



His
favorite
Mistake

part 1

After School Special

Maya Leigh

Maya Leigh



HIS FAVORITE MISTAKE

Part I

AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL

VOL I

Adam & Ashley's story

Table of Contents

[Copyright](#)

[Dedication](#)

[About Maya Leigh](#)

[Description](#)

[Preface](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Thank you](#)

[A sneak peek](#)

[About Maya Leigh](#)

This book is an original publication of Maya Leigh.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental. The publisher does not assume any responsibility for third-party websites or their content.

The author acknowledges the trademark status and trademark owners of various products referenced in this work of fiction, which have been used without permission. The publication or use of these trademarks is not authorized, associated with or sponsored by the trademark owner.

Copyright © 2020 Maya Leigh.

Cover Design by Maya Leigh.

Cover photograph: Pixabay

All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic format without the author's permission. Please do not participate in, or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Purchase only authorized editions.

To all of you who love a little sweet with a little bit of naughty.

About Maya Leigh

When you need a little hot & spicy, you're low on orgasms, and need a sugar fix with an incredibly hot male specimen to get you all tingly again...

Look no further. Maya Leigh's books have just what you need.

Maya Leigh loves a happy ending and is determined her characters will get one, one way or the other.

Whether it's Billionaire playboys, Naughty professors, SEALS, Delta Force or College guys, Maya Leigh is here to deliver.

You know you love your filthy-licious-smut.

Enjoy...



Maya Leigh

Description

Ashley Chapman is a girl who seems to have it all. Looks, money, popularity, perfect grades... But maintaining perfection can grow quite tiresome. What happens when you turn 18, you have the world at your fingertips and all you feel is bored?

Weell...

It's time for a little kinky, panty dropping, can't believe it's actually happening fun.

Especially, if it comes wrapped as a hot, sexy new English teacher.

What's a girl to do, if not explore the deliciously forbidden temptation...

WARNING: This is a story of an over the top Alpha male and an 18 year old girl who has it all, but wants what she definitely shouldn't have. It's forbidden, it's sweet, it's hot and kinky and after you read this you'll definitely need a little sugar yourself... ☺ Ready for a mouthwateringly, earthshattering, hot as hell ride? If your answer is yes, then keep reading...

PREFACE



I've always had everything I ever wanted, materialistically speaking. Emotionally, well that's another story. You know how it is, a socialite for a mother and a workaholic millionaire for a father.

Now, don't get me wrong. My parents love me. In their own way, I suppose. They just have a difficulty showing it, other than buying me things, they don't really have time for me. As far back as I can remember I always had one nanny or another taking care of me.

For some reason none of them lasted very long, so as you can imagine, attachment issues are no stranger to me. That, and having difficulty trusting people. Or so my therapist likes to point out.

When I was little I thought the nannies left because of me, because I did something wrong. Because I didn't obey or I didn't clean after myself or because I talked back. When I grew up and became more aware of the other sex, that's when I tuned in on my mother's insecurities. It wasn't my fault the nannies changed so often, it was my mother making sure none of them stayed long enough to gain my father's notice.

They were all young and hot, well, most of them. And my mother was concerned my father would take a liking to one and eventually leave her for a younger model. First of all, my father wasn't home long enough to even notice the nanny, let alone talk to her. She was the help and therefore my mother's concern and responsibility. My father was *much* too busy for that.

On the rare occasion my father *did* talk to one of my nannies they were replaced the very next day. I guess my mother didn't want to take any chances.

So why didn't she just hire some old shrew and eliminate the temptation in entirety is beyond me.

I got used to it though. And didn't get attached to any of them anymore. When I was little I cried many times when the person I loved and trusted, the person who took care of me and was basically the only steady and present parental figure I had, all of a sudden left me and I was stuck with another stranger replacing her.

Over time it stopped bothering me and I viewed them as just another caretaker in our household. A person who made sure I ate and got dressed for school and did my homework and so on.

The only real constant in my life were my friends. The ruling trio. The three A's, Ashley, that's me :-P, Amanda and Abby, or Abigail, but she really hates her name so it's always just Abby.

They were my family. No one could measure up to my A's.

Surprisingly we weren't all that similar. We were actually the polar opposites, well on most things. Shoes, bags and makeup don't count.

We all attended the Hawthorn Academy, which catered to the children of the elite. I know it sounds pompous, but it's just the way it is. Everyone who goes to the Academy is the son or daughter of someone important or someone famous, but either way it's someone rich.

Except the very few scholarship kids who get accepted every year. But that's like five kids a year, so they're a serious minority. They try to fit in, and a few have actually succeeded in infiltrating the inner circle of our sanctum, but most try really hard to stay invisible, because if you hadn't heard by now, rich kids tend to be over privileged pompous idiots.

Pompous – mean – nasty - idiots. And you don't want to get on the bad side of one of those. Like it or not, money always talks. Especially in our town, which is overflowing with it.

Everyone is always trying to out due and outmatch the other, but lucky for me, daddy's got it covered. No one can outmatch his little princess. When it comes to material things he's more than happy to provide.

I admit, I definitely take advantage of that.

Speaking of...

I just turned eighteen last month and my parents made sure I had the biggest, most outlandish party our school had ever seen. I know, I'm spoiled, but only a bit. Trust me, some of the girls at my school would put the biggest Hollywood drama queens to shame, so when considering I'm surrounded by the starlet wannabes on a daily basis, I'm sort of normal. *Just saying.*

Anyway. The main topic of conversation at the party. Surprisingly, not who hooked up with whom or the latest scandal that graced our school and our little town, but rather our newest intriguing arrival at the school.

A hushed murmur spread around, and the plotting began. The most ridiculous ideas influenced by bouts of alcohol, most of them forgotten with the sobering sun peeking on the

horizon, a few though, a few would definitely be tested. Boosted by short skirts and lacy bras, and very determined socialites. Now I got your spidey senses tingling, don't I?



He is walking down the hall and all the girls stare unabashedly at him, turning their heads to not lose sight of him, his perfect physique, his confident stride, those abs that make you drool, strong powerful biceps and that ass, don't get me started.

You might be wondering which one of the football stars at our school or actor wannabes could possibly be getting that kind of reception.

Well, you'd be wrong on all accounts.

The guy all the girls want, the guy they would drop down to their knees and flung their panties in the air is not a student, not a mere boy, but a man of experience, a man who knows how to make a girl scream in ecstasy and beg for more.

Who is this perfect specimen you ask?

Well, that man just happens to be the handsome, deliciously sculpted, incredibly talented Mr. Adam Barnett, our new substitute English teacher.

CHAPTER 1



I might have mentioned this before or you've concluded on your own, but it's worth mentioning it again.

I have the biggest crush on my substitute English teacher. Talk about hot. The guy looks like a model, you know, one of those GQ types.

When he came to our school last year, just before the summer break, all the girls went wild, no teacher at our school ever looked like him. I mean, we have some hot ones, but nothing even remotely close to his caliber.

Our regular English teacher went on maternity leave a little early, apparently for some the morning sickness doesn't end after the first trimester, and it was really bad for her, that's why her doctor recommended bed rest.

We were left with no teacher, but our principal, who by the way is also quite attractive, for an older guy, 35 to be exact, asked someone he knew for a favor, and *he* came to our school, so we only had him for about a month, but it was enough to have all the girls crazy in love with him.

We later found out it was Mr. Barnett's older brother, a friend of our principal, who talked him into coming here.

Adam Barnett is a famous writer, who writes thrillers and mystery novels, producing one bestseller after the other. He also has a PhD in English Literature and was a recurring guest lecturer in universities all over the world.

He certainly didn't need the money he would get for teaching at our little prep school, but apparently he enjoyed it on occasion, that is, when he wasn't busy writing his next bestseller.

Last year we had a school picnic by the lake and when he played volleyball with the guys he took his shirt off. I swear to God, every girl in the vicinity was literally drooling, even a few of the female teachers started fanning themselves. Forget six pack, can you say eight pack?

Since when have English teachers become hot? Aren't they all supposed to be these nerdy guys with glasses, wearing vests and bowties? Well, he does sometimes use reading glasses,

but they only make him more attractive. Seriously, no one is supposed to be this hot, especially not a teacher at a prep school.

All those privileged girls with raging hormones, raised from birth to think we could have or get anything we want.

How could we *possibly* resist?



The first time he touched me was when he gave me a ride home one day. My car broke down and when I was slamming the door in frustration and was just about to call home for my mother to pick me up, *he* walked out of the school.

He offered to drive me home and I gladly accepted. On the drive we talked about school and the assignment he gave us, and of course the comment Mandy made, why do we always have to read stuff from old boring guys and then figure out what lesson they were trying to teach us or what they were trying to say about people or society when they wrote this or that...

Why can't we read something fun, you know, like *Fifty Shades of Grey*, that's educational, and current, since everybody is *still* talking about the movies and the books and how hot Jamie Dornan is.

We all laughed, obviously, but it sparked a debate about sexuality and people's interests, not to mention why all the kinky stuff is so 'in' right now. I didn't say anything in class, just blushed profusely. I read the books and watched the movies... several times... and loved them, *duh*. What's not to love? They're *beyond* hot, but still emotional with a good story. Don't get me started on the actors. *Yeah, I'm a fan. Sue me.*

Mr. Barnett asked me what I thought of the discussion and I blushingly told him that I like the books too, and the movies.

He looked at me and smiled. It was unusual though, because his eyes shifted as if he was contemplating something and his hands on the steering wheel tightened substantially until he was gripping it tightly and then all of a sudden he relaxed and all went back to normal.

We continued our conversation and I noticed he kept stealing little glances of me. We stopped at the red light and he turned, looking into my eyes. I saw the heat there and

shuddered. I mean we've been flirting from time to time, especially during our private discussions about schoolwork and assignments, but that's what all the girls did.

We all thought he was super hot and were trying to get his attention, one way or the other, some were upfront about it and some were more coy and shy. He always smiled at us, and I thought even flirted a little, nothing too obvious though, he was always very professional, but still friendly to everyone.

There was nothing professional about how he was looking at me in the car though. We were so close, I could feel the heat emanating from his body and he could definitely feel my shudders.

He put his hand on my knee and squeezed it lightly, not moving. Then he slowly moved it upward, caressing my stocking covered thigh. He went up and down a few times until he reached the edge of my skirt. I thought he was going to stop, but he kept going, his fingers slowly moving beneath my skirt, but just a little. He stopped again, slowly petting me and making me shiver.

He was looking down at his hand and the progress it was making when he suddenly looked up into my eyes and held my gaze. His hand started moving again, up and up it went, until he reached the edge of my panties, he slowly caressed the juncture between my thighs and then his thumb stroked over the fabric of my panties, right there, where my pleasure was concentrated. He petted my clit and I jumped a little, no one other than myself had ever touched me there, but it felt so good, being touched by him. My legs parted by themselves, giving him more access. He pressed harder against my clit and I leaned back, closing my eyes when I heard a car horn and his hand was gone.

I groaned in frustration. I didn't want it to end, but I was also mortified by what I let happen. He was my teacher after all, and what we did, what *he* did, was not appropriate.

I knew it was wrong, but it turned me on even more because of it, and I think he felt the same. We didn't stop there, now did we?

CHAPTER 2



☞ *My first time* ☞

This was the night. I just knew it. We've been dancing around the matter for a while now. Never quite breaching that imaginary line society has erected upon us. Oh, we've been breaking the rules, but we haven't quite gone over the finish line.

We did everything, except the actual penetration part, and that was coming tonight. And so was I, pun intended. A lot, if what I've experienced so far is anything to go by. The man could make me come in so many different ways. I shudder just thinking about it.

My body is on fire. I'm so wet, my panties are already drenched. I'm glad I decided to wear them, otherwise there would be no barrier between my juices dripping freely down my exposed legs. Of course I'm wearing a skirt, easy access at the front of my mind when I was getting dressed.

Also, he really likes me in skirts. His hands are always wandering under there. Touching, caressing and playing with my hidden parts. He could touch me and no one would be the wiser. In fact, he did, quite frequently. And I loved every single moment.

Our little secret.

Just me and him.

It makes me smile just thinking about it.



I arrive at his house at the designated time. I'm parking the car and I can see the light turning on and the front door opening. He rents the house at the end of the street, just around a corner and a private driveway. Which is perfect, because we definitely don't want anyone to see us.

I take my overnight bag out of my trunk and head towards him. My parents think I'm sleeping at Amanda's house for the weekend, so we have plenty of time to enjoy ourselves while they're none the wiser their daughter is about to receive her first cock in her untouched virgin pussy.

Amanda's parents are out of town and Amanda agreed to cover for me in case my parents decided to call, but I was certain they wouldn't. They never do. I'm their perfect-cheerleading-straight A's student-daughter who everybody adores. So why would they suspect anything?

I have to smile at that. Being the innocent, sweet, perfect little virgin has its perks. I bat my lashes, look down and act a bit shy and they all fall at my feet. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not a doormat, I'm outspoken and very opinionated when it comes to things I'm passionate about. My father's been saying that he knew since I started talking that I would follow in his footsteps and be a lawyer. Not that he's actually practicing, he mostly uses it for contracts and to get the upper hand in business. They can't screw you over, if you know what you're looking for and you yourself are well versed in all that legal mumbo-jumbo.

That's what my father always says. Be prepared for every outcome and eventuality, no surprises, but if someone does throw you a curveball, don't be fazed. Smirk, be slightly amused and then take charge of the situation. Act like the boss, and you'll be the boss. But most of all, don't let anyone see you sweat. You show weakness and the sharks *will* descend. Even when you think everything is falling apart, you show the world you're standing strong, you let them see only what you want, you show them what you're made of and you show them... you're the boss.

To say that my father has been preparing me to take over for him one day, is an understatement. He's been paving the way for me to conquer the world, when I'm ready that is, but not just yet.

For now I have high school to worry about. And the fact I'm about to lose my V-card. I don't know whether to scream in excitement or in terror. Just kidding. Definitely excitement. Still, he is hung like a freaking horse so... yikes. My poor little flower, as my two A's would say.

He greets me at the door and takes my bag from my hands and guides me inside. The second the doors are closed he is on me.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

