

## 6 Times 34

### Chapter 34 My Teacher : Ms. Gloria Rhymer

Susan and Suzanne continued their usual morning workout tradition on Tuesday morning. However, Suzanne had added an exciting new component: before, after, or sometimes even during their exercise session, they would talk about their sexual dreams from the night before, as well as detail any arousing experiences during the previous day that the other might have missed.

Susan was generally very honest in her accounts, although sometimes there were dreams or parts of dreams that she was just too embarrassed about to tell. And she also tried not to reveal just how much she was thinking about her son in a sexual way lately, or how passionate her feelings were. Still, very little got past Suzanne. Susan's heart was like an open book, and she was a terrible liar. If she tried to hide something, Suzanne usually was able to ask pointed questions and coax the true story out of her.

Suzanne was less honest. She also explained her dreams, but only very selected sections. She knew that most of her dreams were far too shocking for Susan to handle at this stage. She even had dreams that were just of her and Susan intimately loving each other for hours. To even hint at those kinds of feelings could have ruined their friendship altogether.

When Suzanne did talk about her dreams, she described things in an extremely arousing way that inevitably left Susan hot and bothered. At times, she tried to similarly describe what she and Alan were doing when Susan wasn't around, but Susan didn't want to hear it. So, once in a while, Suzanne resorted to telling it like it was a dream, only to finish with: "Come to think of it, that wasn't a dream. That was what happened last Friday when we were up in his room."

That little trick worked every time. Suzanne could actually see Susan's arousal level immediately double just by the look on her face. The only problem was Suzanne usually had a hard time keeping a straight face.

Susan felt that Suzanne helping to inspire Alan was a "necessary evil," but the more she heard about it, the more she felt that she'd be tempted to help him in the exact same way, which she was trying her best to avoid.

She found that her resolve and resistance were slipping with each passing day. Looming ahead was the next medical appointment she and Alan had at Dr. Fredrickson's office, on Tuesday afternoon. Given what had happened during the last appointment, just thinking about the next one sent shivers of excitement up and down her spine.

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Hours later, Alan sat in his fourth-period class, World History. Soon it would be lunch. He was excited about the upcoming doctor's appointment, but not as much as Susan was, since he had a lot of other things on his mind too. That was especially true in this class, his favorite class of the day.

His teacher, Ms. Gloria Rhymer, was not just the object of his longest crush, but she was an excellent teacher too. She was talking about something the class found interesting, but Alan didn't hear a word. He was thinking about all of his recent luck.

He looked around the classroom and thought, It seems there's a large number of ordinary or even ugly people all around me. Seniors in high school are in the prime of life, and Southern California is justly world-famous for its beautiful women, but even here the percentage of really attractive people remotely comparable to the beauties back home is small.

Of course there are a few pretty girls here and there, but none of them are as beautiful as Christine. Man, I haven't been thinking about Christine really at all lately, have I? I suppose that's no surprise, given the other women occupying all my fantasies these days instead.

However, when he did think of Christine, his heart filled with pain. He wondered how he'd ever overcome his shame and be able to talk to her again. He'd been avoiding her, even when she tried to reach out and repair their friendship. The burn of rejection was still too hurtful for him.

While Christine was stunningly beautiful and outrageously curvy, Gloria Rhymer was a knockout in a more subtle way.

Alan had been pining after her for a long time. He'd grown quite adept at imagining her teaching class naked, and was doing it once again. The school year had just started only a few weeks earlier, at the beginning of September, but he'd known Ms. Rhymer a lot longer than that. She'd taught his American Government class during his freshman year, during her very first year of teaching. Then, after a year without a class from her, she'd taught his U.S. History class his junior year. Now, as a senior, this was the third time in four years that he was taking one of her classes.

In fact, he realized that he was her "teacher's pet," as he was for one or two other teachers. As one of the smartest and most emotionally mature students in the school, his being a teacher's pet wasn't too surprising. But he found it awkward at times to be the teacher's pet for someone on whom he had an intense crush. Besides, he had an extra special friendship with her, and it had been that way since his first year in high school. They just seemed to click as friends in a way that transcended their difference in age and social status.

Alan didn't know her exact age, but he knew she was in her late twenties.

She seemed even younger though. It was well known, for instance, that she was a frequent surfer at the nearby beaches. As a result, many students frequently called her "Surfer Girl," though no students called her that to her face. Her love of surfing was also a good indicator of her athleticism and physical beauty. Her boobs were fairly big for a surfer. (She wore a 34C bra.) However, few women could match the high standards that Alan had when it came to breasts, which were based on the generous boobs of his mother Susan and his 'aunt' Suzanne.

Even so, when she stood in a bathing suit, Gloria Rhymer, who was known to her friends as Glory, was definitely impressive. A number of times, beginning three years before, Alan had seen "Surfer Girl" at the beach with her surfboard, and that was exactly when his masturbatory fantasies of her had begun.

She looked absolutely perfect with a surfboard under her arm, like a woman from a Playboy spread of sexy athletes. She was firm and muscular all over, but the muscle didn't take away from her femininity and she still had nice, smooth curves. Her curly blonde hair waved in the breeze, making a nice contrast to her tanned skin.bender

She was of medium height, about five foot seven, a good deal shorter than the nearly-six-foot-tall beauties in the Plummer and Pestrige households.

Back in class, it was much harder to see her beauty. She almost always wore conservative clothes that covered up all but her hands and face. Her hair was short as well. It wasn't that she was prudish, but she just didn't want her body to become a distraction in the classroom or an issue with her colleagues. As a result, she went to great lengths to cover it up.

But she had been seen by many others at the beach, and was clearly the object of many young men's fantasies, as well as those of a few young women, no doubt. When Alan and his friends went to the beach, they all talked openly about the possibility of further "Surfer Girl" sightings, and which beach to

go to in order to see her. Since she surfed on many different beaches, usually distant ones (probably in part to foil the admiring students), running into her was a matter of pure luck.

When class finally ended, she discretely motioned with her hand that Alan should speak to her once the classroom had emptied.

She was a very kind and friendly teacher, and knew many students on a personal level. That meant knowing something about their private lives and talking with them socially in school. In most high schools, to see a teacher outside of school was an unstated taboo that rarely happened between any student and teacher, but she wasn't deterred by that. However, of all her students in the fourth period, only Alan would have frequent talks with her after the class had ended.

Since lunch followed the fourth-period class, Alan would usually stay and talk for five minutes or so and just have fun gabbing, and then make his way to lunch. Sometimes they would even spend all of the lunch period talking, a practice that they probably would have done more frequently except for the disapproval of the other teachers. The subject would often be her class or the students within it. He would give feedback about things like whether people were getting bored or what material in particular went over well, so she could improve her teaching technique. She would also expand on historical facts mentioned in class that he'd found interesting.

However, the two also couldn't resist engaging in gossip about the other students. It wasn't just Alan telling her the gossip he knew either; in fact, it usually was the other way around. He was surprised at how many things she knew about his fellow students that he didn't. She had her own gossip network which included other teachers, and he wasn't nearly as interested in school gossip as she was. If he did inquire about what others were doing, it was usually only a lead-in to telling her something new.

However, this time she didn't want to talk about any of those things. Instead, she asked him, "Is something up, Alan? The last few days you've been kind of spaced out, and today you were on another planet altogether. I think if I would have, I dunno, torn off my dress or something, you wouldn't have noticed at all! What gives?"

Oh maaaaan! What am I going to tell her? She's too perceptive and she knows me too well to believe some bullshit story. They sat directly on the edge of her desk, as they usually did when they talked after class. He shifted around nervously in front of her.

"Uh, to be honest..." He scratched the top of his scalp nervously, and hung his head down sheepishly. "It's women trouble. I'm thinking about women too much."

"Oh really?" asked a suddenly very interested teacher. "Someone in class? Or is it someone in school? Christine, perhaps?" Like many people, she knew all about Alan's crush on Christine. She was not only an insatiable gossip hound but was also very observant and a good guesser.

"Actually, it's not really even someone, or, er, someone in this school, per se."

"Oh, reaaaaally!" She thought, This is getting more and more interesting! And what does that "per se" mean?

"But I can't tell you the details," he added. "You see, it has something to do with an embarrassing medical condition that I've got."

"Young man," - she liked to call him that - "you've got me really confused now. Could you please clarify your meaning? I don't want to pry into your personal affairs..."

Bull honky, he thought.

She continued relentlessly, "...but it looks to be something that's affecting your behavior in class, so I want to know." She always had good excuses for learning more gossip.

"I really, really can't say."

She stared at him witheringly.

"All right, I can say this much, if you promise not to tell a soul."

"I promise." She made the "cross my heart and hope to die" gesture over her chest.

"I have a medical condition which is causing me to make some adjustments in my lifestyle, and that's making me really confused. I wish I could say more, 'cos I'd really like your advice about some things, but

I can't. I promised my family that I wouldn't tell a single person about this medical thing. Can you please understand that and respect it?"

"Yes, I suppose, but that really doesn't explain anything. For one thing, young man, you're a perfectly healthy, uh... young man. There's absolutely nothing wrong with you that I can see. For another, that explanation seemingly has nothing to do with girl trouble, which is what you said is distracting you in the first place."

"That's true, but I really can't say any more... Well, okay... I guess I can say this: energy. My problem is a lack of energy. I sleep too much, and I'm always tired. You know that. You've bugged me how many times about nodding off in class? So I'm getting treated for that. It's not really a big medical problem. Nothing to get worried about. If the treatments work, then great; if they don't, then I'm the same as before, which is no big deal. Okay, does that explain enough? I really have to go to lunch now."

"Yes, thanks for sharing that with me. I really appreciate your confiding in me. I'm glad we're friends enough to have this conversation, and I promise I won't tell anyone. You know I'm a gossip, but I also know when to keep my mouth shut, so don't worry about that at all. But I still don't see the connection between that and your girl trouble."

He looked away in embarrassment. "Like I said, it's complicated."

She put a hand on his shoulder, which was highly unusual for her. Even though they had been close friends for over three years now, there were limitations to their friendship since she was a teacher and he was a student. For one, she didn't feel comfortable seeing him outside of school without some education-based justification such as a museum trip. For another, they almost never had any physical contact, in part for fear of fanning the flames of suspicion by people who already thought it likely that they were being too friendly with each other.

She said, "This doesn't have anything to do with your asking Christine out and her turning you down, does it?"

He blanched. "Oh, Geez! You know about that? How do you know that?!"

She let go of his shoulder, and shrugged. "You know me; I'm a gossip hound."

"Oh man! That sucks. If you know about that, it means other people do too. Man!" He sighed. He added, "But it doesn't have anything to do with that. Well, not directly, anyway. Like I said, it's complicated."

She frowned with frustration. "Hmmm. Well, I hope you'll be able to clarify this mystery for me before too long. I just hope that whatever your medical problem is, and whatever your girl troubles are, it won't affect your behavior in this class next week. We have some important tests coming up. If you want to talk about it some more in confidence, don't hesitate to come to me."

"Thanks a lot. I'll do that."

She added, "You know I pass on a lot of gossip, but I can keep a secret. Especially if it's about you, I would never tell a soul." She almost added, "Because you're special to me," but that was the kind of thing a teacher wasn't supposed to say to a student, especially when she knew that student had a crush on her.

He nodded. "Gotta run!" He was out the door in a flash.

She continued to sit on her desk, trying to figure out just what the hell he was talking about. Lack of energy, huh? Tired. Seems like he's suddenly thinking about girls a lot, or maybe too much. Perhaps he's taking some pills to boost his energy that are having the side effect of boosting his libido. That would explain things.

Yesterday AND today I noticed him coming into class like he had a tree trunk stuck between his legs. Definitely an uncontrollable, raging hard-on. I'm thinking he must have been actually highly aroused for the entire class today. It's really unusual for any guy to be that aroused for that long. I wonder if he was thinking of me at all. Perhaps he's in a state of constant horniness. Hmmm...

Glory was attracted to Alan. But not only was she his teacher, she also had a serious boyfriend, so she dismissed her feelings for Alan as harmless and never to be acted upon. She did flirt with him a bit, but so very subtly that he didn't even notice. For instance, her comments a few moments earlier about tearing her dress off had seemed to go completely over his head. She was only 27, and constantly felt as if she would rather be one of the other students instead of the teacher, with all the unfortunate social walls that came with that role.

If I were also a high school senior, she mused, I would be all over the idea of Alan as my boyfriend. But I'm not, and I would never dream of actually having an affair with a student! No way, José! Unfortunately, Garth has been a real jerk lately; he's hardly acting like a boyfriend at all. Especially in bed! He's left me stuck with all this fantasizing. The idea that the goody-goody and oh-so-polite Alan could actually be a horny monster in a constant state of arousal will definitely be food for thought when my fingers get busy in my pussy tonight! After all, fantasies are harmless, right?