

Mr. Freeman

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

Mr. Freeman

The school bell rang; the end of the final period.

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. _____ Your last name _____?" 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.

"No plans tonight? It's Friday. Isn't that what kids do?"

"Nah... I mean no, no, sir. I mean Martin," I spluttered, feeling like an idiot.

"Really? No dates? No... staying over at your boyfriend's or girlfriend's?" he stood in front of his desk and sat on the edge of it, right in front of me.

"No time for that," I said.

"No time for relationships? Yeah, me too. But I always have time for something more..." he eyed me, "casual, you know?" I nodded dumbly and unconsciously leaning forward. "How about you? Up for something casual? Maybe a bit hush hush?" He smirked his signature smirk. Again, I nodded dumbly, all this feeling too surreal. "How casual? Like a, shall we say teacher, calling you _____ You first name _____? And maybe have a little fun with you?"

I swallowed audibly, which was pretty much the most I could bring to the conversation.

"I see how you look at me, you know. How you linger," I stared at that tongue slide out as he pronounced the L in linger. "How you squeeze your thighs when I'm near, as if you're restraining yourself," he raised an eyebrow and

licked his lips.

"I," I cleared my throat. "I don't know what--"

"Don't you?" he grinned as he cut me off. He put both hands on my table and leaned forward, only inches from my face. "In fact, your squeezing your thighs right now," he nudged my knees apart with his knee, slotting it right between them. "Why is that?" he tilted his head, waiting for an answer.

"Martin..." I breathed and he bit his lip, as if loving the way I said his name.

"What do you say?" he leaned forward even more.

"_____ leave blank please yes," I barely finished speaking before he suddenly kissed me, his left hand coming up to cup my cheek and pull my lips closer to his. We shared a long sweet kiss until I felt his tongue outline my lower lip. Pulling back a bit, I felt myself shudder and I looked at him, his eyes dark with lust, yet still seemingly fond. Feeling a blush creep up my cheek, I took a deep breath and leaned toward him once again.

And then there was nothing but him. Martin. Mr. Freeman. It was only him. Him and I. His lips and mine. My eyes fluttered close and his tongue stroked at my lower lips, requesting access. I slowly parted my lips and felt his

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.