

College Assignment #2

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Rose Gets Bold and gets her second assignment fulfilled!

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Professor Jones was sweating. Rose had come to class dressed completely inappropriately again, and he was having the worst time trying to hide the tent in his pants. After receiving the most erotic letter form her only days before, he was flush red .

Second row back, the flirty minx was leaning forward, as if completely interested in everything he was saying. Really, however, the curvy college freshman was giving him a great view down her button up shirt... under which she was wearing nothing, as he could attest to. He wondered if she'd given her high school teachers this much trouble or if it was just him. A younger professor, Jones was about 35 years old, 6'1" with shortly clipped brown hair. Attractive and very young for his position, his class on calculus was her favorite. While Rose had written him her fetish about having him, he had his own fetish... probably part of the reason he'd become a professor rather than a teacher. He was entranced with the schoolgirl image, the Catholic schoolgirl gone wrong and needed a spanking. For years he'd been picturing himself having to administer punishment to some nubile young girl, turning her ass red with a paddle. Just thinking about it made him hard... not that that could hurt now, he was already at full mast just from looking down Rose's shirt at her perky, round, pale white breasts. Gorgeous things that they were.

Fortunately, he'd been doing these class lectures for long enough that his mouth could run on the familiar words without his brain being behind it. Otherwise he'd probably be in front of this class just stuttering like a fool. He'd had brazen girls in his classes before, wanting to ask him out for a date, trying to do "extra credit", but none were as forward as Rose. Every day it was something different, a short skirt that would lift up to reveal a pale ass (perfect for spanking) as she bent over to pick something up on her way up the stairs to a lecture seat in the back, low cut shirts that made the most of her considerable cleavage... one day she'd stopped by his podium on her way out of the class and managed to brush her hand against his crotch. She knew she got him hard, it'd been right there for her to feel it. Rather than curbing her behavior, however, she'd gotten worse after that incident.

After the class was over, he wondered how he was going to last with such a little tease for the rest of the semester.

* * * * *

On Wednesday he couldn't believe it. Not only did Rose come in with the shortest, pleated plaid skirt he'd ever seen, and the tightest button-up shirt (with the top three buttons unbuttoned), but she had gone up all the stairs to the back row. No one ever sat in the last two rows in his classroom... but that wasn't what really had his pants tenting. On her way up there, she'd "dropped" something and bent over to pick it up, flashing her pink pussy at him along with her ass cheeks. She wasn't even wearing a thong, like she had last time. In pigtails, she looked like a 14 year old Catholic schoolgirl. He was notvsure how a girl of college age could pull that off, but she did. It felt like his dick was going to explode out of his pants.

Somehow, he got the fortitude to get the lecture going, and while visions of Rose being spanked in that outfit danced in his head, he continued with the lesson, gripping the edges of his podium for support.

As soon as he finished the lecture he retreated to his desk, letting the students file out while he sat and looked in his drawers, anything but to have to look at them. Rose had tried him to his utmost, he'd actually seen the little minx pinching her own nipples while she looked at him from the back row, and she'd kept her legs open the entire lesson, letting him look at her juicy pink pussy. It was completely unprofessional to be thinking of a student this way, but all he'd been able to think about was her perfect body in that little schoolgirl outfit... and

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those damn pigtails...

"Professor?" dear God. She was standing next to his desk, one hand on her hip, looking at him with these big innocent eyes like she hadn't been spreading her legs for him to see all the past hour. "Professor? I have a problem."

He cleared his throat, "Yes... uh... Rose?" she smiled at him, mischievously, and went to close the door.

"It's kinda private, if you don't mind." He nodded, not trusting his voice at this point. After closing the door, she turned and advanced on him, I think I have a fetish and I'm not really sure what to do about it..."

Jones tried to look encouraging, although at this point he wasn't sure if this was something that he wanted to hear, but he couldn't stop... not now...

"You see, I've always wanted to sleep with a person of authority in my life," a pale white hand reached up and brushed back one long ponytail over her shoulder, then began unbuttoning her blouse, "And lately, I've mostly been thinking about sleeping with a teacher... and I just can't get it off my mind." her blouse was unbuttoned and her hand began toying with her pink nipple, "So I'm wondering... what your fetish might be...." smiling, seductively.

"Bend over the desk." His voice was hoarse, he barely recognized it. Arching one eyebrow, the beautiful redhead bent over the desk, resting her weight on her forearms. With her breasts hanging out from her shirt and the skirt hiked halfway up her ass, she formed a lovely picture. At this point, he didn't even care if anyone walked in and found them, he needed to spank this tease and fuck her and then he could be fired for all he cared. At least, he'd finally have his fantasy realized, and this girl was the best possible person he could think of to fulfill that need. Abruptly, he stood and came around behind her, slowly lifting the hem of her skirt up over her waist.

Her ass was heart-shaped, voluptuous, and pale.

SMACK! A bright red handprint appeared on her ass as she jumped. For a moment he thought she would leave, but apparently she'd really wanted to have sex with a teacher... or something... cause she just got back into position and waited for the next hit.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Jones was in heaven. This gorgeous young woman in a schoolgirl outfit was leaning over his desk, accepting a spanking from him, as was her due... his dick was straining to get out of his pants, but he wasn't going to end this until he had to.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Steadily he turned that lily white ass a bright pink, by now she was whimpering every time he hit and her demeanor wasn't nearly as confident or self-assured. It seemed as though she was barely holding herself up. Still, she didn't leave.

SMACK! SMACK!!! SMACK!!!! SMACK!!!!

Harder and harder he spanked her, until her ass was a burning bright red and she was sobbing onto his desk. Only then did he stop, and ran his hand over the hot flesh, the heated globes of her ass. He nearly came in his pants when he did that.

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"Please..." the first words she'd said since before he started spanking her, "Please... please fuck me..." To his amazement, he realized that she was dripping wet, that the brutal spanking had turned her on as much as it had him, juices were flowing freely down her thighs. With a groan of desire he released his aching dick from its confines and pushed it into her tight, sweet cunt with one thrust.

Moving quickly in and out of her, his body smacked against her reddened, pain-filled ass, causing her to jump and wiggle against him, but she was moaning her own passion as his dick pistoled in and out of her, despite any discomfort she might be feeling.

His moans became louder as he approached climax,

"Wait... professor, please, cum in my ass, not my pussy," he almost came as soon as she suggested that he spend himself in her ass. Instead, he quickly pulled himself out of her pussy, and with one brutal thrust, shoved himself into her tenderized ass. Gripping her pigtailed for leverage, he roughly thrust several times into her ass, and she came, moaning and pinching her own nipples. Her ass clenched around him as she orgasmed, gripping him in the tightest vise possible, and he started cumming in her ass as it pulsed around his dick.

Finally, he pulled out of her with a pop, totally spent, as she collapsed onto his desk. The view of her ass, red and tender, with white cum starting to drip from its hole, was beautiful.

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