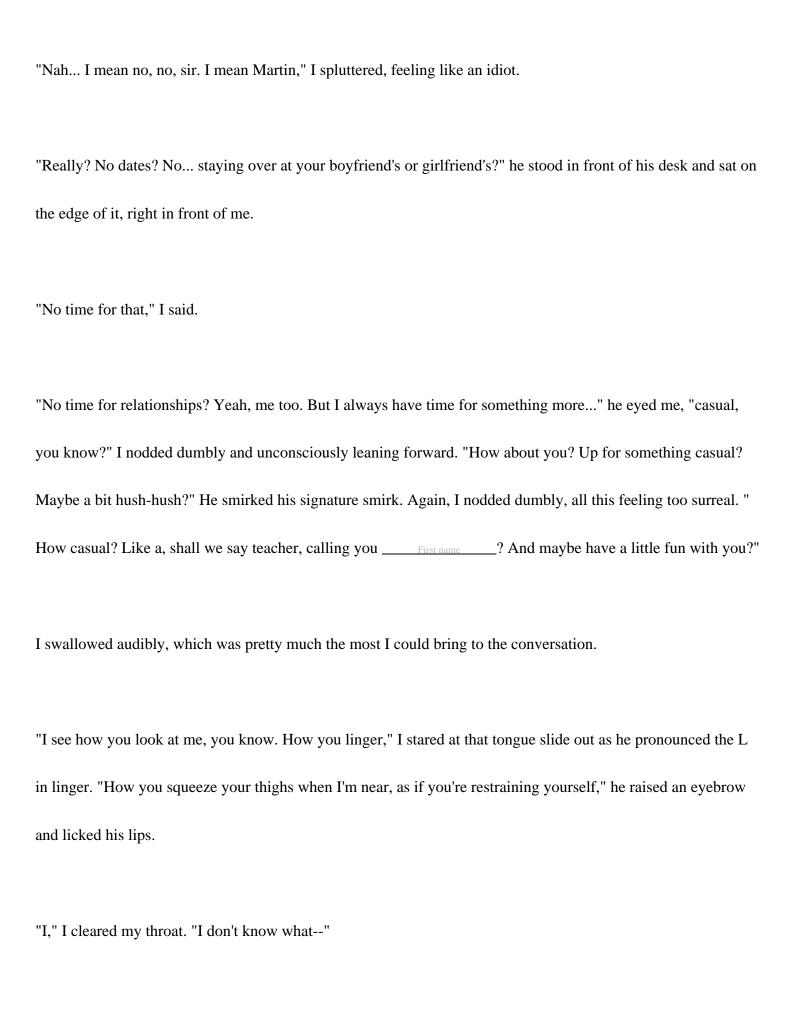
Casual and Hush Hush with Mr. Freeman

1.	Last Name		
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Casual and Hush Hush with 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?" 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?"



"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, 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.

"_______ 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

