



*Candy  
Love*

by  
Alessa

# Candy Love

by Alessa

"Five pages for homework?! Seriously?!" I didn't know 6th grade was going to suck THIS much.

"Yeah, not cool, Mrs. Lesley."

"If you kids have a problem with it, then you can all just fail," Mrs. Lesley said in her usual I-don't-care attitude.

"Teachers aren't allowed to threaten students!" my best friend Samantha shouted out.

"Yes, and they're also supposed to get more than a hundred thousand a year, but you don't see that rule being established either, do you? No? I didn't think so."

I can't stand Mrs. Lesley! Ugh, she's so—she acts as if she's our age but in charge. She has THE RUDEST attitude I have ever seen in a teacher. And she's old, like in her mid or early-thirties, but she looks as if she's twenty-five—short, jet-black hair with a tall, athletic body. Don't get me wrong, she's pretty dang attractive, but she's so self-absorbed that it makes her look ugly.

"Slut." Samantha turned her body towards me and rolled her eyes.

"Who?" I asked, still looking at Mrs. Lesley.

"I mean, she has a boyfriend AND a husband."

"Oh, yeah." There's a rumour that Mrs. Lesley, being as good-looking as she is, can swing a rich husband and a hot young boyfriend at the same time. I wonder why she's so... bitchy. "It could just be a rumour, Sam."

"Have you seen what she wears on casual Friday? I'll tell you, it's not casual; it's sexual. She's some kind of creep."

"Oh stop. She's just really—well, she just loves to show off, that's all."

"And what if she was our age? They wouldn't call that stylish, just whoreish."

I just love how truthful Samantha is sometimes.

The bell rang, signalling that it was time for sixth period.

I sighed, I really don't feel like heading to English. Though it was the last period of the day, I just don't feel like doing anything any more today. I got up heavily and took my time getting to the door.

"Candice!" Mrs. Lesley shouted behind me.

I barely let out my 'hm' before she yelled, "If you don't get your little butt out of my room right now..."

I stomped my feet and turned around to look back at Mrs. Lesley. "If you weren't a teacher—" I snapped, half-mad at her.

"You would what? Daydream in your seat for the rest of the day?"

What the heck?! How can she assume that?!

"Now get to your next class before it's too late, young lady."

Well, I would already be there if it weren't for you."

"I will hold you back and not give you a pass."

Why is she so.... ugh! She's the worst teacher I've ever seen! Why hasn't she been fired yet?!

"Do it," I said, giving her just as much attitude as I was getting. "I don't care!"

"Oh!" she smiled evilly. "So you're back-talking me now?"

Crap. "No, I was—"

"Detention."

"What?!"

"Today, after school."

"Y—you can't," I protested. "It's not fair!"

"Now, get to your next class," she looked at me sternly.

The late bell rang, telling me that if I didn't run my fastest right now, I was not going to make it to explain to my teacher what happened.

"Fine," I said, walking out of the room calmly, then sprinted my hardest down the hall and up the stairs, bumping into other late students and skipping steps, practically tripping on them and almost losing a shoe in the process. The door was in my sights, still open. I could make it! I leaped forward, my foot just in the doorway. Slam! Right in my face. I knocked softly.

"You're late," my teacher glared down at me.

Crap.



"So you really have detention?"

"Yes! Ugh! For nothing!" I slammed my locker and walked with Samantha to the school's main entrance. "I'll catch you later; I'll text you."

"Yeah, good luck with Mrs. Bitch."

"LESLEY."

"Does it matter?"

I rolled my eyes, not exactly caring what Samantha called her. Heading to Mrs. Lesley's room behind the gym, I hugged and waved at everyone I recognised, taking my time.

"Took you long enough," Mrs. Lesley complained.

I had only taken one step into her room, and she was already snapping at me. Instead of giving her a rude, witty response, I just sighed, "What do I have to do?"

She puckered her lips and tapped her chin. "Wash my boards." She had two boards—one chalk and one dry erase.

"For the chalkboard," she led me over to her left wall, "use this wet rag and this bucket."

I peered into the bucket to see dark green-coloured... water? I hope...

"And for the dry erase, just wipe it with the eraser, then spray it with that and the rag."

"Is that it?" I folded my arms across my chest, giving her the 'look'.

"Do you need more?"

"No," I walked over to the black board and began wiping.

By the time I got to spraying the erase board, I was tired, bored, and ready to go straight home.

"Don't start slacking on me, Candice!" She scolded me.

I groaned, "I'm doing what you told me to."

She sighed, heavily annoyed. "No, you wipe like this." She stood close behind me, pressing up against my back, my hand in hers, and moved it from left to right. "See?" she said surprisingly softly. "Like this."

I felt as if she was inside my personal bubble and didn't know how to react. "O—oh... I get it now..." I looked down to see where her other hand was and saw it flat against the board. It felt as if she had me cornered and pinned to the wall. I quickly snatched my hand from underneath hers and spun around to face her. "I... I think I'm done now," I tried not to whisper.

"No," Mrs. Lesley said, leaning lower, very closely to my face, whispering back, "You missed a spot." She took hold of my wrist in one of her hands.

I think I'm about to panic. "M-Mrs. Lesley... I um..."

"Shhh..." she hushed me. Mrs. Lesley gently pushed her lips against mine. My first instinct was to push away, but this stupid board was behind me. She barely pulled away. "Relax."

I actually did; my shoulders fell, and my body let go of the tense feeling the shock had given me. "M-M-Mrs. Lesley.... Wh—what?"

"My theory is," she moved her lips to my neck and gently kissed it. Warm. "Don't question it; just accept it." She moved back up to my ear and whispered directly in it, "And you'll like it."

What?! What the hell?! What's going on?! I'm confused—did Mrs. Lesley, one of the meanest teachers at Westwood Middle School, come onto me?! And... I'm... enjoying it?

"Ah!" She bit into my neck, startling me.

She drew away and released my wrist. "I could get used to that..." she smiled.

"Mrs. Lesley, I don't—I don't understand. Aren't you married?"

"Yes, with a boyfriend too."

So it was true! "Then why are you...? W—why me...?"

"Because, Candice, I want a female. I want youth. I want you." Mrs. Lesley looked straight into my eyes, telling me she was serious.

"But you're... older." I had no way to avoid her dark hazel eyes. "W—what if... if somebody finds out?"

"Nobody will know..."

Unless I tell. But do I want to?

"So?"

"So what?" I asked, not knowing exactly what she was asking.

"Do you want me to stop, or...?" Her hand touched me, slowly moving from my waist to my thighs.

I was speechless; really, I was... Was this really happening? Was Mrs. Lesley, my world history teacher, SERIOUSLY all over me? When she is already a wife AND a girlfriend. I can't... I don't... I just don't know what to say...

"I'm impatient, Candice," she said, with her attitude back into her voice.

"I... I don't know what to say..."

"Yes or no?"

"This is all very... sudden...."

"Yes or no?"

I looked away. It wouldn't hurt to have Mrs. Lesley as a friend with benefits. Teacher with benefits? She wasn't ugly or exactly old. But... it's... wrong... well... not really...

"Yes," I mumbled under my breath, blushing and looking at my feet.

Mrs. Lesley smirked. She then lifted my chin and kissed my lips lightly, then stepped away from me. I was still shocked, but the kiss actually felt... good...

"Then you have detention tomorrow too," she winked at me, heading back to her desk.

What!?

I stood there leaning against the board, trying to soak in all that had just happened.

"Want me to take you home, Candice?"

I nodded, not looking at her, too aware of my blushing, red cheeks.

Well, come on then; I've got to go home and grade papers."

Or screw your boyfriend. I walked over to my bookbag and headed for the door. Right before I reached it, Mrs. Lesley had grabbed my bag and pulled me back. She snatched my chin, tilted my head up, and kissed me hard on the lips; her tongue somehow made its way into my mouth.

THAT was the most surprising thing that happened. My tongue, of course, by instinct, met hers, and they slowly touched one another. Her other hand pulled me closer by wrapping her arm around my waist. This lady had skills; she knew how to seduce someone. And I wanted more... I wanted to experience... more. I wanted her to... touch me... more.

My hands slowly raised themselves up, but before I could do anything, her hand that was holding my chin grabbed one hand and put it around her own waist. My other hand curled around her waist so that I was now hugging her. Our tongues still swirling together, Mrs. Lesley's hand went up to the back of my head and in my hair, playing with it.

I hugged her closer. She felt safe and warm. Okay, I'm getting into this. It's not like I've never made out at sleepovers before, but she just lit some funny light in me.

"That's enough, Candice." She let me go.

I thought so, too. I dropped my arms and followed her out the door.



"You have detention again?! That's like the third week in a row!"

Indeed, it was. I have stayed after school almost every day since all this started. And every day, things get more... heated and so... bizarre. Not so many days ago, I moaned her name, and she responded, "That's Ellen to you, Candice." Ellen?! What?! Calling your teacher by their first name is pretty strange... But then again, so is making out with them.

"It's only the beginning of the day!" Samantha interrupted my thoughts about my after-school session, "Why did she give it to you?"

"Something about..." I tried to come up with a good lie fast. "Running in the hall!" That's the best I could come up with.

"What?!" We both began heading to class as she closed her locker. "She should give a shitload of detentions to people here for running in halls."

I shrugged. "Doesn't matter to me; I really don't do anything in detention."

"What does your mom think of all this?"

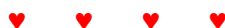
Frankly, she doesn't really know, but then again, she really doesn't need to. Oh, she doesn't care." I hate lying to Sam, and Sam hates liars....

"My mom would think I was trying to get into trouble," Samantha shook her head. "Why don't you skip next period?" she asked me as we walked towards the gym.

"She's already seen me today..."

"Oh yeah, I personally think she hates you..."

Yeah, right. "Oh well."



It was after school, and once again I was heading back towards Mrs. Lesley's class. I walked in to find her staring at her laptop on her desk, typing away. Dropping my bag by the door, I went up to her desk and sat on it.

"Hey, Ellen," I said, just as I usually do.

"Candice," she said, not looking at me.

I kicked my feet against the desk, "So, how was your day?"

"Uh, same. Yourself?"

I shrugged, "Just normal school shit."

"I don't like you cussing."

"I don't care."

Mrs. Lesley looked at me, all serious. I smiled at her sweetly. "Well, something is new, Candice." She was looking back at the laptop screen.

"Yes?" I began playing with a trinket on her desk.

"I broke up with my boyfriend."

Shocker. "Why?" I asked, not really caring.

"Because I want to date someone else."

You have a husband. "Oh, really, who?"

"You."

The toy dropped on the floor, sounding as if a piece had broken off. "W—what?"

She finally stopped typing and folded her arms. "Well, we've been doing this for a while now, and I feel like we should take this to the... next level."

"The next level?" There are levels?

"Yes."

Like... dating? "I don't know what you mean..."

"We should spend more time together. More... quality time."

"Mrs. Les... Ellen, you can't... date me!"

"Why is that, Candice?"

"I'm only twelve... M—my mom, she's going to kill me if she finds out!"

She sighed, slightly annoyed. "I want you, Candice," Mrs. Lesley got up from her chair and came to me so that she stood between my legs, "to be my... girlfriend."

I think Mrs. Lesley is a very brave person. Sexually connecting with a 6th grade student. Giving me unnecessary detentions. Now asking if I want to date her? Brave and stupid...

I sighed, "I don't know."

Well, if you don't like me in that way, then we can just end it right now..."

Was she afraid of rejection? She did leave her boyfriend for me... "Can I have time to think about it?"

"No," she cupped my face with her hands, stroking the hair away from my eyes. "I want to know now, Candy."

Pushy. "Mrs. Lesley... have you really... I mean, are you sure?"

"A hundred percent." She leaned forward and touched her lips to my neck. I love that warm feeling she gives me whenever she touches me. That tingling sensation that just makes me shiver a little when her lips touch my skin.

"Hmm..." I rested my head against her, then rose on my tiptoes and hugged my arms around her neck.

"Forget me asking," she nibbled on my jaw line, actually making me forget for a good second. One of her hands slid from my cheek to under my shirt and touched my not-yet-there breast. My body responds by wrapping my legs around her hips and pulling her closer. Slowly, she began feeling me up while kissing my face more passionately.

My body began to move with her motion. Her hand slid from the top of my training bra to underneath it, teasing my nipple.



"Umm..." I pressed as close to her as I could get. I almost wish there wasn't fabric in our way. Her other hand, which was on my hip, made its way to my back, making me arch. Why did I feel this way?

I suddenly stopped and pushed her away.

"What?" she asked, instantly stopping.

I bit my bottom lip nervously, "Ye—yes."

"Yes?" She looked into my eyes, confused.

Sucking in a breath, I said, "Yes, I'll... I'll be your... g—girlfriend."

"You will?" Mrs. Lesley's face broke out into a smile.

I smiled back softly and nodded.

She softly pressed her lips against mine, excited. I inhaled. "Oh, Candy, now we can go to my place," she smirked seductively.

Wait.

Is this what she wanted in the first place? To be able to go that far with me and make it look like she actually liked me? I mean, she does have a husband; isn't he the one who really gives her pleasure and happiness? I mean, that's the man she still lives with.

"Y—your house?" I looked away.

"Do you not feel comfortable with that yet?"

I shook my head, blond bangs flying all around.

"Oh, okay, I understand. You're not even a teenager yet."

"I'm sorry..."

"No, no," she looked at me. "I don't want to pressure you at all. I want you to enjoy this relationship."

So we were really together...?

"Give me your cell phone."

"Wh—why?" I asked, pulling it out of my front pocket.

Mrs. Lesley took it quickly and searched through it, "I'm putting my number in. Text me when you get home."

Teachers text? "O—oh—kay..." She dropped it in my hands.

"Now get home." She drew me close and kissed my forehead.

"You're not taking me?"

"My husband is picking me up."

Well then. "Oh, okay." I jumped down from the desk. "Bye, Ellen." I took my bookbag and left.



At home, I kicked off my sneakers and laid on my bed, staring at my cell phone. Was it too early to text her? She did say right when I got home, which was twenty minutes ago... What if she put in the wrong number? I don't want to look clingy, she might think I'm immature. Will she get mad if I don't text her? I don't want to make her mad...

I took a deep breath.

Ok, Candice, it's not that hard. Just text 'hi'.

What about 'hey'?

Or 'sup'?

'Hello'? 'Helloooooo'?

Hm. This is stupid; I'm making this more complicated than it has to be.

Just. Text. Hey.

And I did. Message sent.

Less than a minute later, she responded 'Hey babe.'

Hehe. Babe. Like some boyfriend... or Sam. Hmm... Sam. I'll text her too...

I replied to Mr. Lesley's message with a 'what's new?' Then I looked up Sam's number and texted her 'hiya'.

'Bored. Yourself?' My teacher—er, girlfriend?—responded.

'Same', I texted back.

'Hey babe', Sam texted me. I giggled.

'Whatsup babe? ^\_^' I loved calling her babe. Felt so natural.

'Haha, nothing really. Just thinking. What about you?' Sam responded.

Hmmmm. Should I tell her I'm not single anymore? Nooo, she'll ask who it is, and I can't ever tell her...

'Same. What are you thinking about?'

'Lots of things. U?'

'Who I like?'

'Who might this be?????'

'Shhh! I cant tell ~\_^'

'Do I know them?'

'Yes.'

'A lot?'

'Yes.'

'Tall or short?'

'Tall.'

'How long have u liked them?'

'A while.'

'And are you going to ask them out?'

'I'll wait till they ask me.'

'Pft. You're not going to get far like that.'

'IDC'

'Ask them out!'

'No wai!'

'Who is it?!'

'Ugh.'

'Ugh!'



It was Friday, and it went on as it usually does. Fun and fast. I love Fridays, plus Sam and I are planning on having a sleepover! Woo! Pizza, movies, and gossip. Love it.

I was walking down the hall from the bathroom, heading back to fourth period.

"Candice," I heard Mrs. Lesley's voice say.

Crap. I was hoping to avoid her since I wasn't staying after school.

"I got your text message," she eyeballed me. "Now, why can't you stay after school today?"

I swallowed hard. "I... I can't talk for long. I've been out of class for too long... My teacher'll—"

"I'll take you back to class; this is my free period."

"N—no... That's okay, I'll just be going now..."

She snatched my arm right before I rushed away, "Come to my class, Candice," she ordered, dragging me away in the direction of her room.

"E-Ellen! I have to get to class!"

"Too bad, Candy."

We reached her room, and she pushed me in. "Now your excuse?"

I shifted around awkwardly, trying not to look her in the eye.

"Talk Candice."

"I have plans..." I mumbled.

"Oh, do you?" Mrs. Lesley stepped closer, hovering over me.

"Yes, and I won't be able to make it after school..."

"Plans with whom?"

"Sam..."

"Is Samantha your girlfriend too?" she asked, almost mad.

I shook my head confusedly. Sam is not like that; she's mad about boys.

"Why are you so nervous?" She pulled me gently into a hug, trying to calm me down.

I leaned my head on her chest. "I don't know."

Mrs. Lesley pushed my chin up so that I was forced to look at her, "I'm not mad at you, Candy, just worried."

"Oh, I wasn't planning on cheating... Are you jelly?"

She smiled. "No, I'm not jealous. I trust you, but I would still like to know..." She lightly kissed my lips.

"O—oh, kay..."

She looked me in the eye, searching for something. Am I over-worrying her? I don't want to put any stress on her... I raised my arms and wrapped them around her neck, and kissed her lips more tenderly. Mrs. Lesley kissed me back and pulled my body closer. Slowly, I parted my lips so that her tongue could enter my mouth.

Ohhh, I love it when our tongues tangle, fights for dominance, pushing for passion. I felt so grownup kissing someone like that. I felt warm fingers trail up my shirt and up my back. "Hnnn..." I tilted my head to get a better taste.

Her hand that touched my back went under my training bra and rubbed my little breast softly. In return, I let my hands play with her hair, gently passing my fingers through it.

I could tell she was getting impatient and wanted more by the way she pulled at my training bra. Right before she pulled up my shirt, she shoved me against the nearest wall and let her mouth move to my neck. With my bra loose but not completely, she traced her fingers down my bare side, making my skin tingle.

God, this felt so good. One of my legs rose and hooked around her hips, so the arm that was holding me slid to my leg to keep it there.

"Ommhhh..." I moaned quietly when her body started to grind against mine.

"Candy... sweetheart..." she groaned against the skin of my neck.

It was getting very heated between us. Both of us wanting more, loving the lust, craving the touch. My hand, yearning to explore her body, slid down from her head to the front of her shirt to squeeze her breast lightly.

Mrs. Lesley sighed. She broke away for half a second to pull my shirt over my head and to pull off my bra completely. She then unbuttoned her own shirt and tossed it away.

I shivered as her hand ran along my bare skin.

She smiled at my reaction. Taking advantage of my senses, she put her moist lips to my hard nipple, carefully biting it and teasing me. Mrs. Lesley's hand made its way under my school skirt but remained on the outside of my underwear.

"Ah-heh..." I breathed heavily, feeling excitement roll through my body like a powerful ocean wave. This is so... weird... Why do I like it so much?

Her fingers rubbed me on the outside of my panties, making me buck and grind against them. Her lips trailed back up to my neck, then my lips, greedily taking my mouth for her own.

RIIIING!!!!

There went the bell. Gosh dammit!

She groaned just as disappointed as me.

She quickly broke apart to put back on her top, but I wasn't ready to go yet.

"N—no... hold me some more," I begged, feeling cold air on my skin. "Please...?"

"There's no time, Candy. Dress up. Kids will be entering class any minute now." Mrs. Lesley then went to her desk to write a pass for me.

I reluctantly put my top back on.

"Tell your teacher I stopped you to help me with something."

"Like what?" I asked. "Kissing and making out?"

She looked at me, "I needed you to help me sort out some assignments."

"Oh," I smirked. "Sneaky!" I fixed my clothes and took the paper.

She sighed and pulled me into a hug. "I'm going to miss you, Candy, until next time. Maybe tomorrow?"

"But tomorrow's Saturday..."

"You might be coming over to my house for some personal tutoring." She kissed my lips hungrily.

"Wait—huh?"

A student knocked on the closed door.

"I'll text you, sweetie."

I left her class, walking down the dark hallway towards the gym. I still felt confused and hot from what just happened; my lust meter still off the scale, making me crave what I couldn't have yet. Ugh! This is almost unbearable...!



"So!" Samantha said, plopping down on her bed with a bowl of popcorn in her hand. "Who's your crush? Have you been talking to Conner?"

I rolled my eyes, grabbing a handful of popcorn.

"Yup! I think you like him..."

"Conner?!" Ewww. I never thought of that. "Isn't he, like... a BOY?"

"Yeah, like duh! You like boys, Candy, don't you?"

I stuffed popcorn in my mouth. "Nope. They stink."

Well, isn't it him you've been texting this whole time?"

"Um... no..." I bit my lip, looking towards the TV, concentrating on some programme about polar bears.

"Oh, then who is it?" she asked.

"No one..." My cell phone vibrated right on cue to show I was lying.

She snatched my phone before I could. "Now, I don't want to look through your phone, Candy; you know I'm not like that. So, who is it?" She smiled evilly.

I sighed, "I'm texting a friend I just met. But who I like isn't important."

Sam puckered her lips. "Then you wouldn't mind if I opened this message from..." She read my phone: "Ellen?"

I swallowed hard, looking nervous. "Go head; I don't care," I lied.

"Okay," she said, even though she knew I was bluffing. "I'll pick you up at four? What?"

"Um!" I quickly snatched my phone from her hands while she was off guard. "Me and her are just planning on... uh... seeing a movie!"

"A movie? That early?" She looked at me in disbelief.

I nodded fast, "Yeah—some chick flick." Sam hated chick flicks.

She studied me really hard. "Okay then... So back to the person you like—"

"Ugh! Samantha!!!" I fell on her pillow, already tired of her annoying probing.



"Should I talk to your mother?"

"Uh... If you want to..." I mumbled into the phone.

"The story is that you're coming over to my house for private tutoring."

"She's going to ask what my grade is and why can't you tutor me here."

"I'll say—low eighty, it's slipping, and because then I would have to get paid, I'm volunteering."

"She would volunteer to pay."

"Hm... I would say I can't without the principal's permission, and there is no need."

"Mkay... That's just about it."

I heard Mrs. Lesley sigh.

"Sigh?"

"I just hate we have to do it this way..."

She's really into this whole relationship thing... "I know, right?" What else could I say?

"So when do I turn to Kent Street again? I haven't taken you home in so long, I almost forget where you live."

"You go all the way down till you hit a Cul-de-sac."

"Oh yeah, I'll be there any minute."

I hadn't really thought about it, but... what exactly are we going to do at her house? Am I ready to go that far with her? All the way... What does that even mean? To say I've gone all the way before? No, what if I do something awkward? Like sneeze? What if I cry? Will she use her fingers or a—

"Candice!"

"Huh—what?"

"Stop spacing out like that so much; it worries me..."

"Sorry, I was thinking..." I shook whatever thoughts I had out of my mind.

"Well, I'm at your house—it's the brown one, right?"

"Y—yeah, with the red mailbox."

"Why don't you ever take a bus?" I heard a car door slam outside.

"My mom thinks I'll run away."

"Interesting. Come to the door." She hung up, and the doorbell rang.

"It's for me!" I yelled so my mom wouldn't complain about getting up.

"Who is it?" she yelled back.

"My teacher! Mrs. Lesley."

"Why is she here?" My mom's voice sounded irritated.

"I'm just going to her house for tutoring," I said, jogging down the stairs and finally answering the door.

Mrs. Lesley smiled at me, wearing a black dress and a v-cut red sleeveless shirt with black flats. She looked pretty nice...

I smiled back at her. "My mom's in the kitchen."

She nodded and stepped inside. She then followed me towards the kitchen, where my mom was sitting at the kitchen table, sorting out unpaid bills.

"Hello," my mother said, officially faking her charming mood.

Hello, Mrs. Donnell. I stopped by to pick Candice up for her tutoring at my house."

"So, I've been told... why can't you tutor her here?" She looked Mrs. Lesley up and down as if she were a cop.

"I would have to get paid, and I'm doing this completely voluntarily."

"I could pay."

"No need; I would have to go through paper work and—" Mrs. Lesley rolled her eyes and fixed her hair. "It'll just be easier like this."

"Mhh... Okay." She looked at me now, almost glaring. "Don't let your grades slip." Warning received.

I nodded, "Let's get going."



Mrs. Lesley studied my mother for a minute before she responded, "Yes, let's go. Thank you, Mrs. Donnell," and we both walked to the front door.

I got inside her car and buckled my seat belt. Mrs. Lesley climbed in carefully after me, not wrinkling her skirt. We sat in silence.

"Aren't we leaving?" I finally asked.

"I don't like your mother."

I shrank back in my seat. "No one does..."

She sighed and finally started the engine, driving away.



"Make yourself at home," she said as I sat on her bed and she went to her closet to change.

My neck twisted around, my eyes searching every inch of the unfamiliar room. So much stuff. Lots of things from other countries—paintings... tonnes of books—I kicked my feet against her bed, just out of habit.

"You have a very nice house," I complimented.

"Thank you, Candy," she replied from somewhere in the deep closet.

"May I turn on the TV?"

"Of course."

I found the remote on the bed and clicked the television on. The first thing that popped up on the screen was 'History Channel'.

"Boring," I said to myself.

Mrs. Lesley came out of the closet (no pun intended) with a fake gasp. "I love the 'History Channel'." She sat down beside me, wearing a T-shirt and shorts.

Nice legs... I observed. They looked slim and toned, as if she worked out every day.

"So how was your sleepover yesterday?" Mrs. Lesley asked, not noticing me checking her out.

I shrugged. "The usual."

She reached out and pulled me easily into her lap, hugging me close to her. "Tell me what usually happens at schoolgirl sleepovers."

I automatically blushed. "Th—things like movies, popcorn, secrets, such-and-such."

She raised an eyebrow at me, "What kind of secrets?"

"Oh—no! No! I didn't tell her... I swear!"

"It's okay," Mrs. Lesley smiled and gently stroked my forearm. "I trust you."

I leaned into her, enjoying every touch from her, purring like a little kitten in her arms. "What has been new with you?" I asked with only half of my attention on her and the rest on the television.

She sighed. "Not much, actually. Everything's been... simple... lately."

"What do you mean by that?" I weaved my fingers through hers, holding her hand.

She gently kissed my forehead, "Just... easier."

Stop. Pause.

This is officially creeping me out.

This makes NO sense to me! We look and act just like a normal couple, but we're not! I mean, she's my teacher, and I'm a twelve-year-old kid! It looks as if... we're really into each other. But what if her husband pops home? How would he react? And what would she say? 'I'm bisexual and a paedophile?'

The worst part is... I like it... a lot... Not just the attention but the real affection—texting every day, sweet kisses, long hugs and cuddles, deep conversations... We tell each other everything. I learned a lot about her... She's actually not mean, as she first appeared to me in the class, and she goes through a lot...

"Candice?"

"Hm?" I shook my head, coming back to her, and saw her smiling at me.

"What are you thinking so hard about?"

"Don't you find what we're doing... odd?"

"What do you mean by that? Do you not like this?"

I looked up at her to see her facial expression. "No, I do, I really do, but isn't it... different to do something like this? I mean, we're girls AND different ages..."

Her confused face relaxed. "Candy, love has no rules..." She kissed my lips gently.

Is she saying she loves me? We've only been together for... two months?

"Wh—what do you mean by that...?"

"I'm saying," Mrs. Lesley looked me dead in the eye, "You are a beautiful girl; the prettiest one I've seen at the school. Why shouldn't I love you?"

"You—you do?" I couldn't hide my surprise.

She nodded.

But... do I love her? Should I say I love her back? Would she get offended if I didn't?

She unexpectedly kissed me on the lips, pulling me back to reality. I peered into her eyes and saw that she didn't want to just love me but MAKE love to me. She kissed me harder now, her tongue running along the rim of my lips, asking to enter.

I pulled closer to her, hugging her by the neck and pushing my smaller body against hers. She leaned down so that she lay on her back with me on top of her. Her hands went from hugging me to touching my thighs.

After a minute of making out, she slid the hand that wasn't rubbing my thighs to the hem of my shirt with fingers slowly crawling under it, tickling my skin.

Wait. What if she just told me she loves me to get into my panties? If she really loved me, she'd divorce her husband! I know that makes no sense since I'm only in 6th grade, but it's not possible to love two people at once.

Ugh. Why is everything so confusing?

No. I get it now—she's IN love with her husband, but she just loves me. I think she has a crush on me, and we are having a secret affair!

"Uh—ah!" I cried loudly when she bit down on my neck.

"That's for not paying attention to me when I'm loving you, Candice," she said, kissing my neck sweetly as if apologising for giving me a hickey.

"Hnnn..." I moaned softer now, realising that our bodies had begun grinding against each other.

"Ellen...?" I whispered, trying to get her attention.

"W—what?"

"Are we having an... affair?"

"Not now, sweetie... I'm busy... loving you." She broke away for a minute to pull my shirt over my head before reconnecting her lips to mine. Her hands touched my torso and sides, making goose bumps rise on my skin. Her touch felt so good... Her fingers slid down until they got to the edge of my pants, carefully taking her time unbuttoning them.

I grew a bit nervous and anxious at the same time. I felt so small compared to her. She was so much bigger than me, and besides, I had never gone this far with anyone before, and certainly not with a grown-up person. I hoped she wasn't going to hurt me. My jeans were tugged down to my knees, and I was able to kick them down to my ankles and off the bed.

Mrs. Lesley rolled over and sat up next to me. She took off her own shirt and looked down at me.

"S—stop that," I said, blushing and covering my chest with my arms. "W—what are you going to do to me, anyway?"

She laughed at my reaction, then kissed my neck, moving downward towards my chest. "Let's get rid of this..." she said, talking about my bra, unhooking it. "...then I'll show you. I think you'll like it."

One more garment to go...

She then nibbled on my nipple, teasing me gently and making them perk up.

"Hnnn..." I moaned softly, arching my back slightly.

"Candice..." She whispered softly, kicking off her pants, "You're okay with this, right?"

I stared at the ceiling blankly, thinking. Was I? She wasn't a bad person, and, yes, I did want her to... do this... And I do love her.

I sucked in a breath and nodded. "Okay..." She carefully began pulling off my underwear... leaving me completely naked.



"Ugh! I hate Mondays!" Samantha complained, as she did every Monday.

"Don't we all?" I replied, searching through my locker.

"Is something bothering you?" She looked at me, concerned.

Yes! I wanted to shout I lost my virginity to a teacher, and I have felt so different since... My body feels like it never did before...

I shook my head, no.

"Are you sure? I'm here for you if you need to talk."

I sighed, feeling tears rising in my eyes. I felt ashamed for lying to my best friend. She didn't know how badly I wanted to tell her, but I could never... I couldn't betray Mrs. Lesley's trust.

"Nothing, really; maybe just stress."

"Okay," she reached out and hugged me, "I'm getting to class; positive there's nothing wrong?"

I hugged her back and nodded.

She walked away.

Gosh, she's such a good friend, and I hate lying to her. But I have a bigger problem than lying to my best friend. I'm really starting to believe Mrs. Lesley only asked me to be her girlfriend so that she could officially get into my panties without looking like a total bitch. I think this is because she never called me on Saturday when I got home, nor on Sunday. Not even a text message... I felt so... dirty and used... and I think I—I hate her.

RIIIING!!!

The bell sounded, making me shut my locker and head to class. I can't wait for this day to be over...



The fifth-period—lunch-period bell rang, and I groaned out loud.

"What?" Samantha asked.

"Mrs. Lesley's class..." I slumped in my seat, depressed.

"Skip it, Candy," she looked at me without a smile.

"You know I don't skip..."

"One time wouldn't hurt."

"First time might..." I said without thinking about what I was saying.

"Candy, I'm talking about skipping," she joked, and stood up to leave.

"Oh, so was I..." I mumbled, getting up myself.

"Just go to the library, talk to the librarian, and stay the whole class period."

"I guess..."

"Good luck, noob." Sam smiled, pushing me in the direction of the library.

Was I really going to do this? Will it really work? What if I get caught? What if the librarian doesn't let me stay? Ugh! No more 'what ifs'. I'm going to do this.

I rounded the corner and went to the end of the hall. Right before I pushed the double doors open, I took a deep breath.

Go Candice.

I quietly opened the door and peeked inside.

"Yes?" the librarian, Miss Neilan, greeted me.

"H-hi, M-miss. Neilan..." I felt so shy and awkward...

"Hmm, Candice, right? Candice Donnell?"

"You know my face?" I stepped inside and walked slowly to her desk.

She smiled softly and nodded. "You've been at the top of your reading class since third grade, hun. Well, top ten."

I did not know that... "Seriously?" I smiled.

She nodded again. "So, what can I help you with?"

Just as I opened my mouth to answer, the late bell rang. Feet stomped, doors slammed, and people screamed. Silence. Everything was suddenly calm and quiet.

She didn't take her eyes off me.

"I... I was just wo—wondering i—f—f I could stay here..."

She raised a thin eyebrow at me. "You're asking to skip?" I never noticed exactly, but Miss Neilan has such a nice face... Geeky, black-framed glasses... long, silky brown hair pulled in a tight ponytail; her face and body resembled a teenager; curves, but small ones; and perfect little features.

I nodded.

She sighed. "What's the reason, Candice?"

"I... I don't want to talk about it..."

"Whose class are you in?"

"Mrs. Lesley's..."

"Hmmm..." She studied me with her large brown eyes. "I see you leaving the parking lot in her car after school every day..."

I swallowed nervously.

"Why all of a sudden do you not want to attend her class?"

My eyes left her face to look at the floor.

"Come here," she said nicely, pushing her chair away from her desk and patting her lap.

I made my way behind her desk. I was becoming accustomed to adults holding me and cuddling me, so I sat on her lap and looked at her as if I were a little kid. Well, I guess I was. But still...

"Candice. Is Mrs. Lesley hurting you?"

I didn't know what to answer. Surely she didn't mean... "N—no... I... she..."

"Are you and Mrs. Lesley having an... affair?"

I gasped and looked surprised. How could she guess so easily? Could other teachers tell?

"H—how did you guess...?"

"Other teachers have noticed you two are close. They think you and she are distantly related. Me, I can tell the real thing," she edged closer, smirking.

My face heated in embarrassment. I was blushing like mad because it was so obvious to everyone.

"But why mean old Mrs. Lesley?" she asked.

"She's NOT mean! Sh—she's the only one wh—who actually tried..." Did I actually say that? Gosh, I felt so stupid, like some little kid confessing a crime...

"And what if I try?" Miss Neilan rubbed her hand on my thigh.

I bit my lip. It felt good to have all the attention on me again. Someone who actually wanted me...

"Why so shy, Candy? I know what you and Mrs. Lesley do..."

It's not like that. We really like each other. I think... "I... I... w—we—" I couldn't explain. Everything was so confusing!

She leaned closer and kissed my cheek lightly. "Well, I like you too, Candy Girl."

Whoa! What is with these teachers? "B—but..."

"I want to be as close to you as she is..." She pulled me closer and looked at me.

Sure, why not? It's not like me and Mrs. Lesley have real feelings for each other. She's just using me as her sex toy. And Mrs. Lesley has a husband on the side, and all I have is someone who says they love me just to get in my panties. So yeah. Why the heck not? I guess they could just pass me around like some piece of... ugh... candy.

I turned and pushed my lips up to her small, delicate ones.

No much spark.

I mean, with Mrs. Lesley, I felt the rush, the heat, and the fireworks all at once. But with her... it wasn't the same...

She hugged me and pulled me closer, her lips still locked on mine.

"CANDICE DONNELL!!" A voice boomed through the library.

I broke away quickly and jumped up away from Miss Neilan's lap, breaking from her hold. I was petrified.

"What is the meaning of this?!" Mrs. Lesley yelled, stomping to me with anger in her eyes.

"I... I..." I felt so small and weak.

"You skipped my class to cheat on me with the librarian?!"

Cheat? As if. She is in no place to call someone a cheater. I glared back at her. "You have no room to talk!"

She gasped and walked up to me, now standing a good two steps away. I was expecting a slap on the face, but instead I saw a tear in her eye.

"I've never cheated on you."

"I... I mean your husband."

Mrs. Lesley rolled her eyes. "He sleeps with his secretary; we are getting a divorce."

"Is there something I'm missing?" Mrs. Neilan stepped in.

"Stay out of this, Allison," Mrs. Lesley said with attitude, then looked me in the eye. "Why would you do this? Knowing you're my girlfriend?"

My face scrunched up, mad. "Why do you keep acting like we're a real couple!?"

"Because we are?"

I was getting tired of this. Her little game. Her fake feelings. Being her little toy. Everything!

"Stop it!" I balled up my fist and glared up at her. "Stop saying we're a couple when I know we're not. Stop pretending like you actually care about me!"

"But we ARE a couple, and I DO care about you, Candice. I love you!"

My face started to burn with anger, and my eyes filled with hot tears. Why was I getting so worked up over this?

"Stop lying! I know you don't really love me, and I'm just your toy, so stop it." Tears rushed down my cheeks uncontrollably.

All of a sudden, warm, familiar, comforting arms wrapped around me. "Stop lying to yourself," she whispered softly in my ear.

What? I wasn't lying to myself... I think... no, she's wrong... isn't she...? Why am I so confused?

"Get out of denial and see the truth." Mrs. Lesley forced me to look at her by lifting my chin. She looked at me dead in the eyes. "I love you, Candy," she said and kissed me softly on the lips. "I always have, little girl."

She really does love me?

I think...

I think I love her too... Is this what love feels like? Why was I crying? Why was she?

I threw my arms around her neck and hugged her close. "I... I love you too..." I whispered through my tears.

She laughed and picked me up in her arms, and twirled me around. Finally, she stopped and set me on the ground. "Candy," she breathed excitedly. "You've made me so happy!" She leaned down again to give me another kiss.

I leaned forward to accept it.

And there goes that rush, that heat, and those fireworks that filled my body with love.

The End