**Marie, Sex Education Teacher.** (Boys' School 2)
by marie5555

*Marie takes a Sex Education class, using a live model.*

This has been rewritten, with more scenes added and a lot more hot action.

The helpful teacher, James, from the boys' school had been in touch, suggesting that the sixth-form boys could really benefit from some instruction in pleasing a woman, and would I mind giving the occasional lesson on the subject? As I thought I could combine it with indulging in a night of rampant sex with another dormitory of boys, I agreed readily.

However, as I was intending to enjoy a group of horny boys that night, I did not want to get worn out or overused in the lesson, so I decided to take someone with me who would enjoy themselves, as well as giving the boys pleasure. I contacted a friend, Lynn, who was only too happy to help me out. Admittedly, I might not have told her everything that I had planned, but being a nicely obedient sub, she would do as she was told.

She was nearly seventeen, slim and very sexy. The boys would love her. We got there early afternoon, having stopped for lunch on the way. I had asked James to get a metal clothing rack, the kind you find on market stalls or car boot sales, with coats and dresses hung on the top rail. Usually on four wheels to make them easy to move around. Fortunately, there were already several in the school, used for parents' evenings.

We were shown to a classroom. Lynn was already in her school uniform, a fairly short skirt, white blouse, school cardigan, tie, and long white socks. She looked so sweet and innocent, and so sexy. She took the cardigan off, putting it to one side, and I fastened cords to the corners of the coat rack, then positioned Lynn, standing her on the lower rails. Securing her wrists and ankles with the cords, pulling her arms and legs wide, I tied her securely in place.

"You are my demonstration model, darling," I murmured to her, kissing her gently, "you will enjoy it, I promise."

I slipped a ball-gag into her mouth, then with the help of James, threw a sheet over the rack and Lynn, hiding them until I was ready to display her. As a final touch, I had always wanted to be "sexy teacher", and James had got hold of a black teacher's gown like they wore in the old school films and the newer Harry Potter films. I stripped off my dress, revealing a very sexy black lacy bra and briefs set, complete with black stockings and suspender belt.

"Oh God, Marie," James stuttered, "why didn't you say? I would have turned away."

"James, darling," I replied, "you have enjoyed me before now, and will, I hope, enjoy me again very soon. Why should I be embarrassed at you seeing me in my sexy underwear?"

"Very soon?" he queried, "What do you mean?"

"James, my innocent darling," I chided him, "I was planning on entertaining another group of boys tonight, like last time. Surely you are not letting me go home without enjoying me again? Or are you bored with me already? I can let you have Lynn if you prefer someone younger and sexier."

"Oh God, no, I am not bored with you. I don't think I ever could be," he stammered, "and sexy as Lynn is, I much prefer the more mature woman."

I stopped any further protest by kissing him, letting him caress me, before slipping the gown on. It was a bit short, and only fastened with a single tie across the front, but it was ideal for my purpose. Just then, the bell went to signal the start of afternoon lessons, and the boys entered the room. This was a class of sixteen-year-olds, old enough to benefit from the lesson, and young enough to prevent them from making errors when they started dating seriously.

"Good afternoon, boys," I began, "I am Marie, and I am here to give lessons in, I suppose you could call it, Sex Education."

This caused muttering and expectant looks from the boys. I walked across to the rack, seeing the boys' eyes widen as each step that I took displayed a stocking-clad leg and some bare thigh to them, not to mention the way that the gown gaped open very revealingly at the front. I wheeled the rack across the floor to a central position, then pulled the sheet away to reveal my helper.

"Let's start with the basics," I told them, "this is a girl. You can tell this because of the long hair and the bumps at the front." Laughter from the class. "How many have ever kissed a girl?" I asked, "and be truthful."

Around ten hands went up out of the twenty boys in the class.

"Anyone been further than just a kiss?" I asked, "honest answers only, please."

Only two hands were raised, one going down again as I looked him in the eyes. Only one was still raised.

"How far did you get?" I asked him, "all the way to bed with her?"

He shook his head. "Just touching her tits," the lad mumbled, "she didn't want anything else."

"So, that means you probably grabbed and treated them like you were handling a rugby ball," I suggested, pausing for more laughter from the boys, "tits might look a little like a rugby ball, but they need to be treated very differently. If done right, almost anything you do with a girl can lead to bed, but only if done correctly. That is what I am here to teach, with the help of my young friend, Lynn."

Now I had their attention.

"Let's get rid of these desks, shall we?" I asked, "just move them to the back of the room, or to the sides, and then you can move your chairs closer so everyone can see everything."

The lads soon had the desks out of the way and it was a much more relaxed group who gathered around in a loose semi-circle.

"So, first, we kiss. Firm but gentle," I instructed, "if her mouth is open, then she is inviting your tongue, but slowly. Tease her tongue with yours, then let her tongue follow yours into your mouth. One hand round the back of her neck, while the other hand gently rests against the side of her boob, not grabbing, just a very gentle caress. Watch."

I removed Lynn's ball-gag, then kissed as I had described to the watching boys, their eyes opening wide as they watched a woman kiss a girl passionately. Possibly for the first time in their lives. Lynn and I provided a very creditable performance. Lynn moved in towards my hand, moaning softly as I pulled away.

"What did she do then?" I asked, "anyone?" Hands went up and I pointed to one boy.

"She moved towards you and moaned a bit," he answered.

"Very good," I praised, "pulling away would have shown she did not want it. Towards me though, that showed she enjoyed it, and would be happy with more kisses, and maybe even more than that, but she will let you know. Now you try."

The boy looked at me in amazement, and I nodded encouragingly at him. He stood in front of Lynn, a few inches taller than her, partly due to her legs being pulled wide apart, then did as I had done, smiling when he pulled away and heard Lynn moan for him.

"Very good," I told him, "see how she responded to you? Who is next?"

Each of the boys took their turn kissing my sexy girl, some needing minor corrections about how hard or rough they were being, and a few taking the chance to actually grab her tit, but all finally understanding.

"Next step, knowing their body," I announced, "anyone seen a girl undressed? And I do not mean on television or in a film or magazine." No hands were raised.

"Okay then, let us begin with the breasts, boobs, tits, knockers, whatever you call them." I went on, "I prefer tits or boobs myself, as I think most females do. Just be sure the girl likes what you call them. Any volunteers to unfasten her blouse?"

A dozen hands were raised, some eagerly, others more hesitantly. I picked one of the hesitant ones, thinking it would help him gain confidence.

He fumbled a little, but unbuttoned Lynn's blouse, opening it, and I found to my delight, that she had not bothered with a bra. The boys sat mesmerized at the sight of her gorgeous perky tits, firm and sexy, with rosy-pink nipples, her school tie hanging between them and adding to the eroticism.

"Who is going to help remove her skirt?" I asked, "anyone?"

Again, no shortage of volunteers. It was a wraparound skirt, fastened by one button at the back and a  large safety-pin at the side.

"Marie," Lynn hissed, "you wouldn't?"

I smiled and nodded, "Oh yes I would, sexy slut," I whispered, "what is the most you ever came in one day?"

"You should know," she murmured softly, "you were there. You made me come eight times that evening."

"I think you could beat that record today, my sweet darling," I told her quietly, "you will love it."

I nodded to my new helper, and he undid the pin, then reached around Lynn to find the button, his face inches from her gorgeous tits.  With the button finally undone,  he moved away, pulling the skirt from her, and leaving her in just bikini pants.

"I cannot really show you everything with the panties still in place," I explained to the boys, seeing some disappointed faces as they heard my words, then they were smiling broadly as I went on, "I suppose I will have to remove them if we are to continue the lesson."

I took scissors from the teacher's desk, and cut along each side of the panties, letting them fall to the floor.

Lyn stood spreadeagled on the rack, fully exposed to the watching lads, just her open blouse, tie, socks, and shoes left, none of which hid anything and only emphasized her nakedness. I pulled her blouse from the back, using a stapler from the desk to fix it in place, so the boys could see every detail of those gorgeous tits.  I kissed her gently, teasing a nipple briefly.

"Now everything you have is on display," I whispered, "they are almost drooling at the sight of you."

Lynn was blushing furiously as I turned to the class.

"Right, all come here so you can see better," I ordered, "now, the tits first. They are sensitive, especially the nipples. So touch the nipples like this," and I demonstrated, forcing Lynn to squirm nicely. "See how she reacted?" I asked, "that shows it was good for her. You can also use teeth to nibble gently, watch her reaction as I do that to her."

Lynn responded perfectly, as I teased the nipples to full hardness, then teased with teeth and fingers, before stopping, leaving her squirming in frustration.

"Did you notice how gently I used my teeth?" I asked, "not biting, just the gentlest of pressure."

A murmur of agreement came from the group.

Okay, two at a time," I instructed, "one to each boob, see if you can make her squirm the way she did for me."

I watched in envious fascination, as each pair of lads had my sexy schoolgirl writhing and squirming for them. I was not sure if I wanted to be the one teasing her, or the one being teased. Whichever it was, I could feel the warm wetness between my legs and my own nipples were hard and tingling. Ah well, I would hopefully get enough attention to my own boobs later that night.

Lyn was trembling when the teasing finally ended. I knew from personal experience with her that her tits were so sensitive, and got her incredibly aroused, so to have them played with so much without being allowed to come was pure torment for her.

"You just wait, Marie," she hissed as I stepped near to her, "I will get you for this."

I kissed her briefly, then turned the rack around so Lynn was facing away from the boys, before turning back to the class.

"Next area is the bottom. Other names are the butt, behind, ass, arse, lots of terms for it," I went on, "Sensitive, yet well padded, so spanking is possible but never too hard, you do not want to damage it," I warned.

A hand went up. "Please, Miss."

"Yes, what do you want to know?" I asked, "and please, don't call me 'Miss', I am Marie."

"Please, Marie," he resumed, "do girls actually enjoy being spanked?"

Some do, some don't," I explained, "Shall we ask our sexy model how she feels?"

There was general approval of this idea, so I asked Lynn.

"If it is done properly, yes," she replied, loudly enough so all the boys could hear, "I prefer it to be done with a hand, or with a broad paddle to spread the impact. It actually makes me horny."

"And I just happen to have a broad paddle in my bag," I announced, producing the item.

This got ironic cheers from the class. I stood just to the side of Lynn, stroking that perfect behind. Then swung my arm, and the paddle impacted dead centre across both cheeks. Most of the boys winced as they heard the noise it made and saw Lynn jerk forward in her bonds, but I knew from having had enough spankings myself that the noise made was far in excess of the actual effect on the one being spanked.

I gave her six strokes in all, not too hard, and her bum was a pretty pink colour by the time I had done. I put the paddle down, and stroked a hand over her backside, watching as she squirmed nicely.

"Do you see how sensitive the spanking has made her bottom?" I asked, "very tender, so it has to be treated gently. Groups of two, come and feel for yourselves how soft it is, and how our gorgeous girl reacts to your stroking."

"They did need asking twice. I watched as each pair enjoyed stroking the squirming body. When all had finished, I went to the rack, stroking a finger along Lynn's slit, and finding the expected wetness.

"Is somebody feeling horny?" I whispered, "Aww, poor girl. We will soon put that right."

I wheeled the rack around so that Lynn was again facing the class.

"Now, the pussy, slit, snatch, cunt, there are so many names for it," I continued, "it is the most sensitive part of a woman, so we treat it carefully, and the love-button here is the clit or clitoris, so sensitive you would not believe it. Now watch as I show you."

I knelt in front of my blushing exhibit, pulling her outer lips apart and teasing with my tongue, then slid two fingers into her wetness, pumping smoothly until she was arching towards my hand. I stopped, ignoring her soft moans, and kissed her gently.

"Having fun yet, my lovely cum-slut?" I whispered. "Now, who wants to see the clit again more closely?" I asked the mesmerized lads.

Every hand shot up. I got them as close as possible in groups of four, then stood behind Lynn, pulling her pussy lips apart gently to expose her erect love button to the boys.

"See the clit, and how erect it is? Kind of like when you have a hard-on. Touch it if you want," I told the boys, "but gently, just a few soft rubs to feel what it is like."

Every one of them took the opportunity, and their poor victim was squirming frantically and helplessly by the time the last boy had taken his turn. Some had needed slight corrections but had not complained when told to try again. After they had all done, I went to my bag and took out the vibes. Lynn's eyes went wide at the sight of them, and she shook her head at me. I smiled, and nodded, then went to her.

"Yes, my sex-toy?" I asked, "you wanted to say something?"

She smiled. "No, Mistress," she demurred, "whatever you want."

I went back to the lads,

"This is a vibrator," I told the boys, "usually used like this."

I turned one on and slid it between Lynn's wide-spread legs, pushing it slowly into her, then out again, enjoying her squirming and soft moaning at the slowness of my actions.

"As you can tell, that is too slow for our girl, but do not rush, too fast is worse than too slow," I instructed. "Now, this is the proper way to use it."

I turned it to full speed, and pumped it in and out smoothly, watching Lynn getting near to coming before I withdrew the vibe. I knew that arousal and denial was pure torment for her and that I could easily make her beg for a climax if I wanted. Right then, she was squirming, frustrated, grinding against air and glaring daggers at me.

I handed the vibe to the nearest boy, showing him how to turn it on.

"Today, we will not bother with any variations, just use it on full speed, pump it as I did, and you will know when to stop. Has anyone ever seen a girl come, or climax as it is sometimes called?"

No hands were raised.

"We will soon change that," I promised them. "While you take turns in vibe-fucking her, two at a time can tease her tits as I showed you, and two more can play with her butt. All change when our sexy girl climaxes. Have fun."

"Please, Marie," one asked, "how will we know when she comes?"

"You will know," I smiled, "trust me. Now go enjoy yourselves"

They did. They had learned their lessons well, and my stunning sex-toy was kept wriggling, squirming and coming, the vibe changing hands each time she screamed as she came until every one of the boys had taken their turn at making her climax. Very few of the lads needed much correcting. Once they were sat down again, I turned to them, while Lynn stood gasping helplessly, spread wide and still twitching in ecstasy, her body covered with sweat and her cum-juices running down her legs.

"Next time I come to teach," I promised them, "we will look at tickling, teasing, and oral sex, both getting and giving. That is where the male gives the female enjoyment with mouth and tongue, and where the girl gives the male similar enjoyment. Trust me, you will enjoy that."

"Will we be trying it out on a girl, Miss?" one asked.

"Yes, you will," I told them.

"Will it be Lynn again, Miss?" another asked.

"I am not sure yet," I temporized, seeing Lynn smile and nod at me, "but very probably."

"I would love to try it out on her," I heard one boy mutter to his neighbour, "she is the most fuckable teacher I ever saw."

Just then James entered the room.

"How does the man get enjoyment though," another queried, "if he is giving the pleasure to the girl?"

"That is not easy for me to answer," I conceded, suddenly inspired, "Mister Wallace, would you mind?"

James came over to me and I whispered to him. He looked surprised, but nodded, smiling at me. I lay back on the desk, my robe falling open to show my scanty underwear, and James slid my panties from me, as I opened my legs wide. The boys gasped as the panties were removed, totally hypnotized at the sight of me spread out on the desk, almost naked.

James bent his head, arranged my legs by spreading them wide, then gave a virtuoso demonstration of oral sex that made me scream out loud, and left me quivering and twitching. He helped me stand, and I kissed him gently in thanks.

"Perhaps you could tell the boys if you enjoyed that," I asked him, "because I know I damn well did," the latter part being whispered for his ears only.

I left him trying to put into words what he had experienced, knowing that until the boys had tried it, it was like describing a Beethoven sonata to a deaf man. Meanwhile, I was releasing my vibe-fucked darling from the rack, and replacing her skirt, her blouse just needing pulling loose and fastening.

The bell went for the end of the lesson, and the boys all filed out, all giving soft kisses to Lynn as they left, and all remembering the soft caress to her boob. Some even dared to give kisses to Miss Marie, one grabbing my butt and leaving before I could react.

By the time the last boy had left, my horny darling was squirming again. As I was packing away the vibes and ties that I had used, I saw Lynn talking to James, but thought nothing of it, until later. Before then though, I had a night in a dorm full of horny boys to look forward to.