

The Twisted Love Potion by Pan

Chapter 5

Mr. Kelso rolled his eyes as Brittanie sat at her desk, 'finishing her exam'. She'd been pulling this routine for months now, and it was fooling no one. Brittanie was a smart kid - not the smartest he'd ever taught, but definitely in the top percentile. He knew she didn't need an extra ten minutes longer than the slowest kid in class. He knew exactly what she was up to. With a sigh, he pulled out his lunch - a ham and cheese sandwich and a can of Fizz Twist - and started eating. He'd told the class that technically they had until the end of their lunch break to finish the test, but everyone else had trickled out shortly after the bell rang. Except Brittanie. Finally, when he was halfway through his sandwich, she put her pen down and sauntered to his desk. She was wearing a red-and-blue tartan skirt and a blue button-up shirt, the school's colors. It wasn't a requirement - there was no uniform policy at the school - but Brittanie knew what she was doing. She knew exactly what she was doing. "Here you go, sir," she said, looking at him innocently. Mr. Kelso had been teaching for almost eight years, and he thought he'd seen everything that teaching had to offer. He'd dealt with bullies, dropouts, stoners, mean girls...the whole gamut of student behavior. But then he'd met Brittanie. Her technique wasn't unique or original - there was a student or two in every class who thought they could flirt their way to a higher grade. The difference with Brittanie was how close it got to working. She was an absolute knockout. Typically, Mr. Kelso saw his students as children - teenagers, years away from becoming proper adults, usefully-functioning members of society. But Brittanie was eighteen, and she had a body that wouldn't have been out of place on the front cover of a Playboy magazine. She was tall - taller than him - with long black hair that went down to her ass. The dress code forbade heels, but Brittanie managed to charm her way around such limitations, and wore 2-inch heels into school every day, which only served to emphasize her already-impressive legs. But Brittanie's greatest asset (something she was *well* aware of) were her tits. God, her tits. Mr. Kelso had been dating since he was in high school, and even throughout his adult life, he'd never seen a pair of tits that could compare to Brittanie's. They sat proudly on her chest, yet to be affected by the ravages of time; two huge orbs that porn stars would kill for. And worst of all, she *knew* it. She knew exactly what she had, and never hesitated to show them off, choosing her outfits to display her huge assets. Even now, the blue button-up shirt she was wearing...it was practically bursting at the seams, each button threatening to pop off and reveal just a glimpse more of Brittanie's titanic tits. The last time he'd seen her she'd been wearing a low-cut tank-top, showing off an expanse of cleavage, distracting every boy (and some of the girls) sitting within eyeshot of the student. Mr. Kelso was a professional, and he was proud that he'd managed to completely avoid staring. Hell, most men would have struggled to avoid *drooling*, but he'd done it. He'd gone the entire class without so much as a sideways glance down Brittanie's top, despite her best efforts to draw his attention to it. And then he'd gone home that night and masturbated at the memory of his student's generous bosom, on display for him. He knew it was for him. He recognized the tricks. He knew that it was no coincidence that she'd waited for every other student to leave before 'finishing her exam'. He was fully aware of *exactly* what Brittanie was trying to pull, and he'd have no part of it. He was a professional. A teacher. He wasn't going to let some teenage girl manipulate him into a better grade. If she wanted to pass chemistry, she was going to have to knuckle down and learn her damn compounds. She was smart enough to get an A using just her brain. Though the idea of giving her the grade just so she'd stop teasing him had crossed his mind once or twice, he'd rejected it out-of-hand. It was about the principle of the thing. He was there to teach, and there was no shortcutting the system. "Mr. Kelso," Brittanie said, approaching

her teacher's desk. "I'm finished." "That's great," he said dryly, ignoring the thickening of his cock at the swish of Brittanie's tartan skirt. He made a mental note to convince his wife to wear a skirt next time they got frisky. He'd so far managed to avoid thinking of his student while fucking his wife, but it hadn't been easy. Brittanie was determined to make everything as hard as possible. The teacher was unable to stop a grin from crossing his face at his accidental mental pun. "What're you smiling at, sir?" Brittanie asked, leaning forward, making sure there was no way he could miss her huge breasts as she purred the word 'sir'. He firmly maintained eye-contact, even as he imagined the sight that he'd get from behind - his sexy student, leaning forward, making her skirt ride up, revealing even more of her long legs, her teenage ass... "A pun," he said simply, taking another sip. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" Brittanie pouted, clearly frustrated that her unsubtle attempts at seduction weren't working. It was all Mr. Kelso could do not to roll his eyes - teenagers. They thought they were adults, but they were so transparent. He'd spent the few years of his career teaching grade school, and sometimes he felt like those kids were better at hiding their motivations than the high-schoolers were. "I forgot my lunch," she said, after a moment's thought. "Can you share yours?" The teacher tilted his head to the side, not sure what Brittanie's game was. "I'm almost finished my sandwich," he finally said, not really wanting to give half his meal to the young seductress. "But you can have the rest of my pop." Brittanie smiled sweetly. Before he knew what was happening, she'd pulled up a chair and sat down at his desk. Ah. She was looking for an excuse to hang around, try to weasel a higher grade from him. He glanced at his watch - seven minutes past noon. He gave it two minutes before she brought up the results of her last assignment. She'd gotten a B-plus - a respectable grade, but they both knew she was capable of more. "Why did you get into chemistry?" the young woman asked, batting her eyelids. "The same reason as the last time you asked," Mr. Kelso responded, taking another bite from his sandwich. *Get a new playbook*, he mentally added. Brittanie glanced at the classroom door, and the thirty-two year old man followed her stare. It was closed, and everyone was at lunch. They were unlikely to be disturbed for at least half an hour. "Oh yeah," she said with a grin. "I can be so forgetful sometimes..." "Uh huh." The teacher put his sandwich down. Being in his satchel all day had seeped all the moisture out of it, leaving his mouth dry, and he was starting to regret giving away his drink. "Do you like it?" "It's fine," he responded. If he kept his answers as short as possible, they'd get to the point faster, she could make her clumsy move, and he could shut her down and finish his lunch in peace. "I like studying it," Brittanie said, bringing the pop to her pink lips, before pausing meaningfully. "Of course, I wish I was better at it..." *Here we go*, Mr. Kelso mentally sighed, watching as Brittanie took a sip from the can of Fizz Twist. His eyes widened as the soft-drink touched her lips, and hers did the same. His cock had been pleasantly plump at the sight of the young woman in her school-girl outfit, but he was suddenly rock-hard. The teacher had been aware of his student's body - how could he not be, with how flagrantly she'd been flaunting it lately? - but all of a sudden, his attention went past awareness, past interest. Suddenly, he *needed* it. "Mr. Kelso," Brittanie sighed, leaning forward, grabbing his tie, and pulling her mouth to his. "Brittanie," he gasped in response, pulling back. "I...I..." Before he could finish his thought, the teenage girl had made her way across the desk, and was sitting on his lap, straddling him. His cock yearned for freedom, and Brittanie didn't hesitate to undo his fly and fish his hardness out, her eyes lighting up at the sight of it. "Hey," she said with a smile, suddenly shy. He wasn't sure whether she was talking to him or his cock, but he responded nonetheless. No need to be impolite. "Hey," he said, returning her smile. "So..." Mr. Kelso waited for his student to finish her thought. She blushed, her eyes darting back and forth between his lustful gaze and his throbbing erection.

“So?” “So...I was thinking...a B-plus doesn’t really seem fair, does it?” The teacher’s eyebrows shot up. She had his hard cock in her hand, she was breathing heavily, and they’d just made out... Of course. Subtlety wasn’t working; she’d decided that the only way to get the grade she thought she deserved was to seduce him. He must have somehow known it was coming, like a sort of sixth sense - that’s why he’d suddenly been so aware of her body, so turned on. Well, it wasn’t going to work. Mr. Kelso wanted her, of course - he’d be lying if he pretended that her attempt at seduction hadn’t been effective - but he wasn’t going to set her up for a life of using her body to get what she wanted; reinforce the idea that all she had to offer was sex. Although as her hand slowly stroked his erection, he had to admit - she *was* uniquely qualified to offer sex. No. No, he couldn’t. “It’s what your assignment deserved,” he said raspily. Brittanie’s hand was more talented than he’d expected. She was eighteen years old - how much sexual experience could she possibly have? “I don’t know,” Brittanie replied, her pout returning. “Isn’t there anything I can do to...show you how important this is to me?” As she spoke, the teenage girl was slithering down the teacher’s body, until she was on her knees in front of him, her green eyes looking up at him seductively. Mr. Kelso meant to argue, but it came out as a groan - Brittanie took his sound of arousal as a yes, and slipped her mouth around his cock. “Brittanie,” he gasped, watching as her eyes rolled back with pleasure as she took his cock into her mouth, her tongue enthusiastically lapping up his precum, her hands jerking his exposed shaft. She took his cock out of her mouth and rested it on her tongue, against her glossy lips. “Please, sir,” she begged. “I really want to pass this class.” “You *are* passing,” her teacher responded breathily. Brittanie nodded. “I want to do more than pass,” she admitted. “It’s so, so important to me...” “No,” Mr. Kelso said in a strained voice. “Brittanie, I...I can’t...” In response, the teenage girl lowered her mouth over her teacher’s cock, taking him deep into her throat. This time, her eyes never left his; she watched as he squirmed, as - for the first time in five years of marriage - he shuddered with pleasure at the touch of another woman. Her mouth was incredible. If he’d been teaching a class on giving head, she would have been an A-plus, easily. Mr. Kelso loved his wife, but he had to admit - compared to this cocksucking chemistry student, she was a rank amateur. Just as he was about to cum, Brittanie pulled his cock out of her mouth again. Her face was red, and he noticed she was panting. “Please,” she begged. “Please, Mr. Kelso...an A. A-minus. That’s all I want.” Her teacher’s eyes narrowed at her shifting requests. He smiled as he noticed one of her hands awkwardly playing with her skirt. “No,” he said, and she all but stomped her foot in frustration. “Fine!” she replied in a huff. “Then...then I won’t go down on you.” “Fine,” he said cockily, reaching down and grabbing his student’s hair. “That means it’s my turn.” Brittanie’s eyes widened as her teacher pulled her into a standing position, then roughly threw her down onto the desk. She gasped loudly as he planted a hand on each of her thighs, and her gasps turned into moans as he pulled her panties aside, revealing her wet teenage cunt. He took a moment to admire it - when he’d fantasized about his student, he’d never specifically visualized her pussy (he was more of an tit man), but if he had, his fantasies would have fallen short of the real thing. Her dark hair was neatly trimmed, and her clit was pink, glistening at his gaze. “Mr. Kelso!” she cried as his tongue met her pleasure button, and he began passionately kissing her wetness. It wasn’t long before he’d moved one of his hands between her legs, crooking one finger as it entered her, finding no resistance. “Oh, *god*,” she groaned, her hips bucking as he quickly brought her to the brink of orgasm with his mouth, his tongue, his talented fingers. Just as she was about to cum, he stopped, moving her short skirt out of the way so he could see her. “I want you to work harder,” he said. “You’re a talented kid, Britt - you know you could have done better than a B-plus on your essay.” “Nooooo,” she groaned, although he wasn’t

clear whether she was disagreeing with him or just objecting to the fact that he'd stopped his oral attack. "If you promise to buckle down and get an A on the next assignment, I'll make you cum." "Please," Brittanie begged, writhing and wriggling on his desk. "Please, sir..." "What do you say, Brittanie?" "Fuck me," she moaned. "I'll...I'll do anything you say, if you...if you fuck me..." Mr. Kelso grinned. "You'll pay closer attention in class?" "Yesss..." "And you'll study every night?" "Mmm...please..." "And you'll stop teasing me, and your other teachers?" "Yes sir...please..." "Okay," Mr. Kelso said. "Well, in that case, your bargain seems fair..." "Condom," Brittanie gasped. "In my...bag." Impressed by his student's foresight (had this been her plan all along?), the teacher reached over. Sure enough, there was a pack of condoms in Brittanie's bag. He opened one up, stretched it out along his erection, and positioned himself between his student's legs. "Are you sure you want this?" Mr. Kelso asked, suddenly realizing that he was taking advantage of his student. "*Fuck yes...*" Brittanie moaned, and before he could continue his crisis of conscience any further, she wrapped her long legs around him and pulled him towards her, reaching down to guide him into her wet, waiting pussy. "Godd..." The sound of his student's pleasure was so loud, Mr. Kelso realized that if any other teachers had stayed back in nearby classrooms, they'd almost certainly be able to hear her orgasmic wails. If they got caught, his career was finished. More than that - his *marriage* would be finished. What he was doing had the potential to ruin his life. But as Mr. Kelso's cock moved in and out of Brittanie's slick pussy, he realized...he didn't care. It was totally worth it. He loved his wife. He'd never had any desire to stray - he'd been able to resist Brittanie's temptations without issue for months and months until now. But now...now that he could feel the warm walls of her pussy around his cock, now that he could feel her flushed flesh beneath his, hear the sounds of her arousal, see how beautiful she was... He loved his wife, but sex with her had never been like this. They'd always had great sex, but this... This was transcendent. And he hadn't even seen Brittanie's tits yet. "Fuck," he moaned. He could feel his orgasm approaching as he imagined ripping Brittanie's top open, revealing her huge teenaged boobs to the world. To his hungry gaze. "Mr. Kelso," Brittanie replied. Her eyes were closed; her hands were moving all around her body, groping and touching and caressing herself through her shirt. "I'm going to cum," he warned, and she nodded. "Do it," she replied with a gasp. "Please..." "I'm cumming," he bellowed, and Brittanie's mouth fell open as she felt him pulse inside her. Just as he was finished, he realized her eyes were open, and she was reaching out, grabbing his tie, pulling him towards her. "Don't stop," she pleaded, before pulling his mouth to hers and kissing him, forcing her tongue inside his mouth. Her hips began to buck frantically - her high-heeled feet kicked out, and Mr. Kelso realized that his young student was cumming, cumming as he kissed her, cumming around his still-hard cock. "*Fuck,*" she said when she was done, looking up at him in awe. "Mr. Kelso..." "Language!" he admonished, a playful smile on his face. She laughed, and scooted up his desk, causing his dick to leave her pussy. "God," she said, stretching slightly. "I...I had no idea sex could be that good." Her teacher nodded, before a glum look appeared on his face. "We...we shouldn't have done that," he said, pulling the condom off and tying it into a knot. His mouth curled as he reflected on what had just transpired between them. "Brittanie, that...that was wrong. I'm married. You're my *student*." "Shhhh," Brittanie said with a smile, grabbing his tie for the third time that day, gently moving his mouth onto hers. The teacher's worries faded away as he enjoyed the utterly delightful sensation of making out with an enthusiastic teenage girl. His cock quickly hardened once more, and Brittanie's eyes lit up as she wrapped her hand around it. "Mr. Kelso," she said, dropping to her knees beside his desk. "I'll make you a deal." "What?" "So I was thinking of dropping out of school and becoming a crack-whore." "What??" Mr.

Kelso's jaw dropped, before he noticed the mischievous look on his student's face, and rolled his eyes. He'd managed to avoid falling for any of Brittanie's tricks so far, but he had to admit - she'd gotten him there, just for a moment. "Uh huh," she said innocently, her tongue reaching out to gently lick the head of her teacher's erection. "I was thiiiiis close. But I'll make a deal with you." "What?" "If you agree to tutor me, maybe I'll stay in school." "Oh?" "Yeah," she said, giving the cock in her hand one long lick. "Two or three times a week, maybe some weekend sessions as well. If you tutor me, you'll help me put my life on track..." "One-on-one sessions, I assume?" the teacher asked dryly. "Yessir," Brittanie responded, her eyes bright. Mr. Kelso shuddered with pleasure as his student once more lowered her head onto his cock, and started dutifully sucking, her cheeks hollowing as she skillfully went down on him. "And what's in it for me?" he said. Brittanie rolled her eyes, before pulling his cock out of her mouth to answer. "I dunno," she said with a smile. "But I'm sure we can think of something..."