

This story was voted for by my Patreons, they wanted a BE themed story. Enjoy!

Resit

Chapter 1

It is a new academic year, they come by too quickly. Summer holidays start and before you know it, you're sitting in a classroom again. This year was different for me, I failed last year so I am now resitting the full year. I think it is probably down to the fact that last year I probably partied a bit too hard, I was learning my independence and I took it a bit too far. I passed my driving test, met new people, and didn't study enough. However, maths is something I can't get into university without if I want to be an engineer.

So here I sit, back in year one maths, Monday morning, a syllabus mostly known to me, all the lessons playing vaguely back to me as I read the list that was emailed to me last week before the first class.

There is one change however, the lecturer has changed. Mr James, a man pushing 206, finally retired. So, we had a new teacher this year, her name was Miss Stevens.

Hopefully, she will be more engaging than Mr James.

Sat at my desk, my peers are all a year younger than me, amplified by the fact that I was born at the start of the academic year. That means I am 18 and most of the class is still 16.

I feel like an old man.

I slump down in my chair, frustrated at myself.

The room itself has about 30 students all sat on a single table facing forward towards the board with a projector. To the left of the board is the teacher's desk, exceptionally clean and clutter free, nothing personable on the desk. The door on the right leads into the hallway but there is a door tucked away in the corner that leads into a backroom, a teachers own private office.

As I look at it, I see the door handle press down and I see, who I only assume is Miss Stevens enter.

Wow...

She was a looker, she looked rather young for a teacher, maybe because the lecturers here are mostly in their mid-60s, however Miss Stevens looked to be early 30s. She stood tall, especially so for a woman, I'd guess she was pushing six feet tall. She had a beautiful face, her features were soft, inviting with a hint of fire in her expression. Her big blue eyes looked confident, ready for anything. Her face was slightly round with soft cheeks flanking her plump lips, appearing more prominent thanks to her ruby lipstick. Her black hair was tied up into a

ponytail with a good part of fringe hanging either side of her face, the fringe making little ringlets as it floats free.

She is gorgeous.

Further down looking at her body, her tall frame was slightly chubby, not a size zero but she was by no means fat. She had an almost hourglass shape to her from first glance, her feminine hips spread out on her lower portion, and they lead to her thighs which, thanks to her attire, you can see in her trousers. However, the focus of me and every male in the classroom was what her blouse was hiding, albeit not too well.

Her blouse was doing a poor job at covering up the upper portion of her hourglass shape. Her breasts. She had most of the buttons done up over them, but you could see that she was too busty to hide. Her, estimated, D cups filled her blouse, and I can even see the strain on her buttons from here. She bounces into the room and introduces herself.

“Hello Class, I’m Miss Stevens and I will be teaching you Maths and Maths Mechanics this year. I trust you all had a chance to read through my email that I sent last week.”

A few puzzled faces in the room, Miss Stevens sighs.

“Let’s begin, open your textbooks to page 23, we will start with equations of motion.”

I just watch as she bounces across the front of the room, her boobs bouncing and straining her top. She starts to address the class, she is soft spoken, her voice kind and warming. I can’t help but stare at her body the whole time, something about this woman is really working me up. I struggle to remain focused.

She is a highly active teacher, moving about often and pacing whilst reading from the textbook. I stare, praying that she might pop a button, alas no such luck. I do get treated to her bending over, I see her modest bust hang before her as her boobs reach toward the ground. Her shirt is straining to keep her chest hidden.

My eyes focused on her jiggling bosom for most of the lesson. I don’t follow much of the work and I think she picks up on that as she keeps glancing over at me.

She tasks us to work on some problems amongst ourselves and she slowly makes her way around the class. Most people are taking very little time with her as they understand these fundamentals.

Miss Stevens stops at the desk ahead of me, I look down and realise I’ve not written almost anything. Quickly scrambling I start writing down some workings out, if only to make it appear as though I’ve been working.

I hear her hard sole shoes click on the floor as she now turns to me, I glance up to see her as she starts the two step trip to my desk. I watch, almost in slow motion as each step causes her chest to bounce.

She stops quickly, her boobs did not get the memo as they shake in her tight top, I swear I can hear her top creaking from the pressure it is under.

“Hello there Mr Adams.” Her soft voice is somewhat different.

“Hey Miss Stevens,” I say timidly.

She glances at my notepad and tuts. “You seem distracted Mr Adams, is everything ok?” She places her dainty hand delicately on my shoulder and looks down at me. A wild grin spreading over her face, her bicep pushing against her bosom. She gives a light shake of my shoulder. “Mr Adams?” The shake, intended to get an answer out of me, only causes her to jiggle.

“Y-yeah, fine. Fine, all dandy here.” I stutter.

“Dandy.” She removes her hand and places her arm back at her side, bouncing slightly on her feet. “Dandy indeed.” She smiles, “Now why don’t you finish up these problems and show me how “dandy” you are.”

I nod.

“Good boy.” She pats my shoulder and walks onward to the next desk.

That felt intense... Like I was prey or something.

The lesson comes to an end, the introduction to the three equations of motion complete, although I feel as though I’ve never heard of them as I am well and truly under Miss Stevens spell.

There is something about her... I can’t quite place my finger on it. Something so captivating about her.

As I pack up my stuff and the others leave the room, I look to steal my 100th glance at her as she sits at her desk. She motions to me to stay behind.

At least she isn’t making a scene of it.

I remain seated and pick up my phone, to make it look like I’m busy doing something rather than being asked to remain behind by the teacher on day one.

The room clears out and I am left at my desk, I lock my phone and place it within my pocket and lift my vision to Miss Stevens. She is now up from her desk, her modest rear resting on the edge of her desk. Her arms crossed over her bust, the effect causing her boobs to bulge slightly.

Is she doing that on purpose?

“Mr Adams, you are the only person who is resitting this class. I don’t want us to have to resit again next year.” She stands. “I’ve noticed today that your attention span has been rather low.” She slowly makes her way over to me. “I think it might be best for both of us if I give you some extra tutoring.” She grins, now towering over my seated position. “I want to prove myself here and you want to get an engineering degree.” She leans down. “So, Tuesdays

after class, stay behind and I will give you a helping hand so that you might move onto year two." She looks at me for an answer.

I stare dumbly at her, too focused on staring at her mesmerising body.

"Mr Adams?" She breaks me from my daze.

"OH, yes! Yes..." I take a quick breath and calm myself. "Yes, of course Miss Stevens."

"Good. One other thing." She leans in and her lips next to my ears she whispers. "It's rude to stare." She lifts herself back up and shimmies back to her desk.

I sit there reeling, not so much that I don't enjoy the show of her sashaying hips. I watch as she turns around and looks at my face, a cheeky grin spreads over her face. "Mr Adams?"

"Y-yes?"

"You're dismissed." She winks.

I rise to my feet and sling my backpack on and only once standing do I feel that I have an erection, snaked towards my thigh, I realise too late and start to rush out of the room. I manage to catch Miss Stevens' eyes before I leave.

I heard "See you soon Mr Adams."

She definitely saw...