**Getting Good Marks**

**by [kinkyjill](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=681949&page=submissions)©**

Lately I have been thinking about a time when I was a high school student.

My fantasy involves one of my teachers who were taking me for English. At that time, I had just turned 18. I was blonde, five feet 2 inches tall, and quite pretty (so I have been told).I had a very petite figure. My breasts were very firm but ample for my body size and my legs were very nicely proportioned and very sexy to look at. I use to love wearing some very skimpy shorts, and I knew how to get the right attention. Needless to say, I had no trouble attracting men. You might go so far as to say that I had a natural talent for it.

Taking all of this into consideration, you might be surprised to hear that I had a problem with Mr.Sanders, my English teacher.

He was about 35 or so, and for some reason, he took an intense dislike to me. He would often be really rude towards me. He would never give me a good grade on my assignments even if they seemed really good.

Anyway, I sure as hell wasn't going to let this one man spoil it for me. So after my second assignment result, I decided to have a talk with him, to see if there was something I could do to improve my grade. I went up to him after class and asked him if I could meet him. He hesitated, but formally agreed, and he suggested that we meet after 4pm in the staff room which should be free to use once the other teachers have gone home.

Four o'clock came and the school seemed deserted. Even the Principal had gone home early. Anyway, that didn't matter to me; I just wanted to find out what was going on in Mr. Sanders head for justifying giving me such bad grades.

I knocked on the staff room door kind of nervously. Anyway, before long, Mr. Sanders opened the door.He didn't even look at me; he just pointed to a chair for me to sit on and then he sat down opposite me. This made me nervous. My heart was racing and I was feeling quite intimidated. I also had a very short school skirt on and I had to be careful not to spread my legs. I was sure he would be able to see up my legs if I moved them. Normally this would not worry me. I liked teasing men; it always gave me a thrill to know that some guy had lusty thoughts of me. Nevertheless, in this situation, I knew that there was a good chance that Mr. Sanders was not going to be impressed by me exposing my panties to him so I crossed my legs.

I started the conversation by discussing the assignments I had written. He replied to me in an annoyed manner that my papers were fine.I asked him why did he only give me such low grades for them?

His pitiful answer was that a pass was fine and that I shouldn't complain.

I guess you could say that my other teachers generally spoil me because they all tend to like me and reward my good schoolwork with good grades. I'm also spoiled by the consistently positive responses I get from men. So I was starting to get annoyed with this pain-in-the-ass teacher, who was disappointing me on both counts. So finally, I just confronted him point blank.

"I don't understand,"I said. "My papers are quite good by your own admission. What do you have against me?"

He was startled by my sudden frankness, but he quickly composed himself and gave me a long hard stare. After an uncomfortable pause, he sighed and began to speak in a tense manner.

"Jill," he began, "I must say that I have a very hard time believing that you don't know what it is that I'm so 'down on you' about, as you put it."

"But Mr. Sanders," I replied, more politely than he deserved, "I really haven't the slightest idea what I could have done to get you upset at me."

He gave me an icy look and then responded in an abrupt manner.

"Well, Jill, if indeed you are so out of touch with yourself as to be so totally unaware of your faults, I suppose I have no choice but to let you know". I just stared at him coldly. If he were almost anybody else, I would have stormed out of there, telling him in no uncertain terms just where he could stick his opinions. But this time I prudently kept my true feelings to myself I wanted better grades. It must have become apparent to him that I wasn't going to say anything, and he finally started to speak again.

"So Jill," he said, "where shall I begin? He started going on and on about my attitude and some other rubbish which didn't even seem real of me. I could tell that something other than what he saying was the real cause of his negative feelings towards me, and more and more, I was starting to see what it was.

He then proceeded to say, "You young women are all the same every last one of you! You come to class dressed in very short skirts,and all you do is sit around and entice all the men around you.Don't try to deny it, young lady, I'm on to you, I'm on to you, all right!"

This confirmed my suspicions about what was bothering him: I turned him on and he hated me for it. I raised my eyebrows and started to act like I was going to protest, but he cut me off with a wave of his hand and went on.

"You young girls all pretend that you don't know what you're doing, but you can't fool me. You know damn well, yes,damn well, young lady, how you distract and entice the men around you, and how you just wrap them around your little finger. Look at you, look at that short skirt you're wearing and that revealing see through blouse. You are not even wearing a bra! You expect me not to notice, not to be affected. Well, I'm on to you and your games,little lady. Yes I am, and you can't entice ME with your innocence."

I had to laugh to myself. The fact that the man was expending so much energy to deny I had any affect on him sexually was only serving to confirm just the opposite. Now that I knew what was bothering him, I also knew how to get him to lighten up on me and give me better grades. He was totally frustrated sexually and probably still is a virgin.

Without warning, I slowly stood up, turned around and pretended to be looking for something behind my chair.I knew at this point that he would have a bird's eye view of my ass.I was wearing white cotton bikini brief, which hugged my firm ass.I grabbed the arms of the chair behind me to prop myself up.

"I really think you'd like to get a look at my arse."I said, looking over my shoulder at him. As he gasped at me in disbelief, I took one hand and started running my fingers over my panties while I gave Mr. Sanders a very seductive look. He was totally flabbergasted. He didn't know what to do. He just sat there looking. Then he gulped and continued staring but I continued to stare him out as I let my fingers slip under the elastic of my panties and run up the crease of my ass. I knew in my mind that Mr. Sanders had been fantasizing about me.I could tell.I always caught him looking at me in class and whenever he walked by, he use to look at me through the corner of his eye.

"What part of me do you think about when you masturbate,Mr.Sanders?" I saw him look down with embarrassment for a second or two. Then suddenly I stood upright and grasped the waistband of my panties with both hands and pulled them down to my knees,completely exposing my perfect round arse.

"Do you fantasize about my arse?" I said. He just stared at me, his mouth opening and losing, but no words coming out.I then pulled my panties back up and turned around to face him. I then grasped the bottom of my blouse and raised it up, exposing my cute and perky tits. My nipples were so hard and pointed and my tits wiggled as I exposed them.

I stood there motionless with my tits exposed just staring him in the eye.

"Do you picture my tits when you jerk off Mr. Sanders?" With one hand I began to massage my breasts as he stared. I could tell that he was enjoying this; he started to feel very uncomfortable in his pants as he adjusted his sitting position. I then dropped my blouse back down over my breasts, and then I lowered both hands to my crotch.I began to massage my vagina through my panties and said as I continued to do so.

"Or do you dream about my pussy Mr. Sanders?"

By this stage, he was completely mesmerized. He was just staring at me completely isorientated. I knew now that I had the upper hand so I took it a step further.

"Why don't you take out your penis and start masturbating for me Mr. Sanders? I'm giving you the chance to masturbate with me. Take out your penis and masturbate for me, and I'll take off my panties and show you my pussy."

Nervously, he took off his shoes and socks, and then stood up to pull his pants down. While he was doing this, I slid my hands into my panties, and began to rub myself again. In less than a minute or two, he was standing in front of me, totally naked, his hands fidgeting nervously in front of his groin.

"That's very good," I said looking up and down as if evaluating him.

"Now move your hands out from in front of yourself and let me look at your penis and balls". He tentatively did so and looked very nervous, but he had a lovely specimen of a dick and balls and I was itching to play.

"Now", I said, "I'll let you see me nude if you jerk off for me, but first you must get down on the floor here on your back." He hesitated but then he obeyed me and soon he was on his back, his cock sticking up semi erect.

I stood over him, one foot on either side of his waist, and I looked down on him with my hands on my hips.

"Did you ever fantasize about having a wet,juicy pussy in your face while you are jerking off? So here, Mr. Sanders, take your prick in your hand and start masturbating and watch me as I take off my clothes."

His face lit up like a kid who just got his Christmas wish. He wrapped his hand around his cock and began to stroke himself slowly at first, and then more forcefully as he got more into it. As he jerked off on the floor underneath me, I slowly removed my clothes, acting like a slutty stripper. His penis, which had only been semi-erect up until then, very quickly grew to its full, rigid proportions in his hand as he watched me with an eager expression on his face. I didn't speak at all.

Soon, I had stripped all the way down to only my panties and school shoes. Then, I really began to taunt him. I began to teasingly pull the crotch aside give him glimpses of my vagina,only to quickly cover it up again. I pulled my panties really tight against me and squatted down within inches of his face. This got him much more aroused, and soon he was breathing heavy and bucking his hips up and down in rhythm to his fist sliding around his rigid prick.

Then, I eased myself out of my panties and started to talk really dirty to him.

"Oh yeah, look at my pussy, my hot, wet pussy. See how my finger slides deep inside - in and out - mmmmmm!" I turned around to face towards his feet and placed my legs on either side of his shoulders. Then, I squatted down with my crotch only a short distance above his face. I leaned forward and supported my weight by holding onto his thighs.

"That's it, Mr. Sanders," I whispered, "pump that big prick. Ooooooh, so good, yeah, feel it in your hand! Now do you want to smell my pussy? You want my hot, wet pussy right down on your face? Huh?"

"Oh yeah." He croaked, the words catching in his throat as he panted. I could tell he was close to orgasm.

Suddenly, I grabbed his hand and pulled it away from his cock. Then I released his hand and slowly lowered my open vagina right down over his face, covering his mouth with it and allowing his nose to push up the crack of my ass near my anal opening. I'm sure he'd been dreaming of something like this for years.

"Oh God!" he mumbled into my crotch, and began to moan with joy and pleasure as I began to move my pussy all around, smearing my juices all over his grateful face.

"Come on," I ordered in a low, throaty whisper. "Pump that big thing of yours. Shoot your cum, make it go all over yourself, all over your belly.Come on, aim your dirty ittle dick at your belly. That's it. Mmmm, Mr. Sanders, my cunt is so wet in your face feel your hot cream rising up the length of your big, throbbing prick!"

I knew that would push him over the edge. With a deep moan that was almost a scream, he began to wildly thrust his hips up and down as he milked his cum out of his shooting penis. It got all over his hand, his belly and his chest. I kept rubbing my pussy and arsehole all over his face as his spasms and moans gradually slowed down and then finally stopped. I sighed happily and smiled to myself, knowing that not only was my grade going to be a lot better, but that over the next year or so I was going to have a lot of fun making Mr. Sanders serve me any way I wanted.