode. Her nipples were being attacked by her teacher's teeth, her G-spot was driving her wild, her clit was shooting electricity up and down her spine, and the finger pressing on her asshole was the final straw. With a scream, Alison spasmed and came while straddling her teacher. Her juices flowed freely from her open pussy and covered Mr. Davis's lap, mixing with his own cum in a big, wet mess. Mr. Davis held the girl there in his lap until she came to her senses.

He looked at the girl straddling him. Clad only in her thigh high white nylon stockings, she looked uncannily like Alice in Wonderland. His dick gave a lurch at the image, and he filed that fantasy away in his mind for another day... Finally he looked at Alison and said, "Class dismissed. You can get dressed." Mr. Davis stood up zipped his pants up. He watched as Alison found her clothing. His eyes went wide as he watched her pick up her panties and prepare to step into them. "What are you doing?" he asked her.

She replied, "You said you like my panties on me..." And with that, she slid the drenched satin up her legs and pulled it tight against her privates. The frilly little things were absolutely soaked with Mr. Davis's cum, but Alison didn't seem to care. In fact, she pressed her fingers into the crotch of the material where a thick glob of cum coated the panties and rubbed it into herself. She turned around and did the same with her ass, which was just covered with his cum. Finally she let her skirt fall back into place and she put on her button up shirt.

As Alison turned to go she said, "So you're not going to call my parents, right Mr. Davis?"

Her teacher smiled and said, "No I think you've learned your lesson. Just don't let me get a peek at your pussy in class again, or next time I'll spank you even harder..."

Alison couldn't help but smile as she walked out the classroom door, knowing that there certainly would be a next time…