**Teacher Gets Dared**

by GTT1865

*Young teacher gets dare online and loves it.*

"I'm so turned on right now," she typed back to him. "I'm so hot. I can't believe I got this way just from chatting with you."  
  
"It's because you're being naughty. You're doing things that you shouldn't be doing. It goes against the rules that you live by," he responded. "Besides, you know how incredibly aroused I am right now just from talking to you."  
  
That really excited her. She had never done this before, but she was home on winter break and really bored. She was a teacher at the local high school and still had another week before returning for the spring semester. It was almost lunchtime and she was still in her pajamas.  
  
She found herself at an erotic stories website reading a story about a woman doing sexual dares. She had emailed the author to tell him that she liked the story. The next thing she knew, she was actually talking online to the man. He claimed to be a teacher too, but she just assumed that was to make her more at ease.  
  
"Are you ready for your dare?" he asked her.  
  
She had been waiting for this, anxiously looking forward to it and dreading it at the same time. She took a deep breath and replied, "Yes. I'm ready."  
  
"Okay, for your first time, we'll make it easy for you. What are you wearing right now?" he asked her.  
  
"A long-sleeved flannel PJ top and bottoms," she typed back, wondering why he needed to know that. If this was about to turn into typical horny guy cybersex that she had read about, she was going to be really disappointed.  
  
"Okay, we can work with that," he replied, "Long pants I assume? Button front shirt?"  
  
"Yes and yes. It's freezing cold outside here." She commented back.  
  
"Okay, here we go. This is easy for you. Unbutton the top. Undo all of the buttons, so that when you stand up, it separates and opens."  
  
"Okay," she typed back to him, "hold on a minute." She nervously unbuttoned her PJ top. The warmth from her body escaped as the two sides separated. Her fingers were actually shaking in anticipation as she typed back that she had done what he asked.  
  
His response was rapid. "Pull the shirt open. Imagine that you are on a webcam with me. Tease me. Slowly pull it apart showing me inch by precious inch."  
  
"I'm doing it," she typed back feeling a little silly but excited to find out how far she would go.  
  
Again he was quick in response. "If you're really excited, I want you to slide your hand down inside of your pants. Tell me how excited you are."  
  
She slowly slid her hand across her belly to the elastic top of the pajama pants. Her shaking hand slid underneath the pants and inside of her panties. She could feel the intense heat against her cold fingers. She was so hot that it was like she had steam coming from deep inside of herself. Using her one free hand, she responded, "I'm so hot down there."  
  
"Tell me exactly. You don't know me. I'm an anonymous man. Let yourself go and say it."  
  
She let her fingers slide down between her legs. The second she touched the outer lips of her pussy, the moisture came gushing out. Instantly her fingers were covered in slickness that she had never experienced before. "I'm so wet," she managed to type one-handed.  
  
"That's it," he wrote back. "That's what I wanted to hear. Now, rub your pussy until your fingers are covered with your juices. Then pull your hand away, slowly rubbing your clit as you do. Then, I want you to rub your nipples, covering them with the juices from your pussy."  
  
She had never had this type of conversation with anyone before. The language was rough and skipped no corners. He was direct in telling her what to do. She was growing to like it.  
  
She did as he asked, her nipples growing harder than before, partly from arousal and partly from the moisture now on them meeting the cold air of the room.  
  
His message appeared on the screen, "Now I want you to stand up and go the door of your apartment. Open the door a crack and look around. If no one is around, open the door wider and take a look around. If the coast is still clear, open the door completely. Then I want you to stand in the open doorway and stretch your hands in the air above your head. No matter what happens, I want you to count to ten. I'll wait here for you to tell me about it."  
  
She stood up, and on shaking legs walked to the door of her apartment. It was mid-day and the sun was shining. Most of the people living in the complex should be at work right now. She looked out the peephole and didn't see anything, so she opened her door. She cautiously looked outside and seeing no one around, she opened the door wide.  
  
She stepped into the doorway and slowly raised her arms above her head. As she did this the pajama top opened wide at the bottom, exposing her bare stomach. Her full breasts were half exposed as the gap widened. She felt totally on display. Her nipples were still covered, but she felt naked. She did a slow count to ten and went back inside to her computer. "Wow. I did it," she typed. "I want to do more."  
  
"Okay, I'm proud of you," He replied. "Now this time, slide the back of your bottoms down until your bare ass is showing. Go back outside. Slowly turn around so your ass is showing to anyone that can see it. Then turn back around. If you still don't see anyone, I want you to pull the shirt back until both of your breasts are exposed. If you still feel comfortable, I want you to caress your breast and tug and pinch your nipples."  
  
His words were really arousing her now. She couldn't wait to try it. She told him to hold on and she went back to the door. She slowly turned her body in a circle, showing her bare, smooth ass to anyone that might walk by. When she turned to face the parking lot again, she reached up and pulled her shirt open, baring her breasts to the world. She pinched and tugged on her erect nipples. She wanted to reach down between her legs and touch herself, but she reluctantly came back inside.  
  
On impulse, she stripped completely naked before sitting back down and replying to him. "I've taken off all of my clothes. I'm completely nude right now and as soon as I finish typing this I'm going to start touching my pussy."  
  
He liked what he read and told her so. "I wish I could see you right now. I can't believe you've stripped naked."  
  
"I'm fingering my clit and sliding my fingers in and out of my hot pussy right now," she replied, feeling a bit silly as she typed those words. But she was so excited right now that it didn't matter.  
  
He threw caution to the wind and gave her a new command. "Well then, if you're ready to be really wild, go sit in your open doorway naked, and finger yourself until you come. Go now."  
  
"Going!" she typed back. She jumped up and walked quickly to the door. "I can't believe I'm about to do this."  
  
She opened the door wide open this time, not even caring to look around for people that might see. She sat down on the cool concrete walkway, spread her legs wide and began fingering herself rapidly. She was so hot and wet. Her juices were practically coating her inner thighs. Her free hand rose to her breast and she began pulling and pinching her nipple. In seconds her teeth clamped tight, her eyes closed, and she came. She came hard. She came so hard that she moaned out loud and her ass came up off of the cement. She gave a few quick strokes against her clit until she couldn't take it anymore and she clamped her thighs shut, holding her fingers trapped against her steaming pussy.  
  
As she came down from her orgasm, the world suddenly returned. Her eyes opened wide as a UPS truck rolled to a stop in front of her building. She was partly hidden by the stair railing, but she had to quickly scramble backward into her apartment and close the door.  
  
As she lay there, breathing heavily, she felt the stairs shuddering as the UPS driver ran up them. He came straight to her door and she heard a package dropping outside. He gave a quick knock and turned to leave.  
  
"Oh, wow!" she said to herself. "That was too damn close!" She waited until she heard his footsteps going down the stairs and his truck rumble away. She cautiously opened the door. On her hands and knees, she opened the door wider to pull the package inside. It was an order of towels she had purchased online. Right next to the box was a small patch of wetness on the cement where she had been sitting moments ago. The UPS man had surely seen it, but hopefully had no idea that it was the wetness from her pussy.  
  
She closed the door and dressed back in her pajamas and went back to the computer.  
  
"Well??????" the screen said numerous times. Obviously, he couldn't wait for the details any longer.  
  
She sat down and gathered herself together. "Well," she began, "it was awesome. I came so hard. It was quite possibly the wildest thing I've ever done. I almost got caught by the UPS man."  
  
She told him the whole story and he pulled every little detail of it from her. At the end of the story, she asked him if he was turned on. He replied that he had been stroking his cock the entire time she was telling him about her experience. She asked him if it would help him to see a picture of her. He immediately agreed to the offer.  
  
She ran to the bathroom with her phone.She threw off the pajamas and slipped into a short dress. Holding the cellwith one hand, and using the other to pull her dress up, she snapped a picture of her bare ass in the mirror. She emailed him the picture.  
  
He replied, "I don't deserve to see such beauty. You are gorgeous."  
  
"Thank you," she responded. "Is it helping you any?"  
  
"It just did," he typed back. "It was so powerful that when I came, it shot clear up to my stomach."  
  
She laughed at the thought of it. Men can be so...well, just like men. She told him, "Well, I'm glad I was able to help. After all, you helped me through a wonderful time."  
  
"So, what's my next dare going to be?" she asked him.  
  
"Hmmm," he replied. "How about on your first day back at work, you

wear a short denim skirt and no panties underneath?"  
  
"I could do that," she thought to herself. "The students won't be back on the first day anyway."  
  
"Okay," she told him. "I'll wear a University of Texas sweatshirt that I got for Christmas."  
  
"No panties," he reminded her. "and if you're really daring, you'll take a picture of yourself mooning me in your classroom."  
  
"LOL," she responded. "I don't think I'll go that far. No panties for sure, but I'll have to think about the picture."  
  
"Fair enough," he typed back.  
  
On the teacher workday at the start of the second semester, the social studies department was heading off to Chuy's for a Tex-Mex lunch. Out on the sidewalk at the parking lot, the teachers were all ready to go.  
  
"Where's Susan?" asked the department head. "I thought she was going with us? Let's give her a minute or two."  
  
"Great," mumbled one of the guys on the sidewalk. "We're always waiting on the women." He got a few of the other men to agree with him.  
  
"Don't even start it," warned one of the female teachers, "we outnumber you."  
  
Right then, they heard a door bust open as Susan came out running toward them. The second-year teacher was always a little clumsy. One time in her first year, she actually spilled an entire pot of coffee on the student reports she had been grading in the department workroom. The stain was still on the carpet.  
  
As if on cue, she tripped and sprawled onto the sidewalk right in front of the group. The man that had grumbled about late women earlier instinctively rushed to help her up. He gathered up her things where her purse had opened onto the ground. He picked up her phone and handed it to her.  
  
"Here ya go," he said. "You need to be careful with these phones. You should have acase for it."  
  
"Yeah, I needa better case," she responded. "I mean, I have one, but I had to take it out. I was, ummm, taking pictures of my classroom and the cord wouldn't work with the case on it."  
  
As they stood up, he couldn't help but notice the short denim skirt she was wearing and that she was brushing off her hands by rubbing them against the front of her University of Texas sweatshirt.  
  
"No way," he thought as he froze in place. "Could it be her?"  
  
He'd have to wait until he could check his email. If it was her, this could get really interesting.

He couldn't keep his eyes off of her all through lunch. As they got out of the car back at school, he looked around to find her again. He finally spotted her getting out of the other car in their group, and in doing so, she flashed a little of her bare inner thigh.  
  
"It can't be her," he thought to himself. "I'm just not that lucky."  
  
He had to sit through an exhaustive planning session in the department chairperson's classroom. She sat in a student desk three seats in front of him. He barely paid attention during the meeting as he focused on the back of her head, trying to get a good look at her. Finally, the meeting ended and they all stood up to go to their own rooms.  
  
"Don't forget your new textbook kits." The department leader reminded them. "They're quite heavy though, perhaps we could get some of the guys to deliver them?"  
  
"Well, how can we refuse after you said it out loud like that?" he thought, but then he realized that this was his chance. He rushed over to help Susan.  
  
"I'll get it for you." He told her as she stood next to the box. He bent over to pick it up and easily tossed it up onto his shoulders. "Lead the way, M'lady!"  
  
"Awwww, thanks, Andy! You're too sweet." She said with a huge smile. "Just follow me."  
  
She was absolutely gorgeous, and her smile would have had him doing anything she wanted. He followed her down the hall, admiring the movement of her hips as she led the way.  
  
At her door, she dropped her keys on the floor twice as she attempted to open it. "She's clumsy alright," he thought, "but she's still beautiful."  
  
"Here we go," she said as she pushed the door open. "Just put it anywhere on the floor."  
  
He dropped the box with a loud thud right behind her, causing her to jump.  
  
"You said anywhere," he reminded her with a grin. "Now, where do you really want it?"  
  
"Oh, so you're a funny man, too?" She grinned back. "Slide it over here by my desk."  
  
He pushed the box over to the side of her desk and then stepped back.  
  
"Now having all of the experience of a six-year teacher," he told her as he leaned back on a student desk. "Let me advise you that the most help that textbook kit will be is for you to prop your feet up on."  
  
"Oh, really?" She said as she sat in her chair. "Like this?" She kicked her shoes off and spun the chair sideways so that she could put her feet up on the box. Her skirt had risen up a little as she sat down, and now it was revealing more of her upper thighs than she probably had planned.  
  
He noticed, of course, but played it cool. "Lesson number two is not to do that with students in the room when you're wearing a short skirt." He said with a smile as he stood up straight and made his way to the door. "You'd have driven me crazy if I was in your class." As he said that, he looked around the room, taking in the different posters and bulletin boards. He wanted to know if this was her classroom if she was the one that was going to email him a picture.  
  
She looked at him curiously at first and then looked down at herself. "I'm about to flash the first two rows," she thought to herself. She quickly put her feet back down onto the floor.  
  
"Oh, I don't know about that," she said with a nervous smile. "I'm just their teacher."  
  
He was standing in the doorway when he smiled back at her and said, "Trust me on this. Remember, I have six years of teaching experience, but more importantly, it wasn't that long ago that I was a teenage boy." Then he walked out of the room.  
  
She sat there for a few minutes thinking about what he had said. He was cute, and kind of funny. She just didn't know him very well since his room was on another hallway. "Could the guys really see up my skirt?" she thought to herself. "Hmm, there's only one way to find out."  
  
She got up and closed her classroom door. Then she dug her phone out of her bag and went to the student desks that were next to hers. She sat down and aimed it at where she would be sitting. She set the timer and then quickly ran back and sat down.  
  
She turned her chair sideways and propped her feet up on the textbook kit.  
  
Flash! Thetimer went off and it snapped the photo. She jumped up and ran to see the results. The picture showed a view she clearly didn't want to show her students. While you couldn't see up her skirt, it did show a lot of her legs. It was a good thing she didn't wear a short skirt to class when the students were there.  
  
She began to think naughty thoughts. "I wonder what you could see if I wanted you to see?" She set the timer again.  
  
This time she sat in the chair with her feet on the box, but with her knees in the air. She could feel the cold air on her bare pussy. This was getting exciting. A tingle ran through her body.  
  
She went to check out the picture and was surprised at what she could see. There, at the juncture of the back of her bare thighs was a clear shot of the lips of her pussy!  
  
She stared at the picture until it timed out. She guiltily looked around the room and then set the phone up again.  
  
This time she spread her legs wide with her feet on the box. After the picture snapped, she set it quickly again without looking at the results. She ran back to the chair and got on her knees. The picture captured just the lower part of her bare butt cheeks. In the next picture, she pulled her skirt up high, completely exposing her ass to the camera on the phone. Finally, she took one of her in her chair, skirt pulled up, legs spread wide, and at the last second, before the timer took the picture, she pulled her sweater and bra up, exposing her tits.  
  
By that time, she was more than excited. She scooted up to her desk with her legs underneath. She opened up her grading program on the computer, but she wasn't concentrating on it. Instead, all she could think about was how the pictures looked of her exposing herself. She couldn't wait to go home and email them to her friend, after carefully cropping out her face, of course.  
  
She put her hands in her lap and began to finger herself. Her pussy was so hot and wet. Her fingers were quickly covered in her juices. She had another wicked thought and she worked her fingers inside and around her pussy until they were coated and sticky. She then scooted backward until she could take a picture of her fingers resting against her puffy pussy lips. She took a quick picture of her slick fingers. "He's going to like this one." She said to herself.  
  
"What if someone had opened the door when I was taking the pictures? What if Andy had stepped back in? I could have been fired!" She thought to herself as she rapidly stroked her fingers across her little button. Her clit was practically throbbing as she strummed it.  
  
The idea of doing something so taboo in her classroom excited her so much that it didn't' take long before she was into an intense orgasm. Her body shook quietly as she fought to retain control of her voice. "Mmnnnh!" she managed to groan as she bit her lower lip as her hips involuntarily shook and flexed back and forth. She pressed her thighs together as she came down from her orgasm. She was still breathing heavily when she finally pulled her fingers away. She was so sensitive after an orgasm. She sat up a little to pull her skirt back into place. She leaned back into her chair and closed her eyes for a few seconds as the flush ran through her body.  
  
"So, are you going to sleep the whole day away?" she heard a voice say in a soft whisper. It was a soft, but deep and soothing male voice. "Are you having a nice dream?" It was such a calming voice, and it brought a smile to her lips.  
  
"Susan? Susan? C'mon, it's time to get up." She heard the voice say again, and then she felt fingers softly pushing against her shoulder.  
  
"Just a few more minutes," she thought to herself. She slowly opened her eyes. It was Andy, the nice man that had helped her with the box. She sighed and closed her eyes again. Then she realized where she was.  
  
"Shit!" She said as she sat up quickly in her chair. She had fallen asleep!  
  
"Oh wow!" She said quickly, "I can't believe I did that!" She stammered through an excuse about being tired after lunch and needing some caffeine. She ran her fingers through her hair and pulled on the hem of her skirt to straighten it out.  
  
"No biggie," he said with a smile. "Just don't do that during the regular school week. The administration frowns on such activities as sleeping and snoring when you're supposed to be teaching."  
  
"I don't snore!" She said with a little snort.  
  
"If you say so," he responded with a knowing smile. "Anyway, I just came by to tell you that the workbook in the new textbook kits is actually pretty good. I started thinking about what I had told you and was worried that you took me serious."  
  
She looked up at him and said, "Well, thanks. Now that I'm awake I guess I should check it out."  
  
"Just take it home with you," he told her. "Everyone is going home in a few minutes. They're about to start testing fire alarms. You don't want to be here during that."  
  
"Yeah, I wouldn't want to listen to that all afternoon." She said to him. She began to collect her papers and things. "I guess the fire alarm would have woken me up into a good panic. You, however, really know how to wake a girl up. Thanks for not startling me."  
  
"It was my pleasure," he responded in that soft voice again. "I wouldn't want to see that pretty face with a frown."  
  
"You're just too sweet, "she responded back. They made small talk about teaching and students as they walked out of the building. As she got into her car to leave the parking lot, she waved back at him.  
  
He waved back and climbed into his truck. He had to run some errands before he could go home and check his email. "I sure hope it's her," he thought as he put the truck into gear.  
  
A few hours later, back at home, with his heart pounding in his chest he opened up his email account. "Dare Completed" was the title of the email.

It showed an attachment. His chest was thumping and he felt butterflies in his stomach as he clicked on the email.  
  
"Here ya go!" She had written in her email. "I did your dare. I wore a short skirt without panties and my UT sweatshirt. I got carried away. Not only did I take a picture of me mooning you in my classroom, I also fingered myself until I came! Pictures are attached."  
  
He scrolled down to see a lovely bare ass. She was kneeling in a chair behind a teacher desk. The next picture was of two fingers covered in wetness and resting against the puffy lips of her pussy. The final picture was of the lower half of a woman sitting with her legs spread wide and her sweater pulled up high to reveal two lovely breasts. Her feet were propped up on the box of what looked to be a brand new teacher textbook kit.  
  
"Gotcha!" he said to himself. "Let the games begin!"

She waited all afternoon to get a response from him. She had nervously sent the pictures of herself from her classroom and was dying to find out what he thought. When he finally responded, she was very satisfied. He went on and on, telling her how beautiful she was, and how sexy her body looked.  
  
This was so exciting to her. Even her former lovers had never told her so much. The anonymity of it all had allowed her to share so much of her sexual side. Here, she was totally uninhibited. She could share everything, do anything, and be as crazy as she wanted to be.  
  
Today was proof of that. She had taken revealing photos of herself in her classroom and then fingered herself to orgasm at her desk. Now, she was online again, waiting for her friend to show up.  
  
Finally, a window popped up on her computer. "Hey beautiful lady!" he had written.  
  
"You are a crazy sexy woman."  
  
She smiled and responded, "Well, you are the one that dared me to do it. I'm glad that you liked them. Did they make your cock hard and throbbing?"  
  
Susan couldn't believe she had actually written that comment. It was something she never could bring herself to say in real life. This was different. This was wild.  
  
"You can bet that sweet naked ass of yours that I'm sitting here with a rock hard cock pushing against my zipper right now."  
  
"Here we go!" she thought to herself as she untied the soft robe she was wearing and pulled it apart so that her breasts were exposed. Her nipples were already flushing with excitement as they stiffened.  
  
"I'm naked except for the robe that I've just opened and spread apart." She typed back to him. "Dare me to do something."  
  
"Well, first of all...send me a picture of that lovely view. Then we can talk about your special dares for tonight."  
  
"Just a minute..." she wrote back. She reached over on the desk and placed her oldcamera just below the monitor of her computer. She sat up a little allowing her breasts to fall free from the robe. She let the robe slip from her shoulders until it cascaded at her elbows. She set the timer, took the picture and quickly sent it back to him.  
  
"Dammmnnnn..." he responded. "You are too much!"  
  
She typed back, "Do you want to see me completely naked?"  
  
His response was predictable. "Well, yeah!"  
  
She pushed the chair back, shrugged out of the robe and using the timer again, she took three pictures of herself. The first one was a full frontal, the second was a profile, and the third was a total rear view.  
  
"Hurry up! I've got my cock in my hand and I'm slowly stroking it for you." She laughed as she replied to his comment in the instant messenger window.  
  
"Keep it hard, but have a little patience." She responded.  
  
She pulled the pictures up on her monitor. She liked what she saw. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said to herself as she cropped her face from the pictures. She saved them and then loaded them into an email to him and clicked send.  
  
"On the way!" she wrote. She sat back down in her chair, this time sitting fully naked on the robe that she draped across the chair. She pulled her right leg up and put her foot on the chair, resting her chin on her knee. Her left hand slid down between her legs and she softly touched her steaming pussy lips. She cupped her pussy with her fingers, and then, slowly moving upward, she let her middle finger slip between her lips, covering it with the hot juices that were boiling inside of her.  
  
"Sending you a special email" was the new message from him.  
  
She quickly opened her email and found his message. A photo was attached. It was of a picture of her from his printer and his hard cock was covering most of the photo.  
  
"Are you jacking off to the picture of my naked body?" she wrote him.  
  
It took a minute until he replied. "Check mail" was all it said.  
  
It was another picture. This time however it was of his cock, hovering over her pictures and cum was dripping all over them!  
  
"Oh shit!" she said out loud. That's his cum all over it. He jacked off and came from just looking at me. In the back of her mind she thought that she should be disgusted, but instead, she was incredibly turned on by it. Her fingers began moving rapidly across her clit as she imagined watching him stroke his cock.  
  
He responded in the messenger window, "I came so hard from looking at your hot body. You are so incredibly sexy. "  
  
That was all it took. She had been aroused all afternoon, and now she was beyond control. Her fingers thrummed away at her engorged clit. Her free hand was pinching and tugging at her nipples.  
  
When she finally came, she really let herself go. She moaned so loud that she wondered if the neighboring apartment could hear her. She didn't care. Her body shook with the violence of her orgasm. Her hips rose in the chair and slammed down, once, twice, and a third time. She finally closed her thighs tightly, squeezing her fingers against her clit and pussy, and rode out the remaining waves of it, shaking and shivering as the tremors slowed.  
  
"BRB" she was finally able to type back to him. She had to clean up. She was drenched from her juices. Her soft inner thighs were shiny and wet and her fingers were sticky from where she had been stroking herself.  
  
When she finally returned, she slipped back into the robe, belting it this time. She told him what her reaction had been. How seeing his cock and his cum across the pictures of her body had turned her on.  
  
They chatted for an hour, talking about sex and work, and growing up. She told him of her first time, how clumsy they had both been. He told her about getting caught by his girlfriend's mother as her daughter was giving him a blow job, and how she had watched and then silently left the room.  
  
By the end of their conversations, she was feeling naughty and aroused again. She finally asked him, "So, how about my next dare?"  
  
"Okay, here's what I want you to do. Take a pair of sexy panties and put them on right now. I want you to really work them into your pussy, pulling and tugging on them until they are coated in your juices. Then put them in a Ziploc bag. Take them to work and put them into a male teacher's mailbox. It should be someone that you know and that you can imagine having sex with. Make up an anonymous email and put it on a slip of paper inside the bag. We'll have to see what develops from there."  
  
"I'll think about it." She wrote back. "I don't want to get in trouble at work."  
  
"No. You have to do it. That's the rules of our little game." He wrote back. "Admit it. You like it when I tell you to do these things."  
  
He knew her too well. Damn. "Yes, I do." She typed back. "But don't get me fired."  
  
"No worries," he responded. "Just be careful. Make sure that no one is around."  
  
The next day at school she found herself touching her pussy. Her fingers traveled idly across the crotch of her panties. She could feel the heat emanating from within her pussy as she tickled her clit through the tight cotton. School had been dismissed an hour ago, but she was staying behind. She had graded all of her papers and was now just surfing the internet as she waited for the halls to clear.  
  
Her left leg was pulled up into the chair with her foot resting on the seat. She had her chin resting on her knee as she stared at the screen of her computer. Her short skirt had risen and fallen loosely across her thighs. Her left hand held her foot in place on the chair and her right hand would wander from the mouse to her panties. Just thinking about the dare she was about to do had her hot and wet.  
  
After an hour of waiting, she was now ready to go. She got up from the chair, smoothed out her skirt and left her classroom. She carried her purse and bag to the teacher mailroom. After 4 p.m. on Fridays, the mailroom doors are closed. She used her key to open the door and go inside.  
  
There was no one around, and feeling safe, she reached into her bag and pulled out a manila envelope. Inside the envelope was a Ziploc bag with a pair of her sexiest panties. According to the dare from her online friend, she had pulled them deeply between her pussy lips after she had climaxed. They were drenched in her juices. She was to place them inside the mailbox of a male teacher that she liked. Inside the envelope with the panties was an anonymous email address.  
  
She quickly walked over and put the envelope into Andy's faculty mailbox, grabbed her things and opened the door to rush out.  
  
Wham! She ran into someone trying to come into the mailroom. Her bags fell to the floor and she nearly went with them.  
  
Yes, of course, it had to be him! She was only seconds from getting caught putting it into his mailbox! That was too close for comfort and would have been hard to explain.  
  
"Oops!" she cried out as she bent to grab her things. "I'm sorry!"  
  
"Cute and sexy or not," he thought to himself as he grabbed her shoulders to balance her. "This girl is accident prone!"  
  
"No problem," he said. "You okay?"  
  
"Yeah, I'm just the clumsiest person I know. Other than that, everything is fine."  
  
He walked over to his mailbox. Sure enough, there was the envelope. "She must have just put it in," he thought to himself.  
  
"You must have big plans the way you were running out of here," he said.  
  
"Just going home to change, eat, and then get back here for the basketball game. The guys are in a must-win situation tonight if they want to make the playoffs," she told him, realizing that he, along with everyone at the school already knew that.  
  
"Yeah, that's my plan too. It should be a big crowd," He mentioned as he reached into his box and pulled everything out. He set the mail on the small table next to his briefcase. He picked up the envelope and gave it a curious look and a feel with his fingers. "Humph, I wonder what this is?" he said before he dumped it into his briefcase along with everything else. He enjoyed the panicked look on her face.  
  
"Hey, do you want to grab

a bite to eat with me?" he asked her nonchalantly. "I'll treat. Then we can come to the game together."  
  
"Isn't everyone at the game going to see us and think we're on a date?" she asked with a teasing smile.  
  
He smiled back. "So let them think that."  
  
She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and replied, "Oh, really? Then why don't we just go ahead and call this a date?"  
  
He returned her smile with one of his own, "Sounds good to me."  
  
They walked and talked as they left the building. As they approached the parking lot, he brought up the night ahead.  
  
"If this is really a date, why don't you go home and eat a light snack? We'll go to the game and then go out for dinner afterward? Someplace local though, like pizza or Tex-Mex?"  
  
"A deal!" she said as her heart skipped a beat. She told him where she lived and they both drove off.  
  
She rushed home and turned on her computer. As it was booting up, she turned on the shower so it would warm up. It then struck her mind that she had completely forgotten what she had done today. She was going out with the guy that she had just secretly given her wet panties to! "This is getting too deep!" she said to herself as she kicked off her clothes.  
  
She stepped into the shower and let the hot water erase away the stress of the day. She took her time, lathering up her body with scented soap and then shaving her legs. She wrapped herself in her favorite fluffy towel and walked over to the computer.  
  
She logged into her new email, created for the dare, but there was nothing in her inbox. She logged out and checked into her regular account. She had an email from her online dare master. All it said was, "Well???"  
  
She smiled and logged into chat box. He was online and repeated his question of, "Well?"  
  
She told how she had done the dare and how she almost got caught. She also told him that she had a date with the exact same guy tonight.  
  
"Ah, a date with the guy you did the dare for? Do you feel like being extra daring?"  
  
"What more can I do? I've already given him my panties." She replied, adding a smiley face to her comment.  
  
"You could ask for them back." He commented.  
  
"Ha!" she wrote back. "I don't think so! I like this guy; I don't want him thinking I'm a sex pervert."  
  
"Trust me. Even if he did think that you were a sex pervert, it wouldn't matter."  
  
"No kidding," she wrote back. "He is, after all, a man."  
  
"Okay," he replied, "No dares tonight. But I want to know all about it afterward."  
  
She promised to tell him all of the juicy details and logged off.  
  
She slipped into a short skirt and a school t-shirt. She admired her look in the mirror. "Flaunt it while you still got it." She said to herself and then went to finish getting ready.  
  
When he called to tell her he was in the parking lot, she grabbed her purse, cell phone, and keys and walked to the door. She paused for a moment, thought about it, and then reached under her skirt and took her panties off and tossed them in the closet by the door. "This will give me something daring to talk about tonight when I get online." She said to herself.  
  
He was standing by his truck as she left her apartment. He admired her body as she came down the stairs. As he held the door open for her, she flashed more of her upper thighs than she meant to do, but she had to step up into the truck and then slide into the seat. After walking around the truck and opening his door, he saw her adjusting the hem of the skirt, attempting to pull it down further. Her legs were flawless and he still couldn't believe she was sitting there in his truck.  
  
All eyes were on them as they entered the gymnasium that night. They both felt their faces flushing as they walked in front of the crowd to find their seats.  
  
"Well, at least that wasn't awkward or anything," he whispered to her as they sat down.  
  
"No, not at all," she agreed. "I don't think anyone even noticed us."  
  
They both laughed at the moment and waited for the game to begin.  
  
The team played a tough game, and several times they had the crowd on their feet for key moments. The final seconds of the game were electrifying and she found herself gripping his arm, caught up in the moment. As the seconds ticked off, the final shot by the opposing team caught the rim low and ricocheted off as the buzzer sounded.  
  
The home team won and the crowd went wild. Before she even realized what she was doing, they were both jumping and hugging. His hand instinctively went downward on her back and he gave her butt a squeeze.  
  
He jerked his hand away like he had burned himself. "I'm sorry!" he said over the noise. "That just kind of happened."  
  
"It's okay!" she yelled back and she punched him lightly in the chest, "I can't believe they won!"  
  
As the crowd left the bleachers to rush the floor, he took her hand and tugged her in the opposite direction.  
  
"Let's get out of here!" He said in her ear. He pulled her out one of the side doors and into a back hallway.  
  
They were still excited by the big win and laughing as they walked. As they made their way through the deserted hallway behind the gym, he noticed that they were still holding hands.  
  
"I guess we can stop holding hands now," he chuckled. "We're out of the crowd."  
  
But when he loosened his grip on her hand, she held onto his, even squeezing it a little. Surprised but pleased, he squeezed her hand in return.  
  
"Yeah, thanks for helping me get through that," she said. "That was chaos."  
  
They continued holding hands as they walked through the halls, only releasing them when they reached the main exit where the crowd was spilling out of the gym. A few kids saw them and smiled.  
  
"Guess what gossip will be all over the internet tonight?" he whispered to her as they walked past the students.  
  
"Well," she whispered up to him, "let's give them something to talk about." She reached over and wrapped her hands around his arm and leaned into him as they walked outside.  
  
"You're really something, you know that?" he said with a laugh as they approached his truck.  
  
"If you only knew," she thought to herself.  
  
As they waited in line to exit the parking lot, he said, "Even though the fact that we're on a date is going to be all over the school, I really don't feel like giving them more to talk about. How about if we just go back to my place and eat?"  
  
"Your place, huh?" she said with mock indignation.  
  
"Well," he stammered, "we could go to your apartment if you want." But when he looked at her she was smiling.  
  
She laughed and let him off the hook, "I was just kidding. Your place is fine. So what are we going to eat?"  
  
"Well..." he thought for a minute. "How about some homemade chicken enchiladas? Plus, I make some killer margaritas."  
  
"That sounds wonderful!" she replied. "I love a good margarita. You can really make enchiladas? Do you have enough time?"  
  
"Sure. I just need thirty minutes. The only thing we're missing is chips and cheese, and I can't make that to save my life. We'll have to stop and get some queso."  
  
"Mmmm, that sounds good too!" she replied, "but I'll buy that part of our dinner."  
  
He laughed but agreed to her demands. As he drove, he picked up his cell phone and dialed the number of his favorite Tex-Mex restaurant and placed an order-to-go.  
  
"You have a Mexican restaurant on your cell?" she exclaimed.  
  
"First, it's a Tex-Mex restaurant. It's a combination of Texas and Mexican cooking. It's very different from Cali-Mex or Baja cooking, and they're all different from traditional Mexican cooking." He said with an authoritative voice. "Second, I could live on queso and chips and like I said before, I can't make it to save my life. So I keep the number ready for when I really need a fix."  
  
They drove to the restaurant and he ran inside to get their order. The aroma of the warm cheese filled the cab of his truck as they drove to his house.  
  
Four hours later, their plates were stacked neatly in the sink, and the bowl of queso sat empty next to a bag of tortilla chip crumbs. On the kitchen counter, condensation droplets ran in little rivers down the sides of the blender, pooling at the base. A small plate of salt sat next to the blender showing several rings of moistened, crusted salt crystals from the rims of the margarita glasses.  
  
She slowly opened her eyes. A ceiling fan above her slowly stirred the air. Her head felt heavy and watching the blades of the fan was making her dizzy. She couldn't even remember the number of margaritas they had downed last night. She was in his bed, barely covered by a sheet and blanket. Instinctively, she pulled the sheet up to her chin and snuggled down for warmth. She was wearing one of his old t-shirts, and nothing else.  
  
She rolled her head to the side. He was in bed next to her, sleeping soundly on his side and facing away from her. She scooted over to him and snuggled next to his body, grateful for his warmth.  
  
As she lay there, the thoughts of the night floated through her mind. They had laughed and talked their way through dinner. After the margaritas, they both realized how tired they were, not to mention how drunk they were. He convinced her to sleep over and being a nice guy, he had offered her his bed while he took the sofa. That had lasted about five minutes before she realized she would never get to sleep alone in a strange house. She had called for him and he stumbled into the bedroom shirtless and in his boxers. He had collapsed into the bed and promptly fell asleep.  
  
She scooted closer, matching the curves of her body to his. She wrapped her arm around his waist and drifted back to sleep.  
  
The sound of his deep voice singing in the shower woke her up. She looked around, remembering where she was and smiled. The sun was sneaking its way into the room, and like the beam of a flashlight, it was lighting up the dust particles floating in the air. She sat up and squirmed around until she was sitting on the edge of the bed. Listening

to his singing, she smiled again as an idea formed in her head.  
  
She walked quickly to the bathroom in the hallway with her purse. In the side pocket, she pulled out the travel toothbrush that she kept for just such a situation. The fact that she had never opened the wrapper in years made her smirk. She brushed her teeth quickly and then used the toilet to relieve the pressure caused by the previous night's margarita binge. She stood up, pulled the t-shirt over her head and fluffed her hair out the best that she could. Finally ready, she opened the door, and then reached over to flush the toilet. Then she ran quickly back to the bedroom and entered the bathroom.  
  
As she predicted, the flush drained the cold water from the pipes. His singing stopped suddenly as he felt the scalding water strike him.  
  
"Hey!" he shouted as he jumped back from the stream of water. Hearing her giggle, he pulled the curtain back and stuck his head out. There she was, a naked angel standing in his bathroom.  
  
"Is there room in there for a singing partner?" she asked with a mischievous grin. He smiled and pulled the curtain aside. Devilishly, she let her eyes linger on his body, watching the water draining in little rivers down his chest and his tight stomach. Then her eyes lowered to his cock, which was thickening by the second under her stare.  
  
"Well," she said huskily in a voice she'd never heard before, "look at you." She stepped into the shower and he slid the curtain closed again. She was a tiny thing standing next to him as she stepped into his embrace. The warm water sprayed across their bodies as he pulled her close. She rose up on tiptoes and pressed her lips to his.  
  
His hands roamed across her body, sliding down her back to squeeze the firm globes of her ass, pulling her tighter to him. She could feel his hard cock pressing against the softness of her belly. She reached up to hold it and stroke it in her hands. It pulsed and throbbed in her grip. She wanted this thing, this pure essence of man that she held in her hand. She wanted it, needed it. She needed to feel it throbbing and pulsing deep inside of her.  
  
She looked up at him and stared into his eyes. "Andy," she said seriously, "take me back to your bed. Take me back to your bed and...just...take me."  
  
Five minutes later, warm and hand-dried with a huge fluffy towel, she lay back on her back, pulling her knees up as he climbed between her legs. As he moved on his knees between her open legs, he also crawled forward until he was on top of her and resting his weight on his arms. She wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and pulled his face down to hers. They shared several warm kisses, tongues dancing together in delight.  
  
When she felt the head of his cock along the inside of her thigh, probing for her pussy, she reached down between their bodies to guide him home. His stiff cock filled her small hand as she pulled him forward. When she felt the warm head pressing against the steaming lips of her pussy, she rubbed it up and down the length of her opening, moistening the head of his cock with her juices.  
  
She finally had him where she wanted him, and she let go of his cock. She wrapped her arms around his back and locked her heels behind his butt and growled, "Now, fuck me."  
  
Andy pushed his hips forward and his cock speared through the outer lips of her pussy and was wrapped in the tightness. He began a slow thrusting motion and she rocked her hips forward and back with him, pulling back as he did, and slamming forward as he rocked against her. His lips left hers and traveled across her cheek and down to the sides of her neck, kissing and nibbling between the heavy breathing caused by his exertions.  
  
Her pussy gripped and released him in a steady rhythm. He arched his neck lower and took one of her nipples into his mouth, sucking it in, and relishing at the taste of her skin.  
  
"Mmmmmm, " she moaned," I like that." He moved over to her other breast and teased the nipple with his lips until it was hard. "Bite it." She told him.  
  
He sucked in the nipple, pulling it forward and away from her body, then released it and slowly clamped down on it with his teeth. "Yesssss," she growled, her voice fading away as she relished in the feelings it sent through her.  
  
She started pumping her pelvis harder and faster against him. "Suck that titty! Fuck that pussy!" She groaned out as their tempo intensified.  
  
"Such language for a school teacher," he said to her with a laugh. She reached out and drove her fingernails into the cheeks of his ass.  
  
"If you don't like it," she said between grunts as she fought for air, "then get out of the bed."  
  
"Naw," he responded, breathing heavy himself as he continued pumping his cock into her. "I think I'll just stay here."  
  
"Then shut up and keep fucking me." She growled in his ear. "Oh. Oh. There it is, keep going. Don't stop."  
  
He picked up his pace, practically slamming his cock into her pussy and pressing his body down hard against hers, pinning her to the bed. The movement put more pressure against her pubic mound, allowing for the base of his cock to really press against her clit.  
  
"Yes!" she screamed out, her nails now raking his back. "Oh, fuck yes!" The spasms ripped through her body like a powerful electric shock. She mumbled something so incoherent he couldn't even identify it as real words. Her hips pushed forward against his and then shook rapidly. He attempted to pull back and thrust forward again, but she had him in a death grip and she held him tight against her.  
  
Finally, after a full minute of riding out her orgasm, she collapsed back onto the bed. He lost no time in picking up his pace and soon he felt himself at the brink. '  
  
"Can I?" he asked. She nodded her head weakly.  
  
He slammed himself against her just as violently as she had done seconds earlier. Each thrust of his cock inside of her was as if he was trying to drive it right through her body. She grunted with an exhalation of breath with each forward movement.  
  
Finally, he exploded inside of her. He pushed in one last thrust and shot jet after jet of hot semen deep into her.  
  
"Mmmmm," she softly moaned as her hands lightly traced across his back and neck.  
  
His orgasm quickly spent, he pulled out of her drenched pussy and fell onto his side, half of his body still on top of her and his softening cock pressed against the top of her thigh.  
  
"Wow!" he said as he fought to get his breathing back under control.  
  
She surprised him by quickly slipping out from underneath his body and crawling up onto him. She wrapped her legs around his and rested her head on his chest. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled the sheets up until they were covered.

"I had a great night last night," she whispered softly as they both drifted off to sleep.