**Gym Teacher**

**Part I**

It was my first year after graduating State U with my brand new teaching credential. I had been lucky to get a scholarship to play football at State. I was described as a gritty player, which meant I was slower, smaller, less skilled, and had to make up for it in determination, preparation, and smart play. I had a dual major, science and history, as well as a lot of Phys Ed credits from playing football. Because of that, I was qualified to teach science classes, all of the history and social science classes, as well as gym.

Most schools were having budget problems, the economy was down and they weren’t hiring. The principal at Elmcrest told me they figured they were hiring me to get three for one and I should be ready for a diverse workload. Elmcrest was a brand new school; just five years old and the facilities were first class. It also drew from a middle class neighborhood so they didn’t need morning weapons checks. The school sent its share of kids on to college, the athletic teams competed, and the community supported the school with fund raisings. The students were a diverse lot: white, Asian, Latino and black. All in all, I thought I was damn lucky to get Elmcrest right out of college. I’d been prepared to take an inner city school for a few years until I could transfer.

I was teaching two sections of Biology, one Chemistry, one sophomore history, and one gym section as well as coaching the defensive backs on the football team. Several of the teachers had loaned me copies of their prior year class curriculums so that I didn’t have to try to create three in the week before school started. That had been a life saver. I was modifying them as I went along, so that next year I’d be doing it more my way. For my first year, it was working out fine.

We were three months into the school year when the principal called me into her office. After the pleasantries she told me, “Mike. I need to change your class schedule. Jim is going to take your biology classes, Sherry is going to take your Chemistry and we are going to spread your history students out to other classes. The gym class will just have to get along with one teacher.”

My mind was going a mile a minute. Was I being fired? Barbara saw the look on my face and smiled, “You’re not being fired.”

“Oh good,” I said with relief. “What is going on?”

“Laurie was just put on home leave by her doctor. She is having complications and has to be flat on her back,” Barbara said. “That leaves me with no Gym teacher for the girls.”

I had no idea what that had to do with my class schedule unless I was going to have to take the place of the woman who was taking over girls' gym. We started the year with two women gym teachers. The first left when her husband was reassigned to New York. The district had denied hiring a new teacher for the spot; the budget, they said. That left Laurie as the only gym teacher. Laurie was pregnant but planned to teach until the last few weeks of the year.

“The district has denied hiring anyone, no budget authority. I can’t even get a long term sub. They said I was to handle it from available resources,” Barbara went on.

“So who are you going to put in gym?" I asked.

“You.”

I stared at Barbara as if she were speaking Latin. I couldn’t have just heard what she said. “Me?”

She nodded. “You.”

“Barbara, I’m male,” I said.

“I am aware. It’s the new law, the Gender Equity Act. I can’t ask for a teacher by gender. In fact, I can’t make any decision based on gender. A few wackos from the State NOW chapter wrote this law and sneaked it through the legislature when no one was paying attention. Unfortunately, they wrote it so broadly that any notice of gender is illegal. The district’s lawyers have even opined that under Brown v. Board of Education, separate bathrooms are illegal. I just hope no one notices and sues us. They can get monetary damages as well as forcing us to change. What a mess.”

“Can’t they change the law?” I asked.

“The Legislature is out of session,” she answered. “Holiday break. The district even asked the Governor’s office to intervene. Let’s just say they don’t want to mess with NOW. Once again, we are left holding the bag for a bad law. What I am hoping is that one of the parents gets a court order blocking the law. Until then, there is nothing I can do. You are the lowest in seniority and the union contract says I have to go by seniority when I reassign. You’re on the bottom of the totem pole. It won’t be that bad.”

“I can’t believe it. When?” I asked.

“Tomorrow. I hired a sub for today. Nancy only called women but I can’t keep that up. I can’t keep calling subs, the district office will notice. Tomorrow, you are the girls' gym teacher. Good luck,” she said smiling. As I stood to leave, she finished quietly, “You’ll need it.”

I looked back at her. “Yeah, thanks,” I said as I left.

I spent my lunch hour answering the same question from every teacher on staff, “Yes, I really am going to be the girls' gym teacher.” The women were mostly offended. I kept asking them, will you volunteer? You can guess the answer. The men were mostly amused and they didn't volunteer.

Since I would be teaching every gym class I was going to have seven sections. Normally, a teacher only had six classes, either 1 through 6 or 0 through 5. I was getting 0 through 6.

I showed up early and opened the girls' gym. I wandered around the gym, feeling like a desecrater, an interloper. The girls' gym had always been off limits. As a teen it had been a place of mystery and allure. It was the place girls got naked. I used to dream what it would be like to be inside. I remember a dream wher I was invisible and snuck into the girl's gym. Now I knew. It felt cold and hostile to my gender. NOW be damned but it didn't want me here.

It was almost time for the girls in zero period to start arriving. I hurried out of the gym and stood, I hoped inconspicuously, outside the gym. The girls started arriving. Some said hello as they passed, others glanced at me, hugged their books close and hurried into the building. When the starting bell rang, a bunch of girls hurried past me into the gym. Soon, some girls started appearing in their gym clothes and gathered around the entrance, looking puzzled. At five after, the time when they were all supposed to be dressed and outside, I stepped out from the building.

“Girls. Girls. HEY! EVERYONE!” I screamed. That finally quieted them. “As you may have heard, Mrs. McDaniel has been told by her doctor that she must remain at home for the remainder of her pregnancy.” I paused unsure exactly how to say the next. “I am going to be your gym teacher for the remainder of the year.”

There was a stunned silence, then a cacophony of girl’s voices erupted.

“Okay. Quiet. Quiet down. QUIET!” I had to blow the whistle before the girls finally stopped talking.

One of the seniors, hands on hips, said in an insolent voice, “You can’t be our gym teacher. You’re a man.”

“I am gratified you noticed,” which brought some laughs. “Unfortunately, that isn’t true. The state now requires that ALL teaching positions be filled without regard to gender. Believe me, this isn’t my choice. But I am your teacher for the remainder of the year. I understand that you may not be comfortable with that and I understand why. I am going to need your cooperation and support for this to work.” Looking pointedly at the girl who had objected, “I’ll need the seniors to help me police the situation, to make sure that everyone follows the rules. Does everyone understand?”

There was mumbled agreement mixed with disbelieving comments. I ran the girls through an easy session, playing soccer. At fifteen of, I sent them into the gym to shower and change. I stayed outside. As the girls filed into the building I told the seniors they were in charge. I hoped this would work. It worked beautifully, for almost four periods.

At the end of the fourth period, I sent the girls in. About five minutes later, I heard screams from inside the locker room, silence, then more screams. My blood curdled. I looked for divine intervention, but there were no signs from Heaven and there was no one but me. I knew I had to do something. I ran into the locker room and into a scene from a bad B movie. The locker room was filled with girls in various states of undress, from completely naked to almost dressed. In the middle was a group of girls yelling and screaming. I rushed over to find two girls, hands in each other's hair, clawing, slapping, and cursing each other. It was a real cat fight. I hadn’t seen anything like it since my own high school days.

I rushed into the melee shouting, “STOP IT! STOP IT YOU TWO!” They ignored me. Many of the bystanders noticed that there was a man present and they had little or no clothing on. That brought more screams followed by a mass exodus with girls trying to cover various exposed areas. But they only had two hands and three places to cover which left much on view, proving that if God had wished women to be modest he would have given women three hands.

The two fighters ignored me. I grabbed both and pulled them apart. They fought to get at each other and I had handfuls of two very naked girls. My hands were everywhere trying to control them. They finally realized that they were naked and I was a man. Their reaction immediately changed from fight to flight and they tried to run. I held on, dragging them into the office. I shoved one girl down onto a chair and dragged the other across the room. Both girls tried to curl up into a ball.

I stepped into the middle of the room and fought to get control of my breathing and emotions. “What the hell was that all about?”

“I’m naked,” one moaned.

“I didn’t have time to grab clothes when I stopped you from trying to kill each other.” I said. “Now, what the hell was that all about?”

“Please. Please let me get dressed. I won’t do anything, I promise,” the one girl begged.

“Please, Mr. Martin,” the other joined in.

“Are your lockers near each other?” They nodded. Shit. “Come on,” I said leading them back to the locker room.

“Are you going to watch?”

“I’m not letting you two out of my sight after what you just did. Come on, hurry up, and get dressed.”

They were both cowed now, and hurried to get dressed. I didn’t stare at them, instead trying to keep them on the periphery of my vision. But that meant the other girls who were hurriedly trying to finish dressing were in my sight. There was no place I could look that didn’t have a girl in the line of sight except straight down or straight up. I noticed the ceiling in the girls' gym could use a coat of paint. Girls dressed in record time and fled from the locker room. The two miscreants finally dressed as well. Luckily, fourth period was followed by lunch so I didn’t have a class. “Come with me,” I ordered. I marched them to the principal’s office.

I turned them over to Barbara, who quizzed me on what had happened. Her eyes got wide when I described the scene.

“This isn’t going to work,” I said.

“It certainly isn’t going to work if you leave the girls unsupervised,” she retorted.

I sputtered out my reply, “But what am I going to do?”

“You’re going to have to be in the locker room. You can’t supervise from outside,” she said. I’m sure I looked as shocked as I felt. She patted my arm. “Come on. I’ll let our prize fighters cool their heels for a while. It was probably a stolen boyfriend.” She took me to the dining hall and bought me lunch. Over lunch she explained that I would have to act like a gym teacher, just as if the girls were boys. No different, even though it was wildly different. She agreed to meet each class as they arrived for the rest of the day, explain what was happening, and tell them that she expected the girls to behave. We were going to have to hurry to meet my next class. We stopped by her office on the way and the secretary handed a note to Barbara.

“This isn’t taking long,” she said as she read it. “I hate cell phones.” She turned to me, “You know, Central banned all cell phones from campus during school hours, supposedly because students were text messaging test answers. I think it was to keep them from calling their parents every time a teacher did something they didn’t like.” She tossed the slip back onto a stack of telephone notes. “Another one of the girls called her mother after your class. The girl’s mother is furious that a man was in the girls' locker room. One of many. You think you have it bad. I’m the one who is going to return all these calls.”

Barbara explained to the next class what was happening. I hid in the office while they changed clothes. It wasn’t much help since the wall between the office and the lockers was glass, designed to help the teacher keep an eye on the students, exactly what I didn’t want to do.

Once the girls realized that I was hiding, one of them would come up to the glass, wait for a girl to come by naked, and knock. I’d look up to see the girl walking by. She’d scream and run for cover while the girl who had knocked, wrapped in a towel herself, would laugh at the stupid look on my face and the girl running off to hide. They were having great sport.

The day, mercifully, finally ended. I considered resigning rather than coming back the next day. What I didn’t know was that Barbara was there until after ten returning calls to angry parents. Her answer was always the same: we don’t like the law either, there’s nothing we can do about it; call the Governor if you don’t like the law. Any references she made to lawyers was strictly by acident.

The first I knew of the maelstrom was the next morning. Several of the girls showed up with notes from their parents demanding that they be excused from gym class as long as the teacher was male. I called Barbara. She showed up in minutes. She brought all of the girls together and explained that there would be no excuses because I was teaching. The law was the law and we would follow it. And so would they. This was America and no one was above the law. The girls trooped into the locker room to change, their looks of defiance drained away by Barbara’s will.

Incredibly, at least to me, was how quickly a routine was established. There were still pranks. Knocking on the glass and pulling off a towel on another girl as she walked past the windows was a favorite. It got so that I didn’t even look most times when there was a knock on the window. Another prank was the dares. A girl would press her naked butt against the glass and wait for me to look up. Then she would run back to her locker as the other girls laughed and hooted.

There were holdouts. Some parents held their girls out of school in protest. Barbara sent the sheriff around with a warning. The sheriff explained that unless the girl was back in school the next day, he’d be back with handcuffs for the parents. There was a truancy law and it would be enforced. The girls were back in school the next day.

The truth was if a girl didn’t want to be seen naked by me, she could avoid it. I stayed in the office and only occasionally looked out into the locker room, and that was usually in response to something one of the girls did to draw my attention. The modest ones stayed away from the office.

When it became apparent that I wasn’t looking, the more daring of the girls would challenge each other. They would saunter past the office, their towel would ‘fall’ off, and they would make a production of their ‘surprise,’ as they bent over to pick it up and wrap it around their naked body as they ran back to their locker, to gales of laughter from their co-conspirators. These shows had the inevitable effect. The girls were just a few years younger than me and many were undeniably sexy and beautiful. When one girl bent over to pick up her towel, her ass pointing towards me, her pussy staring at me from between her lovely thighs, with just a fringe of black hair framing her cleft almost like a mandala, I felt my cock rise.

I knew I should put a stop to the teasing. Both because of its effect on me and because I knew it would send the message that it was acceptable to be sexual with me. I didn’t. I was enjoying the attention from the girls. I no longer blushed when they did their performances.

Of course, one of the parents filed a suit to stop the school from having a male teacher for girls' PE. The judge seemed to be shocked that a male was teaching girls' gym. The school district’s attorney explained why and cited the language of the law. He basically said, if you want to enjoin us, we won’t appeal. In other words, “Don’t throw us in dat brier patch, Your Honor.” But the judge was a stickler for following the law. She had initially leaned towards an injunction. As she studied the language of the law, she deferred her decision. She promised a decision promptly, whatever that meant. One parent tried an end run, filing suit in a different court. As soon as Her Honor found out, she hit the roof and quickly informed the other judge that she had the matter in her court and asked him to send the suit to her court where it would be combined. Then she chewed out the lawyer, blaming him for delaying her decision, and causing extra work for the clerks of both courts, reminding him that she could have him cool his heels in the county jail for contempt. The lawyer was very apologetic. Maybe he wasn’t sincere, but he was very apologetic.

What all of it meant in reality was that three weeks later, I was still the girls' gym teacher. Barbara came around a few times and caught me hiding in the office. She’d force me out into the locker room to ‘supervise.’ Some of the girls would run and hide, some of them would laugh at the expression on my face, like a little boy on the way to the principal’s office. When we passed the shower, one of the girls said I looked sweaty from class and I should join them in the shower. I turned beet red, and even Barbara, trying to maintain her dignity, couldn’t, and burst out laughing. She scolded the girls for teasing me. I don’t think any of them really took her scolding seriously.

We settled into a routine: the shy girls avoided me and changed away from my view; the bold girls continued to tease me and play pranks on each other.

It was after sixth period and I was relaxing in the office, my feet up on the desk. The nice thing about gym was no homework and no tests. Even though I was teaching an additional section I had more free time in the evenings so it worked out. Maybe this wasn’t such a bad deal.

There was a knock on the door. I was surprised and glanced at the clock. The students should have been gone by now. I looked over at the door. It was one of the seniors, Kerry, wrapped in a towel, her strawberry blonde hair pulled back in a pony tail. I went over to the door and opened it. “Anything wrong?” I asked.

“Can I come in?” she asked.

“Uh, sure,” I said holding the door open. Kerry entered and sat in the chair in front of my desk. I went around and sat in the chair. “What is it?” I asked.

Kerry looked down at her hands, which drew my eyes down. The gym towels were very short and hers had ridden far up her thighs when she sat. Even though she was sitting primly, the towel and her thighs made a triangle which highlighted her pubic area. She was a natural redhead. I tried to pull my eyes away. When I finally did, I looked up at Kerry. She was watching me. She didn’t seem troubled. Maybe she didn’t know how on display her charms were. She smiled. “Mr. Martin,” she started. “Could I ask you something?”

“Sure,” I said.

“Some of the girls have been talking.” She paused, then continued, “About how you kind of hide in the office. Some of them have been saying maybe you don’t like looking at girls our age. Maybe you think we are little girls and not worth looking at,” she looked intently at me. “Is that true?”

I sputtered a reply, “They said what?”

“The girls said you must think we aren’t, you know, sexy, because you don’t look at us,” Kerry said.

“I am trying to give you girls some privacy. Look, I know this is difficult for you girls. Having some lecherous man staring at you doesn’t seem right.”

Kerry asked me, “Are you lecherous?”

More sputtering, “No. That’s not what I meant.”

Kerry was smiling at my discomfiture. She stood suddenly and her towel fell off. She feigned being surprised but did nothing to cover herself. I looked at her luscious body, then at her face. I could plainly see the indecision there and the apprehension. I knew, like most girls, she was worried what I would think of her body. What I thought was, ‘she is incredible.’ Again, I saw the unease in her face, the doubt and moved by it I blurted out, “My God, Kerry. You are gorgeous.”

Her face bloomed into a radiant smile, all look of doubts erased by a gleaming smile. “I guess the girls were wrong, weren’t they, Mr. Martin? Mr. Martin?”

That shook me from my concentration on her lovely naked body. “Huh?”

“The girls were wrong about you not liking to look at girls. I think you like girls,” she said.

‘This is what I get for letting the girls think it was proper to tease me sexually,’ I berated myself. But none of them had been quite this brave, teasing me so openly. Close, but not this openly. “Kerry, I think you should put that towel back on,” I said, my voice cracking from the strain of holding myself back from leaping up out of my chair and pulling this lovely nymphet to me. “Even though I think you look lovely I don’t think this is proper.”

“Mr. Martin, didn’t Mrs. Peabody say we were to treat you like any other gym teacher and not act differently just because you are a man? Isn’t it supposed to be okay for you to see us without our clothes?” Kerry had come around my desk and was standing right in front of me. I had turned in my chair as she moved so that she was only inches from me. Her knees were between mine, brushing the chair. The nervousness was back as she fiddled with her fingernails, her shoulders hunched just a bit, her knees slightly bent as though prepared to turn and flee at a moment’s notice. I was looking at her beautiful breasts, their pale skin surmounted with hard red nipples. My mouth was dry and my stomach full of butterflies. Kerry leaned forward bringing her tits closer to me, filling my entire world with them. Nothing existed except my hungering mouth and her tits. Closer they came, as I felt my lips part and my tongue wet my lips, eager for touch. Kerry must have seen because she stopped, her tits just scant inches from my face, and waited. It was a wait that seemed forever but certainly was a few bare ticks on the clock before my body betrayed me and moved of its own accord. My lips moved forward and captured one of those taunting nipples, taking it between them and softly, delicately mauling it. Kerry’s hand went to the back of my head pulling me harder against her body. I was lost.

“Yes,” Kerry moaned as I sucked and licked one nipple, then the other until they were standing hard and distended, the areola crinkled and flushed. “I knew it,” she said. Kerry melted into my lap, our lips meeting in a fevered kiss, our tongues dancing in primal lust. Her pussy mashed against my cock. My cock felt as though it was going to burst from my shorts and impale the vixen in my lap as she sat there. I wanted her, needed her, had to have her. I wrapped my arms around her, crushing her to my chest and stood, her legs wrapped around my waist, her arms around my neck. Her eyes looked avidly into mine, reflected the lust in mine with the lust in hers.

There were private showers for the teachers, connected to the office, and between the showers and office was a small private room with a couch. I carried her into the room and laid her on the couch, her legs splayed open flashing her reddened pussy. I tore my sweatshirt, shoes and shorts off. Kerry’s hand was between her legs, whether as protection or titillation I didn't know. Naked, I lay between her legs. There was no need of foreplay, we were both ready; my cock stood hard and pulsing, her pussy open and wet. I kissed her as my cock sought her opening. Our tongues dueled as the head of my cock slowly entered her steaming channel. She burned. My cock entered her cauldron which opened to welcome my shaft. In one long slow push I was buried completely in Kerry’s pussy. “Yes,” Kerry moaned when I hit bottom. Our eyes locked; her face full of lust. “Fuck me, Mr. Martin. Fuck me.” She was no shrinking violet.

The couch wasn’t the most comfortable platform for sex, but it wasn’t bad either. I planted my feet on the arm rest and had plenty of leverage to push deep and hard into Kerry. I knew I wouldn’t last long if I fucked her fast, so I used long slow strokes, rotating my hips at the bottom to mash her clit. Kerry’s eyes closed and her head fell back, her neck and back arching up and her tits bouncing in time as she pushed up at me on every down stroke. Her pussy was wet and seething, rippling as I withdrew and sucking me back in as I plunged deeply once again.

A reddish blush was suffusing the pale skin of her chest and her breathing was coming in huffing pants. I let my own climax come, sensing she was close. Her fingers dug into my arms as she moaned and wailed. Her pussy spasms milked my cock. I plunged into her hard and fast, again and again as Kerry moaned and keened her pleasure. Then it came, the explosion of pleasure which seemed to blank out everything except my cock plunging into her tight grasping pussy, then the euphoria of release as I emptied myself into the nymph under me.

Breathing hard, I stopped, my cock awash in our cum, her pussy still rippling around me. Her eyes opened, a smile on her face. “God. That was good. Mr. Martin, I’m sure you like me now.”

“Call me Mike. Mr. Martin doesn’t sound right any more,” I said.

Kerry smiled, “Mike. I like that name.”

“God, but you’re beautiful,” I said.

Kerry smiled demurely. “I think you’re cute. You know, a lot of the girls have a crush on you. But I’m the one that got you.” Her hips were still moving under me, as if she was still feeling me. “Mike, you really filled me.”

“It’s been a while,” I confessed.

“I’m glad you chose me,” Kerry said.

I nearly laughed, chose her? She seduced me. But as I looked in her eyes I could see she was being sincere. To her, everything leading up to the sex had been play. The seduction had been mine. She had been a good girl seduced by the older man. “I’m glad I did, too,” I said. My cock had lost most of its vigor. I rolled to the side as I slipped from Kerry.

“Oh,” she said in a disappointed tone.

I pulled her to me and kissed her. Then, I said, “Sorry, you took everything out of me.”

She laughed, “I know. I can feel it.”

I hugged her tightly and she grabbed me, pulling me against her. I started thinking about what had just happened, and as I did I began to consider that maybe, this wasn’t exactly the best career move I had just made.

“Kerry...”

She caught the tone of my voice and pulled away to look into my face. “What?”

“I was just thinking that if anybody...”

She cut me off. “I’m almost eighteen. You don’t have to worry.”

I put my hand on her cheek and smiled. “It’s not that, it’s that I am your teacher. I could still be fired even if you were fifty. Teacher-student sex is discouraged, if you see what I mean.”

She nodded, “I won’t tell anyone. Is that okay?”

“It better be or I’ll be looking for work the next day,” I said.

Kerry put her head against my chest. “Mike, I’d never do anything to get you in trouble. Not now.”

“Thanks.”

**Gym Teacher**

**Part II**

It was the next Tuesday and I had spent the intervening time waiting for the other shoe to drop. It hadn’t, so I supposed that Kerry hadn’t told anyone. I was relaxing in the office, assuming all of the students were already gone, when the door to my office opened. Kerry stuck her head in, “Can I come in?”

I pulled my feet off the desk and answered, “Sure.”

She came in, wearing nothing but a towel, and closed the door behind her. As she did, she snapped the lock on. “Everyone is gone and the door is locked.”

My mouth was suddenly dry. I had just spent a week worrying and didn’t want to go through that again. “Kerry, what can I do for you?”

Kerry looked surprised then hurt at my cold tone. “Mike,” she said plaintively.

‘Shit,’ I thought. ‘Now I’ve made a heel of myself.’ “Jesus. I’m sorry, Kerry. I didn’t mean it to sound that way.” Actually, I had meant it to sound that way out of fear. Now, I felt like a jerk because she didn’t deserve it.

“How did you mean it to sound?” she asked, a slight tremble in her voice that I couldn’t decide was hurt or building anger. Either was bad.

“Please sit down,” which she did, the towel again riding up exposing her pussy to my eyes. I quickly pulled my gaze up to her face. “I’m sorry about the tone in my voice. It’s just that this past week I’ve been worrying that what happened between us would get out and that I’d get fired. Then I’d never get another teaching job and I’d lose my car and my parents would disown me and...”

“I told you I wouldn’t tell anybody,” she protested.

“I know, but I guess I was feeling a little guilty because I did take advantage of you and that made my mind go off on all these tangents and I’ve been beating myself up and wondering when I was going to get arrested.” I smiled ruefully at her. “I apologize again for taking advantage of you.”

“Mike. You didn’t take advantage of me. If I remember, I came in here and accidentally dropped my towel,” she stood quickly, “like this.” Her towel hit the floor. Once again, I was confronted with her beautiful nude body. “It was an accident but you couldn’t help it.”

“Oh Lordy, Lordy,” I said. ‘I am lost,’ was what I thought.

“Well?” she asked.

“Kerry, lovely beautiful sexy Kerry. I wish I could say no. I can’t. I just know this is going to get us, me, in trouble,” I said quietly. I rose and smiled. Now that I was committed, all of those stupid voices turned off. I was looking at a young, beautiful, naked woman, who wanted me to fuck her and that was all that mattered. “Your wish is my command.”

Kerry smiled, grabbed my hand. She wrapped her arms around my neck, pulling herself against me and standing on her toes, kissed me. Her soft breasts pushed into my chest and the blood rushed to my cock, instantly arousing it. I wrapped her in my arms returning the kiss with all of the passion I could.

When we broke the kiss, Kerry pulled me by my hand into the little room and to the couch. She lay back as I quickly tossed off my clothes. I had a vague regret that I couldn’t resist this tart. I was supposed to be the adult here. Just because this beautiful, sexy naked wench wanted me to fuck her didn’t mean I should, did it? I guess it did. I lay next to her on the couch pulling her back into a kiss, our tongues chasing each other.

Just like the previous week, we were both ready as soon as we lay on the couch. Kerry pulled me down on top of her, her legs wrapped around my back pulling me against her body. My cock was lying against her swampy pussy, awash in her heat and wetness. I slid back and forth, rubbing against her clitoris and labia. Kerry moaned; her hips bucked against me. I slid back a little and my cock slipped down until the tip caught in her opening. I pushed and felt her open to accept me into her most intimate place. The velvet heat of her pussy enclosed the head of my cock. I sighed, then pushed, forcing my cock all the way into Kerry’s pulsing body.

“Yesss…” she sighed as my body rubbed against hers.

A week of abstinence made me eager to cum. I pulled back, then plunged into her hard and fast, faster and faster, deep on every smashing stroke into her trembling body.

“Yes, yes, yes,” Kerry chanted as I fucked her hard and fast.

I pounded into her, unyielding and unvarying, almost like a machine, but unlike a machine it was pure sensual pleasure. Pleasure mounting on pleasure as our bodies moved together, fucking. There is no other word for it, It was pure animal pleasure, fucking. No romance, just sex.

Sweat glistened on our bodies which made lewd slapping sounds as belly met belly, thigh slapped against thigh, cock pierced pussy, pudenda mashed clitoris. I felt the trembling deep within my loins, presaging the orgasm which was coming forth, building in strength until it could not be withheld. The first contraction hit me, then spurt after spurt, I felt my balls empty themselves into the beautiful girl under me.

“Oh God,” she moaned, her fingers curling around my arms. “Oh yes!” Kerry screamed out as her orgasm burst within her body. I felt her spasm around my cock as I poured myself into her, filling her. A last plunge and I was finished, overcome with it. I collapsed onto her body to feel her pussy milking my cock.

Afterwards, we lay on the couch; Kerry snuggled into my arms basking in the afterglow. “Are you still worried about meeting here?” Kerry asked.

I thought for a second, then said, “Yeah. I suppose I am. I think sooner or later, with my luck, somebody is going to catch us.”

Kerry was quiet for a moment. “Okay. Can I come to your place Saturday?”

“That isn’t such a good idea. What if somebody sees?” I asked.

“Who?”

I thought and couldn’t come up with that somebody. I lived outside the district. No one who worked at the district lived close to me. My apartment complex was behind a secure gate and you couldn’t see it from the street. “Well, I guess no one.”

“Can I come over Saturday? You don’t have to get all weird that way.”

“Weird? Me?” Kerry just gave me the look. I laughed at myself. “Okay, would you like to come over to my place Saturday, Miss? Perhaps for dinner?”

“I would be honored, Sir,” she said.

“I will be expecting you.”

Kerry’s face changed, a devilish smile appeared, “You better be ready.”

I hugged her close and kissed her forehead, “I’ll try to be. I’ll even try to fix an edible dinner.”

She snuggled back into my chest burying her head under my chin, “Good.”

“Kerry?”

“Yes?”

“Could I ask you something?” I asked.

“Sure,” she said.

“Why me? I mean, oh that sounds stupid when I say it like that. I mean, why did you come in and...”

“Accidentally drop my towel and...” she finished my sentence.

“Yeah,” I said. I didn’t want to know the answer but I had to know. Was this just one more of the girls' pranks?

“Because I like you. I like the way you blush when the girls play tricks on you. I like the way you try to be such a gentleman. I like your jokes when we are out on the field, even the dumb ones. And I think you’re pretty hot in a tight shirt and shorts.”

“Oh.”

“You didn’t think a girl could like you?” she asked.

“I guess I wasn’t sure. I guess I was thinking of girls as students, somehow different.”

“We are women too,” she said quietly.

I looked into her eyes. “I guess I figured that out.” I pulled her to me and held her tightly.

“Do you like me?” Kerry asked. I could feel the trepidation in her voice.

I was about to give the expected answer, the one I’d give to any naked woman I had just had sex with, when it hit me. I did like her. I smiled, “Yeah, I do.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Really.”

“I can’t wait till Saturday.”

Kerry showed up at four in the afternoon. I invited her into my cozy apartment. Beginning teachers aren’t exactly wealthy. I still had my stereo on the bricks and boards from college. Maybe someday I would be able to afford real shelves. But it was private. I showed her around the place: kitchen/dining room, bath, and the one bedroom with a large bed. I hate small beds so most of the bedroom was taken up by the bed.

“My,” she said turning to me. “That’s quite a playground you have there. You could have a party on that thing.”

“Not my style,” I said.

Kerry gave me a look, then sat on the bed and asked me, “What *is* your style? I think I’d like to see it.” She patted the bed next to her. I plopped onto the bed where she had indicated. She leaned in and we were kissing. Her hand was already working my zipper down and mine shot out and grabbed those beautiful big tits of hers. She pulled back, “Get your clothes off,” she said as she pulled her sweater off over her head. So much for foreplay. Within seconds we were naked. Kerry was playing with her hair as she watched me finish pulling my clothes off.

My cock was standing as I straightened up from taking off the last of my clothes. Her eyes locked on it, “Nice.” She bounced up to the middle of the bed and laid back, a sultry look on her face, and crooked her finger at me. I fell onto the bed next to her, smiling. Her look changed from sultry to playful. I like playful. I bent over and brought our lips together. There was no hurry this time. No worry about being caught or interrupted. We both knew it and neither of us felt the need for speed, only the need to express the growing feelings we had for each other.

The kisses lingered and grew increasingly passionate; lips mashing, biting, sucking; tongues dancing, dueling, playing, teasing. I broke away; Kerry’s lips chased mine, sought them as I moved lower and kissed her neck, teasing her with light nips and kisses. Her head fell back against the bed as she moaned. Lower I kissed, down across the soft pale meadows of skin until I reached the peaks of her chest surmounted by their rosy caps. Her nipples were already hard and pointed. I teased around her breasts, kissing and nipping at them before moving up and sucking a nipple between my lips. Kerry jerked from the sudden sensation, then moaned, “Yes.” My fingers teased one nipple while my tongue and lips massaged the other. Back and forth I moved, never breaking the contact with at least one nipple. Kerry’s eyes were closed and her mouth was slightly open, her tongue wetting her lips occasionally between the sighs and moans.

My hand trailed across her belly, finding her womanhood wet and hot. Her legs spread open inviting me to touch. I wanted to possess her completely. There is no more intimate kiss that I know of. I moved lower between her outspread legs. Her pussy was a red cauldron between her alabaster legs and pale white belly, covered only slightly by her sparse red hair. She looked good enough to eat.

I did, bending forward and licking up the length of her pussy, then sliding my tongue around her distended bud at the top of her pussy. Kerry jerked as I missed her clitoris, trying to bring it to the trailing tongue. I circled around it, close, but not touching, as Kerry sighed. Then I worked my way back down and into her vagina, thrusting with my tongue into her. Her hips started bouncing. I moved back up over her pussy and this time, didn’t bypass her button, touching it, teasing it, then taking it between my lips. Her whole body quivered as I sucked and licked her clitoris.

I thrust a finger deep into her steaming opening, curling the finger over her hard spot. Kerry’s hips started bouncing in time with the curling finger in her pussy, fucking up and down as it penetrated her. My lips and tongue continued attacking her clitoris, sucking, teasing, then fucking her with my mouth. Her breath started coming in rasping breaths as she moaned and grunted, her hips bouncing and her belly hunching up, trying to draw the ultimate pleasure from my touch.

It didn’t take long. A red blush grew over her pale white skin. Her hands grabbed at the sheet, then her body went stiff, her hips hunched up off the bed as I felt her pussy grasping at my finger, pulsing around it as she was flooded with her arousal. I slowed my attack on her letting her come down from the pinnacle she had achieved, until she collapsed back onto the bed. I lifted my head, happy that I could please her. My finger slid from her steaming opening.

I moved up over her. Her eyes opened, lust lidded, but full of satisfied lust as well. She pulled me down into a searing kiss. My cock had pressed against her pussy when she pulled me down and she felt it. Her hips started moving, pressing against the hard pole. It found her opening and she hunched up, the tip entering her. I felt the heat and slick wetness of her pussy on my cock which caused me, almost without thought, to lurch forward burying my shaft deep inside Kerry. She sighed, “Oh yes. Oh, that feels so good…”

“Oh God, Kerry. You feel so good,” I said. Have you ever noticed how eloquent even the simplest of things are when you caught in the web of passion? ‘Oh God,’ expresses so much when it comes in panting strained breaths.

Almost of their own volition, my hips began rising and plunging back down, but slowly. This was to be a dance of love, not lust. I looked at Kerry, her eyes locked with mine as I began making love to her. I wanted her to feel that. The times in the office had been sex, pleasure, and recreation. This time, I wanted her to feel my heart. Our eyes stayed locked together as we moved like one, bodies merging together, then parting only to join as one again.

Our lovemaking was slow and steady, rising higher and higher until the pressure built, and could no longer be contained in a slow march. The pace quickened, our bodies meeting faster and faster. So much erotic energy had built during our long slow lovemaking that the crest built quickly, coming on and enveloping us. I felt the surge from my loins, Then the contractions as I poured my cum into Kerry. She moaned and crested her own orgasm, bucking and moaning under me, until we both were spent and fell together onto the bed, breathing hard and holding each other tightly.

We were drained but happy, touching each other as lovers, content in our found love. We lazed in the bed, close to each other and finally napping.

When we woke, Kerry borrowed a robe and I threw on a pair of shorts and a shirt. I led her out to the kitchen with a promise of dinner. “I’m starved. I need to replace the calories,” she said with a devilish smile.

Dinner was relaxed as we were both sated and happy. Having Kerry sitting with me clothed in nothing but my robe was sexy as hell. It would gape open as she bent and I would catch a glimpse of her beautiful tits. By the end of dinner I was semi-hard again. When we stood up from dinner she noticed.

“Look at that,” she said pointing.

I blushed. “Sorry. It’s just that you are so sexy.”

Kerry smiled as she looked down, then back at me. Our eyes locked. I felt an energy go back and forth. My cock surged. Kerry saw it and turned to the bedroom. “I hope you’ll join me,” she said heading down the hall, pausing, and looking back over her shoulder, a smoldering look in her eyes.

I followed her, a silly grin on my face.

And so, we established a routine. Several times a week, Kerry would stop by my apartment and we would screw ourselves silly. Sometimes she’d stay for dinner. I asked her once what she told her parents and she informed me she had told them the truth, that she was seeing an older guy. They had protested at first, but she had reminded them that she was almost eighteen and would they prefer she lie to them. She was going to keep seeing this guy. They finally relented. I sensed future issues.

I had been seeing Kerry about a month when we had our first argument. Like many, there was no real reason for it. Maybe more accurately, the real reason wasn’t the reason for the argument. Suddenly, she was pissed and I wouldn’t back down because I knew I was right. But she, too, knew she was right. I yelled and she started crying and bolted for the door. I chased after her but she ran to her car and sped off.

I stayed mad for another hour then I started to worry. What if she was so mad at me that she wanted to get even? What if she went to Barbara and told her what we had been doing? What if she told her parents the older guy was her teacher? This was the selfish me.

Mixed up with all of the social worry was a deeper worry; I had fallen for Kerry. It had gone past the recreational sex and into something deeper, something that involved my soul as well as my body. I sensed it when I knew I might have lost Kerry. It was wrenching, thinking I might have run her off. I wanted her, not just as a bedmate but as a buddy. It was then, late at night lying in my bed alone, I knew I wanted her there with me. I had fucked it up. Two losses for the price of one; a job and a mate. This was the me that was from deep inside. The me that knew what was right and what was important. The one who wanted to do the right thing, but knew I didn’t always do it. I had a very uncomfortable night.

All day I waited for them to come drag me away to Barbara’s office where I would be summarily fired. I stewed over how I had run off Kerry as well. Stupid me. Last period I waited to see Kerry but she didn’t come for class. Then I really started to worry. Was she being held out of class until they arrested me? Was she so mad at me that she’d never want to see me again? My daughter, my ducats.

After class, I was sitting in my office, dreading what was surely to come. A knock. I jumped, then bucked up and yelled out, “Come in.”

The door slowly opened and Kerry peeked around the door. “Hi.”

“Kerry. I’m so sorry.”

She flung the door open and ran around the desk throwing herself into my arms. “Mike, Mike, I’m sorry. It was all my fault.”

The relief was physical. My whole body suddenly felt lighter and my mind relaxed for the first time since the fight. I grabbed her and held her to me, “No. It was my fault. I was just being stubborn.”

Tears were flowing as Kerry said, “No, I shouldn’t have yelled.”

I kissed her cheeks, wet with salty tears. “It can’t be both our fault. So it must be nobody’s fault. Is that okay? Nobody is to blame.”

She laughed, “Okay, it’s nobody’s fault.” She hugged me tightly. We stood, holding each other, and feeling the wonderful closeness of each other. Kerry looked up, “Can we go to your place? Now?”

“Yes,” I answered. Pulling me by the hand she headed for the door. “Wait. I have to get my keys and...”

“Okay. I’ll meet you there.”

“Don’t get in an accident,” I said.

“Don’t you either. Love you. See you there and I’ll make it up to you.” She left me with that smile I had come to love because it went with her most passionate self.

Kerry lay in my arms, naked and completely spent as I was. Our joining had been wild and full of passion.

I kissed her forehead. Kerry looked up, a smile on her face. “Yes?”

“I don’t want to be the kind of couple that has to argue, then makes up with wild sex,” I said.

“Okay. Next time, instead of arguing, let’s just have the wild sex,” she said.

I laughed, “It’s a deal.”

She pulled me down for a kiss. Then she said in a low voice, “It’s a promise.”

Barbara met me at the beginning of my first class. There was a woman with her, already dressed for Gym. She introduced her, “Mike this is Carol, our new temporary Gym teacher.”

We shook hands. “Nice to meet you.” Then to Barbara, “Huh?”

“The court enjoined the district from applying the Gender Equity Act yesterday afternoon. The judge threw the whole law out. Now it’s up to the Appellate court, if anybody appeals. The District sure as hell isn’t going to. As of today, you’re back to teaching your old schedule. It’ll take a couple days to get everything back to the way it was, but that’s the plan,” she said.

I turned to Carol, “Good luck. I think some of the girls are going to be disappointed that they won’t be able to get away with things any more.” Carol looked puzzled.

Barbara jumped in, “Poor Mike used to hide in the office scared of all of the naked girls in the gym.”

I blushed as Carol and Barbara laughed.

The rest of the day was chaos as I picked up the classes from Jim and Sherry, finding out where each one was, picking up the lesson plans. The history classes were the worst. The students had been divvied up and none of the classes were exactly at the same place. I’d have to backtrack some of the students then hurry all of them up to get back on track.

The women teachers started treating me civilly again as the male teachers expressed condolences for my bad luck. Many of the girls told me that they were sorry to see me go. They liked having me as the Gym teacher, especially when they made me blush. This, of course, made me blush. That elicited laughter from the girls. The male students looked at me with undisguised envy and wonderment. ‘Imagine, he had been the girls' gym teacher. All the girls in the school had been naked and he had seen them.’ A few of the boys came up after a class and hinted about one or other girl, trying to get me to describe their current heart throb. I studiously remained oblivious to their questions. I didn’t have the heart to tell them how few girls I’d actually seen naked, not that I would have described any particular girl anyway. I knew the floor and ceiling of the gym and my desktop quite well.

The change didn’t affect Kerry and me at all since we had been meeting away from school anyway. I was finding myself more and more attracted to her as our relationship deepened, from all about the sex, to just enjoying being together. She spent most evenings at my place, doing homework, her feet on my lap as I graded papers, or watching TV or a rented movie on Fridays and Saturdays. This was not to say that the sex disappeared. Kerry certainly had an appetite for it. I wasn’t about to complain.

One evening we were lying in a quiet lassitude after a rousing bout of sex when she asked me, “Mike, do you ever fantasize about two girls at once?”

“What in the world makes you ask that?”

“Trish and I were talking today. She says all guys think about it. Is that true?”

“As far as I know, yeah, all guys think about it,” I said hoping that would end the conversation. I didn’t want her going off about me, wondering if I thought about threesomes.

“Have you ever done it?”

No such luck that she’d drop the subject. “No. Most girls don’t want to. It’s just one of those ways men and women are different. We need to compromise.”

She rose up on her elbows, looking puzzled. “But if the girl always gets her way, how is that a compromise?”

Good question. “Girls control sex. I mean, they decide what they’ll do and what they won’t.”

She thought for a moment before saying, “When Trish and me were sophomores she showed me some magazines her brother had hidden. They were pretty graphic and we really pored through them. They had a lot of girls doing girls. Why do guys like that? I mean, wouldn’t you think guys would be turned off by lesbians?”

I laughed, “It’s not a lesbian thing. Guys like women, really like women. I think it’s because we like women so much it makes sense that women would also like women. Why wouldn’t they? Men just think that women should also like men. So seeing girls do each other make them want to get into the scene with both girls?”

Kerry paused as she digested that information. Then she sat up, the sheet falling away and exposing her beautiful breasts to me. I tried not to stare at them and listen to what she was saying. “Those magazines have girls dressed up as cheerleaders, or girl scouts or, like, in school uniforms, like Catholic school or something. Do guys like it when girls are dressed like that?”

“Yeah, I think many guys do. It’s not the dressing like that that’s sexy in itself. It’s not like a slinky gown that just looks like the woman is ready for a romp in the sack. It reminds us of when we were in school and really, really wanted to date the beautiful cheerleader or the girl in history class and never did. We can fantasize that maybe we could get lucky, even though most of us struck out big time in high school.”

“That makes sense,” Kerry said. “I bet you’d like it if your fantasies could come to life.”

I pulled her to me, “They already have,” as I leaned in and kissed her.

**Gym Teacher**

**Part III**

Kerry told me Friday that she’d be over in the afternoon on Saturday. I spent the morning cleaning up, changing the sheets and things like that. I knew Kerry and I knew a lazy Saturday afternoon would mean the bed getting a workout. I was looking forward to it.

Kerry let herself in on Saturday. I had given her a key as she was practically living with me, except for the sleeping. I was watching a college game on TV. I heard her come in and shouted, “Hi. Come kiss me,” without turning from the game.

I heard her giggle, then I felt her lean over the back of the couch and kiss my neck. I turned to kiss her properly, and found myself looking at a brunette. I nearly fell off the couch, I pulled back so quickly.

The girl started laughing, “You said come kiss you.”

That’s when I noticed Kerry standing behind the girl watching and laughing, “You should see the look on your face.”

I knew I had been set up. “I should spank you.”

Kerry smiled and turned to the other girl, “I told you he was into some kinky stuff.” They both exploded into peals of laughter.

That’s when I finally noticed, they were dressed identically, plain blue shirts, white shirts, white socks and black shoes. It looked like some sort of school uniform.

Kerry finally said, “This is Trish.” I faintly recognized her from Gym. She was one of the quiet ones who didn’t get involved in the pranks.

“Third period, right?”

“Yeah,” she said.

I looked back at Kerry, “What’s with the outfit?”

She glanced at Trish, who stood next to her, their hands folded. They had obviously practiced something. Kerry started, “Mr. Martin. We need your help. We need some special tutoring that only you can give us. As our Sex Ed teacher we need you to give us special attention and work on our assignments. Right, Trish?”

Trish was blushing slightly. I wondered if she was regretting what Kerry had talked her into. Then, she composed herself, looked at me, and smiled, “That’s right, Mr. Martin. We don’t know how to do the special assignment you gave us. Will you help us with it?”

I recalled the questions Kerry had asked me earlier that week and I caught on to what was happening. The school girl uniforms could only mean Kerry had decided to make my fantasy come true. Suddenly, the room was full of electricity. I looked closely at Trish. She was a very attractive girl, a nice complement to Kerry. My blood headed south and I felt my cock responding. My voice caught in my throat as I tried to answer, “Sure.” I had to cough to clear a passage. “Sure girls. I‘d be glad to help you.”

Kerry led Trish around to the couch, shooing me off as they sat on it. “You watch and tell us what we do wrong,” she said. She pulled Trish into a kiss. I thought my cock had been hard before. Now, it ached. I had to reach into my pocket and adjust it so that it lay straight up against my belly. Kerry saw me and her eyes smiled as she and Trish continued kissing.

“How are we doing, Mr. Martin?”

“So far, I don’t see anything wrong,” I answered. Jesus, I wanted to reach in and grab my cock and jerk it. It truly was painful as it ached in need.

She smiled seductively at me before continuing in her role. “Oh good. Let’s try the next thing, Trish.”

She leaned in and kissed Trish again. This time they started unbuttoning each other's blouses. They pulled off each other's bras, tossing them at my feet. Trish's tits were much smaller than Kerry's, but her breasts were wonderfully shaped. Kerry leaned down and took a nipple into her mouth. Trish closed her eyes and flung her head back as she moaned in pleasure.

Then Trish pushed Kerry back, attacking her tits, sucking on them as Kerry moaned and pushed up at her. Trish reached under Kerry’s skirt, pulling her panties off and tossing them at me. I was tempted to pick them up and hold them to my face, so full of desire was I, but the girls might find that gross and I didn’t want anything to interfere with this show.

Kerry reversed the positions, pushing Trish back on the couch as she kissed Trish, fondled her tits and pulled her panties off to throw them at me. Then it got even better. Kerry smiled at me and slid down between Trish’s spread thighs. She paused, her face just inches away from Trish’s pussy. “Like this, Mr. Martin?” as she buried her face in Trish’s pussy.

Trish moaned, “Oh God, God.” I thought the girls had been putting on a show for me, more or less faking the action. But Trish wasn’t faking... which meant Kerry wasn’t faking. I thought I was about to cum and I hadn’t touched my cock yet. Kerry was eating Trish and looking over at me. I could see her eyes, filled with lust as the rest of her face was buried in Trish’s snatch, licking and sucking.

I didn’t care about any show anymore. My whole being was caught up in the two girls making love on my couch. I started tearing my clothes off; shirt, sweats, and shorts were off in seconds and tossed away. My cock stood up, beating in rhythm and a furious red. Kerry looked over at me and stopped. She smiled, “Look Trish. Mr. Martin wants to play.”

Trish opened her lust lidded eyes, which widened when they settled on my rampant pole. “Yeah.”

Kerry sat up. “Come here,” she said to Trish. Trish sat up and Kerry grabbed her hands pulling her onto her knees. She sat behind Trish and pulled her skirt up over her ass, showing Trish’s cute ass and wet redolent pussy to me. “Is this the position you like, Mr. Martin?”

Trish looked back at me, a smile on her face. “Mr. Martin, you said this position was a good one. Is it?”

I looked at Kerry, searching her eyes to make sure that this was really what she intended. Was this all teasing or did she really mean it. She looked back sensing what I was asking. She nodded. No longer holding myself back, the passion that had been building watching these two nymphs put on their show, exploded in me. I rushed over to the couch and behind Trish. I grabbed her hips and moved to her. She glanced at Kerry, concern on her face. “You’re going to love it,” Kerry said smiling. Then in a stage whisper she said, “He’s really good,” as she smiled up at me.

I smiled back as I lined up my cock with Trish’s upturned pussy. She was ready from the girls' foreplay and I slid into her easily. Trish groaned as my cock filled her. I began fucking Trish in long slow strokes. Her head fell against the couch, giving me a better angle to brush against her clitoris on each stroke. “Play with her tits,” I said quietly to Kerry. She looked surprised, then smiled back at me. She seemed to be saying, ‘It’s your fantasy.’ She reached under Trish and began sensuously teasing her tits as she smiled at me, licking her lips. Jesus, that was erotic. I nearly blew my nut right then, but held back by force of will alone. I knew Kerry had promised Trish some fun and I had to last long enough to give her that.

Trish was incoherently babbling as I sped up my attack on her pussy. Then, I felt her pussy spasm on my cock gripping it so tightly I had trouble pounding into her one last time. I stopped, buried completely inside her. The walls of her vagina rippled along my cock as she moaned and arched her back. It was too much. My cum burst forth flooding her with my seed. Kerry was open-eyed watching both of us climax. Trish went completely limp, almost oozing down onto the couch pulling away from my slowly shrinking cock.

“Jesus,” Kerry whispered.

I turned to her and she held my eye. “I love you,” I said.

Her eyes lit up. “Really?”

I nodded.

“All I have to do is let you screw my best friends?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

I laughed. “No. All you have to do is show me how much you love me.”

The smile never left her face as she launched herself at me, wrapping her arms around me as we kissed passionately. “My turn.” I looked down at my limp cock as Kerry pulled away to see. “Oops,” she said. She smiled her devilish smile again as she sensuously slid down until she was kneeling in front of me. Her tongue snaked out and tasted the end of my cock. “Not bad,” she said. I felt the stirrings in my cock knowing that she was tasting Trish's and my cum slathered over my cock. Kerry slowly took my cock into her mouth, running her tongue over and around it as she sucked up and down the length of the shaft. I felt the stirrings turn into rumblings, then into a rush as my cock quickly grew. Kerry felt it as well and she sucked harder, making it harder until it throbbed in her mouth, full and throbbing.

Kerry unzipped the school skirt she was wearing and tossed it aside. She took my hand in hers, pulling me down onto her as she fell back onto the soft rug. I was between her legs as they wrapped around me, pulling me into her. From long practice I lined up with her easily, my cock finding her pussy. A push, and I entered her. Her heels pulled my ass down and my cock speared into her. “I want you to fuck me, Mr. Martin. Teach me too, just like you did Trish.” I started fucking my sexy baby, my little sexpot who was giving me this wonderful gift of a threesome. “Oh yes, Mr. Martin. I sit in class and dream of this. Dream of you teaching me all about sex.”

“Kerry, oh yes, Kerry,” I moaned, caught up in the little drama she had created. I was fucking two of my students, every male teacher’s suppressed dream. Kerry was hot from watching Trish and me. Her hips were bouncing in need. Our coupling was vigorous and quick. I had to work to keep up with my sexy baby, so full of yearning for her completion. Kerry scaled the heights of her orgasm then tumbled over into it, crying out, her heels digging into my ass as I fucked her hard and fast. She went limp as I settled onto her heaving chest.

As Kerry came down from her cum, I slowed and stopped. Having just cum right before we had started I wasn’t close myself. I looked up and saw Trish on the couch watching us, her eyes glazed over in lust as her hand rubbed her swollen pussy.

“You don’t need to do that,” I said.

“What?” she asked confused.

“Come here,” I said as I pulled out of Kerry. Trish watched, mesmerized as my cock appeared, red and wet, covered in Kerry’s juices. “Come here,” I repeated motioning at the rug. Trish knelt on the rug. I took her hand and had her lay back next to Kerry, as I knelt between her legs. I flipped up her little skirt exposing her mound and settled between her legs. My cock found her vagina and I slipped into her.

“Oh Mr. Martin,” she moaned as I stretched her and filled her with my cock.

“What do you want?” I asked as I moved just a little inside her, mashing her button with my body.

“Teach me,” she moaned.

“Teach you what?”

Trish opened her eyes and saw the teasing in mine. She smiled. “Teach me to fuck.”

I pulled back and thrust into her. “Okay,” I said as I set up a deep rhythmic thrusting, body slapping against body, cock spearing into pussy, chest rubbing over distended nipples.

I lost myself in the pleasure of fucking Trish. Sometimes, you notice the technique, concentrating on pleasing a partner, and sometimes it just happens, you float along, your body doing what it knows how to do. This was one of those times. We fucked, carried along together on a rising tide of passion, our eyes would lock as our bodies moved together, in sync, seeking fulfillment. I saw it approach for her and my body, knowing, readied to climax when she did. When she screamed out her orgasm, my loins answered, giving her my seed in primal completion, the search for new life that is the real goal whether we are conscious of it or not.

Trish cried out as she felt my cumming fill her. We slowed, and stopped. I kissed her, affectionately and quietly.

I fell to the side as Trish snuggled against me, her head on my chest. Kerry snuggled into my other side, her head on my shoulder. “That was awesome,” she said to Trish.

“Yeah,” Trish answered. “It was awesome watching you guys too.”

“I didn’t expect to get so turned on watching,” Kerry said quietly.

“Me either,” Trish reflected. “I figured that was a guy thing, being a voyeur.

They both laughed. “I guess we’re pervs too, just like guys,” Kerry said laughing.

“I guess so.” Trish looked thoughtful. “Thanks for inviting me. That was really fun.”

Kerry looked up at me, so I answered. “I had fun too. You both were wonderful. I guess Kerry told you about my fantasy?” Trish nodded. “Thank you both for making it real. That was special.”

“You’re welcome,” Kerry said as she pulled my head to hers for a kiss.

About a week had passed when I asked Kerry about the weekend. “How do you feel about the time with Trish and me?”

We were watching something inane. Kerry turned to me and grabbed the remote turning off the TV. “I’ve been thinking about it. Did you like it?”

“Yeah. I think you know that,” I said.

She smiled. “I just wanted to make sure.” Then she turned serious. “Mike, would it be okay if we didn’t do that again?”

“Sure,” I said. I had been thinking about it a lot and I had already decided that if Kerry was uncomfortable the best thing I could do was immediately agree. I would be disappointed, but I wouldn’t let her know that. I didn’t want her feeling forced to do something she wasn’t comfortable with.

She was playing with one fingernail. “I know you liked it...”

“Kerry, I liked it, but I love you. There’s a big difference.”

“I’m not saying I didn’t like some of it. And maybe someday I’d want to do it again, but not right away,” she said.

“That’s fine, sweetheart,” I said.

She looked at me carefully, then she knew I really was telling her the truth. She threw her arms around my neck and kissed me hard. “You are so wonderful.”

Who was I to disabuse her of that idea? We snuggled on the couch for a while. Then I asked her, “Kerry, can I ask something?”

“About what?”

“Last Saturday,” I said.

“Okay.”

“Was that the first time you and Trish...” I paused, looking for how I wanted to ask the question.

“Had sex together?” she finished for me.

“Yeah.”

“Yes, it was,” she said.

“Oh. Sorry, I didn’t mean to imply something. It was just that you guys looked so comfortable kissing and touching each other. I just wondered if it was the first time.”

Kerry looked down and fiddled with her fingernails. She looked up, about to say something then backed down.

“Yes?” I said.

“Oh hell. It was the first time we had sex, you know, like real sex together. But me and Trish have been friends forever, like from seventh grade. So, when we were young and we were curious about kissing and stuff...” She looked up at me trying to read me.

I smiled, “I take it you two maybe practiced with each other?”

“Yeah. I mean, it wasn’t real sex. We would kiss each other pretending that one of us was the boy. Then one day, Trish opened her lips a little and we were Frenching. Then we were touching each other, you know, on our tits. That got us really hot; so we took off our tops and touched each other. She sucked on my tits and I did hers. But that was it. We never went farther. It wasn’t really sex,” she finished.

I took her hands in mine, “It’s okay sweetie. I don’t think that was bad. A lot of kids fool around. I don’t think you’re bad or anything. In fact, I think it’s kind of sexy. It makes me wish I knew you and her back then. I would have loved to introduce you both to sex. It also makes Saturday even more special for me. I was worried that maybe it was all acting by you and Trish. I’m glad to know that you do like each other and it was real.”

“It was real, all right. Trish really liked it too. I just don’t know if I can share you. I like to have you all to myself,” she said, throwing her arms around my neck, her lips just an inch from mine.

“I am yours,” I said as we melted into a kiss.

We were having dinner a week before graduation when Kerry surprised me, again. “I want to move in when I graduate.”

“Here?”

“Of course here, you spaz,” she said laughing.

“But Kerry, I thought you’re going to go to college. Aren’t you?”

“Yes. I had another one of those discussions with my folks. At first they blew up. They aren’t going to pay for me to go to college if I’m shacked up with some no good, yada, yada. I asked them, if I was going to an expensive college on the east coast, wouldn’t they pay? Yes. And how would they know who I was living with? They wouldn’t. So, if I go to a local school that is twenty times cheaper, they won’t pay? I can have an expensive shack up on the coast but not a cheap one at home? Anyway, we went back and forth and they finally agreed to pay for college, but no room and board if I’m shacked up. I figure I can get a part time job and pay my way here. I won’t need much to spend.”

I knew there was only one answer. “Kerry, I can’t wait until I get to hold you in my arms every night.” It was the right answer. She came out of her chair and dragged me into the bedroom.

The day after graduation, Kerry showed up, her car loaded with clothes and personal stuff. I helped her move in. As we were putting things away she dropped the next bomb. “I promised my folks they could meet you finally. I had to. They’re coming to dinner tonight.”

“Tonight?” she nodded. “Oh my God,” I muttered.

“Mike, they are being cool about us. I had to say yes.”

I could only nod.

We hurried to get the place in shape and dinner fixed. I went with spaghetti. It’s easy and everyone likes it.

Her parents showed up at seven. It was strained to say the least. We sat down for dinner and I poured wine for everyone. I could see in their eyes they didn’t like Kerry drinking, but they didn’t say anything.

Conversation was civilized, but not warm. Her mom asked at one point, “How much older are you?”

“I’m four years older.”

“But she said you had a college degree,” her mom continued.

“I graduated early. I’m only twenty-two,” I said.

“What do you do?”

“I teach.”

“Oh.” A pause, then she asked, “Where?”

Kerry jumped in, “Elmcrest. Don’t even think about it.”

“But Kerry...”

“Don’t. I’ll swear I was eighteen when I met Mike and I had graduated when we got together. I’ll swear to that in court,” she said quietly but forcefully.

Her mom and dad looked at each other, a complete conversation in that glance.

I took Kerry’s hand. “That’s the way I want us to be when we’ve been married twenty years. A conversation in a glance.”

Both heads snapped around. “What did you say?”

Kerry held my hand, “He said, ‘When we’ve been married twenty years, he wants us to be just like that.’”

“My folks do that too. They have whole conversations in a glance because they know each other so well. I want my wife and me to be that way, able to communicate so well,” I said. I didn’t know it, but that was the watershed moment.

Her father reached over and took his wife’s hand. “That is the most important thing, isn’t it?”

They shared a look and I saw her face soften, “Yes it is, isn’t it?” She looked back at Kerry and me holding hands.

I saw her father squeeze her hand, “I hate it too. She’s gone and grown up.”

I saw the start of tears in her mother’s eyes. Kerry was out of her chair and had her arms wrapped around her mom, “I do love him.”

Kerry grabbed her dad and hugged him. “Love you, Daddy.”

The tension, which could have been cut with a knife, evaporated. They had been worried, understandably, since they had never been able to meet this man their daughter was dating.

“Now I see why we couldn’t meet the mystery man,” Mrs. Sturgis said. “So, Kerry, I think you can tell us the real story.”

Kerry let go of her dad and sat down next to me, grabbing my hand. “I couldn’t help it, mom. Mike was my gym teacher.”

Her mom interrupted, “So you were the notorious male gym teacher.”

“That was me, and it was awful,” I said. Her dad looked dubious. “No, Mr. Sturgis...”

“Call me Brian.”

“And Kathy,” her mom said.

I smiled, “Thanks. Really, it was awful. I really tried to be a gentleman and I felt like such an unwanted intruder.”

Kerry laughed, “You should have seen him blush.” She regaled her parents with stories of the pranks the girls pulled on each other and how they would make me blush. How some of the girls started wondering if I was gay. I was astounded at that. But Kerry just laughed and I had to join her. We were all laughing by the time she was done.

“So you met him in class. How did you...”

“He seduced me,” Kerry said matter-of-factly. I choked on my wine.

Her parents' eyes widened, then they realized Kerry was trying to goad them and they laughed. “I guess we can skip that part,” her mother said as I wiped wine off my shirt. Luckily, I had a burgundy colored polo shirt on that night.

“I started coming over here after school, just to hang out, watch TV or a movie and pretty soon it was every day. We’ve been together six months and only had one argument and that was five months ago. We just like being together,” Kerry said holding my hand against her.

Her parents exchanged a glance. “Well, it had to happen one day. Our little girl has gone and grown up.” I saw tears start in Kathy’s eyes.

“Now don’t start that or you’ll never stop,” Brian said.

“Men,” Kathy said, dabbing at her eyes.

Brian looked over at me. He extended his hand, “Welcome, Mike.”

I shook his hand, “Thanks. I’ll do my best.”

“That’s all a man can do,” he said.

Brian asked, “So, are you going to keep teaching at Elmcrest?”

“Yes. They offered me a contract for next year. No girls' gym; the principal promised. I’m teaching one class this summer and I’ll have a full load next year. I want to get my Master’s. That’s a five percent pay raise over the regular salary schedule. I can get my MA in Education and do most of the work over the Internet.”

“That’s going to cost you some?” Kathy asked.

“Yeah, but it will pay for itself over time,” I answered.

Kathy looked around the apartment and I could see the calculations going on in her head.

I felt a little defensive, their daughter living in a little apartment like this. “They don’t pay first year teachers very much,” I added.

Brian jumped in, “They don’t pay beginning anybody very much. That’s why young people have to be in love, so they don’t realize they are poor. Love shades all.”

Kerry smiled at me, “I don’t mind.”

Brian and Kathy shared another look, then they smiled at each other. Some decision had been made. I wondered what it was.

The rest of dinner was spent laughing and talking about our pasts. Brian and Kathy told all of their stories about Kerry, many of which she blushed her way through, and I told them about my college career. Brian was suitably impressed that I had lettered in football three years running at State. I told him I’d been lucky with injuries, nothing major.

At the end of the evening Kathy gave me a hug and Brian followed with a firm handshake. I had passed the test.

We found out what the decision had been a few days later. Kathy called Kerry and told her that they had thought about what she said, them paying room and board if she went to an expensive college but not if she went to a local college. They had decided that she was right so they were going to cover her tuition and send her a monthly stipend as long as she maintained a 2.75 average. They felt that since she was getting the stipend, she wouldn’t have to work part time and should be able to keep that GPA. Kerry was bright and had nearly a 4.0 in school so she should be able to do that. I had played football and still carried a 3.0.

A week later, we were invited over for dinner. After dinner, Brian invited me into the game room. Over darts he told me that they thought a Master’s was a good idea. They would be willing to loan me the money, a loan with a signed agreement and payable when the degree was complete, for doing the work. I thanked him but said I thought I’d be able to do it anyway. But if I couldn’t, I’d take him up on the offer. I also told him how honored I was that they would make such an offer. He shrugged it off but I knew he appreciated my saying it. At least once a week, we were over at their house for dinner. I think Kathy didn’t feel that was often enough.

Many an evening, Kerry and I would be in the front room, her with a book and me with mine, studying. I finished my Master’s in two years. Kerry finished her degree in three and a half years. That’s when Kathy and Kerry started planning the wedding. Oh yes, Kerry was wearing my ring by then.

After I finished my Master's, and gained tenure, I was making a decent living. We were rolling in the dough; at least it felt like it. I knew then what I wanted. I bought a ring, a great big rock of a diamond ring. One morning I told her to stay in bed. She was expecting breakfast in bed. Instead, I had roses hidden. I also had a bunch of paper hearts I had cut out of construction paper. Okay, it was a little funky, but it felt right. I decorated the dining room with balloons, flowers, and hearts and told her to come out. She opened the door and froze, a look of wonder on her face. I had her sit down and got down on my knee. I held out the little black velvet box: told her I loved her, wanted to spend the rest of my life with her, and asked her to marry me. She said, "Yes," as tears of joy welled up in her beaming eyes.

American men owe Disney an unalterable hatred for what he did. Weddings. I'm not sure the marriage is worth going through the wedding. Girls grow up dreaming, obsessing, worrying, planning, talking to their friends about their wedding: watching Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, and Beauty and the Beast. They dream of that one day when they are Cinderella. That's what Disney has done to American men, turned us into pumpkins. None of us will ever measure up to Disney's Prince Charming and the perfection of those weddings, but that's what girls want. Ah, the pain of it. If we only could have eloped...

You know, life is funny. I have to thank the lesbians of NOW for my marriage. It would never have happened had they not passed their crazy law and made me a girls' gym teacher. I never would have met Kerry. I wonder sometimes how things like this happen. Kismet? Are we fated to meet the one? Or is it just blind chance, our own Uncertainty Principle at work? I know that I met the one for me, and I hope I’m the one for her. All I can do is the best that I can.