

Disclaimer: All characters portrayed in this story are over the age of 18.

Why I Signed Up for Trig

By Lizzy LaRose

Tight curves. Seemingly impossible hips on a frame that slender. It's not hard to see why all the boys signed up for Trig. The girls too for that matter. Ms. Delaney was probably one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. I had her for second period, although I wished I had her for all four. Even with her slender body, the pencil skirts she wore, were pulled snugly against the seemingly impossible curves of her waist. This figure was contrasted remarkably against the dry erase board she taught in front of. Her silken brunette hair, usually worn down, draped over her shoulders, and rested on whichever chic top she had chosen to wear that day. No doubt that she got most of the boy's motors running every time she waltzed around the classroom.

I had offered to stop by her class later that day. She had gotten a new laptop and had been asking for some help setting it up, as she didn't know much about computers. We had a basketball game tonight, and I planned on stopping by before that. I was obviously smitten. I probably wouldn't ever opt to help a teacher out after class under any other circumstances.

I rode with my friends to the game. They were big into the student section, so they liked showing up ridiculously early anyway. When we arrived and walked inside the lobby, I ventured off from them and headed towards the math wing of the school. Her room was number 302. The door was slightly agape when I got there. I was already a little giddy that I got to see her extra today.

"Hello," I said as I pushed the door open. Ms. Delaney was sitting at her desk. She was wearing the same outfit that she had on earlier. A dark gray skirt with a white button up long sleeve top. She was wearing her reading glasses, which was just another killer look in her vast repertoire of drop-dead styles. It was one of my personal favorites. God, she was hot with those glasses on.

“Oh. Hi Trent!” She said as she looked up. She was already fiddling with her new laptop and the projector trying to resolve her issues. I was pretty good with computers, and already knew she most likely just had some software problems and needed to install some new drivers.

“Any luck?” I asked, hoping she hadn’t fixed her problem. I walked over to her desk and stood next to her. I could smell her perfume. It was a wonderful fragrant floral smell.

She frowned, “No. You probably will have more success than me though! Come see what you can do.”

I sat down and troubleshooted her problems, managing a solution in about half an hour. It was just what I had thought, some small driver issues. Ms. Delaney was pretty excited after I had everything up and running. “Wow, thank you so much, Trent! This thing has been giving me trouble all week.”

“No problem,” I said, beaming with confidence. I really felt like I had done something major, having helped a teacher that I thought was so gorgeous. “Is there anything else I can help you with?” I asked as started to head toward the door.

“Well...” she began. I hesitated a little. I hadn’t really expected an answer, it was more of a rhetorical question.

“Yeah?”

“Trent, you’re single right?” I was puzzled. Why was she asking this? I had recently broken up with my last girlfriend, but why was she interested in this?

“Yeah, well you know,” I started, unsure where to really go with it.

“Let me get straight to it. I hear a lot of stuff as a teacher. Maybe some stuff I shouldn’t sometimes,” she said. I had no clue where this was going, but I was interested. “I overheard a couple of young ladies in the hall the other day after school. They were talking about you, and they had some pretty nice things to say. The consensus was that you have a pretty nice sized cock, and you know what you’re doing with it.”

I could feel my face blushing. I was stunned. Did I hear her correctly, or was this just my brain listening to what it wanted to hear? “I...” I sputtered. Was Ms. Delaney asking me about my cock? Was she interested in me?

She giggled. “God, you are turning so red,” she said. “Well, to get you up to speed, I recently have broken up as well. It’s been a little while since I’ve had some good dick. After hearing what I heard about you, it sounds like you might be able to help me out,” she concluded. “Would you be able to do that?” she inquired, as she began biting on her lower lip while shooting me with a racy look.

I gathered myself after this bombardment. No time to stand here like a confused idiot, while the teacher you daydreamed about was coming onto you. That look was driving me crazy, and I could already feel myself getting a little fired up. I regained my cool. “How about I shut this door and then you can find out if those rumors are true,” I said as I shut the classroom door and then locked it. I returned over to her desk, not wanting to dawdle. She had stood up and was leaning against her desk now.

“Come here,” she said in a new unheard firm tone. As I neared her, I caught another whiff of her perfume. This time it hit harder though. Paired with the fact that she desired intimacy it was driving me wild.

“You smell amazing,” I said. The hairs on my neck and arm started standing up as I pressed up on her. She grabbed my arms as I placed my hands on her hips. The fabric of her skirt was soft and padded by her delicate skin underneath. Our eyes were locked as she rubbed her hands up and down my forearms. Her cocoa eyes gleamed with an intensity I hadn’t seen before. Even in my fantasies they didn’t exude that level of yearning.

“Have you ever thought about this before, Trent?” She must have been able to tell by the look in my eyes. “Getting your hands on me.” Her cheeks reddened as she spoke.

“What do you think?” I retorted, starting to pull on the bottom of her top, untucking it from her skirt. Finally getting to the tail, I pulled it out and slid my hands under the gap. My hands clutched her taut waist. This was the first time I think I had felt her skin. It was just as soft as I envisioned, warm and pleasant to the touch. Her skin had goosebumps when I first touched it but was quickly warming up as I caressed it. She was clearly done talking because she leaned in and locked lips with me. My heartbeat quickened as I felt her soft lips contact mine. We synced into a slow rhythmic kissing motion that matched our massaging of each other’s skin.

Her hands ran further up my arms, passing over my biceps and arriving at my shoulders. I could feel my body tensing as they passed over the musculature. “I can tell you take care of yourself,” she said, briefly in between kisses. “This shirt is in my way though.” I

withdrew my hands and quickly pulled my shirt over my head to accommodate her. My hands swiftly found their way back to her waist, almost as if they were deprived without contact. She shifted her focus to my chest as we broke from kissing. Her palms slid across my pectorals, and her mouth was close behind. She planted her lips on my left nipple and slowly kissed it. The action sent a fleet shiver down my spine. The sensation was wonderful.

“That feels good,” I said, as she shifted over to give the other one some attention. Her hands had now discovered my abs and were gliding over the ripples like they were speed bumps.

“Trent, your body is so fucking hot.” I was a little bit taken back by her lascivious language, being so used to her in a professional setting. It was very alluring though, and it turned me on.

“I can’t wait to see yours too,” I replied.

“Oh, yeah,” she said. I let go of her.

“Take that shirt off.” She slowly unbuttoned her shirt from the bottom up exposing her fair skin as it went up. I started massaging my cock through my shorts as I watched rhapsodically. My blood was pumping, and I was heating up. She got to the top button and pulled her arms out of the sleeves, tossing the shirt aside. A cute white bralette outlined in a simple lace pattern shrouded her small breasts.

“Are you getting that ready for me?” she asked, eyeing my crotch.

“Yeah. Here, why don’t you do it for me,” I requested, letting go. Her hands replaced mine and she kneaded my soft cock gently through the fabric. I was beginning to think that this might be a dream. Ms. Delaney had her hands on my cock and was eager to fuck me. I knew that most boys in the school probably dreamed of this as well, but it was actually happening to me. I snapped out quick and continued on. I grabbed the band on her bralette. I pulled it up over her breasts and up to her armpits, exposing two radiant nipples surmounting the peaks of her small perky tits.

“Fuck,” I said. My mind blank and incapable of thinking of better words, mesmerized by the sight of her rapturing breasts. “Those are beautiful, Ms. Delaney.” I placed my hands on each one, easily concealing them in my grasps. The perfect balance between firmness and suppleness, her bosom was without doubt the finest I had ever seen and felt. I was getting fired up from the new sights and sensations. Combined with the fact that Ms. Delaney was

still gingerly working it through my shorts, blood was flowing to my cock, and it was growing larger.

“Wow, it’s looking like the rumors are true,” she said as she could feel the newfound potential of my cock. “I can’t wait to get at it.”

“You will,” I replied, “I gotta see how these nipples taste, though.” I removed my left hand and leaned in allotting a few sloppy kisses onto her right nipple.

“Ooh,” slipped out of her mouth followed by some soft moaning. I switched to the other nipple, this time opting for measured sucking. Chills went through my body as I experienced the nectarous flavor of her breasts. “Do those taste good?” she inquired.

“Divine.” My blood was pumping harder and receiving this sample was only increasing my carnality. I backed off and allowed her to stand up straight. “This skirt needs to go,” I told her. She unzipped the back, barely in time, as I grabbed the waistband and started sliding it down. With decent resistance it slid along her ample hips before reaching her thighs. When it got to her knees it fell to the ground around her feet. She stepped out kicking it away. I firmly gripped her shapely legs that I was so used to observing in class. They were always something that I had desired to get my hands on. The only thing in between my hands and her skin now was the sheer layer of nylon of her pantyhose. Underneath her pantyhose was a pair of elegant white panties, hugging snugly to her hips and contouring the tiny bulge between her legs. They boasted a similar lace pattern to the one her bralette had.

I gave her a few quick kisses on her luscious soft lips before looking into her eyes. “Bend over,” I said, assisting her in turning around and bending her over her desk. Her breasts pressed against the cold wood of her well-organized desk. Damn. Once again, I marveled at my luck, as I observed the fact that I had Ms. Delaney bent over her own desk, and the only thing still donning her was a few undergarments. Her back being arced over the desk pushed her glorious rear into the air exemplifying its voluminousness. A sight that would drive any man crazy.

I could feel my heart racing even faster as I grabbed the waistband of both her panties and pantyhose. Her voluptuous ass met the air as I peeled them both down to around her knees, exposing her angelic asshole. I hadn’t seen an asshole so beautiful before. The snug opening sat between her two opulent ass cheeks beckoning me like a siren. Her small cock now breathed the fresh air as well, liberated from her nylon panties. The petite penis hung

straight down between her legs, a cute accoutrement to her gorgeous ass. “Like what you see?” she asked.

“Fuck, your ass is amazing,” I replied, taking hold, and giving each cheek a firm squeeze. “I’ve never seen anything that comes close.”

“Why don’t you taste it,” she teased, already aware of my intentions. She reached back with her delicate hands and spread her ass for me. This really got me going. I could feel my cock getting even harder from her expressing her desires.

“You don’t have to ask me twice.” I grabbed her thighs and wasted no time. My tongue contacted the rim of her asshole. It cutely twitched from the warm sensation, and she matched it with a small peep. I traced the rim a few times, the sweet taste of her essence dancing on my tongue.

“Ooh,” she moaned. After a few more laps, my tongue’s mission changed, as it tried to permeate the dainty cavity. I could tell when I finally made it through because the sounds she emitted got louder. “Trent, your tongue feels so good!” she exclaimed, sounding like she could barely catch her breath. I exhausted all the acrobatics that I could with my tongue in an attempt to gratify her asshole. I reached around her right leg and grasped her tiny cock between my thumb and forefinger. It was now fully hard but still didn’t match the size of my thumb. I caressed the tip with my thumb trying to make her cum.

“Oh, fuck. Keep doing that. I’m gonna cum, Trent.” She moaned more rapidly as rubbed her cock and maintained the steady probing of her asshole with my tongue. “Ahh. Fuck, ahh. I’m cumming! Ahhh!” I felt her small penis begin to twitch in between my fingers accompanied by her tight hole cinching. She squirted a couple quick bursts of cum from her cock straight on to the side of her desk. It wasn’t much, but it slowly began to trickle down. “God.”

“How was that?” I asked with a smile.

“Marvelous,” she said, sporting an ecstatic grin of her own. My blood was racing, and my cock was rock hard from the lovely sounds that she was making. I needed to find out how tight she really was.

“Stay there,” I said as I stood up, “I have a surprise for you.”

“Oh, yeah,” she replied, looking back at me, still grinning, while pressed against the top of her desk. She knew what was coming and I could tell she was fired up for it. I hastily undid the buckle on my belt and undid my shorts, dropping them to my ankles. I pulled my briefs down unsheathing my stiff cock. A dab of precum glistened on the tip while it hung there, now unrestrained. She finally could see it in its entirety as she gazed back.

“Damn,” she said almost cackling, now confirming the rumors she had heard, and probably wondering if it would fit in her tight asshole.

“You like what you see?” I requisitioned, sliding my briefs down to my ankles as well.

“Be gentle.” I reached up and cupped my hand under her mouth.

“Let me get some spit.” She obliged and dribbled some spittle into my hand. I then reached under her and scraped what I could of her cum off the side of her desk. Grabbing my cock with my other hand, I then cascaded the mixture over top, before rubbing the coating around. The hairs on my neck were standing up in anticipation of fucking her, and my blood was boiling. She once again gave her exquisite cheeks a spread with her hands. Unable to wait any longer, I directed my cock, pressing the head against her hole. I could tell it was going to be tight. Even with decent pressure it was holding strong. I pushed slightly harder, and the head of my cock breached the rim of her anus. The warmth of her asshole hugged the tip of my cock as it clinched hard, unaccommodating to its newfound visitor.

“Unh,” she moaned in response to this minor penetration.

“Your ass is so fucking tight, Ms. Delaney.” My body was hot from the rush, and I could feel that hers was too. I slowly pushed my cock further in. Her sphincter contracted hard on my cock in its best attempts to push me out. It had taken great effort, and I was only halfway in. I realized it might take some work to get my whole cock in. I grabbed her other hip and began some short strokes in an attempt to familiarize her tense asshole with my cock. She moaned gently in unison with my concise strokes. Her ass felt wonderful and the sounds she made was making my heart race. With each pump, more of the length of my cock was sliding inside.

“Ooh... Unh... Fuck...” Her beautiful cocoa eyes were making contact with mine as she looked back. I could see the ecstasy barely contained behind them. “All right... Go all the way,” she said. I was ready to indulge her, thrusting all the way, concealing my entire cock inside her. I stopped stroking for a second and stayed there for a while, enjoying her

warmth. The rim of her asshole contracted rhythmically on the base of my cock, while she moaned low, almost as if she was short of breath. My body was in total euphoria. I had worked up a slight sweat and was breathing harder. My cock felt like it belonged inside her ass. “It’s so fucking big. I can’t believe it’s all the way in,” she said. “It feels so good, Trent.” To be honest, I was shocked it fit all the way inside too. “How’s my ass feel, Trent?”

“Heavenly. It’s so warm. It feels like its sucking my cock in.” I yearned for more though. I slowly removed my cock and commenced long strokes. She had begun working up a slight sweat as well, and I could feel it on the skin of her hips. Her natural aroma was blending with that of her perfume and the smell was driving me animalistic. She had started moaning loud as I fucked her with lengthy strokes spanning from the head of my cock to the base. Her still-tight anus caressed the extent of my shaft as it went along. The feeling was orgasmic, sending shivers down my spine. Her cute little cock swung back and forth like a pendulum. Dripping strands of precum and flinging them about. Her small scrotum had tensed up and was so close to her body that you could barely tell that it was there. When my cock went all the way inside her, my balls would slap against her perineum, making a beautiful soft clapping sound, that synchronized with her moaning.

I hit my rhythm and was now steadfastly stroking her beautiful ass. Ms. Delaney moved one of her hands to the side of the desk to hold on and stabilize herself to the new cadence. She had grown quite loud in her chirping, and I could tell she was enjoying herself because she still possessed that jubilant smile. Her lush ass reverberated off my hips every time I bottomed out. I wasn’t sure if I had ever seen an ass so magnificent in my life, and on top of that, my cock was buried inside it. I noticed that she had begun drooling a bit out of the left corner of her mouth, and it reminded me that she hadn’t gotten a chance to taste my cock yet. I was also curious to see how her mouth felt.

“You wanna taste my cock?” I proposed, stopping my strokes.

“Fuck yeah,” she said, breathing heavily. I had actually worked up a pretty good sweat and it appeared as if she had too. Our bodies both gleaming with a thin layer. I pulled out my cock from the confines of her asshole, which briskly sealed back up, tight as ever. My cock now shined, covered in a mixture of our juices. I brandished it in my hand and thumped it on each of her pillowy ass cheeks, back and forth.

She stood up and slid her scrunched bralette over her head, discarding it. “Sit there,” she commanded, motioning to her desk chair as she worked on removing her shoes so that

she could lose her pantyhose. I stepped out of my shorts and kicked my shoes off too, then moved over to her chair. I felt the cool mesh contact my warm skin as I sat back. A welcome but not required break from the action. Ms. Delaney stood there in front of me, now fully nude. Every inch of her seraphic body shining from head to toe. Her beauty still bewildered me, somehow driving my cock to become even harder.

“Damn, your body is amazing, Ms. Delaney,” I commented, as she stepped over and knelt down in front of me.

“Thank you. Is it like you dreamed it was?”

“Better,” I responded. She grabbed my cock with her right hand and then my balls with her left.

“This fucker is huge,” she said, stroking it lightly. “And it’s hard as shit,” she chuckled.

“Taste it,” I suggested, urgently wanting to feel the inside of her mouth. She leaned in and licked the belly of my cock. The slight roughness of her warm tongue was delightful. She lapped multiple times, no doubt taking in a healthy mix of both of our nectars.

“Taste amazing,” she said, rolling my balls in between her fingers like she was giving me an exam. She opened her mouth and enshrouded the head of my cock with it. Her tongue still working the tip inside. Her technique was fabulous. More chills moved throughout my body. Her lips edged down my cock, as more of it filled her mouth. My head reached her the back of her throat quickly, and she began bobbing up and down slowly on what she could take in.

“Your mouth is so warm.” I placed a hand on the top of her head, feeling her luxurious silky hair. I could probably have sat there for the rest of my life and just let her suck my cock. It was so relaxing and pleasurable. With my other hand, I took hold of my cock from her. I moved it about the inside of her mouth pressing it against the inside of her cheek, causing it to bulge. I loved the feeling of the inside of her thin, warm cheek skin stretched taut against my cock. I let go and let her get back to trying to fit it down her throat. “How far down can you go?” I asked. She sat up a little, and in a valiant attempt, she went down as far as she could. Her lips were about halfway down my shaft and the head of my cock was wedged in her throat, unable to accommodate any more width. Her throat felt heavenly, for what small amount of my cock could get into it. She held it for a brief moment

before needing some air. She dislodged my cock from her jaws and backed off, thick slobber dripping down the corner of her mouth and onto my thighs.

“Fuck,” she said. “Your cock is huge, Trent.” She went back in for second helpings. Her head fluttered up and down on my cock. Her lips embraced tightly around the length, stroking it as they went along. The tip of my cock nudging the back of her throat every time it hit its extent. I sat back, in heaven, as she maintained the repeated motion, unwavering. I felt like I might melt, my body in so much pleasure. My heartbeat was steady, resonating throughout me. She reached down and started to play with her little cock while she sucked mine. Her other hand moved to rubbing my stomach. Her dainty fingers danced across my abs while she concentrated on pleasuring me.

I couldn't figure out which I wanted more: to let her keep sucking my cock or to get back inside that tight little asshole. I relaxed back and let her enjoy my cock for a few moments longer. She played around with the slobber hanging from her mouth, draping it over my cock while stroking it perkily. My cock was so wet, and my body was in bliss, just enjoying the stimulation.

“I want it back inside me,” she said, looking up at me with a bewitching grin, continuing to handle my cock.

“Oh, yeah? Do you want to try riding it?” I had definitely fantasized before about Ms. Delaney riding me with that superb ass.

“Hell yeah,” she said, as she gave the tip of my cock a quick kiss before standing up. “Lay on my desk,” she requested, clearing off the remaining items on top of it. Barely able to wait, I got up and moved over to her desk, sitting down on it, and laying back. She nimbly climbed on up and straddled me, facing my direction. She squatted down just over my cock as I grabbed the base and propped it up for her. I felt a strong yearning to get back inside her, almost like I was going through withdrawals not being. This time she was in control though, grabbing and directing my cock to her asshole. When she found her mark, there was still decent resistance, but this time my cock slipped in more easily.

She slid down on me slowly, engulfing my cock inch by inch with her asshole, and moaning cutely as she went down. Eventually she reached the base, and I felt her soft ass cheeks press down onto my pelvis. She leaned forward and lay against my chest, almost as if she was rendered paralyzed by the length of my cock being all the way inside her. I could feel her heart beating briskly, pressed against my body, and her warm skin was still sweating

mildly. My heartbeat matched hers, as I was elated to be back inside her. It was her turn to control the rhythm though. She finally gathered herself and sat back up into her squatting position. She slowly moved her plush ass up and down along the span of my cock, refamiliarizing herself with the extent of it. Quickly finding her stride, she picked up the tempo, fleetly bouncing her mesmeric ass gracefully on my cock. Moaning loudly, her hands found my strong chest and braced against it for support.

“This cock is so good,” she effused. I lay there, almost speechless from the enjoyment. Her ass swallowed up my cock like it was nothing, concealing it in the divine realm of her asshole.

“It feels amazing inside you, Ms. Delaney,” I barely responded. I reached up to feel her exquisite tits once again. I squeezed the two soft half-handfuls as she bounced up and down. Her ass slapping down onto my hips once again played a wonderful beat. This time, however, it was echoed by the soft smacking of her small cock, hitting my lower abdomen every time she came down. “I love seeing your cute little cock bounce up and down,” I told her. She had now started to work up quite a sweat, vigorously riding me. Her cheeks were red, and she was breathing heavily.

“I’m about to cum again, Trent,” she mustered in between sharp moans.

“Go ahead,” I said. I moved my hands down and grabbed her ankles. I let her fuck herself on my cock so that she could cum. She energetically bounced up and down. Moaning louder and louder.

“Ohhh... Ohhh... Ohhh! Fuck that’s good! I’m so close!” She exclaimed. Her pace became more pressing, and I could see the urgency in her eyes as our gazes locked.

“Cum for me, Ms. Delaney,” I encouraged her. I could feel her asshole begin to clamp hard on my cock, as she bounced up and down.

“Fuck! I’m cumming!” she cried, as she came down. Her tiny cock spasmed as she shot a small load onto my abs. Her legs quivered as she attempted to recover, her breathing heavier than ever. Her cute cock twitched a few more times, but it had nothing left. “That was amazing,” she said, collecting what she could of her cum off my stomach.

“Try it,” I said. She put it up to her mouth and sampled what she had gathered.

“Tastes good,” she said with an impish smile. “I wanna taste yours though.”

I grinned back, happy to oblige her. She was tired, and I doubt she could've ridden me any longer. I wanted her on her back. I slid to the edge of the desk and sat up, wrapping my arms around her to secure her. I stood up, holding her, while my cock was still inside her. I turned around and laid her down on the desk on her back. She was spent and her body was still shaking. Her cock was no longer hard. It lay back against her stomach fatigued and emptied. I grasped her curvaceous yet slim legs and held them apart. I had more in the tank, and I probably could've fucked all night, but it was my turn to cum for her. With my goal in mind, I got back to work, starting with slow purposed strokes. Ms. Delaney was tired but couldn't help moaning sharply as my cock filled her tender asshole. She reached up and toyed with her small breasts, patiently awaiting my cum.

"Are you gonna cum for me?" she chimed. I gradually stroked faster and faster. I couldn't believe that I was about to give Ms. Delaney a nice helping of my cum. This was probably every guy at this school's dream.

"I'm about to cum," I said. My heart was pounding, and my body was hot. My strokes crescendoed. I was breathing hard and sweating profusely. I kept driving my cock, resolute on my mission. "Fuck."

"Cum for me, Trent," she cried. I wanna taste your cum."

"Ohhh... Shit." I knew it was close. Her asshole was still as tight as ever, holding its firm grip on my cock, aiding it on its mission. The velvety inside of her asshole still warmed my cock.

"I need your cum!" she whined, clenching her breasts, and gazing deep into my eyes. I held on tightly to her legs feeling her warm sweaty skin against my palms. I was almost there. My cock started to tense. My heart felt like it was going to burst out of my body. I pulled my cock out of her asshole. Stroking it a few times with my hand I felt bolts of pleasure shoot throughout my body.

"Here it comes!" I said. "Ahhh... Fuck!" My muscles contracted and my cock convulsed, spraying a healthy amount of cum across her stomach and over her petite soft cock. "Ahhh... My God!" I wasn't done. A second convulsion fired a second burst almost equally in volume. This one made its way all the way to her breasts, landing on the left one across her fingers. "Ohh... Ohh." I kept stroking my cock, dumping out what left I had in me through subsequent convulsions. "Damn, that was good." It was an impressive load,

drenching her stomach and covering her cock. I ladled up a decent amount in my cupped hand. I spoon-fed it to her as she leaned up on her elbows.

“It tastes better than mine,” she remarked with that same cute smile. She slurped the rest of it out of my hand as I reached down and gave her small breasts one last squeeze.

“You’re amazing, Ms. Delaney,” I said, unsure of quite what to say.

“Your cock is amazing,” she replied. All I could do was smirk.

I wondered how much of the basketball game I had missed. My friends were probably wondering where I was. I started to hunt around and gather my clothes so that I could get dressed. Ms. Delaney just lay there, playing with my cum on her stomach, rubbing it into her skin. I finished dressing and was sitting in her chair tying my shoes. “I gonna go see if the game is still going on.”

“Thanks for your help, Trent,” she said, as I headed to the door.

“You bet. Let me know if you ever need help with anything else. I definitely could make time for something like this again.” I was still in disbelief that this had even happened.

“See you in class Monday,” she remarked. I slipped out as she lay there naked on her desk, coated in my cum.

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