**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 14 Gwen's Story 2**

Gwen walked home in a daze. She could not believe what had just happened her, what she had just done. Her wet shirt clung to her breasts and her sex was aching. She could still feel his hands on her, his fingers inside her. She wanted to scream.

When she arrived home she had slipped quietly into the house and gone straight up to her bedroom. She sat for a while on the edge of the bed, her legs shaking and her heart racing, reliving what had happened, playing it over again and again in her head. She couldn't figure out how she felt about it; she had no perspective, her world had just moved on its axis and she was not sure which was now up. She was still caught up in the wild and heady excitement and emotion of the experience. One minute she would burst out crying and the next she wanted to leap up and shout at the ceiling with pure joy and excitement. She was spinning like a top.

Pushing herself up off the bed she had finally stripped off her clothes and looked at herself in the full length wardrobe mirror. She was amazed that her nipples were still erect, red and distended and she could still see the marks of Mr Keitel's teeth and fingers on her breasts, fading now but still visible. She had touched the fading marks with her fingertips sending warning shivers of memories down through her vibrating body. Without heeding the warning she had slipped her hands down between her legs to cup and feel her pubic hairs, coated in her own juices, now hard and matted around the soft, aching, fullness of her still tingling sex.

Her fingers had inevitably pushed between the soft, moist lips of her sex, unconsciously searching for the knowledge and relief that she knew was to be found there. The jolt of sexual excitement from her fingers that had raced through her sex was positively electric and she had rocked back in surprise. She was still incredibly turned on. As if in a slow running film she had moved back across the room, throwing herself onto the bed and rolling over into the foetal position. She hugged herself and tried not to touch herself as she rocked slowly backwards and forwards, trying to make sense of what had happened to her back in the school darkroom and trying to make sense of what she was feeling now.

She tried to remember it all and as she remembered her hand once again crept unbidden between her legs, touching where he had touched her and suddenly she was cuming again. Her orgasm was intense and crashed over her leaving her dazed and breathless. She felt as if she was on fire, charged with some kind of a wild sexual energy; she had just wanted to keep cuming and cuming.

As the light faded in her room her fingers had fallen from between her legs. She did not know how many times she had taken herself to climax but she had masturbated herself almost to the point of exhaustion. Her sex felt raw and swollen, her lips bruised and sore. She rolled over on to her back and in the gathering gloom she stared at the ceiling, a post coital tranquillity finally seeping over her, calming her, cooling her madness.

She had slowly got up and stared at herself again in the mirror, tentatively, exploratory; as if expecting to see a different person looking back at her in the half light, someone who was certainly more sexually mature, more worldly that she had been this morning and she was strangely disappointed to find only herself staring back at her. She examined her body and her breasts in the fading light and was again disappointed to find that the traces of this morning's handling had faded and were now more just memories rather than real marks. Her badges of sexual maturity were fading.

Noises from downstairs had slowly, finally, intruded and she realised that her parents were about, her father home from work and her mother getting tea and she gathered up her still damp clothes and headed slowly off to the bathroom to run a bath.

The next morning she had awoken at first light and had had to force herself to stay in bed and wait until she could hear her parents moving around and knew that it was safe to get up without attracting attention to herself. She had lain there through the early hours, waiting impatiently, her hand slowly working its way inside her pyjama bottoms and down between her legs, her fingers slyly touching her sex, opening herself up to the new day and her first climax. Her fingers would not leave her alone and continued to stroke and manipulate her through climax after climax until she had to stuff her mouth with blankets to stop herself from crying out.

Her mother, passing by her door on her way downstairs had paused, disturbed by the muffled noises from her daughters room and had called out softly enquiring if everything was alright. Gwen had never heard, lost in her own world of flashing lights moving fingers and never saw her mother, suddenly blushing furiously as she recognised the sexual message carried blatantly in the her daughters sighs, move away from the door and slowly walk away, suddenly looking younger, smiling, her own head suddenly full of the memories of when she herself had moaned like that.

When the masturbation spree had ended and her fingers finally simply rested between her legs Gwen lay and looked up the new day. Noises from downstairs told her mother at least was up and she vaguely wondered why she hadn't called her as she usually did. She dismissed the thought and rolled over in blissful ignorance, her fingers reluctantly leaving her sex, she would have been horrified had she known of her mother's breathless pause outside her door.

Despite the need to get up and get to school she lay there for a long time telling herself that he would not be there today and that yesterday was a 'one off' and would never be repeated. Telling herself that she was behaving like a slut and to 'get a grip' she pushed herself out of bed. She dressed carefully for him in her best t-shirt and her best 'Sunday outing' shorts. She felt they were a bit old fashioned, baggy legs and semi elasticated waist with buttons down the front but they were the smartest summer outfit she could muster. She laid the outfit out on the bed and stared at it, eventually trying the shorts on and looking disapprovingly at herself in the mirror.

She eventually discarded the shorts in favour of the same style short gym skirt she had worn when 'it' had happened the day before. She thought furtively that if he had fancied her in it before maybe he would fancy her in it again, before quickly coving the thought with the lie that it was probably the best outfit if they were to work in the hot confines of the darkroom again. She lied convincingly to herself although she recognised that she could not look herself in the eye as she thought it. She sat on the edge of the bed as she brushed her thick auburn hair. He sex tingled and she had to resist the urge to touch herself again.

When she was ready she stood and looked at herself in the mirror. She nodded almost knowingly at the young woman who stared back. 'Not too bad' she thought and then stopped and on impulse she stripped off her t-shirt and then her bra. She pulled her t-shirt back over her head and looked at her reflection; her breasts were clearly visible beneath her thin cotton top and after a moment's hesitation her nerve failed her and she pulled the top off again and put the bra back on. Staring at herself in the mirror she hesitated for a moment before she pulled the bra and top off again. Standing erect she admired her breasts in reflection wondering what he had seen in them that had so turned him on. She idly wondered if her breasts were somehow special and she hadn't known it before.

She placed a hand under each breast, pushing them up and out although there was almost no movement in the firm young flesh. She touched her sleeping roseate nipples as she half turned her body to the light. Sensitive beyond belief they were immediately erect. In her mind's eye she could see his hands on her body and her sex grew instantly moist. The urge to masturbate was suddenly fiercely strong and she had to press her legs together until the feeling passed.

Resting her head against the coolness of the wardrobe mirror she took deep breaths until she slowly regained her composure. She shook her head, she must stop thinking about sex, she must get some control back, she was acting like a nymphomaniac. She stepped back and pulled her bra on, reaching behind her firmly to fasten the clasp. She looked at herself and settled her breasts into the cups before pulling her T-shirt back on again. She looked at herself in the mirror and told herself firmly that she was being foolish and what had happened yesterday was a mistake and she could never allow it to happen again; even if he is there, she repeated to herself sternly, it must never happen again.

She had breakfast in the kitchen, fending off the usual questions about what she was going to do that day and what she had done yesterday. She told them she would be going to school again to see in Mt Keitel needed any help with the next batch of prints. "Think you must have a crush on him the amount of time you two spend together in that darkroom" her father said from behind his paper. She didn't see the amused glances her parents exchanged when she had looked down, blushing darkroom red, while denying him furiously. He mother had looked at her strangely she thought, somehow knowingly although kindly and she had looked away embarrassed at the frankness she had found in her eyes. Her mother had gently touched her father hand which held the paper and had blushed herself when her husband had raised a quizzical eyebrow in response.

She had hung around after breakfast for as long as she felt she must before making her goodbyes and slipping out of the back door. She tried not to run but her feet felt light and she covered the distance to the school in no time at all. Her heart fell when there was no sign of his car in the staff car park. As her let her into the school through the small side door near the science labs the caretaker had said that he hadn't seen him that morning. "Didn't mean much though," he conceded as he walked away, "could have let himself in with his own key." But the science lab was empty when she got there, looking exactly as they had left it the day before.

She half heartedly tidied some loose prints on the desk near the darkroom, disappointment gripping her chest and for a while she fought the urge to cry. She tried the door to the darkroom and it swung open a fraction and she immediately closed it again; lacking the courage on her own to go in there where 'it' had happened. She turned around and leaned against the door, kicking it with her heel in frustration. Feeling foolish she hung around the classroom for a while trying to look busy but eventually she gave up and made her slow and heavy way home.

The next day was a repeat of the same process and she began to despair; he was obviously not coming back. A whole range of possibilities/fantasies ran through her head: That he had had an accident and was lying critically ill in hospital somewhere, uncared for and alone; That he had simply up and left and that it would force some kind of inquest at the school and what had happened in the darkroom would all come out and everyone would know and her would will be ruined; all the way through to that he had fallen in love with her and dare not face her because of some problem in his past that she does not know about. She ran the whole gamut of childish, romantic, scenarios through her head in turn as she waited.

The next day she turned up more out of routine than in hope of finding him there. She had already decided that she would steel herself and go into the darkroom and at least finish sorting out the prints that would by now have dried and be ready for labelling and cataloguing. She opened the door to the classroom and her stomach gave a sudden lurch when she suddenly saw him standing at one of the long rows of science lab benches sorting through large piles of prints. He smiled at her, obviously pleased to see her.

"Glad you turned up I could use some help," he said holding up some loose prints as a means of explanation, "still a lot to finish off." She hesitated in the doorway, taken by surprise and now unsure in the face of reality. She sees he is dressed for the darkroom again in shorts and an old t-shirt. He looked up at her quizzically. "Are you here to help or what?" he joked and pushed a pile of prints across the desk in her direction.

Gathering her courage she hesitantly walked down the length of the classroom and stood beside him. She looked sideways at him, unsure and nervous but her looked up and smiled again, putting her at her ease and she pulled the pile of prints across the desk towards her. Leafing through the first few prints she noticed that her hands were trembling. He looked sideways at her, pretending not to notice.

"Someone has already sorted them," he said quietly and she nodded.

"I came in yesterday and finished them off," she said, trying to control her voice.

He tapped a stack of prints by their edge on the top of the desk, straightening them, "I know," he said placing them back on the desk, lining the stacks up with the tip of his finger, "and the day before that as well. Johnstone the caretaker told me." She nodded, suddenly embarrassed as if caught out in a lie. "Wondered where I'd got to?" he asked and she shrugged. "I'm sorry Gwen," he said and reached across and took one of her hands in his, "you deserved better than that."

She shook her head, aware that must be able to hear her heart thudding in her chest. He turned her hand over and pulled it closer to him, palm up. She could feel the warmth of his body through her fingertips and he stroked her palm and mound of Venus with his thumb as he spoke, "I'm sorry, I had to get things straight in my head," he said. "I needed a little time .. after what happened in there," indicating the darkroom behind her. She looked hesitantly over her shoulder as if unsure of what he meant. He ploughed on, all the time his thumb stroking the sensitive palm of her hand, sending ripples of pleasure through her body. "I am a schoolteacher after all, I should know how to control myself, it should never have happened." She nodded vaguely , his words drifting away. "And it won't happen again," he said and she looked up into his eyes, "will it?" he said with a finality that made her feel cold.

She shook her head, her eyes fixed on the table in front of her. "Good," he said releasing her hand, "a professional relationship if we can then," he said with a heartiness that crushed her. "Think we can manage that?" He asked and she nodded, and she shivered slightly as if a winter chill had stolen into the room. "Good," he said again, his bonhomie harsh and galling in the stillness that had fallen between them, "are you OK with helping me still or do you want me find someone else to help finish off?"

"I'm fine," she said, feeling herself move slowly towards tears. "I really do want to help get this done."

"Great," he said, adding after a slight pause, "even in the darkroom?"

She looked over her shoulder again at the offending room and nodded. "I'm fine," she said, "honestly, I can handle it."

"Great," he said, almost distractedly. "Let's get on with it then."

He led the way, ushering her before him. Once inside he locked the door before pulling the heavy blackout curtain across and turning on the exterior 'Darkroom Occupied' sign and switched on the red developing light.. As always it took her a few seconds for her eyes to adjust to the deep velvet red lighting. When she looked up he was staring back at her smiling, just standing there looking at her. She half smiled back at him and looked sideways as if expecting him to say something. He stepped across the short gap between them and this time there were no preliminaries.

Without any preamble he gathered her up into his arms, bending her back over the workbench. She cried out in surprise but his mouth stifled her protests. He kissed her long and hard, his tongue deep in her mouth, the kiss continuing until she was gasping for breath. In one movement he placed her arm behind her back and held it there, his free hand moving up, under her blouse to take possession of her breast. He pulled her bra up and his fingers closed on her nipple, pulling it taut, squeezing the breath from her body. She cried out as his hand gripped her breast, squeezing and moulding it until her senses reeled, all the while his kisses, deep and devouring kept her silent and dazed.

Suddenly his hand was on her thigh, travelling upwards, taking her skirt with it, exposing her, laying her open. For an instant he dipped between her legs and cupped her sex and she called out at the sudden warmth and pressure from his fingers but his hand had already gone, moving on and up in its quest for even more intimacy. He tugged at the waistband of her knickers, drawing them down to allow his hand inside. His hand slid down across her taut, flat stomach, grazing quickly across her soft red pubic hair before pushing its way down between her legs, finding and touching her sex, briefly exploring the soft folds of her lips, orientating himself, feeling her wetness before opening her up.

She tried to open her legs to give him access but she struggled to keep her balance as he held her prone across the worktop. He pressed the heel of his hand hard against the front of her pubic bone and she gasped as he curled his palm down over her sex, his fingers slipping between her lips, travelling through her wetness, searching for and quickly finding her already erect clitoris, instantly stroking wild sensations up from her groin to explode behind her eyes. She cried out, she knew she would come in seconds; she has been ready to come for him for three days. His fingers pushed deeper into her and her legs began to tremble; she tried to stretch her legs apart to let him in. She could feel her juices beginning to seep down around his probing hand into the clean white material of her knickers and she was suddenly past caring about anything, she was about to cum; he was manipulating her masterfully yet again and she was happily, completely under his control; willing to be led wherever he would take her.

His fingers played softly, knowingly and insistently between her lips and she came quickly, her thighs squeezing together, trying to hold and contain the hand that was wreaking havoc with her senses and destroying her self control; but the fingers continued to move, causing her to cry out and to try to curl up around his hand as the waves of her climax continued to shake her.

Releasing the hand that he had been holding behind her he turned her around sideways to him. He kept the one hand down the front of her knickers, sliding the other down inside the back to find and mould itself to the shape of her bottom. He was manipulating her like a puppet, moving her to his will, his hands insistent and determined, his fingers hard, needy and softly resolute, pushing down between her legs, invading and overrunning her soft, warm, secret places. His eyes glinted hotly in the darkroom light, giving him the devilish appearance she had seen before, red skin and flashing red eyes. His breath sounded harsh in her ears.

With one hand he probed and caressed her wet and open sex while with the other he opened the cheeks of her arse, running his fingers between then, intimately caressing the soft brown rosebud that puckered at his touch. Sweat suddenly sprang from her and could fell it joining up and running down her back and down between her breasts, her clothes were already sticking to her. His finger slipped between her lips and moved deeper inside her and she cried out, trying to stop her legs from buckling. She was again instantly awash with sensation, a repeat performance of the other day. Like a drowning woman she suddenly recognised his ability to swamp her, to flood her senses, to unmast her. She was having difficulty in breathing; his fingers were driving the air from her lungs, sucking the oxygen out of the room. The heat was suddenly unbearable; she wanted him to take her clothes off, she wanted to lie down with him on the tiled floor and allow him to cool her feverish skin

The fingers that had been working their way down in the crack of her bottom finally centred on the rosebud opening of her arse, his finger sliding sweetly in the sweat that was running down her back, caressing and exploring the small, tight opening. Fear mingled freely with need. He was moving so fast, his hands commanding her body, making her ache, making her want to beg, desperate to be touched, to go further, faster. Her head was spinning and all she knew was that she loved it. Sweat mingled with her juices as her body responded to his touch.

Letting her loose for a moment he gathered her knickers into his hands front and back and pushed them down onto her thighs. There was no resistance from her, in fact she wanted to cheer at the way he was clearing the obstacle of her clothes from her body, giving his hands the freedom they needed to carry on. His hands slid back up her thighs, back to their intimate caress, slipping through her wetness, burrowing between her lips, knowing where to search, knowing when to touch. She cried out with pleasure. She so excited that she came again, a short brief wave of pleasure flashing upwards from her groin and then he was moving her forward again, riding the crest of his fingers, suspending her between the fingers in her sex and the hand cupping her bottom, spreading her cheeks, the tip of one finger pressing slowly past the small puckered opening, exploring her arse.

She cried out and he spun her around again until she was facing towards the desk and she staggered a little, hobbled by the knickers around her thighs. She reached for them but he suddenly pushed her face down onto the work desk, her breasts flattening against the hard surface. Grabbing her hands he stretched her arms out to either side, palms down, holding her there until she understood that that was what he wanted and she stayed there as he stood behind her. He paused for a moment a fractional respite in the whirlwind seduction. Then she felt his hands on her bottom, exploring beneath her skirt, probing between her cheeks, moving lower to grazing her sex and she shuddered at his touch, her eyes closed, her sex open.

With both hands he slowly raised the back of her skirt and carefully laid it over her back, uncovering her to his gaze She could hear his breathing as he studied her. He had obviously placed her for this view that he was now treating himself to, her arse and her sex thrust backwards towards him, entirely exposed. The position made her feel incredibly lewd, coarse and yet at the same time wildly excited. She realised with a sudden shock that she wanted him to see her, she wanted him to see her there, she wanted him to see her and to want her, to desire her as she desired him, she wanted him to use her. He placed his hands on the soft rounded cheeks of her exposed arse and she trembled at his touch. He forced her open with his thumbs like a peach and she bit her lip in excitement. He was exposing her so intimately she wanted to shout for sheer joy and excitement. She realised with a slight tremble of fear and apprehension that this was no fumbling schoolboy seduction, this was a man who knew what a woman looked and felt like and he was treating her as such.

A finger casually traced the cleft between her cheeks until it rested on the little puckered rosebud at the entrance to her anus. Again she was shocked at the power of the sensation, the raw sexuality of his touch. She bit her lip and trembled as he traced his fingertip around the sensitive opening, Adam and Eve, forbidden pleasure. His finger probed at the entrance a little and she whimpered, she heard him laugh quietly before pushing the tip of his finger past the restraining ring of muscle. She cried out softly at the intrusion and he laughed again, pushing his finger in a little further before withdrawing it. She sagged against the desk for a moment before his hand moved lower and finally cupped her gaping sex.

He squeezed gently and she felt almost faint at the pressure. Her sex boiled at his touch. He massaged the full length of her slowly with the heel of his palm, gently pressing and releasing, causing her moan softly against the hard wooden surface of the desk. She pushed her head down onto the desk and pushed her sex back against him.

He laughed quietly as he worked her, feeling her squirm beneath his hand. He rotated his wrist, moving her sex under the palm of his hand and she groaned, her legs barely keeping her upright, her hands gripping the edge of the worktop white knuckled.

"You like that don't you?" he said, a disembodied voice from somewhere behind her. She tried to focus on his words but all she could feel was his hand between her legs, she wanted to scream out her pleasure.

"Yes," she managed finally and he laughed. He moved his hand and his fingers softly gripped the outside of her sex, pressing her lips together, softly squeezing, massaging, rubbing slowly the whole length of her and again she moaned, a deep guttural sound bubbling up around his fingers.

His fingers probed her lips, inspecting them, working back along their length, opening her up, parting them, exposing their coral wetness to his gaze. She felt his fingers move between them, working slowly from top to bottom, causing her to whimper as they moved confidently and proprietarily over her. He was inspecting her, claiming her, preparing her and she realised that she was submitting willingly to his will.

He slipped two fingers inside her making her gasp. She was so wet he entered her easily and between the sudden explosions of sensations between her legs she wondered vaguely where all the liquid was coming from, somehow astounded with the idea that it was coming from her. His fingers pushed forward, probing deeply, exploring every centimetre of her exposed and unpractised sex. He moved his fingers with the strength of his whole hand and she cried out again and gripped the edge of the workbench to steady herself against him.

His fingers moved into her with a softly sophisticated savagery, sliding between her waiting pink lips, opening her up, pushing into her exposed sex and she thought she would faint. Her sex was on fire, her nipples ached. She thrust herself back against the fingers that were insistently and remorselessly burrowing deeper inside her. She tried to open her legs further but her knickers held her thighs, restricting her movements.

She rested her head against the hard surface of the worktop as his fingers continued their onslaught into her unprotected sex, working deeper inside her, stretching her and she knew that resistance was futile, that he knew what he was doing, that he was riding her up towards yet another climax. A much stronger climax this time, beginning with the fingers in her sex but quickly setting fire to her whole body; nerve ending by raw nerve ending.

He was twisting his hand around, working his fingers into every untouched corner of her sex, wonderfully hard and brutal; he was taking no prisoners, giving no quarter. Her juices ran down the inside of her legs in response to his possession, his domination of her body. She was soaked in sweat and her legs were trembling as she felt herself begin to cum, rising to fingers, willingly acceding to his mastery of her sex. She cried out as she thrust back against him, trying to force his fingers still deeper, trying to force her climax out; and then she was riding him, his fingers forcing the pace as he took her, leaning his weight against her to pin her as her muscles gripped his fingers and she flooded out over his hand.

She screamed and bucked back against him, pushing savagely back against his hand, draining every ounce of pleasure from his fingers. She sagged against the desk, winded and dazed, her climax still hard and fierce and continuing and he her held her, his fingers still moving inside her, helping keep her upright, driving her on, up and through her climax. She shook and cried out as he held her down, one hand between her legs and the other between her shoulders, keeping her flat against the desk, face down. She bucked and cried out as he held her there, keeping her in place so that his other hand could do its work draining her juices and her climax from her. He worked her until she fell silent, spent, his slowly moving fingers sounding loud and wetly in the sudden silence.

He released her and her legs almost gave way and she slid down the front of the desk and he had to catch her. He lifted her back onto the desk, still face down and she managed to stay there. She half felt him reach down and strip her knickers down her legs. She was past caring, he could do what he wanted, she was almost incapable of thought.

The force of her climax had stripped her of her will and her senses and she lay there dazed and weak. She felt him moving her, pulling her from side to side as he worked her skirt down over her hips. She did not help him, lying inert and immobile as he worked the skirt lower. Once clear of her hips it was easy and the skirt fell uselessly to the floor. He knelt down behind her, raising each foot as he pulled her skirt and knickers clear.

He leaned forward and held her knickers close to her face, she could see they were soaked. "Smell them," he said and she sniffed at them compliantly, dazed and robotically, following his every instruction. The smell that assailed her senses was her, pungent and raw and her eyes widened at the crude intensity of it. "That's the smell of a sexually active woman," he said quietly, "a woman in heat. That smell is you," he said his hand caressing the naked cheeks of her arse and the pink wet lips of her swollen sex.

He placed the sodden knickers on the workbench in front of her where she could see them and the raw scent of her sex filled her head, invading the room, invading her senses. He laughed and spread her legs apart with his foot, he was treating her like his whore; he had her naked from the waist down, face down up his desk, she had cum repeatedly already and his hand was at her sex again. She felt sore and dazed; and incredibly alive.

He stood slowly and positioned himself behind her; his hands moving to her hips. She feebly tried to stand but he gently, firmly, pushed her back down flat against the desktop. She sank back almost willingly, allowing him the control of her body once again. She closed her eyes but he slowly pulled her back towards him until her body was clear of the top of the desk, just her head and shoulders resting on the worktop. He stretched her arms to the side again, outstretched, hands on the worktop; positioning her as he wanted.

He stepped away for a moment to study her and she could feel his eyes on her, studying her and she felt her sex open for him. She had never felt so alive before, so sexual and wanton. He stepped back closer and put his hands on her arse. He rolled her cheeks under his palms and she closed her eyes, feeling his warmth, his raw energy, his need of her body. Like an artist positioning his model he tapped her legs further apart again with his foot, causing her to spread her legs and her sex to his gaze.

He leaned forward over her and gathering the material with his thumbs he pushed her blouse up her back and she half rolled, allowing the material to ride up to her shoulders. He unsnapped her bra before reaching around underneath her, pulling the front of her blouse and her bra up to her chin. Her breast fell free, feeling incredibly heavy, sensuous, dangling from her chest. She closed her eyes as his hands moved up to cup them, moulding to their shape, feeling their weight. His hands were so sure, so hard. Her drew her nipples down, milking her, stretching her breasts and suddenly she realised that she was mewling like a kitten, she had never felt so sexy, so sensual, she never wanted him stop.

He stood upright against her, his hands stroking her back and her flanks, running down between her legs, she almost purred as he touched and stroked her sex. She could feel her swollen lips open and her juices run. She was ready for him and she moaned softly as he spread her wetness down her thighs and up between the cheeks of her arse.

Finding the small, soft entrance to her anus he paused for a moment before pressing the tip of his finger once again passed the tight puckered entrance. She cried out for a moment in surprise and fear before the finger was gone and moving on. He stepped away slightly for a moment and she thought she heard or felt a rustle of clothing but then he was back, his hands caressing her body, loving her and she slipped back into the warmth of the moment, forgetting everything except the sexual thrill of the feel of his hands on her body.

Slowly she began to rise again to the sensations of his fingers on her skin. His hand dipped between her legs again, opening her up, slipping between her lips, stroking her already over sensitized sex. She was dimly aware his other hand had reached under her and cupped a breast, his fingers finding and pulling on a nipple. Her hanging breasts felt incredibly sensitive and she cried out again as his fingers pulled and teased her, drawing down her hanging teats like a cow.

Then she felt him. She knew immediately what it was that was resting against the bare cheeks of her arse. He had freed himself and his erect penis was now nestling between her thighs, slowly pushing up towards the lips of her sex and through the riot of sensations that were already sweeping through her her heart suddenly beat faster. This is what the girls in class had all giggled about; this is what some girls bragged about having done; the 'easy' girls, the cheap ones who had 'gone all the way'; the ones she had publicly looked down on but secretly envied. Now it was her turn and an erect penis was moving softly, insistently, against the lips of her sex, gently spreading them, insinuating itself, searching for a way inside her.

She offered no resistance, she felt no danger. She knew that he would not hurt her and she simply wanted these wonderful sensations to continue. She felt him push and her lips opened a little to accept him. It reminded her of some small blind animal, borrowing in the darkness between her legs, a soft warm snout worming its way inside her, knowing where to look, where to push to gain an entrance and suddenly she felt an incredible tenderness towards him and the gentle burrowing penis that she had never seen but which was even now pushing its way insistently inside her as if desperately seeking its way home.

"I don't want to get pregnant," she said quietly, as his penis continued to probe so intimately and knowingly at her sex.

"You won't be, I promise," he said and she felt the lips of her sex suddenly swell and open as the head of his penis silently slipped inside her. There was no pain, no gruesome tearings as she had heard of from her friends, just a warm sensation of fulfilment; and she gently laid her head back onto the desk, her arms still outstretched as Mr Keitel took her by the hips and holding her steady he slowly pushed himself inside her.

He slid in easily, pushing the air from her lungs, causing her to sigh in contentment and squeezing a tear from her eye. Looking back she would realise that she had played no part in the actual loss of her own virginity, she had just lain there and let him enter her; deflower her, pushing gently and easily inside her. She felt him slowly filling her, wondering at the feel of him, the hard length of him slowly filling her, the width of him, stretching her lips wider and wider. She marvelled at the feel of him inside her and vaguely wondered what his penis would look like when she eventually saw it; and suddenly she felt herself absurdly blushing at the thought. Mr Keitel without his trousers and an erect penis and she laughed quietly to herself, a warm flush spreading up from between her legs, across her chest and up into her cheeks.

When he was almost fully inside he stopped and she held her breath, feeling suddenly incredibly lethargic, almost idly wondering what would happen next. "Are you alright?" he asked her and she managed a hazy and almost distracted 'yes' in response. She could feel him hard inside her, his body holding her against the cupboard, both of them trembling, she more than he, as he stood still and silent behind her.

His hands gripped her waist again and with a sigh he leaned forward and he buried the last of his shaft inside her. She felt the end of his penis push up against the top of her womb and she cried out in wonder. With an almost involuntary reaction she tried to move away from the intrusion but he held her in place and the desk she was leaning on allowed no movement. She could feel all of him, from the tip of his shaft against her womb to his pubic hair coarse and tickling against the cheeks of her bottom. He was fully inside her; her first man, her first lover. She rolled the word in her head, 'lover' and felt the warmth of the word made real by the hard male member so real and alive inside her.

She tried to pull herself together, this was no fairy tale, no young girls daydream. She could feel his penis hard and rigid inside her. He had taken her clothes and bent her over the desk, stripped her and opened her legs, he had entered her and claimed her as his own, her first. And she suddenly felt she wanted to cry, a combination of emotion and excitement. It was finally happening to her, from schoolgirl to teachers pet, bent over almost naked with her legs apart, being screwed up against a cupboard in the school darkroom. Such a transition is a couple of days; and she felt her sex flood and her knees go weak at the thought.

'Please' , she whispered, her face against the unresponsive desktop, not knowing what she wanted to ask; 'please' she whispered again although she knew that he was past questions or reason, he was deep inside her, probably now lost to conscious thought, driven solely by the shaft that lay hard and hot inside her. So different for him than for her.

She felt light headed, weak, her legs trembled. She was so aware of her body, every last centimetre of it, from her naked breasts, hanging loose and pendulous, her nipples so tender that the very air seemed to inflame them, to his shaft, buried hard and deep between her open legs. Her sex felt wonderfully stretched and full, her lips engorged and incredibly sensitive to his every movement, every twitch of his buried shaft sending bright red bolts of light spinning up towards her brain. 'Please' she whispered again and he laughed quietly and his hips twitched and his penis moved deep inside her. She trembled at the feeling and at that moment they both knew that he owned her body and soul.

Placing one hand flat on the small of her back he slowly ran it up and under her blouse between her shoulder blades until he gripped the back of her neck. He held her there for a moment before reversing his movement, tracing the path of her spine down to the small of her back again, feeling the crack of her arse, almost to where his penis turned their two bodies into one. She could feel the slick wetness of sweat on her skin, smoothing the path for his hand.

Sparks of electricity fitfully lit her brain like a faulty light. Hot flashes of sensation crackled through her before converging on her sex and behind her hard and swollen nipples. He leaned forward and his hand followed the electricity to reach underneath her and cup one of her hanging breasts again. She moaned loudly as his fingers found her nipple and pulled downwards, adding his weight to the already potently erotic effect of gravity.

She arched her back downwards trying to ease the pressure, each small movement creating a counter movement of his shaft inside her. She whimpered and pushed gently back against him. His penis moved deeper. She could feel her juices pour out of her. She was beginning to float on the sensations, loose herself in the feelings he was creating within her. She wanted to scream and cry at the same time. The delicious pressure in her sex was unbearable. She felt him twitch inside her and he leaned forward, almost laying himself along the length of her back.

He reached under her with two hands and grabbed both her breasts. His fingers pulled and teased at her hanging nipples and she began to squirm against him, her sex begging for relief, her nipples aching. He expertly drew her nipples down, creating sensations that she could not even begin to understand. She was now rocking herself back against him, her juices sucking wetly where their bodies met. He pushed back and she cried out again, his length inside her now filling every last centimetre of her being.

Pulling on her breasts her lifted her upper body higher off the desk until she was almost upright and the angle of his penis changed inside her and she gasped, the sensation wildly different. She cried out with pleasure as he manhandled her, controlling her through her breasts. He pushed her forward again until she was resting on her elbows; her head hung forward and she was breathing heavily through her nose, hard flared nostril breaths, like a mare being mounted.

"Are you ready?" he asked quietly, his mouth close to her ear behind her. She didn't answer, his penis inside her stilling all the words in her head. "I said are you ready?" he repeated, squeezing her breasts until she threw her head back.

"Yes!" she cried out, "for fucks sake, yes! I've been ready for days!"

There was a moment's hesitation and then with a small laugh John leaned forward and pushed into her as hard as he could and Gwen cried out, he was so deep inside her she thought he would tear her open.

John paused, buried in her to the hilt and then he pulled back and she groaned as he withdrew; a sudden void inside her that she desperately wanted him to fill again. At the end of his stroke he paused again before pushing back inside her once more and she rose onto her toes to accept him. She cried out as he reached the end of each stroke, a forward thrust that forced her sex open and pushed the breath from her body. He pulled on her breasts with each thrust, holding on to them hard to pull her back into him.

He was riding her and she knew it, fucking her masterfully and deliberately. She could hear him grunt with each deep thrust, filling her, almost lifting her off her feet. Her head swam, his hands were almost painful, gripping her breasts tightly, pulling her back up hard against him with every long and measured stroke. The sensations crashed through her, leaving her almost senseless, her body bouncing uncontrollably to each and every relentless, remorseless, thrust.

He released her breasts and pushed her fully forward face down again flat upon the desk. He placed a hand firmly between her shoulder blades and pushed hard with is hips. She cried out, she thought that this time he was surely going to push through the top of her womb; her sex stretched to accommodate him. He changed the rhythm of his attack to long, deep, slow penetrating strokes that she could feel throughout her body. She could feel every last centimetre of his length as he withdrew and then pushed back inside her.

With his free hand he reached around and under her, delving between her legs, his fingers at the entrance to her sex searching for her clitoris. She cried out as he found her, his fingers immediate, insistent, drawing the protective hood aside to stroke raw and immediate fire from her small, sensitive nub. White noise exploded in her head. She cried out and bit her arm, his fire was already raging through her, fingers and shaft creating a white heat deep within her sex, a burning sensation that she somehow understood was already blowing her world apart.

She gripped the desk as if to save herself from falling as every muscle in her body responded to him. She thrashed on the end of his shaft as his strokes drove all rational thought from her head. She was filling with a roar that was coming from deep within her, from deep within her sex; and then he groaned and she felt him push harder into her, she could feel his shaft twitch and pulse deep within her as his movements became hard and jerky. He pushed deep into her, his weight leaning forward on to her hips, crushing her against the desk, pushing his penis hard up against the top of her womb. She knew somehow that he was cuming, filling her, claiming her, and the knowledge took her over the top into her own mind wrenching orgasm.

She knew that she screamed, that she thrashed her head and pushed back against him, trying to push him even deeper into her wide open sex and that even in the wild raging delirium of her own climax she heard him cry out and try to bury himself even deeper inside her.

She knew he had come. She felt the spasm in his hips and swore that she could feel his semen splashing into her, filling her, coating her womb. He cried out blindly and pushed again, this time a lesser attempt to pierce her soul than the last but she could still feel his penis pushing hard up into her and instinctively she gripped his shaft with her vagina, milking him as he continued to ejaculate inside her. He pushed hard for third time, straining to cum again, emptying himself, his hand, lost in his own climax, pushing her down hard against the desktop. He shuddered and strained, his strangled cries slowly dying on his lips.

Then all was quiet except for their ragged breathing. He slowly collapsed forward onto her back, resting his weight on his arm alongside her. She could feel him slowly beginning to deflate inside her, to slide out of her, to vacate the womb that he had so recently owned and controlled. She began to cry softly, quietly, large tears that formed and fell of their own accord wetting the desk beneath her. He slowly pushed himself upright and she felt his penis slip from her, slickly, slippery, slinking away somehow like a thief in the night and she cried harder, deep silent, wracking sobs that shook her shoulders.

She felt him stand back a little and adjust his clothing but she just lay there, face down, inert, somehow unconnected, slightly dazed by what had just happened. Then he was back with her, his hands stroked her shoulders and back.

"Are you OK?" he asked quietly, his hands now tentative although comforting. He took her by her shoulders and raised her from the desk, turning her around and pulling her close into his chest, his arms protectively enfolding her. He stroked her hair, "Are you alright?" he asked again, holding her tight to his chest. This time she nodded and sniffed, wiping her nose with the back of her hand.

He laughed and raised her face and she found herself looking into his eyes, very blue, very concerned and yet smiling. "I didn't hurt you did I?" He brushed a strand of hair from her face, "I got a little carried away," he added with an apologetic shrug, "It's been a long time," he said looking at her for some understanding.

"No," she said quietly, "you didn't hurt me." She shook her head and he pulled her close into his chest again, one hand stroking the back of her head. She closed her eyes and let the closeness of him seep into her.

"That was your first time wasn't it?" he asked, "You were a virgin weren't you?" he supplied when she didn't answer.

"Yes," she offered almost in a whisper, "but don't worry, I won't tell anyone. It will be our secret."

"Our secret," he answered almost distractedly, "our secret." She nodded emphatically and he wiped a tear away from her face with his thumb. She smiled up at him.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked, "for your first time?"

She nodded, "It was absolutely fantastic!" she said quietly, "I never imagined .... when the other girls talked about it ... " she trailed off feeling foolish and he smiled.

"It's OK," he said, "I understand." She blushed and looked down. "When did you plan it?" he asked quietly.

"Plan what?" she asked confused.

"This," he said, indicating the room, "your seduction." She looked back at him blankly. "You wanted it to happen," he offered and she nodded, "you were hoping that it would. Last time was an accident but this time was planned."

"Was I that obvious?" He reached down and his hand closed around her breast and she moaned softly into his chest at the touch, surprised that she was still so turned on.

"Yes, you were to me anyway," he said, "I knew that you wanted to do it since we first touched the other day, you were a dead giveaway."

He fondled her breast for while and she snuggled close against him. She was just so aware of him as a man that she was having difficulty in keeping still as his hand moved over her breast.

"Let's have this off shall we?" he asked and pulled her wet shirt up and over her head, he flapped it out and hung it on the back of the door, her bra followed and finally she was completely naked. He sat her down on a stool and stood back to look at her and once again she suddenly she felt embarrassed to be naked in front of him; fully dressed he had reverted to Mr Keitel the schoolteacher.

He stared at her for a long time, openly inspecting her naked body; he was looking at her as no schoolteacher had ever done before and she looked away. It was like one of those childhood dreams where you find yourself walking naked through school while everyone else is fully dressed and staring at you. His blatant interest in her body felt strange but at the same time incredibly exciting; enough to keep her nipples erect and her sex tingling. In defence she pressed her legs together and folded her arms across her chest.

"Open your legs," he said quietly and she looked at him blankly. He made no move.

"What?" she asked meekly.

"Open your legs," he instructed again and slowly, "I want to look at you," he said and as if hypnotised, she did as she was told.

She sat with her arms folded across her chest and with her legs open for his inspection, her sex on display.

"Wider please," he said quietly and she watched her legs open even wider, opening herself to his gaze. He looked at her sex for a long time and she could feel herself becoming wetter under his absorbed and intense stare.

He eventually turned around and pulled a towel from one of the drawers and knelt in front of her. "There," he said as if to a small child, taking hold of her arms and moving them down to her side. She offered no resistance. He applied the towel to the moisture between and below her breasts, drying carefully under each, slightly lifting each in turn. "You're all wet," he said simply, his hands moving intimately over her, drying her off.

The towel briefly felt excitingly rough against her erect nipples and she fought back a moan before he moved on down her abdomen to the moisture coating her inner thighs, drying her as he went. He held her legs open for a moment while he inspected her sex and she sat there compliantly, submissive, docile, fully allowing him this open intimacy. Finally leaning forward he placed his hands on the inside of her thighs and gently pushed her legs fully open, her sex gaped and their combined juices began to flow out of her.

She looked up at him finally embarrassed but instead of withdrawing he leaned forward and with a frown of concentration he began to dry between her legs, starting with her thighs but eventually moving up and onto her sex. He opened her with his fingers and patted her dry, pausing to pay special attention to her clitoris, drying around it carefully

She almost came at his touch and she almost found herself whimpering as he dried her sex. When he had finished he put the towel to one side and knelt there, inspecting his handiwork.

"Beautiful," he said eventually, looking up into her face so she was not sure what he was talking about, his handiwork, her face or her sex, "Absolutely beautiful," he said, his eyes moving back to her sex. She caught her breath as he suddenly stroked the length of her with the back of his knuckle. Looking down at his hand she suddenly saw herself clearly, sitting naked on a stool in a darkroom in the science lab at school with one of her teachers kneeling between her open legs, stroking her sex and her excitement rose until she thought she would burst.

His finger continued to stroke gently at her lips causing her to quiver like an over strung bow. "Red pubes. How beautiful. Matches the hair on your head," he said quietly and with his finger and thumb he spread her sex, opening her up to his gaze again. She watched as he peeled her lips back to reveal her, wet and coral pink inside. "Fantastic." He muttered and smiled up at her. "You really don't know how beautiful you are," he said quietly and she blinked back at him, wide eyed and lost.

He straightened up and stepped away leaving her sitting there, open legged, watching him. He opened a cupboard and pulled out his 35mm camera and quickly fastened a flashgun to it. He turned and smiled at her and held up the camera with one hand. "May I?" he asked somewhat formally. Gwen nodded without thinking, closing her legs a little.

He fussed around for a moment selecting a roll of film from the stock in the cupboard before flipping the camera open and loading it. He turned back to face her, smiling, before raising the camera to eye level. There was a subdued bounced flash and he lowered the camera again.

"There, that wasn't too bad was it?" he asked and Gwen shook her head. She was strangely relaxed, her sex boiled between her legs, her nipples were erect and proud; she felt the sexiest, the most uninhibited, that she had ever felt in her whole life.

The camera flashed again and she found herself smiling back into the lens. He moved around her quickly, taking shot after shot, kneeling between her legs for close-ups of her moist sex, she could feel the moisture rolling down between her thighs again and she didn't care, she let him photograph her however he wanted wherever he wanted.

She was compliant and he positioned her as he wanted her, moving a leg there, draping an arm here. He pulled her hips forward to the edge of the stool opening her legs lewdly to the camera and angled her body back to rest against the cupboards behind her. She lay semi-recumbent, her legs wide, her sex and her sexuality open to the neutral eye of the camera. Her sex smouldered as she gazed back into the lens, sometimes seeing her reflection, sensual, slick and sultry. Smoke rose from between her open thighs, searing her image into the film. He had lit a fire between her legs that would never be extinguished, a need to be touched that would drive her for the rest of her life, which would smoulder between her thighs forever.

He pushed her hair from her face and her eyes blazed back at him from under her fringe. He touched her breast, her skin hot against his fingers. She smiled his hands warm and welcome on her body, positioning her, opening her up for his pictures. She craved the attention. She began to squirm as her excitement bubbled through her from between her legs. She needed him to touch her. To feed the heat that was smouldering between her legs which at a touch would burst into flame, licking their way up through her belly to set her breasts alight. She was a pyrotechnic display waiting to explode.

He stood her up, he laid her down, she held herself open, her need to cum boiling between her legs. Finally he finished and he sat her down again, her legs apart and her sex on fire. He placed the camera down on the worktop and pausing for a moment he turned back to face her. She waited, passively, expectantly, looking up at him standing above her looking down at her naked body. Smiling her slowly reached up and pulled his wet t-shirt over his head, dropping it on the floor beside her own clothes.

She caught her breath and looked at him standing before her dressed only in his shorts and shoes. He looked strange. For all their intimacy she had never seen him this naked, this close before. She had briefly once seen him without his shirt before, at a school sports day when he had for some reason changed shirts between events. Then she had felt an illicit thrill at the sight of his broad shoulders and flat chest, the down of fair hair reflected in the strong sunlight; but that was then and this was now and the context was much more intimate, more sexual; this time this was real, this time he was stripping for her.

He stood above her, half naked with a matching half mocking half smile on his face. Never taking his eyes off her he stepped out of his shoes and kicked them away and her mouth went dry. He smiled and in one motion he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his shorts and pushed them and his underpants down to his knees. Straightening he moved his legs and the shorts fell to his ankles. He stepped out off them and kicked them away. He stood for a moment, completely naked, smiling down at her.

Her smile had faded; she looked at her teacher standing naked before her. Her eyes traced the fair hair down across his stomach to the mess of slightly darker hair at his groin. He opened his arms at his side to provide her an unobstructed view of himself. In disbelief she gazed at the first real male member she had ever seen close to, one that was personal and intended for her inspection. She had caught glimpses of others before, some flashed intentionally and some by accident; but they had always been strangely unrelated to her, objects rather than something that was close up and very personal.

She stared at him in a mixture of amazement and awe. He was so different to what she had expected somehow; so male and yet so seemingly vulnerable, hard and yet gentle at the same time. His closeness overpowered her senses and she watched in fascination as his penis twitched and began to grow of its own accord, swelling slowly and rising up from between his legs, somehow she thought it was the sexiest thing she had ever seen and she closed her legs slightly in an attempt to hide her own arousal.

He looked down at his slowly growing penis and laughed. "I'll take that as a compliment," he said quietly and she smiled back at him with a schoolgirl's lack of understanding. "Well," he said at last, raising an eyebrow, "will I do?"

"Do?" she said stupidly. She had not realised that he was opening himself for her critical inspection, for her comment. That perhaps he was as nervous of displaying his body to her as she had worried about hers for him. She had not realised that as he took his clothes off she had had any choice in what was happening. He indicated his body with a wave of his hand and slowly did a pirouette in front of her, his penis bobbing slowly before her face.

"Do I pass muster?" he asked again, serious, needing her approval. She nodded vaguely, she had no point of reference for such a question, he was the first man she had ever seen naked, let alone erect. She was just stunned by his maleness, by the nearness of him, by his sheer animal presence, his vitality and sexuality, by the wetness seeping down between her legs, by the fact that he had already taken her virginity, made her climax repeatedly, by the fact that he was already erect again, by the fact that she wanted him inside her again and by the fact that whenever she looked at him she could not breath properly.

He moved closer, standing now between her open legs and she looked up at him towering above her, the conquered and the conqueror. He reached forward and held the back of her head, gently pulling her slowly forward until her face was mere inches away from his groin and his now fully erect penis. She looked up at him, his face was impassive but his eyes were intense. He drew her forward unresistingly and she placed her hands on his thighs and was startled by the heat of his skin beneath her fingertips. He moved his hips forward and the tip of his penis touched her mouth. She looked up at him as he rubbed it slowly back and forth across her lips. She opened them slightly and touched the tip with her tongue; the salty sperm taste filled her head, burning through synapses, jolting through her body as if uncovering some deep animal memory of some forbidden and long lost pleasure.

She glanced back up at him standing stock still as the tip of her tongue probed softly at the wet tip of his penis and she knew instinctively by the clouding of his eyes and the stiffening of his body the pleasure she was giving. She opened her mouth and the head of his penis slipped between her lips. Closing her lips over the head she instinctively began to suck and for the first time in her life her tongue swirled around the sensitive head of a man's shaft. He shook and leaned in against her, causing her to hold his hips to try and control his movements. He groaned as her lips moved down his shaft.

As her tongue began to gather confidence he slowly but firmly pushed himself away until his penis popped out between her lips. She looked up at him quizzically but he opened his eyes and took a deep breath. "Too intense," he said quietly, breathing through his mouth, trying hard to control himself, his hand still at the back of her head. Watching his face she opened her mouth and leaning forward she took him in her mouth again. He shuddered and pushed her back pulling his penis away from her. She looked up at him confused, like a child who has tried to please and been told to stop, had her sweets taken away from her. He caressed her cheek. "Later," he said breathing deeply, gathering himself together, "there's plenty of time for that later. Thank you. I won't last."

He pushed her gently back until she was lying with her shoulders against the cupboards behind her and quickly knelt between her open legs. The change of direction took her by surprise and she quickly opened her legs as wide as possible as he suddenly approached her. Reaching out he cupped a breast, squeezing her nipple gently, his other hand stroking her flank, cupping her other breast before returning to her hip. She struggled to compose herself as her body responded immediately to his touch, her nipples hardened and her sex seemed to flush and expand as if signalling her need and her acceptance. She tried to breathe as he took his penis in his hand and positioned it like a weapon of war at the entrance to her sex.

Unconsciously she strained her legs wider apart, completely opening her sex to him, urging her hips forward as if to impale herself on his advancing shaft. He shuffled forward on his knees until the tip of his penis rested lightly against the outside of her sex. She watched his hand move away as if releasing his shaft for business, the gantry falling away from a space rocket leaving it standing erect and ready for its journey into the unknown, except that this rocket, made of flesh and blood, standing proud between her legs already knew the way.

He leaned forward and his penis rested against the lips of her sex and she shivered at its bold, immodest touch. Before her fascinated gaze his penis twitched briefly as if knocking at the gate of her womanhood, as if asking her permission to enter. She glanced quickly up at him and then back down between her open legs again, their heads almost touching as they both peered down between their bodies. He placed his hands on the inside of her thighs and opened her legs still further and the lips of her sex opened like the gates of a captured city before him. The tip of his penis moved slowly forward and she took a deep breath, placing her hands over his, her fingers gripping hard. He pushed again and they both watched as the head of his penis slid silently inside her.

Her legs closed on his hips, gripping him, and involuntary reaction to the pressure in her sex, the soft intrusion, the gentle force; and she held him there, as if asking for a respite, the head of his penis just inside her. He freed his hands from hers and he pushed her back again, hands on her shoulders, up against the cupboard. His penis waited, nestling between her open legs, its head just inside her sex, while his hands explored her breasts. She closed her eyes and he leaned forward, his shaft slipping smoothly, a little further inside her.

He found her nipples and she gripped his elbows, half pulling his hands onto her breasts and half pushing him away, she was once again beginning to drown in the sensations he was creating. She struggled for breath as if his hands on her breasts were squeezing the air from her chest. His penis pulsed within her sex. She felt him withdraw lightly and she cried out before he pushed again and slid, well lubricated, fully inside her.

Her eyes widened as she glanced down to where their two bodies met and saw his pubic hair, hard up against hers, her legs strained apart to accept him. He pulled back and she saw his shaft slowly appear as if expelled, pushed out from inside her. But the exact opposite was true and she cried out with disappointment as he withdrew, his shaft like a growing bridge between them, shining wetly in the heavily erotic glow of single red developing light. She tried to grab his arms and pull him back but he laughed and holding her arms apart he slid his length effortlessly back inside her. She hissed like a train expelling steam. He pushed hard and the tip of his shaft bumped up against the top of her open womb. She cried out and he placed a hand in the middle of her chest to hold her in place.

Her eyes opened wide as he withdrew again, smoothly, easily, his shaft gliding fluidly between her well lubricated lips. She held the am that held her down, her eyes on his. His eyes were fixed, staring inward at some inner battle he was fighting with himself. His lips parted in a grimace as his hips moved of their own accord and his shaft plunged deep inside her again. Her hips bucked against him, sucking him deeper and she cried out as she felt him fill her again.

He withdrew again, picking up speed as the liquid grip on his shaft drove his need to bury himself as deep inside this young and very willing body as he possibly could. He pushed hard this time, his shaft as hard as he had ever known it, her lack of resistance and her wide open body driving him on. Her breasts bounced as he reached the end of his stroke. He withdrew again, her muscles sucking against him like the tide on a shingle beach. He pushed hard again, his stroke still gathering pace and she bucked under him, her hips rising to meet the thrust, her heart beating beneath his hand on her chest.

They were both slick with sweat again, the small airless room almost claustrophobic around them. She cried out as he pressed home again, the length of his shaft buried hard in the soft and secret dark recess of her womb. His free hand gripped her hip, pulling her deeper on to his every stroke. She began to shake as the fire burst into flame and licked up through her belly fuelled by the liquid friction between her legs. He held her tight, pinning her in position, holding her down as his shaft moved hard and hot between her legs. She gripped his arm, her nails digging deep into his flesh. She could feel her growing climax gripping at her womb, rippling like fire in different waves of intensity through her body, threatening to engulf her, drive her sanity from her.

She began to cry, small guttural sounds that coincided with each thrust inside her. Her orgasm gathered in power as his pace increased and his strokes gathered in violence. She thrashed beneath him, rolling and crying out. His mastery of her was absolute, his control complete. She screamed and gripped him with her thighs as every nerve ending in her body exploded at the same moment.

**Summer Ch. 15 Gwen's Story 3**

The affair quickly gathered pace. They met again the next day and within moments of arriving he was inside her; fingers, tongues, his penis, it didn't matter; he filled her to capacity and then some, they were insatiable. They made love throughout that first day; and the next and the next.

She could not wait to be with him, the thought of his hands on her and his penis inside her filled her head, made her senses swim. She would run all the way to school every morning to be with him and he would always be waiting for her, smiling and already erect. They could not keep their hands off each other. They spilled out of the darkroom and into the classroom beyond. They would lock the door and draw the blinds even though the school was quiet and empty during the holidays yet there was always the chance of the occasional teacher or cleaner or pupil wandering around and discovery and disclosure was unthinkable for either of them.

She always seemed to be naked, he would have her naked within seconds of entering the room, he would strip her so fast it made her head swim. He kept her that way so she was accessible, so she was constantly available; and she loved it. Being constantly naked was incredibly liberating, being so constantly desired was flattering in the extreme and being so constantly and utterly used, debased, fucked, spread-eagled, cum upon, cum in, fingered and made to cum was enslaving and intoxicating beyond her wildest dreams,

He set up photo shoots, nothing was sacred, he photographed every part of her in every possible position, close ups, wide angle, in both black and white and colour. Sometimes he would set the timer so that he could appear in the photo with her; sometimes in the act of making love with his penis buried deep inside her, sometimes with her masturbating him, her small hand wrapped around his shaft, sometimes with his fingers deep inside her and sometimes just sitting together naked, his arm protectively around her shoulder or her waist, or possessively holding her breast, but always naked, and always with her sex, already moist and glistening, open and on view.

And she found she enjoyed the exhibitionism, opening her legs to the camera. She enjoyed being photographed naked, her nipples erect and her sex on view. She found the act of being photographed while he was inside her exciting in the extreme, wanton but at the same time incredibly liberating.

When they developed the photos together later in the afternoon, when they were satiated and resting, she would watch in wonder as image after image formed and hardened in the developer. Bathed in the deep red light and wearing nothing but a black rubberised apron she would look at the naked young woman staring back at her. The raw sexuality of the images stunned her, huge close-ups of her nipples, hard and erect, her wet and sleek vagina displayed on an immense scale, sometimes with his fingers inside her or holding her open to the camera, every hair, every fold of her sex clearly defined and she had stood transfixed, mesmerised, looking at the images of herself hanging on the line, drying slowly in the still, hot air. She had not known that such images were possible; it had never crossed her mind, and while she stood there, stunned, she had felt him behind her, opening the strings of her apron, his hands moving slowly around the front to cup her breasts.

She stared at the images in front of her, aware that he was touching the inside of her ankles with his feet, getting her to open her legs before slowly pressing her forward, bending her over. Her apron had hung loose at the front as he had taken her from behind, slipping easily inside her, pressing fully home as his fingers reached around to pull on her hanging nipples, a favourite position of his.

She had stared at the pictures as he moved inside her, the liquid feeling of his shaft merging with the images in her head; the sensuality of the whole combining in a climax that caused her to cry out and collapse, head on arms once again as he emptied his seed deep inside her. She had watched as he had reached past her, his seed slowly sleeping from her and picked the pictures out of the developer and dropped them into the next tank, fixing the images forever.

She grew to love them, all the images of her body, posed and open, sitting in the darkroom, at her desk in the science lab, laid out across Mr Keitel's big desk in the classroom, some bending forward and some looking back, some with her leaning forward, others laying back; images of her breasts, some dry, some wet, some with his sperm running down and over them, some almost wet enough to touch on the print, sometimes with his penis in shot, some with his sperm just jetting at the point of climax; she loved them all and would study them intently, marvelling in the freedom and the secrets they each represented, each one a story, each one a fragment of her burgeoning sexuality and of their secret life together.

She would find herself staring at the image of her face in a picture and smile into the face staring back at her. She was always surprised at how completely happy she looked. She was not a morose young woman but she usually hated having her photograph taken and suffered from the usual range of teenage angst's with regards her own self image; but in all these pictures the most arresting thing for her was how she looked, naked, legs open to the world, no trace of embarrassment, just supremely happy, content, confident in her nakedness and in her own body. The pictures for her were a voyage through her own sexuality.

She could smile at the secret story in each image, what they had been doing either before or even during the photo shoot, why her sex was wet and her nipples erect or her breasts red. With each print, knowing its history, she would look for the finger marks on the inside of her thighs, the matted pubic hair or the trail of sperm and for the first time in her young life she felt completely happy.

After a while she began to pick up the camera herself and turn it on him. The pictures were not as professional as his, as crisp or as clear but they captured her view of their relationship, of their joint sexuality. Pictures of him erect, at the point of climax, or post coital and deflated, his penis still shining and wet with her juices and one that always made her laugh, with him pointing at his erect shaft, 'meet John Thomas,' he had said.

'John Thomas?' she had enquired confused, 'You gave it a name?'

He looked at her lamely and shrugged, 'From D.H. Lawrence, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' he explained and then he smiled as she looked blank, 'It's a man's thing I guess,' he said and burst out laughing, his penis bobbing wildly in front.

He had picked her up in arms and carried up to his desk at the front of the room, laying her down on it. He had made her cum with his fingers before climbing up onto the desk with her and making love to her until she had cried out. Each picture had a secret and she loved them all.

His desk in the science lab was huge. A fixed solid fronted wooden affair raised two steps above the classroom floor. High ground from where, during lessons, he could look down on the entire class and from where he could conduct his experiments so the whole class could watch. He had once blindfolded her and laid her out on that desk, conducting his own experiments on her, opening her kegs as wide as they could go while he pretended to point out the parts of her sex to the class. Touching her slowly, each touch creating an exquisite tension inside her, each touch complete with an explanation of what that particular part of her sex was called and what it was used for; her clitoris took a long time to explain and resulted in a number of restarts in the lesson. He measured the distance between her nipples with a cold steel ruler, measured her sex, measured her erect nipples, all the while writing the results up on the board behind him.

When she was literally writhing with excitement, he held her open with his fingers until her sex gaped. He then invited members of her imaginary class up to inspect her and he asked them what they thought of her laying there, open for them. Still holding her open he touched her brusquely with his other hand and he told her his fingers were theirs. He described what they were doing to her. He asked if anyone wanted to conduct the 'final internal' examination and she was sure she could hear chairs scrape on the hard wooden floor as more and more volunteers came forward to inspect her, to put their hands on her.

He called a name forward to carry out the final internal examination, a name she knew very well; and with her blindfold she could almost see him standing there looking down on her. Mr Keitel urged him on and she felt his fingers at the entrance to her sex. She almost exploded as he slipped his fingers into her and once she had started she could not stop. She writhed around on the large wooden desk, blindfold, held down, believing she could feel her classmates hands all over her, inside her. She gripped his hand between her thighs as climax after climax washed through her, calling out, stretching her legs wider in an attempt to let them all in; until she collapsed, limp and spent, his fingers still softly moving inside her. He had taken her picture then, naked, exhausted, wiping her own juices from the top of the desk. Every picture told a story.

The affair had progressed unabated into the following school year. They would meet whenever they could, during breaks and after school, carefully locking the classroom door and drawing the blinds. "Photography Club business" became their euphemism for sex. In the now familiar red glow of the darkroom he would quickly strip her skirt and knickers off and spread her legs wide, working his way up her thighs with his tongue. She would always shake as he opened her up with fingers, holding his head as his tongue moved between her lips, his juices mixing with hers. She would wrap her legs around his shoulders as his tongue found her clitoris, pushing her dripping sex into his face. He was fast and efficient, making her cum quickly in the confined space and she would climax quietly, her body shaking, her fingers wrapped tightly in his hair.

When he was sure she had finished he would roll over onto his back and watch as she undid his pants and pulled him clear. Pulling his pants down she would feverishly straddle his legs before taking him in her hand. She was already an expert at making him cum and she milked him a couple of times with long steady strokes to get him ready. She knew what he loved and often would bend down and take him in her mouth, swallowing him whole. He always groaned as her lips worked his shaft, her tongue swirling around his soft bulbous head. She was a natural and she was doing what she loved. This was their secret world, their secret act.

The first time she had performed oral sex on him she had taken him out of her mouth before he came and she had climbed up his legs before inserting him inside her before riding him to his climax. "I tasted it," she had said by way of explanation later, "and I liked it, I'll make you come in my mouth next time;" and she had, she learned to 'suck him off' as he called it and she swallowed his sperm without pause. Another in the growing list of secret acts.

As their affair grew so did their daring and more than once they were once almost caught. One, a quick fumble outside the classroom in a corridor between classes, was a case in point. She had been sent on an errand by another teacher and he was on his way to the staffroom. He had seen her coming and waited, grabbing her from behind as she hurried past, dragging her into the darkened recess below some concrete stairs.

He was already erect as he had pushed her to her knees and unbuttoning his pants he had pulled himself free. Gwen gasped as he quickly fed himself into her mouth, her lips closing automatically around his shaft. She had gagged slightly as he quickly pushed himself further in. Holding the back of her head he urged her lips to do their work.

"We'll be caught," she said around his shaft, her mouth already dutifully working on him. "We can't do it here!" she had said but he held her firm, his hand holding her head in position.

"Just do it," he whispered, "make me cum"; and she did, her mouth sliding up and down on him until she could feel him beginning to tense. Despite the danger she could feel herself getting wet, she could feel it between her legs; the situation and the sudden sex soaking into her knickers.

That's when they heard the footsteps on the stairs above their heads, adult, solid footsteps. She recognized the voice of the headmaster and the woman he was talking to, Mrs. Phillips the geography teacher.

She tried to stand up but he held her in position, his rigid penis deep in her mouth still looking for fulfilment. The couple halted just above their heads, carrying on their conversation in hushed tones. Releasing Gwen he pushed her back further into the scant cover of the recess. The voices continued floating down from above. If either of them had leaned over the handrail they would have been discovered. Not daring to breathe Gwen wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and looked down. She almost burst out laughing as Mr. Keitel stood there, his red, wet, shaft standing proudly before him. With a look she urged him to put it away but Mr. Keitel simply smiled,

Grabbing her by her shoulders he turned her around until she was facing the wall behind. The move took her by surprise and she did not guess what he was going to do until she felt him reach beneath her skirt and taking hold of her knickers he quickly eased them down over her hips. She tried to stop him but she was afraid of making a noise and he quickly manoeuvred them down to her ankles. The voices above them continued to talk in hushed staccato whispers. There was obviously some crisis afoot and a decision was being sought just a few feet above their heads.

As if oblivious to the danger the headmaster posed, or possibly because of it, Mr Keitel was brooking no resistance. Pushing her up against the wall he pulled her blouse out the waistband of her skirt and pushed it high up her back. She struggled silently as she felt him unsnap her bra. Spinning her around to face him he swiftly unbuttoned her white school shirt and pulled up her bra. She tried to cover her naked breasts but he pushed her hands away. Pushing his trousers and pants down to his knees he sat down on the small bench below the multilayered coats and pulled her close to him.

Raising her skirt he pulled her forward onto his lap, until she was sitting astride his legs facing him. With his hands on her hips he manoeuvred her until she could feel the tip of his penis push its way gently between the folds of her already wet lips. She gasped as he settled her down and with a small thrust his rigid shaft, he entered her smoothly and to the hilt. She stifled a cry grasping him by the shoulders of his old tweed jacket as he pulled her completely down onto him, firmly embedding himself inside her.

He paused to allow her to become accustomed to his length inside her, to settle herself down, to accept the intrusion; and as she felt him fill her she leaned forward to rest her head on his shoulder, slowly relaxing into the situation, accepting their shared fate, accepting her inability to do otherwise.

The conversation above them was growing animated and she could hear the Headmaster tapping out his points with something hard on the banister above. Mrs. Phillips was arguing strongly in denial but Gwen was having difficulty in caring somehow, the penis buried deep within her was demanding her attention, draining her of her fear of discovery. Mr. Keitel pushed her blouse back from her breasts and his fingers fastened upon her sensitive nipple, alternately pulling and rolling it until she wanted to cry out. He cupped her breast, holding the whole in the palm of his hand, moulding it, squeezing it just as he knew she liked him to.

His shaft was rigid inside her and she began to squirm on it, raising herself a fraction so that she could settle back onto it, trying to create the friction in her sex that would take her to orgasm. Using both hands he mauled her breasts, forcing her to lean back to give him room. Looking up she could see the toe of the headmaster's sensible brogues peering out from the landing above.

He squeezed her sensitive nipples and palmed her breasts until she began to whimper. He stilled the sound with a kiss, a hand on her shoulder drawing her close. She kissed him back hungrily until she eventually ran out of air and broke off. He laughed quietly against her ear and pushed her blouse back off her shoulders so that he could he could kiss and bite and neck and shoulders. She let him do what he wanted, he could strip her naked now, she didn't care who found them; she just wanted this to continue. He held her bunched blouse at the back, pulling her arms and shoulders back, thrusting her chest forward. His lips fastened on to her nipple, suckling, nipping, forcing her hips to grind down onto him, her juices flowing.

Exasperated the Headmaster moved a few steps down the staircase before turning and quickly walking back up to where Mrs. Phillips still stood. His voice was low and angry and in her mind Gwen could almost see his face, red and fierce, as he launched back into his argument.

Mr. Keitel released her arms and she threw them around his neck, hanging on as thought she could fall off his lap, as if she were not pinned there by the penis lodged deep within her sex. She buried her head into his shoulder and pushed down hard on the rigid shaft that was embedded deep inside her. Leaning closer Mr. Keitel whispered "are you ready?" in to her ear and she nodded furiously.

With his hands on her waist to keep her positioned she almost screamed as he suddenly thrust himself upwards, only a small motion but she was so excited that it seemed to split her open. He pushed again and she bit into the coarse material of his jacket to keep from making a sound. His hips began to rock steadily, a circular motion that caused her to rise up on his shaft a little before falling back down, an exquisite motion that bumped the head of his penis against the top of her sex.

She moaned into his shoulder and he pushed her head back from his shoulder, folding one hand firmly across her mouth trying to guarantee her silence. His other hand went around her waist and drew her hips into him, pulling her hard down. She shook her head trying to free her mouth but he held her firmly. With his arm round her waist behind her he held her in position while he began to drive into her with short, sharp thrusts of his hips.

She could feel her breasts bounce with every thrust and her erect nipples rubbed against the coarse material of his jacket, inflaming them, driving her higher. With her mouth covered she breathed heavily through her nose like a horse winded in a long chase and the bench moaned quietly beneath them but the argument above them had intensified and covered the growing noise they were making.

He was working her now, thrusting upwards with his hips while his arm around her waist pulled her forward and down onto him. She hung on to his shoulder, trying to brace herself against each increasingly savage thrust. She could feel her climax rising from between her legs, constricting her chest, rasping in her throat. She pulled at his hair forcing his head back and she bit his hand as he continued to thrust hard up into her.

Then she came, driving herself down onto his shaft, pressing her groin on to his to squeeze every last ounce of pleasure from the climax. She shook her head as she felt him strain upwards, pumping his seed up into the welcoming darkness of her womb. They clung to each other, hands gripping tightly like shipwrecked sailors to a rock until the first desperate shuddering storms were over.

The headmaster paused and looked around, unsure that he had heard anything before continuing, his voice strident with control, "I will not have sex education in this school Pam. I don't care what you call it. Sex education is still sex education and it has no place here."

"But headmaster," Mrs. Phillips tried again.

"No! No buts. That's my final word. I will not have sex in this school!" He said and turned on his heel. Mrs. Philips stood there sadly watching his retreating back. She sighed and shuffled some papers. They heard the snap of her handbag as she opened it to search inside.

Mr. Keitel eased Gwen away from her, breaking her grip on his shoulders. She sagged against him, spent, exhausted. Looking down between their bodies he touched her breast and she groaned softly. Mrs. Phillips did not hear anything as she pulled a cigarette from the packet and lit it, leaning back against the wall.

"I will not have sex in my school," Mr. Keitel whispered close to Gwen's ear as he moved his hand down between her open legs, his finger searching for her clitoris between the warm wet folds at the top of her sex. He touched her and she jumped, a soft moan escaping from her. Mrs. Philips paused in mid drag, exhaling slowly, suddenly wondering if she had heard anything or not. Gwen bit her lip as his finger began its slow familiar rotation between her legs.

His deflating penis slipped from her as she moved against him, he stroked faster and Mrs. Philips pushed herself upright again. Suddenly her thoughts were full of sex, the act itself, not some crusty allegory to be taught in some other school than this if the headmaster had his way. She suddenly felt the moist flush between her own legs and the hot flush running up through her chest and face and she blushed and wondered why she had suddenly thought of sex, she had not thought of it like this for a long time. She took another hurried drag of her cigarette and quickly smoothing herself down she hurried away, the soft moans of a young girl in climax drifting almost ghostlike behind her.

Gwen cried out and shuddered on his finger, her climax fierce and short. He held her to him, his fingers gently stroking at her wetness, he softly kissed the pulsing vein at the side of her neck. "I think you scared her away," he said quietly.

Gwen laughed in disbelief, "I cannot believe you just did all that!"

He rocked her against his chest, his hand still between her legs, "Did all what? " his fingers in her sex a little more insistent. "I can feel how wet you are; you can't tell me that you didn't like it."

"That's not the point," she said as his fingers slipped inside her again, spilling her wetness over his hand and his groin. "You must stop," she said unconvincingly, "I've got a message to deliver.

He looked down at, his fingers still moving inside her, "Not dressed like this you can't," he said and she looked down almost startled, her blouse wide open and her skirt rucked up around her waist. She squirmed as his fingers pushed deeper inside her, ever more insistent.

"No," she said softly, leaning in against him, surrendering to the pleasure.

"Oh I think so," he said, knowing he had won again.

The sudden strident clanging of the end of lesson bell was almost deafening in the small alcove. Mr. Keitel sprang to his feet almost toppling Gwen to the floor. "Fuck!" he exclaimed hurriedly pulling his pants up. Gwen fished her knickers off the floor and reached behind her trying to pull her bra straps together. Mr. Keitel spun her around and snapped the clasp together while she frantically buttoned up her blouse. Feverishly finishing dressing they stood and breathlessly looked each other over as the first classroom door opened and a noisy riot of children spilled out into the corridor. Mr. Keitel took the knickers from her hand and before she could object he pushed them into his pocket. "Too late," he said as the students began to stream past. "They'll remind me of you. You can have them back later."

Without another word he pushed her out into the milling throng and she immediately disappeared, swept away in the sea of fresh young faces. He waited a moment before stepping out and making his way down the corridor in the opposite direction. He smiled as he felt the knickers bunched in his pocket, unaware that he was being watched. Standing at the staff room widow, smoking another cigarette, Mrs. Phillips watched Mr. Keitel make his way down the corridor. She had not seen who he had been with. 'Well, well'" she thought as she puffed on her cigarette, 'who would have guessed? Someone is very lucky,' she thought as she watched him breast the flow of children in the corridor, aware of the dampness in her own knickers. 'Half the women in this staff room would like to have a shot at him. A very lucky woman indeed,' she said aloud, turning back from the window.

Such close calls did not stop them. He took risks with her. Sailing close to destruction seemingly turned him on and whatever turned him on worked for her. She would happily follow wherever his fingers took her. He loved to surprise her, taking her to the edge. His audacity would make her gasp. He sometimes summoned her from whatever class she was in and in front of the class would give some 'urgent darkroom work' to do for him. After ten minutes he would knock on the door and ask if all was OK and she would say, 'No, it wasn't working' and he would set the class reading while he slipped inside to help her.

She knew by now which clothes to wear for him, which gave him the best access to her body and he would push her skirt to the floor and pull her blouse up over her breasts. He would free her breasts while his hand worked its way between her legs and he would make her come, hard and fast, matting her juices into her pubic hair and up across her stomach. She would groan and try to keep quiet as his fingers worked inside her. Unbuttoning his trousers and pushing them down she would free him, stroking him hard until he came or until he bent between her legs and pushed himself inside her.

When she was in his class and he was teaching she would squirm on her seat knowing exactly what he was thinking as he walked up and down the aisles talking to the class, pausing to lean over to explain something to a classmate, knowing that he was looking at her.

He once walked down the aisles distributing their marked homework books. Hers was last and he smiled as he walked back to his desk. She casually opened it found she was staring at a full page picture of herself, naked, her sex puffy and obviously well fucked, sitting at the same desk, smiling back dreamily and contentedly. She almost shrieked and closed the book quickly. He was smiling at her from behind his big desk, one eyebrow raised in quizzical humour. Sitting beside her Jackie looked up from her book.

"What's wrong," she whispered, "crap mark?" Blushing furiously Gwen shook her head.

"No, just remembered something I haven't done, and she carefully opened the book to turn to her homework.

Later that same lesson he called out certain students one by one to discuss their homework. Almost lost behind his big desk they would talk quietly so that the rest of the class could not hear just how well or how badly they were doing. When he called her name Gwen went up with her book, hesitantly, her heart beating. The whole class were reading, a quiet drone of hushed conversations as they worked. She placed the book on his desk and turned immediately to the picture as she bent over his shoulder as if reviewing her work.

"Nice work," he said quietly and she laughed, her thumb stroking his back, out of sight where her hand rested on the back of his chair. He pulled the picture out of the book and placed it in the centre of his desk before turning to her homework. He began a low monologue about it, discussing bits and pieces as he had done with the others. She could not take her eyes from the photograph.

She started as she felt his hand on the back of her thigh, moving upwards into the darkness under her skirt. She looked up quickly at the class but they were all working, oblivious of what was happening in front of them. She crossed her legs as he fondled the cheeks of her bottom, his finger slipping briefly between her legs to graze her sex. The well used girl stared unrepentantly back at her from the top of the desk.

He hooked his finger into the waistband of her knickers at the back and pulled them down. She gasped and straightened up, trying vainly to keep them in place. She put her hand around her back to try to hold them in place but he continued to work his way around the waistband, slowly pulling them lower over her hips. In panic she looked up at the class but they were still working quietly, completely uninterested in the two of them, blissfully unaware of her rising panic and the loss of her underwear.

He was not in a hurry and he calmly continued to work her pants down over her bottom, his fingers exploring as they went, grabbing handfuls of the smooth flesh, insinuating themselves between the cleft of her cheeks, seeking out her anus, moving steadily lower, unnerving her, forcing her to squeeze the top of her legs together.

He finally pulled her knickers down off her hips and they slid down her legs only being held by her closely clamped thighs. He continued to talk in a soft monotone while he worked his hand between her legs. She hissed at him to stop, her voice cracking in alarm. "Open your legs then," he said calmly tugging at the trapped material. She shook her head, fighting back the fear as her knickers slid down another inch.

He looked up at her and smiled, "you're going to have to let them go, you'll never make it back to your desk like this." Recognising her plight and the truth of his words she slowly opened her legs and, with a sense of unreality she felt him pull them down her legs to her ankles. He tapped the back of her knees and she stepped out of them.

His hand immediately travelled back up under her skirt to cup and mould the cheeks of her arse. In desperation she looked up and saw Jackie looking up at her, Gwen smiled reassuringly and unconcerned Jackie went back to her book.

"Open your legs again," he said quietly.

"No" she said and she felt him hook his fingers into the back of her skirt.

"Open your legs or you skirt will follow your pants," he said smiling up at her in a schoolteacher sort of manner. Licking her lips she opened her legs a little and his hand moved down, following the line between her cheeks, down between her open legs. "Wider," he said and she did, shuffling her legs apart while leaning forward to keep her balance.

He found her sex and parted her lips with his fingers. She stiffened as he traced the length of her. She was surprised to find that she was already wet and ready for him. As his finger found her clitoris he pointed at her sex in the photo with his free hand and said in a slightly louder voice, "There, that's how it should be, that's how I like it," and she muttered something inaudible in reply. Bracing herself as his hand moved between her legs, his finger stroking her erect clitoris. He continued the motion, his finger sending small jolts of fire racing up through her groin until her legs began to tremble and moisture began to run down the inside of her thighs.

She tried to move away, to release the pressure that was building inside her but there was nowhere to go. She looked up for inspiration. A couple of her classmates were watching her disinterestedly and they quickly went back to their reading when they saw her looking at them. 'If only they knew,' she thought, 'if only they could see.' Her legs continued to tremble and she leaned further over, digging her fingers into his back.

"Now then," he said, "if you do it like," and he slipped his thumb inside her, pushing it in right to the very base, "if you do it like that you get a much better result." Gwen thought she was going to faint, she tried to straighten up but the pressure kept her there. He moved his thumb slowly in and out of her, acting for all the world as if there was nothing happening.

"And if you will look at this," he said pointing again to her open sex in the photo, "you will see what we are trying to achieve." His thumb slid in and out of her sex. She could feel her self control sliding away. "Do you understand?" he asked.

"Yes sir," she muttered, her voice catching in her throat. He straightened his fingers so that every time his thumb moved inside her he could stroke her clitoris. She leant harder against the desk as his thumb and fingers worked inside her. She was soaked, his fingers wet between her legs, she could feel her juices running down and she would swear that she reeked of sex. She could feel her climax building in intensity as she tried to stay calm and look as though nothing were happening.

"I think we can finish this don't you?" he said as a matter of fact and his thumb moved in circles, feeling huge inside her. She leaned further into him as he kept up the new motion, bringing her deftly to her orgasm. She shook her head and pressed her legs together as her climax took her, a small mewling sound trapped deep in the back of her throat. He kept his thumb inside her as she tried to regain her composure, giving small flicks that caused her to jump.

He removed his hand and smeared her juices down her legs from her sex to her knees, wetting her thoroughly.

"Well," he asked her sitting back in his chair and some of the class looked up, "did you get that?" She nodded her eyes pleading with him not to send her back to her desk. She was not sure that she could make it without her knees giving way and beneath her skirt she was soaked. She was sure someone would see.

"Yes sir," she said, pushing her hair back from her face.

"Good," he said at last. "look, the bell will be going soon do you think you think you spend ten minutes and sort the store room out for me? I've been meaning to do it for days."

She nodded gratefully and walked unsteadily to the small room to the left behind his desk. "Oh, and by the way, are you free for half an hour or so after school? I need some help in the darkroom." Gwen glanced across at Jackie and shrugged, she and Jackie usually walked home from school together when she wasn't on "Photography Club" duty. Jackie shrugged and mouthed 'see you at home'. Gwen nodded and disappeared into the storeroom. Mr Keitel picked up her knickers from the floor and placed them in his pocket and called the next pupil out.

Five minutes later the end of day bell went and the class stampeded from the room. Mr Keitel gave them a minute or two to make sure no one returned for any forgotton item before he locked the door and drew down the door blind. He opened the stockroom door. Gwen was standing there waiting for him. She had taken her school tie off and was undoing her blouse, her shoes and socks were already discarded. "You bastard," she said laughing, "I thought I would never make it."

He pulled her knickers from his pocket. "These belong to you?" he asked and held them out. She reached for them but he held them to his nose and inhaled, "Yep, they are yours alright." She laughed and tried to grab them from him but he caught her and ran his hand up under her skirt. He slipped his fingers inside her and she groaned. "God but you are a sexy little bitch," he said burying his fingers deeper.

She laughed and tried to squirm away but he held her close. "Not so fast," he grinned and with an arm around her he picked her off her feet, his fingers inside her. She cried out and held onto him as he carried her to his desk. He deposited her on top of the desk and stepped away. Gwen shook her head trying to recover her breath. "Now strip," he ordered.

She looked at him as he took off his jacket and loosened his tie. He slowly unbuttoned his shirt as she watched him. "I'm not going to tell you again," he said quietly, "Stand up and strip." She pushed herself upright and rose unsteadily to her feet, standing high on the top of his desk. He reached into one of the drawers and pulled out his camera. "I said strip," he said again and began to circle the desk, taking photos of her as he went.

"Strip," he said louder and she began to pull her clothes off, turning to keep facing him as he circled her. First her blouse came off, then reaching behind her, her bra, the camera continued to click as he watched her breasts softly bounced on her chest. "

And the rest," he said motioning with the camera at her skirt. With a shrug the garment followed the rest of her clothes and then suddenly she was standing there naked, towering over the classroom. The camera whirred loudly in the silence of the empty classroom, recording the naked girl for posterity.

"Now spread your legs," he instructed, "and show them what you've been giving me." He indicated at the empty classroom with his head. Gwen looked up and her eyes narrowed excitedly, in her mind the classroom was suddenly peopled with ghostly students, her classmates, all watching her closely, smiling and pointing as she gyrated lewdly on the desk. She looked around and licked her lips nervously. "Go on," he said, his voice harsh in the echoing room, "show them everything."

She hesitated for a moment, suddenly bashful before the imaginary crowd and then suddenly she began to perform, displaying herself to her imaginary friends, turning herself on, her breasts jutting proudly, her nipples erect, her legs open and her sex clearly visible, her lips wet and pouting between her legs. "Good," he said, moving closer with his camera, shooting straight up between her legs. "Now turn around and give them a good look at you."

With trembling legs she turned to face the silent, enraptured crowd. "Play with your nipples" he called out and she cupped her breasts, her fingers playing across her erect nipples. "Pull them properly," he called again, "show them what a little tart you've become," and again she followed his instruction, pulling her nipples until she groaned. "Turn around again," he said and she did, turning her back to the classroom.

He moved around behind her. "Bend over and spread your cheeks for them," he said and she hesitated. "Did you not hear me," he asked his voice lower. "Bend over and spread your cheeks, let them see everything you've got." She slowly bent forward and placing her hands behind her she slowly spread her cheeks. The camera clicked again and again. She could feel herself burning with embarrassment and shame, flooding with excitement and arousal. "Hold yourself open for them," he instructed, showing no mercy, allowing her no escape and she reached lower and bending almost double she spread the lips of her sex. She could feel her juices flowing down her thighs as the camera continued to whir away.

He left her there for a moment and then he walked back around the desk until he was facing her. He discarded his trousers, shoes and socks en route and stood there watching her dressed only in his underpants and shirt. "Straighten up," he said at last and she did. He pushed a chair across to the desk and told her to get down. She stepped down shakily and faced him. "You loved that didn't you?" he asked. She looked down. He took her chin in his hand and bent her face up to his, "You loved it," he repeated.

"I was embarrassed," she said quietly, "I was afraid someone would see what you were doing."

He shook his head, "No, I watched your face, you loved it, you love the idea of getting naked, having sex, in front of your classmates." She shook her head and tried to look away but he held her face. "Tell me you didn't cum," he said. "Just tell me that you didn't just cum in front of your whole class," and she looked down.

"When you just stood up there naked, with everything on show, you just wished that they were all still out there, watching you perform, looking at that sexy little body of yours."

She shook her head again and in response he pushed her back against the desk.

"Get me out," he said and she immediately reached into the front of his pants and pulled him out, he was already hard. "Suck him," he ordered and she fell to her knees in front of him and took him into her mouth, "suck him now and let everybody see what you are doing." She closed her eyes and began to fellate him. He could already see the trail of moisture between her legs.

"They're watching you," he said and she shuddered, her eyes still closed. "Open your legs," he said and she shuffled her knees apart, his penis still in her mouth. He looked down at her sex glistening wetly between her legs. "Play with yourself," he instructed, "make yourself cum for them."

She shook her head, "no", she said quietly.

"Do it," he said again and her hand crept between her legs, she was still sucking him off as her own fingers opened her sex, moving knowingly between her own lips. "Do it," he urged again and she shuddered as her fingers slipped easily inside her own sex. "Your clitoris," he instructed, "play with your clitoris, make yourself cum."

She leaned forward slightly, taking him deeper into her mouth as her slick fingers found her clitoris and she groaned. "Go on," he said, "make yourself cum for them," and she opened her eyes almost fearfully. "Go on," he said again, "they're all watching you, you bloody little exhibitionist. Make yourself cum for them so they can all see you for what you really are."

She cried out as her fingers began to pick up speed, working herself to her own climax. He fell from her mouth as her senses concentrated on the sensations between her legs.

He bent down, watching her fingers manipulating her own clitoris. "They are watching you," he said, closer to her, "they can see what you are doing to yourself." Her fingers moved faster, her eyes were closed. She leaned forward, placing a hand on the floor before her, her legs opening wider as the first rush of her climax began.

"Oh no," he said moving around behind her and pulling her back upright, her legs wide open , her fingers moving rapidly between them, "let them see what you are doing, let them see what a little slut you are." She cried out and thrust her fingers deeper inside herself, her hips bucking as she climaxed around them.

He held her while she spasmed, her fingers working frantically inside herself. He held her while she bucked and screamed, her climax fierce and raw. Eventually she calmed and he let her slide to the floor. He stroked her hair as she curled quietly by his knee. "Oh boy," he said softly, "just think what would have happened had they really been there."

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The affair ended as precipitately as it had begun. They finished the school term and moved into the holiday period during which they met most days and continued to make love as though each day was their last; and then suddenly it really was.

He did not appear for their next meeting nor the one after that. He was gone. While she was not there his personal belongings disappeared from the classroom including his camera equipment and their secret stash of photographs. She could not understand it, there was no word from him, nothing; he had vanished as completely as if he had never existed.

She cried for a while until she realised that the loss was physical rather than emotional and after that she recovered with amazing rapidity. Her mother realised something was wrong and tried to talk to her thinking it was some schoolboy crush gone wrong. Her mother took control deciding that what she needed was a little TLC.

There followed days in front of the TV on the couch downstairs with endless cups of hot sweet tea laced with a dash of medicinal whiskey ; all the while carefully avoiding the solicitous, veiled, questions about her periods. In truth it did seem work wonders and she was almost back on her feet by the time school started again.

During the new term science classes were taken by a roster of stand-ins until a replacement could be organised. Some grumbles were heard from the teachers whose free periods had disappeared but the story that a sudden and unavoidable family crisis had caused the unexpected and presumably permanent loss of Mr Keitel to the school circulated and rapidly gained the status of fact.

Gwen continued as normal and soon the ache between her legs began to recede or at least became manageable and she found herself once again assuming her old roles of star scholar, sexual uninitiate and marginal prude. From swan back to ugly duckling, from butterfly back to chrysalis, a flower waiting for the next burst of heat to awaken the dormant feelings within.

But she had the memories; and Jackie, sitting beside her in the classroom, on the same old rickety wooden stools on which Gwen had posed naked, would have been stunned if she could have for one moment touched those thoughts that made Gwen smile during lessons or seen the mouthed 'green' as she imagined Mr Keitel smiling down at her from behind his desk, his eyebrows raised in the unposed question as to the colour of her underwear that day.

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**Epilogue**

The headmaster had been standing against the window, framed by the strong light, standing with his back to the room, looking out.

"You sent for me Headmaster?" Mr Keitel said.

"Come in John," he said without turning, "take a seat."

John had taken a few steps into the room towards the headmaster's desk before he stopped dead. A series of photographs were spread out like a deck of playing cards across the desk, the box they had been stored in standing empty to one side. He recognised the pictures instantly; they were of Gwen, very intimate photos of Gwen. He knew them because he had taken them. John sat down heavily in the chair provided and tentatively touched a couple of the pictures; they had been turned to face him for maximum impact. Gwen's trusting and smiling face peered back at him; along with numerous close up pictures of her body, of her nipples, breasts and her sex. John looked up at the headmaster who was still standing quietly, staring out of the window as if at some distant sideshow.

"Nothing to say?" the headmaster asked eventually, his voice as heavy and slow as if dragged from some deep and .dark place.

"Self explanatory really." John said shrugging his shoulders.

"I had hoped, foolishly really, that there would be some other explanation." the Headmaster offered quietly.

"'Fraid not."

There was a long silence before the headmaster said, "Then I need your resignation John, effective today." John sat back and slightly disorientated he looked around the Headmasters study for inspiration. None came. "I will of course provide the usual references, don't worry on that score. I would not take your livelihood away from you."

"Thank you Headmaster," John said, looking back to the photo's littering the desk. He shook his head in disbelief. It was all so sudden and yet all so inevitable.

John stood up to leave, "Will you get a replacement in time for next term?" he asked.

"That, I'm afraid, is now my problem. Not yours."

John nodded and shook his head again. "I will clear my things and be gone today," he said turning for the door.

"Thank you John." John turned to leave but the Headmaster spoke again, "John?"

John turned and looked at the Headmasters back. "Yes Headmaster?"

"Take them with you please." John looked a little confused until he realised that the Headmaster meant the photos. John began to gather them up.

The headmaster quietly waited, still without turning around. John finally closed the lid on the last picture. He waited as if searching for the correct words before realising that there weren't any and he turned and walked to door. He paused with his hand on the handle and finally the Headmaster turned to look at him, his eyes were tired and immeasurably sad. "John?" He said quietly.

"Headmaster?" John responded, unable to look him in the eye.

"Are there any others?"

"Others?" John asked, confused, thinking for a moment that he meant the photos.

"Girls." The Headmaster said quietly.

John shook his head as realisation dawned, "No Headmaster, no others. One is enough."

The Headmaster paused and searched his face for a moment before turning around to face the window again. "Thank you John," he said with obvious relief.

John stepped outside and closed the door behind him.

The headmaster stood quietly for a long time, his head bowed, looking unseeing out of the window. He removed his glasses and tiredly rubbed his eyes. He shook his head sadly. Slowly he replaced his glasses with a sigh and sitting down he spread his hands tentatively on the desktop as if somehow unsure of how it would feel. With a deeper sigh he sat back in his chair and stared at the closed door through which John had just left. The school was empty and quiet. Slowly he opened the top draw of his desk. He withdrew an A4 colour print and looked at it. It was Gwen, naked, sitting on a stool in the science lab. She was leaning back on one elbow and smiling straight at the camera. Her titian hair framed her young face. Her half lidded eyes had that satiated look and he knew that she had just had sex.

He looked closely at her sex, glistening clearly between her legs below her soft triangle of red pubic hair and he could almost swear that he could see John's seamen seeping our between her wet and ready lips. He could smell the sex on her. She was truly beautiful at that moment, the perfect young woman, a heady mixture of innocence and overt sexuality. Her burnished breasts were tipped by wonderful hard distended nipples which cast strong shadows in the bright sunlight. He looked carefully and could discern the red finger marks on her beautiful breasts where John had suckled them deep into his mouth, his hands pulling the beasts forward in his excitement. He could almost see that beautiful young body aching up in ecstasy as John took her. He placed the picture on his desk and pulled another photo from the drawer and looked at it.

The second photo was a black and white print, a close up Gwen, taken from above during the act of fellatio. She was looking up at the camera as she held Mr Keitel's penis in her mouth. He could see the wet shaft as she sucked on the end like a child with a lollipop, her cheeks concave, her posture intent. Her hand gripped the base of his shaft to control his movement, her fingers splayed out into his pubic hair; the whole an extremely graphic depiction of wanton sex, of luscious, deplorable, wet and wonderful deprivation.

But it was her eyes that drew and eventually held his attention. She was looking up at him, gazing back into the camera. He could not draw his eyes away from hers, drowning in the deep black of her iris, gazing into the abyss, innocence and lust mixed in equal measure. Her sexuality blazed deep within her, burning into his soul and he knew with a certainty that rocked his very foundations, that there was no coercion in this act, that this was where she had wanted to be, this is what she wanted to do, to swallow his penis and his sperm, it was her choice. No force had been used; she was simply committing the act because she wanted to.

He looked again, her dark iris's continued to draw his gaze; and he realised that there was something else deep in the darkness, down amongst the carnality and the lust, a heady and wild joy, an unbridled freedom that came complete with the act itself, the freedom born of willing and passionate sex.

He shook his head tiredly He would retire in a year or so. His sexual experience was limited. The look in Gwen's eyes had shaken him to his core. He had never known this feeling, never guessed it even existed. He felt as though life had passed him by and suddenly he felt very old.

The Headmaster sighed and rubbed his eyes again before returning his attention back to the first picture and Gwen smiled happily back at him. She was obviously relaxed with the photographer, quite possibly in love with him; and she was certainly used to being naked in front of him and of being photographed naked by him. She looked breathtakingly beautiful. He sat studying the picture of the naked girl for a long time, taking in every inch of her young body. He knew her, he saw her every day, he had known her since her first day at school; and now he knew he had never known her at all.

Sitting back he slowly reached down below the level of his desk. He carefully unbuttoned himself before he reached in and pulled out his semi erect shaft; exactly the same as he already done twice that morning.