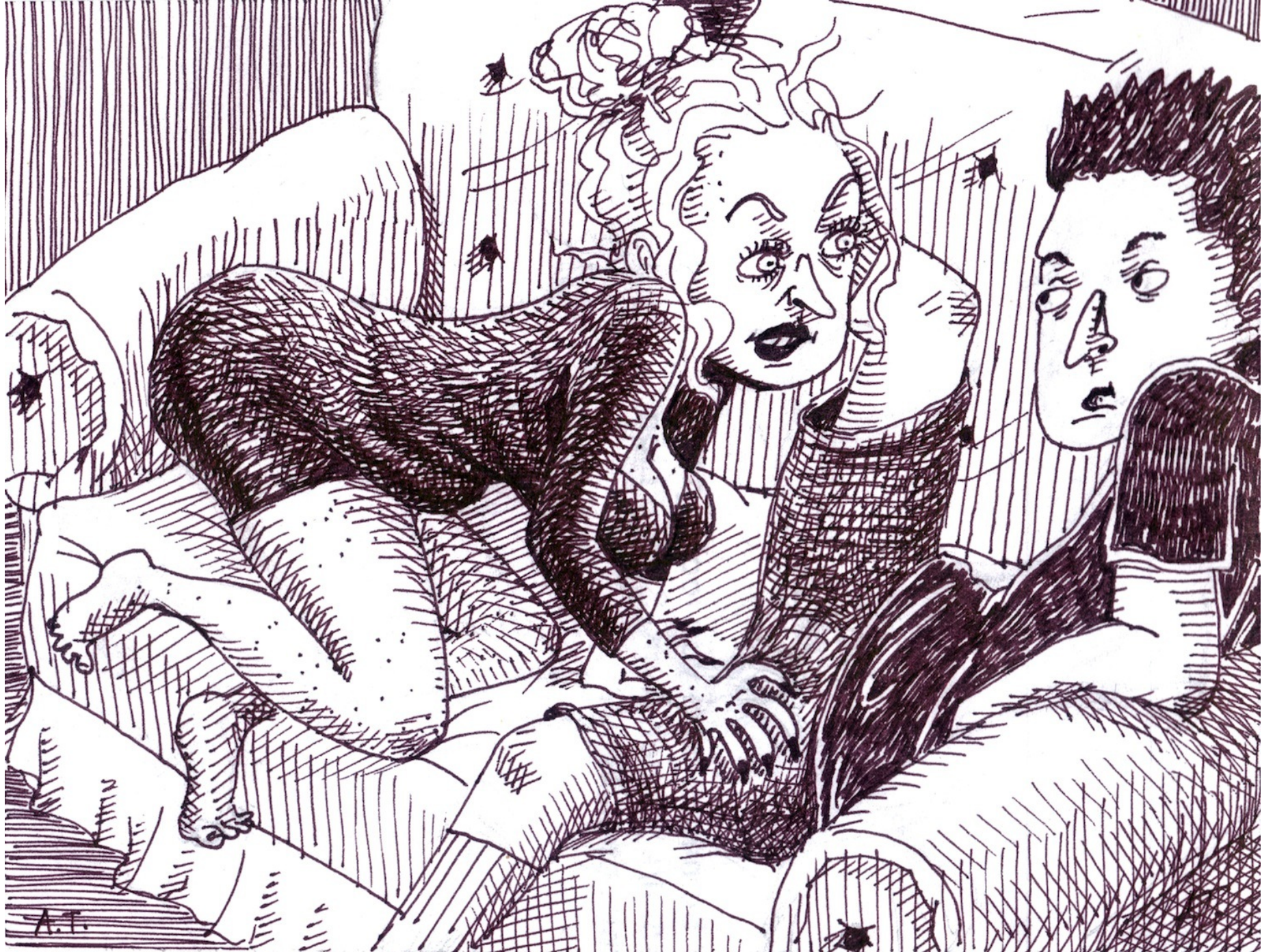


I Slept with My High School Teacher, and It Sucked

January 26, 2015

by Anonymous





More stories about teachers: [A Teacher Saved My Life \(http://www.vice.com/read/my-life-was-saved-by-a-teacher-who-attacked-a-student\)](http://www.vice.com/read/my-life-was-saved-by-a-teacher-who-attacked-a-student), [Hot for Teacher \(http://www.vice.com/read/skinema-hot-for-teacher-v18n9\)](http://www.vice.com/read/skinema-hot-for-teacher-v18n9), [Teachers on a Chair \(http://www.vice.com/read/teachers-on-a-chair\)](http://www.vice.com/read/teachers-on-a-chair)

Illustration by [Anh Tran \(http://www.pummelcake.com\)](http://www.pummelcake.com)

Teachers have always fucked their students. It's a tradition dating back to Socrates, and probably before that. Yet we still act incredulous each time a new story of **teacher-student sex** (<http://www.latimes.com/local/lanow/la-me-ln-teachers-sex-students-beach-20150119-story.html>) makes its way into the news. Whenever a moderately attractive female is the alleged lawbreaker, we put down the pitchforks reserved for their male counterparts, and the Monday-morning Casanovas come out of the woodwork with commentary on how "there were never any hot teachers doing that when we were in high school!" Well, there were, and there always will be. They just didn't target *you*.

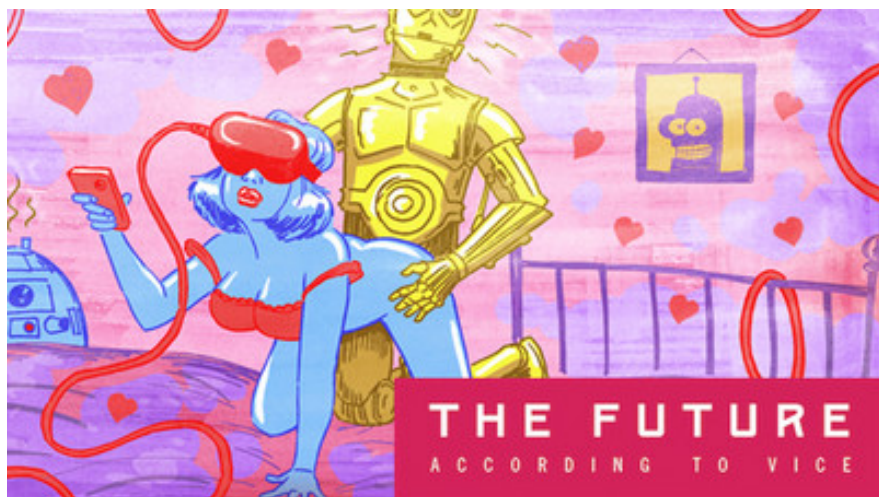
My AP English teacher was one of those young, cool teachers everyone wanted to be friends with. She was in her late 20s or early 30s, and while she never pretended to be "one of us," she was never condescending. Also, she was pretty fucking hot—contextually hot, at the very least. She was hot for a small town, and she was *the* hot teacher at that school. Her large breasts were a common locker-room conversation topic. Her ass was ogled by myself and many other pre- and post-pubescent students. If you were going to have the whole **male-student/female-teacher fantasy** (<http://www.vice.com/read/two-teachers-got-arrested-for-having-simultaneous-sex-with-a-teenaged-boy-1003>), she was as good as it got.

At the end of the school year, our teacher—whom I'll just refer to as Mrs. X from here on—gave us handwritten cards. Each, I assume, contained a heartfelt message of appreciation and well-wishing, as mine did. Mine also contained her personal contact information.

"If you ever want to grab a coffee over the summer and discuss what you've been reading, email me."

Continued below.

RECOMMENDED



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Teenagers Are Having Sex in Extremely Odd Places ([/read/teenagers-are-having-sex-in-extremely-odd-places-1017](http://www.vice.com/read/teenagers-are-having-sex-in-extremely-odd-places-1017))



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This could've been an innocuous gesture, sure, but I couldn't afford to risk missing out on the off chance that it wasn't. And since you're reading this, you already know that my instincts were right.

Eventually, I mustered the courage to send her an email in late June. It was filled with the usual pleasantries: *How's your summer going? Any trips planned? Whatcha been reading?* With that out of the way, I suggested we grab a coffee at a local bookstore, strategically located in a neighboring town outside our school district. Even if this was to pan out as a completely platonic rendezvous, we both knew it'd look suspect to be seen fraternizing outside of the halls of education. She emailed me back immediately: "I'd love to. Why don't we meet up next week?"

I should mention that Mrs. X was—and, to my knowledge, still is—married. She also had a kid. I knew this, and I chose to pursue her anyway. I'm not proud of it, but when you're staring down the barrel of an archetypical youth fantasy coming to fruition, your moral compass can get a bit wonky. I was raised on stupid teen sex comedies like *American Pie* and "dramas" like *Wild Things*. Hollywood had been goading me into this since I'd first figured out what masturbation was, and I was going to grab that brass ring, dammit, or fall off the carousel trying.

I nervously approached the bookstore that next week, trying my best to appear the sophisticated adult I was not. Fortunately, she'd apparently forgotten about or abandoned this facade as well and once we'd purchased our coffees and said our hellos, we started roaming the bookstore

commenting on titles, recommending things to each other. It certainly wasn't flirty, but it was a warmer, more relaxed version of the Mrs. X I'd known from class.

We roamed the store for about an hour, chatting about whatever was on the shelf in front of us. Eventually we had to go, but not before she made a suggestion.

"Hey, why don't we swap numbers so we can continue this conversation?"

And that's when I knew for sure where this was headed.

I recognized this as an achievement that would soon be mine to brag about. This wasn't love. This wasn't a connection between two people.

I spent the next week playing the usual flirty games one does when first getting a new crush's number. I wasn't sure that the tactics I'd used on my teenage conquests would work on Mrs. X, but eventually, she started asking about my love life. How old was the oldest woman I'd been with? Not that old, I told her, but I was certainly curious in exploring older.

"Oh? So you're looking for a Mrs. Robinson?"

It was now or never. "Are we gonna fucking do this?" I texted.

"Do you want to?"

I told her that my family was on vacation the next week and I'd have the house to myself. She agreed to come over.

Being the stupid, self-centered, piece-of-shit 18-year-old that I was, I recognized this as an achievement that would soon be mine to brag about. This wasn't love. This wasn't a connection between two people. This was conquest, plain and simple—and one that most guys never manage to achieve. I was about to be the first dog in the pack to catch a speeding car. But I knew that if I told my friends, they'd never believe me. How would I be able to back this up to the select few I'd *have* to share this with?

I had a small Sony Handicam I used for filming stupid shit like pranks and skateboarding tricks. This would serve as proof. But more important, I knew that when something this egregious and mythical happens, you have a moral obligation to record it for posterity, right? That's what I told myself, at least. I'm fully aware that this is a heinous and illegal thing to do to another person... now. But at the time, it seemed like more good ole *American Pie* hijinks. (Because that is literally something Jason Bigg's character does in the movie. That fool had his shit streaming on dial-up internet.) So, with a little duct tape over the glaring red "REC" light, I discreetly set up the camera for game day.

I sat in my empty house waiting for Mrs. X to pull into my driveway, praying that no neighbors would be around to see me greeting some lady more than a decade my senior. I had placed the camera in the living room, nestled in with the DVD player and other TV console stuff. I'd checked my angles. This would have to take place on the couch to be in frame. Once Mrs. X texted me that she had arrived, I pressed record and went to the door to let her in.

This isn't a *Penthouse* forum letter, so I'm going to limit the description of the act itself. We started making out. She looked at me with eyes that were a little *too* hungry.

"I've wanted to suck those lips all year," she said.

Ew. I'd wanted to do things to her too, but I was 18, and I had those sorts of thoughts about pretty much every girl I glanced at. The singular focus of that comment threw me off a bit as we settled down onto the couch.

She looked at me with eyes that were a little *too* hungry.

She wanted to blow me. OK, sure. She pulled her top off halfway through the process, and I saw the large breasts I'd admired from my desk all year up close: the stretch-marked flesh, the slow bobbing gravity that is the mark of maturity. Up until this point, my partner had all the signs of the girl which is, you know, normal for a teenage boy. One usually ages along with one's sexual partners. You sag, scar, and bloat in tandem. This wasn't just jumping into the deep end of the pool—it was a polar plunge. There was nothing wrong with her body, of course; I was just jarred by the realness of it after a sexual career of seeing nothing but taut teenage flesh. By the time we started fucking doggy-style, I noticed quite a few tufts of hair in places I was not used to seeing tufts of hair. This was starting to become too much for me.

"I... I need to stop," I choked. "I'm just not feeling this."

"Are you sure? Do you want to try another position?"

"No. I just... want to stop."

This was not what I'd planned. The reality of her body, coupled with the echoing creepiness of that "lips" comment of hers, had skeeved me out to the point of no return. The last shred of my innocence was finally gone, along with my erection.

We quietly dressed, and I walked her to her car.

"We can try again another time" she proposed.

"OK, yeah. We'll see."

I went inside and stopped the tape. I rewound to right before I called it off and hit record again to wipe any evidence of my impotence. Even if the sex itself had sucked, I still had something to show for this whole uncomfortable experience.

I texted my two closest friends. Naturally, they didn't believe me, even after I told them I had video proof. But once I showed them each the grainy, slightly disturbing evidence, they realized that I had, indeed, done the impossible. I warned them to keep this between us, even though I knew full well there was no way they could.

Mrs. X and I texted a bit more later that week. I think we both felt weird about what had happened. She wanted to meet up again, in the same spot as before, to talk. So we did, and I assuaged her understandable fears that I might talk. But then I guess I got drunk on the sudden shift of the power dynamic, and started to test the boundaries of what I could get away with. I started casually picking up DVDs and books.

"Hmmm. This looks really interesting. I always wanted to read this."

She bit.

"Why don't I get those for you?"

"Oh really? That's so nice of you. You sure?"

She knew it wasn't really up for discussion, but we both went through the motions, acting like this was some cute act of generosity and not me subtly blackmailing her for a couple *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* DVDs and *Gravity's Rainbow*. In hindsight, it makes me sick that I was capable of this. But at the time, I'm sure I had a little Grinch grin as I walked away from the store with a bag full of goodies. Teenage me had to try to pick up the pieces to make barely palatable lemonade out of the toxic lemons of this whole experiment.

I just wanted this finished. I didn't want this woman's life and livelihood in my hands.

I'd mostly forgotten about the failed affair with Mrs. X by the time the summer ended and I'd unpacked my things in my freshman dorm. Many of my high school schoolmates wound up at the

same university, and one evening, an acquaintance—someone I had gone to high school with, but never really talked to—wound up drinking with me and some of my dorm friends.

"Hey, I heard you fucked Mrs. X. Is that true?"

I was confused. "Where'd you hear that?"

"All over. A few people told me about it."

"Well... Yeah. I did."

"Bullshit!"

I couldn't be called out for this, so I pulled out the tape. People saw it, word spread (as I knew all along that it would), and I ended up getting a frantic phone call from Mrs. X in late November.

"People are talking. Is there a tape? I'm hearing rumors about a tape."

"No, no," I lied. "Kids just like to talk shit. There's no tape. I told one friend because I had to, and I guess he let it slip to a few others. It'll blow over. Everything is just dumb teenager rumors right now."

If I had been in her position, there's no way I would have believed me, but for some reason, she did. Maybe it was from the same weird part of her brain that had started this whole thing in the first place. At this point, though, I just wanted this finished. I didn't want this woman's life and livelihood in my hands. I just wanted to have a normal college experience and start my adult life. So I hung up and wiped the tape.

She clearly violated her position of authority—she cheated on her husband and preyed upon someone she was in charge of. But make no bones about it: I don't see myself as the good guy in this story, or a victim. I'd like to think I've evolved and learned and matured, but I'm sure some people would understandably think that a leopard never changes its spots. Maybe the vile side of

my personality that's capable of light blackmail and voyeurism still lives deep inside of me somewhere. I hope to never find out if it does. Whatever the case may be, a student and a teacher each slept with a creep.



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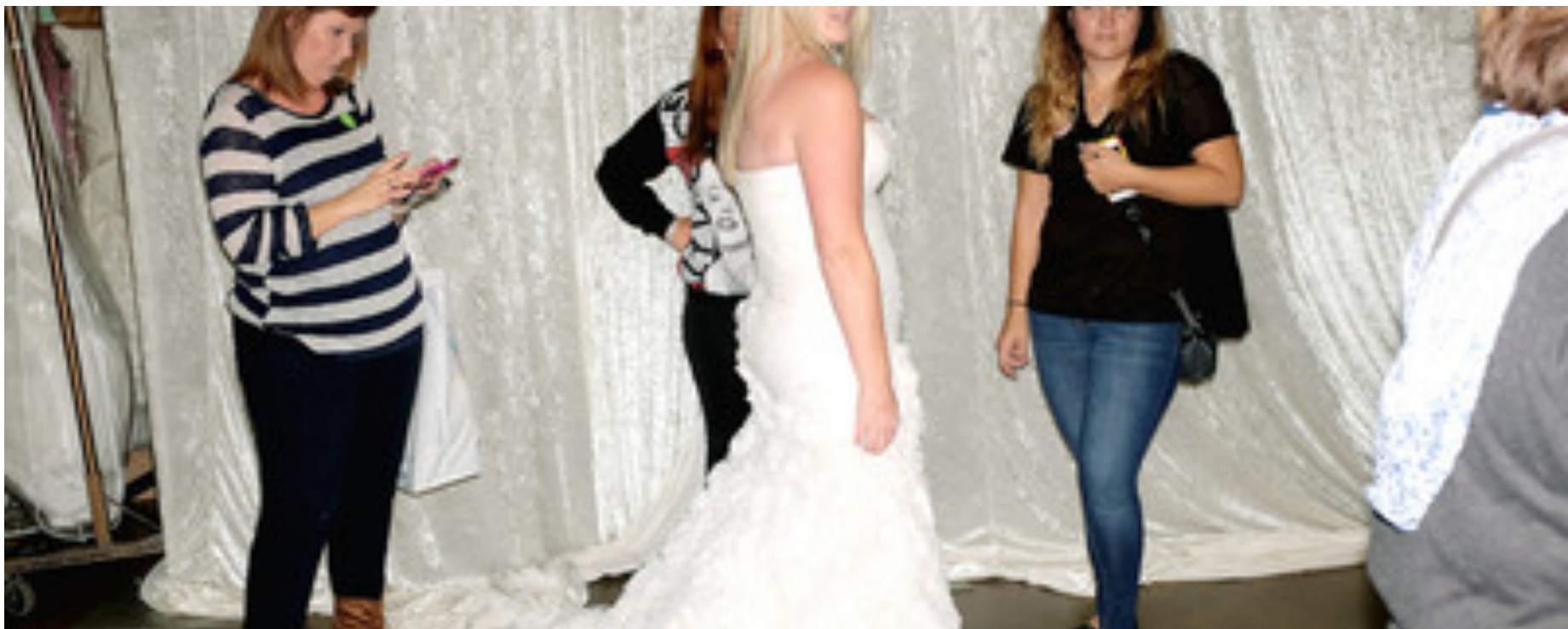
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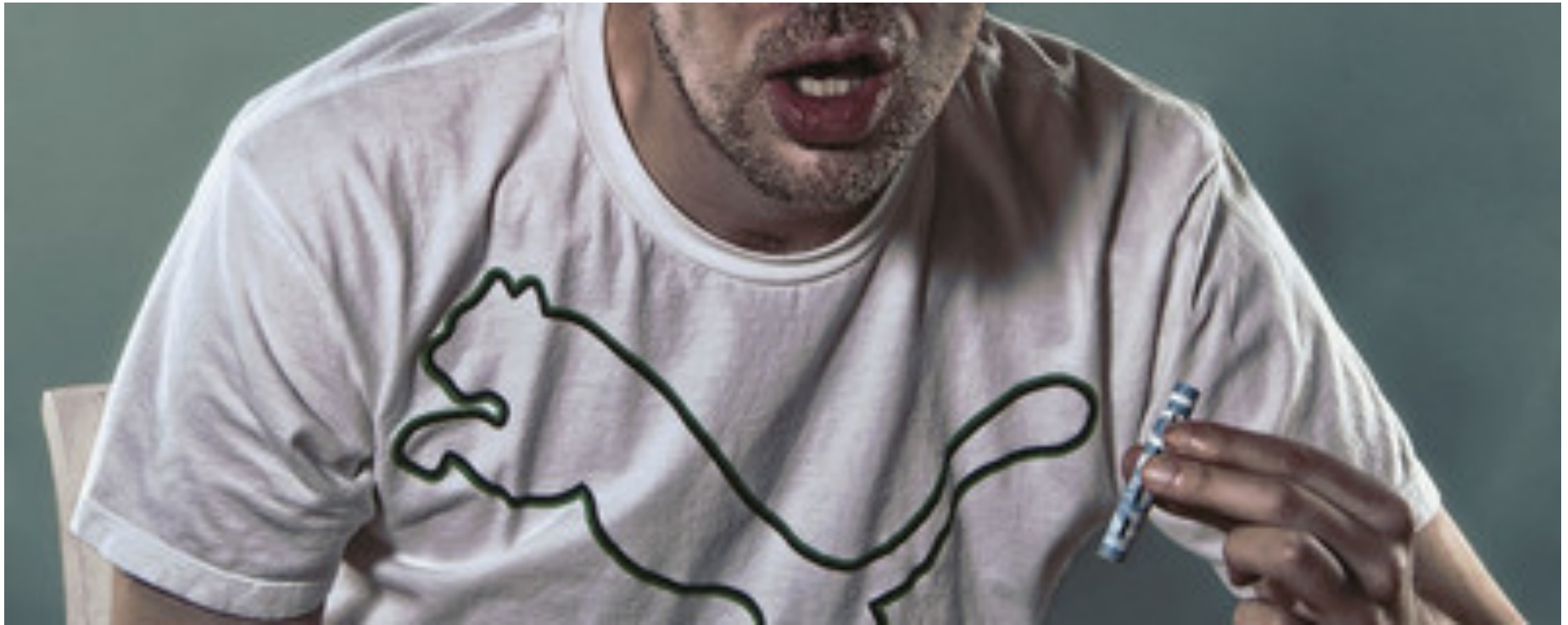
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