

## Excuses, Excuses

The classroom door energetically swings open, causing a bit of a stir among the students in the room. You sigh and set aside the day's itinerary as you look up to the young girl spritely trotting towards you.

It was the fifth day in a row that she was late, and you had warned her before that if she was late again you'd have to write her up. Her expression, however, showed no signs of worry. She was slightly out of breath as she started her long rambling excuse.

"I'm sorry Mr. Teacher! My alarm didn't go off and I had the biggest morning wood (I still do, actually! It never went down)! I didn't have a lot of time and so I ran here as fast as I could, you know I live a couple blocks away - over by the park. I barely had time to get dressed, um, as you can see!"

Indeed, her double 'G' cup breasts were bared to the world, and glossy with sweat. Strawberry red nipples lewdly dotted her perky set. Lewder still was her five foot long cock that was as erect as it could be. Purple veins ran the length, visibly pulsing with blood as her powerful hyper-enforced heart pumped away.

A heavy musk fills your nostrils as she lifts a leg onto your desk and a set of sweaty testicles the size of a pumpkin onto your desk. It was evident now she wasn't wearing any underwear either.

"I could have made it sooner but like, I accidentally knocked this guy over and I had to help him pick up his papers. The wind was blowing and it was a huuuge mess, I was so embarrassed! But then I remembered I forgot my backpack so I had to run back home and get it because homework is due today, right? Anyway I'm sorry I'm late again, but hey it's Friday right?"

You sigh as you shoo her off your desk. You grab a towel and wipe the wetness she left behind.

"I'm sorry but, I'm going to have to give you detention."

"Aww, I guess it can't be helped." She says with a grin. "I guess I'll see you at the end of the day."

She pivots around, swinging her cock for the whole classroom to admire while simultaneously flashing her ass at you.

"Yeah, at the end of the day." You say to yourself. The end of the day couldn't come fast enough.



