

The First Meeting

“Ok, come on. Chromebooks away. Chair stacks. Let’s move it!”

I stood by my desk as 26 7th graders bustled about, tidying up the classroom at the speed of light so they could get out to lunch on time. My palms were sweating and I could feel the same on the back of my knees from where I had been sitting in my chair, bare legs against the tough nylon. I smoothed the skirt of my dress down with my hands. I never wore a dress, and I was monumentally uncomfortable having one on in class.

I was even more uncomfortable shifting position and feeling the glass butt plug move inside me. *At work.*

The harsh tone of the end of period bell buzzed over my head and my students bolted towards lockers and the cafeteria. I stood still for a moment, gathering myself, swallowing nerves, then I grabbed my stuff and headed for the door.

My heart pounded as I moved through the school, incredibly aware of the air on my bare legs, the air con slipping up my skirt to touch my thighs, like someone’s hands might soon do. I was leaving early. Not a big deal, I had taught all my classes for the day, but I hadn’t been in the job long and I should be at my desk for another hour, marking papers and lesson planning. Like I would have been able to concentrate on that. I was excited, and so nervous I thought I might puke. This one... he had real potential. And I wanted to meet face to face before I got invested any deeper.

Of course, my supervisor followed me out the front door. I kept my head down and walked fast, hoping she wouldn’t call out to me. I felt better once I got to my car. There was a message there, waiting for me:

I parked my Xterra backed in along the trees. Pull in on my passenger side facing the trees.

My mind had a silent panic over working out what side would be the passenger side when the car was reversed in like that, while the rest of me swithered between *Oh my* and *Oh shit*. I owed a punishment – over eye rolling, of all things. Something my eyes just did *on their own* - and I didn’t know Sir well enough to know how bad it might be, to guess what it might entail. And he hadn’t deigned to enlighten me. I send back a quick text to say I was on my way and pulled out of the school car park. I felt better, now that I was moving. I’d get there and it would be good or bad, but at least there would be no more waiting.

I was very much hoping for good.

I was late. I hated being late, but there was nothing to do but swing into the space I’d been instructed to take and hurry inside. It was extremely quiet, seats everywhere. Plenty of space to

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find a quiet corner to have a private conversation in. So naturally, Sir was sitting at the bar. Great.

I headed over, smiling, telling myself to try and be cool and not an idiot. The first moments were a blur of hugging, sitting, ordering a drink. My eyes wanted to look and not look at him. They settled on the tattoo, a safe zone and a nice place to look, and my hands clasped my wine glass like it was a life ring. I was excruciatingly aware that the place was quiet and that the bartender had nothing better to do than listen in to any conversation we might have, the three customers just six feet from me had no one else to look at but the idiot girl stammering and blushing and acting like an idiot.

That's pretty much how I acted: like a blushing, stammering idiot. I tried to make intelligent conversations, tell funny stories, be witty. I did try. And every time I got going, Sir would slide his hand up my skirt, run my thigh. Squeeze it. Squeeze harder. Shift fingers up and up until they could brush my cunt through my panties.

Each time, my brain short circuited.

He's touching you like he's entitled to, a voice whispered at the back of my head. Like you're his to touch.

I didn't mind that at all.

I shifted on my seat, feeling the butt plug move, then he murmured the words that made my clit twitch. Hard.

"Do you want to know what your punishment is?"

Yes. No. Well, definitely yes, but possible not here with the barman's batlike hearing and the man in the blue shirt opposite me watching my every moronic reaction.

"We going to go out to your car and you're going to put your panties around one ankle. You're going to put your dildo inside yourself and then you're going to go over my knee and I'm going to spank your ass."

Yes, please.

But... in the car park?

Actually, *yes please*.

But it wasn't time, not yet. Sir still had half a beer and I had half a wine to finish, and he wasn't done tormenting me by touching under watchful eyes or saying things to make squirm and blush. I kept trying to be interesting, funny, ask interesting questions and he kept on derailing me, making my brain short circuit, thoughts fizzling out like a fuse in a puddle. He was smirking through my discomfort, and that just made things worse.

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Finally, he said the magic (terrible?) words:

“Are you ready for your punishment?”

Fuck yes.

And also... fuck no.

The dregs of my glass vanished and then I was off my seat and heading out into the hot sunshine of the car park. Sir climbed into the back of my car and I prevaricated a moment, turning on the air conditioning, putting my keys in the right spot. Getting out of the driver’s seat and into the backseat, I glanced guiltily around. No one there.

Ok, good,

I slipped inside, sat myself down, turned to Sir... and stopped having to make decisions. Firm hands in my hair. A strong grip on my throat. They meld into a hazy memory of not having to think, to worry. To go where I was moved. Kiss the mouth in front of me, part my legs for the hand that demanded. Tilt my hips for the questing fingers. Suck them when they made their way to my mouth.

Breath. Open myself. Offer myself. Take what I am given, do what I am told. Go where I am placed. No uncertainty, only obedience.

Mewling noises came out of my throat, please sounds, submissive sounds. The demands I wasn’t allowed to utter: more. Yes, please. Take my mouth, touch my cunt. Grip my hair.

Then, the punishment.

“Take off your panties.”

I did, heart starting to thump in my chest.

“Put the dildo in.”

That was a little harder. I had brought the thickest dildo I owned, hoping I’d be using it in conjunction with my bullet vibe while I made myself come for Sir. That was before the second eye rolling incident. It was too thick to go inside me without a little lube, and I usually just lubed it up with my mouth. I drew saliva into my mouth and dipped my head, letting my hair shield my face while I fellated the silicon cock. Sir wasn’t having that.

“Head up. Up.”

Of course.

I did as I was told, getting the dildo nice and slick, then I slid it inside myself, having to tilt my hips to fit it’s width past the plug still wedged in my ass. I sat down, squeaking slightly, but I

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didn't stay there for a long. A moment later, I was face down in the seat, my hips over Sir's knee, my ass in the air.

Cool air hit my ass cheeks as he lifted my skirt. I felt the warmth of a quick run then CRACK.

Jesus. I hissed out a breath between my teeth. Sir was not the type to warm up slowly, apparently. Crack. The other cheek got the same treatment.

I held still, feeling the flares of pain bloom then ebb, my scrabbling toes shifting against the door with each impact. I didn't bother trying to silence the squeaks and cries that came out. This was meant to be a punishment, after all. Best to let Sir know that it felt like I was being punished.

"Are you going to roll your eyes again?"

"No, Sir."

"What? I didn't hear you. Are you going to roll your eyes again?"

"No, Sir."

Several more cracks to let that answer sink in. More questions, and I gave the rote answers. They came easily to my tongue; they were the truth.

"Is your ass going to be sore sitting down after this?"

I paused. Hesitated.

The answer Sir expected me to give: yes.

The real answer? Probably not. I knew I didn't bruise easily, knew what hurt now would fade fast and often leave no tenderness as a memory of this moment.

Truth, I decided. Go with truth.

"I want to say, but-,"

"But what?" Several more spanks. Hard ones. I changed my mind between one hit and the next.

"Maybe," I squeaked. "I think maybe."

"Well, let's be sure."

More spanks, then a warm hand on my skin as Sir rubbed over his handiwork. He slid his hand back slightly and grabbed the dildo, still nestled in my cunt. I moaned as he slid it in and out, slowly, then faster. A couple more spanks then back to the dildo, thrusting it in and out of me. I tilted my hips and panted happily as it scraped over my g-spot.

"Shame you're not allowed to cum, isn't it?"

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Yes, it was a fucking shame.

I sat up, trying to right myself, pull my hair out of my face. Sir fisted a tangled handful and yanked me to him, ravaging my mouth. I surrendered to it, luxuriating in the feel of his stubble against my skin, the slick wetness of his tongue delving into my mouth. He took my hand and placed it over his cock. I could feel his hardness through his shorts, stroked my fingers over the length of him.

Sir let go of my hair and I sat up for a moment. I saw him make a decision, and the next thing he was opening his zipper, pulling out his cock. I looked at it, saw the turgid length, precum dribbling down the sides, but it wasn't for me. Not yet. Sir took it in hand and stroked it, and I watched that precum run down the sides, just waiting for my tongue to lick it up.

I wasn't about to touch without asking.

Sir took my hand and guided it to his cock, let me stroke it while he kissed me. That wasn't what I wanted, and so, a moment later, when he growled, "Look at the mess you've made!", I murmured, "Would you like me to lick it clean for you, Sir?"

My lips fit snugly around the head. The precum was warm and tangy against my tongue. I gripped the base of him and licked and sucked, showing what a good girl I was, how I loved to worship cock. My hair kept getting in my way and I swiped at it angrily. Sir helpfully gathered it for me, then used it to guide me, make me go deeper.

I wanted to. I wanted to please, but the angle and the tightness of the car and my fear of puking all over my nice leather seats... I panicked and smacked Sir's thigh, asking to be let up. He did, giving me momentary relief, then encouraging me to try again. And again.

I wanted to do better, I can do better. And as soon as Sir let me up, tucked himself away and instructed me to take out the dildo and put my underwear back on, I was already wondering when I might get another chance to take him in my mouth and show that I could be a good student.

Soon, hopefully.

Goodbyes were a rush and a blur. I had the dentist in 14 minutes, I could make it, I thought, free some time in the future I might be able to use to see Sir. I drove off in a body that felt like only half my own, shaky and grinning and high on endorphins. Because potential is one thing; a connection is something else.