Mr. Freeman

1.	Your Last Name
2.	You First Name
3.	Leave Blank Please

Mr. Freeman

The	school	hell	rang:	the	end	of	the	final	period
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Students were quick to gather their things and head out. Not me, though. This was the worst time for me every day. It meant saying goodbye to my teacher, Mr. Freeman, an acclaimed actor who sometimes taught in my school for a whole semester then come back after a year or two. He was busy with his acting work, and getting busier by the year. Still, he's such an underrated actor, which I'm kind of glad about since it meant he wasn't too busy with that job that he wouldn't be able to teach this semester.

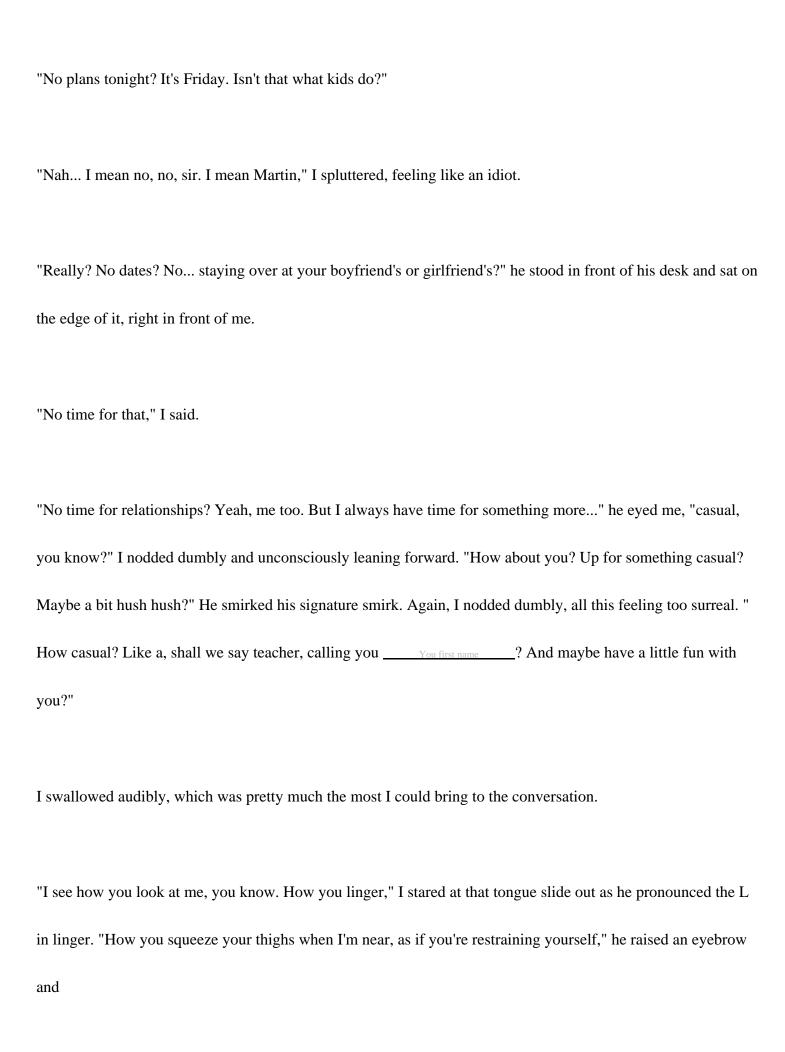
I look around the room and realize I was the only one left, only student anyway.

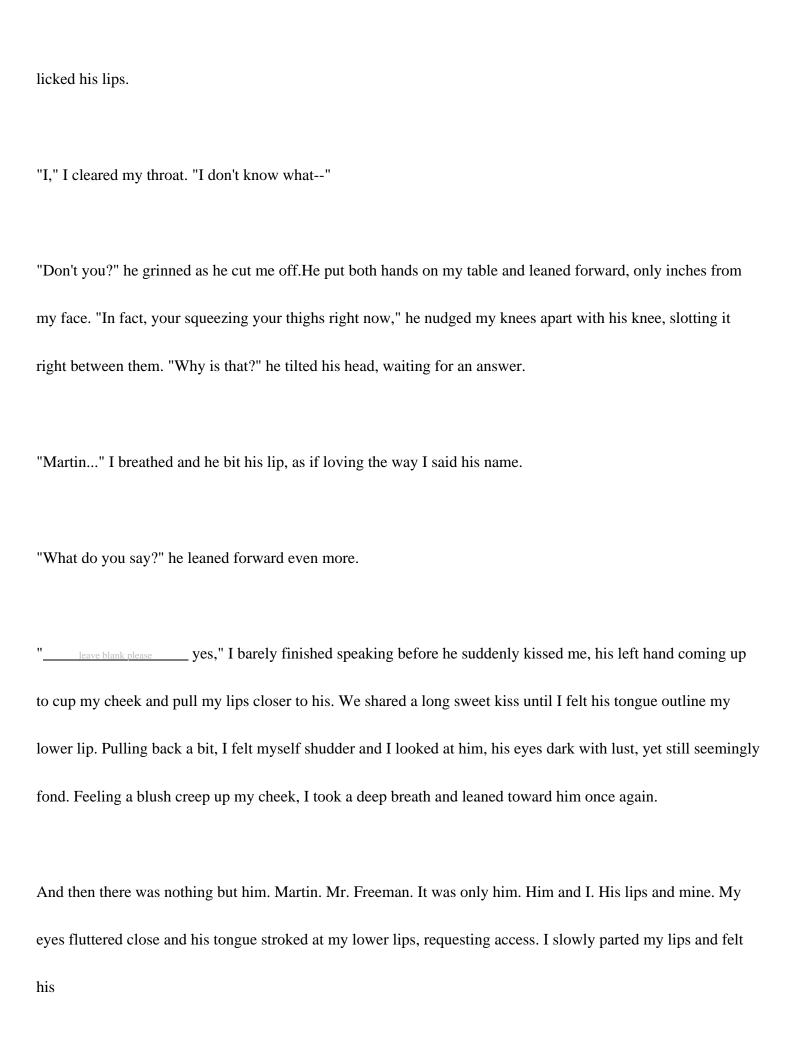
"Ms. ______?" he called, stacking the papers on his desk properly.

"Sorry, sir," I said, standing up and gathering my things quickly.

"Martin, please," he smiled his charming smile at me. "Class is over so I'm off-duty. Martin's fine."

"Oh... M-Martin," I mumbled and he chuckled, which made me blush.





tongue touch mine and I shuddered once again. He began his exploration of my mouth and I tried copying his
techniques in return, which led to Martin sucking at my tongue, forcing a moan out of me.
He pulled back and giggled, still cupping my face, now with both hands. Slowly, ever so slowly, I came to and
opened my eyes only to find him staring at me and grinning.
"Hi," he murmured.
"Hi," I replied.
"Alright?" he whispered, his left hand sliding down my neck, his fingers lightly stroking my skin.
I looked at him and nodded, smiling a bit.
"So, casual and hush hush?" he asked carefully.
"Yes, definitely," I agreed before tugging at his tie lightly for another passionate kiss.
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