



Why did I become a schoolteacher again? Talk about some thankless shit.

I suppose working with the little ones can be gratifying, but damned if it doesn't consume every aspect of my life more often than I'd care to admit. I had the chance once upon a time to marry into money; I could've pursued a happy, stress-free life of champagne and strawberries. Instead, my life is broken crayons and snot-rags. It's a life dedicated to horrible music with bad production and fighting with useless parents who don't seem to understand why their kids can't buy a clue. After years into this racket, I've forgotten what it was like to have a love life. Or at the very least, a sex life. Fact is, it's been the better part of two years since I've had anyone to help keep my 500-thread count sheets warm at night. And, frankly, the itch is alive and well. This is virtually non-concealable to my homegirls, who insist on getting me out to the club every weekend in attempts to scratch said itch. But being offered drinks from random dudes screaming in my ear about their \$60,000 inadequacy-on-four-wheels? Shit gets old very quickly. Yet getting inappropriate propositions from fearless seventh-grade boys and the slightly-more-mature lechers at the gym isn't exactly doing wonders for my self-esteem. For the most part, I do well keeping it all out of my head; I stay busy, and busy is a good way to tame the purring kitten. I accepted my life as it is and did well in not drudging up thoughts of that which I have no real control over. And then Mr. Lattiker popped onto my radar. This tall drink of something just moved from D.C. and started at the school as a fourth grade homeroom teacher about five weeks ago. My profession doesn't lend itself to meeting scads of single men, and the paltry selection of guys I do encounter on the 9-to-5 are usually happily married with rugrats, old and crochety or fresh out of their undergrad frat house. Not Mr. Lattiker. He's tall and olive-skinned, maybe in his early- to mid-30s; a bit ethnically ambiguous with a well-kept goatee that hasn't one hair out of place. His dress shirts, ties and vests reveal that he has a fashion sense elevated above the white-shirt-sweater-and-K-Mart-tie blandness of most male teachers. His shirt thinly conceals a broad chest and shoulders that indicate no small amount of time putting up some weights. At maybe 6-foot-4, he towers over just about all of our co-workers; he's a dominant presence in hallways chock-full of pre-pubescents and women. And if Mr. Lattiker weren't enough of an ideal specimen of man, his perfect smile stretches Washington to Maine. He brings to mind a pre-Vanessa Williams Rick Fox – absolutely gorgeous. I've noticed that he has the same reaction on the hormonal sixth-grade girls that traipse around here with a mad crush on him. Just the other day a piece of paper got caught on my foot in the girls' bathroom with his name scrawled inside a heart. It made me feel even more ridiculous about my own little "schoolyard crush." Now it could be wishful thinking, but I get the feeling that Mr. Lattiker might be taking in eyefuls of me as well. Since we work in different departments, we don't have much reason to interact. But my classroom is just next to the teachers' lounge, and he makes his way over there at least a

couple times a day. On more than one occasion, I'm pretty sure I've caught him slowing down and peeking in as he passes the threshold of my classroom. Perhaps that really is my imagination at work, but every now and again I find myself taking a little watercooler "break" should I be fortunate enough to not have a class when he visits the lounge. I'm so laughably obsessed with him that I've nailed down his beverage of choice: Coffee. Black. Two sugars. We've yet to talk about much outside of the usual watercooler platitudes: where he's from, where we've taught, mild banter on the philosophy of effective teaching. I always think about our conversations after the fact and find that I compliment him a lot...maybe too much. "They really respond to you here." "We're really happy to have you." "You seem like you're acclimating well." In reality, I have no idea how he's acclimating – I'm just an idiot with a crush. They say that it takes the right timing and set of circumstances to get an otherwise virtuous woman like me to sacrifice her values for a little sexual healing. Well, whenever I see Mr. Lattiker from a distance, I think dogs, a picket fence and dinner parties. But when he looks at me with those beautiful hazel eyes and that megawatt smile of his...I think "Bedroom. Stat." Essentially, I'd forget exactly who I am for a little bedroom time with this man...and I feel as if I'm doing a bad job of concealing that fact. I do wonder if he can pick up on my subtle flirting during our watercooler talks... Probably not. Men are terribly oblivious – they don't pick up on a damn thing. * * * * *

Flats, simple tank-tops and barely-combed hair have been my modus operandi at the workplace for some time. But the thrill of a gorgeous, eligible man seeing me on a regular basis has made me, very consciously, switch up my sartorial game. Today, I go with the skinny black skirt with the slit up the right side, my tight, white button-up blouse and the piece de resistance black pumps with the double-straps I got in Milan a few years ago. I woke up with the intention of being truly noticed by Mr. Lattiker, and this is as close to a "freak'um down" outfit as I could muster for work. We have an all-staff meeting after school today, and I know for a fact that Mr. Lattiker and I will be in the same room for a considerable amount of time – considerable enough for him to see what properly-toned calves are supposed to look like in a quality pair of shoes. I get a fix of Mr. Lattiker in the lounge, shortly before the meeting. I'm pouring a cup of coffee while talking to my girls Loretta and Michelle about the Grammy Awards ceremony from last night. "Girl, did you see what J-Lo had on? That was pretty "ho-ish", for lack of a more appropriate word," says Michelle. "I dunno, I kinda thought it was cute. If you got the body, work it, you know?" says Loretta. "Yeah I know you would, with ya fast ass!" laughs Michelle. Mr. Lattiker stands in the corner next to the watercooler, flipping through papers in earshot of our conversation. He quietly chuckles, revealing that he's eavesdropping a bit. Michelle, who's the only person in the school privy to my crush on Mr. Lattiker, takes it upon herself to include him in the conversation on my "behalf;" a point she conveys with a naughty glance at me. I can't stop her even if I wanted to. "So Mr. Lattiker...did you see the awards last night?" she asks. "Yeah, I did actually." "So what did you think of that dress Jenny from the block was rocking?" He smiles and looks down. I can tell he's slightly nervous to say the wrong thing in front of a group of women. "Well, it isn't the first outfit I'd want my lady to wear.

But I mean...she does have a nice figure..." I take the opportunity where I can get it. "So, what type of dress would you see your date in?" "Well, I'm into understated elegance," he says as he walks toward the coffee maker, where I stand. He picks up a cup and the pot and starts pouring. Two sugars to come. "I'd see her in something with just a hint of conservativeness, yet clingy and accentuating enough to raise a few eyebrows on the red carpet." "Interesting," I say as I gaze up into his hypnotic hazel eyes. "So I know men don't know much about women's clothes, but what are we talking here? Plungy necktop? Short hemline or long? Lots of thigh or no? And what about the shoes....?" "Well, you're right...I don't know a lot about women's clothes, but I know I like what I see." He looks at me and lets rip a smile that erodes my composure. Now, there's no one else in the conversation but us. "Try." "Well, I dunno...I'm thinking something long and black. Hugs her body so that every line of her silhouette shows up. Something that has her...wait, am I gonna get reported for sexual harassment for finishing this conversation?" He smiles widely again. I have to re-center myself to answer his question. "Not at all. Please be candid." "Well...I'm a sucker for shoulders and necklines, so the dress would have to show her back and shoulders...something that would drive me crazy if she turned around and looked back at me." "Okay...very nice Mr. Lattiker. What else?" "Long silk gloves would be nice. And then, of course, there are the shoes..." He cocks his eyes down at my shoes, then immediately back up to my eyes before letting out a small grin. I don't know if he realizes, but he's a couple inches closer to me than he started. Any other situation, and I might have made it crystal-clear to him right there how I feel about him. But there are eyes on us, and I have to keep it close to the vest. He walks away, turning his head while glancing at me, a smile emblazoned on his face. I stare at him, entranced, as I almost spill my coffee on the floor. Michelle snaps her fingers in my face to bring me back to the world. "Girrrrrlllll...Mr. Lattiker put the shine on you! Get ya tongue back in your head...we got a meeting to go to!" Indeed, we do. * * * * * These meetings are awful. Policy, policy, policy. No teacher looks forward to them, but they're part of keeping bills paid. This one is especially hard, because now I'm entirely distracted by recent events. Mr. Lattiker's scent lingers in my nose. Ralph Lauren, I believe. I find myself closing my eyes just to keep it with me....something that will certainly get me called out by the vice principal if I keep it up. Mr. Lattiker sits two rows behind me, over my left shoulder. Thanks to everyone sitting scattered about in the meeting room, there's a perfect path of eyesight between us. This is not good for me: caught up in the malaise of the meeting, I find myself glancing back at him on occasion – subtly yet quickly – like the schoolgirls that we teach. I simply cannot stay focused at all, and I feel like a complete loser. One time I look back, and I find him staring right at me. Where most people would avert their eyes when caught in the act of staring, he keeps looking...almost defiantly. I respond in kind, looking at him as long as I can without getting made by our colleagues. Now, there's no longer any tincture of a secret left. The gauntlets are down. Interest is established. Our tension cuts across the room; if the oblivious drones surrounding us weren't half-asleep, they'd certainly pick up on it. I take my eyes off him and shift in my seat so as to

put my thighs in his line of sight. The tips of my fingers lightly caress my thighs as I rub my hair back with my other hand. Every part of my body is ripe for his visual undressing, and I'm getting moist at the thought of him doing so. I have no clue who's saying what in the front of the room...I'm going to have to get the finer points from Michelle later. I finally look back once again surreptitiously to see him...he's staring right back at me, as expected. It's easier for him since he's behind me, and I hope I'm accomplished in giving him something to think about. In that fleeting moment of eye contact, he gives me a knowing smile, shifts in his seat and crosses his legs. I imagine he's doing so to hide his hard-on, which gets me even wetter. I'm starting to lose my composure as I imagine Mr. Lattiker's large hands and forearms around my shoulders and behind my knees...picking me up and taking me away from this place. This simply is not the time to transfer to la-la land, and had I known I was going to fall victim to this level of sheer horniness, I probably would have broken out the Rabbit before work. Indeed, the toys are getting the business tonight, but for now...I must leave the room. I'll explain it to my team leader later. Diarrhea. Family emergency. Whatever. Michelle can give me the finer points later. I stand up, grab my stack of papers and quietly exit the room...not once looking back at Mr. Lattiker. * * * * *

The day ends at my desk grading a few papers after hours. Nothing like the poor grammar of second-graders to get your mind off the dirty stuff. The sound of footsteps coming up the hall refutes the impression that I was the only one left in the building. Mr. Lattiker's face pops up in the window of my door. He gently raps on the glass while wearing his now-trademark smirk. I drop my pen to the desk, cop my own cheese-eating grin, and nod my head signaling him to enter. "So...burning some midnight oil, aren't we?" "Well...these meetings, you know. Seems like they spend so much time talking at us that we can't actually get to doing our jobs." "Yeah...well, that's The Man for you. Talk at you 'till you're blue in the face. But, in my experience, it helps when you got something to distract yourself with. " "Oh yeah? Like what? What distracted you during today's meeting?" "Ahhh you know...vehicle repairs, getting the awning on my house fixed, gorgeous teachers sitting in front of me...you know, little stuff." His first overt flirtation. "Hmmm...whatever it takes, I suppose." I glance up at him. "So, what can I do for you, Mr. Lattiker?" He saunters up to my desk, and intrusively sits on the corner, looking down at me. The gesture - bold and certainly professionally inappropriate - makes me lean back in my seat. He looks directly into my eyes. "You can reveal your imagination to me." "My imagination? I'm not sure I glean your meaning..." "Oh...but you do, though. I wasn't the only one distracted in that meeting. I know when I see gears spinning." "Well...actually..." I laugh nervously. "Maybe I was a tad distracted in there as well." "Indeed. So will you tell me what your imagination says?" "I...I'm not sure I understand." I lie. I am in no way prepared to admit what's spinning around in my noggin to this man. "Fine...then, let your body tell me what it says..." He leans in close to me and cuffs his hand above my knee, pushing my dress slowly up until his hand reaches my thigh. I inhale and close my eyes. "Mr. Lattiker...this...this is not appropriate here..." "Here? Just here? So...you're not saying you don't want to be touched. Although, it seems as if your quivering thigh is telling the tale your

mouth refuses to." I'm speechless. My mouth musters nothing but rapid breaths. His hand on my thigh triggers a monsoon in my panties. "Ooooh...what are you...?" Here's the moment of self-loss. I cut myself off mid-sentence and hop out of my seat to embrace him with intense kisses. My lips against his quickly graduate to his tongue against mine; he wraps his lips around my tongue and gently sucks. When I get use of my tongue back, I bite his lower lip as hard as I can without hurting him. He cups my ass with his massive hand and props me from my chair to the desk as we continue kissing. I become intensely feral as I fall further into the moment: my left hand pushes through the short, tight curls on his head, and with my right I bury my claws into the middle of his back. The shot of pain causes him to pull his lips away from mine abruptly and look into my eyes with a smile. "Now that's not quite what I expected from the wholesome second-grade teacher whose class I pass every day." "So what...are you complaining now?" I cop a faux attitude. "Not at all." He's grins at me with his bedroom eyes. We're not in the bedroom, but I've no intention to allow that to stop anything. I hop from his arms, rush to my classroom door, lock the door and pull down the shade. My inhibitions have left me entirely, and I single-mindedly rush toward the front of the room, and with a sweep of both arms, turn my cluttered desk into bare oak and the floor below it into a mess of papers, holders, pencils, folders and a snow globe I'm glad don't shatter. I grab Mr. Lattiker and pull him down to me as I lay my back to the table. He props his knee on the desk as he continues kissing me. His soft lips move from mine to my cheek, down my jaw line and across my neck. I let out a pleasurable moan as he runs his right hand up my thigh, pushing my skirt up to reveal panties so wet they're clinging to my thighs. He runs his fingers across the top of my panties and pushes down, pulling them back to survey the warm moist on his fingertips. "Is that happiness to see me?" "You have no fucking idea." This mouth of mine. My mother taught me better. "I don't, eh? Well, you have to show me." "Gladly." I bend up to work my tongue and lips across the side of his neck, making sure to nibble the bottom of his earlobe for good measure. In the process, I run my hands to his lap, revealing a very sizable, hard cock begging to be liberated from its trousers. He could enter my long-neglected walls right now and nothing would make me happier. But apparently he has other plans first. Slithering down across my body and off the desk, Mr. Lattiker places his chin on my stomach and drags it down over my skirt – the whole time a mischievous smile etched across his face. He drops to his knees as his mouth reaches the hem of my skirt. On his knees, he uses his jaws to pull the skirt down over my knees and thighs and over my heels. All with his mouth. He cranes his neck up and stares for a few seconds at my light-pink panties, which must be see-through by now. "You're so wet...I could drink every drop. If only." He places his nose to my panties and quietly inhales; his lips barely grazing the cotton fibers. Looking down, his eye catches the solitary drop of my juice running down my left thigh. With the very tip of his tongue, he catches the trickle before it hits the desk. A shudder runs down my body at the touch of his tongue. He purses his lips, as if to savor the drop. "Divine," he says with a smile. As he leans back down, I grab him by his waist, swing him and push him into my chair with strength I didn't even know I had. "You'll have plenty of time for that," I

say, before jumping into his lap and planting my lips back onto his. Lucky Mr. Lattiker. He caught me on a day, at a time, when wild horses couldn't keep me off him. Here I am...risking both our jobs and acting aggressively out of character because I haven't been touched by a man in longer than I'm willing to admit. Never mind all that, though. All I know right now is that I want nothing more in the world than to fuck Mr. Lattiker's brains out. * * * * * As I straddle Mr. Lattiker's lap, our lips are interlocked and nothing separates the rest of our bodies from each other save the fabric of our clothing. He runs his palms up the back of my blouse, his fingers wriggling under my bra strap as they grasp my back. His still-zipped shaft is pushing up against me, and I grind my sopping wet gash against him from behind panties that are more than ready to come off. As I pelt him with kisses, I manage to wedge my hands and arms between us so as to unbutton his shirt. I pull it back over his shoulders, revealing a black tank top barely covering up a chiseled chest and arms – what I always imagined they'd look like and then some. The curvature of his neck is punctuated with glistening sweat beads -- products of our little escapade. I suck his neck with my tongue like I'm going for blood. I reach my hands down to unzip his pants and liberate that which has been teasing my clit for minutes. He fills my hand up – I stop kissing him just to look down and see for myself if it looks as good as it feels. Indeed, it's the most beautiful cock I've ever laid eyes on – glistening with pre-cum and throbbing in my palm.

"Mr. Lattiker...is this happiness to see me?"

"It's happiness to do more than see you." "Hm. I see. Well...I think I can oblige." I lean down and gently kiss the tip before taking him all into my mouth. My tongue graces the contours of his veins as he quietly moans pleasure above me. I move my hand from the bottom of his shaft and gently stroke him while my lips cover the head. As I bring my lips to the very tip, I loudly slurp in his wetness, prompting him to push his palm against his thigh and grip his pants. Sucking and swallowing him is more than either of us can seem to bear: after a few minutes, I reach one hand in my panties and gently stroke my clit with my index finger while still taking him in my mouth. I wish he could see me touching myself with his cock in my mouth, but his head is cocked back in ecstasy. His left leg begins shaking, and he finally looks down to see my other hand at work. "Oh no, no no...I have something for you. You can touch yourself anytime. There'll be none of that on my watch." He stands up, grabs me around my waist, lifts me up without effort and lays me length-wise across the empty desk. His fingers wrap around my panties, and he pulls them down my legs, letting them dangle on my right heel. He crawls on top of me and, with his cock at full attention poking through the fly of his still-fastened trousers, enters me slowly. His thickness immediately resonates through my entire body – pleasure and ecstasy from the soles of my feet to the very tips of my fingers at his first thrust. He uses his well-trimmed arms to leverage himself on the oak desk as he slowly but steadily gyrates. Our rhythms are perfectly in sync. I run my palms under his tank top and feel his pecs harden as a result of his balancing act on the desk. He levitates over me,

beads of sweat falling from his collarbone dampening my blouse. With one thrust he moves deeply inside me, and I grimace with the pain of a woman who hasn't been taken in a very long time – and never with someone who filled me up quite as much. "Hey, are you okay?" "Y-yeah...I'm fine. Just been a while, you know?" "I understand..." He runs his fingers through my hair. "Just let me know if I'm making you uncomfortable. This is all about you." With his affirmation, the pain goes away. I push away from him, sit up on the desk and motion my finger toward him. "C'mere. Sit down." He sits on the edge of the desk pointing toward the door. I carefully, yet precariously, place my arms around the back of his neck and ease myself onto his lap...using my hand to help guide him inside me. As I straddle him, I quickly graduate from slow and gentle to fast and aggressive as I become accustomed to his size inside of me. As I work in complete control, Mr. Lattiker's face reveals that he's attempting not to come too soon; something of a breakdown of that steely cool that he's portrayed so far. As I start to remember what great sex is all about, I switch things up a bit. Slow grind. Fast grind. Swivel hips. Kissing. Nibbling. Biting. Licking. I let him know in so many ways that I'm having a thoroughly good time. Just to remind him that I'm running things right now, I tease him a bit by holding the tip of his cock right at the outside of my walls...refusing to come back down. "Oh, now you got jokes, eh? You gonna do me like that?" "Quit your complaining. You know you like it. Don't you?" "I do." "Tell me you like it, and I'll come down." "I like it." "Tell me what you like. You like my juices running down your cock?" "You already know." "You like it when I run the tip of my tongue across your lips?" "Mmmhmm." "I'm not convinced. Tell me you like this." I wrap his tank top in my fist and pull him closer. "What I gotta do to let you know? Wait...I think I have an idea..." He cuts our little game short by grabbing my waist with both hands and effortlessly lifting me off his lap. As he sets my ass on the desk, I leave a gushy wet imprint of our juices on the oak. The thought that I'll have to wipe down the desk thoroughly before anyone walks in tomorrow is the only mental distraction I've had since this all started. Mr. Lattiker ensures the distraction is short-lived. He drops to both knees and wraps his hands around my hips before pulling my juicy gash to his lips. His tongue running revolutions on my clit is slow, rhythmic and sensual...much like his lovemaking. Even as he enters three fingers inside me, he's completely in tune with what I can handle; I respond approvingly by thrusting myself into his fingers. My eyes closed, I push both hands through his hair and grip. The closer I get to climax, the harder I grasp to his follicles. As he licks, sucks and ever-so-gently clasps my pink dot between his top lip and the tip of his tongue, I let loose a body-quaking orgasm that arches my back and forces me to catch myself on my base of my hands. It also makes for an increased mess on the oak desk – and on Mr. Lattiker's face. He looks up at me with a pleased smile. "I take it I've proven to you that I like it?" "Yeah, I think we're on the same page, Mr. Lattiker." I rotate stomach-down on the desk and drop my legs down to the tips of my toes. Grabbing on with my hands to both sides of the desk, I stretch out as far as I can and place my chest on the desk. All that's missing is a pair of handcuffs. I look back at him. "So Mr. Lattiker, I hope you're not done with me yet..." He smiles. "Not by a damn sight." Placing his right hand at the top of my ass, he enters me

once again, regaining the control he began with. That he takes me with his trousers still on turns me on to no end, but I imagine what it would be like to be completely connected to his nude frame. He runs his hands up my hips and over my lower back, gripping me as he thrusts. His left hand travels down the contour of my hip and works itself to my clit. His index and middle fingers massage me, and the very limited grasp I have on the floor continues to buckle. My moans become louder and my composure more muddled as I get closer to coming again. As his thrusts become more rapid, he also gets more vocal...his fingers never leaving my clit as he's fucking me. From deep within I explode, even stronger than before, as my legs give way and the desk catches my weight. Just as I come down, Mr. Lattiker exits me and his shaft runs over my ass. His sticky hot cum shoots across my lower back. He leans into me; his sweat-soaked chest covering my shoulder blades. He grabs my hand and interlocks my fingers in his. I close my eyes. * * * * * Now this I remember...that awkward silence of a "first time" permeating the room as we both slowly re-robe and get ourselves in order. In my head spin the usual post-first-sex musings, and then some: What does he think of me? Did he enjoy it? Was it too soon? What the hell was I thinking doing this at my place of employment? I know not what to say. Fortunately, he breaks the silence for the both of us. "Listen...in case I didn't make myself clear before, I've always had my eyes on you...ever since I started working here. Obviously, I didn't expect things to play out like this, and I can understand if you think I'm full of shit right now, but I do hope that this thing doesn't end here in this room." I can tell by his failure to make eye contact that he's nervous...and quite sincere. We're on the same page there, because all I can seem to muster is a dainty, cornball hop on one foot and a hand placed on his cheek. We look each other in the eyes for a couple seconds, and we kiss – no biting lips or sucking tongues...just a lengthy, sensual kiss that lifts me to the heavens and conveys the promise of things to come. "I suppose that should have probably come first, eh?" "I suppose it should have. But look at it like this: when you take me out to dinner on Saturday, you don't have to throw a bunch of extra game at me just to get me in bed!" "Heh. I heard about a great Brazilian steakhouse I've been wanting to try. Alright, big spender. Got a side hustle I don't know about?" "Jokes, eh? Well...let's work out the details tomorrow at the watercooler." He leans in for one last peck, and he's off. They say men run off when a woman gives it up immediately. I suppose I was way too horny to even think about that before the fact. But something about Mr. Lattiker leads me to believe that he won't be running away. Even in these less-than-savory conditions, he made love to me with the intent and purpose of a man who takes pride in the things that matter. I want to know him better, and it seems like the feeling is mutual – today didn't need to happen in order for us to go down that road. Would I do it all over again? Honestly, I just don't know... but the whole thing felt way too good to have regrets. Besides, I don't have time to think on that now. If I want to even consider getting home at a reasonable hour, I have a floor and desk to clean up. ☒ * * * * *

Meagan G.

September 6th, 2020