

The Art of Seduction

by Matterotica

Gary Peterson hated Fridays. He was no fan on Mondays either, but Fridays were just the worst. Aside from it being his busiest day for classes, having no freed periods all day, he had also been landed with detention duty. Each day of the week had a different teacher assigned to handle any detentions that were given out and as one of the most junior teaching staff, he had been given the worst one.

Sometimes he cursed his own youthful appearance. At twenty-three, he was already the youngest, but he had always looked younger than his actual age. In his first week, he had often been mistaken for one of the older students! He had styled his hair quite conservatively and attempted to retain at least a light stubble most of the time, just to try and differentiate himself from the boys he taught, but his pale blue eyes shone with the vitality of youth, accentuated by slightly feminine eyelashes and an impish smile.

Overall the school was fairly well disciplined with no major issues, but detentions still popped up fairly regularly. It was an extremely rare occasion when he would get to a Friday night and find nobody sat waiting in his room after his last class. Sadly, today was no exception. He walked in to find two boys he recognised from a year 10 class. He had to think for a moment. With so many students, he was finding it hard to remember names.

The boys had been talking, but stopped when he walked in, watching as he walked across the room to his desk. He sat down and quickly looked at the register that had been left for him. Tyler Edwards and Jake Phillips were the only two names on the list. He looked at the boys again and remembered. He was right about which year they were in, so that meant they were somewhere in the fourteen to fifteen age range – so early in the school year it seemed most likely they were at the younger end.

The blonde-haired boy was Tyler. He seemed a little short for his age, looking slight under-developed with the last remnants of puppy fat still to shed. He was a handsome boy though, his hair swept aside at the front to reveal eyes as blue as Mr Peterson's own, a pert little nose with a smattering of freckles as cherry-red lips. The other boy was Jake. He was easily a foot taller than Tyler, and looked puberty was doing him all kinds of favours, already sporting a fairly manly build. His chestnut brown hair was cut short and parted on one side and he wore glasses with thin purple frames that seemed to magnify the green of his eyes.

“Evening boys.” he said casually, barely hiding his disgruntlement.

“Hello Sir.” the boys replied in almost-perfect unison.

Mr Peterson sighed. “Well, I guess we're stuck here for the next hour. I don't tend to set work in my detentions, so I suggest you take the time to do your homework.”

“Yes Sir.” they replied together again, smirking at each other.

“Sir, is anyone else coming?” Tyler asked quietly.

"No." Mr Peterson replied, looking down at the list in front of him and ticking off the two names to indicate their attendance. "Just you two today."

"Then do you mind of we do our art homework, Sir?" Jake requested.

Mr Peterson shrugged. He didn't really care what they did, so long as they didn't disturb him too much. He had a pile of marking to do and as annoying as Friday night detention was, at least it gave him a chance to clear some of his work and avoid taking it home with him. "Sure, go ahead." He slid a pile of papers across from the corner of his desk and sighed again.

He looked up when he heard the boys get out of their seats. Looking up, he saw them pulling a couple of big desks together and wondered what they were up to.

"D'you wanna go first?" Jake asked.

"Sure." Tyler replied quietly with a grin.

The smaller boy reached up and loosened his tie, lifting it up over his head, pulled off his blazer and started undoing his shirt.

Mr Peterson stared in shock. "What are you doing?" he demanded.

The two boys looked round at him, grinning. "Our art homework Sir, like you said we could." Tyler replied innocently.

"It's some still life stuff. We're doing to draw each other." Jake added.

"You probably shouldn't be doing that here." Mr Peterson said, finding himself a little flushed at what he was seeing.

"But Sir, you said it's just us. This is the perfect chance for us to do it without getting disturbed. We just wanna get good grades!" Jake insisted.

Mr Peterson looked round nervously. He knew they wouldn't be interrupted. As soon as the last bell rang on Friday, the place ended up deserted in minutes. Even the cleaning staff didn't come in on a Friday night, instead working on Saturday to do the bigger jobs that there wasn't time for in the evenings. He took a deep breath and said, "Fine, go ahead then."

With the teacher's permission, the boys continued, Tyler's shirt soon getting added to the growing pile of discarded clothing. The nervous man couldn't help glancing over, as much as he tried to resist. Tyler's body was exactly as he would have expected from looking at the boy's face, very slightly on the chubby side. A far cry from fat, that was for sure, but there was little sign of any serious muscular development yet. His skin was flawless though, not a mark, mole or blemish in sight.

Mr Peterson stared wide-eyed as the boy reached for his trousers. How far was he actually going to go? The trousers dropped and were discarded along with shoes and socks, leaving the boy standing in just a pair of white briefs, his legs showing just a hint a pale blonde fuzz. Despite the boy's

apparent lack of development, the briefs seemed fairly full, the teacher's eyes reluctantly fixed on the bulge.

Tyler glanced at his friend and smirked, then reached for the underwear, pulling it straight down and standing up as he kicked them aside. Mr Peterson choked. There was a naked boy in his classroom. He coughed and spluttered, looking away from the two boys.

"Are you okay Sir?" Tyler asked sweetly, standing there completely exposed.

"I'm fine." Mr Peterson replied, turning back to his desk and fixing his gaze on the stack of papers. He couldn't help himself though. He glanced up again. The two boys were still looking at him, Tyler looking completely innocent while Jake just grinned. Tyler's cock was just a couple of inches, but looked fairly chunky. It hung down over surprisingly large balls, topped with a small tuft of blonde hair.

Turning their attention away from the teacher, Tyler climbed onto the desks they had moved and got into a pose. He lay on one side, facing towards the front of the class, propping himself up on one elbow and placing his other hand behind his head, revealing a complete lack of hair under his arms.

Mr Peterson kept forcing himself to look down at the papers, but couldn't help looking at the boy every few seconds. Jake had pulled out a pad and was sat with his back to Mr Peterson, sketching.

The rattled teacher took a deep breath and started grading papers, refusing to stare any more, at least not until he heard giggling. Against his better judgement, he looked again to see what was causing their reaction. He almost choked again. Tyler's cock was beginning to swell, gradually moving as he watched. Within seconds it was at full length, looking to be about five inches long and just as fat as the teacher had expected.

Rather than being embarrassed as Mr Peterson would have expected, Tyler was grinning, even more-so when he glanced across and saw the man staring at it. Mr Peterson's face was bright red by this point, literally unable to blush any more. Instead he stared back at the boy for a moment before looking away nervously.

He renewed his effort not to look, reading the papers in front of him. He managed to remain fixated on his work for several minutes until he heard the boys talk again.

"Your turn!" Tyler said, jumping off the table.

Jake stood and quickly undressed too. The teacher returned to staring, watching the boy's rapid strip show. The boy, or young man as he found himself thinking as he looked at him, was extremely well developed. He already had the defined shape of quite impressive pectorals and his stomach was taut, a narrow line down the centre showing the beginnings of what would probably become a strong six-pack. The boy removed his trousers, revealing a pair of black Calvin Klein boxer-briefs and legs that looked far too hairy for someone of his age. The underwear soon came off too. The boy had a thick bush of dark hair with an already semi-hard cock poking out, longer than Tyler's, but slimmer too.

Jake climbed onto the table and assumed a pose just like Tyler had, revealing a dark patch of pit

hair. What surprised Mr Peterson the most was that Tyler just sat down and started sketching without dressing. He would have thought the boy would be keen to cover up, but he showed no desire to do so. The embarrassed teacher had fought his own erection long enough, but now, seeing one naked boy drawing the other, he felt his cock swelling. It only served to turn him on more that Jake's dick was growing at much the same pace.

Mr Peterson couldn't tear his eyes away this time, blatantly staring at the naked boys. After a few minutes, the boy got off the desk.

"What are you doing?" Tyler asked.

"I've got an idea." Jake said, eyes fixed on his teacher. He approached the man, his erection swinging from side to side as he walked.

"Jake, what are you doing?" Mr Peterson asked nervously as the boy came to a stop beside his desk.

"Well I'm not sure we'll have enough time to get our work done taking it in turns like this. I thought maybe you could... help us out!" Jake said, then bit his lip as he stared at the man sitting before him. Tyler walked up alongside him, leaving the teacher staring at their double erection.

Mr Peterson shuddered. Seeing them close-up was almost more than he could handle. His cock was like rock, but thankfully remained hidden under his desk. "I'm not sure I should..." he stuttered anxiously.

"Sure you should." Jake said with a grin. He reached out and took Mr Peterson's hand and pulled.

Reluctantly, he let the boy pull him up onto his feet. His erection was blindingly obvious in his light grey trousers, both boys looking at it and then at each other, smirking. The teacher was frozen, unable to do anything under the playful gaze of the boys.

"Come on then." Jake said, leading him across to where they had both stripped earlier, still holding the man's hand.

Jake reached up and started undoing the teacher's tie, but the man's hands shot up to grab the boy's. "This really isn't appropriate!" he insisted.

Jake looked him in the eye, then down at the man's obvious arousal, then back up at his face, raising an eyebrow. Silently, Mr Peterson dropped his hands away and let the boy continue. He undid the tie completely, then pulled one end, the silk sliding round the collar and popping out. Next he reached up under the man's jacket, placing his hands on his shoulders, then pushed and let it slide down off of his arms, falling to the ground.

Keeping the man's eyes fixed on his own, he started undoing shirt buttons, deliberately slowly, listening excitedly as his teacher's breathing grew heavier and heavier with each one. Soon a sliver of skin started to show, firm and lightly hairy. Gradually more and more came into the boy's view, a line of hair running from the man's chest down to his navel and then disappearing into the waistband of his trousers. He pushed the shirt back, pulled the bottom out and let it fall on top of the discarded jacket.

The boy wasted no time in reaching for Mr Peterson's belt, unbuckling it and then moving straight onto the trousers. He popped open the button and slid down the zip, letting his little finger slide down the length of the man's erection. He gasped but remained still as the trousers slid down, revealing legs as hairy as Jake's and surprisingly similar underwear too.

As Jake reached for the underwear, Mr Peterson grabbed his hands again. "I shouldn't..."

Jake grinned. "Shouldn't..." he repeated, then started sliding the underwear down, "But will!" The man's cock sprung free. Jake stood back up, staring at the man, erections almost touching. Tyler was stood right beside them, watching both of them intently.

"Sit!" Jake ordered, pointing to the desk.

Mr Peterson reluctantly obeyed, sitting on the edge of the desk as the boys knelt down to remove his shoes and socks, then pulled the trousers and underwear fully off.

"And pose!" Jake said, taking a seat along with Tyler.

The teacher shuffled along on the desk and attempted to copy the boys' pose from earlier. They started sketching him as they lay there, almost hyper-ventilating, terrifying thoughts running through his head. What if someone came in? How could he explain this? What else did the boys have in mind?

His last question was soon answered as Jake lowered his pad, turned to Tyler and said, "Why don't you pose with him?"

Tyler grinned, particularly as he saw the panicked expression on Mr Peterson's face. The smaller boy climbed up onto the table and knelt beside him, his erect cock hanging just inches from his face. Mr Peterson kept staring at it as if it were a venomous snake, coiled and ready to strike. His breath was quickly rising and falling as he panted. His cock was throbbing. He looked down in dismay as it started to leak, a drop of precum oozing out. It dripped onto the table in front of him.

Jake continued sketching for a few moments, then looked up at the two and said, "Hmm, not quite right. Tyler, let's swap."

"Okay." the other boy said happily. As he moved to get off the table, his cock accidentally caught his teacher's cheek. The man moaned reflexively at the contact, both boys smirking at it.

The two boys swapped places. As Jake got on the desk, he nudged Mr Peterson's arm and said, "Lay flat on your back."

The man nodded nervously and did as instructed, then watched, wide-eyed as Jake knelt with his knees either side of the teacher's. He leaned forward and stretched out above the man until he was in a push-up position right over him, their erections almost touching again.

"That looks great." Tyler said with a smirk, picking up his pad.

"Nah, this isn't right!" Jake said. "Swap places!" he said to the terrified man.

The two of them shuffled round, body parts occasionally touching each other and making the man shudder. Jake lay flat on the desk and Mr Peterson manoeuvred himself over him as the boy had done before.

Jake smiled and reached up with one hand, placing it on the teacher's hip. "That's better." Jake said, then tilted his head to the side to look at Tyler. "How does it look?"

"Awesome!" Tyler said excitedly.

The pose continued for a few minutes and Mr Peterson felt his arms wobbling, struggling to hold him up. He lowered ever-so-slightly. He cock pressed against Jake's. "Fuck!" he muttered, then straightened his arms again to pull it away.

Grinning up at the man Jake raised his hips just a little, bringing their boners into contact again. Unable to go any higher, Mr Peterson just stared down at the boy, feeling the warmth of his rigid tool through his own. "J... Jake..." he stuttered.

"You okay Sir?" he asked innocently, pushing up a little harder, sliding his erection back and both just a little, making the man whimper. "Enough of that!" Jake said, smirking at the aroused man above him. Mr Peterson rolled away and Jake sat up. "Okay, sit on the edge of the desk." he instructed.

The teacher moved to the next position, feeling Tyler's eyes boring into him as he sat facing him. He considered attempting to cover up, but figured it was useless, letting his erection just poke straight up at the ceiling.

"Let's try this one!" Jake suggested, moving behind the man. He knelt just behind Mr Peterson, erection pressing into his back as he leant against him. He rested his head on the top of his teacher's, letting his arms drape down over the man's shoulders.

Mr Peterson's entire body tensed as he felt the boy's body pressing against him. His cock twitched, a spurt of precum sliding down the shaft and dripping off of his balls to the floor. "Oh my God." he whimpered almost inaudibly.

Jake moved his arms into position, crossing them across Mr Peterson's chest, his hands coming to rest with his fingers right on top of the man's pert nipples.

"Okay. How's this!" Jake asked Tyler. The boy gave him a thumbs up and started a new sketch.

Jake started gyrating his hips, making his own rapidly-moistening erection slide against his teacher's back. At the same time, he started moving his fingers on the man's nipples, teasing them gently.

"Jake... ah Jake... stop..." Mr Peterson pleaded, his cock flowing with precum. Jake didn't stop, instead giving up completely in subtlety, starting to thrust harder and harder against the man's back while his fingers started to pinch and pull at his nipples.

Tyler's hand had been moving away with his pencil, but as he dropped the pad away, Mr Peterson

saw that the pencil was no longer in his hand, it had been replaced by his cock, now blatantly masturbating in front of him.

Mr Peterson could feel an orgasm rapidly approaching and if Jake hasn't stopped his dual stimulation, he expected he probably would have just gone off. Instead, Jake moved back and pulled him into a laying position. He gestured for Tyler to come up and join them. The boy eagerly jumped up on the table, positioning himself beside the teacher's head, cock just inches above his mouth. He continued wanking, occasionally stopping to slap his boner against the man's face, watching excitedly as he poked out his tongue, hoping to get a taste of the boy's meat.

Jake straddled the man's stomach, sliding his cock against the man's hairy torso for a moment before moving backwards. "Fuck!" Mr Peterson called out as he felt his erection come into contact with the boy's rear. He continued moving down until the rigid, slippery head pressed against his hole. A gentle push and a grunt of pleasure/pain from Jake and the teacher felt himself enter the boy. He sat onto it, taking the entire six inches inside him.

The boy's face was priceless, a mix of pleasure and pure amazement. He pulled up a little then dropped himself back down. Mr Peterson gasped. He was going to cum... soon!

Tyler continued his stroking, then stopped, finger gripped around the base as he guided the tip onto Mr Peterson's lips. They parted to let it in. "Oh shit!" Tyler moaned, feeling the warmth of the teacher's mouth around his straining dick. Mr Peterson slid his tongue around the head and that was enough for the boy.

"I'm cumming, I'm cumming, oh God!" he called out excitedly. He pulled out and started oozing thick globs of cum all over the man's face, some dropping into his mouth, others splatting onto his cheeks and chin.

It started a chain reaction. Mr Peterson felt his cock erupt inside Jake, the boy gasping with a huge grin as he felt the warm wetness filling him. Shot after shot filled him as Mr Peterson's cock twitched and spasmed. Still convulsing from his own orgasm, the teacher reached up and grabbed Jake's boner. A few quick strokes and he was shooting, the first shot flying clear over the man's head, the next joining Tyler's spunk on his face, the rest covering his chest, melting into the hair.

Jake pulled up, letting Mr Peterson slip out of him, then collapsed onto the table next to the panting man. The three of them lay there for a few minutes, catching their breath before getting up and dressing in silence, the teacher using his underwear to clean the cum off of himself and placing it into his pocket instead of wearing it.

As Mr Peterson looked at the clock, he realised their time was up. "Looks like you're free to go." he said awkwardly. "Wait a minute." Mr Peterson said, his mind beginning to clear, post-orgasm. "Year ten art is at the same time as the class I teach you. You don't even....!" he stared in shock at the two boys.

"Oh, finally caught on did you?" Jake teased with a wink. "Thanks Sir!" With a smile and a giggle, the boys ran out of the room.