Detention for Kim

by DraceDomino

Summary

Kim's never really been a sexual girl. Never really even caught the eye of any boys in her school, and it's already her senior year. When the innocent and downright naive young woman stumbles into a bit of trouble, one particular teacher starts leading her by the hand down a life she never knew existed. A life that she'll soon learn will mean more to her than she ever possibly imagined...

Detention for Kim is an ongoing series, one of my three main original universes. It's a first person tale of a cliche schoolgirl falling into naughty situation after naughty situation, under the guidance of her doting teacher. Though the story starts vaguely noncon in subject matter, it doesn't stay that way for long, and a few chapters in you'll start to see Kim embrace this new life of hers. Detention for Kim is one of my signature series and one I'm most known for on the Foundry, so I'm very excited to start sharing it with you folks on Archive. :)

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Oral Exam

Detention for Kim
Chapter One: Oral Exam
-By Drace Domino

I was scared the first time Mr. Poln made me suck his cock. What girl wouldn’t be in my situation? Up until that point, I hadn’t had the slightest bit of trouble in school. A straight A student. College bound for sure, most likely with honors, with scholarships, with two proud, beaming parents and an army of jealous classmates. Well, all it took was being caught passing a note in class to drag that perfect student down. Down to a punishment, down to a black mark on her record.

Down to her knees.

Now, I know it seems silly, agreeing to do such a thing just so he wouldn’t report my note passing to the school authorities, but you need to understand my mindset at the time. I was incredibly naive for my age; something that I no longer suffer from, given the things my body’s been through since then. And for all the stereotyping that goes on regarding Asian parents, let me tell you something...it isn’t all just for jokes. There’s real pressure there; pressure to perform, pressure to excel, pressure to make your family proud and never give them anything negative to say when they’re spending time with their friends.

And so I agreed to his terms because I was afraid of what would happen if that minor infraction got out. Sure, what he was proposing was worse, but...it was also something that could be kept secret. Something that my parents would never have to know about. Looking back, there might have been a part of me that wanted the excitement. A part of me that was bored with being the good girl, bored of being the sweet, innocent thing. It’s easy to analyze things years later, but in that moment? I was terrified.

“Go on. Open your mouth,” Mr. Poln was a handsome enough man, barely into his forties and caught in what I assume was a boring marriage at the time. He had stern features but wasn’t always mean; and had a reputation at the school for having the ability to let his hair down. As it turned out, his method of letting his hair down that evening after class was making a terrified honor student suck him off in the men’s bathroom.

I nodded to his order and opened my mouth a little; still very scared, and very unsure of how to proceed. Aside from overhearing the cheerleaders talk about things they had done on the bus, I didn’t know what to expect, or even worse, what was to be expected of me. What if I did poorly? Would Mr. Poln not only tell my parents that I was passing notes, but that I didn’t know how to go down on a man?!

Like I said, naive.

“Wider,” Mr. Poln demanded of me, as his hands went down to his zipper, and started to work. I just stared ahead, my eyes wide, and a rush of fear going through me. At the time the school had uniform requirements, which...to be honest, took on a whole different level of wrongness for an Asian girl. Sure, you pretty blonde girls get the Catholic schoolgirl stuff, but when you’re a Japanese girl that pleated skirt, those knee-high white socks, that vest over a dress shirt...?

Well, you’re a walking porn fantasy, whether or not you realize it.

And so Mr. Poln’s little Asian schoolgirl opened her mouth wider, and her eyes closed behind the
frames of her glasses - yeah, I had the glasses, too - so she didn’t have to look at what was about to emerge. I could hear the zipper slowly going down, and then he made a faint grunting noise as he reached into his boxers and fished it out. I felt it long before I saw it; there was a warmth that slapped against my cheek that didn’t feel like anything I had ever experienced before. I flinched from it, my mouth closing if only for an instant before my diligent teacher-pleasing mindset kicked in, and I opened my mouth back up wide as I had been instructed. Mr. Poln just chuckled at that, and I could feel his fingers moving into my hair, a black, clean mess of locks that went into dual pigtails down the back of my head, and held bangs that just dusted above the rim of my glasses. His fingers slid through my hair, though he didn’t grip me so much as tilted me into position, and I tensed up as I knew the moment was coming.

Like waiting for a needle, the fear built and built, so much so that by the time his cockhead brushed under one of my lips, I had a moment of panic. The empty boy’s room was filled with the sound of my panicked squeal, as I slapped my hands over my mouth and shook my head back and forth again and again and again. Even then, I knew that there was no realistic way of stopping, and before too long I recovered my fear and opened up once more, my eyes still shut tight.

To keep my hands from misbehaving again, I lowered them to the hem of my skirt, where it rested just above my bare knees that dug into the tile of the bathroom floor. It hurt to kneel there, but when I had asked Mr. Poln if I could just sit on the toilet, he had advised me, quite correctly, that...

“Your place is on your knees right now.”

And so I knelt, wringing my hands against my skirt, and waiting with my mouth open for the moment to arrive. It came slowly, and as he slid his cock past my lips, the thoughts and emotions that struck me where numerous. Certainly, there was shame in the moment, and part of me wanted to cry over what I was doing. And I’d be lying if I said there wasn’t curiosity there as well. I was an intellectual girl after all; it was my first chance to know what a man’s cock tasted like. As he pushed it inside, past my lips, onto my waiting tongue, the taste both intrigued and repulsed me, the latter of which I’ve long since decided was just a reaction of a nervous girl giving her first blowjob. Since then Mr. Poln’s head had rested on my tongue dozens of times, and the taste never bothered me like it did that first moment.

I heard him give a content noise, and he started to move his hips, pushing it in and out of my open, motionless mouth. It was truly a “scared girl” blowjob; as I knelt there with my mouth open, my tongue not moving, and my eyes shut quite tight. And after a few thrusts I could tell that his cock was wet with my spit, and that some of it was started to roll down my lips, down past my chin. Too afraid to even wipe it away I allowed it to drool down, and it wasn’t too long before I felt it splash down onto my hands at my skirt, somehow making me feel even dirtier with the liquid proof of my actions.

Mr. Poln had only gotten in a handful of thrusts before my mouth closed, and I finally dared to open my eyes. I looked up at him, with spit rolling down my chin, and my body still wrapped in that now-fetishistic outfit of my schoolgirl attire. My eyes remained firmly on his face, which I still found handsome, and they didn’t dare drift down to his cock, for fear of seeing it would drive me utterly insane.

Catholic AND Asian. The level of sexual repression I had at that point was staggering.

Mr. Poln seemed to sense that I thought we were simply...done, and he shook his head with a surprisingly kind smile given the situation. His hand went down, and he took my spit-covered chin to open my mouth again, guiding my head forward to press his cock inside once more. He took my
head into his own hands, lunging his member into my mouth, forcing me to taste, to experience, to feel every inch of him that I could within reason. My eyes closed after a while, but there was a moment in which I just stared ahead at his lap, eyes wincing on each thrust when he struck a point of discomfort. My hands went slack at my skirt, and my knees fidgeted, though for the first time not because of the pain the tile was causing them.

“Use your hands, Kim,” I heard his command and I tried to oblige, though my placement was awkward and amateurish. One of them rested underneath one of his knees, while the other was up far too high, by his stomach. He was patient with me, moving his hands from my head and guiding my own into a better place, and he even wrapped my trembling fingers around the base of his shaft. Once I was touching him as the forty year old liked, he patted my head, and gave me a few deeper thrusts in the form of congratulations.

The spit was rolling down my open lips now, as I had yet to fully seal my mouth around his shaft. I was still just holding it open, letting him fuck it, rather than doing the work myself. It was sloppy work, and in retrospect it would’ve been easier for me if I had just closed my mouth and done as I was told. Having your open mouth fucked like that is somehow...messier, and because it’s messier, it’s more embarrassing. With each wad of spit that fell down from my chin, I tensed in more embarrassment and worry. Would my Mom be able to tell from my laundry? Did cockspit smell? My mind was spinning with worry, but before I could dwell on it too much Mr. Poln pulled his member out, and pressed his hand to the back of my head, forcing me to gaze up at him.

“Look at me,” he ordered with a smile, and held his shaft by the base, guiding it forward. “Stick your tongue out. Lick it underneath, and on the head.”

“...o...okay, Mr. Poln.” I offered my quiet response, and opened up as wide as I could, before sticking my tongue out. I did better with it than I did the sucking; I actually moved my tongue past the underside of his head, and I smeared it from side to side, bringing a few happy noises from my history teacher’s throat. He was clearly pleased with me, so pleased that he took his spit-slickened shaft and crossed it over my cheeks twice, leaving wet streaks each time. Then he pressed down on my head, at the same time that he lifted his shaft, lowering his sack against my mouth, and just underneath my nose.

I didn’t wait for any instruction, since by now I had figured out my role in all of his. As he offered his sac I let my tongue slip out and I rolled it against his flesh, contemplating the different flavor of the man’s balls, how it differentiated from the shaft that had been so merciless with my mouth. His hand on my head threaded fingers through my hair again, and as he rocked his hips his other hand guided mine, forcing me to once again grip his shaft. Before too long he had coaxed me into movement, and I knelt there on the bathroom floor, stroking my teacher’s cock while I licked messily at his balls.

It would be a position I’d find myself in a lot in the future.

I stayed like that for a while longer, though one of my hands lowered to continued to toy with the edge of my skirt. I was still nervous and didn’t know what to do with my hands; and for the moment was thankful that he had at least given me instructions for one of them. By the time his grip on my hair pulled me away from his sack, my face was a mess of spit. It crossed my cheeks, my lips, and even my glasses to such an extent that one of the lenses was blurry and washed out. Knowing that we couldn’t possibly be done yet, and learning more with every passing moment, I didn’t wait for his instruction.

My mouth opened and I kept my grip on his shaft, moving slowly forward to take the cockhead back to my tongue. I cradled it there, and tried my best to get used to the unusual flavor, moving
my head back and forth as I tried to simulate what I felt like he would like. My teacher was happy with that for some time, and though he never said anything directly to me, I heard him talking to himself quite a bit. About what a catch he had found. About what a good student he had.

About what a slut I was under the quiet, unassuming surface. He wasn’t speaking to me, but rather of me...like I was property, or something meant to be used and utilized. For some reason I could never quite explain, the notion of it made me take him a bit quicker, and my grip at my skirt tightened, my knuckles white from the grip I had against the stretched fabric.

Before long he braced his hand into my hair, and started to move his hips with a renewed vigor. I was surprised at first, and my hands finally went to his pelvis, holding there, ready to push back if he dared to thrust in so deep as to choke me. At the time I was scared and worried he was going to hurt me, but it’s one of those things that has a new perspective when I look back. Since that day in detention, Mr. Poln fucked my mouth much harder, much rougher, and much more ferociously. I’ve always been fine, and he’s never once pushed me to a point I couldn’t go back from. He was going easy on me that day; knowing that the bespectacled schoolgirl offering her mouth for his pleasure was terrified and clumsy with her offering.

When he was ready to blow, he pulled out of my mouth, leaving me swallowing cock-flavored spit and gasping for air. His hand forced mine onto his shaft, and he started to stroke himself off, using his student’s hand. I looked up at him, my face ashamed and my cheeks red, my pale features made to glisten from the layer of mess that was coating them. My hand continued to pump at his wet cock, and I bit down on my bottom lip in nervousness, having only a faint idea of what was to come.

The first time he came on my face, I turned away from it, and it was forced to splash against one of my lenses, and dribble down my cheek as I made a face akin to a child eating grapefruit. It was hardly my finest moment as I went entirely tense, and wouldn’t even look as my teacher shot his cream across my skin. He was breathing heavy, and the bathroom stall was filled with the scent of sex, but I couldn’t appreciate any of those delightful senses that I would one day learn to adore. I was too afraid. I was too new.

“Good job, Kim.” I heard Mr. Poln say, and it was enough for me to dare half-open one of my eyes, gazing up at him with an ashamed expression on my face. I didn’t even want to open my mouth to respond, since I could feel a line of the thick white cream crossing them. I just nodded in response to his praise, before reaching down, moving my hands to grab a cloth from my pocket.

I made quick work in wiping it over my face, wincing as it only served to smear it. Over my cheek, over my lips, and despite my best efforts, that day I got my first, incredibly brief taste of semen. Once my face was clear I took off my glasses, and squinted up at my teacher as I started to wipe them off. Already his shrinking cock was going back into his trousers, but he seemed quite happy with the results.

“There, I did it,” I spat the words out, perhaps a bit more hostile than I should have. “Promise you won’t tell my parents?”

“I promise, Kim.” Mr. Poln smiled, and folded his arms behind his back. He had a look to him; a look of mischief, a glance I found very unsavory and yet...strangely enticing. His eyes drifted over me once more, and I closed my arms around my chest, biting down on my bottom lip as he spoke again.

“Although…” His words slithered out like a snake, and I felt a sinking feeling in my stomach. “You probably won’t learn your lesson in just one day.”
I swallowed; and when I did so, that fraction of a taste of Mr. Poln’s cum rolled through my mouth. I didn’t know it then, but the sweet, smart teacher’s pet was about to become…

...well, a teacher’s pet, but a totally different kind.
Chapter Summary

Kim's doing a little moping in Chapter Two of Detention for Kim. A week after everything began, Kim finds herself feeling bummed during the drive to school, thanks in part to her new braces. As the ride continues, she can't help thinking back to the moment she realized that there was more to her budding relationship with Mr. Poln than just her teacher's pleasure. That's a lot for a young lady to take in.

...the mouth. A lot for her to take in the mouth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Detention for Kim
Chapter Two: Driver's Ed
-By Drace Domino

“So does it still hurt?” Dad asked me, glancing over from the driver’s side part of the car. I just turned my head and gave him an expressionless, flat look, letting him know that I wasn’t at all amused by the implication that it no longer did. It was a Monday morning and we were on the way to drop me off at class, on a day that, in all honesty, I didn’t feel like I should have been forced to attend.

“I guess it does.” My Dad responded with a fatherly chuckle, shaking his head back and forth. “Dentist said that the weekend would be long enough, though, and you want that perfect attendance during graduation, don’t you?”

“I guess.” My murmur was a small response, after to open my mouth too wide. On Saturday evening I had been put into braces to fix a misalignment with my teeth, and between the trauma of having them installed and simply getting used to the feel, my mouth was sore as I ever remembered it being. Beyond that, I wasn’t thrilled with the idea of heading back to class fit with visible braces, which made the most embarrassingly little combination with my glasses. It felt like with every passing day, my appearance was becoming mousier, nerdier, and even less likely to draw any positive attention. As if the embarrassment and the pain weren’t reason enough to want to avoid class, there was one other big reason I didn’t want to go into school that day.

Mr. Poln. It had been a full school week since he had made me work off my delinquency with him, and every passing day it felt like I was working off future missteps. He had taken my mouth every day after school during the last week, surely milking catching me with a note for all it was worth. Even in my naivety, I knew I wasn’t merely keeping him quiet about a little innocent note passing anymore; I was trapped. Trapped by the situation itself, and trapped by a budding curiosity that was starting to infuriate me. Most of our encounters had been simple, short affairs in his office after class, where he’d lock the door, unzip his fly, and force me to take him until he released on my face. He never tried to undress me, never tried to make me swallow his cream, and given the situation he made it feel almost gentlemanly. Either he was genuinely concerned about pushing me
too fast, or he just liked the idea of a cringing Asian girl with cum on her glasses, afraid of getting it into her eyes or nose.

Looking back, probably both. While I sat there expressionless with my Dad on the way to work, my mind continued to wander. I was a little afraid of how Mr. Poln would take it, when I would meekly tell him after class that my mouth hurt too much to service him. Would he be angry? Sad? Would he tell my parents? I was worried about getting in trouble, but beyond that, I was worried about disappointing him. Mr. Poln’s opinion of me was important; as my history teacher it had always been, but in the past week something else had started to bud inside of me.

Friday had been the day I realized it. There weren’t any late busses on Friday and so Mr. Poln had to drive me home, and on the way he pulled his vehicle into a rural section with plenty of long, isolated roads in a primarily forested area. Most of the other students that went to fuck away from prying eyes picked one of these lonely patches where other cars never wandered, and while we were going there Mr. Poln revealed to me that it was the same during high school when he was in it.

“My wife and I had our first time here,” he advised me once we had parked, and I was bent over from the passenger side, working free his cock. In the past school week I had grown more confident, and more capable, and needed little more than a nod from my history teacher to get to my duties. My delicate hands had already begun to unzip his trousers, but I paused just an instant to grab my glasses off my face and set them on the dashboard. Since it was the first time I wasn’t on my knees with him standing, it felt like it’d be difficult to keep them up if Mr. Poln grew energetic, as he sometimes did.

“Yeah, those were the days,” my teacher continued, even as the schoolgirl in full attire wrapped her fingers around his growing rod. While I stuck out my tongue and began to tease his head, trying to avoid the drop of pre that I knew, at some point, I’d have to taste full on, he gave a wistful sigh and gazed out the window. “Kim, don’t ever have kids. Once you do, your life becomes work, and your marriage is just nothing but keeping them in line.” In order to keep one young woman in line just then, one of his hands rested on the back of my head, and I responded by licking the side of his cockhead. One of my fingers slid over the top, nabbing the precum and sliding it off his head, tucking it against his lap where I couldn’t taste it fully. I was still new to things, after all, and still skittish about all the things his cock did when it was near my mouth.

“Pretty soon, your wife’s cheating on you with one of your neighbors,” Mr. Poln continued, though when I looked up at him with concern on my brow, he didn’t seem particularly sad about that fact. In fact, he even gave a shrug of casual non-committance. “And you end up taking advantage of your students, because they’re so much sweeter than you ever remember her being.”

I blinked, holding his shaft in my palm, my lips connected to his cockhead with a thin bead of spit. Unsure of how to proceed, I just paused for a moment, as if awaiting Mr. Poln’s instructions. Thankfully my teacher didn’t keep me in that awkward moment for long, and after a momentary look of thought crossed his features, he quickly seemed to remember just what his current situation was. He gazed down at me and gave a laugh, shaking his head to dismiss whatever thoughts were in his mind, and letting his fingers entwine into the black hair at the back of my head. He offered me an encouraging smile, and despite myself in the awkward situation, I smiled back. It made me happy to know that I was taking his mind off of things, and I quickly turned back to my work. My lips parted and I moved my mouth over the top of his cockhead; closing my eyes as I sealed my lips, and let my tongue tease against the head.
“You’re getting so good at this.” Mr. Poln praised me, and in response I let my body get into a slightly better position, so that I could earn even more sweet words from my teacher. I moved so that my knees rested on the passenger side seat, and my rump was up in the air, nearly pressed to the window. It allowed me to service him better; my tiny frame contently fitting across both sides, with my head face down against my teacher’s lap. My uniform was the standard school garb; a pleated skirt, knee-high socks ending in simple black shoes, and a white dress shirt that was starting to feel hot and itchy inside the car after a long day of class. I ignored the discomfort and continued, moving my head up and down, taking one of Mr. Poln’s many inches into my mouth, past my lips.

In the past few days I had improved my technique, both through practice and a bit of study. I doubt I’m the only girl that’s gone online to study how to perform oral sex better, but I’m likely the only one that did it fastidiously and with quite the same nerdy flare. On Wednesday I had even scribbled a note or two on the inside of my wrist; peeking at them while I serviced him. There were no notes on Friday night though, and for the first time since our adventures had began, I felt like I didn’t need them.

Mr. Poln’s hand controlled my head fluidly as I continued to service him, moving my head down is slow, steady thrusts while one of my hands cupped its fingers near the base of his shaft. I was taking him easier now; only tending to cough and sputter if he got particularly rough, something he was still hesitant to do with his student. As it was, Mr. Poln’s seven inches turned out to be a good fit for me, easy enough to take a fair bit of, and yet long and thick enough for me to earn praise for extending myself, for going the extra mile. For being the honor student that was so very much in my nature. I went for that extra credit there in the car as we got started, and I let my mouth slide down his shaft, taking it to the very hilt. It was uncomfortable and for a moment I was worried I’d cough or choke, but Mr. Poln’s light grip on my head was enough to pull me back up before that happened. After only a week, he knew his student’s limits, knew what she was capable of. It was why he was such a good teacher.

He pulled my head up after the brief deepthroat, and with fingers curled in my hair tilted my head back, making me look up at him. Spit coated my lips and dribbled onto his cockhead, but he smiled, leaned in, and pressed a faint kiss to the top of my forehead in praise of my action. Despite how uncomfortable I was in these situations at times, I beamed like I had just been given a high honor, and turned my head down to return to work. I didn’t dare deepthroat him again for fear of ruining my good credit, but I worked as well as I ever had on his member at that point. My hand gripped his spit-slickened shaft, my tongue dances across his cockhead, and I started to savor a flavor I had found distasteful no more than a week ago. The car started to fill with sounds of my content slurping, but also with the pleased half-grunts of the forty year old I was tending to.

“Such a good girl.” More praise came, and I responded to it by lowering my other hand, and scooping them underneath my teacher’s sack. I let my mouth retreat from his shaft so I could pay attention to his undercarriage, suckling and teasing at them like I had learned to do. When I was finished playing with them with my tongue I pursed my lips, and let a long line of spit drizzle from my mouth over his sack, like I was gingerly icing a cake. Before I was able to return to servicing his member Mr. Poln took things to a new level, and I felt the hand leave my hair, leaving me, for a moment, vacant from his touch and whimpering at the loss of it.

It was a touch I wouldn’t be left missing for long, though. With a gasp of surprise I felt the back of my skirt flipped up, and the cool air of the car struck my rear, exposed now save for the plain white panties I had worn to school that day. In all of our interactions Mr. Poln hadn’t once touched me sexually or stripped me down, but it was there in the car that had decided to break that first boundary. His hand moved over the slope of my rear and down along one of my legs, his strong fingers spooning the inside of my thigh. He didn’t touch my sex directly just then, but for the
reaction it had on my body he might as well have. My knee buckled and I dipped forward, losing control for the briefest of seconds. The motion forced my head to bob forward, and the result was his spit covered shaft smearing across my face from chin to brow, leaving a trail of wetness across half of my face. I was left with my head there for a second, his cock flat up against my cheek, the head positioned above one of my eyes, and the bridge of my nose serving as the only boundary to prevent it from wiping all the way across my features. My lips were parted, and I gave a heavy, heady breath into the car, shuddering as my teacher’s fingers teased at the inside flesh of my pale, teenage thigh.

He said nothing; no dominating, deriding words, no confident and casual comments. He likely knew I had embarrassment in that moment defeated only by my curious arousal, and in his gentlemanly kindness decided not to shame me for it. Instead, the reward came through his touch, moving down my leg further, caressing me to the crook of my knee where it rested on the passenger seat. I wasn’t servicing him any more so much as clinging to him, one hand wrapped around his shaft, the other digging nails against the side of his knee, mouth open and agape, and cock wedged to the side my nose. He stunned me with the intense arousal I had in that moment, and most remarkable of all he did it without suddenly thrusting his fingers to my sex. Instead, I was left helpless my a tease of fingers down my thigh, and then a playful dance across my calf. He even hooked a finger against the inside of my white kneecap, and tugged it up, as if he had to make sure his schoolgirl was perfectly in uniform. When he was done teasing his hand trailed up once more, and there his palm rested against the side of my rear, only the tips of his fingers near the edge of my panties. It was stimulating but the hand didn’t move just yet, and it was still something I could recover from to continue my duties. To help me in my struggle Mr. Poln threaded the fingers of his other hand back into my hair, and guided my mouth to take his cockhead anew. I groaned around his member, my lips sealing, and my neck working to allow his flesh to thread against my tongue with delightful ease. The stimulation of his hand possessively on my rear only forced my young body to respond with growing passion, and before too long, I found myself taking him quicker than I would have without that encouragement. The hand at his shaft began to work in time with my mouth, and before long I had pressed my lips against the edge of my fist, making sure that no part of Mr. Poln’s precious cock would go ungraced by his student’s touch for too long. With my head and fist working in unison, I began to service Mr. Poln so well that he gave a loud grunt, clearly having to force back a climax he wasn’t prepared to lose just yet.

Something was starting inside of me, a feeling that I had only briefly experienced in my time with Mr. Poln before that day. A feeling of arousal beyond a teenage girl’s mild curiosity, something that felt very feminine, very strong, very...adult. Something that, perhaps, I wasn’t meant to feel in high school, and yet was driven there by the feel of my teacher’s fingers at the edge of my panties, and the slope of his hard shaft moving past the reach of my tongue. I was wet, and undeniably so, I could feel it against the garment of my thin panties, and I could feel a heat below my sex that was altogether new to me. Aside from a few nights in which I had explored my body in the past, my experiences in my own blossoming arousal was fairly minimal, and never had I ever experienced anything even close to what I was feeling now.

I was ashamed of what came out of my mouth, yes, but by the same token there was no way I could resist saying it. The words were offered in between heavy strokes of Mr. Poln’s cock with my mouth and fist, and as my sloppy deliverance of my services continued, my teacher was treated to two messy, slurred words from a very horny young woman.

“Touch...me.” It was a plead, a beg, maybe even a wish. My voice carried into the car very mildly, as a sweet, soft plea from a desperate young woman. Mr. Poln gave another noise of contentment, and as was the case with my kind teacher, didn’t torment me for obeying the wishes of my own body. He obliged in simple fashion, moving his hand over some, more towards the center of my
womanhood. He didn’t touch me underneath my panties, but at that point, he hardly needed to. His strong touch moved against my sex through the slick frame of my underwear, and my voice cried out in a sudden, glorious noise. A noise I never thought I could make, but one that was rivaled in its heat and desperation only by the sheer and utter submission that it offered to my teacher. His fingers against my sex made me buckle and tremble, and all I could do was keep taking his cock into my mouth, sucking and stroking it while he showed me what arousal really was.

In all the years since, I’ve only been able to think of one true way to describe what he did to me in the car. Only one thing I could think of to compare me to. As silly as it sounds, I was like a chocolate chip cookie dipped into milk. I was strong and resolute, but when he put his fingers upon me and began getting me wet, the cream weakened my resolve. And with every dunk, with every dip, I became more fragile, more moist, and more delicious. By the time my climax came, I was like a cookie that had broken off in the drink, unable to stay together anymore, unable to do anything but break, and hope he could fish me from the bottom of the glass.

My vision went dark as I came, and I shook, trembled, and cried out into the confined space of the car. Distantly I could hear another passing car go by, but I had long since lost the ability to care if we were seen. In that moment, my world had become Mr. Poln’s touch, as well as his member, and I was soaked in his training more than I had ever been focused on any of my studies. My body came with such desire from his fingers dancing over my panties that my head bobbed forward, and for instants, moments, I could scarcely tell where I was.

By the time I had recovered my senses, the car had the unmistakeable smell of sex and lust. Mr. Poln’s member was underneath my chin now, hanging limp into his trousers, with a small pool of cream leaking from the tip of his head. As I gazed at it I quickly realized that my mouth was full, and a flavor was thick against my tongue. In my post-orgasmic bliss I tried to piece together the seconds that led up to this, but I could remember nothing but the blinding light of my teacher bringing me to orgasm. When I got into his car that Friday night I would have recoiled from the touch of his cum on my face, but in that heated moment I thought nothing of closing my eyes, tightening my throat, and swallowing the mouthful with a ready eagerness. The flavor delighted me, like a child that refused to try something they didn’t like the look of, only to find it was delicious in a way she never knew.

Mr. Poln gave my head a warm pet as I swallowed, and guided me as my neck dropped forward, and I found myself pressing a kiss into the side of his shaft; tenderly licking at it while my trembling hands worked to tuck him back into his pants. After a moment I looked up at him, my hair a mess, my cheeks red, and cum still against the side of my lips. His strong finger guided past my cheek to collect that cream; pressing it into my mouth, where I cleaned the tip with my tongue, and closed my eyes in submissive, blissful delight.

“Thank you, Kim.” Mr. Poln’s voice finally came, and he helped me back into my seat. Patiently he waited while I caught my breath, straightened my hair, and secured my safety belt once again. My hands smoothed down the length of my bare knees, and I steadied myself, trying to regain any sort of composure.

“I’m looking forward to Monday.” He offered with a smile, quirking a brow as the car’s engine started. And despite myself, despite my shame, my head eagerly nodded, and I gave my older teacher a bright, cheerful smile.

“Me too!”

Days later I pouted, with my chin in my hand, and my forehead pressed against the side of my
Dad’s passenger window. No more than three days ago I had enjoyed the most exciting moment of my life in a passenger seat in a car, but now it felt like a slogging funeral march. Mr. Poln adored my mouth, which was now sore, achey, and lined with metal against my teeth.

What would he do, now that he couldn’t have it anymore?

Chapter End Notes

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you’d like to see more of my writing.
Brace Yourself

Chapter Summary

So, you're a high school girl doing dirty things with your teacher, but you just got braces and your mouth is too sore to give a proper blowjob. What do you do? Well...there's other places to put that thing...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Detention for Kim

Chapter 3: Brace Yourself
-By Drace Domino

Classes had gone predictably poorly for me that Monday. I spent most of my time trying to make sure that my mouth was closed, afraid to open up and reveal to the others that I had been suited with braces over the weekend. In many ways it was an easy feat to accomplish; I didn’t have many friends and none to speak of that would seek me out unless I made the first effort, so it wasn’t a challenge for me to slink to the sidelines during lunch, or make sure that between classes I was snugly hidden away on the very outskirts of the halls. At a private school of the sort I attended, pretty much everyone dressed alike. A sea of pressed dress slacks for the boys and pleated skirts for the girls; hundreds of white dress shirts with a blue accessory if the student felt like standing out. It was a bit bland to look out over our student body, unless someone had a thing for finely dressed Catholic boys or schoolgirls with skirts that rose just above their knees. Then, well...then it was a delight to see, I imagine, but from my perspective after so many years it was a bit boring. And more than boring, everyone had a unified look, meaning anyone that was a little different from that nearly robotic lineup would be descended upon like a fish in the middle of a shark tank.

When I was just starting out in school, that identifying marker was my glasses. Thick lenses even as a child, I had a hard time seeing straight without them. As we all grew up and the other students learned a thing or two about different races, being Japanese was enough to single me out. Dark hair, almond eyes, fairly pale skin...I didn’t look like the rest of them, in a very noticeable fashion. Those prejudices faded in time though, and the novelty of the Asian girl in class only came up when a new student arrived and wanted to pick on her to make themselves cool. That hadn’t happened in a while, and I was starting to think that I’d be able to get through my senior year without incident, and could safely blend into the shadows and ignore all that nonsense until I graduated.

But as I walked the halls that day, I knew that wasn’t going to be the case. The stigma of glasses went away as more students grew up and needed them. The prejudice against the Asian girl faded as kids grew up and realized that it was okay to be from a different culture. But one shame that would never fade, that would never go away?

Having braces when you were eighteen years old.

I was terrified of revealing it, and so my mouth remained knit shut tight throughout the day. Disappointing, considering how much I had recently learned that I enjoyed opening it. As I mentioned, it wasn’t an issue with avoiding friends, but what truly set the tone for the day was my
classes. I couldn’t raise my hand to be first to answer, nor could I put my teachers through a litany of follow-up questions about the assigned homework. Several of them asked if I was all right, and I just nodded and smiled, eager to move on and get to my next lost opportunity. My mouth had ached throughout almost the entire day thanks to the braces, and I was very, very eager by the time the final bell came to be able to head home.

I hadn’t had class with Mr. Poln that afternoon; my history lessons were replaced with a study hall on Mondays, and at the time I had considered that a blessing. I wouldn’t have to sit through his class gazing at him, shifting in my seat and wondering if he’d be mad that my mouth wasn’t in fitting condition for after class. Not that it didn’t stop me from worrying about it, but it was easier not having to see him. But when the bell rang and the other students started to head home, I knew that I owed Mr. Poln at least a visit, and I made my way to his classroom at the end of one of the halls. I had barely made it halfway down the hall before the janitor shut the lights off for the night, leaving the hallway lit only by the emergency lightning and what sun was able to slip in through the blinds along the walls.

I loved school after hours; I always found it peaceful and relaxing. To take a place that was usually so full of noise and chaos, to strip it down to something calm and quiet was wonderfully refreshing. I took my time walking to Mr. Poln’s office, one of my hands holding my bookbag over a shoulder, and the other idly stretched out, letting my fingers dance across the cold metal of the line of lockers. I wasn’t in a hurry, but I also wasn’t delaying unnecessarily. My pace was casual, and hinging somewhere in between timid and excited, a state Mr. Poln seemed to have a tendency to place me within.

I idly licked my tongue across the metal of the braces on my teeth, something I could already tell was becoming a nervous habit. As I moved to the front of his office and put my hand on the doorknob, I took a deep breath, steadying myself before opening up and slipping inside.

“Kim.” Mr. Poln’s voice greeted me as soon as I slipped inside, and my eyes passed over the dimly lit history room over to his desk. He was leaning back in his chair, making marks against a clipboard, while a nearby cup of coffee sat, filling the room with a freshly brewed scent. My eyes fell on my teacher, still finding him as handsome as I did before our interactions started, before he had begun helping himself to my body. For the first time since Friday I saw his strong jawline, and those experienced fingers that had so expertly brought me to a climax in his car. I tensed for a moment, the memories flooding back, but before too long I managed to force a nod, and address my teacher in kind.

“Mr. Poln,” I offered, moving my backpack down to hold in both hands, walking forward casually. The rubber of my dress shoes squeaked against the tile floor, a simple sound that echoed like a gunshot in the otherwise empty silence of the room. Without wanting to delay the moment, I took a breath, and then blurted out the matter at hand. “Mr. Poln, I can’t do that...that thing we usually do today, I-”

“You got braces?” Mr. Poln looked up from his clipboard, and gave me a coy smile. At my confused look regarding how he knew, he just laughed a little, and waggled the clipboard at me before tossing it onto his desk. “You didn’t really think that it wouldn’t be the talk of the town around here, did you? If someone wears the wrong color after Arbor Day, you can bet the Jennison girl will make sure the whole school knows it.” He gave a chuckle at that, but the revealed secret didn’t make me feel any more confident. I shifted in place, rubbing my legs together, and holding a tighter grip on the edge of my bookbag. Mr. Poln just continued, but he stood up from his seat as he did so, beginning to move around his desk and slowly work towards approaching me.

“You don’t worry about it, Kim,” his tone was comforting and kind, and he offered me a supportive
smile that somehow made my own feel better. “I’m sure you’re sore. We’ll wait for a few days before we go back to it, give you some time to rest up.”

I blinked, and gave a sudden nod, answering before my mind even had a chance to process the fact that we’d still be doing these things days from now.

“Wonderful!” I chirped up, tipping my hand far too early, and making Mr. Poln smirk in regards to it. “Thanks for understanding, Mr. Poln! I should head out then, maybe I can still catch the bu-”

“No, Kim, not so fast.” Mr. Poln held out a hand, silencing me instantly like the obedient girl I was becoming. I stood there dumbstruck as my teacher continued, and he approached me like a tiger moving on prey, shifting back and forth until he stood but a foot away from me. Instantly I could pick up the scent of his cologne; something that had started to show up on my shirts and skirts, causing me no small amount of irritation as I had to launder all my clothes anew each night. Uniforms were a bit of a pain sometimes. As Mr. Poln stood before me my head tilted up, and I gazed through the lenses of my glasses to the man that was ever controlling my body with his mere presence. Already I could feel my pace quickening and my body heat; and I squeezed my thighs together involuntarily, as if reacting to something primal that my good girl sensibilities didn’t want to admit.

“Just because you can’t use your mouth,” he continued, and reached forward with one of his hands. He allowed the back of his knuckles to brush down the slope of my cheek; a delicate touch that made my knees nearly buckle on the spot. I was staring now; with wide eyes, flushed cheeks, and a stunned expression on my face. Mr. Poln just continued with a confident touch to his voice. “That doesn’t mean we can’t continue your studies. Follow me, Kim.”

I practically floated behind him as he walked back to the desk, my legs moving without my mind actually telling them to. I was pulled along almost entirely on instinct, as my body rejected my hesitations and profoundly, undeniably said “You need this, Kim.” Before too long Mr. Poln had stood me just before the end of his desk, so close that my knees were touching the side of it. Curiously I glanced over at him, only to watch as he moved behind me, and lowered his strong grip to my waist.

“Ah…” A gasp slipped from my lips as my history teacher took hold, and my hands moved to rest atop his own. For all of the things we had done in the past week, I was still taken off guard by Mr. Poln’s touch, still completely disarmed by being handled by a man more than twice my age. I wondered idly if it would be like that with every man, if every hand that would grip me in the future would make me gasp, make me hot, make me wet...or if it was simply the burning taboo nature of what Mr. Poln had drug me into. And if it really was a side effect of our illicit affair, I wondered if that rush of excitement would ever fade with time or overuse. Secretly, even secret to myself, I hoped that it wouldn’t.

Mr. Poln’s hands squeezed at my waist, and he pulled me back a bit, letting his lap roll against the back of my rear. I could feel his warmth, breathe his scent, and as his hips rolled I could certainly sense the presence of his length underneath the fabric of his slacks. Part of me wanted to instantly turn around, drop to my knees, and take him as I had been for the past week, but something much more powerful inside of me told me to behave and stand still. It told me that something greater was coming, if only my teenage body could be patient.

His hands slipped away from underneath my own, and Mr. Poln took the opportunity to begin exploring my body. I was left a gasping mess as one of his palms moved over my stomach and drifted up, finally closing over one of my breasts. His hand pressed in, through the fabric of my dress shirt and the cotton of my bra, and I could feel his grip tighten around me in a way no other
man’s ever had. My voice carried out into a muffled cry, one that would have been louder had I lacked the foresight to slide a hand over my mouth. After all, school had only just ended, and I could still hear the hissing rattle of idling school busses from through an opened window at a distant end of the room. My cry went into a muffled whimper, and I bit down on my fingers as I felt Mr. Poln’s hand slowly massage my breast, squeezing it, rolling his grip, and all the while pushing into my back. I felt gloriously trapped, paralyzed by his possessive hold, and unable to do anything but control my reactions for both our sakes. His other hand soon moved up to take my other breast, and soon Mr. Poln’s hands were full, squeezing me in a building hunger as he clutched me close to him. He was tall enough that laying flat against him brought the top of my head to just underneath his chin, and as I rested back, panting and whimpering, I felt a warmth that was frightening in its addictive sensation. There was security there, but also danger, the two flirting and dancing in a way that only my history teacher could force the elements to battle.

“Mr. Poln…” I whispered, my fingers leaving my mouth and my tongue briefly dancing across the front of my braces. “We...we shouldn’t be doing this…” Words spoken purely from a good girl upbringing, a triggered response that I didn’t believe for even a fraction of a second. Fortunately, Mr. Poln saw right through my programmed words, and he silenced me first with a squeeze of both my breasts, and then by lowering his head, and taking a deep, sensual breath of my hair. The sound of him taking in my shampoo’s scent, and the shudder that went through his body afterwards, still stands as one of the most erotic moments of my life. Leaning back into him, letting him fondle, smell, and caress me...I knew then, what was to come. I was going to lose my virginity to Mr. Poln, right there, right then, and I couldn’t imagine a reality in which I wouldn’t want it to happen.

Mr. Poln said nothing, not even any words to reply to my feigned desire to stop. He read my body well, and let his hands further drag me into the web of arousal and desire that I was increasingly falling into. He kept one at my breast, while the other moved up, slipping against the collar of my shirt. One by one I could feel the buttons of my blouse open up, and in the stillness of the room I could even hear the snap of plastic as they came free of the fabric, exposing more and more of me to the open air. I was trembling hard, but he kept me grounded with that firm, doting hand on my breast, rolling his powerful grip, and once even teasing me through the bra with the back of his knuckle, experting pinpointing where my sensitive bud would be. My knees buckled, but they remained steady thanks to being pressed against the desk, a decision I now see as all part of Mr. Poln’s master plan to have me that evening after class.

Before too long, my shirt was open, and my pale flesh was exposed to the curious fingers of my teacher. I was forced to bite my hand again as his touch went over my stomach, those calloused digits teasing my soft, light skin. I was never a supermodel, but I had done what I could to stay in shape, or at least, in shape enough to avoid any teasing from other girls in high school. As a result my body type was quite average, my rounded breasts a bit on the small side, but nowhere near to the point of one of my friends. I had a friend that went to college the year previous, who boasted an A-cup so small her frame was often mistaken for a boy’s. Poor Alice. She’d never know what it’d feel like to have her history teacher fondle her, preparing to make her a woman atop his desk. Mr. Poln’s hands left my body only long enough to strip away my shirt entirely, and once it had fallen to the tile floor below, he let his fingers go to the back of my simple, department store bra. It wasn’t sexy; and at the time I was ashamed at its plain white frame, but I’m sure that anything else would’ve been easy for Mr. Poln to see through; I wasn’t the type of girl to wear sexy underthings. Yet.

I could feel his masculine hands toying with the snap at the back of my bra, and then there was the sudden release as it came free, my breasts falling a bit once the tension holding them to my chest was released. I closed my arms around them for a second, a brief shyness overtaking me, but by that point I had long-since been trained to know what was coming, and what was expected. I
turned my shyness around rather quickly, and instead of covering myself up like some afraid little girl I owned the moment, and willingly pulled my bra away, exposing myself in the history classroom.

Mr. Poln seemed pleased, and he rewarded me for being so bold by letting his fingers shift down my body, drawing lines down both sides of my waist. I shuddered, rocking with him now as his hips started to sway, the promise of what was to come building up more and more. He took my hands into his own and lowered them, moving them down, down past my waist, to the edge of my skirt. He gave a simple command, emphasized by a thrust forward with his hips, making me nearly squeal from the delight he was promising me.

“Lift.”

I did so with a nod, and nervous, trembling fingers. My hands lifted up my skirt, exposing to the empty classroom the plain white panties; now marked with a wet streak at the front, and it freed up Mr. Poln’s hands to snake forward. He circumvented my skirt, hooking his fingers against the waistband of my panties, and rolling them back and forth, forcing them to grate against me, tease me, torment me just enough to make me whimper further in the bumbling mess he was turning me into. My breathing was so heavy I’m sure he could hear it, my chest rising and falling from the tension in the moment. And when my panties started to lower, dropped down by my forty-some year old teacher, I was almost positive that I’d faint. Somehow I maintained, though my body was almost impossibly aroused at that point, and with my panties laying around my ankles, I finally lowered my skirt. It hid my exposed sex from Mr. Poln, but that was only part of my intention. Secretly, in my teenage inexperience, I was worried that he’d be able to smell my excitement, and somehow wouldn’t like it. Naive, yes, but thankfully my teacher was on to my teenage nonsense, and his arms drew against me from behind, holding me close as he finally, after all this time, offered me a few whispered words of encouragement.

“Boys like cheerleaders, Kim,” he whispered, as one hand went flat against my stomach, pressing me back into his strong frame. My eyes opened, arching curiously at his words, until he drove his point home with an emphasis that my young, insecure self desperately needed to hear. “You don’t know how sexy you are to a grown man.”

The words to this day stick with me, and in that moment they meant so much that I nearly teared up. Well...I would have, if by that point I wasn’t already so aroused that I was about to pounce on my teacher myself. Regardless, it made it easy for Mr. Poln to turn me in his arms, and lay me flat to the top of the desk. I went down to it with a gasp; my cheeks red and my arms falling back, spreading myself out for my teacher to view. My black locks were spread about the desk, my glasses askew on my eyes. I fit perfectly on Mr. Poln’s desk, with my knees bent and my school shoes perched at the very corners of it. The action had flipped my skirt back up to lay across my stomach, exposing my wet, ready slit to my teacher. I had a small tuft of black hair near the top; unshaven, but I naturally didn’t grow very much. The sight of it clearly pleased my teacher, because the look on Mr. Poln’s face was ravenous, and he took a long, deep breath before stepping up to the edge of the desk.

His hands worked furiously, moving to his zipper and making short work of the restraining pants. I heard the clatter of his belt hitting the tile, along with the noise of fabric landing in a pile, but before I could even see his cock that I by now adored, there was the sound of a wet slap as his cockhead struck against the outside of my lips. He had flopped it right out, letting it strike my sensitive folds, and I gave a sudden cry that was so loud I threw both my hands over my mouth, breaking down into a whimper after the moment subsided. Mr. Poln just grinned, and pressed in close, taking one hand to guide his cock direct to my entrance. My heart was racing, head spinning, and I was preparing myself for the pain of my first time, but much to my surprise, it was nowhere
near what I had been told.

In the moments of Mr. Poln taking my virginity, there was some pain, and some discomfort, but those sensations were vastly overwhelmed by the careful, sensual motions of my teacher. The pinch of his cockhead slipping inside of my walls came as the first surprise, and I was amazed at how...intoxicating it felt. The warmth, the presence of my teacher’s member inside of me, I almost instantly wanted more. As he got comfortable, and his member went a little deeper, Mr. Poln scooped an arm underneath one of my knees, and lifted my leg to spread me out more. The knee was soon hooked around his shoulder, and I could see in my hazy vision that it was the same leg that still had my panties dangling from them, swaying lewdly with each motion. A fitting white flag of surrender if there ever was one.

His hands fell on my thighs, and he pushed forward slowly, bringing himself to the cusp of my womanhood. To say it was a painless experience would be lying, but I also firmly believe that despite our taboo relationship, and despite the debauched things I have done with Mr. Poln since then, he took me like the most caring of lovers. Mr. Poln, even in his dominating embrace, even when I was but a timid teenage girl on her knees on tile floor, sucking him to climax and cringing at the cum, had never scared me. His mastery of me, of my body, came from something beyond fear, something beyond abuse. Something I was all too willing to give in to, and something that eased my first time into a moment so thrilling and delightful that I felt wonderfully happy to experience it.

By the time the pain from my lost virginity faded, Mr. Poln was slowly taking me, having at me with steady, slow thrusts. From the expression on his face, I could tell it had been a very long time since he had been inside a woman. It was a mix of relief, pleasure, and an almost reminiscent glow, as if he was remembering what pussy felt like. His hands moved from my thighs to brace against his desk, and he loomed over me, his thrusts growing a bit quicker, and taking me a little deeper. My walls clutched him tight, each motion of his cock drawing out new levels of moisture from me, new excitements that I didn’t know I could feel. I was lined with sweat as I reached a hand out, and dared to cross the gap between us to move my fingers into my teacher’s brown hair, tangling in the locks, and holding onto him with a loose grip. His older features bent into a smile, and I could feel my tongue pass over my braces once more from the building habit. We were rocking in time now, the smell of sex undeniable in the room, and my young frame firmly pinned underneath my diligent teacher.

We didn’t say much; although I was almost constantly moaning, whimpering, or biting on my fingers to avoid outright screaming. The dim history classroom was filled briefly with the sound of busses going past, and I remember not even caring if the blinds were drawn down far enough, or the windows tilted away from it enough. Before too long I had moved my legs forward, and had taken the initiative to wrap them around Mr. Poln’s waist, linking my ankles together to make sure our union was firmly connected. I was still wearing my schoolgirl skirt, flipped up now so Mr. Poln could watch himself deflowering his student, but I also still wore my knee socks and shoes, a stripe of white leading into stark black along each leg. My ankles shifted and I threw my head back, whimpering in passion as I ground my hips against my teacher’s, eager to feel more of what he could do to my body.

“Such a good student…” Mr. Poln smirked as one of his hands moved up, brushing past my cheek, and pressing his thumb against my lips. I willingly parted them, taking his digit against my tongue, and suckling on it as if it were his member. My eyes were heady and lust-filled through my glasses, and I stared at him like the broken doll that I had become. I gave a murmur of agreement with his words around his thumb, and my hands moved to rest on his shoulders, hanging onto him so that he couldn’t thrust me right off the desk.
“I’m giving you some homework for tonight, Kim,” he continued, his hips still rocking forward, his member still hilting me amidst the livid gasps I was offering around his thumb. My eyes blearily opened and I tried to focus, for even as I was being taken by my teacher, the idea of homework still registered as something my diligent side should pay attention to. As he administered it I could feel myself melt, drawn even more into the haze. “You’re going to do some research….mmn. Look up positions. And tomorrow, you’re going to tell me how you want me to fuck you.”

My cheeks flushed at that, the idea of being given that tiny level of control making my entire body tremble. I was to think about positions...and decide which one my teacher would use to take me. And then, openly ask him to do it. The idea rattled around in my mind, instantly spinning with possibilities, but at the moment I couldn’t offer him any more than a moaning nod as my walls tightened further around him. Mr. Poln just grinned, and braced his hands against my stomach, starting to thrust harder into me.

“Good,” he breathed out; sweat starting to line his brow, and his face beginning to show signs of strain. His cock took me deep on every thrust, and just as the desk made aching sounds on each motion, I too made noises of my own threats to shatter. Mr. Poln’s voice drowned us both out though, and as he spoke I could tell that the moment was coming very close, for both of us. “You belong to me now, Kim.”

The words echoed inside of me, and combined with the pistoning of his member, I lost my control and exploded in desire. My voice carried out into a sudden moan, my glasses falling from my face to the desk below, and my sex convulsing tightly around my teacher’s cock. Mr. Poln met his own peak, but his older sense of responsibility kicked in, and just before his moment arose he yanked himself free, grabbing his member and giving it the last final jerk to completion. While my sex twitched and convulsed, I could feel the spray of his cum against my hood, slathering me in cream, before shooting up and across my body. Like white hot bullets I felt his strikes of cum riddle my body, one against my stomach, one over my chest, and most distant of all, one that splashed over my face, crossing my open mouth from my chin to the bridge of my nose.

My tongue licked across my braces, this time with the flavor of my teacher’s cum as a reward.

Mr. Poln pulled back after the moment ended, and my legs were left to dangle over the edge of the desk. I hadn’t been filled with his seed, but what he shot against my hood now drizzled down my sex, travelling the course of my pussy to pool against the flat surface of his desk. My hands idly worked to collect the seed that had been shot against my stomach and chest, and I toyed with it, feeling the texture and consistency in my digits, before I let the dirty fingers travel to my mouth. While Mr. Poln watched me, I licked his cum from my fingers, like the good girl I had been trained to be. Trained by my parents, trained by my school, trained by my teacher.

And the good girl always did what her teacher said.

The good girl always did her homework.

End of Chapter 3.

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading! :D I hope you're enjoying Detention for Kim so far!

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Principles and Principals

Chapter Summary

What happens when your boss catches you with one of your students? Well...it's time to make a deal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Detention for Kim
Chapter 4: Principles and Principals
-by Drace Domino

Doggy. I had settled on doggy. Granted, I went about my homework in the nerdiest way possible; looking up positions and the various sensations they supposedly focused on, conducting what was likely the most bland and clinical observation of sexual positions ever imagined. My motivation was pure though; in that I wanted to make sure I picked a position that Mr. Poln would not only enjoy, but one that I would find memorable.

It was just one night ago that my history teacher, after taking my virginity on top of his desk in his classroom, had given me the homework assignment of picking what position he would take me next. It had been a gentle demand, like most of Mr. Poln’s orders, but laying underneath the seemingly simple request there were layers upon layers of deeper meaning. Choosing a position was a difficult task for a young woman that wasn’t terribly experienced; even if she was eighteen. I was still quite naive, and hadn’t experienced anything even remotely sexual that wasn’t with my forty-something year old teacher. If Mr. Poln was expecting something new and exciting that young people were doing these days he’d be sorely disappointed, but then, I think by that point he had a pretty clear idea of the type of girl he was playing with.

I was up late that night, pouring through information on the Internet, trying to get to the bare basics of sexual positions without being swarmed by pornography. I didn’t want stimulating images, I wanted cold, hard facts! The average depth a man can get in one position versus the other, how much leverage he has for an expected thrusting force, testimonials about the female orgasm in comparison to the different positions! I knew that I was absolutely not prepared to try being on top just yet; despite Mr. Poln’s clear attraction to me the teenage doubt of my own appearance was still very much present in my young mind. If I was going to choose a position with Mr. Poln, it wouldn’t be one where I was necessarily on display, and it certainly wouldn’t be one that put me in a position of being the aggressor. And so, as I looked through them all, I ruled them out one by one for various reasons. For the unwanted authority they would lend to me, for the physical limitations of a middle aged teacher and a teenage girl that wasn’t particularly athletic, or simply because they didn’t arouse me as I read them over at two in the morning, sitting there in my pajamas.

My parents believed in an early bedtime, and by that point they had already been asleep for four hours, distantly down the hall. The house was kept bathed in darkness, save for the dim glow of my monitor, which I knew from experience my parents could see unless I took the precaution of lining the bottom of my closed door with laundry to hide it. The house was still and silent, save only for the creak of it settling, the gentle tapping of my keyboard, and of course...the occasional,
aroused whimper as I idly toyed with myself.

My hand was down the front of my long pajama bottoms, fingers and palm curled under the waistband of my panties. I had been toying with myself for the past hour, keeping my arousal on the very edge, and keeping my fingers quite wet and delightfully coated in my nectar. Since my experiences with Mr. Poln began I had been slowly waking up to my sexuality, and masturbation had slipped into my mind much more frequently lately in the still of night when I was alone to let my imagination wonder. As I hooked a single finger into my pussy and gave myself an unfulfilling, but certainly teasing prod, my mind was spinning with the possibilities of what Mr. Poln and I did together. In the past week I had sucked his cock so often that I could still remember the feel of it in my mouth, and how my tongue would dance on the underside of it, making him squirm and throb against my lips. There in my bedroom, my tongue didn’t pass by anything more exciting than the metal frame of my braces, but my imagination was livid enough to conjure the sensation of my teacher taking me again. I could almost feel his encouraging hand at the back of my head, or the press of my nose into his lap in the rare instances in which he’d force me into deepthroating him. I started to rock back and forth on my chair, my fingers becoming more eager the more I pondered it. And the positions, oh the positions, each one was a wonderful thing for me to imagine. Even if they weren’t the position of choice for the next time I was with my teacher, I could still enjoy imagining what it would be like to be claimed in them. My head danced with thoughts of me riding Mr. Poln, confident as any beautiful woman could be, thrusting my lap into his own and making him fuck me, and not the other way around. I envisioned him taking me missionary style again, but with both my legs looped around one of his shoulders, letting him have at me with a deeper, more passionate ferocity. Then I thought about him claiming me doggy style, and I knew that would certainly be my choice for the next evening. Something about it made me melt, and I could feel the fingers inside my sex speeding up, coaxing me into even greater heights of pleasure. My eyes were dimly focused on simple line drawings of the position, but in my head I could see was myself, on hands and knees, being fucked by my teacher on the floor of his classroom. The tile of his floor hurt my knees; I knew that much from all the blowjobs I had given him, but somehow it was even more exciting knowing I’d be completely doubled over, offering myself to my teacher like the animal the position was so named for. There was something ultimately submissive about it, like uttering “this hole belongs to you,” without ever needing to speak a word. I would kneel there, and I would be fucked by my teacher until he was finished, and then-

The idea of him cumming inside me flitted into my mind, and at the thought of it I gave a sharp little cry into the darkness of my bedroom. The sudden thrill of it made my walls tense around my fingers, and goosebumps rise on almost every part of me. Just a few hours ago, Mr. Poln had pulled out at the last minute, and showered me with his cum across my pussy, my stomach, even up to my face. At the time I was thankful for it, afraid to get pregnant as every virgin girl is, but in the heat of that moment there in my bedroom...well, my mind spun with possibilities. There had been so very much cum that shot across me hours ago, what if he had instead shot it all...inside of me? My sex tightened and I hunched forward, bracing an arm against the desk as my other hand started to work faster. I was close now, picturing what it would feel like to be fucked and taken by Mr. Poln, and imagining what it’d be like to be filled with his cream. I had no frame of reference, but I imagined it to be warm and delightful, like a sweet coating for the inside of my sex. My eyes blearily looked at the simple line drawings of people doing doggy style, as if the research was still continuing, but by that point my mind had been lost. I brought myself to a peak while pretending Mr. Poln was fucking me, cumming inside of me, and then rolling me to the side to let it slowly leak out of my used, and well-claimed sex.
Once I caught my breath, the diligent student recovered, and I almost immediately began to look up information on birth control pills.

If looking up positions was homework for the first day, I considered researching the pill to be working ahead. After all, it might be part of a future lesson.

The next day I met up with Mr. Poln just as I had planned, eagerly counting down the hours until after class. I had been shifting in my seat throughout the entire day, constantly fidgeting with the hem of my skirt, and letting my tongue dance over the front of my braces on so many different occasions. I had been sexually awakened, and was eager for more of it, even if it came from the stiff member of my older history teacher. I wasn’t shyly afraid of his cock anymore; I craved it. The sensations it gave me the previous day spun through my mind almost nonstop, and I spent the entire day in class moist underneath my panties, always just at the very edge of immeasurable arousal. I practically skipped to his classroom after the final bell rang, my throat tight from nervousness, but my insides warm and excited.

I tossed my bookbag into my locker before heading to Mr. Poln’s class, and paused at the girl’s restroom to make sure I was looking to my teacher’s liking. Glasses squarely on my face, my black hair straightened down my head. My schoolgirl outfit was just recently cleaned and pressed, and my skirt’s pleats were as perfect as ever. I bent down to straighten the lengths of my black socks, forcing them to go taught until they stopped just under my knee, and as I did so I caught one last glance at myself.

Even in my naivety, I knew about the cliche of the slutty Japanese schoolgirl. The mewling, mindless fuckdoll that would lay back and let a man thrust into them, or lay with sealed lips and a cringing face as countless men jerked off onto her face. And as I stood there adjusting my sock, gazing at myself in the mirror, I knew I was closer to those women than I ever would’ve imagined I would be. I was already eager to fuck my teacher, and I had been servicing him with my mouth with a growing, building hunger. The only difference was those girls in the videos so often looked like they were coerced, or pressured into things. And while my first time with Mr. Poln had certainly come under similar circumstances, since our time together began my interests had grown.

I smiled wide, and I could see my braces in the reflection, accenting nicely with my glasses. I looked every bit the cliche, and I was ready to fuck like one.

I trotted to Mr. Poln’s classroom, eagerly dropping my hand on the doorknob and swinging it open, calling out into the room without really looking.

“Mr. Poln, I’m read-oh.” My voice was silenced as I looked into the room, and my eyes took in the scene before me. Mr. Poln was there, that was for certain, sitting behind his desk like he always was, like he had been waiting for me. But his expression had fallen and looked taken aback, and I quickly spotted why. Standing across from his desk was the principal of the school, Mr. Lorne.

Mr. Lorne was a stern man by any stretch of the imagination. Bald, sour faced, probably in his late forties at the time. While most of the other students at the school had nice things to say about Mr. Poln, the same couldn’t be said about his employer. Not that he was a bad man, most likely far from it, but he was a no-nonsense educator that wasn’t known for throwing up his hands and gently going “kids will be kids” like some of the softer teachers were. When I stepped inside, Mr. Lorne’s head turned to me in an angry glare, his arms folded across his chest and his eyes gazing ahead without any trace of emotion. I instantly froze, my mind going blank, and my excitement crashing into fear like the sudden stop of a car crash. My already pale features went even lighter, and I could feel all the burning heat of arousal cease in a sudden, frigid instant.
The moment was incredibly awkward, as the three of us stood there, each trying to read the other’s thoughts. I wanted to look over at Mr. Poln, to get encouragement or advice from him, but even if I wasn’t too terrified to move my head, I knew that it’d only lend credibility to the worst suspicions that Mr. Lorne could have. Suspicions that, if we’re being honest, couldn’t be any more true.

“Kimberly…” Mr. Poln used my full first name to break the silence, and it was enough for my head to tilt to him, arching a brow and trying to feign ignorance. Mr. Poln’s speech was slow and paced, and I could tell my teacher was being careful. I had heard him talk in similar tones to students that were having a hard time learning, but now, it seemed very clear that he was picking his words to avoid the worst of outcomes. “This is a private meeting between myself and Mr. Lorne. If you need assistance with your studies, I’m available any time during study hall tomo-

“Oh, for god’s sakes, David, I’m not a fucking idiot.” Mr. Lorne’s voice chirped in, sounding every bit as accusatory, hard, and demanding as I expected. It made us both flinch like we were students caught doing something we shouldn’t, and Mr. Lorne saw our shared reaction, which only worked to fuel the fire he was stoking. “Kim Chang is one of the best students we have, I don’t think she needs to drop by your office after class to help her remember when the Three-Fifths Compromise was put into effect.”

“Seventeen eighty-seven.” I chirped up, the good girl reaction triggering so fast that I couldn’t even control it. My eyes went wide as I realized what I had just offered up, and I swallowed sheepishly, adding as a quick addendum. “…sir.”

Mr. Lorne regarded me with that cold glance of his and reached up a hand, smoothing it over his scalp, which had been bald for as long as I had known him. He was the sort of man that likely went bald just around the top, but fully embraced it by shaving his head entirely, giving him more of a look of authority and power. As opposed to Mr. Poln, who embraced his mane of shaggy, cute brown hair with streaks of gray, aging gracefully and warmly.

Lorne looked back to my history teacher and glared at him, his eyes narrow as he process what was going on. I wasn’t known as the bad girl, but then, educators were trained to see this type of mischief, and not be swayed by preconceived notions. I likely wasn’t the only good girl that had gone bad, led down a trail of debauchery from a boyishly handsome older man.

“David, are you and this girl-”

“Fucking? Yes we are.” This time, it was Mr. Poln’s turn to interrupt, and I was so disarmed that I nearly fainted. Mr. Lorne’s reaction was priceless; ranging from righteous anger to building curiosity, and then flat out indignation at being interrupted. My own was likely no better, with blushing cheeks, a quivering brow, and a weakness in my knees that required I lean against the doorframe. There was something about Mr. Poln admitting it that made me tremble, and the way in which he owned that fact to Mr. Lorne, with a confident, cocky grin, that made me wish I had him inside right that minute. He continued to make me swoon from across the classroom with each word, dripping with authority and confidence, even over his employer’s angry glare. “She came here after class today so I could fuck her, in fact. If you didn’t want to talk about how you’re fucking me over with the cost of living raise, I’d probably be getting my cock sucked right now. But you’re not going to tell anyone about it, Jerry.”

“Oh really?” My principal blustered and straightened out, puffing his chest out with authority. I could tell he was ready for a fight, and for a minute I was afraid for Mr. Poln’s safety. Mr. Lorne was bigger than him, a former physical education instructor, and I could tell that he still kept in shape. For an older man, there were muscles underneath the suit of an administrator, and he already seemed to be in a foul enough mood to trounce Mr. Poln just for his attitude. “Think you can
threaten me, you little shit?”

“Threaten?” Mr. Poln just grinned, and leaned back in his chair. I continued to watch the exchange with interest, my eyes going wide as my teacher and principal argued over the fate of my forbidden relationship. I bit down on my bottom lip, my excitement and arousal returning as I watched my beloved Mr. Poln operate with confidence. “Lorne, I’m not a violent man. I figure you’d know that considering I never want to chaperone those fucking football games. I’m going to bargain with you.”

Mr. Lorne seemed intrigued; his brow raising and his arms coming to cross over his chest once more. He gave Mr. Poln an appraising look, as if expecting a bribe in dollars, likely already figuring out in his head what the cost of his silence would be.

“Obviously I can’t offer you money, since my dickhead boss fucks me over on raises every year,” Mr. Poln smirked, Mr. Lorne fumed, and I couldn’t help but giggle. My giggling stopped when Mr. Poln gestured towards me; however, and his words echoed in my mind, stunning me to my very core. “But if you forget about this shit, Kim will suck your cock.”

“I can’t believe I’m doing this.” Mr. Lorne looked down at his lap, from his position seated at Mr. Poln’s chair. His fly had already been undone by my hand, and his member was out, hanging before my face. I blinked; kneeling there on the floor, a place that I had come to know very well from my time with Mr. Poln. At the moment I was simply kneeling on the floor, my skirt dusting the tile, my gaze fixed a few inches before my nose at Mr. Lorne’s cock. It was...well, frankly, a lot larger than I had anticipated.

“Yeah...me neither.” I heard my own voice pipe up curiously, and at the sound of it Mr. Poln gave a little laugh. My history teacher stood near his desk, watching his prize student kneeling before his boss, waiting for her to take the older man into her mouth. I still wasn’t sure why I had accepted Mr. Poln’s terms that he had set for the principal, why I had agreed to do this. But as Mr. Lorne’s member bobbed closer, and my own trembling hand reached up to wrap fingers around his shaft, I soon remembered.

I hadn’t.

Never did I give my agreement, never did I say that I was all right with this arrangement. It had simply been assumed that I would, naturally given that I would do what my teacher told me, even if it was to suck off another married man. I had either complied without even thinking it through, or Mr. Poln’s influence over me was so great that the man could get me to do practically anything.

When my head leaned forward and my mouth opened, I knew which one was accurate. My eyes closed as I took my principal’s cockhead into my mouth, and for the first time I tasted a prick that wasn’t my history teacher’s. I heard him give a hiss of contentment almost instantly, and I remember wondering at the time if he was yet another frustrated middle aged man, one whose marriage had long since lost any element of passion or contact. I had a growing sympathy for men like that, thanks in part to Mr. Poln, and because that errant thought slipped into my mind, I was drawn in more into the act of servicing Mr. Lorne’s cock.

The wheels of the office chair squeaked as Mr. Lorne adjusted in it, spreading his legs wider so a student could work her lips around him better. Before long I had a fist wrapped around his shaft, which was growing slick from my spit and throbbing from his own excitement. I worked with techniques that Mr. Poln had shown me, twisting my grip as I started to take him, teasing the underside with my tongue, making sure that I delighted the most sensitive parts of his sex. It had a
taste different than Mr. Poln’s and yet wasn’t unpleasant, though it was still very apparent to me that it was not, in fact, the cock I had grown accustomed to.

The knowledge made me even more excited, and despite my hesitations I could feel the wetness returning, feel my pace quickening.

“Good little slut, isn’t she?” I heard Mr. Poln ask, and as if to prove my teacher’s words I began to bob my head up and down quicker on my principal’s cock. The sound of wet stroking began to fill the room, accented randomly with the noise of Mr. Lorne’s hissing gasps, or my own muted, ashamed moans. In response to Mr. Poln’s question my principal just gave a chuckle, and before too long I could feel hands thread into my hair; hands that were not my history teacher’s.

“Can’t believe you’ve been fucking her after class,” his hips started to thrust forward, his cock growing thicker from the excitement. I suspected that the taboo nature of the arrangement was making his head spin, especially the fact that as of a few moments ago, he had become an implicit part of the arrangement. The principal had joined us in our taboo sin, and he was reaping the rewards with every hungry thrust of my mouth down the length of his shaft. His words continued, and as he and Mr. Poln spoke of me like I was less a person and more a property, I popped my mouth off of his cockhead and lowered it down below my fist so I could tease his sack with my tongue. “Chang’s such a pain in the ass in parent meetings. Wonder what he’d think if he saw his little girl now, on her fucking knees.”

My dad was notoriously obnoxious during parent teacher meetings; that much I knew. He was a constant embarrassment with a litany of questions that drove my teachers nuts. And now my principal, who had always gotten the worst of my father’s overbearing nature, was able to take out his frustrations on Mr. Chang’s daughter. Before too long both of his hands were in my hair, and he had entwined his fingers through it in a possessive manner that Mr. Poln never had. He guided my head in swerving it from side to side, forcing my mouth to dance quicker over his sack, and smearing my spit on my lips and cheeks, making it practically impossible for me to service him in a state other than sloppy and messy. I stretched my mouth open wide, holding my tongue out as Mr. Lorne polished his sack with me, and my eyes looked up from Lorne’s bald, stern face, to Mr. Poln’s kinder, yet still confidently in charge expression.

“Mmm. We’re not done talking about this David, but I don’t have all night to fuck around.” Mr. Lorne remarked, and just like that he yanked me by the hair, forcing my mouth to go over his cock again. He picked up in speed and strength, and before too long I wasn’t sucking him off so much as being fucked in the mouth, my principal dragging my head down on his cock, only stopping when he’d strike resistance. My sounds of teasing slurps and kisses melded naturally into a noise of squeaking gags, and the spit I was drooling around his shaft pooled more heavily at his base, soaking his hair and seeping into the fabric of his trousers.

Mr. Poln had never been so rough, and I went through a great many sensations as Mr. Lorne fucked my mouth. There was an initial shock and fear, but I remembered the lessons my dominant, kind history teacher taught me. Lessons about keeping my muscles loose, and lessons about taking myself past my comfort levels. It helped me as Mr. Lorne fucked my mouth to his hilt on each thrust, claiming me in a fashion far sluttier than I ever had been before. It was still uncomfortable; my braces were aching and I had coughed once or twice, but Mr. Lorne only seemed encouraged when my whimpers were of pleasure mixed with discomfort, and when I coughed and spit it only coated his throbbing member in more hot, wet joy.

My bare knees dug into the tile as Mr. Lorne continued to fuck my mouth, and when his peak came he wasn’t gentle. He suddenly forced my head down into his lap, and I struggled and tried to push free as his cock struck the back of my throat, choking me as he came. I could feel the threads of
white cream suddenly striking the inside of my mouth, sending my hands flailing before clutching his knees, and my eyes watering from the uncomfortable blast. Mr. Lorne didn’t let my head up until my coughing became unpleasant for him, and when my mouth popped off he made damn sure to give my face a slap with his sticky member before tucking himself back inside of his trousers.

I was left coughing, falling onto my hands as I continued to choke on the mess. I spit out what I could, but I was sure I had swallowed some, and against my face I could feel tears rolling down my cheeks and, even more startling, a line of Mr. Lorne’s cum seeping from my nose. He had taken my mouth so roughly, and came so uncaringly, that he had gotten it into my sinuses.

I was still coughing as Mr. Lorne tucked himself away and stood up, trying to keep himself cleaned to hide his sin. I wasn’t able to see much of the exchange through the tears, but I could tell that Mr. Poln was furious; and was only barely able to remain civil. I kept coughing as the two men spoke a bit more, until finally Lorne left, leaving me alone with my history teacher.

“F...Fucking asshole.” I finally coughed out when I was sure Mr. Lorne was gone. Getting up to my knees, I looked over at Mr. Poln near the door, who regarding me with a look of mixed sympathy and pride. Another cough came from my chest, and once more I spit his cum out, before dragging the back of my hand across my mouth, trying to wipe away his taste. Mr. Poln just smiled and knelt down, avoiding the spit up cum, but sliding his box of tissues from the desk and offering it out to me. Sniffling, I nabbed one, and moved it up to begin cleaning off.

“No argument here, Kim, but let’s be honest.” Mr. Poln smiled at me, arching a brow. “You were enjoying it up until the end.” I lowered the tissue from my mouth, my brow bending in as I regarded my teacher. My mouth opened as if to reply, to protest, but I could only muster the strength to bite down on my bottom lip in an expression of submission and agreement. Mr. Poln just smiled in that confident, calm manner of his, and he drew a hand out, letting the back of his knuckles pass sweetly down the side of my cheek.

“Now, you had homework to do, yes?” Mr. Poln asked, and my heart started to race again. My tongue danced over my braces, and for the moment, I forgot all about my principal’s taste, scent, or thick, throbbing cock.

Turning in my homework was always the best part of the day.

End of Chapter 4.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! :D Hope you're enjoying Kim.

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Chapter Summary

Mere moments after Kim was forced to keep her wicked principal quiet, Mr. Poln is there to give her a very intimate form of comfort, as well as a promise of what the next month of her life will be like...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Detention for Kim
Chapter 5: Turning in Homework
-By Drace Domino

I winced from a combination of embarrassment, and the sting of a tile floor underneath my bare knees. I was on the floor of Mr. Poln’s office; and though I could still taste my principal’s cum lingering on the inside of my mouth, he was gone now, and I belonged only to my history teacher. In the time that had passed since the end of school the sky was growing dim and the line of busses had long since left; lending to the evening a much more intimate affair than when I had first slipped into Mr. Poln’s room. We were alone, it was growing dark, and I was offering myself to him in ways no student ever should to a teacher.

Shamefully, I dropped my head and gazed at the tile floor below me, swallowing nervously as I listened to Mr. Poln’s footsteps while he circled. I was on my hands and knees, trying to stay steady underneath the myriad of sensations seemingly designed to do nothing more than make me tremble and melt. My clothes had been discarded; and for the first time I was truly naked in front of my teacher. Sure, I was still wearing my knee socks and my glasses, but everything else had been folded nicely and tossed to the side, near where I had spit my principal’s cum onto the floor below. Exposed, bent over like an animal offering herself, there was nothing I could hope to hide from my teacher’s piercing gaze.

He didn’t say anything at first, which made the moment drag on in an agonizing torment. He walked from side to side, looking at me as he did so, and the feel of his eyes against my body made me feel faint. While I would hardly call myself as attractive as some of the other girls in class, my skin was smooth, with a pale color that was a few shades lighter than my teacher’s own. My breasts were average and mostly untouched; though in the eagerness of the moment my nipples were firm and aroused, eager for what was to come next. I was wet; oh how I was wet for my teacher, and I’m sure he could see a sheen covering me as he passed behind to look at the eighteen year old that was offered before him. He continued to stroll, and then finally made a noise of curious contentment; enough to make me lift my head from quiet, timid resolve.

“...is there something wrong, Mr. Poln?” I dared to ask, desperate for my history teacher’s approval. He just offered that kind, yet controlling smile, and his hands dropped down to his waist, his fingers flicking about at the rim of his belt. He said nothing to me as he started to undress; and I watched with wide eyes as his pants fell to the floor, and he stepped clear of them with his cock in sight. A cock I was by no means unfamiliar with at this point; one I had serviced, studied, worshipped. The cock that had taken my virginity, and the cock that had given me a taste of
something far beyond the limited, sheltered world that I once knew.

He unbuttoned his shirt and removed his tie, though he left the shirt open and held the tie in both hands; snapping it taught like a piece of rope. I could already feel my teeth sink in against my bottom lip, and I subconsciously swayed back and forth from my rear, eager to be taken, eager to be claimed.

When Mr. Poln lowered himself behind me, it took all of my resolve to not simple fall back into him, to let my sex engulf his cock and take him as deep as I possibly could. The memory of my principal’s prick in my mouth was fading fast; and I could scarcely remember a time before Mr. Poln had started to use me for his pleasure. It was all I wanted then; all I could ever imagine needing to be happy. And as he knelt right behind me, and scooped a hand underneath my stomach to begin straightening me up, an audible moan went through me.

He brought me up to my knees, and forced me to lean back into his chest. Powerful hands started to go around me, caressing my stomach, moving over my breasts, and most teasingly of all; brushing faintly underneath my glistening pussy. Again I moaned, and my fingers tightened into fists, my head darting back and forth as I began to murmur in pathetic, desperate whispers. I don’t remember what I said, but I know I begged him to take me, to fuck me, to have me right there on his classroom floor. To let the perfect student earn her A, to gain the top marks, to be in so many ways the teacher’s pet. He continued to say nothing, but as my begging continued his hands started to work, taking me by the wrists and pulling my hands behind my back. I submitted without hesitation, and even as I felt his strong, silk tie bind my wrists behind the small of my back, I could think of nothing but the pleasure that was to come.

Before too long his mission was complete, and his schoolgirl pet had arms bound so tight it was bordering on painful. With a delicate gesture he moved a hand to pluck the glasses from my face, and most sweetly of all delivered a tiny kiss against the side of my cheek. When he pressured me to lean forward once more I went down like a fallen tree; though this time I didn’t have the comfort of being able to rest my hands against the cold tile of the classroom floor. With my hands bound I had no other option than to drop forward to my chest; and I gave a squeal as the tile chilled my already hard nipples, and I shivered in sensitive arousal as my throat and cheek laid flat to the ground. My hair dusted around my cheeks, and in the awkward position it was practically impossible to look back at my teacher, forcing me to handle the moment as it came, full of surprises and delights.

“Y...Yes...please...” I could hear myself whisper, the throaty plea of a fledgeling whore. Mr. Poln continued in silence, but pressed his strong hands to the side of my rear, and pushed forward so the moment could begin. I felt the stroke of his cockhead against my pussy for the faintest of moments, and my voice cried out in a little gasp as the sensation overtook me. And then, just as my body was recovering from that brush, there was the pinch of penetration, and my world went stark white.

When Mr. Poln had claimed me in his office before, it had been fairly unexpected, and there was the discomfort of losing my virginity. Now, almost completely naked on his floor, I was in a state of desire that could only be likened to a pot about to bubble over. I had been waiting for him the whole day, I had chosen this slutty, submissive position. I had just serviced another man because Mr. Poln wanted me to, in the hopes we’d reach this moment. I had never wanted anything more than his cock inside me at that second.

Mr. Poln didn’t waste much time once he was inside of me, and I imagine his own middle aged hormones were no less roaring in that moment than my own desires. My building moan grew into a hungry squeal as he gave me a sudden thrust, and I felt my walls give way to his thick, intruding member. A wet noise filled the silence as he claimed me, and I could feel my nectar oozing around his shaft, coating my teacher’s cock as he claimed me there on the floor. Mr. Poln gave a hiss of
desire, but didn’t let himself savor the moment long before he started to thrust again, pulling back nearly until his cock was outside before thrusting it in again, just as deep. As he claimed me my body slid back and forth on the floor, my breasts and face rolling uncomfortably, shamefully on the filthy tile of the classroom. The demeaning position only made my blood boil more as the full, debaucherous weight of what I was doing crashed down upon me. As he started to have me with a growing force I felt a small orgasm rock my body; not enough to send me into squirts and screams, but enough to make my voice rise to a heavier moan, and enough to send my pussy twitching against his member, squeezing and releasing in rapid succession. My teacher just gave a grunt of approval at his pet’s sudden convulsion, but not for a second did he seem intent on letting up.

My vision blurred; and across the tile of the floor I could see where my clothes laid in a pile, and behind them the office chair that the principal had sat in a few moments ago. There was a flash in my mind; imagining what I must have looked like. On my knees, my hands and mouth hard at work at the cock of a man I truly didn’t even like; slurping and sucking like the obedient slut I had become. The one Mr. Poln had turned me into. That image in my mind was only made more delightful by the presence of my teacher, and the feel of his stiff, powerful cock drilling into me with heavy and dominating strokes. My hands tugged in futility at the binding; the silk scarf holding tight as I made a play of a fake struggle. Even if it were loose, I would never dare to try to escape, for there’d be nothing I could run to that would bring me more pleasure than I was enjoying then.

Mr. Poln’s hands gripped firmly at my rear, squeezing me so hard that I could feel the formation of indentdents into my flesh. His breathing was hard and heavy, and I could tell that my teacher was thoroughly enjoying my pussy. Each thrust brought us both to new heights, and by now I imagined that my juices had completely coated his member, making it sticky, sweet, and wet. His powerful thrusting continued, forcing me into little slides along the floor, just as each one drew from the back of my throat the gurgling gasp of a young woman learning what made her body ache in pleasure.

Mr. Poln fucked me in silence, though I made noise enough for us both. Between the gasps and moans and sharp yelps I could hear him breathing heavy, and as the moments continued I could hear his efforts becoming more labored. It didn’t slow him down; however, and before too much longer I sensed that his moment was soon coming. His peak was rapidly approaching, and with it I could feel him coaxing from me the desire to explode in a similar, wet fashion. His grunts melded with my own squeaks, and my heart was racing as I knew the moment was upon me. I had fully expected Mr. Poln to jerk himself from my pussy at the last minute; to the point where I was eagerly awaiting the feel of having my back plastered with his cum. I was envisioning what it would feel like pooling in the small of my back, or how I would play with it in between my fingers should he shoot it over my hands.

When he came inside me, I had never been more scared or aroused in my life. It came with a shock and a sudden thrust; and I imagine that Mr. Poln hadn’t truly intended to go inside of me. Likely the teacher was smart enough to want to pull out, but the moment had gotten the best of him and his eighteen year old fucktoy was simply far too pleasing to ignore. When he started to cum he gave a gutteral curse, and nearly retracted before a part of him seemed to know that the damage was already done. With both of us already damned he went all the way, thrusting deep inside of me as his cock started to plaster my insides with his rich, thick cream.

I moaned like a whore, my own body rocking in an orgasm as I felt my teacher officially make me his own. The warmth filled me, made me melt and tremble, and my hips shook uncontrollably as my peak rocked through my body. Mr. Poln pressed in hard, keeping himself hilted as he continued to cum, leaning heavy over me to force my cheek and chest even harder on the tile. I was shamefully pinned as my teacher continued to fill, and before too long I could feel it start to seep
outside, slipping in between the seam of shaft and folds. My pussy drooled cum down to the tile below, and I was powerless to stop the dangerous humiliation I was experiencing.

“Fuck…” Mr. Poln finally offered the first word after our shared climax, and when he pulled his cock from my pussy I gave another sharp cry. Instantly I could feel more of it rush outside; the cum that hadn’t been packed against my womb by his cock being drug free to splash to the tile below. I collapsed onto my back after he pulled out, gasping and struggling for air, watching with bleary vision as Mr. Poln released my hands, collected his pants and started to pull them back up. My body was naked save for sweat and socks, and I timidly covered my breasts with my hands as I looked up at him, speaking with an exhausted voice.

“M...My glasses?” It sounded a boring and clinical question, but without them I could scarcely make out Mr. Poln’s shape, let alone his face. Thankfully my teacher was kind in returning them, and a few seconds later I was brushing sweat covered hair away from my brow and slipping them back on my face. My breathing was heavy, and I looked at the mess we had made over the course of the past half hour. A pile of clothes on the floor, and a pool of white cream just a few inches away. I trembled at the sight of it, the weight of what Mr. Poln had done settling in on me. I hadn’t started birth control yet, could this have been a mistake? Could his failure to pull free have ramifications for us both? I swallowed nervously, and bit on my bottom lip before speaking in a timid voice.

“Mr. Poln...I...I’m not on birth control ye~”

“Clean it up, Kim.” Mr. Poln seemed unconcerned, and in response to my query he simply pointed a hand down to the floor, directing my gaze to the puddle of white cream near my naked frame. His command was as demanding as ever; my teacher’s dominant side revealing itself once more. I gave a tremble of desire and nodded eagerly, and before the ashamed young woman inside of me had a chance to protest, I did as I was ordered. On my hands and knees again, this time I wasn’t fucked like a dog but instead fed like one. My hair dusted the floor as I bent my mouth down to the tile of the classroom floor; tongue moving to pass through the puddle of cream that Mr. Poln had injected into my pussy. It was a familiar taste; altered slightly by my own juices, but still as pleasant as I remembered. I used one hand to hold my glasses to my nose while my lips puckered, and I started to slurp the cum up off the floor as readily as I could. Sip by sip I collected it, swirled it around the metal of my braces with my tongue, and then finally swallowed with a quiet smile.

I lifted my head up, and opened my mouth to show Mr. Poln that I had been a good girl, that I had cleaned up my mess and swallowed it away. He just gave a smile and a nod, and lowered a hand to help me up to my socked feet. Once I had moved back to my clothes to begin dressing he spoke; and my head turned back to regard him with the blushing smile of a crushing schoolgirl.

“You did well today, Kim.” Mr. Poln praised me, and I felt a preening moment of joy in it. “We’ll get you on birth control as soon as we can..” He smirked a bit and stepped forward, regarding me with a brow. I stood stunned before him, holding my clothes to my chest as Mr. Poln reached out a hand, taking my chin and gazing at me from side to side.

“You have a month of training coming up.” He advised me simply; somewhere in between a warning and a command. My knees nearly buckled, and I could feel my heart racing as I gazed into his predatory, dominating gaze. His words chilled me to the bone from my nervous fear, but they made sure to leave a spark in my sex; a spark that burned hot and wet enough to keep my frigid upbringing melted.

“By the end of the month, you’ll be the perfect slut.”
End of Chapter 5.

Chapter End Notes

Dem naughty schoolgirls, man.

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Chapter Summary

How much teasing can one young woman handle? The answer lies within.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Detention for Kim
Chapter 6: Slut Training 101
-By Drace Domino

The very next day, my training had begun. When I woke up that morning and had gone about my usual routine at school, I had no idea the sort of month that lay before me, the trials and rewards that my body would be experiencing in just a few short weeks. Mr. Poln had promised to turn me into the perfect slut; an oath that, I admit, I didn’t take seriously when I first heard it. I had dismissed it as simple dirty talk, a filthy little promise to make his eighteen year old pet moist and to give himself a feeling of power and authority. However, as I learned over the course of the next few weeks, Mr. Poln was not a man that promised things without weight, nor was he a man that wielded authority without convictions.

Week one had been easy, relatively speaking. At first, I likened it to the antics of playful teenagers, doing silly, stupid things to each other’s bodies to delight their hormones with the thrill of possibly getting caught. On the very first day of what Mr. Poln had officially decreed my Slut Training, he gave to me a small toy to wear on me when he demanded it. It was a small vibrator, barely the size of my thumb, that came fitted in a velcro pouch that was able to stick on the inside of my panties. The morning he gave it to me, Mr. Poln had locked the door to his classroom, pulled up my pleated skirt, and personally fitted the small, wireless toy against the inside of my clothing. He made sure that went my panties closed the tiny toy would press against my hood, and after making sure the toy was snug and secure he stroked me through the thin fabric of my panties, promising to give me proper treatment later in the day.

Though I was horribly naive for a woman of my age, even I knew that the toy likely had some remote control function, so I was naturally expecting it throughout the entire day. I went through first period Advanced Calculus, second period Ancient Prose, and third period French V with the press of that static toy, constantly against my hood, but never once making so much as a buzz. It was impossible to ignore, yet also not truly a hinderance, my dominant teacher’s version of “Does this bother you? I’m not touching you.” I remember sitting at lunch in the cafeteria, at the table I typically sat at alone, wondering when the toy would finally move. Throughout the past few hours I had grown obsessed with it; that small buzzer nuzzled against my hood, hiding underneath the school’s required skirt. During my French class I tried to think of all the ways I could say “sexual frustration” in languages other than English, only to find out that what I was taught in my various linguistic courses didn’t properly prepare a young woman for my situation. There was, sadly, no “German for Schoolgirl Sluts.”

After lunch came more frustration as I was drawn into gym class, and then art, and then my student
council meeting. I had failed my bid for student council president that year, though I had been put in charge of the treasury. It was a task I didn’t mind, though at the time it sat sourly with me because I remember hearing one of the other members say “She’s probably good with numbers, they all are.”

Yes, I’m Asian. And yes, I’m good at math. Excellent at it, really. But I’m good at other things, too, though it’s sometimes hard to think of things I’m skilled at that my teacher hadn’t taught me in those personal lessons. Regardless, that day I sat frustrated in the meeting, clutching with white knuckles a stack of papers that summarized, in detail, the expenses and profits of the most recent school dance. I had prepared a speech about how the cost of bringing in extra security to check the cars for drug users and fornicators was only barely covered by the profits of selling candy and soda, and had outlined a solution I was rather proud of. I had worked days on it, and was so very ready to give my speech...but as I sat there my mind was obsessed with that toy.

That damned, tiny toy sitting against my clit.

Was the battery broken? Was the range on whatever remote control Mr. Poln possessed not enough to reach me in other classrooms? Did he use it when I was going to the restroom, and my panties had been pulled aside? What terrible luck! I had gone almost the entire day preparing myself for it, bracing my knees and knowing that at any moment the pleasures of the vibrating toy would rocket through my entire body. Like tensing a muscle when you know you’re about to be punched, it was a difficult stance to maintain. I was exhausted from the day, from every lesson and every activity, simply because I had been terrified to flinch.

“All right, Kim has a presentation about the school dance’s costs.” The student council advisor spoke up; sitting from behind her desk. She was a stern looking woman that only barely kept us in order, she did nothing to stop the students from talking over each other and usually only found herself involved if we were about to do something ill-advised for the school’s publicity. As I nodded to her and started the long, cautious march to the front of the room, I could hear two of the boys from my student council class chatting casually to each other.

The boys never really paid attention to the politics or the economics. They were mostly in the council because they were jocks or stupid class clowns, and saw the job as a dodge from actual work. However, that day I found their words astonishingly relevant to my situation.

Hey man, look at this thing I found in the hall.” One of them was holding something small, and the same lilac color as the toy that had been torturing my hood the entire day. The words that slipped from his stupid jock lips chilled me to the bone, save for a deep, hidden fire that was slowly smoldering. “Looks like a remote or some shit.”

“Nah, probably some freshman brought a toy in or something.” As he casually started to play with it, his finger must have slid the controls on the toy to its highest setting, and my world nearly went white.

Thankfully, the velcro pouch on the toy muzzled the sound, so the entire classroom couldn’t hear as the dormant, teasing bit of plastic suddenly sprung to life like it hadn’t that entire day. After so much preparation and bracing, I couldn’t possibly have imagined just how potent the toy’s effect could be. Goosebumps immediately sprung to my fingers and I nearly dropped my proposal, by teeth biting down on my bottom lip and color instantly draining from my face. My pussy felt like it had suddenly awakened after a long rest, hungry for the pleasures I was becoming increasingly addicted to. By some divine miracle I was able to walk to the podium, placing down my report and
holding my hands on the side of the cheap wooden stand. The vibration by this point was rocketing up and down, from maximum setting to minimum, and I could see in the back of the class the jock was casually switching it back and forth from idleness as he gave my proposal half of his attention. To him, it was a gesture no more important than nibbling the end of a pen, or tapping a tune onto his desk with a finger. It was nothing to him; in that moment he held my fate in his hands and didn’t realize it.

I had already begun to sweat; though it wasn’t unusual since I typically didn’t handle public speaking very well. I stood there, trying to brace my knees, squeezing my thighs together in the hopes that it would hold the device still. Sadly, it was an utter failure, and I could do little more than endure the stimulation to my clit as my eyes poured over a sea of my student council peers; few of whom I respected and none of whom I liked.

When that thought sunk in, something awakened in me. The fear broke into a rush of arousal, and the toy at my clit, controlled by that oaf in the back was no longer a knife at my throat but my teacher’s helping hand. Was this part of Slut Training 101? Embracing your arousal, embracing your sexuality? Probably not. It was much more likely that Mr. Poln threw the toy into the hall for the random glee of letting some other student torture me, but I found a strength in that moment. I was wet; gloriously so, and my cheeks were likely red as I parted my lips and cleared my throat, preparing to give my speech.

Like the salivating dog begging for a treat, I ran my tongue across my braces.

“The cost of hiring extra security for the school dance simply isn’t a reasonable solution. We need to pressure the faculty to volunteer their time, perhaps by offering incet---”

Well, I won’t bore you with the details of my speech. It didn’t go well, as none of them truly did, one of the secrets of student council is that nothing you do has even the slightest impact on the school. It just looks good on college applications.

What I will tell you about; however, is how I got off during it. My voice was rising and falling as I spoke, and I was presenting my point as I always did, which basically means I was talking over the heads of half of them. The jock in the back was continuing to toy with the device, having no clue that every flip of the switch sent sudden, violent vibrations against the hood of my clit. While I spoke I could feel my pussy practically drooling, my panties soaked from the constant vibrations, but it was a pleasure I gladly rode out through my speech. I gazed out over the faces of the jocks and the popular boys; whom I tended to disrespect yet still found them sexually appealing. I would’ve said cute, but since Mr. Poln had made me his personal slut I no longer saw boys in terms of “I’d like him to hold my hand,” instead opting for “I’d let him cum inside me.” I let my eyes travel to the girls, mostly rich girls and a token Russian exchange student, all of them dressed in the same ridiculous outfit that I was in. The standard white dress shirt, some of them opting for the tight blue blazer across their chest. Dark pleated skirt, knee-high white socks, and black dress shoes. Seeing them there made me realize how I must look; just as ridiculous but with the additional bane of almond eyes, glasses, and the glint of metal whenever I opened my mouth loud enough to bare my teeth. They wore their schoolgirl outfits knowing full well what it did to the teenage boys and the older male teachers, but they had no idea. They had no idea what a slut truly was.

Whereas I had been specially chosen for the course. The honor student in me preened, as I took a stance that spread my legs a little, allowing me to enjoy the ride. As I continued to speak my hips rolled back and forth, to my audience it would seem like the bored swaying of a nervous girl giving a speech, but in my mind I was grinding against my teacher’s lap, riding Mr. Poln’s shaft with the eager delight I had been trained to do. As I rode him my eyes finally flickered over to the student
council advisor, and I pleaded part of my case while looking in her direction, but I was truly just envisioning bending over Mr. Poln’s desk and letting him fuck me as hard and as long as he liked.

I came when the jock turned the dial up to its max setting and left it there, putting it aside to pull out his cell phone and thumb through it. If only he knew the show he was missing as the toy danced in its velcro sheath, quivering against my hood and making my pussy tremble from delight. When my climax came I stuttered in my speech, my cheeks going red and a line of sweat coming from my brow. It was a long, awkward moment for sure, but it was nothing that couldn’t be attributed to the shy Asian girl that could barely talk to people one on one, let alone to an entire crowd. I could feel my body react with a squirt; but thankfully it was a small one. What my panties didn’t collect I could feel rolling against the inside of my thighs, slithering down my bare legs as the only public reveal of what I had done. The toy at my hood buzzed on; it continued to hum long after my climax, to the point of discomfort. For those reasons I quickly ended my presentation and made my way back to the back of the room, pausing only to tell the jock that I saw a freshman using the remote earlier, and that I knew who to give it back to. He gave it up without effort, and I soon sat in the back with the device turned off, simply...glowing.

“Smell something?” One of the jocks in front of me asked, likely picking up scent of my thighs coated in the scent of my arousal. I beamed, and my tongue danced over my braces. I couldn’t wait to see Mr. Poln after school.

That night, Mr. Poln had granted my wish to be bent over his desk and taken like the slut I was in training to be. He had reacted with amusement when I showed him the recovered remote, and he rewarded me by pushing me to my ass, making me sit on the cold, hard tile with my head pressed back against the side of his desk. He fucked my mouth while I sat with splayed legs, my skirt pulled up and a hand down the front of my panties, feverishly fingering myself to my second orgasm of the day. After he had fucked my head to the side of his desk enough that my face was a mess of spit and precum, he triumphantly pulled me up, braced one of my knees up on the side of the desk, and fucked me until my nails scratched lines in the wood of his desk, and I was filled once again with my middle-aged teacher’s cream.

He sent me home that night with the promise that there would be more to come the next day, and the day after, every day until my training was to be complete. He didn’t disappoint. The first week, as I mentioned earlier, was nearly tame by comparison of what came after. On that first week Mr. Poln made me wear the vibrator almost every day, each day giving me no idea of when the shocks might come. Once was during his class while he spoke, while another was when I was trying to eat lunch, and I could see him smirking in his confident, dominant fashion from across the room. On that Friday he gave the remote to me, and told me that I could enjoy it as much as I liked throughout the day.

...what he failed to tell me was that the battery was almost dead. It failed on me during my second period, and I had to go through the entire day unfulfilled. When I met up with him after school that day, Mr. Poln laid flat on his desk and made me ride him wearing nothing but my kneesocks and glasses. I practically lost my mind on his desk that night, riding and grinding my teacher, forcing out all the sexual torment and frustration he had subjected to me throughout the past week. When he came, it was deep and warm, and he let me rest naked atop his chest for a few moments while I caught my breath and relished the feel of my teacher’s cum slowly seeping out of my gaping pussy.

There hadn’t been a day that week that Mr. Poln didn’t fuck me, nor was there a day that he had even contemplated pulling out. By that point I was on the pill, but I can’t say that I would’ve
stopped him from dumping his seed inside of me even if I wasn’t. In just that short week, I had already grown addicted to Mr. Poln cumming inside of me. The warmth, the gooey sensation of being filled, the delightful expression on my teacher’s face when he was able to pump his eighteen year old student to the brim…there was far too much that I loved about that moment to be healthy. Though that Friday, as I laid naked atop him, it dawned on me that I hadn’t been allowed to taste his cum that entire week.

That simple wouldn’t stand, and to Mr. Poln’s surprise his pet acted of her own volition, rolling off of his body and moving to service his cock. Though it was marked with his cum and my own juices, I diligently worked him back to full length, parting my lips to take him into my now well-trained mouth. After a few moments of hard work, I was treated to a mouthful of my teacher’s cream, which I sloshed around with my tongue, letting it coat my braces before I eagerly swallowed it down. As if I was dieting and sneaking a candy bar, it was a mouthful I relished right down to the moment its flavor vanished from my tongue.

The weekends were quickly becoming a thing of scorn to me. My meetings with Mr. Poln were far too risky to undertake on a weekend; besides, we both had responsibilities that needed to be attended to. While I was utterly addicted to my teacher’s cock I had not yet lost my sanity; and I was still determined in pulling down excellent grades for my future college plans. As a result, my weekends were spent in studious isolation, hours dedicated to pouring over my homework followed by breaks long enough to get off with my fingers. I’d either lay in bed and picture Mr. Poln, or if it was late enough I’d sneak online, looking up videos of older men and depraved, submissive younger women. The look in their eyes when they’d be fucked and claimed, the utter presence of absolute submission they gave…I envied them, and strived to be Mr. Poln what they were to the men in the videos.

I had begun taking notes of things I wanted Mr. Poln to do to me, but they were strictly for my fantasies when I masturbated. I wouldn’t of dared propose Mr. Poln do anything to me; he clearly had the matter of my corruption well in hand. Besides, everyone loves surprises.

When Monday came, I rushed to Mr. Poln’s office so that I could speak with him before classes started. The bus arrived early enough to afford me a brief fifteen minutes to dawdle before getting to my first period class, and I could think of no better way to use those minutes than to find out what the week’s training would be dedicated to. I stumbled into class to find my handsome, older lover sitting behind his desk, reading the newspaper and drinking coffee as casually as could be.

“Kimberly.” Came his stern greeting; and my cheeks flushed at it. Perhaps I was reading too much into it, but in one simple word I could hear him promise delights that were still undiscovered, the promise of him continuing to systematically break down my sexuality and rebuild it around his throbbing cock. I paused at the edge of his desk and took a breath, nodding my head in greeting but waiting for him to lower his newspaper before speaking. He let me wait; clearly finishing the paragraph he was working on and taking a sip of coffee before responding. I could do little more than squirm, and wonder to myself what news story could possibly be so important that a man would keep his eighteen year old fucktoy waiting. By the time he had lowered his newspaper I was nearly grinding against the edge of the desk, burning with impatience, ready and willing to drop to my knees and suck him off right then and there had he demanded it.

“Kimberly, you’re reading ahead in class.” Mr. Poln arched a brow, regarding me as I rocked back and forth on my heels. I probably looked quite the sight; shoulder length black hair framing my face, my Asian features caught in a perpetual state of arousal and excitement. I still didn’t wear any lipstick, but around Mr. Poln my cheeks were almost constantly rosy anyway.
“What do you mean, Mr. Poln?” I asked, and tried my best to tilt my head in an adorable way, as if I could somehow seduce the man that controlled when I was wet. He just regarded me with his typical stoic expression, as undaunted by my puppy dog eyes as he was by the principal’s threats last week.

“You’re reading ahead.” He repeated, his voiced hinted at mild irritation. “It’s good when we’re in history class and you already know all the terms of a surrender treaty before a war even begins, but for Slut Training 101…” He smirked a little, and gave me a look that was nothing short of predatory. “Working ahead can ruin my lesson plan.”

Ruining a lesson plan? Not being a good student?! Whether it was history or whoring, my deep-seated desire to be a good student trumped nearly any concern of self-preservation. I quickly straightened my back and let my hands go to my sides, looking at Mr. Poln with concern knitting my brow. After clearing my throat I looked at Mr. Poln, a little nervousness as I picked my measured, careful words.

“Mr. Poln, could you...clarify?” I didn’t want to say that I was lost, that I had no idea what he was talking about. I thought I had done a fine job the week before, taking his cock and his cream and his torment, and becoming the better slut for it. The idea that I had somehow messed up frightened me a little, and I tried to maintain myself as my teacher continued.

“Kimberly, last week was supposed to teach you patience.” Mr. Poln casually spoke, and took another sip of his coffee. He let the flavor swirl around, and licked his lips with a satisfied sigh that wasn’t unlike when I would devour his cum. “Unfortunately, you’ve jumped straight ahead to being desperate to get fucked. It’s not a bad trait to have...in fact, it’s something I insist you have. But if you don’t learn to be patient, bad things will happen.”

“...you mean I’ll end up getting us caught?” A look of fear overtook my features, and I trembled a little inside. Nothing could end our affair faster than the fear of discovery, and for the briefest of moments I was afraid of Mr. Poln ending it. My teacher; however, just shook his head and offered me a brief, kind smile, a reassurance that our sordid relationship could continue.

“Of course not. You’re impatient, but you’re not an idiot, and neither am I.” He quirked a brow, leaning back in his chair. “We don’t send filthy text messages to each other, we do things once the school is empty, and even if a faculty member did find out you’re one blowjob away from getting the principal on our side.” My cheeks flushed at that; briefly remembering my teacher’s large cock, and the brutal way he had fucked my throat and left me coughing and gagging. It was a shameful memory, but one that wasn’t entirely...unpleasant.

“No, Kimberly, we won’t get caught,” Mr. Poln continued. “But if you don’t learn patience you’re going to...let’s just say, not appreciate things like you should. If Christmas comes every day, suddenly you find yourself hard pressed to wake up early and see what’s been left under the tree.”

I gave a little nod as Mr. Poln spoke, and I chewed my bottom lip, curiously wondering where this line of discussion was going. When he spoke again, my color drained and I went stark white, my mouth dropping open from mere shock.

“And so, we’re not fucking at all this week. You’re not to come see me after school at all.”

If there had been more than five minutes left before first period, I would have argued. I would have screamed. I would have begged, I would of cried, and I would have promised he could do anything to my body that he possibly wanted.

In short, I would’ve done everything that would have proven his point.
Knowing I didn’t have time for the childish route, I tried to collect myself with a deep breath, finally squeaking out in a submissive, quiet voice.

“W...When can we...when can we do it again...?”

I gave him my best puppy dog eyes, which I knew he was immune to, though this time it seemed like Mr. Poln was ready to show mercy to me. He opened up a folder and pulled out a small piece of paper, a quick glance at it showed me that it was a permission slip for a field trip; supposedly an overnight stay in the city to visit a museum and learn about history. It was clearly labelled that it was for advanced students only, and the scheduled date was this upcoming Saturday.

“You forgot to tell your parents about the trip.” Mr. Poln advised, and picked his newspaper back up. He opened it casually and started to read, his face disappearing behind the wall of black and white. “You’re to be at the school with your things Saturday morning, and won’t be home until Sunday afternoon.”

I swallowed, my eyes wide as I process it all. A week without Mr. Poln’s cock was...a terrifying prospect. For an eighteen year old woman that was just realizing the joy of sex, the pleasure that getting fucked could bring her? It felt like the end of the world, but...only for a few days.

I couldn’t help but ask; my throat was dry and I could already feel my hands go clammy from the rush of nervousness, but I simply had to ask.

“What happens...Saturday night?” I squeaked, sounding excited, scared, and curious.

“Christmas morning.” Was all the reply I received from behind his newspaper.

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End of Chapter 6.

Chapter End Notes

Them naughty schoolgirls, man. Always left waitin' and wet.

Here I am on tumblr! Check me out if you'd like to see more of my writing.
Student Stress

Chapter Summary

A little bit of teasing for our little Kim. While she's dealing with some "I haven't gotten fucked lately"-itis, Kim does a little fantasizing while sitting in class.

Detention for Kim
Chapter 7: Student Stress
-by Drace Domino

It was the longest week of my entire life. The lesson had been explained and I knew the course of action I was to take, but there were moments when I seriously doubted my resolve. For the past few weeks I had been enjoying an incredible new world under Mr. Poln’s tutelage, and as his loyal student I had been enormously rewarded for keeping my mind and my body open. I had gone from impossibly reserved and timid to secretly hungry; a ravenous beast underneath a pair of glasses, a set of braces, and a pleated skirt. Mr. Poln had already trained me at that point to get wet from his glance, and to melt entirely at his touch. I had learned to appreciate sex and sexuality, and I had learned to relish in the shame of being on my knees.

In short, I was already well on my way to becoming a slut when Mr. Poln had subjected me to this test of endurance. A week without our meetings, a week without sucking my teacher’s cock, a week without him bending me over the side of his desk. The first day I couldn’t truly believe what he had commanded of me the day before, and I had rushed to his office after school only to find it empty. I stood there, studying the chair he would so often sit in while his diligent student sucked his cock, remembering how he would comb his fingers through my hair and praise my skills if I did well. It sunk in for me that first day; Mr. Poln had been completely serious. And if he was serious, that meant that the lesson he had for me was an important one to learn.

Patience. I had to learn patience. At the time it seemed simply impossible; I was burning for him and would have done anything to have my teacher touch me like he so often did. That night, my body was wracked with emotion and frustration, and I spent my evening alternating between unsatisfying masturbation and juvenile, emotional sobbing. In the moments where I humored the imagined idea that Mr. Poln was simply trying to get out of our relationship cleanly, I reminded myself of the piece of paper he gave me to hand to my parents.

Our field trip. On Saturday I would leave with Mr. Poln for the trip, and an overnight stay. For a whole evening, a whole night, Mr. Poln would be mine...or more accurately, I would be his. My mouth would be his, my breasts would be his, and my pussy would be his. Every part of me, every twitching, hungry, eighteen year old part of me would belong to my forty-something teacher. On Saturday night I would be his slut, but until then...I had to be a patient slut.

I spent the days in class trying to focus on my studies, but my mind was in such a state that it was quick to wander. Handsome boys in my class were fodder for my daydreams as I imagined what they looked like naked, and pondered how they were in bed. Some of the boys seemed submissive and sensitive, the sort of traits that I’d look for in a boyfriend, but that was hardly the focus echoing through my body that week. Instead I’d study the jocks and the rebels, the perpetual bad boys in my private school that I knew were aggressive, unruly, and wild. Private schools lended people little way to identify themselves as troublemakers, but after so many years going to class
with these men I knew which ones I would have wanted. In my daydreams and fantasies they had me, and I sat through my classes a wet, blushing mess.

That week in my fantasies, the linebacker of the football team took me in the backseat of his car. He was a large, muscular brute of a teenager, and his skin was a rich, dark brown. Throughout my English Literature class I pictured him pinning me against the back seat, claiming me from behind until my voice echoed against the fogged up windows. When he came in me, he forced me to clean his cock off with my mouth, and I eagerly did so hoping that he would rage and fuck me again. He sadly did not, and I was left to fantasize through my chemistry class.

In chemistry my mind spun a tale about the jerk in the back of the room, the first boy through all the grades of school to get in trouble for what would become the “in thing” that year. The first of my graduating class to get caught with cigarettes when we were freshmen, and the first of the class that very year to be caught with marijuana. He was unruly, crass, and almost staggeringly stupid by any standard estimation. He made fun of me throughout my many years at the private school, typically because of my lineage or the fact I was so constantly shy and afraid to assert myself. Most recently, he had taken to openly mocking me because of my need for braces at eighteen years old, at one point even remarking that any boy would be afraid to shove his mouth in there.

Well, in my fantasy he certainly wasn’t shy. I had snuck into the AV room with him and sucked his cock for nearly twenty minutes, before he gagged me with my panties and fucked me with my back to the wall. He used it for leverage while he stood up, and my legs were wrapped tight around his waist, holding on as he pressed me in between the wall and his own firm body. Unlike the linebacker he used a condom, and when he finished and I slid down the wall and onto my rear, he pulled the full thing off and dangled it over my face. He ordered me to open my mouth, but when I did he only spit in it, and squeezed the contents of the condom out across my forehead, marking and humiliating me after I had served him so deliciously well.

A little odd, you might think, that I was so invested in the fiction of a boy I truly hated debasing and humiliating me on school grounds. I can’t explain or even justify why it made me so wet, sitting there and pondering it in the middle of chemistry, but I was so entranced in the story that I had completely disregarded everything the teacher said for an entire day. Besides, in my fantasy I still got my revenge on him. By the time he had caught his breath after fucking, let’s face it, the greatest slut he’d ever get his cock inside, I had already snatched up his clothes and darted out of the AV room. I abandoned his clothes a few hallways down, leaving him naked and stranded in a public place.

Fantasies are fun sometimes.

The most notable came on Friday afternoon, the day before my trip with Mr. Poln was to take place. I had spent the week fantasizing about my fellow students, about what they would do to me given the chance, about how I would submit to them and let them use my body for whatever horny desires they had. By the end of it I had gotten fairly creative; thinking of bold new ways for my classmates to violate me, finding new and increasingly demeaning things for them to subject my body to. Some of them were things I had never even experienced with Mr. Poln, whom for all his dominance was still a responsible man, and would not push his prized student too far too fast.

Unfortunately, even a creative mind like mine got bored fucking teenage boys all week, and the sheer level of my building lust somehow beat through my imagination. My nights had been spent masturbating thinking of the grander fictions I had created through that day, but there were only so many imaginary boys I could suck off while kneeling on the floor of a dirty bathroom. My imagination had its fill of boys; and with my sleepover night with Mr. Poln quickly approaching,
my mind and my desires were turning back to what truly aroused me: older men.

I was sitting in my Economics class, which was led by a sweet man in his thirties during his first official year of teaching. Mr. Carn had a reputation amongst students as a bit of a pushover, with large glasses that framed a narrow face and a slew of insecurities that were not at all uncommon for a first year teacher. He was unmarried, not terribly confident, but throughout the past year he had always treated myself and the other students with a measure of respect we often didn’t deserve. Like most of my classes I was scoring straight A’s in Mr. Carn’s class, and I had even had conversations with him in the past where I praised his teaching style, letting him know that I was only able to get such remarkable scores because of his leadership. Technically a lie, but it was a harmless one at that, and ever since that day Mr. Carn had treated me with a kindness that showed he appreciated my gesture.

That day, at least in my imagination, Mr. Carn had far more to thank me for. When the class let out I had made my move, advancing on him while all the other students had slipped out for the day. I had approached his desk with a sway to my hips that I had learned during my many sessions with Mr. Poln, the pleated skirt sway back and forth around my hips, and my breasts shifting just enough within the confines of my bra. I had still not begun to dress in what you could call a sexy fashion; partly because the school dress code was so very limiting, and partly because it simply wasn’t my style. There was a good chance that even if my private school didn’t require me to wear a long sleeve, button-up dress shirt and a knee-length skirt, I still would have been. Socks pulled up as high as they could go were comfortable to me, as were my flat heeled, sensible school shoes. Though there were certainly times when I’d catch a glimpse of myself in the mirror and feel something like a walking stereotype, I also felt comfortable in my skin. I was, after all, a Japanese schoolgirl.

Might as well live it up.

I approached Mr. Carn’s desk, adjusting my glasses with one hand, and appreciatively rolling my tongue across my braces as I did so. My teacher was somewhat dumbfounded as one of his best students suddenly came up to his desk and dropped her books down on it, freeing up her hands to grab the edge of her skirt and lift. I stood there with a smile on my lips, holding the edge of my skirt at waist-level, showing Mr. Carn that I had not worn any panties that day. I was already shaven thanks to Mr. Poln’s request, but now I showed that prize to Mr. Carn, letting another older man gaze at the glisten of my slit, a little prize that was his reward for a long day’s work.

It was my fantasy, and since I was so intensely horny that day I found any amount of preamble boring, so our rush to sex was swift and without a lot of chitchat. Mr. Carn didn’t need a whole lot of convincing; as soon as he saw the skirt lift to offer him a slice of teenage Japanese pussy, he was more or less on board with the project. I had crawled up onto the desk and pressed my knees into the metal frame, gyrating my hips while still holding my skirt aloft. My sweet Mr. Carn responded by enjoying the show for a moment or two, and then finally reaching out a hand to run his fingers down the length of one of my thighs. He was still a bit nervous, the poor thing, but my noises were enough to encourage him in his touches. Little brushes of his fingers became hungrier and more demanding, and before too long he was standing up beside the table, one of his hands palmed at my sex with two fingers deep inside of me. We were kissing like drunken fools; our tongues dancing while a line of our joined spit rolled down the corner of my chin. I could feel my teacher’s two fingers inside of me, flicking back and forth, coaxing from me a nectar that I could no longer hold back.

When I asked Mr. Carn what he wanted to do to me through our hungry kiss, his demand shot waves of excited pleasure through me, pleasure that resonated not only to the Kim kneeling on his desk, but to the Kim sitting in the front row, daydreaming with wet panties.
“...let me fuck your ass.” He groaned, and I gave a murmured grunt of heated agreement.

Mr. Poln had not yet trained my ass; it was one of the things he had often observed, commenting on it like it occupied a vague area between a threat and a promise. Often it would be after we had sex, when he would pull his cock out of my cum-filled pussy, slap the wet head against the pucker of my rear, and mention it like a fading afterthought. One day, he had even remarked that my anal training would be rough but rewarding, and would be one of the final stages of my slut orientation.

Well, Mr. Poln hadn’t yet trained me how to take a man’s cock in my ass, but you couldn’t possibly convince the imagined Kim on Mr. Carn’s desk of that. I was already on my knees on the floor, sucking on Mr. Carn’s cock like I typically did to Mr. Poln. A mess of spit and slop against my face, Mr. Carn’s unexpectedly large cock stretching the comfort of my lips. Whether it was his general girth or the awkwardness of my braces, it was a particularly sloppy and noisy blowjob, with every second was filled with wet, popping delight. Mr. Carn was enjoying himself quite a bit, remarking that it had been a while since he had enjoyed a woman’s mouth by the time I had yanked his cock from my mouth and looked up at him with a hungry gaze.

“That’s too bad.” I offered, a line of spit connected my mouth to Mr. Carn’s throbbing cock. I held a firm grip around the spit covered base, my hand steady and strong. “A cock like this is made for fucking students.”

I’ll freely admit that in my fantasies, the dialogue was never the strong point. To be completely honest my daydream about Mr. Carn was unique in that we did share a few brief words; usually my fantasies were pretty focused on me being treated like a craven slut with as little buildup as possible. Less waiting, more fucking; my body was a thing to be taken and used and the men who did so didn’t have to ask permission or even say thank you after tossing my cum and sweat covered body to the side.

...Mr. Poln had me enormously worked up that week.

Mr. Carn’s cock was covered in my spit, a thick, rich coat that one could only give through a mixture of dedication, some light gagging, and an absolute disregard for the comfort of the woman servicing you. My throat was still sore but as Mr. Carn rolled me onto the desk, I knew it wouldn’t be the greatest ache in my body for long. He rolled me to sit on the desk upright, and he snatched my legs to lift them up, preparing to claim me in a missionary position.

“Want to see your face while I wreck your ass.” The otherwise repressed and conservative Mr. Carn remarked, and I could feel the fire inside me burn a little hotter. Before too long my legs were hitched against his waist, my socks rubbing against the small of his back and my rump squirming around on the desk in anticipated delight. I was still completely clothed, but the sheer amount of spit from the messy blowjob I had given him made sure that the collar and front of my shirt was soaked and sticking to my flesh. I hadn’t even bothered to wipe my mouth off, and as I gazed up at Mr. Carn it was through one lens of my glasses obscured with spit, the result of him dismissively slapping my face with his prick.

My lips were parted, and my breath was halted as I felt the touch of his cockhead, pressing against my rear entrance. Mr. Carn’s face was a mask of grinning, devious delight, and it was clear to me that he enjoyed the idea of fucking a schoolgirl in the ass almost as much as he enjoyed the deed. An unexpected mean streak lit my teacher’s face, and as he pushed the head of his cock inside and I felt that aching pinch, he spoke to me in a callous and cold fashion.

“Just a fuckhole for your teachers, huh?” He asked, watching as my face contorted from the pain of his head. I winced and struggled with the sudden pressure, my hands resting on his forearms and squeezing tight. “I know what you do with Poln. How many old cocks does it take to satisfy a slut
like you?”

“Ah...ah...” I couldn’t respond, partly because as his cock inched further into my ass my voice was stolen, and partly because I didn’t have an answer. I truly didn’t know how many it would take to satisfy me. As I sat in the middle of class watching Mr. Carn drone on in a far more passive manner than my fantasy, I couldn’t help but quietly wonder if there even was some magic number.

At the time? It didn’t feel like I’d ever be satisfied.

Mr. Carn pushed himself deeper into my ass, and every inch left me squealing, gasping, and wincing. My toes curled inside my boots and at one point my legs even thrashed about, my body trying to escape the slowly crawling pain that was pressing up my entrance. Mr. Carn forced me into position, pinning his hands against my lap and holding his teenage fuckhole firmly in place. With wide eyes I watched as Mr. Carn drew back, the spit around his cock shifting inside of me, and then with an unexpected motion he drove himself inside again, deeper than before, suddenly striking the depths of my ass. I could feel his cockhead crash against my walls, and his lap collided with my own as he claimed me with a savage, hungry pierce.

My voice broke out into the air, a small tear appearing at the corner of one of my eyes. I couldn’t scream, I couldn’t moan, I could only gasp out a small squeak, a tiny noise to summarize all that oddly delightful pain.

From there, I barely remember what had happened, but it was a mess of sweaty, lust-scented joy. Mr. Carn rammed my ass again and again, all the while gazing down at me, studying my body with nothing short of aroused contempt for the whore underneath him. At times his hands held my hips down to the table, at times they closed around my neck, tightening and nearly choking me. At one point his fury became too much to bear and as he clashed into my ass he grabbed the front of my shirt, violently jerking it open to send my buttons flying. At my breasts underneath my bra he showed no mercy, yanking down the covering garment and grabbing my nipples, twisting them until I owed in discomfort and delight. Once, he had even held my head at my jaw, forcing my mouth open so he could spit in it. Once he had he forced my mouth closed with both hands, covering my face with his hand until I had no choice but to swallow. When my tear broke away from the corner of my eye and slid across my cheek, he just gave a confident smirk and wiped it away with a firm slap that left my cheek red and my body on fire.

All the while, he claimed my ass. Heavy, spitsoaked strokes that made his desk creak and his schoolgirl whimper, delivered without mercy, without empathy, and without any regard for anything but his own visceral pleasure. Sweet Mr. Carn, whom I had always assumed was a gentle soul underneath his insecurities and his shy brown eyes, was a beast far more vicious than Mr. Poln would ever imagine being with me.

In my fantasy, I was obsessed with it. I sat in the real world at my real desk, my panties wet and my eyes constantly darting over Mr. Carn’s face and body. His chest which bared down on me like an anchor, his throat which I had kissed and slaved my tongue across while he fucked me, and his hands. His hands that slapped me, choked me, pulled my hair until I screamed and twisted my nipples until they broke a boundary of tenderness that I never knew existed.

In the real world he was sitting at his desk, sipping coffee and reading the newspaper while the class worked on our quizzes. In my mind, he was breaking me, and forcing me to love every last second of it.

When he came, the desk shook from the impact, and the flood of cream into my aching ass was a torrent I knew was coming, but was powerless to defend myself against. It was an odd sensation; acutely different from when my pussy was claimed, and Mr. Carn’s thick member twitched and
spasmed throughout the entire duration. My glasses askew and my hair an absolute mess, when he pulled out my legs flopped down to the floor with my body following after. I slumped into a heap like I had completely melted, landing with my face against the cold tile of the floor and my ass lifted into the air. While I gazed blearily through askew eyeglasses I could feel his cum rolling out of my ass, dripping to the floor when it didn’t cling in thick gobs against my thighs.

“Making a mess, Kim.” I could hear Mr. Carn murmur, though my sense of reality was growing hazy. “Open that mouth and clean it up.”

“Mrhrhrhm.” I can’t remember what it is I said, but I’m confident that it came out as gibberish. As my eyes blurred more I could hear him again, his voice sterner and more focused.

“Kim. Kim, time to turn over and clean it up.”

“Hrmsh thsepin.”

“Kim!” Suddenly there was a flash of light, and I was acutely aware of the distinction between words spoken in my dreams, and words spoken in real life. I jerked from my desk like I had been stuck with a knife, my hair bouncing about my head and my glasses actually flying off my face. I fumbled to catch them, juggling them briefly before clutching them against my chest. My head flew from side to side, trying quickly to figure out the puzzle that brought me back to the real world, and ultimately failing until the voice spoke again.

“Kim! I said turn in your sheet!” Mr. Carn stood over me, arching a brow as he held out a hand. I swallowed nervously, and looked down at my paper, my color draining as I gazed at what was laying on my desk.

My name wasn’t Ki. And unfortunately...that looked like it was all I had gotten around to writing.

I shamefully scooped the paper up and held it out to Mr. Carn, giving him a sheepish, apologetic look.

“I...uh...” I whimpered, glancing from side to side as I heard some of the other students snicker. Mr. Carn looked at my paper and gave me a surprised and concerned look, clearly vested in the answer his best student could give for such an obvious display of negligence. “I...test...desk.”

I test desk. I test desk?! What the hell was “I test desk?!” Mr. Carn just gave me a slightly disappointed look as he shook his head and turned his back, while the students around me snickered at what I only prayed they assumed was an intentional joke on my part. After he turned and left I let my head flop down on the desk, my forehead bumping against it as I gave a pathetic whimper. The worst part? I was still incredibly wet.

Saturday morning couldn’t come soon enough.

For that matter, neither could I.

End of Chapter 7.
Field Trip

Chapter Summary

Kim and Mr. Poln go on a field trip to a seedy hotel. But what will they do there? Well...a nice, sloppy blowjob is definitely in the cards!

Detention for Kim
Chapter 8: Field Trip
-By Drace Domino

The better you’ve been, the easier it is to get away with being bad when you finally snap. My father accepted my story without hesitation; he signed the fake release form and even gave me a bit of spending money for my trip. I was offered the usual platitudes, with both my mother and father praising my academic performance and letting me know just how proud I made them. There was a time in my life that those words were all I needed to be satisfied. All I craved was a pat on the head, and the reassurance that I was a good daughter, a good student, a good person. I would preen and beam from the slightest bit of praise from my parents, and in turn they would be careful not to give it unless I had truly earned it. My parents were not cruel nor were they particularly strict; but they believed in giving praise and trust only when it had been earned and deserved.

After eighteen years of good behavior, I had a sterling reputation with my parents. All of the things that made me different from the other students, all the things that in their eyes made me awkward, boring, or nerdy were the things that made it easy for me to do something more illicit than they ever had. By being the good girl, I could be the worst girl of all. The thrill that morning as I got ready was indescribable, and I had taken great delight in picking my clothes for the weekend. I did not have a lot of sexy attire, but I still tried to do my best with what little I had. A T-shirt from my sophomore year was too tight around my chest and rode up on my stomach, and it certainly made the cut for how it accidentally showed off my assets with a snug grip. A pair of black leather boots that came halfway up my calf were another choice I had made; originally purchased for when I played a frontierswoman in a school play, they would soon be used for a much more excitement performance.

Sadly, as I rummaged through my underwear selection, I soon realized that the task wasn’t to pick out the sexiest choices, but to pick the least unsexy. I never had a reason to wear enticing undergarments before, and so most of mine were a plain white variety with a few brighter colors mixed in here and there. I tossed in a plain pair of black panties and a matching bra, hoping that I wouldn’t have much need of either once we were on the road. After packing my clothes I tossed in a few schoolbooks and other decoy items; just in the off chance my parents let their attention drift to my bag.

It was a nice day that morning and so I had chosen to walk to school; a twenty minute stroll that I took nearly an hour early, so excited was I to meet with Mr. Poln again. I had done my best to be patient with him during that long week, but it had not been easy. Countless masturbation sessions had left me utterly frustrated; and I couldn’t wait to get my hands, mouth, and other various pieces around my history teacher’s cock. Dressed in my traditional school attire, I had a slight skip to my step, marching along with my duffle bag across my shoulder as I headed to school.
When I arrived at the school nobody was there; it was too early even for the various athletics programs to start their training. I found the place near the back of the school that Mr. Poln told me to wait; out of eyeshot of the main road and away from the school’s front-loaded security cameras. I took a seat, pulled out one of my books, and started to do homework for Monday.

Hey, I was only fucking my history teacher. There were plenty of other subjects in which I wasn’t guaranteed an A.

Eventually I could hear a car coming around the side of the building, and I smiled as I saw my history teacher sitting behind the wheel. My hands were already in motion, putting away my homework and zipping my duffle bag back up. Rising to my feet I practically bounced over towards the passenger side, and as it unlocked from within I slid eagerly down into my seat.

“Kim.” Mr. Poln greeted me sternly and simply, and no sooner than I closed the door did he take his foot off the brake. Before I even finished getting my bag stuffed into his backseat we were moving, and I gazed over at my teacher with a huge smile on my face.

“Mr. Poln.” It was difficult to control my enthusiasm; to not just leap across the car and begin sucking him off immediately. A long, frustrating week was finally at a very rewarding end. I adjusted my uniform and pulled the hem of my skirt down, and yanked the seatbelt across my chest to secure myself for the ride. “Where are we going today?”

“A way’s out.” Mr. Poln responded calmly, and I could see that underneath his stoic demeanor that there was a slight smile pressed to his lips. “We can’t risk anyone local seeing us, so I’m going to take I-90 and drive us out to a little hotel I know. About two hours out.” As we paused at a stop sign he looked over at me with a smirk; a brow arched as he studied his toy schoolgirl seated beside him. I could practically feel his eyes moving over me, from my breasts contained in my blouse to how my bare knees broke free of the hem of my skirt. I swallowed nervously, and my tongue drifted forward against my teeth, running over the contours of my braces.

“I can’t wait.” I spoke softly, and bit down on my bottom lip. One of my hands moved to pinch the edge of my glasses and lower them, folding them up and sitting them in my lap. Wearing them in a moving car gave me motion sickness; it was one of the reasons I didn’t drive anywhere myself unless absolutely necessary. Thankfully, Mr. Poln didn’t mind driving me to the place he’d be corrupting me for the evening. “After this week, two hours is easy.”

Surprisingly, it was easy, thanks in part to the conversation. As the drive went on Mr. Poln and I spoke; chatting about the very limited range of things that an eighteen year old honor student and a middle aged man had in common. It was a refreshing yet unusual experience; our talk didn’t carry the same weight as one that a romantic couple would have. Most of the things we ended up talking about was, fittingly enough, the matters of a teacher and student. What college I was considering, what my intended major was, we even spoke of some of my classmates that Mr. Poln thought might fail his class. He seemed bothered by it but also had the ability to detach himself; something I imagined was a necessary skill for a teacher. As the time passed our conversations continued in that vein, and we didn’t even mention our unusual relationship throughout it.

In truth, it helped me sort out a few things. Mr. Poln and I up to that point had a very limited style of interaction. We’d get together, he’d undress and fuck me until I thought I might pass out, and then we’d go our separate ways. I was a smart girl but still a teenager with raging hormones, and there was a natural curiosity about what Mr. Poln saw me as. Was I a girlfriend? A mistress? Was I something that he was developing romantic feelings for?
It turned out that I wasn’t. Through our conversation I picked up that I was his student; one he happened to share a very intense, unique situation with. I was less his lover than I was his pet, and in an odd realization I learned I was quite content with that situation. Romance was messy. Sex was...well, it was messy too, but in a far more delicious way.

Eventually we found ourselves getting off the highway and pulling into the hotel he had mentioned. It looked like a nice place; a middle-class step up from the usual trucker hotel, one that boasted all the amenities one might expect from a solid three star establishment. Free HBO. Surely that would come in handy when my history teacher was hilted inside of me and I was screaming for more of his cum.

We made short work of getting our room, and as soon as we were inside Mr. Poln closed the door and the lock snapped shut, giving us our first moment of privacy in a very long time. As our bags fell to the floor he wasted no time; and one of his hands reached out to snatch my wrist, spinning me suddenly against the door. It made a loud thud as my back crashed against it, and I gave a sharp, sudden cry of arousal as my teacher treated me like a ragdoll. With my back to the wall Mr. Poln suddenly leaned in, and my lips were claimed by his in a kiss that clearly told me he had missed our interaction as much as I. Holding nothing back, Mr. Poln’s tongue pressed deep into my mouth, battering against my own and wrestling it to the floor. While he did so a hand moved forward, and before long I could feel his fingers lifting the front of my skirt, his palm moving to cup me through my panties.

I let loose with an aroused moan just from the sensation; Mr. Poln’s hand pressed hard against my sex bringing an affection I had missed that entire week. Panties or not, the arousal was nearly overwhelming, and I was so excited to be touched by my teacher again that I nearly came with a thrust against his palm. It was the first time we had kissed so passionately or intimately; up until that moment our interactions had been more about our bodies, and so rarely about our mouths unless mine was stuffed with Mr. Poln’s cock. I stood there with weak knees as Mr. Poln’s tongue continued to wrestle my own, delighting in pinning mine and holding it down until it escaped, only to be caught once more. As he kissed he pushed his frame against mine; squeezing me to the door and letting me feel the warmth of his body and the full weight of how hungry he was for me.

The kiss broke after only a few brief moments, and already I was heading down to my knees. Driven there partly from being overwhelmed by the kiss, but partly from Mr. Poln’s hands on my shoulders, I soon felt my knees dig into the hotel carpet, and my face was brought in line with my history teacher’s buckled dress pants. I needed no instruction or encouragement; and already my hands had moved up to caress him through the fabric of his pants, feeling the growing bulge underneath that had been waiting for me the entire past week. He was intensely hard; and the throaty moan he released as I grabbed ahold of his belt told me that the week had been rough on him as well. After all, I clearly did things for Mr. Poln that his wife did not.

The belt snapped open and I continued with stripping him; unzipping his pants and slipping my fingers into the hole in the front of his boxers. I could feel his shaft hiding underneath; as hot and inviting to my fingers as it had ever been. It was short work to pull him free while his pants remained on him, and before long I held Mr. Poln’s thick shaft in my palm, staring straight ahead at the member I had so craved the past few days.

Too much time had been wasted already, and to compensate for those difficult days my mouth opened wide and I pressed myself forward to take him. Like old friends my mouth greeted Mr. Poln’s cock, closing over his head and instantly taking the first few inches of him past my lips and against my tongue. We moaned together; Mr. Poln from the sensation and me from the taste. I had missed it terribly. Mr. Poln’s cock twitched in my palm where I gripped him near the base of his shaft, and I could feel tremble after tremble run through my teacher as he was reunited with his pet.
schoolgirl’s mouth. My tongue twisted and curled underneath his cockhead to tantalize him, and several times I let my head drift down past the point of comfort, taking him until my lips bumped against the hand holding his rod. I had gone a long way from the shy girl that had researched online how to give head, my fear had given way fully to eagerness and excitement. The taste of Mr. Poln’s cock was a familiar, savory thing to me, and I relished feeling him twitch inside my well-trained mouth. One of my hands left his shaft to square my glasses on my nose, hoping to keep them from slipping off and causing an awkward situation amidst our shared joy. After I did so my hand started to drift down, moving past the edge of my skirt so I could let my fingers move against my panties. Casually I began to stroke myself, primarily focused on pleasing Mr. Poln but seeing nothing wrong with stoking the embers of my own burning lust.

Soon Mr. Poln’s hands found a place at the back of my neck, and I could feel his fingers interlock so he could keep a firm grip against me. It was an unusual position and it left me curious as to what would come next, and so I let my other hand leave Mr. Poln’s shaft while my eyes opened and I gazed up at him with his cock still half-penetrating my mouth. My lips pursed around his girth, a few streaks of spit along my cheeks, and I tilted my head and looked inquisitively up at my teacher who held my neck so firmly.

“We don’t have a whole lot of time.” He explained calmly, and smirked at his obedient, cocksucking schoolgirl. “So I’m going to speed things up.”

With that, my eyes shot open wide behind my glasses as Mr. Poln started to rapidly fuck my mouth. The very first thrust was quick and unexpected, and it would’ve left me gagging if I had the slightest chance to catch my breath. His hands at the back of my neck served to keep my head perfectly in place, giving me no other option than to kneel there and accept my teacher’s wild flurry of motion. His knees rocked back and forth as he took me, each thrust delving hungrily past my lips and nearly crashing against the back of my throat. My eyes continued to hold open wide and surprised, and they darted in between casting worried looks to Mr. Poln through my lenses and to what I could see of his slick, angry cock that was violating me so wonderfully.

Emotions raged within me, and my body was thrown into the sort of confusing, delightful conflict that only sex could make me experience. My hands hung limp, and I had even stopped touching myself as my mouth was used purely for my teacher’s pleasure. The sudden force was uncomfortable; the striking against my throat made me desperately want to cough, but he was being far too fast and heavy with his strokes to allow it. My eyes went to slits as I tried to maintain my composure, and before long I could feel them water from a mix of humiliation, arousal, and the mild ache that each thrust caused to my jaw. It was a shameful, embarrassing display...and I loved it. I was reminded of when my principal’s cock was in my mouth a few weeks prior; when his thick member had pushed past all resistance and he had forced me to take him as deeply as I could. That evening I had been left coughing and spitting up on the cold tile of Mr. Poln’s classroom, feeling the sting of tears in my eyes and aching with a sore throat that lasted the entire next day. Still...it had been undeniably, provocatively intense. My conscious mind knew that being treated like such an object was disgraceful and disgusting, but something buried deep inside of me relished it in a dark, depraved way I couldn’t fully understand.

Mr. Poln had seen that in me that night, and he had clearly waited until this moment to push that boundary between us.

My arms continued to hang limp as Mr. Poln proceeded to fuck my mouth, only pausing once or twice so he could smack his spit-covered cock against my cheeks in dismissive, dominating fashion. There was to be no mistake made about the situation; my open mouth was there for him to claim, the student he had taken an oath to guide and teach was little more than a series of wet, open holes for his delight. When he took his slick shaft and pressed it squarely against my face, lining it
up along my nose and eyes, I was forced to cringe from the sticky mess, yet my tongue danced over my braces in excitement, ever eager for more.

Mr. Poln forced my mouth open once again, and sure enough his cock drove in against me with several more hard, powerful thrusts. It was faster now, and I knew my teacher’s motions well enough to judge that his climax was fast approaching. He began to grow even rougher, and the sound of wet, sloppy thrusting filled the room, as well as the noise of my squeaking gags each time his cockhead crashed to the edge of my throat. Finally I broke into a sudden coughing fit, unable to resist it as thick, precum-laced spit drooled off my lips and down to the hotel carpet below. While I coughed Mr. Poln pressed one hand under my chin to lift my head, the other rapidly stroking his well-coated member.

“Smile for me, Kim.” He murmured, looking down with authority lining his eyes and a dominant presence to his voice. “Nice and wide. Big smile, show me how much you love being my whore.”

I did it without hesitation. Gazing up through my glasses, which were half-smeared with spit, I turned to face Mr. Poln with a huge smile on my face. I smiled so wide it would’ve ached no matter what I had been doing, but the rapid thrusting into my mouth had only made it more sore to do so. Regardless, I showed my beaming grin to my teacher, exposing my sterling white teeth marked with the metal of my braces.

Mr. Poln’s fist continued to pound against his member, and I watched as his head moved to line against my mouth. When he came my teacher gave a loud grunt, and his shoulders hunched forward in a powerful shudder as he started to shoot his cream forward. I continued to smile as he painted my teeth, some of it rolling down the edge of my lower lip, but most of it continuing to coat my smile. Before long I was gazing at him with a mouth full of braces and cum, looking at him with absolute delight through my spit-coated glasses.

Mr. Poln grinned, and held a finger out to suggest I hold that position. I did so willingly; even though I found it terribly difficult to resist cleaning my teeth with the edge of my tongue. The mere scent of his cream, so close to my nose, was almost overwhelmingly arousing, and to be forced to hold the position like a dog balancing a treat on her snout was torturous. He seemed to have no reason for telling me to hold it other than that sheer purpose; to make me feel like a hound waiting for its snack.

“Okay, go ahead.” He finally spoke, and I instantly closed my lips, my tongue moving to swirl against the cum he had plastered me with. My eyes closed in delight as I savored my teacher’s flavor, and as I knelt on the scratchy hotel carpet one of my hands lifted, pushing the cum from outside my lips into the mouth that had earned it. Once I had finally cleaned up I was more aroused than ever; the rapid thrusting against my mouth had set my desires on fire but sadly had not done much to force me to orgasm. I gazed up at Mr. Poln, and my hands moved out to grab his pants, tugging at them slightly while I looked up with begging eyes. I didn’t even have to speak; he knew exactly what I wanted.

“No, Kim, I thought I told you we don’t have much time.” He responded with a dismissive smirk, and stepped out of my range. My head tilted curiously but I didn’t protest; a good student and a good submissive always listened to what her teacher had to say. “We have to get you ready.”

“Ready?” I finally spoke up, my brow arched. Something big was about to happen, I could tell as much from Mr. Poln’s coy, teasing grin. He picked up his suitcase and carried it over to the bed; dropping it down and beginning to open it. I watched as he pulled a few items out; my eyes growing wider and my sex growing hotter with every item that came to rest on the bed. A blindfold. A bright red ball gag. And finally...rope. Thick, rough, abrasive rope. I swallowed
nervously as I watched him, my voice squeaking out once more in a timid, almost frightened tone.
“Mr. Poln? Ready for what?”

Mr. Poln glanced over his shoulder, and arched a brow as he regarded me. He clicked his tongue
idly to the roof of his mouth, as if what he was about to say was nothing for me to concern myself
with.

“We’re having company, Kim.” He spoke as he brought a hand down to pick up the rope. He
started to approach, and my eyes followed the rough, uncomfortable-looking rope as it swung from
his palm. “And we need to get you dressed.”

End of Chapter 8.
It's Kim's most depraved adventure yet! Tied up and presented as a treat to a few mystery men, this young lady is about to make the true leap into slutdom!

Detention for Kim Chapter 9: Career Choice
-By Drace Domino

For the past half hour, I couldn’t see a thing. Mr. Poln had seen to that before he left our hotel room, by way of slipping a tight-fitting, vinyl blindfold across my eyes. Sure, I could easily lift up a hand and remove it, if...well...I wasn’t also tied to a chair. Things had gotten out of hand pretty quickly that evening in our hotel room.

Before he left Mr. Poln had taken his time in preparing me, forcing me to change my clothes in expectations of what was to come. Granted, I still didn’t know exactly what was headed my way, but at that point I was eager enough that I would have done anything to find out. My schoolgirl outfit had been dismissed almost immediately; folded up and put back in my backpack. Instead I wore my nylons that went up to the center of my thighs, tinting my legs an alluring, dark color. Then came my boots from the school play, tight fitting brown leather that came up to the middle of my calves. I had been stripped of my panties and my bra, and finally my glasses as Mr. Poln slid the blindfold over my face. Immediately I felt vulnerable and exposed; wearing leggings and boots that only made sense in the most fetishistic of ways, and being walked across the room with an older man’s hand on my bare back.

He led me to sit down on one of the hotel chairs; an oversized thing with wide, wooden arm rests on both sides. I could hear the snap of rope as Mr. Poln descended on me, and for the next few minutes I could only whimper and gasp as he bound me to the chair. My arms were the first to be locked; pulled behind my back and tied to each other by the wrist, before moving through the framework of the chair to lock them into place. It was an uncomfortable but not painful position, though even as I tugged at my hands after he finished I knew I was utterly bound and helpless. Thinking that we were finished for the moment, I gasped as my teacher took one of my legs, and lifted it up into the air. Mr. Poln’s hands worked slowly and deliberately, and I could feel the rope sliding around my leg, wrapping about my lower thigh to bind my leg to the arm rest. He continued to tie me so that my ankle was pulled down to the same armrest, and by the time he had finished my leg was suspended in the air, locked to the chair as firmly as my arms. Already I was getting excited, but I didn’t dare ask Mr. Poln what was to become of me, instead I simply sat in quiet arousal as he repeated the process with my other leg.

By the end of it I was completely restrained; every limb attached to the cushioned chair, and my legs spread to reveal my sex. I was open and exposed, my legs pulled apart in such a fashion to fully show my womanhood. Bound in nylons and boots, blindfolded and finally...gagged. It came by means of a rubber ball gag, and Mr. Poln took the time to delicately press it into my mouth. I gave a little gasp around it as he secured my bite on it, and then brought the straps back to secure it on my head. Then, he allowed a hand to drift down the back of my hair, and I heard his footsteps as he made his way to the door. It opened and closed, and a few seconds later I could hear his car start, leaving me truly alone in the hotel room to ponder my situation.
The rope wasn’t as rough as I had expected, which was a relief. In fact, I found it quite smooth where it gripped my thighs and my wrists, holding me firmly but not abrassively. At least when I would finally be unbound, I’d be left no worse for the wear. The blindfold excited me and the ballgag didn’t take long before it started to make me drool; a few drops of my spit rolling from the sides of it to land against my exposed chest. The helplessness, the overwhelming vulnerability, and of course the position I had been set in...all of them combined to drive me to an excited, frightening high. This was something new, something I had never expected but now deeply desired. It had been a long week of sexual frustration without Mr. Poln’s cock to sate me, but it felt like things were going to pay off for me very, very soon.

I couldn’t wait, which naturally made the wait almost unbearable.

By the time I heard the door open again, I was wet and hot, and my chest had a thin puddle of drool rolling across it. My nipples were stiff and my sex felt like it was on fire, and with every breath I drew through my nose I could swear I smelled my own heated arousal. Surprisingly, the binding Mr. Poln had done to my legs didn’t make them ache or stretch any more than a prolonged assembly back at school would, and by the time the door opened and I once again felt the breeze from outside, I knew I was ready for anything.

I was ready for Mr. Poln to return from his break, which I assumed had been a visit to a coffee shop to let his favorite student sit in wonder and arousal. I was ready for him to come back and take me while tied to the chair, and take pictures of me with cum drooling out of my pussy. I was ready to spend the evening with him, and only him, my wonderful history tea-

“Shit, so this is her? You weren’t kidding, were you?”

It was a voice I didn’t recognize, and suddenly I felt incalculably more vulnerable than I already had. The idea that someone else was seeing me in that position, that they were present while I was so exposed, it made my entire body burn with embarrassment, fear, and oddly enough, arousal. Some of the fear was ebbed as a more familiar voice entered the room, that of Mr. Poln, who spoke in a pleasant, casual tone.

“I wasn’t.” I could almost imagine the grin on his face, despite my eyes seeing nothing but darkness. His voice drew near as I heard his footsteps, and then a warm hand rested against one of my tied knees. He shook my leg from side to side as much as it would go given the confines, and it made my body sway, forcing me to show off my pussy for the new man and whoever else might be watching. “Alright, gentlemen...”

He paused there, and let the word sink in, likely for my benefit. Gentlemen? There was more than one of them? I gave a sudden whimper, my heart racing from the exhilaration and shame of the moment.

“...here’s the ground rules. Nothing goes in her ass. I haven’t trained it yet.” Every word made me ache with tentatively fearful arousal. If nothing could go in my ass, it meant that things could go in my other holes. And if he hadn’t trained my ass yet, that meant that he would, one day! It was a lot of information to process, and my heart only continued to race while I listened to my teacher continue. “Obviously, don’t take any pictures. Keep the memory in your heart.”

I could hear some of the men laughing, but it was hard to tell how many. I could hear two distinct voices at the least, but wasn’t sure if I could pick up a third. And even then, it didn’t speak for how many simply didn’t find Mr. Poln’s joke funny. I bit down on the ball gag and shifted in my seat, my hips rising as if I was already offering my wet and ready sex. It was almost overwhelming, and my blood was boiling while I laid there in an excitement that I could barely manage to contain. Mr. Poln’s voice continued, laying down more rules for the men likely waiting to claim me.
“If you’re going to cum, don’t do it in her pussy.” I suddenly screamed around my ball gag as Mr. Poln’s hand suddenly came down, pressing against my sex and squeezing me. It was unexpected and simply divine; and the touch left my head swimming even as my voice died down. “She’ll swallow whatever you give her, but we don’t want any sloppy seconds, right?” After a few murmurs of agreement, Mr. Poln clapped his hands together, and I could sense him moving away from the chair. A few seconds later there was a squeak at the nearby bit, and I could envision him sitting back and getting ready to watch the fun.

“Alright, guys. Enjoy!”

With that, the evening had officially begun. The first man to step up to me had his pants around his ankles before he even got to me; I could hear them fall to the floor long before he drew near, and I could hear the extra noise of him eagerly kicking them off. Despite his eagerness he spoke to me in a clear tone, and I could tell by his voice he was an older man. Likely Mr. Poln’s age, and if what I had come to recognize as the type was true to form, likely stuck in an unhappy marriage. Poor, sad men that needed a brave girl like me to help get them through the doldrums of their forties.

“So this is what you want, slut? You want to be fucked by the three of us?” There was a lot to process in his words, and I knew instantly how many I was dealing with. Beyond the revelation, and even beyond how he addressed me, I recognized an important feature of his question. Consent. For that brief instant the choice was put into my hands; whether to let these three men take me, or to dismiss the evening with a shake of my head. Almost instantly, any hesitation or worry about the evening faded away, and I knew that I was in a safe place. My trust in Mr. Poln was absolute, but the knowledge that at least the first of the three men was of similar noble stock made my worries melt away, leaving only a wet, open hole ready for cock.

I nodded, my tongue dancing across the back of my ball gag, and another long line of drool falling from my lips. I made sure to nod in large, heavy strokes of my head, making sure that there was no doubt about my agreement.

“Good slut.” Came the man’s respond, and from there I felt his hand lower, moving to touch my sex. I felt two fingers slide inside of me with easy, and my aroused pussy tightened its walls, practically desperate to keep him inside. I wanted anything in me; fingers, a toy, a cock...after a long week followed by an even longer half hour, there was little I wouldn’t of taken as a lover at that point. His words slipped out and he gave a little laugh, his fingers pulling from me and wiping off against my lap, leaving a sticky, wet trail. “Shit, you’re ready alright. Here it comes, slut.”

With that, I could feel his cockhead press against my walls, and I willingly let myself be claimed. His length slid into me with ease, and my head rolled back as I let loose with a low, heavy moan around the ball gag plugging my mouth. He was thick and aroused; and my entrance was so very desperate to feel something inside. My legs couldn’t move thanks to the bindings, but if they could I would have instantly wrapped them around his waist, locking my feet together to make sure I held him inside. Instead, my toes were forced to wiggle helplessly within the confines of my boots, and I was left to shiver as I felt his hands run down my nylon-clad legs, caressing me wherever the rope didn’t cover my flesh. His hands left my body and I can only assume he grabbed on to the chair’s armrests, because shortly after he was able to fuck into me with heavier, faster strokes.

The chair creaked as he took me, and he held nothing back with the schoolgirl he had been permitted to have. It wasn’t too long into the stranger’s frantic motions that my first climax of the evening overtook me, and I was left blubbering in moans and whimpers around the constricting ball gag. My climax was heavy but I had no opportunity to break away, and throughout the duration of it he continued to fuck my sensitive sex, only drawing more pleasure out of my hole. One of the other men must have approached while I was distracted, and before long I could feel
one of their hands reach down to my spit-covered breast, squeezing it before turning his fingers up to pinch hard at my nipple. I whimpered and whined; barely able to process all of the things happening to my body as the bad squeezed my nipple fiercely tight, before lowering his hand to the other. While he made sport of my breasts the first stranger’s pace quickened, and with every thrust that took me down to his lap he was drawing closer to his peak.

“Don’t hold back, guys, we have her for a while. You’ll definitely get more than one turn!” One of the men barked out, and the other two chuckled in excited agreement. I could only nod my head, their plan sounding all too delightful to me. The man having at me first quickened his pace as his climax drew near, but before his moment came he suddenly yanked his cock out, and I could feel the spray of cum against the very top of my hood. A spread of warm cream covered my clit, and it sparked within me a sudden thrashing of my hips, the disgraceful treatment triggering in me yet another climax. This time I squirted to the floor; for I could feel a rush of excitement fill me before the noise of juice striking the hotel carpet could be heard. The men all laughed, and I could feel one of them dragging a washcloth across my hood; clearing off the cum so I would be fresh for the next one.

“Squirting at her age? Holy fuck, where’d you find this girl?” One of them asked, and I could tell from the sound it was the same one stroking his fingers down my hair. He sounded black, and the mental image of how I envisioned him sent a wild thrill up my post-orgasmic body. Perhaps I’d really find out if what people said was true. With a man I’d never met, no less! Mr. Poln addressed the man’s questions with a laugh, and I pictured him leaning back on the bed, watching his prize student ready to be plugged a second time.

“Wherever I got her from, I promise you they’re all out. She’s one of a kind.” The men spoke about me like I was only barely there, or even more oddly thrilling, like I was something to be used and harnessed like a tool or a machine. By the time the second man stood between my legs and lined his cock up with my entrance, the heady delight of being used in such wild fashion had made me lose track of who was who around the room. It wasn’t until I heard his voice that I could place him, or at least, draw up the mental image of what I pictured him to be.

“Gonna be rough, girl. You look damn small.” It sounded like the black one again, and he pulled his cockhead away from my entrance only to suddenly let it drop, slapping against my lap. I moaned instantly around my ball gag, for if what I felt was accurate, he was simply enormous. The weight of his cock started near my hood and it went up until nearly my belly button, where he pushed the top of it down so I could feel the entire length. He was thick, and though I desperately wished I could open my eyes to confirm, I could best guess that his cock was the size of my forearm. And for the next few minutes, it was mine.

After he let me know what was in store for me, he pushed his gigantic member against my entrance, and moved it inside with a slow and deliberate pace. My voice broke into a long moan as he did so, and my walls were stretched more than they ever had been before; my entrance forced wide open to accommodate his girth. My moans didn’t stop; each one bled into the next as I lost myself entirely in the moment. Drool ran down my face from my gaping mouth, and as he pushed inside my head fell back against the headrest, my voice calling out as much as it could around the gag.

“Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck, she’s tight…” He hissed, but his hands finally lowered to my waist. He pulled me down and pushed me flatter to the chair; as much as I was able to be while still bound by my arms and legs. Once he had a firm grip on me his hips drew back, and he suddenly pushed ahead with a rushing vigor. My eyes shot open behind the blindfold, and my scream pierced around
the ball gag, my throat aching and my eyes watering at what soon hammered into me.

He took me deep, or as deep as he could. I couldn’t match his cock all the way down to his hilt, but when he pushed inside of me I could feel his cockhead go deeper within than any man ever had. The deep wall of my womb was rammed by his head, and the feeling was terrifying and blissful all rolled into one. My body was stretched to its limit by his enormous cock, and all I could do was scream around a gag, and wildly nod my head to encourage him to give me more.

The two of us seemed made to bring the other a swift climax. He filled me to my breaking point, and I gave him the tight, velvet grip that he couldn’t find with other women. We peaked at roughly the same time, but there was a single moment where it felt as if he would break one of the rules that had been given. My walls were simply too tight, and in the midst of my own orgasms I was clenching around him so hard that my entire lower body ached. He swore in frustration and a fair bit of panic, but managed to pull himself free by the time the first load came.

And I do mean the first load. What I pictured to be a thick, juicy black cock sprayed me with several ropes of cum, each one of them wildly striking my body. The first came across my face, a line that moved over my nose and even along the side of my ball gag, giving me the faintest taste of his seed. The second took my shoulder like a sniper’s bullet, and I could feel the heat of his spunk sinking in against my skin. Another landed on my stomach, leaving me trembling as I felt his cum roll down the natural curves of how I was positioned, finally pooling in my belly button. The final came as he was turning away, but it seemed to be the largest. His member spasmed one final time and I could feel him plaster my right calf through the fabric of my nylons. Cum coated my muscle, and was soon left drooling down my leg only to land on the hotel carpet below.

The towel came again, as the next man cleaned me up for his use. My stomach and shoulder and calf were wiped, but he left the load that landed onto my face, casually remarking that it made me prettier. I simply nodded in submissive, agreeable delight. The third man stood before me, and I wondered to myself how he could possibly best the black man that had pushed my boundaries. In a sudden realization, he did it with two small words.

“Hey, Kim.”

He gave me no more information, and not a single word of explanation before he slid into me with ease. He was nowhere near the second man’s girth, but the fact that he knew my name sent dozens of red flags into my mind. His voice was familiar but difficult to place, though it was undeniable that he knew me. As his hands held my knees he started to fuck into my ready, well-used hole, and I had little recourse but to willingly give in.

While he claimed me, my mind spun with possibilities. Was he a classmate? Another teacher? Someone from my town? Each idea made my body burn with excitement, and as a result of not knowing, it only made his motions incredibly intense. He was a mystery man to me, one I could not dismiss purely by coming up with a generic template for him in my mind. He wasn’t a sad-eyed married man, nor was he a large, hulking man with rich ebony skin and a stereotypically large cock. He was someone that knew me, and that knowledge filled my mind with a cast of characters I could only speculate within.

His hips were rocking back and forth with heavy thrusts, and though he couldn’t go as deep as the last contender, he was clever in how he pushed to his hilt and kept himself deep inside; forcing me to take him as deeply as he could push it while he rolled his hips back and forth. I could feel his length pressing into my walls from side to side, and when he would pull back my head bobbed forward, letting go with a desperate whimper around the frame of the ball gag.

“Never knew you were such a dirty girl, Kim.” He whispered, and though I tried desperately I still
couldn’t place his voice. He wasn’t giving me any clues to work with, no hint as to whether he was from school or from some other random destination. “Now that I know, gonna have to see you more often.”

I whimpered around my ball gag, and despite my fears in that moment I swiftly nodded. I knew Mr. Poln was watching, and anyone that I knew he too would know, so I could only assume that this was all a part of my teacher’s grand scheme. Unlike the past two, the cock that was inside me would likely be inside again another day, and maybe at that time I would know its identity. For now, it wasn’t something I was permitted.

The mystery man pulled my hair and grabbed my breast; tightening his grip as he started to pick up his pace. The chair creaked from the force of his thrusts, and he cursed under his breath as he felt his peak approaching. I myself had lost track of my climaxes; the entire evening had already caused me quite a few, and often it felt like I was simply floating from one and into the next. Still, the knowledge that I was bringing the stranger to his peak through the magic of my warm, wet hole was enough to push me to an all new height.

I screamed around my ball gag as the mystery man pulled free of my sex, and my frame was left shiver while I heard him quickly walk around my chair. A hand in my hair turned my face to the side, and I flinched as ropes of thick cum struck my face. My cheeks were coated and my ball gag was smothered in his cream, and I could even tell that it was pressed to the vinyl mask, slowly drooling down the surface of it. The mystery man gave a sigh of contentment, and his hands moved around the back of my head to undo my gag. As it fell away he let it drop to the floor, but smoothly replaced it by pushing his hips forward and bringing my mouth over the head of his still-hard cock.

My tongue flailed around the head; and I made sure to taste as much of him as I could. My head eagerly bobbed back and forth on his length, and when he gave me another small spurt of cum I was eager to swallow it down. He combed his fingers through my hair and fed me his length with a casual contentment, and after a while he pulled himself free of my mouth, guiding my lips down to the undercarriage of his member. I opened my mouth and let my tongue circle around his sweaty undercarriage, licking and teasing his sack while the men started to speak again of what to do with me.

“Let’s untie her and move to the bed. I want to know what that mouth’s like. Holy hell, are those braces?” The first man must’ve been close, watching as I bathed the mystery man’s sack with my tongue. “Yeah, I need that mouth.”

“Wouldn’t say no to another run at that tight cunt, either.” The black man spoke up, just as I felt hands against my legs, pulling my bindings free. My legs started to drop and my muscles ached as they returned to a neutral position; much more than just my holes would be sore in the morning. While they untied me the mystery man chimed in, clearly speaking in his own best, naughty interests.

“Let’s keep her blindfold on.” He mused, likely to tease me and lord his identity over me. “Next time I see her and make her suck my cock, I want it to be a surprise. That okay with you?” He was clearly asking Mr. Poln, who I could hear standing up from the bed before responding.

“Seems like she likes the taste.” Was his response, and I nodded with a moan, my mouth still half-full of the mystery man’s sweaty pouch.

The three of them carried me to the bed, and the next few hours passed by in a haze. In a single afternoon I was pushed far past any limits I knew I had, as two total strangers and one hidden acquaintance helped themselves to my body. The black man delighted in having me ride him, and
while I did it I took turns sucking on the other two; always making sure that at least one of my new friends had a hand on their delicious cock. Similar to our first encounter when it came time for him to release, it was almost too late to keep it out of me. This time it was my fault; I was so enamoured with sucking on the older man’s cock that I almost didn’t raise my hips in time. As it was my black friend’s thick rod squirted against the outside of my lips, and it took a swipe of a towel to clean me up for my next lover.

As the mystery man took me doggy style, I found myself deepthroating the older, married man. My lessons with Mr. Poln had served me well, and throughout my spitroast both of the men commented how I handled the cock in my throat like a true, glorious slut. I even let him cum straight down my throat, which forced me to cough up his load in a painful display of choking and gagging, but it was a display I knew would come. I wanted them to see it; I wanted them to watch as I drooled and spit and made a mess against the bed. And when the mystery man fucking me from behind finally came, he pulled out and squirted it into the same pile I had spit up.

One of their hands pushed into my hair, and they rubbed my face in the mess like a dog that had misbehaved. I came on the spot, the humiliation, shame, and mistreatment making my body quake in horrendously foul delight. Up until that afternoon, one could make the case that I was a young woman led down a road of seduction by Mr. Poln. Now...I was a slut, and I had given myself fully into it. When the mystery man held my mouth open and spit into it, I swallowed eagerly. When the black man told me to hold his cock at the base and lick it like a lollipop, I didn’t even hesitate. When the married man, while fucking me as we laid sideways on the bed, demanded I call him daddy, my voice cried out for him in absolute obedience. I did anything the three of them demanded, so long as they didn’t violate the rules Mr. Poln had set.

I was rewarded for my obedience in blasts of cum, each one making my skin ache with desire, or my stomach fill with delicious nectar. Cum in my hair made me brush it into my locks, and cum on my nylons had one of my hands lowered, scooping it off so I could feed it to myself from my fingertips. They squirted against my hood and even against the pucker of my ass, and more than once while shooting over my face I accidentally breathed it into my sinuses, sending me a burning reminder of my shame. In their final show of dominance over me, they each came inside of one of the disposable cups from the hotel sink. I was handed a tiny cup of warm delight, and I downed it in one steady, hungry gulp before smiling wide and showing them my cum-stained braces.

I had gone down a dark road, and I simply had to know what was at the end of it. There was no going back after that day, and I knew it. It was why Mr. Poln had brought me there, and why he had spent his time training me before the event. It would’ve scared me away two months ago, but what a difference a few weeks made. The men all left eventually, and my naked, cum-stained body was still writhing on the bed, eager for more. Mr. Poln was obliging by allowing me to suck his cock, and I was doing it wildly, hungrily, and with a feral, craven desire that wasn’t normal for a woman of any age.

I was a slut. Little more than a few warm holes and smile.

And I would never look back.

End of Chapter 9.
Detention for Kim
Chapter 10: Substitute Teacher
-By Drace Domino

Mr. Poln had taught me many things during my time with him, though none of it was on my teacher’s usual curriculum for the rest of the class. He had taught me how to use my mouth and sex to delight and please, and he had taught me both the pleasures and the pains of patience. Without Mr. Poln in my life I would’ve had an uneventful senior year; one where I focused on my studies and my college preparation, and one where I didn’t have any fun whatsoever. Because of him, my high school memories weren’t merely about not getting asked to the prom and having to deal with stuck up cheerleaders that thought they were better than me simply because of my glasses and braces; thanks to his efforts I could now look fondly on the first time I sucked my teacher off in his room, or the time the principal caught us and demanded the same treatment, or most recently, the time Mr. Poln blindfolded me and let three men have their way with me in a dirty hotel.

The memories I was making were ones I’d hold close to my heart for some time, and my sexual training was still ongoing. Every day it felt like I learned something new from my middle aged history teacher, whether it was something practical like how to let a man cum in my mouth without choking on it, or something a bit less tangible like how good it felt to have my senses stripped away in lieu of pleasure. Each session with my teacher ended with a huge smile showing my braces and one of my holes filled with his cream, and every night when I’d go home I could hear my parents speculating into the late hours on where I’ve been. The rumor amongst the two of them was that I had a boyfriend but was too embarrassed to tell them, which served as a good enough excuse. After eighteen years of good behavior I had earned an enormous amount of trust, and while I learned to be a sexual entity I thought nothing of exploiting that trust.

There was no boyfriend. There was never a boyfriend; at least until much, much later. All there was for the moment was my young, eighteen year old body, my dominant, older teacher, and whatever toys or other men he advised me to put in my mouth. I did as Mr. Poln instructed; not because I was his slave, but because I was a willing student, and everything he taught me turned out to be a valuable life lesson.

Although...Mr. Poln was not my only teacher during my senior year.

I was standing on the front step of a beautiful house in the wealthy part of town, waiting for someone to answer my knock. It was a warm Saturday afternoon; I had already finished my homework and had been advised to show up at the location provided no later than two. Mr. Poln hadn’t told me just who I’d be meeting, but when he gave me my instructions after a long evening of sex in his car, he made one thing perfectly clear.

Whoever answered the door would be the one to finally train my ass.

For months, my final hole had been the elephant in the room, so to speak. I had heard Mr. Poln mention my training before, both to myself and men that he allowed fuck me, and secretly I had been eager to start it. The knowledge that Mr. Poln himself wouldn’t be involved in it gave me some small amount of trepidation, but if there was anything I had learned in the past few months it was to have absolute trust in my teacher’s decisions. According to him, whoever opened the door would be training me for a matter of weeks, but by the time it was over I would, at long last, be able to take my teacher’s cock in my last hole.
It was a worthy goal to work towards, and truth be told I was thankful for the opportunity to learn. I had overheard some of the girls in school talk about their first time from behind, and the stories they told were not pleasant. Mostly they were tales of horny football players sticking themselves in without lubrication or foreplay, creating an experience so wildly unhappy for both parties that they swore never to do it again. I was nowhere near an expert on the subject, but if the first time was so bad that it made a teenage boy say he never wanted to fuck a cute girl’s ass again, I imagined they were doing it all wrong.

I was more than willing to put in the effort of learning, if it meant avoiding a similar fate. Besides, I always felt learning was fun, even before orgasms were involved.

When the door to the beautiful house opened up, I’ll admit I didn’t see what I expected. A part of me wondered if it would’ve just been Mr. Poln behind the door, or perhaps one of his male friends with a bottle of lubricant and an erection smaller than his own. I didn’t plan to see another one of my teachers; a female one at that.

Mrs. Julia Stahl hadn’t been to class recently, a few months ago she had a baby and was on an extended maternity leave. In the months leading up to giving birth Mrs. Stahl was very noticeably showing, and yet she had continued to wear the same simple, sexy style she had before. Most of the boys knew her for her mane of shoulder-length, fire-red hair or the fact that even through her pregnancy, her curves were pleasing and warm. I had always noticed her for her wireframe glasses that gave her an intellectual look, and the heavy freckles that covered her cheeks, giving her a younger appearance than she otherwise would have had. She was a busty woman with delightful hips, and during her pregnancy her breasts had only gotten larger. Most days she came to school wearing a tight fitting white blouse that only barely contained her chest, and a smooth black skirt that went down to her knees. The sort of simple, alluring attire that sent the hormones of young, horny boys flaring.

Mrs. Stahl greeted me with a warm smile as soon as she opened the door, and after her freckles the first thing I noticed was that she was no longer pregnant. She was slimmer now; though she was still holding a bit of baby weight in her hips and stomach, but it was nowhere near unappealing. Her breasts had remained large, and as she greeted me they were contained in the confines of a tight fitting, soft blue sweater. A pair of simple blue jeans accented my teacher’s casual style, and as she regarded me she drew a hand up, adjusting her glasses with a coy smirk on her face.

“So it’s true.” Mrs. Stahl mused, and leaned against the doorframe as she regarded me. A blush instantly erupted on my cheeks, and my teacher continued with a soft laugh to her voice. “Don’t be shy, Kim, it’s okay. I just...well, I’m surprised, to say the least. Pleasantly so, but still. Surprised.”

“Oh...Hi, Mrs. Stahl.” I fidgeted nervously, and my eyes were drifting up to my teacher’s fire-red hair. It had been recently trimmed; no longer drifting to her shoulders but now going with a far simpler pixie cut. Short, smooth hair with flared bangs that lined across the brow of her glasses, giving her the look of a thoughtful, yet sexy, intellectual. I shifted from side to side as I stood on the doorstep, feeling a little under scrutiny out there in public. “Uh, can I come in, ma’am?”

Mrs. Stahl just grinned at me, her eyes flashing with a look of teasing glee that made me both nervous and excited.

“The baby’s with her grandmother for the day, so make yourself at home.” Mrs. Stahl lead me through her home; a nice, upper-middle class place with a large living room and a wide leather couch a half dozen feet away from a wall mounted TV. I didn’t know what Mrs. Stahl’s husband did for a living, but based on what I knew about private school teacher salaries, I imagined that he was paid well for the two of them to live like they did. The place was spotless and clean to a tee,
and as I sat down on the frame of the leather couch my eyes took in the sight of art hanging off of her walls. They were definitely well off; and I felt a little self-conscious sitting there.

I didn’t know exactly what to expect that afternoon so I had dressed what I had come to know as sexy; which for me, meant playing up to my strengths. I still wore my pleated schoolgirl skirt complete with black socks pulled up to just underneath my knees, but I had replaced my typical school blouse with a long-sleeved dress shirt of dark red, the sleeves intentionally a little too long for my arms so my hands could cutely half-hide within them. The dark colors worked as an accent to my rich black hair, and helped to contrast against my pale skin. I could not be sexy in the conventional ways, but I could play to type and what people’s expectations were of a Japanese schoolgirl. My eyes hid in mousey manner behind the lenses of large glasses, and when I smiled I made sure Mrs. Stahl could see the braces lined against my teeth.

Sure, it was pandering, but so far I hadn’t heard any complaints.

I toyed with the rim of my glasses as Mrs. Stahl brought forth a small tray holding a pitcher of lemonade and two cups, and I remained quiet as my teacher poured me one to hand to me. Nervously I took a sip, unsure of what to say or how to approach the situation, but feeling more than just a little awkward. My teacher was well off and beautiful in so many ways; and it was an intimidating moment for an eighteen year old girl that was just told the day before her ass would be getting trained here.

Thankfully, Mrs. Stahl was compassionate and sweet, and as she sat down beside me on the couch she moved a comforting hand out to touch against my shoulder.

“Don’t be nervous, Kim.” She offered sweetly, her smile gentle as she took a sip of her own glass of lemonade. “I know it’s a little rattling, but from what I hear you’ve done a lot of brave things already. That’s all this is going to be, really. Another footnote of when you were brave, and happier for it. I’d like to ask you a few questions before we get started, if that’s okay?”

I looked to Mrs. Stahl and nodded, and forced a smile to come to my lips. She was trying hard to make me comfortable, and the least I could do was acknowledge it. After all, the whole purpose of the day was to become comfortable with something that scared me. I smiled wide to my teacher, and when my teeth bared she gave an audible gasp, her cheeks darkening and a huge grin spreading to her lips.

“Oh, Kim, I must’ve already been on leave when you got those!” She pointed at my braces, the tiny rims of metal garnering the usual attention they did from my potential partners. They were eye-catching, to say the least. Both students and teachers alike took notice of them, the only difference was that the students mocked me, while the adults found them oddly, unusually sexy. Perhaps they felt bad about the times they mocked girls with braces when they were young, and waited to make it up to them by fucking another girl with braces squarely in the mouth. Either way, Mrs. Stahl gave a delighted grin a she saw them. “How adorable. Just when I thought you couldn’t get any cuter, you show up with those.”

“Uh...thanks, Mrs. Stahl.” I murmured with a blush lining my cheeks, and Mrs. Stahl just gave me an adoring look before leaning back in her couch.

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“Uh...thanks, Mrs. Stahl.” I murmured with a blush lining my cheeks, and Mrs. Stahl just gave me an adoring look before leaning back in her couch.

“Okay. First off, dear,” She began, and let her gaze fall on me through the lenses of her glasses. “Mr. Poln tells me that you’re here of your own choosing. His guidance, but your choosing. I trust him, but I think I’d just feel better if I heard it in your own words. Would that be okay?”

I blinked, and gave my teacher a small nod as I sipped at the glass of lemonade I had been given. It wasn’t the first time Mr. Poln had put me with someone that checked my consent; the men from
the hotel had given me a similar option to back away from what my teacher threw me to. Instantly I felt myself relax some, and I felt that bravery Mrs. Stahl called for creep into my blood. It was easier being brave knowing that, at the very core, it was my decision to be there.

“I want to learn, Mrs. Stahl.” I responded gently. “I’ll admit I didn’t expect, a...you know, a…”

“Another woman?” Mrs. Stahl arched a slender brow, smirking around the rim of her lemonade. She licked her lips briefly as her gaze focused on me, and once more I could feel my skin starting to itch in a delightfully aroused way. Though I had never been truly drawn towards women I could certainly see why the boys at school liked Mrs. Stahl; she was the sort of classic beauty that typically had a far worse personality than the warm, compassionate woman sitting next to me. All of the looks, none of the...well, for the lack of a better term, raging, egotistical bitch. “You’re okay with that, aren’t you dear?”

“Yes, Mrs. Stahl.” I nodded again, my eyes drifting briefly down to my teacher’s bust. It was only barely contained within her sweater, and though there was no cleavage for me to see it was still enticing in sculpt and shape.

“You’re...yeah. You’re really pretty, Mrs. Stahl.

My older teacher just beamed at that, and her questions continued. From there most of them were to be expected; questions about how often I had something in my ass for sexual play, and if there was anything she needed to be aware of. Except for a random one of Mr. Poln’s fingers from time to time, never going very deep, I was a perpetual virgin from behind. As I told this to my sophisticated and beautiful teacher she realized she had her work cut out for her, and she gave me an aroused grin.

“Well, Kim, here’s that being brave we talked about.” She beamed, and moved to a small briefcase she had set beside her couch. My eyes opened wide as she pulled it up to the nearby coffee table, pushing aside the lemonade so she could open the case slowly before me. I drifted in closer to Mrs. Stahl as the moment came, her perfume flooding my senses as I took in what she unveiled.

I swallowed nervously, and my bravery took a hit.

She had lined up what I could best describe to be a small army of toys; each of them secured in the briefcase, strapped in against either the bottom or the opened partition. Some were thick vibrators that I knew for a fact would be too big for more, but there was also a line of plugs meant for such play. Mrs. Stahl moved a hand down and pointed to the largest of the plugs, which I gauged to be slightly bigger than Mr. Poln’s cock.

“In about a month, that’s where we’ll be.” Mrs. Stahl responded warmly, and she gazed over at me with a smile. “With a little lube and some determination, you’ll be able to hold that without worrying too much. Even more importantly, you’ll be able to enjoy it. You’ll feel it riiight...oh, about here.” She moved a hand down, a slender finger poking at a spot on my belly. I couldn’t help but give a smile as my teacher’s finger pressed into my stomach, and I held my hands over myself as she continued.

“But that’s just too big for you right now, you’re still getting started. And so...we are going to start...hmm…” Mrs. Stahl let her fingers drift over the briefcase, going back and forth while a teasing noise echoed from her lips. Everything in the briefcase looked too big for me; even the smallest of the plugs seemed like it’d hurt. When Mrs. Stahl finally spoke again she suddenly flipped a hand forward, producing something that was never even inside of the briefcase. “Here!”

She grinned wide at me, holding a tiny, smooth metal plug just a little bigger than her thumb. It had a wide, flat base to stop it from going too deep, and a smooth finish without any grooves or textures. I gave a noticeable sigh of relief as my teacher showed it to me, her grin teasing and huge
as she waved it back and forth.

“This little one is a good starter.” She mused, and one of her hands moved out to take ahold of my wrist. She guided the base of it into my palm, closing my fingers around the hilt as she showed me how to hold it. As we drew in close I picked up the scent of her perfume once more, and I found my senses beginning to swim as Mrs. Stahl guided me. Her voice was a sweet whisper while she spoke, and after she had the toy situated in my hand she tapped the top of it with precision and grace. “Aluminum, so it’ll hold warmth. Keep it in your hand for a while like this…” She briefly wrapped her fingers around the thumb-sized toy. “And it’ll be a little less chilly when you put it inside.”

“I see.” I mused; the science geek within me appreciating that. The horny teenager was simply appreciating Mrs. Stahl’s smell, or the feel of one of her jeans pressing in against my own leg. While I had never specifically lusted after women, with every passing second I found myself wishing that I had.

“It’s also easy to clean, and really smooth. It’s a good starter. As you get more used to it we’ll start moving you up to bigger and bigger toys, and eventually ones that have textures.” She leaned in a little, whispering as if we were at a crowded party and she had a secret. “I have some that, frankly, would just make your pretty little heart faint. But we’ll stick with this for now.” After I had a moment to hold the toy Mrs. Stahl took it off me again, and she started to stand up. My eyes followed my teacher as she rose, gazing in surprise as she soon went right back down; this time onto her knees beside the couch. She knelt nearby me and my cheeks went dark, already predicting what was about to come.

“Okay, Kim, let’s give her a test drive, okay?” She asked with a smirk, wagging the toy back and forth. “You’re going to be brave for me, yes?”

There was no hesitation in my voice as I responded, my tone firm and my eyes fixed on my teacher’s through both sets of our glasses.

“I’ll be brave.” I responded with a stern nod. “...for you, Mrs. Stahl.”

I took a deep breath as Mrs. Stahl moved her hands forward, and encouraged me with a smile to lean back into the couch and lift my legs. I did as instructed; my skirt falling around my waist as my pale thighs lifted, knees bent with my simple school issue shoes hanging in the air. I kept my knees bent and moved a hand to hook behind each, preparing myself to have my legs up in the air for some time. The position left it difficult for me to see what was going on past the hem of my skirt, but I could still manage to see Mrs. Stahl give a pleased smile. I was exposing my panty-clad bottom to the woman I’d have my first homosexual experience with; and of all the women I have known, my English teacher was far from the first I would have suspected. Perhaps some experimenting in college, or with another, equally submissive student at Mr. Poln’s request, but...Mrs. Stahl? She was beautiful even during her pregnancy, and even though there had been rumors that she was messing around with students during that time, I had never believed them. Boys lied all the time about their conquests, after all.

I’d have to reevaluate what I thought about those rumors soon, it would seem. My thighs rose in goosebumps as Mrs. Stahl’s hands stretched out, and I felt her thin, clever fingers pass over my exposed skin. Her head drifted forward and I could hear her take a deep breath; drawing in the slowly building arousal running through me. My cheeks flushed red and I ran my tongue past the front of my braces, feeling exposed, embarrassed, and yet strangely appreciated. When her mouth finally came down against me it was through the fabric of my thin panties, and despite my position it took me utterly by surprise.
“Hahhh, nnnng!” I whimpered in a sudden tremor as I felt her lips come down, moving to my hood through my panties. Her tongue was warm and wet and instantly knew where to press, and though I couldn’t see my teacher’s face I could just make out the bob of red hair in a pixie cut drifting behind the line of my skirt. The rest was up to my imagination, which was full of images of Mrs. Stahl’s freckled features wearing a large smile as her cute, clever tongue marked my panties with spit. Even the imagined look of my teacher sucking against me was overwhelming, and I struggled to keep my knees in the air while she continued to tease me.

“Fuck, I just love young women like you.” Mrs. Stahl hissed against my panties, and I moaned as her fingernails lifted to draw white scratch lines against my thighs. My toes curled in my shoes and my entire body trembled; my hips bucking up into her tongue while she continued to soak my underwear. Her voice was smooth and rich, every word like a drip of chocolate against me. “You have...just no idea how sexy you are, or how sweet you taste.”

Mrs. Stahl pushed her head forward and her mouth locked against my hood, renewing her efforts against my panties. Her tongue wiggled through the fabric to push and nudge against me, and I could finally feel her fingers pushing against my slit, as if she prepared to burst them through the fabric to drive squarely into me. She kept me on edge for a long moment, teasing and licking and whispering in her enchanting voice how delicious she found me. By the time her tongue left me my head was swimming, and I knew that, amongst other things, I’d be taking a long, hard look at my sexuality that night. And by that, I meant I’d be spending some intimate time with my pussy and a WiFi connection.

Mrs. Stahl’s hands hooked against my panties at last, and she started to yank them up along my thighs, revealing my bare sex to her. In my time with Mr. Poln and all of the things he had me do, I had learned quite a bit about people. While there was still much I had to learn I had picked up skills of my own, amongst them an ability to identify what it was certain people liked. I knew, from the very second Mrs. Stahl pressed her mouth against me, that my older teacher had a fetish for panties. If the focus she had given to me through them wasn’t enough of a sign, it was confirmed when she pulled them free from only one of my legs; the other letting my underwear dangle from my sock-clad calf. The wet, pink garment hung there exposed, and I caught through my aroused haze a glimpse of my teacher looking at them with a hungry look on her face.

Some people liked my glasses, and I could tell because they wanted to cum on them, or study me through the lenses while I serviced them. Some people liked my braces, and wanted me to smile while they hovered over me several inches deep. Mrs. Stahl had likes all her own, and the older woman proved she had just as much potential as my male teacher to be dirty, lusty, and depraved. I, very simply, adored her.

My voice rose into another scream and I struggled to keep my knees up as my teacher leaned forward, and her warm, wet tongue moved to the tight pucker of my ass. Aside from a few fingers it hadn’t received much attention, and the presence of her mouth was something altogether new and surprising to me. The first lick left me squealing from surprise, but with a hungry sigh my teacher continued, twirling her tongue around my hole and slathering it in spit. My pussy was left wet and wanting, but I didn’t dare sacrifice the joy I was finding at my rear entrance; it was altogether far too new and incredible.

“Okay, Kim...” Mrs. Stahl’s voice came, and her hands left my thighs for the moment. I saw her reach for a tube of lubricant in her briefcase before lowering her grip beneath my line of sight once more, and I could only assume that while she let her tongue tease my ass she was preparing the first toy to train me. Another lick left me whimpering like a wet dog, and I could feel Mrs. Stahl’s
spit dribbling off of me, rolling down the edge of my rear to the couch below. “Just relax, that’s
the most important part. I won’t hurt you, but you might hurt yourself if you don’t relax.
Remember sweetheart…”

“Be brave.” We said the words in unison, and I saw Mrs. Stahl’s pixie cut lift above my skirt, the
older woman smiling warmly at me. Her freckled features were soothing and delightful, and I gave
a content sigh as we shared a moment met between four lenses. She nodded, and blew me a kiss,
before whispering in a surprisingly tender tone.

“And...three, two, one…” She cooed, and I instantly felt the pinch of something piercing my rear.
The aluminum toy was warm and slick, but even with the preparation it was a tight fit against my
walls. Instantly my body went tense as it pushed inside, and for a moment I felt myself panicking.
It hurt. Not horribly so, but my mind instantly spun to thoughts of the larger toys. How could I take
one bigger than Mr. Poln and lined with ridges, when the tiny, aluminum piece made me sting? My
panic only made my muscles tighten up, and I was breathing heavy as my muscles contracted,
squeezing harder around the intruder.

Every bit of fear made it worse, but I couldn’t stop it by myself. Thankfully, I found comfort as one
of Mrs. Stahl’s hands reached up, finding one of my own. Her grip was slick from lubricant but she
forced her hand against me, interlocking our fingers and squeezing tight. When the grip came it
distracted me long enough to look to her, and she gave me a steadying gaze while her other hand
pressed the toy against my sex.

“Brave.” She whispered, and squeezed my hand once more. Her red hair disappeared under the line
of my skirt as she went back to work, but her hand thankfully remained within my grasp. With my
teacher’s hand and her bolstering gaze I struggled to find my strength, but somewhere in the
moment I persevered and made it through. When I resolved myself to take it, I could feel my rear
hole grow a lot less tight, and the toy pushed into me with relative ease. It still pinched, but it was a
pinch I could get used to with proper time and teasing.

“Almost...there.” Mrs. Stahl cooed as she pushed it in to the hilt, and when its haft met against my
outside pucker I gave one last, final squeak. My cheeks were red and my head was swimming, but I
knew that I had succeeded. The toy was inside of me, and I had taken the first step into a whole
new world of sensual delight.

“I...I did it?” I asked, nervously, and lifted my head. Every motion made the toy shift inside of me,
and though it wasn’t terribly painful, I was acutely aware of every centimeter it moved. My eyes
were hopeful as I gazed down to Mrs. Stahl, looking at her with a growing smile on my face. “Is
that the whole thing?”

“Every last bit!” Mrs. Stahl confirmed with a smile, and she took the hand she held of mine and
drew it forward to kiss it. She shared in my joy with a huge smile, and leaned forward to press a
kiss against one of my exposed thighs lifted in the air. “I’m proud of you, Kim! Are you ready for
your reward?”

My cheeks darkened, and I bit down on my bottom lip. The toy pinched as I involuntarily squeezed
around it, entirely from a building arousal.

“...yes, Mrs. Stahl.” I shyly admitted, and spread my legs a little further.

My reward was delicious; though by the end of it my knees were sore from staying up in the air for
so long. My beautiful, freckled teacher threw her mouth against my sex, her tongue rolling against
my folds while she continued to play with the toy in my ass. The pinch of it was still present and
from time to time I could feel my walls uncomfortably stretch around its width, my eyes closing in
a small wince as it ached against my entrance. Still, the discomfort of the toy was nothing compared to the pleasure of Mrs. Stahl’s tongue. She twirled it hungrily around my hood, and without the panties forming a barrier any longer, the sensation was nothing short of overwhelming. My head was swimming from the very first second she tasted me, and with every flick of my teacher’s tongue I moved into deeper and deeper heights of arousal.

Mr. Poln had serviced me like that in the past, but it was nothing like what Mrs. Stahl did to me. It wasn’t merely the toy nipping inside of my ass that made it more intense; there was a clear level of skill involved that my history teacher simply didn’t have. Mrs. Stahl worked her tongue against my folds like an artist, making my heart skip beats as easily as a painter worked in brushstrokes. I was intensely wet and my body was weak, and when I could no longer hold my legs up from the strain they came around Mrs. Stahl’s shoulders. The gesture made my walls squeeze tight around the toy in my ass, and brought the sight of Mrs. Stahl’s glasses into my view. Her eyes were closed and she was servicing me with a look of bliss; her hands moving to wrap around my thighs and keep my legs upon her shoulders.

She savored every taste of me, licking and teasing with expert precision. I’m not ashamed to say that I came several times, though the first few I had intentionally hidden so she wouldn’t stop. It was a difficult task, trying to play it off like my body wasn’t reacting in absolute joy, and in all likelihood my teacher could tell, but was kind enough to let me have my lie. Like a mother that ignored that her child was merely pretending to be asleep in the car so they’d be carried into the house, Mrs. Stahl embraced my hidden orgasms and only fed me more. She was giving and kind, her tongue drawing from me the sort of heady joy I never would have expected in when I stood on her doorstep that afternoon.

When it was all over I was left exhausted; panting desperately on the couch as Mrs. Stahl worked the toy slowly from my ass. I winced as it came free but I soon found my rear entrance opening and closing in phantom grips; searching for the device that had become a part of it in a short span of time. Mrs. Stahl pressed one last kiss against my hood before she pulled my skirt down, and she looked up at me with a warm, tender expression on her features.

“You’re a delight, Kim.” She praised me as she stood up, her soft blue sweater gripped just as tightly to her magnificent bust. “I’m glad I get to teach you through all of this. Did you have fun?”

“Mmmf. Yush.” I murmured, my tongue still a bit tied after the litany of orgasms that had recently run through me. Sweat lined my brow as Mrs. Stahl sat beside me, and she moved a hand out to tease her fingers through the front of my damp hair. Her fingers were soft and light while she toyed, and finally spoke in a bittersweet tone, her eyes lined with a small hint of sadness.

“Unfortunately that’ll have to be all for today, dear. Mr. Stahl should be home within the hour, and...this would be hard to explain.” She smirked a little, a brow arching as she regarded me. “But next time, I promise I’ll have more time for you.”

“I’d...I’d like that.” I nodded, finally regaining my composure. The knowledge that Mrs. Stahl’s husband would soon be home jumpstarted my mind, and I shook myself back awake as I started to straighten up on the bed. I gazed down to my teacher, sitting uncomfortably in her jeans and sweater, her cheeks red under her freckles. She was likely frustrated; unhappy in her marriage, and now not even having the time to enjoy the eager schoolgirl that had come to spend time with her.

I felt...selfish. She had already done much for me, and now there was no time for me to return the favor. I knew I had to do something, and an idea slipped into my mind with a smile.

“Mrs. Stahl.” I spoke gently, and then bent down, pulling my leg free of my hanging panties, and collecting them. I smeared them up against my bare thigh, collecting my orgasmic nectar before
bringing them up and pressing them into Mrs. Stahl’s hands. “Please. These are for you.”

The look on her face was endearing and sweet, and she held them like she had been given the best gift of her life. She didn’t hesitate to draw them up to her face and breathe in deep, shuddering as my smell flooded her senses. I was left more than just a little aroused by the end of it, but the smile on my teacher’s face was more than enough to repay my own frustrations while I walked home.

“Thank you, you precious little thing.” She leaned forward to kiss my cheek, and tucked my wet panties into a pocket on her jeans.

The mere idea of what she’d be doing with them later made me wet, and I closed my eyes as she embraced me. My attention to detail had paid off, and I was pleased that I had recognized my teacher’s panty fetish. Sometimes, it paid to be an over-attentive little nerd.

Sometimes, it paid to be a good student.

A brave student.

The End.
Mr. Poln and Ms. Stahl - at the same time?! How can one student be such a suckup?
Kim's doing double-duty on being a teacher's pet this time!

Detention for Kim
Chapter 11: Everyone’s Favorite Student
-By Drace Domino

My parents thought I was working harder than ever at my school work. And why shouldn’t they? I was out of the house on an almost nightly basis for tutoring sessions and advanced lessons with either Mr. Poln or Mrs. Stahl, and in the instances that I wasn’t citing either teacher as an excuse it was some other tacked on made-up claim to cover for my absences from home. Forensics. Music. Even going out to the movies with friends...a clear lie that my parents should’ve been wise enough to figure out. It didn’t matter; I had spent eighteen years building up a high level of trust with my mother and father, and even as I was fucking and sucking my way through my senior year, I was still doing nothing to openly violate that trust. My grades were still impeccable, my college plans were still firmly on track, and to my parents’ perspective it even looked as if I was coming out of my shell.

I still looked like a typical nerdy girl; that would never change through all my years. But I had recently taken steps to lessen the impact; or at the very least, make it more pleasing to the eyes. My thick black-rimmed glasses now sat squarely on my nose while framed by shorter black hair; a simple bob cut that had left my pigtails cut and removed. I had donated them to a charity, and couldn’t help but smirk at the times they had been grabbed as I was held and fucked on my hands and knees. My hair was now simple and straight; perhaps even playing into the look of the intellectual Asian girl even more, but in a way that could be passed off as stylish and sexy. It was a haircut similar to Mrs. Stahl’s, though her fire red locks certainly made her look pop just a little more than mine.

I still dressed in the most cliche of styles; the school’s uniform dress code required it. While I’m sure I wasn’t the only girl that felt sexualized going to class in a pleated skirt, knee-high socks, and button-up shirt, I was likely the only one that relished in it with such an unabashed glee. The boys in our class tended not to notice me still; they had been programmed by years of Kim being the simple, shy girl that would never be quite as sexy or experienced as their cheerleading classmates. That was fine with me, since my sexual interests laid in men much older than them. I had developed a taste for middle aged men that had practically become an obsession, and as I was coached by Mr. Poln and Mrs. Stahl I had learned how to wonderfully service them.

My two teachers weren’t my only sexual influences anymore; Mr. Poln had given me permission to enjoy myself when not in his presence, and I had done so on multiple occasions. Strange men in department store dressing rooms, a frustrated husband that I met online, and even the very same dentist that put my braces on. I was gaining more experience each time I went out and enjoyed another older man thrusting into me or forcing my mouth against his cock, and with each one I took I became just a little more corrupted. A corruption that I wasn’t just tolerating; I was relishing.
And through it all, I kept those grades up. Finished those college essays. Spoke to those recruiters, and smiled big and friendly at those representatives from scholarships. I did my part as well as I ever had, I had simply replaced my offtime otherwise filled with boredom and tedium with the wet, delightful mess of sex. The boys in my class didn’t know what they were missing when they looked over Kim with her thick glasses and timid outward demeanor; I had learned how to do things that girls they fucked would never, ever understand. I had learned how to make a man cum by simply sucking and teasing against his sack, and I had trained my hole to tighten and squeeze at just the right moment for that extra sweet drip of cum. While their cheerleader sluts would cringe at the feel of cum against their face or complain when their hair was pulled hard enough to ruin the time they spent on it, I was a sexual entity that relished every cock, every drop of cum, and every spank across my ass.

It was a good thing; too, since in the past few minutes I had received several. My rear was red and my black hair was bobbing around my cheeks as I was draped across Mr. Poln’s lap, my rump offered up to him and only barely contained within the confines of a pair of tight red panties. I had stretched my hands out to touch the tiled floor of his office, and from time to time I could hear the squeak of his office chair as he reared his hand up, preparing to strike once more. He had learned to make me wait for it; timing his strikes so far in between each other to keep me guessing, but never waiting too long that my ass stopped being tender from the last one. It was no wonder I was whimpering and wet; Mr. Poln knew how to spank a girl as well as he knew how to train one.

Another spank came and I twitched, giving a gasp that was practically an orgasmic moan. I could feel a shiver run through my thighs and down into my knees, and Mr. Poln’s free arm remained scooped just underneath my belly to help give me support. While my teeth sank a little deeper into my bottom lip I couldn’t help but to give my ass a small wiggle; practically taunting him to drive his bare hand down against my panties once more. As it was my showmanship was noticed not just by Mr. Poln, but by the spectator we had that evening after school.

“You see? She’s hungry for it, David.” It was a smooth and sexy feminine voice, and one I had come to know well over the past few weeks. Standing just before us was Mrs. Stahl in all of her authority and glory; dressed in a pencil skirt and dark nylons, and with her arms folded just underneath her post-baby sized breasts. Though her chest was contained in a simple white button-up shirt similar to all the other women teachers at the school, Mrs. Stahl’s was under particular duress thanks to the woman’s large chest. Strained against the buttons and with the hint of cleavage that was the desire of nearly every boy in her class, Mrs. Stahl kept her bosom just overtop her arms as she stood watching me get slowly spanked. Her glasses had slid down to the tip of her nose, and there was a coy smile spread across her ruby red lips as she spectated. “I think I’ve done a remarkable job turning your teacher’s pet into a wonderful little butt slut.”

My cheeks flushed red at that, but I couldn’t deny it. For weeks now I had been training with Mrs. Stahl when I wasn’t with Mr. Poln, and she had put a lot of time in properly teaching me just how
to enjoy the pleasures of my back door. We had started off small with her fingers and tongue but had slowly moved up through the ranks to bigger and better things, with the final goal being a juicy, thick cock. It was something I was starting to crave, a reward for all of my hard work. I wasn’t quite there yet, but I was rapidly approaching the day that I’d have Mr. Poln in my ass, and I’d get to enjoy the rush of his cream as it filled me up deep. Even as the spanks came from my teacher there was an added level of enjoyment; each time his open palm crashed against my rear it pushed against a toy that had previously been inserted. A simple plug that had been greased and slipped inside just after class, one I had worn throughout the whole spanking session so far. Each time Mr. Poln’s hand crashed down against me the toy drove a little deeper, and were it not for the round, flat hilt stretched wider than my pucker, it likely would’ve disappeared inside me by now. As it was it continued to linger just inside; stretching me out and reminding me of what my ultimate goal was: to let Mr. Poln, and any man for that matter, fuck my ass.

“Give me one more week with the strap-on, David.” Mrs. Stahl mused, rubbing her chin as she watched my face. My cheeks were blushing bright as I looked over at my other teacher, the memories of all the things we had done instantly spiralling into my mind. I swallowed tightly, and bit down on my bottom lip as another hard spank filled my senses. Her words continued with a pleased tone, and the same gently cocky smirk she tended to wear. “I’d say keep your schedule free for Saturday night, you have an eighteen year old’s ass to fuck.”

“Excellent.” Mr. Poln spoke up, and the latest spank came as he affectionately rubbed his palm across my ass. In smooth and fluid circles he rubbed up and down, teasing at my panties and pushing the toy into my ass a little deeper. He even gave a small rub at the wet spot just overtop my pussy, but he was stingy with such treatment and it only left me hotter. My two teachers were fond of talking about me in terms of property between each other; specifically a young property that added to the thrill of our age gap. They each had different ways of handling me whether they were alone or with each other, and each way made me quiver with excitement at the deeper intimacies I found with them.

When we were alone, Mr. Poln was a demanding and sometimes impatient master. Though he was never abusive and had always been good about my consent, there were times that his middle aged desires drove him to claim me hard, to pull my head down into his lap, or to fuck me until I was moaning far louder than was wise in his office. Under Mrs. Stahl’s eye he kept his restraint in check; either to show off for the older woman or simply out of concern for her own interests. After all, from what I could tell about Mrs. Stahl, she was more like me than she wanted to let on.

When I was with my teacher during my anal training, she was the epitome of the sweet and sensitive master. No torment or teasing came without a heavy amount of foreplay, and she had trained my ass not with brute force, but with seduction. Mrs. Stahl had shown me how to open my rear hole as well as how to please another woman, and she had done it all without once dominating me any harder than a stern smile and a run of her fingers down my back. It was thrilling in its own way, though I had often speculated that it was because Mrs. Stahl was a submissive much like myself. That though she was more than willing to switch, her true passion laid in being claimed. I could be wrong, but the rumors about her at school would suggest otherwise. More than just a few young men had claimed to have fucked her, after all, and even accounting for teenage boasting a fraction of them could still be telling the truth.

It wasn’t my place to judge, or even speculate. In that moment my only place was to lay stretched across Mr. Poln’s lap as he spanked me, my cheeks getting red and excited and my pussy aching in a wet, hungry bliss. The two teachers spoke about me as little more than a toy when in my presence, a stark contrast for how they handled me individually. It was...exciting, in a totally different way. Though Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln had yet to lay a hand on each other any of the times I saw them together, there was an exciting joy in imagining that I was little more than an elaborate
sex toy in their own dance of seduction. A toy that was used a lot, and used well.

“What do you think of that, Kimberly?” Mr. Poln’s voice broke out over the sound of another slap, and soon the soothing feel of his palm spreading back and forth over my ass returned. I shuddered from the strike, but also by the firm and enchanting sound of my history teacher’s words. “Next Saturday, you’ll finally get to have my cock in your ass. It’s what you’ve wanted for some time, isn’t it?”

“Y-Yes Mr. Poln…” I moaned in response, every word honest and genuine. I had indeed wanted it, craved it, even begged for it in the past. The past few weeks of anal training had been something purely decided on by my two teachers; if it was up to me I would’ve tried to take Mr. Poln’s cock in my ass when the idea first popped into my mind. It was an instance in where I needed my older lovers to look out for me, to guide me away from doing something that I might have been rushing into. I had no doubt that thanks to Mrs. Stahl’s training that I’d be able to handle Mr. Poln deep down to the core of my ass, but if it wasn’t for the time she had spent teaching me it likely would’ve been a much different experience. From the very beginning, Mr. Poln had been concerned with not just his own release, but my own comfort and enjoyment. It was a rare thing to find; a delightful mix of concern and compassion while still in the shell of a man so depraved that he’d fuck a girl less than half his age. My body thanked him for his rare combination of personality quirks, and next Saturday my ass would do so as well. I couldn’t help but give another faint moan, my walls tightening around the toy inside of me. “...w...will you cum inside of me, too? Inside my ass?”

I watched as Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln exchanged glances, a large grin over each of their faces. They clearly knew just how lucky they were to have an eager and willing slut like me in their mutual employ, and that appreciation wasn’t lost on me. Mrs. Stahl was the first one to speak up, stepping forward and lowering a hand to tease her fingers through the top of my hair. I gave a small whimper of excitement, my black locks falling from her grip with ease as she spoke in a teasing tone.

“David, you didn’t just ask me here to watch, did you?” She asked with her typical impatience. “You don’t really think I’m content with just standing around while you spank and fuck this sweet girl, do you? I expect to get some for myself as well.”

My cheeks were burning red as I listened to Mrs. Stahl’s words, and I bit down on my bottom lip in embarrassment. After just asking if Mr. Poln would cum inside of my ass when the time came, it felt a little unusual to be taken to a sudden shyness, but I couldn’t help it. Underneath the gaze of my two favorite teachers, my ass in the air and red from heavy slaps, I was far too exposed to to cling to any level of stability. I waited for Mr. Poln to answer Mrs. Stahl, to hear what he had in mind for her that evening. If he wasn’t able to think of anything, I could certainly come up with a few suggestions of my own. As it turned out, my history teacher already had something in mind.

“She’s learned how to suck cock pretty well over the past few months.” Mr. Poln observed with a smirk, and his hand lowered slowly to my ass. His fingers pinched the hilt of the plug inside of my rear and twisted it from side to side through my panties, forcing me to gasp suddenly and tighten my walls around it. My muscles tensed and I pushed myself down against his lap, where I could feel my middle aged teacher’s cock prodding at me through the fabric of his pants. His words sent shivers down my spine, and I gazed over at Mrs. Stahl with a look of excited curiosity when Mr. Poln offered his suggestion. “But she hasn’t seen a grown woman work one yet. Maybe you should show her what you can do.”

Mrs. Stahl only smirked as she regarded Mr. Poln, one of her slender red brows raised as she looked to the pair of us. Her arms remained folded underneath her ample bust and she tapped her
foot as she pondered the offer, a thoughtful humming noise coming from the back of her throat. To
my knowledge Mrs. Stahl had a preference for young men; fresh eighteen year olds that were lucky
enough to catch her eye in her class. I had even seen her fuck a few of them, hiding in her bedroom
closet while she invited them over when her husband was out of town. I hadn’t ever seen her with a
man her own age, and I could tell that she was of a mind to tease Mr. Poln about her preferences.

“David, you know I’m a married woman.” She offered with a smirk, and her hand lowered once
more to tease through my hair. She pet me a little like a dog; her fingers smoothing down the back
of my now-trimmed hair, before returning to my bangs. The question wasn’t whether or not I’d be
servicing Mr. Poln very soon; it was if Mrs. Stahl would be joining me. It was a guarantee I’d soon
have my history teacher’s cock in my mouth within the next few minutes, and I was already licking
my lips in anticipation. Mrs. Stahl’s voice carried through the room with her usual authority and
casual grace, and I couldn’t help but smile at the way she could play even a man her own age.

“Eighteen year olds don’t have any baggage. They’re easy to fuck and set aside when they go off
to college. But we have to work together. How will I ever be able to look you in the eyes during
staff meetings, if I know that I’ve been on my knees alongside Kim, sucking you off?” She let the
question hang, before carrying it forward with a slow and seductive tone. “…bent down, my hand
around the base of your shaft, watching as her pretty, young lips move up and down. I bet she
squeaks when she sucks cock too deep. Do you squeak, dear?”

I just nodded with a blush on my cheeks. I had been known to, when Mr. Poln pushed himself
down further than I was prepared to. My history teacher gave me a small nudge to usher me off of
his lap, and I instantly slid onto my bare knees on the floor before him. My skirt fell around my lap
and my ass tightened around the plug inside of me, but I diligently lowered myself to Mr. Poln’s
body. My hands stretched out and I began fishing out his member from the front of his pants,
knowing that I had full permission to go after what I was craving. While I worked at undoing his
belt and pulling his cock free, Mr. Poln gazed at Mrs. Stahl with the same mature smile lining his
features.

“She does other cute things when she sucks my cock.” He offered, and gestured down towards me.
“And if you don’t help her, you’ll never find out.” My two teachers smirked at each other as their
dance concluded, Mr. Poln offering Mrs. Stahl a boon she couldn’t turn down. The two were
already intimate by nature of what they shared in me, and it felt natural as I soon felt my motherly
teacher bring herself down to kneel right beside me. Before long I was overwhelmed by the scent
of Mrs. Stahl’s perfume as she drew hard against me; one hand moving out to wrap around my
waist while the other came to join me in holding Mr. Poln’s cock. While I handled my history
teacher’s base Mrs. Stahl held him at his shaft, her thumb positioning just underneath the tip of his
cock and rubbing idly back and forth. I watched with excitement as Mr. Poln tensed from the tiny
pressure, and I couldn’t help but give a delighted smile. Two of my favorite people in the entire
world where there close to me, and we were all going to have fun together.

I didn’t have many friends in high school, and the ones I did have were in their forties and liked to
watch me be as slutty as I possibly could. I tried hard not to disappoint either of them as I beamed
briefly towards Mrs. Stahl before leaning forward, my mouth opening and my tongue stretching
out, reaching for the edge of it. Mr. Poln’s thick, throbbing cockhead. A line of precum was already
drooling down the underside of it and I traced that glaze of nectar, collecting the familiar flavor of
my history teacher against my warm, pink tongue. Mr. Poln’s precum sat in my mouth for a
moment before I contently swallowed, and soon let my mouth move forward to drift fully over the
tip of his cock. I groaned in arousal as I felt his flavor fill me, my lips drifting down so far that they
eventually bumped into the barrier of Mrs. Stahl’s’ fingers. The older woman was holding his shaft
in a firm grip at the midway point; not letting me suck him down any deeper. I simply went with
the limitations my teacher gave me, pulling my head back to the tip of Mr. Poln’s cock, only to
drive down again once more. While I worked I could feel Mrs. Stahl’s free hand drifting
underneath the hem of my skirt to start edging down the back of my panties, and I was sure both of my teachers could see me tremble as I felt her slender, perfectly-manicured fingers pinch the hilt of the toy inside of my ass.

Mrs. Stahl suddenly twisted the plug inside of me, and the roll within me forced my lips to peel off of Mr. Poln’s cock in a hungry moan, lines of spit connecting my lips to the head of his member. Mrs. Stahl was waiting for just that moment, and as soon as I left my history teacher’s cockhead unguarded she drifted in to steal it from me, closing her lips over Mr. Poln’s member and taking him down deeper than I had. I watched as my teacher’s red hair folded about her features and her hand left Mr. Poln’s shaft, letting her sweep her mouth down to where my own hand stopped her at the base of his cock. She was grinning, and through the frame of her glasses sitting on her nose I could catch her gazing at me in a teasing, yet motherly affectionate fashion. All I received in return for the loss of Mr. Poln’s delicious cockhead was another twist of the toy inside of my ass, and before long her hand slipped out of my panties and away from my skirt once more. She left it inside of me and I tightened my walls around it, whimpering as I realized just how easily she had played me. Not that there was any shame in it; Mrs. Stahl was older and more experienced. I could learn a lot from her, and I was quite eager to do so.

With the main prize plucked from my lips I went for the next best thing; lowering my head to Mr. Poln’s undercarriage. My mouth moved against his sack and I rolled my tongue out in affection, licking back and forth over him while Mrs. Stahl worked his shaft up and down. Together the two of us worked at pleasuring my teacher, and I could no longer feel bitter that Mrs. Stahl had stolen his cock from me. We were, in effect, working towards the same goal. Two sluts on our knees, happy to worship a thick, throbbing member. While Mrs. Stahl preferred young cock she sure seemed happy to work on one her own age, and I watched with interest as she slurped along his length, her red hair bobbing around her pretty features. I just smiled wide and did my part, tasting Mr. Poln’s undercarriage as I gently rubbed along his base. When I saw a bit of Mrs. Stahl’s spit drift too close to my territory I was quick to lick it up, tasting one teacher’s saliva flavored with the cock of another.

Mr. Poln just gave a content sigh as he relaxed back into his seat, dropping his hands on the armrests and enjoying our shared treatment. In the middle of his office he had an eighteen year old student and a married woman before him, teasing with the tongues and rubbing their thighs together in arousal. Though it certainly wasn’t terribly different from the usual sort of shenanigans going on after hours in the history classroom, having the two of us together was definitely a new level of depravity. As we worked I dared to lower a free hand down to Mrs. Stahl’s nylon-clad legs, smoothing my fingers across her knee before drifting underneath her skirt and slowly starting to lift it. She had taught me a little about pleasing other women during our time together, and just as my mouth was hungry to slave over Mr. Poln’s cock, my fingers were equally eager to feel her warmth against them. She gave me an appreciative smile with her mouth filled as she felt my hand move against her lap, pressing in against her damp, warm panties and slowly rolling my digits back and forth.

“David, this girl’s a real slut.” She praised me with a grin, pulling her mouth from Mr. Poln just long enough to gaze down at me. Her lips were smeared with spit, ribbons of it connecting her lips to his cockhead, and she wore a confident and cocky glance. As I gazed up at Mrs. Stahl I could feel something building, something that I was having difficulty controlling within me. “Thank you for letting me train her. It’s been wonderful playing with her as-mmph!”

Mr. Poln just chuckled as my head darted forward, my tongue rolling across my lips before I ensnared the older woman in a kiss. My tongue pushed inside of Mrs. Stahl’s and we shared the taste of the man before us, and as we kissed my free hand went up to hold Mr. Poln’s spit-covered cock just overtop her own grip, our fingers tenting together as we worked to slowly stroke his
throbbing length. Our kiss was furious and deep, sharing the flavor of precum and spit while Mrs. Stahl traced my braces with her tongue. From time to time I could hear our glasses clink together but mostly there was the sound of her erratic breathing; showing a clear excitement that was growing in her body. She had fully thrown herself into this madness with me, just as whorish and eager as I was to experience every last drop of sweaty bliss before us.

“You girls are missing something in that kiss.” Mr. Poln smirked, and pushed his cock forward until the side of the head was pushing against our lips. It was with a natural smile on both of our faces that we pulled apart just long enough to let his cockhead slide in between our lips. Soon we were kissing with the obstruction of his member in between us, our tongues battling back and forth over the ridges and contours of his delicious member. Our hands remained locked around his shaft and we continued to slowly pump him in steady and soft strokes, and our free hands were finding new and exciting ways to keep ourselves busy. While mine was still underneath the rim of Mrs. Stahl’s pencil skirt she had guided her own mature fingers up towards my shirt collar, slowly unbuttoning me likely so she could take a look at my pale, young body. She had told me in the past that she rather enjoyed stripping me down to see my breasts exposed, and that watching them bounce up and down as I rode a toy for her amusement was one of the finer joys she could think of. I could only imagine how much she’d like watching them bounce as I rode on Mr. Poln’s cock right in front of her.

Mrs. Stahl’s eyes were closed behind her glasses, though she was beaming as the buttons of my shirt came free underneath her fingers and she continued working down the line. Inch by inch my flesh was exposed until my breasts underneath my bra were revealed, and my belly was uncovered save for the drool falling from our messily kissing mouths. With her eyes still closed Mrs. Stahl moved her hand up to the center of my bra and gave it a sharp lift; just enough so that the cups pulled up and over my tits to expose them fully. The same firm hand came down to briefly pinch one of my nipples; just enough to make me whimper into our cock-flavored kiss.

When the kiss finally ended it was by Mrs. Stahl’s own doing, her mouth pulling free as she continued holding a firm grip on my teacher’s thick cock. She gestured towards Mr. Poln as she gazed at me, and I found myself lost in the glistening mess covering her lips and cheeks even while she spoke in her firm, demanding voice. Even on her knees and cock hungry, she could still assert herself as my teacher and my mistress.

“Get on, Kim.” She demanded, licking her lips as she arched a brow, regarding me with a steady gaze on her face. “Take off your panties first, and face him while you fuck him. Let David see those innocent young eyes of the girl he’s corrupted.”

It was hard to argue with the last fact of her demand; my lips were smeared with spit and precum, and I was wet even thinking about riding him. I didn’t hesitate to follow Mrs. Stahl’s orders as I lifted up to my feet and hooked my fingers in my panties, slowly pulling them down to my ankles. I was so wet that I could practically feel the fabric peel from my folds, and my ass tightened in a sudden twitch around the plug that had still been so deeply inserted. When I looked over to Mr. Poln, his cock still held firmly in place by the redhead’s hand, he gave me a nod of approval. His permission to fuck him. Never one to take it for granted when one of my teachers gave me permission, I didn’t hesitate to swing a leg over Mr. Poln’s lap, brace my hands against his shoulders, and line my wet, young pussy up against the glistening tip of his cockhead. I felt the pinch of his penetration as I slowly lowered myself down against him, taking him inch by inch until I could feel Mrs. Stahl’s mature fingers pressed against the outside of my folds. Trembling, my hands tightened at Mr. Poln’s shoulders and I gazed at my older history teacher with my cheeks red and my mouth open, my tongue tracing the same familiar line over my braces that he had come to know well. Once I had taken my teacher down to the base Mrs. Stahl’s hand smoothed away from his shaft, gliding up my folds and moving to the hilt of the toy that had been inserted inside of
me. She inched closer on her knees as she took a firm grip, and slowly began to drag it away from my tight, stretched pucker.

I groaned openly, uncaring if anyone could hear, and I could feel my pussy tighten on Mr. Poln’s thick cock. I read the pleasure in his face as I beared down against him, squeezing my knees against the side of his office chair and letting my toes just barely touch the floor. I would’ve already been riding him with power and speed if it wasn’t for Mrs. Stahl playing behind me, and she soon let me know that I wouldn’t be doing my usual youthful, energy-filled bouncing anytime soon. Her hands locked against the sides of my rear and pulled me apart just enough to expose my ass, and it wasn’t long after that I felt her tongue working against me.

My moan turned into a cry of surprise and I jerked my hips forward; the action forcing me to grind on Mr. Poln’s cock as I was rimmed by my female teacher. The two of them had effortlessly claimed both of my holes in their own unique way, and while Mrs. Stahl slurped and sucked against my rear Mr. Poln was enabled to enjoy the firm grip of my young pussy on his cock. I was powerless to move much more than swaying slowly back and forth; doing anything more would risk moving my rear away from Mrs. Stahl’s mouth. Since that wasn’t a future I would ever want for myself, I took it slow. Easy. Sensual.

It was hard to do. The pleasure going through me from both of my older teachers made me want to writhe around and flail in desire. I wanted to make Mr. Poln’s chair squeak with every thrust I made, and I desperately wanted to drop a hand into Mrs. Stahl’s red hair and pull her mouth tight against my ass. I resisted those urges and rolled back and forth at a slow and sensual pace; each grinding thrust pushing Mr. Poln’s cockhead as deep inside of me as he could go, and each pull back treated to the warm, tickling sensation of Mrs. Stahl’s tongue at my rear. They were both utterly delightful, and I was nothing short of addicted to both.

“Good girl.” Mr. Poln praised me by wrapping one arm around my waist and drawing a hand up into my hair, combing his fingers down it with a sweet smile on his face. As I bit down on my bottom lip and locked my eyes with my history teacher, he leaned in and took a deep, sensual breath of my hair before moving his mouth against my throat. As the two of them worked their experienced wonders on my young and tender body, I could hear his voice rush against my throat complete with a warm gust of his breath. It made me tremble and tighten, squeezing an already snug cock within my walls.

“It’ll be my cock in your ass next week, Kim.” He promised, and I could feel his hand claw down my back through my shirt, scratching me with his nails. It forced my back to arch and my hips to lurch forward, and for the briefest of moments I could swear I felt his cockhead bump the wall of my womb. If it was even possible to feel such a thing...all I truly know was that he went damn deep in that moment. When I recoiled back I was greeted again by Mrs. Stahl’s tongue, as well as a slap on the rump from her sharp fingers. Mr. Poln just grinned at me, and licked across my throat while he continued to whisper. “And once I’m sure you can take it, other men can start having it. We can have another party...see if you can handle one in each hole at the same time.”

“I...I’d like that...” I whispered, my hands still tight against Mr. Poln’s shoulders. I swallowed nervously at the mere thought, but it instantly brought up excited memories for me. I had previously had up to two inside of me at the same time; spitroasted with two delicious lengths in the hotel room Mr. Poln had brought me to. The only thing missing that night had been a nice, firm cock in my ass, and it seemed like that day was rapidly approaching. I slid one of my hands up into Mr. Poln’s hair and ran my fingers through it, whispering against him as he continued to slowly thrust into my hole. Every motion was measured and paced, and his cock was straining against my walls as my voice slipped out sweetly to him. “I want to show you what my ass can do, Mr. Pol-- ahhhh...”
The pleasure that ran through me forced my voice to end, and my head to drop down against my history teacher’s shoulder. Mrs. Stahl’s tongue had begun working overtime against my pucker, and the pleasure of it was more than enough to throw me into a sudden, unexpected orgasm. My walls tightened and I squeezed Mr. Poln’s prick as hard as I could; my thighs twitching and trembling and my knees locking into place against the chair. I was overcome in that moment; my hole stretched around my teacher and my body trembling in desire. When my orgasm finally ended Mr. Poln went right back to gyrating into me, thrusting slowly and sweetly while I hung limp in his arms. Mrs. Stahl moved on; pulling her mouth away from my ass and leaving it a wet, spit-covered mess that slowly rolled down to coat Mr. Poln’s cock and sack. While I fucked my history teacher Mrs. Stahl walked around to the side, folding her arms underneath her bust and watching us with a slow smirk spreading on her lips. Even though she had just finished sucking a cock and licking my ass, she looked refined and elegant and as perfect as she ever did. Despite all she had done, she looked ready to teach a class or give a speech, and I admired that ability to remain poised even amidst furious, wet passions.

“I suspect I’ll be invited to that party?” She asked, gazing at Mr. Poln. “As an extra cock with one of my toys, not as a party favor like her. I wouldn’t want to rob her of any extra fun.” She gave me a little wink, and my cheeks darkened underneath her gaze. Mr. Poln just grinned and nodded, his hips starting to rise a little faster, fucking into me with a bit more urgency. I read his motions and started to grind faster myself; knowing that my teacher’s peak was coming and that my pussy was desperate to be bathed in his hot, wet cream.

“Of course.” Mr. Poln looked to Mrs. Stahl, smiling. “I wouldn’t expect anyone to notice you anyway...not when we’ve got an eighteen year old piece of ass like Kim with us.”

“A fair point.” Mrs. Stahl remarked with a sardonic grin, and she adjusted her glasses pointedly. “Similarly, you won’t mind if I bring some young cock to enjoy. Sort of a ‘bring your own teacher’s pet.’”

“Sounds like a party, then.” Mr. Poln grinned, and he gazed towards me as his thrusting kept going. “You like that, Kim? One of your classmates watching you get fucked by random men? Showing him what a slut you are? Yeah...I just felt you tighten up on me. You want that more than you can say.”

He wasn’t wrong, because in that moment I couldn’t say much. My arousal had brought me to a point where all I could do is moan, whimper, and ultimately cum. When my second orgasm of the evening struck it came at the same time as Mr. Poln’s, and I was awash in his thick release as it flooded gloriously inside of me. The same thick ropes of white nectar that would otherwise be reserved for his wife started to flow within me, and I kept him hilted inside of my pussy throughout the entire time. When he was finished I kept him inside; slumping forward against my teacher’s chest and drawing my arms warmly around him. I even drew my knees up to press in against his waist, holding onto him just as I had seen the girls in the hall sit on their boyfriend’s laps. Only far, far more lewd.

“Well, I’ll make the arrangements then.” Mr. Poln finally smiled, and moved a hand up to comb his fingers through my hair. He cradled me close, straightening my glasses and then lowering a hand to gently squeeze my ass. I just gave a little whimper, my pussy spreading just enough to release a glob of white cum down on the floor below, overflow from Mr. Poln’s cock. As I laid there whimpering my history teacher continued, his voice ringing with affection, desire, and ultimately, pride. “A little celebration for our special Kim.”

“Indeed she is.” Mrs. Stahl cooed, and I felt her sharp fingers drift down my back. Underneath both of my teachers’ praise I could only bask in post-orgasmic bliss, a smile on my face and a sheen of
spit across my braces.

My teachers adored me, my parents knew as much. They’d just never know why.

End of Chapter 11.
Formality

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Fall Formal! All the students are having a fine time at the dance...but Kim is busy with her teachers, just like always. But she sure is dressed up nice and pretty for Mr. Poln, Ms. Stahl, and Mr. Grace to use and enjoy!

Detention for Kim
Chapter 12: Formality
-By Drace Domino

“You look so beautiful! I just...I can’t believe that my little girl is growing up so fast!” My Mom raised her camera up, taking what had to be the seventh picture in five minutes. I just smiled and let her do it again, hoping that if I played along it would get me out of the house earlier. She kept bustling around me, picking at my outfit and straightening things out, making sure that I looked just right. Or just right by her standards. “Oh, sweetie, I never thought I’d see the day. You never had any interest in them before.”

“They, Mom?” I raised a brow, gazing at her curiously. This could be interesting.

“Why, dances, of course!” My Mom beamed, and reached out a hand to pinch my cheeks. Hard. Eighteen years old, and still subject to that sort of doting attention. “Going to the Fall Formal is such a big step for you! I’m glad you’re going to at least one dance before you graduate. I remember the fights we used to have when you didn’t want to go to them when you were younger, I’m just...I’m glad you finally came around, sweetie.”

That much was totally true. I hated dances. Still do. Why the hell would I want to go someplace and stand around in the background, while all the prettier girls dance with all the guys? And the men that were actually in my general league, if we’re using high school standards? They weren’t bad looking, but the overall lack of confidence wasn’t exactly enough to make my teenage panties wet. Dances in the past had always been thought of as a waste of time in my book. Bad music, bad people, and just an all around bad time. Thankfully, my mom was there to constantly remind me of why I hated them so much.

“Dear, don’t you worry about those braces!” My Mom smiled, and even moved out a hand to pinch my nose. Like I was ten. “A few boys might think they look dorky, but you know what? I bet there’s a few boys that’ll think they look pretty fly.”

Pretty fly. Was it apparent that my Mom had me when she was eighteen in the mid-90s? Maybe I’m being too hard on her, but seriously. She was still stuck in that era sometimes, with her Pearl Jam T-shirt and her Alanis haircut. She somehow managed to mix the detachment to society of her favorite decade with that repressive push to succeed that only Japanese parents could muster. She moved her hand forward and cleared up a stray eyelash from my cheek, before giving me the kindest smile she could muster.

“All right, dear, just have fun. And don’t be discouraged!” That was Mom code for “don’t be upset if no boys ask you to dance.” I just rolled my eyes and nodded, turning on a heel as I started to make my way towards the exit. Despite all of her ranting and her fawning, my Mom did have one thing right...I looked good. Damn good, in fact, and I wasn’t really the sort of woman to ever say
that about herself. As I headed downstairs I moved past the full-length body mirror in the hall, and I took a few seconds to look over myself.

I was wearing a long full body dress, dark red to bring out the dark of my hair and my eyes. It had some light embroidery at the bottom and a slit halfway up one of my calves, adding just a little bit of sexy to an otherwise fairly conservative garment. Mostly conservative, at least. It hugged what curves I had pretty well, gripping my fairly full chest that I inherited from my Mom (thanks Mom,) and the rump I had been working on throughout the past year. I had done my hair up in a fancy swirl that made me look elegant and charming, and I was wearing more makeup than I typically did. Blush for the cute look. Eyeshadow for that mysterious look. And finally, dark red lipstick that matched my dress. And here’s where I admit something…

I kind of hate lipstick. It’s sticky, it’s uncomfortable, and when you first put it on it feels really weird. Some girls wear it as easy as chapstick, but I never could. In the few instances I tried before that night I usually ended up licking at it all throughout the night, which tastes about as good as it sounds. After all, nerdy girls with no boyfriends don’t buy cute flavored lipstick at the local body wash shop, they buy drugstore lipstick probably made of ground up newspaper and red crayons.

That night, though, I was going much fancier. I had even bought that dark shade of lipstick special, at a store where one couldn’t also buy milk, pain medicine, and discounted Halloween candy. I had even talked to a “certified beauty technician assistant” and told her about my irritations with lipstick, and she helped me in finding just the perfect shade. And as I stood in the mirror looking at myself...had to give her credit.

“Good job, Tiffany.” I murmured, and smirked a bit. The lipstick looked good. I looked good. Even with my glasses still perched on my nose, even with my braces still hiding behind my lips, I looked the sexiest I had ever looked.

At least clothed. I’m sure there were times over the past few months that I looked even more enticing, but none of those instances were appropriate to be heading out to the Fall Formal. With a smile I hurried down the steps, my new heels clicking as I did so, until finally I was stopped one last time as I came through the living room. A voice from the big recliner in front of the TV chirped up, and my Dad’s voice slipped into the room.

“Heading out, huh, sweetie?” He looked up from the newspaper, and beamed wide as he saw me. “You look beautiful, hon. Just like your mother.”

I hoped not. Mom was beautiful, sure, you could even say she aged really well. But I was hoping to avoid the ripped jean phase that she was for the past, oh...five years.

“Thanks, Dad.” I offered bashfully, still playing up the role of the innocent little girl. I had to. It was my only believable card with my parents, partly because I had lived it for so many years. “I promise I’ll be home before twelve.”

“I trust you, dear.” My Dad smiled warmly, and kept his gaze on me. Just like Mom, Dad had words he used as code for a deeper meaning. Telling me he trusted me was code for “I trust no guys are going to go for you.” He hadn’t had to ever worry about it before, and was likely pretty complacent about his daughter always being a little less desired. His complacency was so great that evening that he must not of saw how good my butt looked in the dress. Or how it lifted my breasts.

“Thanks, Dad, love you.” I smiled, offering my father some of the few words these days that I told them that wasn’t a lie. Almost everything aside from words of my affection for them was deceit these days; the constant exploitation of all the good will I had banked for eighteen years. Where I was going, who I’d be with, why I needed money...almost none of those questions were ever
answered honestly. Where was I going? Usually to go get fucked. Who would I be with? Mr. Poln, or Mrs. Stahl, or some stranger I’d let fuck me in a dressing room at the mall. Why did I need money? Condoms, usually. Cigarettes, if Mrs. Stahl asked me to pick some up for her on the way to getting dommed by her. But that night...I actually wasn’t too dishonest. At least for the most part.

We’ve known each other for a while now, and you know that by this point lying to my parents had definitely become a matter of practice. And I had gotten damn good at it, when my sexual satisfaction was on the line. So it might shock you to learn that I really was going to the Fall Formal that night. When I got into my car and drove to the school, my thoughts were on the dance. The entire gymnasium would be decorated and dressed up in Autumnal colors, and all of the upperclassmen would be dancing, groping, and sneaking drinks, cigarettes, and weed in the bathrooms. And I’d be there. At the school. At the dance.

...but I wasn’t there to waste my time with a bunch of other students. And I sure as hell wasn’t going there to dance.

While all the other kids were parked on one end of the school to head into the gym for their little dance, I was parking on the other end, near where the marching band usually ran their drills. It was the end of the school that housed the music department and the auditorium; and that late at night it was entirely dark and almost completely vacant. As I stepped out of my car and made a beeline through a dark parking lot, my destination was the rear entrance of the school leading up a ramp into the ass end of the music room. There were no lights on, just as I had been told. I walked carefully but with a bit of excitement to my step; making sure not to trip on heels in the dark, but still eager to get to my destination as I started to make my way up the ramp to the large metal door leading inside. I opened it and slipped inside, into the music room lit only by the distant lights outside coming in through the window, and a tiny shaft of radiance coming in from a door up a flight of stairs near the back. The music room was set up with tiered levels for the entire band to seat in an orchestral fashion, and there was a staircase pressed at the very end of the room leading up to where the music department held all their old costumes from past productions. I spoke from experience that it was a private room and one of the quietest places in the school; there had been times during my old life that I had snuck there to be alone with my thoughts, surrounded by nothing but the costumes of days long past. It was secluded, it was private, and it was just nerdy enough that none of the stoners would know about it to use to get high.

I made my way up the stairs, my excitement growing with each and every step. It was too bad the room leading up the stairs was dark; I could’ve used the opportunity to look in a mirror and fix my hair, or make sure that my lipstick was still perfectly positioned. I dismissed such thoughts as easily as they slipped into my mind, since I knew that neither one of those things would be particularly neat before too long. When I finally stood at the top of the stairs and let my hand rest on the handle, I took a long, deep breath, preparing myself.

Since Mr. Poln had first made me suck him off, kneeling there in his office in my schoolgirl skirt, I had grown up quite a bit. Sure, I was eighteen that day just as I was eighteen there in the music room, but in just a few short months I had matured immeasurably. I had learned how to please a man with any one of my holes, and I had learned not only how to be seduced but how to seduce in turn. I had enjoyed more sex with more men than most girls my age, and I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt I was better at it because I learned from older men that knew what they were doing. I didn’t let some jock quarterback rut me until completion and blab about how good I was; I took the advice of my married teacher and the other men I serviced, I spent time practicing my technique and learning the ins and outs of being a good lover...or a good slut. Sometimes, those skills had to be applied in different ways, depending on what I was that evening.
My hand was nearly trembling as I held the doorknob, but finally I started to open it, swallowing any last traces of nervousness and letting excitement come to rest within me. I was already wet...I had to admit. I knew what was waiting there for me past that door to the private costume room, and when I stepped inside I wasn’t even remotely disappointed.

There they were, all three of them. Mr. Poln, my wonderful History Teacher that had caught me passing a note and turned one blowjob into months of erotic conquest. Mr. Grace, the gym teacher. He was tall and black and muscular, and...black. I liked black. A lot. And finally there was Mrs. Stahl, my English teacher. Red-hair, glasses, and the fiery eyes of a mature woman that was experienced at being in control. She was pregnant again, this time with her second child, though she had confided in me that it was the first she suspected wasn’t with her husband. She was already showing with a full belly that had a subtle curve to it, and ample breasts that were straining against the fabric of her dress shirt. She licked her lips as she gazed at me, her look no less predatory than that of Mr. Poln or Mr. Grace. As the door closed behind me I looked to the three fully dressed teachers, every one of them a trusted member of the community, every one of them a pillar of the faculty.

Every one of them there to fuck me, the eighteen year old schoolgirl slut.

“Well, I’ll be damned.” Mr. Grace was the first to speak, and his deep, throaty voice made me practically tremble. Mr. Grace was tall and an imposing figure, and I remember more than once finding him wonderfully sexy as he barked orders at his students while they ran circles in class. That tone now had me even wetter, and I couldn’t help but let my gaze focus on him as he stood in the center of the trio of teachers. “You two really weren’t bullshitting me. There she is.”

“You look lovely, dear.” Mrs. Stahl spoke in a tone that was almost motherly, but it was far less pure than how my own mother had addressed me. I could feel Mrs. Stahl’s eyes going over me, and I blushed a little as I took in her pregnant frame in turn. She was sexy even while pregnant, standing there in a pencil skirt, nylons, and a white dress shirt. Professional and poised, and ringing with authority. “The other students don’t deserve to see you like this.” Her words were far more comforting and echoed deeper within me than the kind words from my mother, and I blushed underneath the attention.

“The other students wouldn’t know what to do with her.” Finally it was Mr. Poln’s turn to speak, and my eyes drifted over to his own. The teacher that started it all, the one that had taught me how to suck, how to fuck, and how to be a wonderfully submissive slut. Admittedly in the past month or so my time with Mr. Poln had been lessened. He was working on resolving things with his wife, and that left less time to fuck eighteen year olds in the backseat of his car. Had that turn of events happened months ago I would’ve been upset, but at that point in my sexual evolution I had learned how to fend for myself. I stepped forward, smiling as Mr. Poln spoke up once more. “...damn, Kim. I’m really fucking proud of you.”

It was an odd thing to hear from a teacher, that he was proud over the slut I had become. That he was proud that I fucked strange men in dressing rooms, that he was proud that I was there that night for all three of my teachers to claim me. But there the words were, hanging in the air, making me swell with pride and glee. I couldn’t help but smile wider and wider, squirming gently as I rested underneath their gaze.

“Thank you, Mr. Poln.” I spoke up with a smile, and after a hand moved back behind me to ensure the door to the music room was locked, I looked towards the three of them. I was wet in that moment...so...so wet. Stahl, Grace, and Poln...two of them fucked me so regularly that they knew my body inside and out, and one of them was brand new. Brand new, and so very, very compelling. I blushed as I cleared my throat, and gazed to the three with a shy voice as I addressed them.
“Would it be okay if I got to know Mr. Grace a bit better first? I’ve been...eagerly waiting for this.”

So many days in gym class watching him boss the other students around, so many times I wondered just what Mr. Grace was packing underneath his pants. When I asked that question both Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln smiled knowingly, likely by now fully predicting my desires. They knew me well. They knew how I mewed I was ordered to treat a black cock, and they knew just how my mind worked. Mr. Poln gave me the nod of approval and Mrs. Stahl wasn’t long after, moving to pat Mr. Grace on the shoulder as she stepped behind him.

“Well, you heard the girl, Paul.” She grinned, and arched a brow underneath the rim of her glasses. “She’s practically begging to suck your cock.”

I was. God, how I was. Before Mr. Grace even made his way over to me I had dropped down onto my knees, my pretty silky dress bunching around my body as I assumed a position that had become most natural to me. I licked my lips and tasted the lipstick once more, trembling as the moment drew ever near. Mr. Grace was approaching me with a smile, and I could already see the tent building at the front of his pants. He was huge, I could already tell. My hunger was growing as he drifted near me and I couldn’t wait to reach my hands out, and when I did they moved right towards his belt with an eager grip.

“You’re a lot different than you act in glass, Kim.” Mr. Grace grinned as I worked feverishly, unsnapping his belt and pulling it free. “Don’t think I’ve ever seen you move so fast.”

“I’ve never wanted a grade in gym class this much.” Came my immediate and honest reply; high praise from a straight A student like myself. When I managed to have Mr. Grace’s pants down around his knees I could still see his tent through his boxers, still impressive in girth and scope, and still there for me to touch. I shuddered as I let one of my hands move out to hold along the shape of it, feeling just how heavy and thick he was. My cheeks were red, and I practically shivered as I gazed up at him. So hungry. So desperate. “Mr. Grace, it...it’s so...oh god, so big...”

From the background, Mrs. Stahl gave a little grin as she clucked her tongue and shook her head. My English teacher was the teasing and chatty type, and I had learned that she truly enjoyed watching her favorite student service a man. One of her hands rested on top of her pregnant belly, and she rubbed back and forth as she spoke aloud. “Kim’s always been such a size queen. Little slut’s never satisfied, is she?”

“Well, that’s our job tonight, isn’t it?” Mr. Poln responded with a grin, gazing over at the pregnant woman. “But let’s see how she handles Paul, first. I want to see some deepthroating, Kim. I don’t care if you think he’s too big, Paul’s taking a big risk by cheating on his wife to be here tonight. Make it worth the effort, okay?”

“Yes, Mr. Poln.” I offered readily, licking my lips hungrily once more. I leaned in close, and my eyes shut as I pressed the side of my face against the tent in Mr. Grace’s boxers. A gasp came from us both as I let my cheek rest alongside his cock through the fabric, and I could feel him throb against me. Slowly, steadily, and ready to be sucked. When I looked back up my glasses were eschew, but I ignored it for the time being. While my gaze remained transfixed on Mr. Grace’s stern and dark eyes, I moved to pull his cock finally free. Nearly eight inches of thick black cock poured out into my hands, and I trembled at the sheer weight of it. He was long and thick, his tip drooling precum as if he had been waiting for my attention all year long. With my hands visibly trembling I turned my head to face his shaft, and with one brief motion pressed my lips to the side for a long, long moment. Against my lips I could feel him shiver, feel his heartbeat through that wonderful length, and when I peeled my mouth away I had left a noticeable ruby red lipstick mark against his dark prick. With my kiss planted on his cock and the genuine hope that his wife didn’t
notice it, I finally looked up at Mr. Grace and spoke.

“Ever fucked a student before, Mr. Grace?” I asked, my voice serene and as sweet as I could manage. “Ever had her beg you to cum inside?”

“Can’t say I have, Kim.” Mr. Grace responded with a slow and steady smirk. “But I’ve always wanted to try.”

That...was just the answer I was looking for.

It was just a moment later that Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln were sitting nearby on a pair of folding chairs, watching everything unfold. I had started sucking on Mr. Grace’s cock in long, deep strokes that pushed my lips to the very edge of his lap, each time taking his enormous length straight down my throat. I had gotten good at deepthroating. After all, I was a very studious young woman and I had worked hard at it. The tip of his cock was somewhere halfway down, and I could feel it tickling with each and every one of his throbs. As I sucked him, keeping that monster down my throat, I just gazed up at my handsome older teacher through the lenses of my glasses. Keep the eye contact. Look innocent, even when you’re choking on cock. These were all lessons I had been taught, and taught very, very well.

“God, Kim...you’re...whew...” Mr. Grace was left understandably speechless after I pulled my mouth back up, leaving his cock layered in thick, wet spit. His shaft wore a few marks from my lipstick and I smirked a little at the sight; one of my hands moving up to hold the base of his slippery shaft. I was jerking him casually as I moved my mouth to close overtop just his head, teasing back and forth with my tongue as I gave my throat a rest. It was important to not overextend yourself while you servicing someone so large; resting was crucial to being able to hang in there to finish the job. Again, things that I understood that no slutty but untrained cheerleader could possibly comprehend. Besides, since my senses weren’t overwhelmed by not being able to breathe properly, I could focus on my teacher’s praise. “I’ve never gotten blown like this. It’s...shit, you’re amazing.”

“She really is.” Mrs. Stahl’s voice came from the side, and I darted my eyes towards her. She was still cradling her pregnant stomach through her white dress shirt, watching the scene unfold with great interest. “You can see why we both spoke of her as our favorite student.” Mr. Poln simply nodded at that, and with the praise from my other two teachers sitting in my belly, I started to suck a little more eagerly. My tongue worked eagerly back and forth on the underside of Mr. Grace’s thick cockhead, and both of my hands worked up to wrap around his monstrous length. I was pumping him with both fists because I practically had to given his size, and with my hands moving swiftly on his length I finally pulled my mouth up, speaking in my cutest and sweetest voice.

“I’m glad you like my mouth, Mr. Grace.” I beamed, smiling wide and showcasing my glistening braces. Gotta show the braces; guys liked the braces almost as much as the glasses. “You can fuck it whenever you like...if you’re having a rough day just send me a pass during 3rd or 6th periods.” My two classes with Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln. They certainly understood.

“Might take you up on that.” Mr. Grace smirked a bit, and his hand finally lowered, moving into my dark, pulled-up hair. He pulled my mouth back onto his cock and I continued sucking him about halfway down; no longer deepthroating him but pushing my lips against the side of my fist, ensuring that every inch of his remarkable length was held by my palm if not my mouth. As I bounced my head back and forth on his member, savoring the taste of his glorious black dick, my diligent teachers broke into a discussion.

“And she’s good to go?” Mr. Grace looked towards the other two, grinning. “To fuck?”
“Good to fuck.” Mr. Poln smirked, his eyes gazing up and down my body. I could tell; he was desperate to get inside of me, tenting in his pants and eager to share me with Mr. Grace. Even though I had given him a sloppy blowjob during lunch break that same day, he was always eager to spend a load inside of his prized student. “So think about what you want to do with her.”

“Some restrictions apply, Paul.” Mrs. Stahl chimed in, adjusting her glasses as she stared down at the dark stud being sucked off by my eager mouth. I blushed as she spoke; partly for her words, and partly because of the care and attention that she always put into things. While Mr. Poln was keen on training me submission and how to be a slut, Mrs. Stahl had become a staple for me in learning how to do it safely. Learning how to enjoy it. Learning how to be a whore in only the most comfortable way possible. “You’re larger than I expected, and Kim’s not prepared for that in her ass just yet. She’s only barely learned how to handle this one.” She gestured to Mr. Poln, and I blushed brightly at that.

“I’ll keep that whole busy so you’re not tempted.” Mr. Poln grinned, licking his lips. A shiver of arousal pulled through me, and my thighs trembled at the notion. Mr. Poln had indeed started fucking my ass recently, once Mrs. Stahl had cleared me for being able to take as much. She was a good teacher; always testing my limits with toys that only got bigger and bigger, rewarding me for succeeding but never punishing me for not being ready yet. I gazed over at Mrs. Stahl, my eyes shining with appreciation for her. Even with my mouth stuffed with Mr. Grace’s cock, I could tell she saw my look and gave me a little smile in response.

I wasn’t sure yet what role Mr. Grace, or Paul, would have in my life. Both Mr. Poln and Mrs. Stahl fulfilled an important position in the life of a healthy slut in training; the two of them worked together, sharing the resources of my teenaged holes to make sure they’d both be serviced appropriately. And together, they taught me all I knew. Whether Mr. Grace was going to teach me new things or simply be there as an enormous stud to fuck me senseless when I desired it I didn’t yet know; but I could already tell he was there to stay. He was already addicted to my mouth, to my licking and slurping and my reckless hunger for his length. And as my head lowered to slave my tongue over his heavy sack, his meat flopping onto my face and smearing my makeup with my own thick spit, it was clear I was just as addicted.

Maybe Mr. Grace wasn’t there to teach me, but to reward me for all the hard work I had done.

“Paul, I think it’s time you lay down and let Kim ride that monster.” Mrs. Stahl chimed in, gesturing towards the two of us with a grin. She lowered her hand to point just at her feet, where she had pulled down some of the costume room’s clothes to form a little pillow just in between her heels. “If you’d be so kind to lay down here? Gives her plenty of room to reach me, and I’m sure none of you want a pregnant woman to be put out, do you?” She smirked coyly, her red locks dangling before her glasses as she teased the two. Mr. Grace just nodded and pulled back on my hair, leaving his thick, wet cock dangling inches before my lips.

“Ready to get fucked, Kim?” He asked, grinning wide. “Tell me how much you want to ride.”

“More than anything.” I whispered, aching within the sexy dark red dress I was wearing. I wasn’t wearing any panties that evening, like I imagine most girls didn’t to the Fall Formal, but unlike them I had left them behind in favor of a real cock. Not some teenaged prick, but a thick, glorious, middle-aged black monster. I was breathless as I looked up at Mr. Grace, spit drooling from my lips and landing in tiny splatters against the silky fabric of my dress. “Let me on it, Mr. Grace. Let me milk all your cum out, please…”

The three teachers shared glances and grins, and Mr. Grace finally nodded. He moved to lay back just as Mrs. Stahl suggested, and as he got comfortable Mrs. Stahl got herself into position as well.
She slid down some on her chair and spread her knees wide, her skirt lifting to reveal that she had the same policy as me when it came to panties that evening. Her shaved slit was sitting just underneath her pregnant belly, ready to be serviced. Maybe if I was good, she’d let me turn my head forward and listen to the baby, after I made her cum.

Mr. Grace laid flat with his cock sticking straight up, and I was desperate as I drew near, ready to mount him. I didn’t bother slipping out of my dress; what good was a sexy outfit if you couldn’t get fucked in it? Instead I simply pulled it around my waist as I lowered myself to the proper position, my breath catching in my throat as I moved to straddle Mr. Grace’s big, thick member. Using Mrs. Stahl’s thighs to steady myself I let my knees slip onto the carpet once more, and with a shudder I could feel his tip squeezing against my entrance.

He was big. So...so big, easily the largest I had ever had inside of me. It was going to hurt a little, I knew that much...but my god, did I ever want it. I wanted that black monster inside of me, I wanted to feel him push in deeper than anyone had ever been. And I wanted him to cum inside of me, to fill me up, to let all of that sticky cream flooding within me. With my hands tightening on Mrs. Stahl’s thighs I finally let my eyes close, and I braced myself as I began to squeeze down. Mr. Grace’s hands moved to hold my hips; and if he didn’t I’m not sure I would’ve had the strength on my own. He was so damned big and my little walls were stretched so tight that it was a real struggle to get him all inside. At the halfway point I paused, my muscles tight as I tried to cope with just how much he was filling me. Even with my pussy soaking wet and his cock slathered in my spit, it was a strain on my folds. But as I sat half-masted on his cock, my teachers were yet there to guide me.

“Shh, shh, slow now.” Mr. Grace’s voice was gentle and he was rather patient with me. Surprising, considering how much he likely wanted to hilt himself within me. Mrs. Stahl joined in, one of her hands moving to caress my shoulder, and the other moving to come back down the silky strands of my hair.

“Easy, sweetie.” She cooed, her motherly voice sounding even more soothing now that she was pregnant. Mrs. Stahl had become a master of comforting me in situations where my body was just a little too tight around something being shoved inside of it, and she had never let me down. “Just like Troy back at my place, right? Scary at first, but you can do it.”

Troy was the name of a particularly big vibrator Mrs. Stahl owned; named for her favorite student.

“Nnng...y...yes...I want...want it...inside...” I hissed through my teeth, and shivered as I pushed myself down a few more slow and steady inches. I could feel my layers peeling down his shaft, covering him with my own excitement, just as I felt a tightness swelling in my lower half. My thighs ached from being pulled apart so wide, but a little muscle soreness was to be expected. And well, well worth it. When I was finally seated on Mr. Grace’s cock it was glorious; and I shuddered and moaned in glee. Both Mr. Grace and Mrs. Stahl gave me a supportive pat, though the victory celebration was short-lived. After all, we had a job to do.

“Good girl...gooooood girl.” Mrs. Stahl had a way of praising me even as she coerced me, and she was already pulling my head in so I could lick her pussy. I had to turn my head so I didn’t bump against her pregnant belly to get there, but before long her flavor was filling my mouth and I was suckling against her eagerly. My English teacher’s tasty pussy was offered up to me as it was so very often, and Mrs. Stahl savored a long sigh as she rested back, her hand leaving my hair. And as I ate, diligently licking and thanking the woman that kept me soothed, my hips slowly started to rock.

Every motion. I swear, every motion made it feel like Mr. Grace went deeper. It’s hard to describe
just how great it feels when you have a cock that large inside of you. You’re put into a state of hypersensitivity, and you can barely breathe without being reminded that you’ve essentially been stabbed with eight inches of flesh. I used one of my hands to brace against Mrs. Stahl’s thigh, and the other moved down to hold to Mr. Grace’s chest, keeping myself as stable as I possibly could. With my pretty red dress pulled up around my waist, I rolled slowly back and forth and kept Mr. Grace’s cock very, very happy, all knowing in the back of my head that our meeting wasn’t complete. Not entirely, at least.

“It’s coming in, Kim.” Mr. Poln’s voice made me shudder, and I nodded with my tongue pressed flush against Mrs. Stahl’s slit. I knew exactly what he meant, and he didn’t disappoint. While I was mounting and eating two of my teachers a third finally drew behind me, and I was pressed harder against Mr. Grace’s cock as this new one pushed my hips forward. He rolled my lap so that my rear turned up towards him, and from there I felt the slickened touch of Mr. Poln’s cock against the tight, tight squeeze of my ass.

He had taken the time to lubricate himself; I could tell from the tiny chill that ran through my spine. It was a little cold to the touch at first as he smeared that wonderful liquid around my entrance with the tip of his cock, soon warming up afterwards once the air had time to sit on it. And then, with a slow and careful push, Mr. Poln’s cock started to penetrate my ass.

“Waaaaahhh….nnnnmmmmwaaaaa!” I cried out. I couldn’t help it! My scream echoed against Mrs. Stahl’s pussy and she cradled me close, coddling me with fingers in my hair and holding my forehead to her pregnant belly. I had taken Mr. Poln’s cock in my ass as well as a dozen different toys controlled by Mrs. Stahl, but I had never taken him when my pussy was so otherwise...full. I was already stretched to my limit, and that steady push of a new cock in my ass was practically overwhelming. For the briefest of moments, I thought it was too much, and I came dangerously close to putting the evening to an abrupt end.

Recess. Recess was the safe word that I shared with Mrs. Stahl and Mr. Poln, and I was positive that they had advised Mr. Grace of it. And that word sat on my tongue as Mr. Poln squeezed his cock inside of me, stretching my ass, forcing my entire body to adjust to being penetrated in two holes at the same time. I couldn’t even get a full breath to help me recover, for every time I tried my mouth was pushed far too tight against Mrs. Stahl’s wet, hungry slit. My muscles were tense and my eyes started to water, and for a few seconds, I’ll freely admit I was scared. “It’s too much,” I thought to myself, my mind racing. “Too much inside of me, I can’t handle it. I’m only eighteen. I’m just a teenager, this is too much too soon.”

“R...R….R…” I was stuttering into Mrs. Stahl’s pussy as Mr. Poln finished hilting himself, eventually squeezing himself down to the base. My ass was thoroughly stretched around him, just as my pussy was taking in all of Mr. Grace’s enormous cock. And as I knelt there, impaled on both ends, smothered on my mouth, I knew that all of my teachers only had my enjoyment and pleasure in mind.

And...fuck, they knew me so well.

“R...Ready…” My voice staggered out, and I nodded, swallowing a gulp of fear mixed with excitement. Who was I kidding? I was loving every last second of it. The stretching, the ache in my thighs, the presence of their cocks in my intimate holes, the flavor of pussy...everything in that moment was perfect.

I fucking loved the Fall Formal.

Mr. Grace and Mr. Poln were careful with me at first, though I think by that point we all knew just what the evening was going to devolve into. Mr. Poln was acutely aware of just how much his little
slut could take, and he pulled back with his shaft only to push in harder again, throbbing against me as my ass tightened around him. Though I was eager to be fucked in such a fashion I was still far from what I would call mobile, and I’ll freely admit that over the course of the next few minutes I didn’t do much. I wasn’t totally in control of my body as it got used to the sensation and the strain, and for a long while all I was able to do was lick my tongue back and forth across Mrs. Stahl’s clit and make my lower holes available to my teachers. I couldn’t control when my pussy or my ass tightened on Mr. Grace or Mr. Poln’s cocks, and I certainly couldn’t control when my thighs tensed and my muscles tightened, caught somewhere in a limbo between orgasm and quivering ache.

It was an odd sensation, and until that point I hadn’t enjoyed anything quite like it yet. Sure, I had been fucked with toys inside of my ass by both Mr. Poln and Mrs. Stahl, but there was something about that moment that made it all staggeringly hot and exciting. I was still dressed in the same dress and heels that my mother praised my beauty in, and I was still underneath the curfew that my father had practically dismissed earlier that evening. My parents trusted me; they thought that at that moment I was likely having an awkward dance with one of the unpopular boys...if I was lucky. Never would they have guessed that in that very moment their precious daughter was being shared between three of her teachers, every last one of them more than double her age. The flavor of Mrs. Stahl’s pussy, the throbbing of Mr. Poln’s cock in my ass, and the...amazing stretching presence of Mr. Grace were all stark reminders of what I had become, what I had thrown myself into. No longer was I the good and sweet student. Hell, I had thrown that out long, long ago to embrace my life as a brazen slut.

And I probably never loved it as much as in that very moment. The slap of flesh, the smell of excitement and sweat, being the focus of attention from my three favorite teachers...I enjoyed being a used teenage slut in that moment more than I ever would’ve guessed. My ass would be sore the next morning and my dress was going to be essentially ruined, but...I didn’t care. I didn’t care about anything that would take place in the next hour, let alone the next morning. All that mattered was that I was getting fucked, I was getting claimed, and I was getting used the way I had been trained.

My teachers talked while they fucked me, but I’ll be damned if I can remember what they said. I probably didn’t even hear it the first time around, I didn’t exactly have my wits about me. I remember Mrs. Stahl combing my hair and holding me there to her pussy, letting my forehead squeeze tight against her pregnant tummy. I can remember Mr. Poln slapping the side of my ass every few thrusts, making sure that there were nice, bright red imprints to remind me of what a tramp I had become. And I remember Mr. Grace, his strong hands on my hips as he thrust from below, each strike of his cock piercing me down to my very core. I was so stretched, and I was so happy.

I was overwhelmed completely, which is why my memory of the finish is a little hazy. I don’t really know the order of events, of which of my teachers came first, mostly because I didn’t stop cumming. It overtook me halfway through my gangbang, and the quivering and the moaning and the screaming didn’t really stop until I was so exhausted I was ready to pass out. But each one of them had their way with me, and each time it made me break into a new orgasm. Mr. Poln’s cum swirled inside of my ass, tightly gripped and squeezed out, forming a bead against my button. Mrs. Stahl squirted; and after she plastered my face and my well-styled hair with her nectar she lowered herself down as much as her pregnant tummy would allow so she could kiss me. Our tongues were swiping back and forth, sharing the taste of her pussy and bouncing in between my moans. And Mr. Grace came...and he came hard.

The rush was intense. So much warmth, so much cum, all of it for me, all of it fed straight into my tight, ready hole. I was on the pill at the time, but if I wasn’t, to this day I have no doubt in my mind that he would’ve bred me. That enormous cock of his released wave after wave of cum, and
my pussy tightened and squeezed every last bit, eagerly milking as much as it could. I had a hungry cunt that night that only wanted to be fed more of the cream out of that thick black cock, and Mr. Grace’s climax was drawn out because I wouldn’t stop squeezing, rolling my hips, and begging for more.

And when it was over, I was filled with cum and covered in squirt, and barely conscious as I collapsed against the heap of muscular flesh that was my gym teacher. I was breathing heavy and trembling, cum rolling from my ass and my pussy, and my teenage senses had been overloaded to the point of breaking. I was still twitching in tiny aftershocks as I felt them scoop me up, and they did something for me that very few submissives were lucky enough to enjoy.

They tended to me. Cared for me. Protected me.

I was a wreck that night, and there would’ve been no way I could’ve gotten home and passed as anything less than creampied and fucked stupid to my parents. And I can’t help but think that given the circumstances, some lovers might’ve simply said that was my problem. But while I drifted in and out of conscious after my first official double penetration, their plans were laid out with only my best interests in mind.

Mr. Grace put up the money for a hotel room for me to stay in, while Mrs. Stahl made a well-placed call to my parents, posing as one of my friend’s mothers.

“She’s all tuckered out from dancing.” I heard Mrs. Stahl talk to my mother. “But before she and Jody and all the other girls headed upstairs, she asked if I’d call you to check in. Does she have any allergies? I was going to make them some snacks.” It was a nice touch. Really threw my Mom off the trail that the same woman she was talking to had just given me a heavy dose of squirt to swallow.

And in the morning, after they put me to bed and returned to their respective spouses, it was Mr. Poln that checked in on me first thing in the morning. My car was waiting in the hotel parking lot, and my dress had been given a rush order at the dry cleaner’s. Everything was waiting for me the morning after, and all I had to worry about was a sore rear and whatever tattered fragments of my innocence that had been fucked away the night after.

And that’s the events of the Fall Formal, where I said to hell with my peers and had a much better night. With my parents none the wiser, I had made a new friend, experienced a new thrill, and was reminded of just how much my dominant teachers tended to their prized sub, their perfect slut that was eager to please. I didn’t do any dancing, but I had more fun than anyone that did.

And perhaps, one day, we’ll talk about what I did during the prom.

End of Chapter 12.
After School Job

Chapter Summary

Kim gets a small job on the side to start earning money for college - working at a glory hole! She's a natural!

(Content Warning: This chapter, and chapter 14 have incest elements. They're not for everyone, and I added them to the story when people were requesting them en masse, even though I wasn't entirely sold on them. These days I'd probably consider them noncanonical to the overarching Kim story.)

Detention for Kim
Chapter 13: After School Job
-By Drace Domino

Sex shops had always made me a little uncomfortable. After all, it wasn’t too many months before that day that it was illegal for me to walk into one. Those same number of months ago I would’ve responded to every sight with a recoiled gasp of shock, a complete stranger in a world that I had yet to discover. But even that day, so many months after completing my slut training and such familiarity built within me, I was still a little unnerved by everything all laid out in front of me all at once.

Mostly the people; despite all of the things I had done I was still somewhat shy and insecure when it came to public places. Sure, when I was leashed and dressed to delight I knew fully how to showcase my body and make the most of my modest looks, but put into any normal social situation and the timid girl with braces was all too ready to make herself known. I could go from begging to be fucked while covered in sweat to murmuring every last word and avoiding eye contact, simply because by then, sex came more naturally than ordering a meal at a restaurant. Still, it was something that I knew I had to do. I had to endure the odd glances of men in the store, each one looking up from their line of outdated porn DVDs and staring up at the awkward sight of a Japanese girl in their territory. I had done what I could to play down the full effect; wearing jeans and an unflattering turtleneck sweater instead of my schoolgirl outfit, but I was still a teenaged girl with dark black hair and clear Asian lineage. I still had glasses, and if any of them would’ve seen me smile they would’ve seen I still had braces. Even though my life had become a wonderful parade of getting fucked to my very core, I still felt a bit like I was dunked in a shark tank every time I stepped foot in a sex shop.

Thankfully, the front register wasn’t far off, and when I approached the counter I was greeted by a man and woman that seemed well balanced and normal. To them it wasn’t some dark and exotic place but just a job, and their normal tone was enough to help put me at ease, no matter my reasons for being there.

“Hey there, kid.” The woman spoke up, her voice grainy as if she had smoked too many cigarettes that morning. Or her whole life. She looked to be in her late thirties and while I wouldn’t call her unattractive, she probably felt safe even in the shady environment. She was plain, even more so than me, and that plain appearance really didn’t do her many favors surrounded by gorgeous naked models on posters for the “best cockring in the US.” She levelled her gaze at me and gestured
towards the store beyond her. “Haven’t seen you around before. Movies in the back, toys in the front. Lookin’ for something for your boyfriend?”

“Actually, uh…” I took a breath, collecting my nerves. One of my hands moved up and I toyed with some of my hair, threading my fingers through it and fidgeting nervously as I tried to collect myself. “I’m, uh…” As I imagine any woman that worked at a sex shop would have, the one behind the register was precious low on patience.

“Look, kid, this is a business.” She grunted, drumming her fingers on the counter. “We don’t have time for lookie-loos, if you’re just another girl whose friends dared her to come into the big scary sto-”

“I’m here about the job!” I suddenly blurted out, and I saw her expression change to one of shock. My voice calmed as I fidgeted once more, and I spoke to clarify with a quiet, subtle tone. “…the...back job. We talked over Email this morning.”

The woman and the young man beside her exchanged glances, as if clearly not believing what I was there for. When the woman finally turned back to me she gave a slow and grainy sigh, before holding out a hand and wiggling her fingers impatiently.

“Yeah, I’m definitely going to need to see some ID on you.” She said plainly and simply, and in truth I couldn’t blame her. The real reason I was there was shady enough with an already possible danger of getting caught, and if I was underage it’d be more trouble for everyone. I nodded eagerly as I fished a hand into my jeans, pulling out my driver’s license and handing it over. Neither the woman nor her friend said anything as she turned to a small device on the counter; a machine designed to authenticate licenses to make sure no kids ran off with dildos. A good policy, I suppose. She didn’t even look at me after I handed her the license, but I could tell from the gaze of the man behind the counter that he was at least...entertained with the reason I was there.

“I’d probably be seeing him again later that night.

“Well, damn, you’re legit.” The woman finally nodded, and handed me my license back. “Come on, Kim. I’ll tell you how shit works around here.” She pointed for her assistant to remain behind the counter before she started to walk, and I tailed along closely behind her. We passed through the path of least resistance through the store, taking alleys through rows of DVDs nobody was interested in, likely so no one could overhear our conversation.

“Name’s Betty, kid. Nice to have you join us.” She glanced over her shoulder, smirking a little. “Even if it’s only for a night. You’re sure you’re up for this kind of work?”

“I...need the money for college.” I responded quickly. A blatant lie. Between my academic prowess and the fact that I was fucking three teachers and had given a sloppy blowjob to the principal, it was pretty clear that I’d be getting a scholarship. I had already been in the contention for several before my experiences with Mr. Poln started, and the fact that I could suck my way through recruiters only improved those chances. Still, old Betty didn’t actually need to know my real reasons. “You pay well, right?”

“Everyone that comes in gives us a hundred bucks.” Betty offered, shrugging. “Of that, you get twenty. Most girls clear two hundred a night just from that.”

“Twenty percent?” Truthfully, the money didn’t concern me, but it felt like it would be suspicious to not question it. After all, any girls about to do the job I was about to do would most certainly want the most money they could get. “That doesn’t seem fair, considering I’m doing most of the work.” The noise Betty made, somewhere between a grumble and a snort, told me that it wasn’t
the first time she had heard the complaint. She waited to respond to me until we made the corner of
the back room, down a dark turn towards where the customers weren’t usually allowed. There she
stood beside a single black door that was only openable with a key; a key she had fished out and
now held pinched between two fingers.

“You want more than twenty bucks per job, go hit the streets and see where it gets you.” Betty
responded bluntly, and waggled the keys. “For giving us our cut you get a safe place to do the
work, and we keep an eye on the customers. If someone takes too long or looks like they’re going
to be trouble, we’re on them. We also screen them, make sure that only good clients come around.
You really want to suck off some disgusting fuck that hasn’t showered in three weeks?”

“Uh...no.” I admittedly honestly, making a sour expression. Betty nodded at that, and smirked.

“That’s what I thought. We only send guys back that are on the upside of normal. No freaks. No
unwashed cretins that managed to pull a hundred bucks together.” With that Betty turned and
started to open the door, continuing to speak as she did so. “There’s a button in the room; if you run
into trouble push it and it’ll let us know at the desk. Sometimes guys will throw money in the hole
afterwards. Those tips are all yours, kid. So I hope you know how to work a cock and earn them.”

“My ex-boyfriend said I was good.” Nearly every part of that was a lie. I never had an ex-
boyfriend. I never had a boyfriend. And the closest thing I had didn’t say I was good; he said I was
fantastic. “Good” was a step down for how well I knew how to suck.

“Heh, then I hope your ex visits tonight.” Betty had no idea who she was talking to, but regardless
she opened the door and gestured for me to get inside. I stepped in and as soon as my feet hit the
floor she started to close the door again, calling out to me one last time before it shut. “Customers
will start coming by in twenty minutes, and it’ll last three hours. Good luck, kid!”

With that the door shut, and I was left in a room that didn’t have enough space for me to stretch out
longways. It was a tiny square that only afforded me about a foot and a half on any one side,
sparsely decorated with a few pillows on the floor, a simple chair on another edge, and the
aforementioned button Betty had told me about set against the wall. It was dimly lit by a string of
lights across the base of the ceiling, though it was intentionally kept mostly dark so to keep the air
of anonymity high. Just before me, leading to a room I hadn’t seen during my walk through the sex
store, was a single hole a few inches wide. Waist level, and leading into a room that was just as
dark as my own.

I kicked off my sneakers and let my socked feet sink in against the carpet. I had twenty minutes to
pull the pillows forward and get comfortable, for pretty soon I’d be working my very first glory
hole.

I didn’t tell Betty this, but the reason I had tracked down the event and sent out that Email wasn’t
because I needed the money. Sure, it was nice, and the responsible young woman in me was happy
to pad my fledgling bank account with a few more hundred dollars, but the real reason I was
kneeling there waiting for my first cock of the evening was that I knew I needed to branch out.
I had a healthy sex life, to say the very least. Between Mr. Poln, Mrs. Stahl, and my newest
recurring lover Mr. Grace, I had been kept consistently satisfied almost every other day. But even
then I knew that not all of my lovers would stick around, and that I couldn’t always count on at
least one of them being available. Every last one of them was married and I was technically a
mistress to all three; or even less than one. I was at heart a teenage fling that just so happened to
enjoy being flung between them, and never once had I ever imagined any odd fantasies of them
leaving their respective spouses to be with me full time.
And hell, I wouldn’t even of wanted that. Since my time with Mr. Poln I had come to truly embrace what I did. I liked being fucked, and I liked having multiple partners. I liked it when Mr. Poln would share me with his friends and I liked it when Mrs. Stahl would invite me over to her house to watch in secret while she fucked other students. I liked having multiple lovers, and I liked being free. Long gone were the days that I was kneeling on the floor of my history teacher’s classroom sucking him off because he had caught me passing a note; nowadays I did that because I wanted to, because I craved it, and because I had a hell of a lot of fun doing it. I knew exactly what my relationships were and I knew exactly what to expect of them. Any of the other girls in my grade would’ve instantly thought less of me if they knew the secret of what I did in my free time, but in a great twist of irony I was more responsible, more enlightened, and more mature than any of them.

I wasn’t about to get knocked up by some dimwitted quarterback and ruin my life early. And I wasn’t about to settle, and be content laying on my back for the same uninspired fuck the second Tuesday of every month. I had been lucky enough to be sexually awakened at the joyful age of eighteen, and because of that gift I had a rare chance to enjoy every last thing my body could do. My holes had been trained. My muscles had been tested. I knew what I liked, and I knew what I didn’t. I was in a better place sexually than any other teenaged girl that I knew, and I had my wonderful teachers to thank for it.

Teachers that understood what I was doing that night. Teachers that knew where I was and approved. One teacher in particular that had dropped me off so my car wasn’t spotted in the parking lot. Thanks, Mrs. Stahl. I could always count on her for any request connected with my increased debauchery.

When the first cock appeared through the glory hole, I had almost been so lost in thought that I had missed it. All of a sudden it was right there in front of me, literally right under my nose as I contemplated my own sexual maturity. With a gasp I looked down at it and quickly drew my gaze over it; studying a nice, thick length that didn’t need any buildup. With a giggle, I drew a hand up, my fingers coiling around the length and feeling it tense up in my grip. I knew immediately who it was, and I spoke with a teasing voice from within my tiny box.

“Just so you know, if they give you an employee discount that doesn’t cut into my pay.” I chirped sweetly, before moving in to wrap my lips around the tip. It had to be the young man I had just met at the register; a fact I deduced from the fact that it was still ten minutes early, and that he was already hard. While I was far from an expert at the art of working a glory hole I imagined most of my impending customers would need a little work, but the one that I swirled my tongue around first had already been given time to grow. It was something that I imagined was only possible if the cock in question had seen me before, and knew what was waiting for it behind the other side of the wall. I was content with that. He was cute, and if you were going to suck cock at a hole in the wall it was nice to start with a good one.

My eyes closed as I fell into a routine, a ritual that Mr. Poln and Mr. Grace had taught me. Thanks to my teachers I was practically an expert at the art of working a cock, of smearing my tongue around the wonderful shaft and of drawing it deeper and deeper into my mouth. He was a sensitive sort, I could tell that much from how he was trembling. Not that I blamed him; it was probably rough on a young man to be surrounded by porn all day, and I hardly suspected that Betty would be kind enough to ever give him any release. Oh well; that’s what the glory hole girl was for, and the one they had that night enjoyed the thrill of it. My knees sunk in against the pillows on the floor and one of my hands pressed to the wall, giving me the leverage to suck him long and deep in thick, satisfied strokes. My other hand, still positioned around his shaft, worked itself down to the rim of the wall to make sure he never pulled entirely from my reach. Before long my grip was wet from my spit and it only forced me to tug him a little tighter, enough that I could hear his voice give a shuddering groan from the other side. My tongue was battering back and forth, working
quickly around the tip of his cock and swirling all around it, sucking and slurping and simply savoring the experience.

Anonymity was a pretty sex thing, even when you knew what was on the other side of the wall. I could only imagine the thrill that would go through me by the time the real strangers started piling in, and I knew that after a while I’d probably end up stripping off my jeans. For now they remained on and I was content to simply be wet against my panties, the naughty delight of what I was doing already resonating deep inside of me. As I eagerly and hungrily continued to slurp at my very first customer I drew in a long, deep breath, and a smile forged its way around my mouth as I worked. Paid to suck an endless supply of cocks. Why hadn’t I thought of this sooner?

When my very first client came I had to put on a bit of a show; I still wasn’t entirely comfortable letting Betty and her crew know what sort of a depraved slut they had in the back room box. So when the young man’s cock started to twitch and spurt I gave a sudden and surprised gasp, pulling my mouth from his length and continuing to get him off with my fist. His length pumped long and steady as his cum continued to streak across the air; missing my mouth but splashing quickly across my face. One slice of it from my brow to my cheek, crossing my glasses. Another into my hair, and sweeping over the edge of my shoulder. One last one I managed to mostly catch as I held my mouth at a distance; eager for the taste but not wanting it to be known that I was so wickedly craven. Once I had it in my mouth I swallowed greedily, and with his cum still crossing my features my new friend began to pull himself back out. He gave a grunt of delight that was a clear sign of his approval, and the very next things to pass through the hole was my very first tip.

I gazed down as they struck the floor below me with a thud, and I couldn’t help but smirk. A box of tissues and a bottle of water, along with a ten dollar bill. The tissues and water were likely things he had been told to offer; likely tools of the trade. But the ten dollars went right into the front pocket of my jeans, nestled snugly in place. I had the perfect place for it.

To this day, I tell people that the framed ten dollar bill on my wall was from my first job as a barista in college.

I scooped up a tissue and started to clean myself otherwise; swiping his cum out of my hair before cleaning past my mouth and glasses. It was naturally tempting to drink more of his cream but I knew damn well that I had to pace myself; there was likely going to be plenty of cocks that night and each one of them would be ready to drink from. There’d be plenty more cum for me if I was truly craving the taste that night. As luck would have it, no more than five minutes later I met a new friend, in the form of my first true anonymous cock slipping through the hole before my face.

Excitement filled me as I found yet another stiff length ready to be serviced, proof positive that the job I had signed up for was indeed legitimate. My hand moved out and I gripped along a shaft that had yet to realize its full potential, and without a word I drew my mouth forward and began to flick my tongue rapidly back and forth across the tip. I could hear a guttural curse from the other side of the wall as proof positive that my newest friend liked the treatment, and I wore a thinly veiled smirk as I worked. He’d have no idea that it was the day he was sucked off my a pretty little Asian schoolgirl, still sporting braces and glasses and still living with her parents, and that was part of the thrill of it all. I relished all of my intimate time with my teachers, but there was an exciting joy to striking out on my own. Sucking cocks that weren’t ones I knew, and earning plenty of money for my age. Even though I was hardly in it for the income, it certainly beat getting a job working fast food.

My second customer didn’t take long to build up; a few quick seconds of warm, pink tongue and he was already nice and stiff within my hand. I closed my lips around him and began to swirl my tongue around his tip, savoring the flavor and drawing him in deeper and deeper. Betty had told me
that they screened their customers that went into the back room, and if my first anonymous cock was any indication that seemed to be the case. My client was clean and fresh and well bathed, and as a result I could truly enjoy the taste of his cock. As he pressed himself flush against the wall to make sure I could access every last inch I found myself sucking him down as far as I could, squeezing my nose and jawline against the rim of the hole and gurgling contentedly on his length.

I found myself wondering about my very first client, about what sort of man he was. Was he older? Younger? Married? Single? I fancied myself as an expert in the field of cocks even at that young age, but even I couldn’t tell much from how he tasted in my mouth. The mystery ran deep and so too did the joy of it all, and I couldn’t stop smiling throughout the entire first true customer that day. I was jerking him readily and sucking him down inch by inch for moments on end, until he finally realized he couldn’t quite handle the attentions of an unseen woman. I could hear him gasp and tremble against the wall separating us, and this time I resolved myself to not waste any of his cum. Facials were fine and all, and I loved being on display with cum covering my face, but...when it was just me there alone, with no one to show off for and no one to be displayed before? I’d just as soon swallow down a warm, tasty snack.

I executed my favorite trick on him; squeezing my tongue against the tip of his cock just as he started to cum. It made it so that his climax wasn’t so much a swift burst as a steady and slow seep of cream, a little trick I had picked up over the past few months to make a man’s orgasm last a few fractions of a second longer. Those few seconds could make all the difference, or so I had been told, and it also made it far, far easier for me to swallow. Instead of his spunk firing squarely to the back of my throat it slowly melted around my tongue, filling my mouth in manageable loads that I could easily swallow. I groaned in delight as he gave me one, two, and three separate mouthfuls to enjoy, and the entire time I could hear him shuddering and whispering to himself about how good it felt.

I wasn’t necessarily surprised when he pulled from my mouth, tucking himself back inside with one hand while reaching for his wallet with the other. I was still nurturing the taste of cum on my tongue when I saw another bill slip through the hole; this one clearly not drawn from the minimum wage pay of a sex shop employee. A crisp fifty dollars fell at my knees, and I arched an eye curiously as I picked it up from the carpet.

“Thanks, sweetie!” I called back through the hole, trying my best to add an inflection on my voice. Just in case. “And thanks for the treat!”

My client wasn’t quite so talkative, and instead merely stepped away from the hole with, I imagine, a spring in his step. With the sixty dollars I had already made in tips and another forty waiting for me at the door, I had made a hundred dollars within less than fifteen minutes. Tax free, as I imagine “glory hole mouth” wasn’t really a reportable occupation. Not bad, considering I loved the job so far. With a big smile I waited for my next client, licking my lips and drawing in a deep, excited breath. The jeans were feeling tighter now, but I wasn’t quite ready to strip them away. Mostly because I was afraid of what I’d end up doing if I did.

The night went on with similar results, and even though the gap between clients stretched into roughly fifteen minutes in between each, it was perfectly paced to give me a rest in between. A chance to rest my mouth and sit on my rear instead of my knees, and even to take a few sips of water while I relished in what I was doing. By the end of the first hour I had sucked six cocks including my early two, and had earned well over a hundred dollars in tips. I had enjoyed six cocks, each one of them perfectly pleasant company, and each one of them giving me a tasty load to deeply relish and enjoy. I hadn’t swallowed every last drop that was offered to me but I had certainly taken most of it in my mouth, always finding some way to have fun with it. At that point my favorite moment had been after a man slipped a twenty dollar tip through my hole and I leaned
up against the wall, opening my mouth and dangling my tongue, showcasing just how much he had filled my mouth with cum. The murmured “fucking amazing” from the other side of the wall was an even better tip than the money.

Not everyone paid me extra, and I’ll admit there had been a certain thrill to that as well. One fellow who had sported a sizeable cock had only given me a harsh “thanks, whore” for my tip, and while I should’ve felt some righteous indignation at it, it only made me a little more wet. You met all types working at a glory hole, and there was certainly a place for those just looking to get off for the entry fee. Who was I to judge? Even though his words had been dismissive and crass I was grinning at the sound of it; after all, I had gotten what I wanted from him. You couldn’t slut shame a girl that relished in it, and the disgrace of being a whore for that evening was all part of the fun. Besides, the energetic young cock I had just after his on was thicker, more sensitive, and offered me a lot more rich, creamy cum. And he tipped better too; with a twenty dollar bill and a heavy thud of a bank roll of quarters.

I...hadn’t really expected to be tipped in change, but to each their own.

I had stripped out of my jeans at long last briefly after the first hour, eager to slink out of them by that point. Underneath I wore a pair of simple dark panties that had already gotten damp from all the attention, and I was shameless in lowering a hand to fondly pet against my pussy through the fabric. The sweater I had worn, though nondescript and rather plain, had taken more than its fair share of loads that evening. Even so early into my task it was marked with cumstains and streaks on the shoulders and chest, so much so that I’d almost certainly have to wear a jacket when I got back home, just in case I ran into my mom or dad before getting upstairs. Not that it was likely; though. Thursdays were Mom’s book club night, which usually meant Dad was sleeping on the couch by nine.

My attention was drawn by the sight of a new friend peeking through the hole, and it was enough to make me drool from the corners of a smile. A nice, long, dark-skinned cock suddenly appeared, and I swallowed hungrily as I moved out to grasp it. Without any hesitation and with a truly slut-like glee I threw my mouth across his length, parting my lips around the black member before me and taking it down as far as I possibly could. The man on the other side of the wall marvelled at my eagerness and my skill, and I could hear him shuddering through his voice as he pressed himself against the wall.

“Shit, didn’t think glory girls deepthroated…”

If there wasn’t that wall between us I would’ve shown him a lot more. I would’ve told him as much, but I wasn’t there to talk. I slurped my mouth around his marvellous cock in several wild and deep thrusts, squeezing my nose to the edge of the wall and making quite the sloppy mess of his length. He was coated with spit before too long and his cock at trembling with every lick, ribbons of spit and slop hanging from his shaft and landing against my cheeks, my chin, and my sweater just above my breasts. One of my hands remained wrapped around his length while the other tucked down into my panties; sneaking underneath the fabric so I could stroke and tease along my folds. I was wet and achingly desperate for more, and as my mouth held half his length inside of me, I finally had a brilliant idea.

“One sec.” I whispered to my new friend, and continued to kiss and nibble along his shaft as my hands scrambled for my jeans. I flipped open my wallet and reached for something I always kept on me those days; the tightly wrapped package of an extra large condom. A small tear brought the wonderful layer to the forefront and I quickly started to apply it; working it across my new friend’s shaft with speed and skill as he was left trembling from the attention. As he felt the snap of it across his shaft I could hear him groan in surprise, and to make sure he knew just what was
happening I whispered through the hole with the same accented venom to my voice.

“You win the door prize, baby.” I purred, starting to stand up. “You get to fuck the girl behind the hole.”

It was a prize I’m sure he was happy to win, even if he couldn’t quite say as much just then. Within the tight confines of the room I turned around, and one of my legs rose up to drop my sneaker against the edge of the short chair. I bent forward as much as I was able while I pulled myself into position, and already I could feel his thick length slapping across my thighs in eager anticipation. With a hand I reached underneath myself to search for his length, and once I had that mighty weight in my fingers I guided him forward still. With a soft tug of my panties to pull them aside I finally had the chance to guide him inside of me, and together we filled the back room of the sex shop with our staggered grunts.

Getting fucked through a glory hole was a unique experience. I had been blindfolded and fucked before; claimed by men whose identity I would never know, but there was something even more thrilling getting that powerful pounding through the wall of a sex shop. It was gritty and dirty and everything lewd and wicked; the very core of things that would mortify my parents if they knew what I was doing. My new friend had a wonderful cock that my slender little pussy was rather inviting with; after all, it had a preference towards thick, black length that could spread it tight and true. Even through the condom I’m sure my client enjoyed the feel of that warm entrance that greeted him, and without any hesitation or pretense we started to fuck against each other. My hands braced to the wall while I focused on shifting back and forth rapidly, doing most of the work while he kept his cock nice and stiff and spreading my folds. If my new friend got too active it would risk his cock popping out of my slit from the awkward position, and since we couldn’t have that I was rather content as he simply stood there as a toy for me to fuck myself on. Each moan and whimper I heard from the other side of the wall was a delight for me to enjoy; a tip in and of themselves as proof of how much he was enjoying himself.

It was important to love your job, and even more important that your customers loved how you did it.

That one fuck through the sex shop wall was enough to make me cum three separate times; each one filling my tiny room with increasingly excited noises of delight. I grew tighter and tighter on his cock with every orgasm that rocked through me, and before long my tiny room smelled thick with the scent of sweat and deep, lewd sex. I squirted on the second orgasm; his thick black cock simply driving in too deep for my slender young pussy to endure. I squirted across the inside of my thighs down to the floor below; splashing against the pillows Betty had provided me and even soaking into my socks and across my sneakers. It didn’t stop me for a second, and I just kept fucking until both me and my newest client were satisfied.

He came not long after my third orgasm, and I shuddered with my eyes rolling back in my head as I heard him start to release. I deeply missed the feel of cum splashing around inside of me but I could still feel the condom slowly fill, and when I prepared to pull myself off of him I reached a hand down to help guide it along. I made sure the condom remained on his cock until I was back on my knees, and only then did I get to marvel at just how full it was. A thick, weighty load...I would’ve loved to have had felt it in my pussy. Or my mouth. Or my ass. But some things simply weren’t feasible when you were a glory hole girl.

I pulled his condom from his cock and gave the wet tip one more kiss, purring as I teased my tongue across the edge of it.

“Thanks for the fuck, babe.” My voice slipped out once more, still teasing and accented. As I saw a
few bills drop through the hole as my tip I couldn’t help but give a little giggle, and my voice carried through once more. “Thanks, sweetie. Here’s a little thank you treat.”

Once more my mouth was pressed up against the hole to show him just how full my mouth was, but this time I was squeezing a very, very full condom out onto my tongue. I received the response I expected. Grunts, staggers of joy, and a voice of disbelief as he marvelled at just what a depraved whore was working behind the hole.

Betty had never, ever, had a back room girl like me. And she was going to know it before the night was over.

My evening continued and I was treated to cock after cock, each one with its own taste and trials. I had swallowed more mouthfuls of cum that night than I ever had before up to that point, and my belly had gotten pretty full by the end of the night. I had even let one more person fuck me through the hole; a young man who confessed to the unseen girl before him that it was his first time and he had saved up his money for the occasion. It was a bit of charity on my part since I’ll freely confess he wasn’t amazing, but it was still fun to know I had done something good for the community. I even tossed the five dollar tip he gave me right back out the hole again, and I told him to use it to buy flowers for a cute girl he knew. Truth be told, I was curious to see if anyone at school tomorrow got flowers, and who they were from.

When the final cock of the evening came for me it was the first one that didn’t simply stuff through the hole expected to be immediately serviced. I saw a man’s pants appear just before the opening and he lowered his hand first; offering his fingers through the hole as if to test if he had the right spot. I responded with a smile as I drew my mouth forward, and with my hands wrapping around his I pulled my lips across his fingertips, suckling against them sweetly and fondly to encourage him to the fact that yes, he did, have the right spot. After the treatment he pulled his hand back and without a word began to unzip, and I watched with wide and happy eyes as I saw a pleasant cock fall forward through the opening, a little pale but still juicy, plump, and long. There was potential there, and for my last client of the evening I was deeply eager to draw it out.

My hand moved out and I curled my fingers along the final shaft I’d see that night, squeezing it slowly as my mouth dropped against the tip and I started my routine. My tongue peppered back and forth across the tip as I started to jerk him to life; an easy task as I was soon to find out. Before long that pale member was sitting stiffly in my palm and his cockhead was resting keenly on my tongue, giving me a sweet taste of precum that drizzled down the head only to be swiped quickly away. He had a nice cock. Perhaps not the biggest I had enjoyed or the thickest, but a good, solid size that was steady without being too big. Though I had a particular fondness for large black meat I’d be the first to admit it could be a little trying into the late hours of the night, but the one that now rested against my tongue was the perfect size to enjoy for a long, long time. I gave him a few more pumps before pulling my head back, and I offered a few sweet kisses to his cockhead to thank him for presenting me with such a nice member for my final client of the evening.

At that point I was something of a mess. I had cumstains in my hair and had to pull my glasses off; my sweater was streaked with cream and even my thighs and knees were sticky. The pillows underneath me were marked not only with my own squirt but with the runoff cum of well more than a dozen different men; each one of them having dribbled from my chin or dripped from their tips. It was probably a good thing that my last client couldn’t see me that evening; I was probably far more enjoyable to feel wrapped around his cock than to look at. With my brow lined with sweat and my hair an absolute mess, I wouldn’t win any beauty contests that late into the evening, but I could still win any contest involved around wrapping my mouth around cum-spewing lengths.

I proved the latter to him that night, sucking him in deep and sloppy strokes and getting his cock
nice and wet as I continued to suck him. Since it was my final of the night I decided to go all out, giving this last client the sloppiest, roughest blowjob I could muster through the opening between us. I deepthroated him as much as I could and well past the point of comfort; letting myself gag and cough around his length while his cock twitched and trembled at the back of my throat. When I could hold my mouth down on him no longer I quickly moved to jerking his sloppy shaft with one of my hands, my mouth instantly lowering to slurp in wild waves back and forth underneath his length. Ribbons of spit clung to his cock just as they dangled from my cheeks and my mouth, and no matter how messy and sloppy I made it I still didn’t hear a thing from the client behind the wall. He was quiet; probably nervous. Maybe even married.

Not that I cared. All I cared about was that his wonderfully thick, delicious member kept hanging there before me, there to wrap my mouth around and there to savor every last, sweet lick. As my work continued the mess underneath us continued to grow; spit splashing against my sweater when it wasn’t scooped up by my fingers, ushered down to pet and fondle along my slit. I was fingering myself throughout the entire process; rubbing my pussy in rough and twitching waves and switching hands frequently, making sure that I was always petting myself with fingers wet from spit laced with the taste of his cock.

I feel like we shared something that night, me and my final client. It was the one blowjob of the night where I threw myself fully into it, deeply taking him and giving it my all because I knew no one else could be after him. I didn’t let him fuck me that evening but honestly I didn’t have to; the wet mess that covered his cock by the time I was finished with him was better than any warm, tight pussy he could ever want. If he was really married I sucked his cock like his wife never had, and when he finally came for me I made sure to once more apply my favorite trick.

Tongue to the tip.

The slow, steady seep of cum.

I groaned as it melted around my tongue, and I was treated to the man’s flavor filling my mouth. There was never any hesitation as I drank it down, milking his cock with a few steady tugs as I kept swallowing and swallowing load after load. I fingered myself to a throbbing orgasm in the same few moments in which he came, and even though he’d never know it he made the girl behind the wall squirt that evening. More squirt for the pillows underneath me, more wet nectar for the inside of my thighs. I was a sloppy, wet mess by the end of it all, fully used by so many men that evening but none quite so much as the last visitor I had. Even though it was just a blowjob and it had only lasted a few minutes I felt more spent after that session than I had the entire evening; more satisfied and more content, and more excited to drink his cum. I swallowed every last drop and kissed his tip fondly afterwards, practically making out with it before I allowed him to tuck it back. I didn’t want to say goodbye to it, and briefly I had even considered inviting him to join me at a hotel.

If I would’ve been fresher and cleaner that evening, without wearing the cum of over a dozen men, I very well might have. I wanted that perfectly sized cock inside of me, filling me, cumming in me. But it slipped through the hole once more, vanishing from sight as he tucked it back into his pants. I gave a disappointed whimper as I knelt there in my messy state, patiently waiting for the tip that I was sure would come. I had stopped counting all of my tips at a certain point, but I knew that I had earned well over five hundred dollars that evening just from tips alone, nestled into a corner with my discarded jeans. The final client of the evening took his time in delivering it; but soon I saw a crisp fifty dollar bill slip through the hole, and attached to it with a single paperclip was a piece of hastily ripped paper with a scribbled note.
I didn’t have a chance to read the note before the man slipped away, and it was a good thing, too. I had got myself comfortable and was slipping my panties back on; every client for the night satisfied as I turned my attention to that last tip. As I pulled my hair back and started getting dressed my eyes passed over the note he had written to me, and as I did my lips turned from a coy smile to a look of dramatic, piercing shock.

“Best I’ve had in a long time.” The note started off honestly enough, and it made me blush. I enjoyed the praise quite a bit, just like any good A student would. Just like when I’d cram for a test, my practice in cocksucking paid off when it counted. “I’d like to hire you for a few hours next week. I can pay well.”

The rest of his words made me chuckle, and I didn’t really give it much thought at first. I had just given him a wonderfully sloppy blowjob, and frankly I was surprised more men hadn’t tried to hire me via notes in the wall. Though to be honest I wasn’t thrilled at the idea of becoming a true prostitute I had certainly enjoyed his cock enough to meet him and fuck, and at the very least I thought it would be nice to hear him out. That last cock had been so perfect, so delicious, and given me so very many mouthfuls of rich, warm cum...well, I felt compelled to drop him a line.

When my eyes passed over the rest of his note, at the E-mail and phone number he provided, the paper slipped from my fingers. It dropped down to the cum and nectar-marked pillows below me, and my throat tightened in sudden waves of guilt, shock, depravity, and nearly every overwhelming sensation I could express.

I recognized that E-mail, and I recognized that phone number.

“D...Dad?!” I hissed out, the color draining from my cheeks as I stared down at the note resting in between my cum-marked, sore knees.

End of Chapter 13.
Crossing a Line

Chapter Summary

A mysterious note leads Kim to find out more about her parents than she ever knew - and to do something very, very naughty.

(This chapter contains incest - but it's the last it shows up in the Kim setting. Feel free to skip this chapter if it isn't your thing!)

Detention for Kim
Chapter 14: Crossing a Line
-By Drace Domino

As I’m sure you can imagine, that night I had a bit of a crisis to sort through. In all the months that I had been “working” with Mr. Poln and Mrs. Stahl, all the evenings spent doing things that no good girl would ever do, I had come to think of myself as such an expert. I had gotten cocky on the end of countless cocks, whether it was being shared among Mr. Poln’s friends or kneeling in a dirty sex shop working at a glory hole. I thought, like so many people my age, that I was smarter than everyone else. That I was immune to the twists and turns that life could throw at you, and that for some reason my case was special and that I would never be in a situation that I would be truly alone in handling.

As I knelt there on the floor of the glory hole booth, the taste of cum still resting on my tongue, I looked at the tiny note that my last visitor had slipped through the hole. He had clearly wrote it in hurried fashion, one little gift for the girl that had just given him one of the best blowjobs in his life. An E-mail and a phone number, both of which I recognized, and both of which could be traced back to my own home. I knelt there openly trembling, holding my own father’s contact information along with the weight of what I had just done.

I’ll spare you the various levels of coping that I wrestled with that night. Rest assured, a fair amount of what I earned from all those generous tips went to some ludicrously high quality ice cream, as well as buying five seats in a movie theater straight in a row so I could be flanked on both sides by emptiness. I still don’t remember what movie it was, because I spent most of the time surrounded by the noise and the darkness as I simply...thought about what I did. Dwelled on it. I only spoke when someone asked if they could sit in one of the extra seats I had purchased, and even then only to quickly dismiss them with a lie that my friends were arriving late. Those friends obviously never arrived, but it was better people thought of me as a lonely loser than what I was really thinking about myself that night.

There weren’t tears, but there was definitely guilt. And at the back of my mind, a lingering thought that I should give this amazing lifestyle up. That I should shelve all the pleasure I had been enjoying, and take the events of that night as a sign that my cocksucking days were over. It’d be a damn shame, really. I was good at it, and I enjoyed it more than any other hobby that had ever entered my eighteen years of life. But as the movie droned on and my mind spun faster and faster, there was definitely a point where I considered hanging up my metaphorical cumstained schoolgirl skirt.

But I was always a smart girl, and I had reason on my side. And it didn’t matter how guilty I felt, it
didn’t matter how I could still taste Dad’s cum on my lips no matter how much soda and popcorn I consumed, and it especially didn’t matter that I had regrets. What was done was done, and I would deal with the consequences as they came. I knew from the beginning I wouldn’t dare tell anyone else, and Mr. Poln and Mrs. Stahl remained blissfully in the dark about it throughout my entire ordeal. It was something I would handle myself, and I would handle it in my own way. I would not abandon my lifestyle that had come to mean so much to me, no matter what hurdles appeared before me. It was there in the theater that I drew a line in the sand, refusing to let myself give up. I loved getting fucked far too much to let it all slip away.

And it was, out of a sense of odd bravery and overt curiosity, that I wrote my Dad an E-mail that night. I’ll admit I wasn’t entirely impressed that my Dad used his home phone and personal E-mail address for hookups with glory hole sluts, but I’ll just attribute that to him being a little out of touch with the times. He was only forty-one at the time, but technology was never his strong suit. Hell, I remember it being a big deal when we finally got a flat screen TV when I was fifteen. The old one was almost as big as our car, and twice as heavy.

“I don’t know what you’re looking for, but I’m curious.” My E-mail to my Dad began, and as I typed it at two in the morning I was hunched over in bed in my thickest pajamas, tapping away at my laptop. I had returned briefly to the oldest trick in a daughter’s covert late night espionage book; pulling the blanket up and over my head to hide the light source from underneath the door. A bit of innocence for such a sinful night. “Not looking for drama or angry wives. No strings only for this girl.”

I signed the E-mail under the name “Harmony,” for no reason other than it was the quickest chaste-yet-filthy name I could imagine. Harmony sounds like the sort of girl that sucks cock at a glory hole, right? Either way, I made damn sure to send it from a fake account and to use false credentials. My first line in my E-mail wasn’t a lie, I was definitely curious. Curious just what the hell my Dad was doing, curious how long he had been enjoying women other than my Mom. My Mother was a pretty great lady; still attractive and young looking with way more energy than most of my friends’ moms. I couldn’t imagine her being unsatisfying in the bedroom, but I didn’t immediately jump towards the worst case scenario. I was smart, remember? At least, uh...as smart as a girl can be while still tricking herself into blowing her own father. Oops.

I didn’t suspect cheating at first. At least, not entirely. If anything, I jumped to the idea that my parents might have been emotionally and mutually separated for years. Sharing a bed, sharing a home, all for the sake of their promising young daughter. It was more common than you might think, and...well...if that was the case, I was strangely okay with that. At least, more okay with it than I would’ve been if Dad was just cheating on her. But when I finally received that E-mail back the next evening, I was pretty much floored by the truth of it all. So much so that I stared slack-jawed at my laptop’s screen, utterly stunned at what had been going on underneath my nose for so very long.

“Good evening Harmony,” My Dad was always so polite, even in E-mails with his mediocre typing skills. “In full disclosure, I’m happily married. Our marriage is happy in part thanks to it being an open relationship, and the two of us enjoy casual flings to keep us satisfied. Thursday nights my wife has her ‘book club,’ and I’d like to arrange for some company, too. We have no children, but I’d still like to pay for a hotel room at the Two Rivers to ensure safety and keep personal privacy in play. If that sounds agreeable, I would...very much like to fuck the woman behind the wall from last night.”

My head hurt processing it all. My Dad was so...my Dad. In one E-mail he convinced me that I would’ve been able to guess it was him even if I didn’t see his return address right there before my eyes. Short and to the point, while offering as many details as he could provide. He was polite and
professional until he thought he was being sexy, and even had the foresight to lie about his
daughter in order to protect her. That...that sort of impressed me. And the Two Rivers was the
nicest hotel in town. I’d fucked Mr. Poln there once, but it was only when he and Mrs. Stahl had
managed to put their funds together for a long weekend enjoying their favorite schoolgirl slut. I
found myself wondering if the Two Rivers still had that amazing shower massage noze-

“Wait, what the fuck?! Thursday book club!?” As if the words had just flashed before me I let my
eyes dart down, reading that part in the E-mail again. I had been so intrigued by the dirty laundry
of my father’s attempted casual hookup that it didn’t fully register to me at first that my parents had
an open marriage. I never knew. Never even saw the signs and the clues, until I sat there thinking
about it. Mom was always home late on Thursdays. Usually heard her hit the shower before bed.
Dad sometimes took business trips and came back even more refreshed. The two never showed a
trace of hostility to each other, and always seemed...relaxed.

...and I fucking knew that Shirley Goslind didn’t know a fucking thing about books. Should’ve
been a huge sign that it was a big lie when Mom told me that book club was at her house. Shirley
Goslind was a trophy wife that didn’t know the difference between Tolstoy and that T-shirt with
three wolves all howling at the same moon. Mom had been lying to me for years about that so-
called book club.

Although, all of a sudden it made a lot more sense why she never let me go with her.

“...son of a bitch, go Mom.” I murmured, lowered my eyes back to the laptop, and began my next
response. I was already typing before I even thought it all out, as if the weight of my guilt had
finally started to lift. I...wasn’t quite as fucked up as I thought I was. Sure, I was a sex-crazed teen
that practically bounced out of a Japanese fetish porno, but it was comforting that my parents
weren’t completely chaste. That they weren’t as oblivious to the nightlife as they seemed. And for
the first time since last night, I didn’t feel like I was entirely responsible for what happened.

Sure, I had sucked my own father’s cock, but...you go to a glory hole, you run the risk of your little
girl swallowing it down. So he was at least partly at fault.

Play safe and all that.

It was that very next Thursday that I was sitting in that hotel room at the Two Rivers hotel, still
wrapping my head around what was a very peculiar week. My sessions with Mr. Poln and Mrs.
Stahl had continued; of course, but each night I found myself running home to log onto my
alternate account to see if I had received a new E-mail from inside the house. And sure enough, my
father’s punctuality was something to be admired. Nearly every night there was a new letter,
responding to questions and requests that I made, and each night I found myself more and more
convinced that this was...well, that this was a madness that I should at least try. Crazy, I know, but
I can’t even begin to tell you what my headspace was like back then. I was young and eager and
had been well trained to be up for just about anything, and hell, I had already sucked him off and
swallowed down his cum. At that point, wasn’t it all just a matter of degree?

I won’t lie, it was just about the most depraved thing I ever did, going to that hotel room on that
Thursday night. Not...quite the worst thing, but damned close. (We’ll get to the even more naughty
things another day, I’m sure.) And as I sat there thinking about what I was soon to do, my head was
spinning to make sure everything remained perfectly in place and that nothing would go wrong. I
was a planner, after all, and I couldn’t possibly think of an event that required more forethought.

My father had been given rules for being with Harmony; very specific and each of them offered
under the guise of protecting my privacy. To my father’s knowledge Harmony wasn’t his own daughter but some pretty young thing from downtown, sneaking around on a boyfriend that was in the service. Sometimes Harmony slept around in return for money but mostly she just did it for fun, and she had an...admitted fascination with older men. Since I figured it’d be easier to play an alternate version of myself, I kept it fairly simple. Harmony liked fucking older men. So did I. That’d be an easy lie to maintain. The real details; however, came in those specific rules I mentioned. I trusted my father to follow them to the letter as the same sort of organized personality I was, and if we both played our parts he’d leave the hotel that night totally unaware that he had just fucked his own beautiful baby girl.

First things first; condoms would be used. Obviously.

Secondly, Harmony would be wearing a mask. Under no circumstances would Harmony’s mask be removed.

Third, Harmony isn’t a fan of the rough stuff. No hair pulling for this girl. That alone was a pretty big discrepancy from my usual standards; I generally love having my hair yanked tight as someone is forcing my head against his cock or swinging me around, but...for the sake of the wig I was wearing that night, it was a necessary sacrifice. I had gotten at the hotel an hour early, and there I stood in the full length mirror making sure that everything was just right. Harmony had pretty strawberry blonde hair and wore the most delightful little black mask; a mask that covered her cheekbones and nose, along with masked her eyes underneath a thin black mesh. It was a little tricky to see through it, but I knew that it worked well enough in conjunction with the blonde wig to hide who I really was. I stood in the middle of the hotel room mostly naked; stripped down to nothing more than a lacy blue garment I had purchased for just such an occasion. Long nylons that went to the midpoint of my thighs, a garter to keep them in place, and a smooth blue bra that was completely see through. I looked...well, damn good.

Maybe the wig and the mask would have to make a comeback another time, because I found the thrill of the mystery really exciting me. I wasn’t wearing any panties and had been shaved smooth to hide the true nature of my haircolor, and my fresh, pink pussy was exposed as I stood before the mirror. I was already wet at the idea of what was coming down the hall in just a few minutes, and my anticipation and excitement found a new hobby to keep itself in check: trying out accents.

“...good evening. Let me get those...pants off, Da-”
The voice sounded good, but I winced from behind my mask and slapped my palm to the front of my face. Calling him Dad? That’d be a sure giveaway. Probably.

When a knock came to the door I had a minor panic attack, and very nearly gave up the whole scheme. Unfortunately, there wasn’t anywhere to run, and we had already gone too far for me to suddenly pull off my mask and explain that it was all just a misunderstanding. I was there and this was happening, and no matter how nervous I was at the prospect, I was going to go through with it. This had all started because I wanted to embrace my sexual independence within the confines of a glory hole, but now...now I was going to proudly embrace that independence by banging my dad in a spectacularly comfortable hotel room. Gotta admit, I’m curious how often that happens. Probably more than anyone realizes.

“...wow. I didn’t expect you to be so...wow.” My Dad’s first words when I opened the door were enough to light a blush across my cheeks, and when I smiled I found myself hoping it wasn’t too much like my grins on any given birthday. He was dressed in casual attire likely having just changed back at home, and I could already smell the cologne that I had come so very familiar with over the years. Without a word I moved a hand out to grab him by his shirt collar, and as I stood nearly-naked in the doorway I thought nothing about drawing him in and forcing a swift, hungry kiss against his lips.

I’ll admit, something snapped in me when my Dad first saw me naked in the doorway of the hotel room. When I realized that this was truly happening, that it had already come this far, all of those horny instincts that built up inside of me suddenly found their courage. I didn’t even bother to let the door close as I stood up on my toes to kiss my father deeper, hungrier, twirling my tongue about his as one of my hands moved out. I crossed my fingers over his chest and worked down along his stomach, until finally I could feel something bulging at the front of his pants. The sound of the door clicking closed came long after I had already started to grope him, and once it filled the room our lips finally parted and I flashed my tongue as I savored the taste of a most forbidden kiss.

“We’re not here to talk.” I ushered in my disguised voice, and lightly flicked a few blonde locks away from my mask. Harmony was hungry, and Harmony was horny.

To my father’s credit, he was well behaved as he was pulled inside by a horny stranger, following along behind me and sitting down on the edge of the bed as I pushed him. His features were more handsome than I had ever really given him credit for, and for the first time in my life I was looking at him as far more than just my dad. He was an attractive specimen for sure; strong-jawed and professional looking, with an air of maturity that drew me a little wild in the moment. Hell, if I had my senses about me just then, I likely would’ve drawn the conclusion right then and there that my attraction to Mr. Poln and other older men likely stemmed from some deep seated Daddy issues. Maybe I would’ve drawn those conclusions; I’m not sure. I fucked a lot of psychology majors...and professors...in college, so it might be what I learned back then talking.

I was prepared to give my father a real treat; a chance to get his cock sucked by a beautiful young woman without having to be hidden from her gaze by a dirty porn store wall. I dropped down to my knees just before him on the bed, and found my eyes darting up to study his features while I started to work. As his fly came undone and I openly fished for his length underneath the fabric, Dad groaned in delight and lowered his hands to rest against the edge of the bed. Even though I told him we weren’t there to talk he was more than happy to disobey, and since I was about to stuff my own mouth with cock, I decided to allow it.

“You’re...much lovelier than I had anticipated.” He staggered out, his member throbbing against the warm grip of my hand. “Thank you for joining me tonight.”
It was considerate and kind of him to say so, and I’d expect no less from my father. I drew a wide smile under my role as Harmony and finally drew his member free, gazing fully towards it as my throat went tight from hunger. He was just as large and enticing as I remembered from the glory hole; not the longest I had ever serviced, but still oddly intoxicating in its own right. It was a cock made for fitting snugly in his eighteen year old daughter, and I was about to reward it for having such a perfect shape. First a kiss to the underside of the head, a kiss and a smile as I felt it twitch underneath the warmth of my lips. From behind the veiled eyes on the mask I watched my father squirm and fidget, and I could hear him give a hungry groan as the taste of his cock once more rested on the edge of my tongue. Curiously I flicked that warm, pink delight back and forth across him, teasing it slowly from side to side as I watched him brace himself in glorious, sticky torment.

After what I had done in the glory hole one week earlier, I was more bold than I would’ve expected as I worked my mouth up and down my father’s cock. The guise of Harmony was freeing in that regard, and the fact that we had yet to do anything I hadn’t already done gave me the courage to keep pressing forward. As Dad groaned and leaned back against the edge of the bed I scooped his spit covered shaft in one hand, my mouth lowering to tease back and forth eagerly at the edge of his hanging sack. It was certainly something I never imagined myself doing so lustfully, but then, that entire year had been a long line of unexpected events. When my Dad started working his way out of his pants I helped him out; balancing his cock against the edge of my lips while my hands worked to facilitate their removal. Soon they were pulled down to hang around the edges of his ankles, and when he kicked them aside I gazed up at him with a hungry look on my face. 

...fuck it, I was going for it. One of my hands snaked into the edge of my lacy bra, and I pulled free one of the condoms I tucked there for safekeeping. With an eager bite I tore open the top of the wrapper and flicked it aside, and with an alluring smirk on my lips moved the rubber up to the tip. Condoms weren’t something that I was enormously experienced in, I have to admit...most of the time Mr. Poln and his friends took me bare, openly cumming inside of me. Hell, a few times I had fucked strangers I met with the same caution to the wind attitude. But for this moment with my father, I wasn’t entirely content to rely purely on the birth control pills. With a quirked brow and a teasing smile I slid the condom over his throbbing shaft, watching him tremble and tense up and the color rush to his cheeks as his member strained against my grip. He knew damn well what was coming; he was going to get to fuck a young woman half his age. He didn’t know the half of it.

When I stood up from the carpet I moved in a fluid gesture to lay back on the bed, one hand moving up to ensure my wig kept in place as I prepared to be claimed. I laid flat with my knees spread as my father took the position as a sign of what was required of him, and my eyes danced across his frame as he stood and prepared to claim me. It was still so strange to me that my parents had been fucking other people without my knowledge for so very long...that both Mom and Dad had been sharing each other in an open marriage was an odd pill to swallow. Still, I could hardly blame them, and it certainly wasn’t like I was in any position to judge. Technically, the position I was in was laying flat on my back waiting for Daddy to fuck me. So...not a judging position, for sure.

When my father knelt on the bed my legs moved up, wrapping those nylon-clad knees against his waist and pulling him forward. I could feel the heat of his cock slap up against the top of my lap and it drew a lewd buck of my hips, my body tensing and tightening as I prepared for what would be my grandest sin. At least, up until that point in my life. My hands moved up to cling to Dad’s shoulders and he slipped his member forward, the condom-wrapped unit pressing tight and hard against my entrance. My breath hitched in my throat, and I knew this was the very last moment of pulling back. I could still stop this madness with only a minimal of awkwardness, I could still keep
the sanctity of our relationship at least mildly untainted.

“...you better fuck me hard, after all that tough talk.”

Or I could be a total fucking slut. That worked too.

When Dad pushed forward I gave a sharp cry of delight, my entrance spreading warmly to invite his length to push deep inside of my eighteen year old pussy. In one fluid motion I wrapped my legs around his waist and clung tight to him, locking my ankles behind his back as my hands tightened harder on his collar. The moment was thrilling in so many ways as I relished in the utter violation of our place as father and daughter, in one swift shove becoming much more, and much, much less. It was a glorious mess that I was utterly fascinated by in the heat of the moment, and though Dad was unaware of just who it was that he was fucking, it was clear he appreciated the warm place to shove his cock. His muscles were tense underneath my grip and his cock was stretching wide against my folds, sending each of us into whimpering motions of pure bliss as we got used to it. When the moment settled and I managed to secure my breath my hands finally moved up once more, combing through his hair as I stared up into his eyes through my own veiled mask.

Not much was said, which was for the best considering my overwhelming urge to call him “Daddy” in a sense of lewd irony. Instead, I simply bit against my bottom lip as Dad started to fuck forward into me, claiming me with a series of hard and firm thrusts that didn’t leave me disappointed. He had talked a big talk over the course of our E-mails in his typically polite way, starting off each one asking about how I was and ending with a promise of all the hard, nasty things he’d do to me. I was expecting him to give me each and every one that night, since we both knew going into it that there wouldn’t be another. Harmony had already told him as much; to resist attachments, she played like lightning and didn’t strike twice.

“Fuck, fuck yes...that’s so good! You’re so deep!” I was worried for a moment that my voice slipped away from my alluring and masked tone, though if Dad noticed he certainly didn’t show it. Instead he leaned in to steal another kiss from me, his chest pushing down against my own and our bodies coming closer together. Several hard thrusts sent the sound of wet delight filling the room, and as our tongues danced I drew deep against his scent and shuddered at the familiar aroma. It was that natural scent of a family member that I had gone to great lengths to hide myself, and as Dad stretched my pussy around his thick, hungry cock he was drawing in breaths of a strong strawberry lilac, enough to further throw him off a trail he wasn’t even looking for.

He had energy for his age; I’d give him that much. His thrusts were hard and fierce and they came with quick succession, fucking me deeper and faster at times than even Mr. Poln did. I was squeaking and screaming and gasping in delight as I struck one, two, three orgasms in quick succession, each time sending my hands flailing from side to side and slapping against the bedsheets of the hotel room’s mattress. I was cumming hard; hard enough to make me worried that my oversensitive frame would lead to giving up my identity, but I couldn’t possibly bring myself to stop the momentum now. My ankles drew tighter around Dad’s back and I clenched him tighter with my pussy, riding him out no matter how sensitive and raw my folds became, and no matter how close I came to professing I was his darling daughter.

And when Dad came, I came dangerously close to doing just that. When his thrusts went hard and fierce I very nearly tore off my mask and wig, wondering in the most lewd of moments just how he would react. Would he be furious? Disown me? Or would he simply be mad that I made him wear a condom? It was all speculation and to this day remains so, for I’m proud to say that throughout the entire evening I successfully hid who I was. It was a rough trial though for a while, I’ll definitely admit as much, and when Dad first came with his cock inside of me it was as difficult to resist as it ever was. I could feel him throb and tense and his motions grew hard and fast, slapping
hungrily against my body as his peak finally arrived. I felt the warmth of his cum as it flowed into the hungry tip of the condom, and though it wasn’t of the same level of intense intimacy that a good wet creampie could muster, it was still a thrill. I could still feel how hot it was, and I could still feel him shiver and groan atop me.

When he pulled his cock free after I gave him one more kiss my hands dropped down, eager to take the rubber off of him. I pulled it from a shaft that was still surprisingly thick, and without a word of instruction brought the filled condom right up to my mouth. Underneath Dad’s gaze I emptied it out onto my outstretched tongue, letting all that rich white glaze forward, eager to be swallowed up. It was with a mischievous smile that I did just that, and as my eyes turned once more towards Dad I teased my tongue out, claiming one drop of cum that didn’t make it in my mouth earlier.

“Hope that isn’t all you’ve got, old man.” I growled out, though a quick glance towards Dad’s cock told me that it wasn’t. “Because Harmony is a very, very horny girl.”

And so was his daughter Kim.

I’ll admit, there are only a few nights I’ve had that quite reached the peaks that one did. As a general rule I never compare lovers, but don’t all little girls have a soft spot for their dad? My eighteen year old frame was shown a few things that night for sure, and chief among them was the fact that my dad was, actually...well...not a selfish lover. Made me feel good when I realized that. Good for Mom. I’m happy for her.

I know that because for almost a half hour after fucking me the first time, my Dad invited himself to go down on his daughter. For several long minutes of screaming bliss he had me writhing against the sheets, rolling my hips back and forth and squeezing my thighs together as he gave me one of the most thrilling sessions I could remember. Hell, he ate pussy almost as well as some of the goth girls I met in college, but, uh...yeah, another time, I know, I know. In that moment in the hotel my hands were lost in Dad’s hair, pulling tight as I rolled my hips forward again and again, rocking them up into his mouth which worked with such intensity. His fingers and his tongues had been well trained by dear old Mom, and by the time the morning came I knew I’d be looking at their relationship in a very different light. I knew they had a happy marriage, but I never knew my Mom had a “five orgasm per pussy eating” level happy marriage. Needless to say as Dad worked hungrily at my folds I continued to spin around and around within my own head, thrilled with the fact that it was my own father working so eagerly and casting aside all shame about the fact. Harmony sure did love having that old man go down on her; and when he had finally finished she gave him an enormous kiss to lick the taste of her shaved pussy from his mouth. It was sloppy and wet and absolutely thrilling in the sheer debased glee of it all, and as our tongues worked hungrily back and forth my hand lowered to once more take his cock. With a squeeze and an eager whimper, I knew a few things were completely true about the heat of the moment.

Number one, I didn’t bring enough condoms for all the times I wanted Dad to fuck me.

Number two, I...wanted him to cum inside.

Number three, I had a solution to both of those problems.

“You’re going to fuck me in the ass, stud.” I growled against my father’s lips, licking my own as I started to bend over. “And you’re not going to wrap it up.” Save those condoms for the next time he’d fuck me that night. And the next. And the next. For now I was eager to take his cock bare and unprotected, so long as it was within the tight entrance that Mrs. Stahl had worked so hard to train. I turned around on the bed and settled my knees against it, lifting my rear and gazing over my
shoulder as I exposed that tender entrance for my dad’s affections. A slow tease of my tongue over my lips was a further invitation for him to get comfortable, but just in case he had any further hesitations I let my voice drip out with the same hidden, honeyed tone. “Fill me up with that tasty cum...I want it all over my ass.”

Who the hell could possibly resist? Certainly not Dad, that much was certain. With a content sigh resting on his pussy-smeread lips Dad finally gave me a smile, and with his hands moving to grasp against my rear he pulled himself forward. Part of me found myself wondering if this would be something new to him; if the notion of sliding his slick, hard cock into a young woman’s ass was a concept he didn’t often get to experience. My answer came just as he flopped the tip forward, and I felt it squeezing against my desperate pucker.

“So you’re a real ass slut, hmm?” He chuckled, squeezing forward and pushing the first inch inside. “Just like my wife. What is it about slutty bitches like you and getting fucked in the ass?”

Alternatively, he could’ve asked what was it about women in our family, but...well, he couldn’t of known.

Either way, I was thrilled at the notion that my mom had an ass that was as open for business as I was, and when Dad started fucking me raw from behind I was happier than ever that my patient teachers had taken the time to train me. I remembered all the times I’d wince and whine at Mrs. Stahl’s toys, and those memories seemed so very distant now. Even though they were mere months in the past, I couldn’t even imagine a time anymore where I didn’t enjoy the feel of something big and thick stretching out my hole. Whether it was Mr. Grace; my black stud of a teacher, Mr. Poln’s vigorous thrusting, or one of Mrs. Stahl’s toys...well...this girl’s ass was eager to be claimed.

And Dad read my desires like a fucking book. The thrusts that came to me were hard and heavy, and he could tell from the beginning that I wasn’t a girl that needed to be taken gently from behind. A few slaps against the flank of my ass kept me yelping in glee, and when his hands grew hungry they suddenly lurched forward to grasp my bra, yanking it down to expose my full and lovely breasts to more of his attentions. My Dad leaned in close and pressed his chest hard against my shoulders as he kept fucking me, the bed squeaking underneath us, but not nearly as loud as I was. With each of my breasts teased and squeezed by Dad’s fingers and his cock plunged so deep in my ass, I knew I wasn’t long for the world of the sober and stable.

“Yes! Yes, fuck fuck fuck! Ram my ass! Fill it! Fucking own my ass!” Dad probably wouldn’t of been too thrilled at the language if he knew it was his little girl, but considering his raw and unprotected cock was stuffed deep down in my depths he hardly had room to talk. I could feel his mouth at the back of my neck and his hands drawing tighter on my breasts, each thrust pushing each of us closer and closer to a moment of glorious, sudden release. The thrusts were hard and the screams were loud, until finally I felt that spark within me, and I practically sobbed in glee from the orgasm that rioted through me.

Thanks to Mrs. Stahl’s lessons, I could cum with just having my ass claimed. That was an easy task for anyone that learned the finer workings of taking it back there under the guidance of a dedicated teacher. But how hard I came in that moment was...well...one for my own personal record books. I squirted against the sheets just as Dad fired his cum within me, each of us releasing in a torrent of nectar as I clenched the sheets and squeezed his member within my ass. The rush of white that filled up my rear entrance was enough to make me swoon in utter delight, and when my knees trembled too heavily to stay up my lower half fell flat into a puddle of my own squirted making. Dad’s cock flopped out of my ass with a pop and I could already feel the cum drooling out; smearing across the inside of my ass and shivering down to pass my folds.
I laid there breathing heavy, my heart racing and sweat clinging to every inch of me. Newsflash; Kim, masks and wigs were really hot to fuck in. Maybe I’d put the idea to use them more on the backburner.

When I looked over my shoulder to regard my Dad, I saw a truly satisfied look crossing his face. His member was hanging, still stiff but ready for a rest, a line of cum still dangling from the tip. I wanted to reach out, to slurp up that line of cum, but I needed to desperately catch my breath. Besides, I knew there’d be plenty of more moments to enjoy him before the night was up. The wig and the mask were already clinging with sweat and I was already worn out, but I’d be damned if I’d like a once in a lifetime night pass by me without fully and thoroughly enjoying it.

As you can imagine, the night continued more or less along the same lines. By the end of it there weren’t any more condoms to use, and Dad went back home to a (I assume) equally satisfied Mom. I spent a little bit longer lingering in the hotel, partly to catch my breath and partly because it would’ve looked damn suspicious if I rolled home at the same time he did. Throughout the entire evening I had protected my true face and identity, and most staggering of all, enjoyed every last moment of my secret, hidden lust. When I went home and the next day began, things were more or less the same as they always were. Mom and Dad greeted me like normal, because to them, things were just as they always had been. Their sweet little daughter, even at eighteen years old, completely oblivious to the things the two of them did every Thursday night. Well, I wasn’t oblivious anymore, and in a wonderful twist of fate I had turned that ignorance towards them. I’d keep that secret with me and never tell either one of them, and always keep close the knowledge that one day I knew far, far more about their lifestyle than they ever would’ve admitted.

And that was the only night I had ever crossed that particular boundary. There were other lines to cross with other people, sure, and I’ll get to them in due time as well. And before you ask, no, I never slept with my mother. Although, uh...on my twenty-third birthday we might’ve gotten a little bit tipsy on wine and took turns riding the dryer with an uneven load. But that, as you can probably imagine, is yet another story for another time.

End of Chapter 14.
Motel Meetup

Chapter Summary

It's back to basics! After our brief foray into some hard kink stuff, how about a hot little schoolgirl and two of her teachers in a hotel room? 'Cause that's what Kim, Mr. Poln, and Mr. Grace are gonna provide!

Detention for Kim
Chapter 15: Motel Meetup
-By Drace Domino

The sights and smells of a cheap hotel room, and the taste of a cock resting in my mouth. It was a normal Friday night for me, all things considering, but I was enjoying it more than usual since it was the first time in a while I had gotten to spend much quality time with Mr. Poln. Since my teacher had started to look towards repairing a distant marriage and I was ramping up to graduate within a few months our interactions hadn’t been quite so common as they once were; where near the start of the year Mr. Poln had managed to fuck me or cum in my mouth almost every single day, we were lucky if we managed to get in a session twice a week. We always made the most of it when we did, but there was still a part of me that missed that time not too long ago when I knew Mr. Poln would always be there to offer me his cock.

He had taught me so much about sex, and a girl always remembers her first. I was fortunate in that my first was with a man that knew what to do with an eighteen year old slut, and not one of the lame jocks that roamed around the halls bragging about prowess they didn’t actually have. It was enough to make me smile around the shaft of Mr. Poln’s cock as I knelt there on the floor, looking up at him through my glasses with my cheeks red and my expression happy. He smiled back with a pleased nod, and I could tell he was sharing a lot of the same sentiment.

We had only just stepped foot in the motel a few minutes ago, and already I had gotten to work. My hands were hooked against the inside of Mr. Poln’s trousers where I had unzipped and opened the front, and slowly my head was bobbing back and forth on his length that was getting steadily thicker by the moment. Since he had driven me to the motel right after school I was still wearing my typical outfit; that pleated schoolgirl skirt and clean white blouse, complete with knees socks leading into a pair of sensible flat shoes. Underneath the outfit I wore a lacy red bra and a scandalous pair of sheer panties that would’ve been a delight for anyone that snuck a glance under my skirt that day at school, and I was eager to get my teacher’s approval of the thin fabric. But first, my hunger needed to be sated, and Mr. Poln’s length had to be serviced.

Soft slurping noises filled the room around us, and lines of spit shivered down Mr. Poln’s cock to pool around my hand where I kept a tight grip near his base. He had a hand resting on my head but he wasn’t too keen to push me down, by this point trusting his well-trained slut to know how to properly service him. I took him down in several long sweeps that left my tongue shimmering back and forth underneath him, and when my lips finally popped off the tip I gave him a wide grin before lowering my head down a little further. With his sticky, wet shaft resting against my glasses I opened my mouth and stretched out my tongue, flickering it wildly back and forth over his sack, tasting him even further in a lewd show of affection. The hiss that came from the back of his throat was noticeable and Mr. Poln gave another hungry grunt, his member throbbing in my hand before I
finally heard him speak.

“Mr. Grace should be here in about a half hour.” He reminded me, looking down at his little slut with fondness in his eyes. “We really should be thinking about where we want to order food from, not wasting time on this.”

“It’s never a waste of time to suck your cock, Mr. Poln.” I responded sweetly with a wide grin, looking up at my teacher with my cutest expression. Spit-covered glasses and shining braces connected to his sack by ribbons of saliva; one of his favorite looks. “I don’t need to eat, so long as you give me plenty to swallow.” My mouth moved across his tip once more and I took him down to the base, letting that entire shaft fill my mouth and squeeze near the edge of my throat. I didn’t wince during deepthroats anymore; I was well practiced and well trained, and beyond that I had come to enjoy it. Just like the tight pucker of my ass I had finally been taught to enjoy the mild discomfort, to draw delight from it, and to appreciate the hard cock that made me feel so wonderful. While Mr. Poln shivered in appreciation for the deepthroat that held down for several long, wonderful seconds, I could feel my own excitement start to build. I was wet...so wet, and still I knew that Mr. Grace was a half hour away.

Until then, I’d have to settle myself with just one cock in the mouth and the promise that soon I’d have two to enjoy all night.

Ultimately we should’ve been ordering food like Mr. Poln had suggested, since there hadn’t been a chance after school and we weren’t planning on leaving the hotel room for a long time to come. Mr. Poln took the initiative by pulling out his cell phone and ordering us a few pizzas for the evening, and all the while his cock was sucked, kissed, and worshipped by his favorite teenage slut. I didn’t pay much attention to him while he ordered, and even in the moment I still dismissed the need for a proper dinner in lieu of what I was thoroughly enjoying. A girl needed to eat, after all, but a girl needed to fuck more.

Either way, by the time Mr. Poln had put his phone away he was as hard as ever, and I was pumping his cock with one hand while keeping my mouth wrapped just around his tip. There I swept my tongue across him, circled that sensitive end back and forth, and gave it a few long, lingering kisses while I let my eyes stare up at my teacher. More than twice my age, Mr. Poln had never hid from me how much he loved fucking my teenaged mouth, and in the same vein I had difficulty hiding my own lust for older men. It was an unspoken thrill between us knowing how very different we were; one middle aged man working on a marriage, and one eighteen year old planning what she’d major in. All that we really had in common was the desire we had for each other’s flesh, for my tongue to pass up and down his member and for the moments in which he fucked me raw, exhausted, and spent. And that, beyond anything else, was enough. It was enough for us to share a friendship and a fondness for one another, and it was enough for me to ignore the scratchy feel of motel carpet on my knees while I drew him closer and closer to his peak.

Mr. Poln fell quiet while I steadily worked, and soon I sealed my grip around his shaft in such a fashion that I could press my lips against the edge of my fist. It was one of many techniques I had learned from my three favorite teachers; a method of pumping both my hand and my mouth in the same motion to make sure every inch of Mr. Poln was shown love. My other hand moved to sweep underneath his sack and I gently gripped along his balls, which rested in my open palm in a wet, spit-covered mess. My glasses were perched perfectly on my face and my smile was wide around his member, and with one last look up at Mr. Poln’s happy expression I put myself into motion.

My current technique was skillful and worked wonders, though it was fast moving and usually left my head spinning by the very end of it. With my lips essentially kissing the ridge of my hand I bobbed both up and down on his cock, taking him in heavy strikes that left his cocktip pushing the
back of my throat and filling my mouth with his flavor. He groaned in delight and gripped the sheets of the motel bed while his legs spread, and it only allowed me to move faster, to go deeper, to nearly choke myself on my teacher’s cock. There were few things I had come to love more than the feel of a forty year old dick in my eager wet mouth, and I could feel my lacy red panties dampening more and more while I worked. I didn’t even need to touch myself; the glistening nectar of my pussy and the stiff form of my nipples were simply a side effect of giving my teacher a lovely, sloppy blowjob.

Mr. Poln’s climax came before too long, though it was at a moment of great delight for both of us. When he started to cum there was a knock on the door with the voice of a delivery girl following soon after, announcing the name of the little dive he had ordered dinner for us from. He offered a quick “one second” and then took several to properly flood my mouth, his member aching and throbbing against my tongue as he gave me squirt after squirt of warm, white nectar. I moaned in delirious glee, probably so loud that the girl delivering our pizza heard, and Mr. Poln’s flavor rushed in my mouth. My tongue fled to press against his tip so the cream milked slowly into my mouth, and my eyes opened wide so I could stare into his eyes while I swallowed.

The girl outside’s wait wasn’t measured in seconds but in swallows, swallows in which my young, hot, teenaged mouth gulped down my teacher’s cum. One, two, three, and finally a fourth signalled the end to his spasming climax. He didn’t hesitate much once he had finished, chuckling as he patted my head and tucked his cock back into his trousers. Mr. Poln stood up and headed over to the door without even giving me a chance to stand, and I shuddered with excitement as I heard the door open and the brief exchange that took place.

“Hey, are you Pol-”

“Yeah, that’s me. Here you go.”

My back was turned to the door so I couldn’t see the exchange, but I could only imagine it. My back was visible to the delivery girl and even though she couldn’t see the cum on my lips or the satisfied smile I was wearing, she could certainly see a schoolgirl kneeling on the floor with her skirt tented around her. It was lifted in such a way that my lacy red panties could be visible, and when I realized I was underneath the gaze of a stranger I made sure to tug my skirt a little higher. Give her a show; let her know full well that this motel room was filled with the lust of a girl getting fucked by an older man.

“Uh...t...thanks.” The delivery girl stammered, and though I imagine it wasn’t the first time she had delivered pizza to a motel only to find people fucking, it was still a thrill for us. Mr. Poln tossed our dinner on the table before shutting the door and walking back to me, smiling wide as he looked at his satisfied, cum-guzzling slut. His hand lowered to caress my cheek and I pressed willingly into it, my eyes shining and a bit of his cream at the edge of my lips. A bit I eagerly stuck my tongue out to clean, slurping up with a content noise from the back of my throat.

“Dinner’s here.” Mr. Poln finally spoke, arching an eye. It was only a few seconds after that we heard another car draw near, complete with the sound of a car door shutting and the beep of an alarm lock. “But...sounds like so is Mr. Grace.”

Dinner would have to wait. A girl had to eat, but...a girl really, really had to fuck.

Mr. Poln and Mr. Grace together were my two favorite cocks; the skilled member that I had learned from first and that dark, thick monster that was so wonderful at spearing me as deep as I could manage. It was thrilling to be in their presence again and I was practically trembling from
anticipation while I changed clothes in the bathroom, shaking and shivering from the excitement rushing across me. Though I still had regular sex with both of them to have them together was a true treat, and I had made sure to plan appropriately for the occasion by purchasing a lovely negligee. My schoolgirl outfit had been tossed aside and instead I pulled up lacy red stockings that matched the color of my bra and panties, and overtop that I slipped into a silky fabric that caressed over my shoulders and down my back, making me look just a bit more mature than my eighteen years. I let my hair down from its pigtails to complete the transformation, and by the time I looked at myself in the mirror I knew how much my favorite two men would love it. I kept my glasses on so I could get a good view of all the fun, but beyond that there weren’t many traces of the timid Kim that they used to know. Even the Kim that made a show of being the “good girl” during school only until she could start sucking cock had vanished for the moment, replaced instead with the mature, sensual woman that now stood in the bathroom.

I smiled, and took a deep, hungry breath. Time to get fucked.

When I moved out into the room both of my teachers gazed at me approvingly, and neither one of them seemed particularly interested in waiting. It was with a strong hand from Mr. Poln around my wrist that I was led quickly towards the bed, right where I was laid flat on my back with my head dangling over the edge. Mr. Poln took the initiative by kneeling before me and lifting up my legs, and as he lined his cock up with my wet, hungry pussy, peeling my panties aside, I could hear his voice fill the room.

“Let’s see how long you can go tonight, Kim.” He practically growled, and I could feel his tip pushing against my pussy. “Maybe set a new record.” I was certainly up for it. By the time Mr. Poln pushed himself inside and I once more felt the thick entrance of his cock into my slit, Mr. Grace had pulled towards my head where it hung over the edge of the bed. His dark, brown member was swinging before me already almost entirely stiff, and my cheeks went red as I knew just what was coming next. I could deepthroat Mr. Poln easy enough, but Mr. Grace? He was more than a mouthful even for a well trained teenage slut.

“Good to see you again, Kim.” Mr. Grace finally announced, but he didn’t give me a chance to respond before shoving his cock inside. My eyes opened wide as I felt that mammoth member slide right past my lips and into my mouth, finally moving deep in my throat as he started to fuck my mouth. I groaned in delight, my hands moving up to fondle my own breasts through my bra and my legs moving to close around Mr. Poln’s waist. Trapped between two thick and happy cocks, my favorite place to be.

Mr. Poln’s thrusts were hard but slow while Mr. Grace fucked my mouth, and the two older men found a good rhythm of keeping me always on edge and always craving more. Mr. Grace’s enormous cock was enough to strain my deepthroating skills and he made sure to keep me in my place by pulling his length free, only to swipe it hard against both of my cheeks and smear my spit over my slutty, smiling face. Once I’d be properly cockslapped he’d shove his length back into my throat anew, and the slow pistoning of both of my teachers continued. It was clear that it was just a buildup for something more to come, that this was the equivalent to foreplay between the three of us. There was no romance and no intimate kissing; just two older men making immediate use of their personal teenaged fucktoy.

A fucktoy that, simply put, loved every second of it.

Sure enough, after enough deep thrusts from Mr. Poln to keep me burning in desire and enough long sucks on Mr. Grace’s cock to keep it nice and wet, both of my teachers pulled me up from the bed to force me into a new position. I moaned like a proud little slut as Mr. Grace laid flat and swung me into his lap, making me straddle his waist while I looked down into his eyes. Instantly
that enormous black cock squeezed into my tight wet pussy, and I was left gripping the sheets as I whined in desperate glee as he pierced me. Inch by inch Mr. Grace sunk his cock into my entrance, and like usual it was a hell of a big length to endure. I shuddered and twitched and trembled from how far it pierced me, but I knew that it wasn’t nearly over yet. I looked back over my shoulder to where Mr. Poln was ready to slide towards me from behind, and my voice filled the air between us with no small amount of delight.

“My ass is ready for you, Mr. Poln.” I whispered, all while my cunt was tightly gripping that glorious black cock. “Make sure not to pull out, okay? That goes for either of you.”

Not that they would’ve considered doing so. I groaned in delight when Mr. Poln eased into my ass and it took us quickly into a proper steady rhythm of fucking, my holes battered between my two favorite cocks as I rotated back and forth against them. With Mr. Grace stretching my slit and fucking me down to my core and Mr. Poln piercing my ass I was as happy as I had ever been during my senior year, and I made sure to let them know it with a series of lewd moans, happy noises, and constant begging for more. I had gone a long way from the shy girl giving her first blowjob, and trapped between those two men I sounded off my lewd liberation as loud as I could manage.

“Fuck! Yes, fuck me, fuck me, harder! God, my pussy feels so good! You’re so deep in my ass! Guuuuuuuuh, you both better cum in me, cum deep!” Sweat lined my brow while I was claimed by both of them, and I made sure to look at myself in the motel mirror across the room. Hair a mess, glasses eschew, and getting rammed by two men twice my age. Fucking. Glorious. My breasts swung back and forth within my bra and though I wanted to release them I needed my hands to hold against the mattress, knowing I fully lacked the ability to stay up without that support. There’d be time to show them off later, I knew as much. This was only the first fuck of the night between the three of us, and experience had taught me both of my teachers could be downright insatiable.

When I started to have a loud and thrashing orgasm it was enough for both Mr. Poln and Mr. Grace to join in, each of them tensing up as their cocks pulsed and throbbed against my walls. It was hard for me to collect myself through the haze of sweaty delight but I’m sure that Mr. Grace was the first to cum; that unmistakable rush of his cream into my pussy was always enough to make me melt. His cock already filled me so deeply and entirely that there was practically nowhere for his heavy load to go, and I could feel with a shudder as cum escaped my slit and danced down his shaft, making a little warm pool for me to settle in while he hilted me. From behind me Mr. Poln was shaking in his own impending climax, his cock trembling and starting to pulse, shooting rope after rope of sticky white straight into my rear. It was enough to give me an aftershock of an orgasm, my body tensing and my voice rising, and that warmth filling my seat was a perfect match to the load in my pussy. I was pressed tight against both of my favorite men, their cocks hiltling in each of me and cum leaking around their members.

My favorite spot to be in for certain; caught between them both, hilted with two wonderful cocks, and filled utterly with cream.

I was, as they had made me, a wonderful little slut that was eager to fuck, suck, and be filled. And there was no better way to thank them for their hard work in training me than to let them enjoy me through the entire night. No sooner did I start to pull off of Mr. Grace’s cock was I ready to suck again, and I found my mouth wrapped around his dark member even as both my lower holes leaked lines of thick, warm cream.

The pizza was left sitting untouched for hours upon hours, because there were far more important things that needed to go into me.
A girl had to fuck.

End of Chapter 15.

End Notes

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