

Call me Dean

By : LadyLovely

He was a teacher, and I was a student. It's the classic story of forbidden pleasure, bound against rules and laws. I could have forgotten about Mr. McKinley entirely. That would have been the smart decision. But I was in too deep, and had already had too many fantasies of him. No where to go but forward from there, and that was what I did.



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thanks for reading! :)

~~~~~

Oh the thoughts that plagued my mind when he was around.

The worst ones were the forbidden ones, the ones that made me lose my grasp on reality completely and sent me spiraling into a frenzy of lust and longing. For the most part, these forbidden thoughts consisted of me being pushed up against the wall, his torso pressing fiercely against mine as he kissed with a certain hunger down the length of my neck... the rest is top secret, but I'm sure it's obvious where it's heading. Although I longed so dearly for the touch of his fingers on my skin, I was forever refused this opportunity. He was a teacher, and I was a student. It's the classic story of forbidden pleasure, bound against rules and laws. I could have forgotten about Mr. McKinley entirely. That would have been the smart decision. But I was in too deep, and had already had too many fantasies of him. No where to go but forward from there, and that was what I did.

It was my last year in high school, and although I'd spent four years lusting after my English teacher, I'd still found myself stuck on the thought of him. Usually, a teacher crush goes away after a few weeks, maybe a month. This wasn't the case for me, though. I still spent nights laying awake in the dark, my hands stroking my thighs and my mind working hard to pretend these delicate fingers were rough, tanned hands that belonged to the man of my dreams. On those nights, I squeezed my eyes shut but refused sleep, just so I could continue to imagine freely what I wanted this man to do to me.

I think the hardest part of having a crush like that was the fact that he was my teacher and I had to spend an hour and a half a day in his classroom, pretending I didn't fantasize about him at night. Sometimes it was easy. I just had to distract myself with the work assigned, or sing a song in my head so I was focused on the lyrics and beats, rather than him. But most times, he was all I could think about. I noticed when he got his dark, chocolate brown hair cut, and when he wore his glasses on days we were reading poetry, as if he wanted to look slightly more intelligent while reciting Robert Frost. A lot of the time, I focused on what he was wearing, and just how goddamn good he looked in the outfit.

My favourite one of his was these beige pleated pants he wore three times a week, and paired with a blue, button up top that hugged at his muscles and strong frame perfectly. Some girls like a man for his face, and I'd be lying if I didn't say that beautiful portrait wasn't part of my crush. But, the biggest lust-aspect came from his back and arms. They were both just so firm, and beautiful. I imagined my fingers stroking them, holding onto his shoulder blades of running down the length of his forearms. The thought brought shivers to my spine, and the days he rolled up the sleeves of his button up, I was practically sent over the edge with longing. I needed this man.

It was a hot day in June the day it happened, a few weeks before the final exam, and Mr. McKinley had assigned us all essays on a book of our choice. He let us choose the thesis as well, which I thought was

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absolutely brilliant of him, giving us that freedom. The other students didn't exactly agree. They left the class at the end of the period with sour looks and grumbles, but I was grinning, because I knew what book to choose. It would be Jane Eyre, a favourite of mine that I knew Mr. McKinley enjoyed as well. I wasn't entirely sure of my thesis yet, but that would give me an excuse to talk to him, which was what I did.

"Mr. McKinley?" I asked, waiting until the class had all filed out and it was just him and I. "I have a question about the assignment."

He stood behind his desk with his brief case open on top, filling it with papers and other sorts of things as I spoke. The sleeves of that blue shirt I so loved were rolled up, and I could see the muscles of his forearms flexing with each motion. Raising those beautiful green eyes to mine, he smiled. "Sure, Kate. What's your question?" He motioned to the chair that sat idle beside his desk, and when I sat down, he perched himself on the corner of his own desk, his feet dangling near my legs. I looked at them for a moment, at the small bit of ankle that was showing from where his pant leg had ridden up, and then I cleared my throat.

"I was thinking of doing Jane Eyre, but I'm not quite sure what I could do for a thesis statement."

He seemed pleased at my words. "Ah, a classic. Good choice! Well, did you have any ideas?"

"I had one." Looking down at my binder, still clutched in my arms, I opened it to the line piece of paper I'd been scribbling on while he'd assigned the essay, and read off my note. "I thought I might make my statement that the novel as a whole, as well as the portrayal of Jane's character, support Charlotte Brontë's statement and its feiministic views."

Mr. McKinley was silent, and when I brought my eyes up to his, I could see the thoughtful distancing in the pupils. "Perhaps," he began slowly, "you should dig deeper."

"Deeper." I repeated, and then tried again. "'Charlotte Brontë's 'Jane Eyre' depicts an oppressed young woman."

I knew this was awful, and although I was slightly disappointed in myself for coming up with it, I was pleased at the outcome. Mr. McKinley sighed, and hopped down from his desk, standing in front of me with his arms crossed over his chest. After a moment of staring at me, he crouched down so we were eye level, and oh God, that cologne made my head spin. He was so close that I could see the beautiful shade of his irises that left me trembling in my seat, as well as feel his warm breath on my neck, exposed from my teeshirt but not so much as to make me look whorish. I knew a man like him wasn't into that sort of girl, so I wasn't going to be that. He wasn't old, maybe in his late twenties, but he was very traditional, and a gentleman. Girls with exposed skin like some of the ones in my school made him shake his head in disappointment. I'd seen this happen on occasion.

"Kate." He ran a hand through his dark hair, and it stuck up slightly from when his fingers had entwined with the thick locks. So beautiful. "That doesn't say anything. It's basically just a statement of fact and is hardly debateable. You want a thesis that can lead to an argument from opposing views, and that just isn't it. Do you see where I'm coming from?"

It was growing increasingly hard to remain upright. He'd never been this close to me, crouching just a breath away. The toe of my sandal was touching his thigh. My breath hitched, and immediately, those forbidden thoughts plowed through the previous ones of Jane Eyre, making it entirely impossible to focus now. I inhaled through my nose slowly, and squeezed my eyes shut, watching as fantasy Mr. McKinley pressed me up against the wall, and kissed along my jawline. A certain warmth was spreading through my abdomen, lowering itself further south.

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"Kate?"

My eyes flickered open, but the lids were heavy; my mind wanted me back to the fantasy. "Mhmm?"

"Are you alright?" he seemed worried, searching my face with his brows knitted together. "You've gone pale."

"I'm just kind of light headed right now."

He looked anxious still, and watched as I rubbed at my temples, feeling like an idiot. I was letting myself get too out of hand. It had to stop before I did something completely embarrassing. "Maybe I should talk to you on Monday." I suggested reluctantly, and began to rise from my chair. His hands flew to my elbows, and he helped me remain standing. That was all I could take. My knees grew weak from the first skin to skin contact between us, and I fell limp in his hands, cursing my limbs for being so useless.

"Jesus!" he kept me steady, and pulled me closer to him as I struggled to regain control of my body. "You need to see the nurse!"

"No, no. I'm fine. I just need to sit for a second." I squeezed my eyes shut, and the fantasy continued playing, as if I'd paused it before and was just hitting play again. Go away, I silently yelled at my brain, I already look like an absolute fool. My cheeks flushed with embarrassment, I let Mr. McKinley help me back into the chair, feeling even worse when he crouched down in front of me again, examining my face.

"You really should see the nurse." He said again, more gentle this time as he brought his hand up, and pressed it against my forehead. Did this man really have no idea what he did to me?

I swallowed tightly. "Seriously, I'm fine. I skipped lunch to work on some math homework. Maybe it's that."

He still didn't seem sure, and as he pulled his hand away again, he sighed. "Should I call your parents?"

"No!" I said too quickly. "I mean, you shouldn't bother them about something as silly as this."

"Silly? Kate, you practically just fainted."

"I'm overwhelmed, that's all."

"About what?"

The fog of my mind was already receding, and I could think clearly now. As I stared at Mr. McKinley's expectant eyes, waiting for my answer, I saw no need in lying. Was there any point? I could fight what I was feeling for his sake and for my own, or I could give up fighting this useless battle and let my body take over. So that was what I did. I gave up. My hands found the sides of his face, feeling the warmth of his skin and the rough bits of stubble that told me he'd skipped shaving that morning. What surprised me most was the fact that Mr. McKinley remained where he was, unmoved, watching me silently.

When I pulled his face towards mine, and kissed him, I felt like something inside of me had exploded. His lips were so soft, molding perfectly over top of mine that I sighed into it, and closed my eyes, basking in this perfect moment for all that it was worth. I couldn't tell you whether or not Mr. McKinley returned that kiss, but he didn't move away, at least not immediately. After a moment of pure bliss, he gently took my hands, and moved from away from his face, leaning back as he did this. The kiss was broken, and as soon as it was, I grew aware of the situation.

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"I did not just do that." I whispered, staring worriedly at his face.

"You kind of did."

"No, no I didn't. Please tell me I didn't."

"Kate--"

"No." I stood up, and shakily brought my hand to my lips, where I could still taste him, feel him, and I gasped.  
"No, no, no."

Mr. McKinley reached for me, but I turned on my heels, and hurried towards the door, knocking my knee into a desk or two on the way. By the time I reached my destination, I was nearly in tears, imagining the meeting in the principal's office, my expulsion, my grounding at home and forever the memory of how I'd ruined everything. Lusting after this man was at least safe, but I'd just crossed a line, and we both knew that. I needed out of that class as soon as possible.

As I wrenched the door open, a hand stopped it, and pushed it back against its frame again.

"Kate." I felt Mr. McKinley's fingers brushing against my arm, and then he gripped it gently, turning my body around so I was facing him. "You don't think we should talk about what just happened?"

"I'd rather not, Mr. Mc--"

"Please," he interjected softly, "call me Dean."

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, I felt something shift in the room, and I said nothing, listening to the sound of my heart hammering in my ears. Mr. McKinley-- er, Dean, reached around me, and turned the lock in the door. As he straightened back, his hands found my hair, and gently trailed down to the ends, letting the blond locks fall through his fingers like sand. A shiver rippled through my spine, and I leant against the wall beside the door for support, my knees threatening to give again.

"How old are you?" he whispered, twirling some of my hair between his fingers absently.

I inhaled, and exhaled again before answering. "Old enough to know what I want."

Dean's eyes flew to mine, and I could see the lust that darkened them. "Kate..."

Without another word, he placed his hands against the wall on either side of my head, and leant into me, pressing his lips gently against my own. I groaned quietly against his mouth, and closed my eyes, letting my body take over again, but this time, entirely. I should have been more worried about the consequences, but my mind was clouding and sanity was overshadowed by longing. He kissed me deeply, our lips moving in sync and legs winding together like vines. I felt him pressing closer and closer to me, the way I'd always imagined it, and then he had me right up against the wall, his leg between both of mine so they were spread far apart. I could feel his knee against the crotch of my jeans, and from the way he'd groaned, I knew he could feel the warmth there.

He pulled away from my lips, only to continue kissing down my jaw, my neck, stopping just at my exposed collarbone and then looking up at my eyes. "I want you so badly." He said in a husky tone I'd never heard, nor imagined I ever would. I swallowed, and then brought my hands down between us so I could grab at the hem of my shirt, and brought it over top of my head, tossing it dismissively on the ground beside us. As soon as

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it was off, Dean's eyes grazed across my chest, my abdomen, and then back up to my own, before he kissed the exposed mound of flesh from my bra.

I arched my back, and placed my hand in his hair, squirming beneath his touch. With his lips still exploring my chest, he picked me up, and I wrapped my legs around his waist, clinging to him with everything left inside of me. I never wanted this to end. I wanted to stay like this, held securely against him with unknown sensations sending electricity throughout my entire body. I also wanted more.

"Dean." I whispered.

"Mhmm."

"Please...make love to me."

Dean must have wanted it just as much as I did, because without answering, his fingers danced their way across my skin to my back, and worked to unhook the latch of my bra. When it fell onto the floor between us, and my breasts were freed, I sighed contently, and tipped my head back against the wall. Dean's lips found the budding nipple of my right breast while his hand gently worked and kneaded the other. So many new sensations, all wonderful.

Flicking his tongue against the engorged bud, Dean blew softly, watching as my breast hardened even further. I groaned, the warmth between my legs now a loud ache, and I rubbed my lower torso against his, surprised to feel a certain hardness. Looking down through my lashes, I could see the bulge in the crotch of his beige pants, telling me I was doing all the right things to send him into the exact state that I was in. I held his head in the right spot as he continued pleasuring me, and bucked my hips in response to his actions whilst he moved his mouth over to my other breast, leaving a trail from his tongue between the two.

"Oh God." I moaned, and he smiled against my skin before lifting his face, and capturing my lips again in a searing kiss.

I'd never undressed a man before in my life, but an unknown knowledge was taking over my fingers, and I hurriedly unbuttoned his shirt. He rolled the fabric from his shoulders, revealing the beautiful tan skin that lay beneath. Tentatively, I brushed my hands across the planes of his stomach, the warmth of his body sending me closer to that mysterious edge I was nearing. When my fingers touched the button of his jeans, Dean's hands enclosed them, holding them there for a moment as he swallowed loudly, his eyes squeezed shut. It amazed me to see how he could be in the same state he always seemed to put me in.

I loved seeing him like that, feeling this sense of power over him, and so I unbuttoned his pants, and pushed them so that they gradually fell over his legs and landed in a puddle at his feet. Dean inhaled slowly through clenched teeth, and opened his eyes, longing burning in the irises. "It feels like you've done this before." A smile played on his lips.

"Never." I replied, and placed both of my hands on his chest, spreading my fingers wide. "This is all so new to me."

He grinned lazily. "Could have fooled me."

With my legs still hooked around his waist, he stepped out of his trousers, and walked us both back over to his desk, his face nuzzled into the nape of my neck as he did so. His hand left my leg for a moment, and I heard the sound of the contents of the top of his desk being pushed onto the ground. In the next instant, I was being laid gently across the now bare top as Dean stood before me, his eyes travelling across my body with a look of

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share passion.

Bending down, he kissed the pale skin of my stomach, heaving gently, and then my rib cage, between my breasts, and the spot on my shoulder that made me squirm, whimpering from the sensation. As he nipped at the flesh of my neck, I felt his hands grazing the skin above my jeans, and then he was undoing the zipper, taking his time to pull the pants down. As soon as they were sliding over my feet, I moved to cover my underwear, embarrassed at being so exposed.

"It's alright, Kate." He murmured, removing my hands and placing them over my head, holding them there against the desk with one of his one. "You're beautiful."

He forced his free arm behind my back, and lifted my torso, his lips dancing their way towards the waist band of my underwear. I shivered involuntarily as they touched the mound hidden beneath the fabric, but in no way did I want him to stop. It felt weird, yes, but in such a good way that it was taking everything in me not to beg him to just take me already, to stop teasing.

"Mmm." Dean blew gently against the fabric of my panties, his fingers sliding beneath the elastic.

When his fingers touched me, the sensitive skin down there, I gasped.

I was brought back to a night, about two days before, when I'd done exactly what he was doing, but with my own fingers, stroking the folds of my sex and feeling the shivers that rippled through me from the effect. It was even better having Dean do it himself, and he was much better at it than I was. I gripped the edges of the desk to keep from bucking my hips, and bit down hard onto my lip to avoid the strangled cry that was forcing its way up my throat.

His fingers circled my clit, teasing me endlessly with the sensation, and then he took his hand out all together. I whimpered in protest, but it was soon swallowed as he released my hands, and used both of his to pull down the waistband of my panties, tossing them onto the ground somewhere behind him. His gaze remained on my sex, now open to the warm air of the classroom. I shut my eyes, only for a moment, and then let them fly open again as his lips touched my navel, continuing south. He wasn't...was he?

As soon as I felt his tongue on my clit, I sat up, crossing my legs together protectively.

Dean placed both of his hands on my knee caps, giving me a heavy-lidded look as he gently pulled them open again, kissing the inside of my left thigh. "Don't worry, Kate. I only want to pleasure you." His words were reassuring, and I wanted nothing more than to experience everything, so lowering myself back onto the desk, I inhaled a shaky breath, and let my legs fall open again.

"That's it." Dean smiled warmly at me, and rubbed a soothing circle on my knee with his hand. "Relax."

He positioned himself at the end of the desk, right where my legs separated, and then reached out his fingers, rubbing lightly at my clit. Using his other hand, he gently glided two fingers into my core, causing me to gasp louder than before. "Oh my-"

"Shh." he looked up at me from between my legs. "Do you like that?"

I was about to answer when he brought his fingers out, only to slowly push them back in again, continuing in this rhythmic pattern whilst his other hand rubbed at my glistening sex. My words were lost in my throat. I felt him kissing my inner thighs, his lips moving closer and closer to his hands, and before I could blink, his mouth had replaced his fingers, and his tongue now darted in and out of me, tightening the curl of the coil that

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was wound deep in my core. The tighter it got, the closer I was pushed to insanity, and I brought my hand down on his hair, moaning for him not to stop.

It was all so strange; I wanted to fall off this edge I'd been balancing on, but at the same time, I never wished for Dean to move away from me. His tongue was dancing, enticing me body, heart, and soul, and every moment passed was another spent in utter bliss.

"Please." I whispered, just as I was sure my bones were going to melt. "Please, Dean..."

I heard something, the snap of elastic, and knew he was taking off his underwear. "Please what?" He asked, taking his mouth from my sex, and slowly kissing his way up to my face again.

"Please..." Again, I couldn't finish, my tongue feeling like sand.

"You want me, don't you?" He kissed beneath my ear lobe, pushing my locks away so he could have full access. "Say it, Kate."

"I want..."

"Say it."

"I want y-you." My entire body was trembling with desire. "Please, Dean."

"Not until you come up with a better thesis." he nipped at my ear, and traced it with his tongue.

Of course he would say that when my mind was fogged and thinking of a goddamn thesis statement was nearly impossible. "I can't." I whispered, and he brought his face along my neck, his nose grazing my skin as he did so.

"Yes you can. Think, Kate."

Everything in my brain was shut down. Thinking straight was hard enough, but thinking intellectually was going to be a challenge. I wanted him, though, so badly. So, as he sucked at the flesh of my neck, I tried my best to focus, daring myself not to be swept away by the sensations pulsing through me. It only took a few minutes, which made me wonder if this sort of pressure was just what I needed after all.

"Throughout Brontë's Jane Eyre, the oppression of women in society is compared to racial oppression."

Time seemed to stop as Dean's mouth did, and I waited, holding my breath, for him to speak. Finally, he did.

"Very good, Kate." He said, and then he was lifting me off of the desk, and laying me onto the cold floor behind it, folding himself over top of me like a protective blanket.

I could feel his member, pressing hard against my thigh, and I hungrily kissed his shoulder, begging him to take me already. He bowed his head, kissing my breasts again, teasing me thoroughly from the unimaginable longing that was making my tremble. Just when I thought I was going to explode, right there in front of him, he reached down between us, and I felt something pushing at my entrance, something warm and hard.

"Are you sure you want this?" He whispered, eyes searching mine. "I don't want to do anything you're not ready for."



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To answer him, I replaced his hand on his member with my own, and gave it a gentle squeeze, causing him to hiss out a breath between his teeth. "I could cum at any minute." He whispered, eyes closed and breath coming out in hitched gasps. "Jesus...don't tease me, sweetheart, I'm too close."

"I'm ready, Dean." I brought my hand up to his face, and gently stroked his stubbled jaw. His eyes opened slowly to meet mine, and an unspoken truth passed between us; we were both ready, and it was now or never. I opened my legs, and his body relaxed between them, letting out a slow sigh as he did so. I could feel him pushing at my entrance again, and I wanted him more than ever now. Holding onto his strong shoulders, I pressed my face into his chest, and waited as he began to push inside of me.

It was almost like I was being turned inside out, but not in a bad way. He was big, bigger than I had expected, and he filled me completely, my walls tightening around his member. I waited for the pain that I knew was supposed to be coming, especially when I felt something breaking inside of me, and a warm pool of what I guessed to be blood flowing, but it never came. I exhaled with relief, and felt Dean relaxing against me; he too must have been waiting for the painful moment, and yet, it hadn't come.

Taking this as an invitation, he began to pump in and out, his movements slow but strong, and I felt the warmth of my abdomen spreading like a hot fire in my vagina. He was hitting the right spot, but was taking too long to hit it again. "Faster." I whispered, biting gently at his shoulder with desire. "Faster, Dean." He complied, and used a hand to tip my chin back, staring directly into my eyes as he pounded against my pevils, going deeper and deeper.

It was becoming increasingly hard to keep my eyes open, but I forced them to remain that way, not wanting to miss a second of this. I gasped with each thrust, my fingers gripping tightly onto his shoulders, and when he started moving even faster, I clawed at his back, grabbing for something, anything, to keep steady. All I wanted to do was throw my head back and let him take me completely.

"Dean." I whispered, and heard him growl enthusiastically as our foreheads pressed together. His thrusts increased, one of his hands moving to my breast and heightening my pleasure even further.

I could feel that coil inside of me growing tighter and tighter, threatening to release the tension at any moment. I knew what it made, as well as the warmth that had become a raging inferno in my uterus. I grabbed onto the desk sides again, struggling to keep my head up when my neck was struggling from the sudden weight.

Dean looked down at me, his eye lids heavy and lips opening and closing. "Don't...fight it."

"I..." My words were lost in a gasp that had erupted instead; he'd hit the perfect spot. "Oh God!"

"Right there?" He hit it again, and then again, unaware of how crazy with lust I was becoming. "Is that where you want it?"

"Yes...OH yes!" My body began to quiver, and my grip on the desk tightened just as something inside of me, the coil, was released.

A beautiful sensation rushed to every single limb, warming my skin and my body as a whole, and curling my toes from my pressure of it. I jerked beneath Dean as my orgasm swept over me, leaving me breathless and speechless on the ground, unable to find words for what I had just experienced. He continued pumping a moment longer before pulling out, and finishing on my thigh with a loud moan. Collapsing onto me, Dean stroked at my hair, breathing heavily into my neck.

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We remained laying like that for a few minutes, the only sound our tangled, erratic breaths and ticking of the clock overhead. I ran my hand lazily along the muscles of his back, my eyes closed, recalling every moment of the experience I'd just had. I was getting hot again just thinking about it. "Dean?"

His eyes were closed, his face pressed into the nape of my neck. "Hmm?"

"What made you do this? I mean, what made you stop me from leaving?"

"I've wanted you for so long, Kate." He murmured, and then lifted his head so our gazes interlocked. "I just didn't want to make the first move."

"How come you didn't kiss me back when I kissed you?"

He sighed, and sat up, bringing me with him so I was craddled against his warm chest. "I was afraid this was going to happen. I don't trust myself around you, Kate. But I didn't care anymore. You're so smart, so sweet, and so beautiful." His lips touched my forehead, and lingered there as he spoke. "I couldn't fight what I was feeling, and it was so inviting to know that my feelings were reciprocated."

"Oh." I blinked tiredly, and moved so I was closer to him, my cheek growing hot against his chest. "Would it make you feel better to know that I've wanted you for a long time, too?"

He chuckled, the vibrations humming through my body. "It makes me feel much better, yes Kate."

"Good."

"Good."

I smiled at him, and he smiled back, and then I closed my eyes, and sighed contently. This was the start of something beautiful.

**A/N: Hey everybody, Lady Lovely here! :) I am new to Booksie, so this is my first short story posted, and I hope you all enjoyed it! Any spelling mistakes are due to the fact that I'm forced to use WordPad, and since I type quickly, I make mistakes, but it doesn't catch them. Sorry about that! I know I should proof read this but it is late and I just want to go to bed! So again, thanks for reading, and I hope you all liked it!**

**xoxo Lady Lovely**

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