



Teaching practice experience part one

Life as a TP was fascinating I had heard so many stories but finally my time was here. The choice of the school you were to do your attachment was to be decided by the university but of course the TP coordinator was my personal friend so I had a chance to choose my own centre. During my fourth year first second semester, it was remaining barely two week to start my tp. Of course I had chosen my

school wisely. The beauty queens of Cardinal Otunga Girls High School Bungoma. For those of you who don't know about the school am sorry but it's like if you are interested in joining the school then you had to send a prior passport for beauty check. The girls were extremely beautiful. Being a man I waited patiently for the two weeks to elapse. During my final examinations, ESM 410: Educational management and administration, my mind was clouded with the images of these beauty queens coming for consultation. Of course I was not thinking about anything else but having the thought of over eight hundred teenage girls around me drove me crazy. That means about 1600 protruding boobs pointing at me (leave alone hizi zingine hukaa kama slippers) yaani nyonyo zimesimama pap. With such thoughts I wonder how I got an A in this course. I swear I knew I was going to get a supplementary but God forgave me my evil thoughts saving me the embarrassment.

From my institution: Masinde Muliro University of Science and Technology of course four of us had been given a chance at Cardinal; three ladies; Dorcus, Catherine and Elizabeth and me the only man. This made me a hot cake already. My hyena mode was activated instantly. Out of these three ladies, two of them were third years; Catherine and Elizabeth while Dorcus was a finalist like me though she was taking French and Religion while I was seriously clobbering Kiswahili and Geography. This means we were virtually strangers to each other though they all knew me because I was their class rep since first year and their Academic director during my final year. In the university I was also the MMUSDA (am an Adventist) prayer coordinator meaning my sexual escapades were truncated. None of them knew me as a hyena. Infact during one of the social Sundays at Kakamega forests one of my church mates; Kemunto literally asked me

if I knew the female anatomy. Don't ask me the reply I gave her because it was a social Sunday so I gave her a social answer anchored with a quote from the spirit of prophecy Letters to young lovers and the AH not forgetting several verses from the Holy Bible.

Let's come back to my TP. Here am not the prayer coordinator neither am I the academic director, I am a man among with three ladies at my disposal with over eight hundred teenage girls, virgins included. I felt lucky so lucky that I started fantasies on how I was going to have a duty rota.

Part 2 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 2: First day in school

The school was opening for the second term in 2015. The girls had reported the previous day. So I woke up at five. Being an extra county School, lessons began at seven. Assembly was held as from six thirty before a staff brief from the school principal: Mrs Christine sifuna a no nonsense madam.

Being the day we were going to be introduced to the girls we I had to look smart not to send a wrong message not only to the school administration but also to my potential catchies among the damsels

before me. So being from an Adventist background, I was used to doing official wear which I do up to date of course (if you don't believe me check my profile picture). I ironed my black trouser, my white shirt and my black necktie, I also picked my black leather belt that I had bought the previous day and my golden watch worthy 4500 thanks to the money that I had accumulated in Garissa during my long holiday. After taking a shower, I applied petroleum jelly (Vaseline for it's the only brand I use), wore my clothes, A black trouser, white vest, white shirt, black boxers, black belt, my watch on my wrist and completed my outfit with black leather shoes. I looked in the mirror and was happy that indeed I was smart and left for school. Being a distance I used a motorbike.

I arrived some minutes before assembly time. Surprisingly I was the first Attatchee to arrive so automatically I was included in the MODs list. I was walking around I could feel the eyes of the teachers following me. I felt proud.

And there came the Assembly time, my fellow TPs had arrived. Being a TP I had to wait to be introduced by the school principal so as I could officially show off my prowess. After short speeches from the students and teachers there came the time for introduction. My colleagues were introduced first, that is when I learnt that other universities had sent Attatchees too. KU had sent three male trainees and two female one making a total of ten Attatchees. And there came my time to introduced, I gathered courage and remembered the words of my lecturer Dr. Otieno. "The first impression will either make or destroy you." So I took the advice, I chose to use Kiswahili rather than English as used by my predecessors.

I thanked the principal, and gave my simple expectations from the students, surprisingly after my short speech the assembly exploded with claps. Hapo nikajua I have scored, even the school principal commented on my linguistic prowess. After the assembly all talk in the school was about me.

Part 3 coming soon

Teaching practice experience

Part 3: The staff meeting

Being the first day of the term, we were to hold a staff meeting for subject allocation and have the term calendar. So after the assembly we all walked back to the staffroom. In the staff room is when I discovered indeed the men are an endangered species in this school. The school had 46 regular teachers plus the ten Attatchees the total number was 56, surprisingly out of these only twelve were men, I included mark you most of the female teachers were below 30 years part from the principal, her deputy three others. I really thanked God because with all these cuties around my hyenahood was growing daily making me salivate 😊 fisi ni fisi tu.

I don't know why the students of KU tend to think that they are better than other trainees for they isolated talking in low tones, from their dressing code one could deduce that they are city boys, wearing

tightly fitting clothes as if they applied grease on their bodies before sliding into their clothes. But this did not deter me from doing my best. All this time I felt the eyes of teachers on me.

After around thirty minutes of talking and sharing the school principal arrived and the staff meeting began. We introduced ourselves once again and as normal the KU guys introduced themselves in English as they had done on the assembly but I chose to stick to my Kiswahili once again. To my surprise the school principal once again commented on me and added "you are smart Mwalimu, napenda umilisi wako wa lugha" a good compliment at the right time. Another score for me. We were taken through the school schedule, we were also told what is expected of us as the teacher trainees. A leader was to be chosen among us the trainees, the KU guys being more decided to have one their own. But I did care because I had already scored above them already. We were also told of the departmental offices but we were strictly warned by the school principal not to use the offices lest we use them as a den to consume her girls. She also told us that her girls can be naughty too. Personally I liked that bit because I came specifically for that, I wanted to experience the naughtiness of these girls, to hold them in my arms, feel their sharp boobs pinned against my chest.

The staff meeting ended at around eleven thirty and all teachers dispersed to their respective departmental offices. At this point the deputy principal called me to her office for a talk. Waa the madam was hot, she was in her late thirties and looked more like a in her early twenties. We talked about the school in general before she asked me where I reside, my age and other personal details. It was

during this talk when I discovered that she is a divorcee and she had already liked me, woow things were falling in place one by one.

From the deputy principals office I went straight to the staff room where my fellow trainees were seated. They were all amazed at my freedom in the school. The girls from KU came to talk to me in English trying me. Fortunately my command of English is on another level and that forced them to change to sheng just to outshine me. I knew it and maintained my English, the language they started with. By the end of the day I had talked to almost all the teachers. When we left school I was happy, leaving with my head held up knowing I command respect among my fellow TPs and the regular teachers too. Woow thanks to my mother and the Adventist Church for teaching me how to dress and carry myself out not forgetting my language teachers at Kolanya Boy's high School. When I arrived in my room my phone vibrated. MZC04PR1Z confirmed you have received 2585 from Ochola Christine. Followed by a text "Mwalimu tomorrow come to school early, you will supervise the breakfast for the girls" Waa the deputy principal

Part 4 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 4: The morning with the deputy principal

That night I slept smiling but before I retired to bed I prepared my clothes for the next day because I knew ilifaa nirauke. I even took a shower in advance. That night I dreamed of the beauties I met during the day. The deputy principal took most of the scenes in my dream, infact she was more of an angel than a human. In the dream she looked like sweetie sixteen. Hehe huu ufisi utaniua.

I was still in Dreamland when my phone ringing. I checked it at there it was; the deputy principal calling. It was around four thirty. I picked the phone and her sweet voice came through " good morning sir, kindly be in school before five, the girls will start taking breakfast at exactly five. She hanged.

How on Earth does this madam expect me to see these cuties at that time? I asked myself but potelea mbali let me run to school. I dressed decently, a brown trouser, white vest white shirt (I love white check my profile photo for evidence) a black belt and black shoes not forgetting a stripped neck tie. With my watch on my wrist I arrived at the gate at four fifty. Being early the guards did not allow me in unless with a good reason. I texted the deputy principal who called the watchman to allow me in. Idiot I mummered. The deputy principal then texted me to go to her house so as we could go together in the DH. When I heard going to her house my heart skipped a beat. Kuna nini? I asked myself. I had no option but to go, the thought of being close to her made me walk faster than I expected. I reached at her door and pressed the bell. I heard movements from inside and I waited for her to open the door. The door was opened but the lights were still off. Come in Mwalimu she said moving aside. I hesitated and

it's like she noticed it and quickly told me not to worry for she was alone in the house.

I entered the house and requested her to light up the room. Her house had two bulbs, instead of lighting the normal one she went for the disco lights. Waaa when the lights came on what I saw was unbelievable. The deputy principal was there in her nightie, under the disco lights she appeared more beautiful than ever before. (Those of you who club can bear witness). Her nightie covered nothing, I mean nothing and if a hyena says nothing he means nothing. It was a net like dress that had nothing to do with her knees, it just ended slightly past the waist exposing her well rounded hips. Being transparent I saw the honey pot covered with a white cap. (Idiot stop imagining what I saw), her upper side was braless, the medium boobs were clearly visible from a distance. This woman must be a witch I thought, how can she call me in her house when she is dressed like this? A man is a man, my erectile gogolo was already doing press ups. "Am sorry Mwalimu, we don't supervise the girls in this school, they prefects control the other students. I just wanted to have you around" she said with a broad smile on her face exposing her white snow teeth. Saitan ni mwanamke, huyu hanijui, i said in my heart. All this time I was silently seated.

The deputy principal came to where I was seated and held my hand, her touch activa the hyenahood in me, without a second thought I woke up, held her hands looked straight into her eyes and asked madam Ni nini? Instead of an answer she pulled me closer to herself and gave me a deep kiss, I could not resist this. I kissed her hungrily, being a good kisser we kissed for around ten minutes with my hands

running on her body. I played with her boobs occasionally sucking them, as I sucked her boobs my fingers were working wonders in her eskanunu. I could hear her breath change and her heart rate increase. Mmm you wanted it, I decided to use my tongue magic, by now I was in my boxer and vest alone, I pushed her over the sofa, lied on her top, kissing her passionately sucking her boobs and my fingers teasing the honey pot, she gradually let loose her legs since I had removed her pants the this gave me the opportunity and freedom to do wonder, I did what I do best, sucked her occasionally fucking her with my tongue, madam was literally shaking calling me all the sweet names. She grabbed my boxer and before I noticed it she was having my gogolo in her hands ready to push it into her nunu. Then the unexpected happened, the door bell rang and we heard noise from outside, students were fighting and she had to attend to them. Shiiit how can this be when I was about to hit her....

Part 5 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 5: The unexpected

Am sorry Mwalimu, please wait for me here, don't leave. Let me deal with these girls I'll be back shortly. Madam said. Anger and disappointment written all over her face. Of course I was disappointed too. How can you fail to be angry by such? When you are about to eat your prey then it's taken away? Those of us who eat

mutura knows how it feels when you buy your delicacy then as you are taking it to the mouth someone hits your head and the mutura goes to the ground. I watched madam leave the house and imagined where I could be now if these silly girls had not interrupted everything. Wait did I call them silly? Noooo these are not silly, the beauties of Cardinal Otunga, the finest girls you can ever meet.

Madam took longer than she had expected as the girls had injured each other. She had no other choice but to take them to the hospital, the school dispensary did not offer stitching services. Now you know the extent of the damage these damsels had caused to each other. On her way out madam came to her house to inform me of the proceedings, Mwalimu it can't happen, we can't do it today, I have to get the girl to the hospital. My concentration was not even in her words, my eyes were fixed on her chest, madam was around thirty seven but her boobs were still firm and pointing, yaani nyonyo zimesimama na huwezi jua amekuwa mkubwa!! This made me wonder if she has any children. All in all she gave me simple instructions, where to get breakfast, showed me the bathroom and the keys to the house and told me leave before daybreak. She kissed me lightly before she left. I could still feel her heart beat going faster. Mmmm kumbe pia bado anataka.

Now I was alone in this house. I quickly took a shower. Ate my breakfast, a heavy meal indeed and left the house. I carried the keys with me since I didn't know where to keep them.

It was around six twenty when I arrived in the staff room. Some teachers had arrived including some of my fellow trainees. When I entered I discovered they were talking about me for they all stopped talking and looked at me. Mum taught me courtesy so I had to greet them not waving at them, being a Luhya we believe in handshakes, wachana na hii ya Raila na Uhuru. I moved around greeting each and every teacher complimenting them individually. As a man praise a woman on her physical appearance and they will all be in smiles.

I went to my working point pretended to be preparing for the day but in real sense my mind was clouded by the images of the deputy principal. I was feeling her firm boobs on my chest, her passionate kisses, the fragrance of her perfume, woow was I dreaming? "Good morning Greg" this brought me back to reality. It was Anne, a beauty queen from KU she extended her hand to me, "Good morning too madam" I replied. You are smart and beautiful. I added. I saw her lips burst into a smile and I knew my words had the intended effect. Objective achieved. Thank you Greg, she replied and left for her working point.

I was still thinking about the morning evens when my phone vibrated, a message alert. "Kindly Mwalimu attend the the Kiswahili lesson in form 3B for me, am still in the hospital, I miss you" It was the deputy principal again. This madam how can you miss me when you are such a beautiful woman? How many young men have you told the same statement? But this was not what got my attention, my attention was caught by the fact that she told me to teach a senior class, this was not normal as all teacher trainees were allocated lessons in the junior classes. This madam trusts me and I was not

ready to fail her. I called her back to ask which aspect should I handle and she gave me my favorite, Fasihi, Kidagaa Kimemwozea, the set book that I had read and had everything at my finger tips, another sure bet.

When the bell rang announcing the beginning of the lessons, I took my set book and went straight to the class. My presence in the class elicited mixed reactions in the girls and they started talking. As a teacher class control is important, I gave them simple instructions and silence was maintained instantly. Woow so I have such authority over them. I introduced the lessons and opened door for the reading and discussion. I explained all the finer details to the girls answering all their questions without referring to the text, once in a while I could see the girls look at me with amazement after confirming that everything I taught matched word by word from the text. Being almost their agemates they loved the lesson. The bell rang to announce the end of the lesson. As I left the class I saw the principal standing next to the class. Waa she has been listening to me? For how long had she been there? What was her take of my lesson? Why was she trailing me? I felt worried but the smile on her face assured me that it was well.

In the evening, the principal called me to her office. When I entered she smiled once again and told me, "Mwalimu you are such a good teacher. For how long have you been teaching?" She questioned.

This is my first time madam I answered, "Then you are a natural teacher, we are lucky to have you in my school" She told me as she

requested for my phone number. This was another surprise. I gave her my number and left the office.

I remembered the deputy principal's keys. I can't go with them, I went to her office but she was not there. I called her to ask how she could get her keys. I was surprised when she told me to take the keys to her house. Hehe not again. With the unexpected turn of events in the morning, my instincts told me what you are also guessing now. I went to her house, pressed the door bell and exactly as I had thought when she opened the door, alikuwa amejifunga lesa, just from taking a shower, come in Mwalimu

Part 6 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 6: late night with the deputy principal

Vitu vingine ni majarabu tu. So this madam was at it again. A beautiful woman, she deserves the adjective beautiful. And there she was in a lesa. Unajua vile hawa wanawake hujifunga lesa, only covering the nyonyo and ending before reaching the knees. I saw her brown thighs, mapaja kama nyanya yenye inakaribia kuiva. Smooth and glittery, sikuwa nimeona hii asubuhi because of the disco lights. I had already undressed her in my mind making my lheanacho to start warming up. By the way am blessed with an Egweji, you might think am from Nigeria for Everything in Nigeria is big. Madam looked at my lower

abdomen and smiled, she could clearly see the effect of her charm on my manhood. Leo lazima I must consume her.

We stood there looking at each other for quite some time, no one was ready to make the first move, but the unexpected happened, lesa likanguka. I don't know if it was intentional or accidental but the image of madam standing before me in a pantie alone made me mad. I had a clear view of her well formed body. Honestly it's like madam hakuwa na mtoto. Judging from her nyonyos hakuwa amewahi nyonyesha, her nipples looked like that of an adolescent, in short ni kama zilikuwa zinaanza kumea, her boobs were like two oranges placed on her chest. She had a flat tummy that gave her an amazing figure. Oh poor madam, how can a man divorce such a beautiful woman, she is a true definition of beauty.

It was like madam knew my favorite color as she was in a white pants, my favorite color. The sight of her chocolate skin in a white pants made her more attractive arousing the desire to have her more. My rod of Moses became more erectile and firmer. Of course a man cannot use both heads at the same time. You either use your brains or dick, the latter failed me so the dick took control. I took a step towards madam who came towards me too. We met at the centre, held our hands and hugged. I felt her sharp nipples press against my chest. This stimulated my adrenaline more. We started kissing once again with my hands playing with her butts. Am a good kisser of course, I went for her tongue, that proved to be a mistake on my side for madam took the lead in this making me feel a learner. Here I had met my match in kissing. I pushed her back to the sofa again, just as I did in the morning, she had already removed my clothes and I was in

a boxer and vest. Romance continued, kissing passionately, I sucked her nipples with my hands fiddling with the boobs. It was such a pleasure. I decided to go for her honey pot, I removed her pants which she cooperated by spreading her legs, her eskanunu was so clean, just from being washed and was already wet. I went for my magic, the use of the tongue, an art that I had perfected. My left hand was playing with her boobs, my tongue stimulating her Clitoris as my right hand fingers were teasing the entry point. Madam was literally shaking with pleasure.

Woow Mwalimu you are so good, how I wish I met you earlier, I had never felt this way before. Her words encouraged me to perform even better. I could feel madam moving her abdomen faster and I knew what was next, she was climaxing, I intensified my stimulation and oooooo let sighed splashing a jet of fluid on my face, she squirt!! This made her mad, she tore my boxer, grabbed my erectile gogolo and pushed it inside her honey pot and started riding. I felt the warmth of her pussy making me feel the pleasure more. I had not played sex for over two years now. Remember I told you I was a prayer coordinator. Sex was sin. Madam had a tight pussy, you could think she was a virgin. She controlled the game very well. I could feel my dick literally being chocked by her vaginal muscle. What a pleasure. When I was about to climax, I took control, akakuja chini, I lifted her left leg on my shoulder giving me an acute angle of penetration. I gave her a hard fuck giving her maximum pleasure. I felt her increase her abdominal movements once again and I knew it was time, I increased my speed while maintaining a deep penetration, she was already screaming, I felt my sperms flowing, madam grabbed me and held me so tight making it difficult for me to pull out and waaaaa almost a litre of my

cum was deposited in her eskanunu. The next thing I remember we both woke up at eight thirty.

Part 7 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 7: The principal's call

We woke up feeling relieved. I felt happy that I had banged the most beautiful woman. Not just a woman but the deputy principal. We looked at each other and smiled. We were both naked. I helped her clean up. I took a basin of warm water with a soft clothes then cleaned her up. She also did the same to me. "Mwalimu wewe Ni mdogo kiumri lakini ni fundi wa mapenzi, hakuna mwanaume ashawahi nifanyia haya, ahsante sana." I Never expected that from her, infact I thought she was lying to me but her eyes showed it all. She was being honest. I didn't have the right answer for her but I answered by holding her hands, reminded her that she was very beautiful and kissed her lightly. This made her shed tears, I didn't know why but I felt it for her. I took my handkerchief and wiped out her tears. "I have to go" I told her as I headed to the door but she told me to wait for her for a minute, she was still in her white pants without clothes. She went to her bedroom and came back with a wrapped gift. She handed it over to me and instructed me to open it when I have reached my room. I thanked her, before I left I reminded her of her beauty and kissed her goodbye.

On my way I was thinking of nothing else but her. What can make a man divorce such a beautiful woman? Madam has everything a man can need in a woman but I thanked God because if she could be married then probably I could not have had such a great experience. I was fantasizing everything, her expertise in bed is on another level. Such thoughts made my erectile gogolo to be stubborn again.

I arrived in my room at around eight fifty five since I used a taxi not my normal bodaboda. I looked at the gift once again and decided to check what it was. Before I could open it my phone vibrated, it was an MPESA message, the deputy principal had sent me 4600 shillings followed by a text "Sorry for keeping you late Mwalimu, buy your supper. 4600 for supper hehe ni kama ndoto. I called her back and said thank you. My mother told me always to be grateful. I opened the gift and what I saw surprised me a brand new Samsung S9 (the phone am using up to now) with a note" I had bought that for my husband but he was not worth it, you are more than a husband to me." I felt her love for me. Mapenzi ni matendo si maneno. I wanted to call her back to ask her why but I let it go but promised myself to find out.

I was still thinking about the Samsung S9 when my phone started ringing. It was a new number. Who could this be? Ignoring calls in not my cup of tea so I picked up and a familiar voice came through" Hello Mwalimu, am sorry for calling you this late" it was the principal, I recognized her from her deep voice. She told me that she had loved my lesson earlier that day. She also informed me that the girls had

confined in her that am a good teacher. I didn't know if she was playing games or she meant it. We talked for a long time but what surprised me was when she asked me to offer remedial lessons for her daughter. That's when I realized she was serious. Her daughter was a student at Mukumu girls kakamega, how was this going to be? Before I asked about it she told me that the girl will be coming home every Friday for the lessons then go back to school on Sunday evening. She gave me an irresistible offer 10k per month. She also told me that she was going to visit her over the weekend and requested me to accompany her so as to see the girl and finalize on the deal.

Tired after the days activities (consuming the deputy included) I felt like resting. I texted the deputy a good night but she responded by calling back. She asked if I had eaten, she showed more concern to my well being. After the talk I retired to my bed and within no time I was dead asleep

Teaching practice experience

Part 8: The principal's daughter.

As the principal had told me earlier over the phone, we visited her daughter together. We used her personal car of course. Harrier to be precise. I wanted to use the back seat but she insisted on me sitting in front with her so as we can talk as we go. I didn't know why but that was it. We sat together and I became a co driver.

The principal was modestly dressed. What I didn't know was that her dress was self adjusting. Any movement in her body pulled it up. At first she pretended to pull it down but this could not continue for a long time. Her vehicle was manual meaning she had to keep on changing gears. This made it worse, in her operation of the gear lever she occasionally pulled her dress up exposing her thighs. What a hell is this? I wondered. It reached a point where her lower anatomy was literally visible to me. Thank God the windows were tinted. Nobody else saw what I was seeing. As if that was not enough she requested me to pick her phone that had just fallen near the break pedal. Of course am a man and we always aim for the highest, as I was picking the phone I was tempted to look beyond the thighs. Saitan. This is the worst temptation, madam shifted her left leg towards the clutch, this gave me a clear view of her eskanunu. As if she sensed it and wanting to provoke me more she moved a little bit forward increasing the field of view. Waa these women are witches. Madam was wearing a red thong. For those of you who don't know a thong please it's a catapult like pantie. My mind moved quickly but I managed to control myself. After regaining my position madam looked at me and smiled. From the smile I knew that everything that happened was intentional.

Lucky enough we arrived at the school without doing anything weird. Remember am a prayer coordinator, an Adventist man. The principal called her daughter whom I was introduced too. The girl looked more or less of 17 years. She was in form three. Adolescent was at its peak in her. The progesterone and oestrogen were doing their work. I mean the girls feminine features were at their peak of formation. Her beauty activated my hyena mode. After a short talk, we agreed on how to be doing the remedial lessons and we were set to leave. The principal wanted us to leave her in school but Sandra (the principal's

daughter) insisted that we come back with her. Madam tried to persuade her in vain so we Carried her along. This was both to my advantage and disadvantage. The advantage was that the principal won't tempt me again and the disadvantage is that I still wanted to see what I saw which won't be possible with Sandra around. Because of the nature of Madam's dress, I was forced to drive back.

We arrived in school at Cardinal Otunga at six and since it was a Saturday, the girls were having entertainment. I parked the vehicle and I was about to leave when Sandra called me back " Mwalimu tunaanza leo kusoma" she implored. Huyu mtoto anataka nini? We had agreed to start learning the following weekend but she had a sudden change of mind. I agreed. Her mother set the table for the study, as she was doing this her phone rang. The expression on her face after receiving the call indicated an emergency. She told me that her mother was hospitalized and therefore she has to rush there. She also told me to be free and not to leave before she comes back. Hehe maajabu kuwacha fisi amlinde mbuzi.

The moment the principal stepped out of the house, Sandra came out of her room and told me point blank, "Mwalimu imenipendeza, na ninakutaka. Nataka uwe chali yangu and to drive her point home she went out to confirm if in deed the mother had left. When she came back she locked the door behind her, dropped the kikoi she was covering herself with and there she was semi nude. Mwalimu unanionaje? She asked without any iota of fear. I remained silent. Speechless. She came close to me held my hand and led me towards her bedroom. I tried to resist but the hyena in me overpowered me. I followed her without further questions.

When we reached there she removed all her clothes and jumped on the bed. "Teacher I want to loose my virginity to you." She said. My mind ran quickly, indeed if she is a virgin then I have allot of work. But since it was her decision I started to prepare her, I sucked her boobs, kissed her caressed her sucked her Clitoris until she was all wet and moaning, I tried to finger her but true to her word she was a virgin. I pulled her legs apart and tried to penetrate her, my lheanacho refuse to slide and she quickly tightened her hips. Mmmmm the hide and seek game began. I went back to square one. I touched her, preparing her again. I sucked her Clitoris using my dick to stimulate it until she squirt. Her fluid lubricating my Egweji. I played with my dick around the entrance teasing her as if I was entering until she relaxed. I then pushed it in with some force and because it was well lubricated it went in without much struggle. She returned her thighs together chocking my dick and making it hard for me to pump. I played around with her and after sometime she relaxed her hips again, I pumped gently ensuring I don't hurt her. She climaxes around four times. When my turn came she held me tight and sucked every drop of my sperms. Thank you teacher please don't tell my mother she told me. Hehe how can I say such a thing to your mother? I will be mad. I left her in the room and went to the sitting room. After around twenty minutes she came smiling shyly. "I had missed this sweetness for a long time, promise me you won't leave me" she plead. The rest is history

Part 9 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 9: My fame in school

Everything that happened on Friday and over the weekend remained between me and my partners in crime. That's is the deputy principal, the principal and Sandra; the principal's daughter. Even if someone else was told about it they could not believe it. Reason the way I carried myself out in the school was contrary to what happened over the past four days. Blame the devil not me. I am a prayer coordinator. I repented my sins and the forgiving God has forgiven me. Am now a teacher and not a hyena. Sitaki kuwa Fao. For those of you who never read Kidagaa Kimemwozea, Fao is a character in that book who failed to control himself as a teacher and chewed his student giving her a stomach.

Here was a bright Monday. I arrived in school as usual in my official wear complete with a necktie. The girls used to read news on the assembly before the teachers addressed the assembly. In the news bulletin my name featured decorated with all sorts of adjectives. The praises accorded to me made me feel all eyes on me. All in all the assembly ended and the day began. Personally I had relocated to the Kiswahili departmental offices where I did my work. I was not surprised when my mentor Mr. Martin gave me all his form one and two lessons. I didn't mind because that meant only ten lessons per week. I was given two Geography classes making it a total of sixteen lessons per week. Thanks to God the work load was so small.

The form 3B students had already shared their experience with the rest of the students making it easy for me to teach. I loved all the lessons with the girls since they were so cooperative. The days moved very fast with everything moving smoothly.

It was on a Friday I remember when the H
head of department (HOD) Kiswahili informed us that we were going to have a contest on Saturday. All the eight of us (four trainees and four regular teachers) were allocated their respective duties. To my surprise I was give Kidagaa Kimemwozea as my area. This is another opportunity to show what I am made of, not only to my girls but also the neighboring schools. Everybody else was busy preparing but I didn't see the reason as to why I should bother myself since everything in the book was at my finger tips. Infact I decided to go and play table tennis with the girls.

I remembered the principal's warning. These girls can be naughty take care of yourself. So when I arrived I requested for a match and of course they gave me their best, reason to disapprove me. The game started, I scored all my serves, she could not return the cork back. On the contrary I smashed all her serves. Seven zero. A brush for those of you who played TT know what I mean. Automatically I won respect among the players. They requested me to be their coach something I accepted since I wanted to make a name for myself.

The following day; the day for the contest was here a total of twenty six schools attended including the famous FSK, Maranda, Butere girls, Lugulu girls and St. Mary's Yala. The hall was packed to the brim. My area was to be handled towards lunch so I had the chance to listen to other teachers. At around eleven fifteen, the MC announced that it was time for Kidagaa Kimemwozea, my area. As I took the stage the big names in the game looked at me with despise. Mmmm asiyekujua hakuthamini. I told myself. Since the students were tired too they were all in mummies. The challenge was drawing their attention. Of course I had my own way of getting them back, I started singing a song " Nakula kwa macho" it worked. All the students came back all seated. I introduced myself and started pouring the content one by one. By the time I had spent ten minutes, all the students were busy jotting down points in their notebooks something that never happened to the previous speakers. The big fish in the game were now nodding with approval. The only sound that was heard in the hall was my voice and the turning of papers as the students scribbled down the notes. I completed my presentation and welcomed questions. I was surprised by the first question. It was from a student from FSK. " Mwalimu una umri wa miaka mingapi na umefunza kwa muda gani?" This question got me offside. I had never told my girls about my age and disclosing it will make it difficult for me to keep them away. But since he had asked I had to answer. "Swali lako halihusiani na mada yangu lakini kwa sababu umeuliza nitakujibu. Nina umri wa miaka ishirini na tatu na bado nasomea taaluma ya ufunzaji almarufu TP." Nobody seemed to be convinced by my answer except my students and fellow teachers at Cardinal. I explained to them that everything I did was taught by my coordinator; Mr. Martin.

Immediately after my presentation it was lunch break. During this time I answered over one thousand questions both from teachers and students. But one question from a teacher from Lugulu girls flabbergasted me. " Mwalimu waweza nitengea muda wako kwa mazungumzo?" I could not say no. We exchanged contacts and promised to call her later. Mark it right it's her. Don't ask me why.

On my way home I remembered the deputy principal. We had not talked for long apart from the normal hi. So I called her and she invited me over to her house for dinner.

What happened during dinner wait for part 10

moment of silence part 10 got deleted accidentally

eaching practice experience

Part 11. The head girl

My life in school became more simple as days passed. I enjoyed more freedom than my fellow trainees. This made them develop hatred towards me. The freedom I enjoyed included using the departmental offices. Infact the key to the Kiswahili department was handed over to

me. A mere TP from Masinde Muliro University moreso a bukusu!! The KU guys felt humiliated. They thought they had scored when they chose their fellow as our leader. Surprisingly all the communication was made through me. Whenever the principal or the deputy principal wanted to pass any information, they could call me to disseminate it to my fellow Attatchees. This humiliated them further. I was a teacher, an ideal teacher, on top of that I was banging the deputy principal like nonesense.

I was also the only one who was teaching the senior classes. Form three and four. This gave me a closer interaction with these beauties. I realized that they were always eager to have me in their class. Infact on one occasion they requested the school principal to employ me on board even before I finished my attachment. I also discovered that these girls changed their sitting positions whenever it was my lesson time. Those with longer skirts occupied the back seats while those with shorter ones occupied the front seats. Mmm am wiser than you girls. Your dose is being prepared

During one of the lessons, I realised that all the girls had removed their windbreakers. It was in the afternoon yes but this was unusual. There blouses had been unbuttoned slightly exposing their creamaries. Of course I knew what they wanted and I was not ready to dance to their tune. I had to find a way to tell them without offending them lest I destroy our rapport. So I told them to stand up which they did, "How do I look?" I asked them, obviously I knew their answer "Very smart Mwalimu," the head girl answered. Now I want all of us to be smart, I had scored, my girls buttoned up their blouses and adjusted their neck ties. Wanawake ni wanawake tu hata akiwa

mdogo. If Sandra gained the courage to propose to me why not them? That day I taught them "Uchanganuzi wa sentensi" a purely learned centred topic. I guided them through the examples and allowed them to work on the board as I watched. The bell rang announcing the end of my lesson and I left. Just before I reached the ground floor (Cardinal Otunga iko na gorofa) I heard a student running after me calling me teacher teacher, I turned back and there she was Valary the school captain. "Can I see you for a minute" sir? She requested. I had no reason to decline since she was the most trusted girl in the school and no one will have a negative thought seeing me talk to her. "I came to apologize sir, it is not our fault but we just wanted to see how you will react. Thank you for being so good and understanding to us, she continued. I just smiled and told her it's well, as a teacher it's good to understand your students. But before she left she gave me an exercise book and smiled. My simple psychology told me the book is not just a book, it's a communication. I left for the staff room as she ran back to her class.

In the staff I didn't have much to do so I decided to check on the deputy principal. I found her seated on her office seat with s huge file on her table. The moment I entered she rose came and hugged me, I held her tight kissed her and told her how beautiful she was that day. Infact I told her I came specifically for the hug and kiss. We smiled at each other and I left. That's when I remembered the captain and her exercise book, I checked it and my instincts never lied to me. In the book she had a letter for me. Not really a letter but a note. " Teacher I want to talk to you privately today, after your remedial lesson I'll come to the departmental offices, Please don't leave before I see you. kindly don't turn my request down. Destroy after reading." I knew it, that's why she followed me.

That evening after my remedial class, that is around seven thirty, I went to the departmental offices and true to her word five minutes later she was at the door. Since she was the captain, nobody bothered her. Without speaking a single word, she came straight to me hugged me and kissed me. "Are you crazy Val? " I asked. Yes Mwalimu, yes am crazy because of you. My heart loves you, please don't tell anyone of what has happened" she said and disappear from the office. She left me with her Kigogo assignment book.

Just as she stepped at the door the principal was there. Waaa how lucky was i! What if the principal had found her kissing me? They briefly talked before she ran to class. The principal came to the office and asked me why the girl had come. I told her she had brought her book for marking. The principal looked at me and said "Mwalimu you are a handsome man, smart and intelligent be careful with my girls." Before she left she locked the door from behind, switched off the lights and came for me, she squeezed her boobs against my chest, made me feel the warmth of her thighs and kissed me. Oh my God!! The principal too?

Part 12 coming soon

Teaching practice experience

Part 12: The naughty head girl

That night marked the a new down in my TP life. One the school principal had shown it clearly that she was interested in me. Two Valary, the school captain was at my disposal. Mmm two most powerful people in the school. The principal on the teachers side and the head girl on the students side. In such a situation one required to be extra careful. Of course I was not ready to loose my dignity as a man neither did I want to loose these beauties. Should I say no to principal? No this will make her hate me. What of Sandra? I promised never to leave her. How can I leave a woman who lost her virginity to me? My mind rushed to the deputy principal, I will be mad to leave her. How was I going to play this game? I remained determined to ensure I don't lose.

The following day I had the first lesson in form 4G, the class where the head girl learns. I didn't know what to expect from Valary, you know sometimes girls can be silly. What if she has shared what transpired with her classmates? What if it was a trap laid by the entire class? I wanted to turn down the lessons but this could have proven fatal given that the class was handed to me by the deputy principal. My chewee. I took my text book; Kidagaa Kimemwozea and headed for the lessons calculating all the possible outcome and how to evade them.

In class I was received warmly. Contra to what happened yesterday, today all the girls were smartly dressed, their blouses well buttoned and completed their outfit with neckties. Infact they left all their windbreakers in the dorms. The girls were dazzling. I greeted them as my norm but instead of answering while seated; they all stood up just like what happens in the primary schools. Such a reception is not

normal and I expected anything to happen. I congratulated them for being smart. Infact I called them beauty queens. They all smiled before seating down. Now I knew what they wanted; they wanted to show me that they had all tucked in their blouses and also to ensure that I saw their standing nyonyos. The fact that I appreciated their efforts made me the best teacher, bearing in mind that they now knew my age; remember I answered this question during my presentation on Saturday. They saw a potential husband in me. I quickly counted the number of nyonyos pointing at me; they were eighty two, including the ones that pressed against my chest the previous night; Valarie's of course. Saitan I cursed pushing back the memories of what transpired. You know am a man and entertaining such thoughts before these cuties can easily cause harm to my gogolo. You don't know how difficult it it to have an erection while teaching.

I introduced the lessons. We were to discuss Maudhui katika Kidagaa Kimemwozea, coincidentally I was to teach Mapenzi na ndoa. Love again. The topic itself excited the students for they are adolescents and nothing makes them happy as talking about love. I started off the lesson by giving example " Kuna mapenzi kati ya Amani na Imani. Mwishoni mwa Riwaya Amani anamwandikia Imani shairi la mapenzi na kumwomba afunge akidi naye." Then I left the floor open for other examples from the students. They gave many examples including Mtemi Nasaba Bora na Zuhura, Mwalimu majisifu na Dora, Benbella na mashaka all of which we discussed exhaustively. One of the students brought up the issue of the relationship between Mtemi Nasaba Bora and Lowela. I explained to them that "hayo si mapenzi ila ni dhuluma dhidi ya mtoto msichana." They could not understand it so I had to bring them to real life situation and gave an example of the sponsors like some governors we know, the MCAs and also some

teachers. It was when I mentioned teacher when I saw a hand raised. It was Valary; the school captain. I looked at her and the unexpected happened. Alinifinyia jicho. As a man smiling becomes automatic. I smiled and she smiled back, in front of the class. I didn't know the kind of question she had for me but from the smile, the same smile she smiled when she gave me the book yesterday; I knew the question was a tricky one. Yes Val, I called out. Woow Val the whole class exclaimed. It was the first time I called her by name, not just name but short form of her name. "Mko na ujinga" I told them jokingly before allowing Valarie to ask her question. Leo kuna vituko, instead of asking her question while seated, she stood up exposing her beauty. She smiled again, a beautiful bewitching smile. As she smiled I was busy kissing her in my mind. This caused me to drift off mentally. Saitan is real, this beautiful angel, I was still kissing her when the question came, " Mwalimu is wrong for a teacher to have a relationship with his student when they are almost of the same age? Let's say three years difference?" She asked and sat down. The whole class was dead silent waiting for my answer. "Yes it's wrong" I answered. Aaaaaaaaaa they all said in disapproval. "It's wrong because it will affect the girls concentration, mark you a teacher is like a parent and a parent should not take advantage of his children" I continued. They seemed to understand but the only two people who understood the reason behind her question remained me and her. Before I could leave the class Val asked me if I had marked her book which I confirmed. I told her to come for it. When she came for the book, I was in the departmental offices with my colleagues. She had a paper in her hand that she wanted to hand over to me, wewe nawe teacher na maringo she said as she hit me with a small folded paper. I knew that was not just a paper. After she had left I picked up the

paper, unfolded it and true to my suspicion, it had a message, short and clear, " nitakuja tena time kama ya jana."

Don't miss part 13 .

Teaching practice experience

Part 13: The KU girl

That evening I went to my room earlier than usual. I had a mild headache and I needed time to relax for I had a remedial lesson with the form threes from seven. I didn't want to fail since I enjoyed this lesson so much. When I reached my room I took some Panadols to relieve me of the pain. I also took my daily root; the famous Mukombelo and started chewing. As I chewed my mind ran quickly to form 4G. Valarie; the school captain. This girl was from Luo nyanza. For those of us who have seen these luo queens. She was blessed with Shanda; whatever that means, she was relatively tall, she had a chocolate complexion, her boobs were medium sized, exactly as those of the deputy principal, her figure was a perfect curve, she resembled an enlarged wasp, she had a good command of the language that made her lips sweet whenever she talked. I was still thinking about Valarie when my Samsung S9 rung, it was Anne, the cutie pie from KU. I received the call and her first question was "uko wapi Mwalimu" I didn't lie to her, I explained to her that I was feeling unwell and was relaxing in my room. She enquired if I will make it back to school for she had something she wanted us to share. I informed her that I had

an evening remedial which she happened to have too so it was easy for us to meet after the lesson but I remembered Val's note, "nitakuja tena time kama ya jana" Shit that meant I had to cancel one of the events. I decided to keep Val pending so as I know what Anne wanted to tell me. But how do I tell Val without hurting her? How was I going to miss those nyonyos pressing my chest? Before I could conclude my thoughts, I had my phone vibrating; it was the deputy principal. Her message was short "Mwalimu njoo shule haraka" and she hang. I sensed danger, I jumped out of my bed, ran to the road and picked a motorbike, within five minutes I was in the school.

When I arrived, I found a group of students gathered around in the field. I knew there is where I was needed. I rushed there and found my Val lying on the ground, my heart skipped a beat, the deputy principal stood there helpless. Without uttering a word or asking what happened, I carried her in my arms to the dispensary. She was unconscious, on the way I was tempted to kiss her but I let it go. When I arrived, I put her on the bed and left her for the nurse. I went back to the deputy principal who informed me that she had collided with a fellow student while playing. Thanks for helping me. She said.

That evening, after my lesson; since Val was unwell I remained with one mission; Anne. I called her and met up at the school gate. Anne asked me if I was comfortable if we talked from my room since it was abit risky talking from the road as it was at night. There was nothing to hide in my room so we headed there. Anne Kemunto, a kisii girl, beautiful of course. Sometimes kisii ladies can be very beautiful. Si kama hizi nyang'au zingine za Uasin Gishu. We arrived in my room and since we were both hungry, we decided to cook. I wanted to cook but

she insisted on doing it. Unlike the slayqueens of the city who liked take away meals Kemunto was an expert in cooking. Chakula rojorojo. We ate our meal and that's when i checked my watch. It was thirty minutes past nine. That meant all the bodabodas were out of operation. I looked at Kemunto and she looked relaxed. Madam it's late! I told her. "I know she replied without any signs of worry" " This is a room and we shall sleep here, you can use the bed and I'll sleep on the couch. I didn't expect this but I had no option. It is then that I realized that she had carried an extra pair of clothes in her handbag. Usicheze na wanawake wanajua kujipanga.

I left her and went to take a bath. I came back and found her watching, I went behind the curtain and dressed. She requested to take a bath too. After the shower she came back to the room naked. This was extremely tempting. I tried to concentrate on the television but my courage failed me. The desire in my eyes took over, there she was completely naked before me. Am a man, a hyena by nature, the site of a well shaven eskanunu activated the hyena in me, I started kissing her from where I was seated, my third leg became activated, I share sucking her nipples, fiddling her boobs, I don't know for how long I fantasized but I only found myself embracing her, feeling her boobs against my chest. "Mwalimu ngwanchete" Kemunto mummered. I was busy kissing her passionately. I pushed her over to the bed, she cooperated, we started kissing while our hands moved up and down our bodies. She had a perfect smooth skin. I sucked her boobs until she started breathing faster, I went for her embere, sucking her ekenembe, she let out a sweet moaning sound she was dying with passion. I didn't Know that kisii ladies are wild in bed, Kemunto took my gogolo and pushed it inside her eskanunu and started riding, she was riding with so much energy that I felt my dick

bent, huyu hanijui, I told myself, I decided to take control of the game, we went for dog style, I hit her nunu hard stimulating her ekenembe with my fingers, I gave her deep penetration, when I felt the cum, we changed the style, cow girl, this was still to my advantage, I hit her hard thrusting my gogolo well, we then went for the inverted missionary, this gave her the power, she was shaking her waist around my Egweji making me feel like I was flying because of her sweetness. Wakisii wamebarikiwa. We went for the final round, she came down, Kemunto was so much an expert such that her waist never touched the bed, anytime I pushed in, she reacted by raising her waist chocking my gogolo, this made it difficult for me to control the ejaculation, I burst my cum inside her eskanunu as she let out a stream of fluid from her eskanunu,. "You are good in bed" I told her "you are a bull too, no man in kisii has ever made me squirt, you are a great guy.

Part 14 coming soon

Teaching practice experience

Part 14: The quickie

Fridays were usually busy for me in school. I had a total of six lessons plus the remedial lessons with Sandra. This meant that my Friday schedule was tight. All in all I loved it because it reduced the chances of another banging. The most interesting part was that I always took supper with the principal's family (mother and daughter of course) I

had never seen her husband neither had she ever mentioned it to me. I assumed she was a single mother. I could not ask her since it was none of my business neither could I ask Sandra because I don't want to hurt her at all.

I kept myself busy, attending to my lessons and marking the assignments.

At around five thirty, Sandra was dropped in the school and she came straight to where I was; in the departmental offices without even changing her clothes. Nobody could have stopped her neither have negative thoughts since everyone in the school knew that she was my student. I was standing outside the office talking to my colleagues when she arrived. Sandra was in high moods today and anybody who saw her noticed the excitement from the way she walked towards the offices. When she saw me, she dropped her bag and started running towards me. I was flabbergasted by this, I didn't know what to expect, moreover it was game time and all the students were in the field including my Val. Sandra came running and hugged me so tight. I remembered the last time we were in this state was the day I broke her virginity. All eyes were on me and my Sandra. She took out a paper from her pocket and shouted "thank you Mwalimu, I was the best in Kiswahili". That relieved me, I felt the pride of a teacher but I could see the eyes of hatred from my fellow Attachees. I didn't care. Her mother who was watching from a distance came and took the paper from Sandra and looked at it with surprise written all over her face, Sandra 92% in Kiswahili! She exclaimed. Without a word she went into her pocket and gave me 5000 shillings as an appreciation. Within three weeks and I had transformed her daughter completely.

What she didn't know is that Sandra was not a fool, she only lacked motivation, she now had a reason to pass Kiswahili, of course she didn't want to disappoint me.

That night we did not have a lesson. Sandra requested her mother to give her sometime to relax. Obviously the mother accepted giving me the freedom to leave. When I was about to go, Sandra objected and said she wanted us to talk. I didn't know what she wanted really but she had already told her mother that she wanted me to help her with mapwork in Geography. After a short time the principal left to attend to the girls. This gave me a chance to have a one on talk with Sandra. She told me alot about the school and how much she has missed sex. We discussed nothing related to Geography. We occasionally held hands and kissed. I reminded her of my love for her. This cheered her up and she promised never to fail again. She also promised never to allow any other man to screw her. We agreed to meet the next day for the game, Ngotete of course.

I left the house and called the principal to inform her that I was leaving. She told me not to leave without seeing her, so I went and found her near the departmental offices. Since I had the keys, I opened the door and in we went. The moment we stepped in, what the principal did was unimaginable, she held me tight to herself and kissed me. Thank you Mwalimu for helping my daughter, I don't know how much I can thank you. It was around nine thirty and students were going to sleep. This gave us the privacy we needed. The principal was wearing a red mini skirt and a white blouse. She sat on the table as in front of me. She pulled up her skirt to expose her thighs. Without fear she spread her legs and I saw her bulging nunu covered

in white pants. She reached for my hands pulled me up and put me between her thighs. The warmth of her thighs worked magic to my gogolo. My third leg became stubborn and started doing press ups in my boxer. Fisi ni fisi hata avae ngozi ya kondoo, I started kissing the principal, I kissed her lips as my hands ran over her breasts, I unbuttoned her blouse and unclipped the bra, I started sucking her KCC, at this time my fingers were swimming deep inside her eskanunu. Teasing her Clitoris, madam wanted it badly. It's like she was on a dry spell. I didn't want to know, I kissed her more, she was crying, not because I was hurting her but because she was enjoying it. She was holding my Egweji in her hand, trying to measure it, by now she was lying flat on the table. Mimi ni nani? I removed her pants and started sucking her pusiat, I started by licking her, then teasing her entrance with my tongue, I went for the Clitoris, now she was literally shaking. Her hips were swinging, swinging in the rhythm of my sucking, she suddenly increased the pace, this made me to use my fingers deeper, stimulating her g spot, she cried the more, after around five minutes madam climaxed releasing a jet of fluid from her nunu. She came for my gogolo, tired of the finger she wanted the real thing, she removed my trouser and boxers to my knees, she then brought her nunu to the level of my erectile gogolo, as my dick reached the entrance, just before I could slide in we had a knock on the door, shit, it was Valary; the school captain she had come to inform the principal of a sick student nkt

Part 15 😊😊

Teaching practice experience

Part 15: The late night call

Why had Val come at this time? Why didn't the sickness wait even for twenty minutes. I imagined my gogolo swimming inside the bottomless pit between the principal's legs but there it was I could not screw her. Maybe it was a warning from God since it is against African culture to consume the mother and daughter. But why? The principal was so beautiful at night. She looked yummy and edible. Such thoughts made my dick to become harder. I gained full erection. The principal had left and I was all alone. I decided to leave the school and when I just reached the door; there she was Valary, in her bikini. "Sorry teacher usiende" she said as she pushed me back into the office. "Princi ameenda hosi, usiogope." She told me as she locked the door behind her.

Here is another chance to swim in a tight pussy. But how was I going to start it? Val knew very well that if we were caught then that was the end of me in school. As if she was reading my mind she came closer to me and started the kissing, she kissed me and her hands went straight for my shaft. This made me motionless. I kissed her back and started sucking her boobs, a continuation of the game with the principal. My hands rushed down between her legs and started playing with her Clitoris, she let out a moan, I wanted to use my fingers on her but she tightened her hips. "Sorry sir am a virgin" Her words were enough to deactivate the hyena mode in me. Virgins are not to be eaten in such an environment. We did more of the touching and we left. Before she left I gave her three thousand shillings from

the five thousands that the principal had given me. "Mwalimu be careful with Sandra." She said and ran out.

I had considered myself unlucky for today. All the three chances of penetrating a pussy had eloped me. First it was Sandra, then the school principal; when I was about to chew her Val came and finally Val is a virgin, I can't eat her without proper preparation. Let me go and sleep.

It was around eleven when I left the school. Just as I approached the gate my phone started ringing. It was a new number. I don't pick strange calls late in the night but the caller was persistent. On the third call, I picked up and came a feminine voice. "Hello sir, am sorry for calling you at this time of the night." She apologized and introduced herself. " Am Achieng, the teacher from Lugulu girls. Where are you please?" My mind quickly calculated why she might have called me at such an hour and my guess was obvious, anataka pesa since she had not called me before. Am just leaving the school now, I answered her. To my surprise she told me to meet her at Tuuti trading centre which is about two hundred metres from Cardinal Otunga. From her voice she sounded calm. Mimi huyo Tuuti pap. True to her word she was there waiting for me. We had a brief talk and decided to have supper in the nearby hotel since it was late.

After supper she requested to sleep at my place so that she could continue with her journey in the morning. She had an "emmergency" at home. Being a "gentleman" I gave in. I called Marto, my friend since there was no bodabodas. Marto came with his taxi and within

ten minutes we were dropped at my door step. Achieng had a bag that I didn't know what it contained. And it's not the norm of a man to ask such a beautiful damsel silly questions. Since we were both tired, I decided to take a bath first. After which I put water for her too. As she went to wash up, I pulled the extra mattress and put it on the floor, I also took out an extra bed sheet and a blanket. "Huyu atalala hapa" I told myself as I retired to my bed.

When she came back in the room she was covering herself with a lesa. Huyu si kama Kemunto 😊 if you remember that KU girl. After doing her basics, si unajua mwanamke mafuta ni lazima, she came straight to the bed. She ignored what I had prepared for her. "Mwalimu siwezi lala pekeangu naogopa" Hehe hapo sisemi kitu. Since I had removed the extra blanket and sheet, it meant we were to share what remained. Hehe madam aliingia kwa bed in her pants alone and I was in my boxers too. The demon in me started it's work but nikaikemea, my mjulus started warming up. (I am a man remember)

Part 16 coming soon

Teaching practice experience

Part 16: The night with Achieng.

I had completely switched off my mind from zooming. I felt like a sinner. My sins had accumulated and I needed to repent seriously. How can I, in a span of three weeks be transformed from a prayer coordinator to a zoomer, no just a zoomer but a serious zoomer. God please deactivate this hyenahood in me. I prayed. I tried to concentrate on the Bible. I started reciting the ten commandments, oh my God, I had broken almost all of them. I had lied, I had forsaken the Sabbath, I had lustfully looked at my neighbor's wife, I had consumed women, not one but three, within three weeks. I remembered I had not killed, I had not worshipped another god, I didn't have a curved image. This gave me hope of going to heaven. I took my hymn book and opened song number 216 When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder. I sang this song and thought, "What if the trumpet of the Lord sounded tonight, will my name be called on the roll?" Of course No. I had sinned and I needed forgiveness from God. I prayed hard for God to save me from this bondage of sin. I flashed back my life I campus. I had no girlfriend, leave alone zooming. How can I zoom when I was the prayer coordinator? How could I zoom when I was a counselor? Oh my God what have I turned myself into? Who will save my soul from the wrath of God? I made up my mind. No matter what I am not going to consume Achieng. I had enough sins on my back and I didn't want to add more. Such a mistake could be costly. I summed up my courage and woke Achieng up. By now I had a Bible in my hand. I was no longer the sex maniac but the prayer coordinator. We have to read the Bible and that was final.

Achieng woke up yes and went straight to her bag. From the bag she came with two books to the bed. A Bible and the hymnal. What a coincidence! We are both Adventists!! Achieng chose the first song; song number 317; Lead me to Calvary. We sang the song together

until we finished it, we repeated the chorus three times. The chorus goes

_Lest I forget Gethsemane

Lest I forget thy agony

Lest I forget thy love for me

Lead me to Calvary_ (you can now believe am a prayer coordinator)
We were both good singers. Before reading the Bible we had to sing the second song and it was my turn to choose, I choose song number 439; How far from home. This was my favourite, I had learnt it back in 2006 while at Goseta Boys High School kitale. I loved it and infact I had memorised it.

After this song Achieng took the Bible, this was unexpected. She opened the book of Genesis chapter 3; The story of Adam and Eve. She taught me that a woman is the main reason for the down fall of a man. She explained to me how sin entered the world through Eve, she was such a good teacher that she made me feel more sinful than the devil herself. She continued to give me the examples of great people who became victims of women, she opened the book of Judges Chapter 16 verses 4 to 20; the story of Samson and Delilah. She reminded me of fake love, a waman can do anything including giving you her eskanunu just to bring you down. Be careful with women; she warned me. She gave more examples of David and Solomon, because

of a woman David plotted the death of Uriah; his faithful soldier. Solomon despite the fact that he was the most wise king, it's during his reign that Idolatry was introduced to Israel. The failure of Ahab was also brought about by Jezebel; his wife. The lesson was so lively that she made me miss those moments in MMUSDA. She did not only give me the negative side of women, she also told me that if you get a good woman then you will be complete. She gave me the example of Abigail who saved her husband Nabal from the wrath of king David. When she reached there I felt she was the Abigail and I was Nabal. She was saving me from the wrath of God. The most deadly wrath. Achieng reminded me to take care of women. That was her last comment.

Before we prayed I asked her why she had told me to be worried of women she clearly told me " Mwalimu the truth is that you are a very handsome man, you are strong, your height is superb and above all you are intelligent and you have all the good qualities women need in a man. The way you presented your work during that Kiswahili contest, nobody could believe that you are a TP, not even myself. I don't want you to fall victim that's why am telling you as a woman to take care of yourself. More women will come for you. Be careful not to find a Delilah or an Eve or worse still a Jezebel."

That was enough. We held hands and prayed. After the prayer, we sang one more song; Song 254; The Great Physician Now Is Near. What a night. All these happened when Achieng was wearing her pants alone while I was in my boxers. My gogolo never misbehaved. It maintained zero degrees. I hugged Achieng took her hand led her to

bed and slept. I felt the power of God over my body. When morning came we all prayed together before Achieng left for Kisumu.

Part 17 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 17; The dilemma .

Immediately Achieng left, I received a distress call from the deputy principal. At first I ignored her. I was still thinking of what had happened the previous night and Achieng's advise was still fresh in my mind. On the fifth consecutive call, I knew something was up. It was not her norm to be persistent so I picked. From her voice u sensed something was amiss. Her voice sounded dry. Not the sweet voice am used to. "Aki Mwalimu nataka kukuona" she said and disconnected. I tried to call her back immediately but her phone was off. I got worried. The man in me was awakened. I had to go. I loved her and I didn't want anything to hurt her. Without wasting time I took a motorbike and in less than ten minutes I was there.

When I entered the house I saw madam smile, but this was not an ordinary smile, behind her smile I could see tears. I know her. She smiled just to cover up the bitterness in her heart. I didn't want to hurt her more. Without saying a word I went straight for her hands. I hugged her and kissed her. "Am sorry my love" I apologized." I love you so much" I assured her. That was the medicine she needed. I saw

her face glow with love. The tears from her heart came through her eyes. I could feel it. I felt the loneliness in her heart, for one week, yes a whole week we had not been together. Apart from the simple text I had not held her in my arms. I hated myself for this. This is a woman, a woman who gave the best present ever, a woman who looked upon me as a masculine figure in her life, why did I assume her the whole week? I had failed. Failed as a man, yes no man should be away from his woman, no matter what create time for her. At this time we were hugging, madam was leaning on my shoulder. I felt her warm tears on my shoulder. I let her cry, " am sorry," I said once again. "Mpenzi mbona unanitesa jamani? Fahamu nakupenda sana, bila wewe mwenzako nateseka." Those words touched my soul. The man in me started whipping me, caning me seriously. I looked straight into her eyes, her eyes glowed with love. Yes she was sincere, honesty was written all over her face. I could feel the love. True love. The love of a woman to a man. I watched her, beautiful as before. I knew what she needed, a kiss, a kiss to assure her that all is well. I had learnt counseling in third year, I could read a woman's mind and respond to it appropriately. I didn't waste time, I went closer, held her hand and pressed it slightly, her blood warmed up, I looked straight into her eyes, I told her what she wanted to hear. "My beautiful angel, you are the most beautiful woman I have ever met and I love you. I promise never to leave you." That worked. Her lips burst into a beautiful smile. I was happy, happy because she had smiled. My joy was to see her smile. "I missed such words, your assurance gives me peace" that is all I wanted. She added. We were still standing arms locked. She started kissing me, I could not resist it, I loved her, I remembered Achieng's warning, yes she warned me against women but this one was not just a woman, she is the person I love, how can I resist her, no she is mine and am hers. I kissed her back, the kissing intensified and hands

started working. She held me tight, I pressed her buttocks. she responded by pressing her abdomen against mine making me feel the warmth of her skin. I felt it was my duty, my duty to make love to her. Not that it was my wish but my instincts insisted, I removed her blouse to expose her milk guards, her boobs, I kissed them, they were the best, the best a woman can have. I sucked them, she allowed me suck them, she was playing with my third leg. Slowly making it hard, I sucked her and removed her shirt. She removed my trouser too. We were in the sitting room, since we had missed each other, missed it so much we went for the couch, I carried her since I didn't her to. I put her on the couch and continued sucking her boobs and kissing her. My fingers went for the Honeypot, playing around the zone, she complied. We were there, ready for it, I slid in, pumped it soft, I had no hurry, after sometime she took control. We played sex, good sex. We decided to go to the bedroom. Here we continued, sucking, kissing and caressing. I felt her cum, she experienced spasms. I didn't what to release in her, I felt we needed it more. I pulled out and started sucking her wet pussy stimulating her Clitoris with my tongue, she screamed, it was feeling good, I went in again, pumping her well, she was playing her waist above the bed, my forethrust was received by her upward movement of nunu. This chocked my dick. My dick suffocated inside her. I felt it come, she increased her movement and her breath being heavier, it was our time, she came down giving me the control. She placed her legs on my shoulder, this allowed me to hit her cervix well, I increased my pace and she started shouting, shouting due to maximum stimulation, I felt it coming I increased the pace and released it inside her. I felt her hold by abdomen tight as my cum hit her cervix. Mmmmm, it was a joy. I felt happy having satisfied her. Yes I played sex with her because I loved her.

Part 18 loading

Teaching practice experience

Part 18: The confession

I loved the deputy principal. I don't know how it came to be but I felt attracted to her more. Infact I started seeing her in a different perspective. She was not just a woman to me, she became my confidant. I felt happy whenever she was happy. This made our bond even stronger. The zooming connected our spirit. She was mine, I only didn't know if I was hers but I knew I loved her. After the sex, all the sorrow in her was gone. It varnished into the thin air. Carried away by the waves of orgasm. Yes, good sex is healthy. Not being a cock, within the one minute ejaculate and let her go; idiot. Her face was now glowing. I saw her beautiful smile, the smile I saw the first day in the sitting room, yes when her charm worked wonders on my gogolo. "Your smile makes you more beautiful" I complimented. She blushed and dived at me sending me to bed. She lied on top of me(still naked of course) and started playing with my hairy chest. I loved it, I stroked her hair too, running my fingers into it. We were one, one in love. She kissed me, a sweet kiss, I looked in her eyes and saw shining stars, yes stars of love. "You are a great man, my hear loves you so much. For the little time we have been together you have made me happy, you have taken away all the pain and made me feel a woman again, I

don't know what to pay you but just know you are my everything." She mumbled as she continued playing with my chest. She palced her head on my chest. I felt the smoothness of her face. A perfect feeling. Without a word, I turned and brought her down. Just the way she did, I lied on her top, kissed her and started playing with her boobs occasionally sucking her nipples. I smiled, I saw her smile too " my love, you are the most beautiful woman, you are generous, you have a good heart, blessed with a perfect figure that drives me crazy. I love you more and I'll be with you, I don't need you to pay me; I need you for with you I feel complete." I assured her. This ignited our love, she spread her legs slightly to allow my dick touch her pussy. I felt her warmth, yes slowly my third leg started erecting, it pressed hard against her Clitoris. The feeling; the feeling of our love blossomed. We started kissing once again, this time not because we missed each other but because we loved each other. We both had a reason to play sex. Yes to celebrate our love. Madam was already wet, yes she was wet, she opened her legs and my gogolo slid in, I felt fresh again, my energy rejuvenate. I started pumping, thrusting my gogolo deep inside her, she felt good as I pushed it in and in. She came on top, controlling every move. She had picked up, we no longer feared each other. We enjoyed the fruits of our love.

After around thirty minutes we were there, climaxed, but we wanted more, we changed the style. She sat on my thighs facing me. I kissed her boobs as she played the game. Yes this was a crazy sensation but worth it, I kissed her, kissed her neck. She was now moaning. I knew what she wanted; my cum. I was ready to give it to her. I just shifted myself and she lied on her back giving me the chance to give her deep penetration. I pumped her faster, before I climaxed she exploded, that meant I had more time to pump before I cum, this made her

more crazy, she started shaking as I pumped, she tightened her vaginal muscles chocking my lheatnacho. I went deep inside her and felt my cum coming. I increased the pace and exploded inside her. She wrapped her legs on my back so tight and started kissing me. I was finished, we laid still for over ten minutes. Yes tired but satisfied. I great sex that was. Two shots for the first time. It was great.

After this we went to take a shower together. For the first time I washed a woman. Since she was mine I washed her well. I ensured her eskanunu was clean. She also washed me. We we're parents to each other. Love uniting us. " You are great in bed, she told me, you have given me the best sex ever, no man not even my ex husband had ever stimulated me that much. Thank you so much for making me a woman." Madam said this in a low tone. I didn't Know how to answer it but from the way she looked at me, it was clear that she meant every word that came from her mouth. I remembered the words of my lecturer. "Sex is a partnership, in a partnership give your best to receive the best. The number of shots do not matter in sex but the quality matters." I smiled, I was a good learner and without being taught the first woman has already appreciated it. "It's because you are the best my love. The best woman deserves the best in everything, moreso you are equally good, you controlled the game and made it wonderful. Thank you." I told her and kissed her. She smiled. "You are so romantic." She remarked as we left the bathroom. "My love, I have to go. I have a lesson with Sandra in the afternoon." I told her after we had dressed up. "I love you so much" she said as she went into her briefcase and handed a white envelope to me. "This is for you, open it when you reach your room." We hugged and kissed each other goodbye.

Don't miss next story end