

## An Abuse of power

**Summary: A teacher and student have a unwritten rule of power. And yet it is abused every day**

**Tags: Vanilla, hidden sex, rough sex,**

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### An abuse of power

The desk shook. Quaked from her slim body pushed down against it as the man behind her ravaged her. His large hands around her thin waist as her black skirt barely hung onto her as his powerful hips crashing into her as his cock, a large beastly thing, pounding into her womb with relentless cruelty. He snarled and grunted with beastly lust as his shaft made a small lump in her belly as it rampaged inside her. Her formal white dress shirt is open with her small breast quivering with each body shaking thrust in her. Her nipples, stiffer than metal, shivered in the warm air of her office.

The girl's violet eyes are unfocused and in a haze of desire. Long white hair clung to her as she drooled and moan as her small breast quivered. Her nipples scraped assuaging the cold steel of her own desk. Her workstation, normally piled high with paperwork, is a mess of spit and sexual lust as it rocked back and forth. Her toes, dangling in the air, curled and folded while her legs sized up from a sudden lightning blot running through her.

“Haa~! T-Teacher!” The young student cried as she felt another orgasm rip through her. Her moaning shook the windows as her pussy stained the carpeted floor beneath them in a shower of her orgasm. The man above her grunting as well as he fled his massive shaft choked in her small pussy. Baring his teeth, his dark blue eyes screwed shut as he leaned over and gave a short thrust as his orgasm roared forth. A thick sticky blast of white gushed and oozed out at every quick shuddering thrust of his hips.

Tiny moans of pleasure mewled out from her with every deep spurt of semen inside her. The warm honey thick discharge filled her tiny pussy with one single blast. Most of it ooze and dribbled out stuffed muff as the shafted inside her shuddered inside her. Her teacher above her growled above her, kissing at her ear as his hips pumped into her lightly like a restless beast. Eager to continue even more as his shaft bounced inside her. His hands roaming her body and groping her small breasts. While his teeth racked against her neck in a greedy snarl.

And all Hina could do is moan under him.

-OOO-

“I see. Another explosion then...” Hina nodded with a solemn sigh to Ako and Iori as she walked down the halls of Gehenna. The school is still as busy as always with the white-haired perfect going over the many list of problems the clubs have been causing. Form the cooking club caused another explosion to Aru and her problem solvers causing a fire in the east side of the building.

“I will see some students to assist with the cleanup.” Her long white hair, which looked like a cloud in the breeze, sway with her movements as she walked down the halls with the rest of the disciplinary group. Ther short business skirt with a slit down the sides showed off her swaying hips, but still gave her an air of authority. Though the shortest between the three girls, the young lady holds the air of proud demones in command. More so when her violet eyes narrow in rage though this time they seemed cooled and

collected. Even with Ako, the tall full figured blue haired secretary next her, giving damning report after damning report.

“Also, the fire caused by problem solver 68 has been put out.” Ako noted making the head perfect give a small sigh of relaxation.

“By flooding the whole building.” Until she heard the list of her troubles stack up even more from Chinatsu’s, the glasses wearying girl to her left, deadpanned response.

“Hina.” The low rumble of a man made the girls stop and turn to find their teacher towering over them.

Hayata has his same stoic, cool gaze looking down at his students. The towering man gives off a intimidating air in his black pants and blazer over his white collared shirt. Fitting the form of a teacher, but he sharp features, short spiky black hair and dark piercing blue eyes made even the many machines around Kivotos shiver in fear. More so with the sword strapped to his lower hip.

Nearly as long as him, the black blade has a trigger on its handle. A dark red line cut in the middle of the blade, and it does not have a sheath. Only being held by a white bandage wrapped around it. Though as fearsome as the teacher of SCHALE looks, he is still a kind young man in his early twenties with a penchant for sweets.

“Sorry to bother you, but I need your help with a gang causing trouble downtown.” Hayata spoke cleanly though his eyes showed that he was reluctant to bother the extremely busy head perfect.

“I see.” Hina sighed as she adjusted her glove as she turned to Ako. “Ako. Push my meetings back for three hours. Iori, help with clean up in the east wing and see that problem solver are properly punished. Chinatsu, go see what the cooking club is up to. I will return shortly.”

Hina turned to her teacher, “Lead the way sensei.”

Hayata gave a nod as they both walked away with him explaining the situation to her.

“Sensei and Hina are always so busy...” Chinatsu said as she walked the two of them walk away.

“Hina-chan is very reliable after all.” Ako smiled

“It must be why he calls on her so often.” Iori nodded with pride in her leader. “She’s the only one who can handle the dangerous jobs sensei gets. Hmph. Expected of her.”

-OOO-

“Haa~ ngh~. Sho-Sho big~!!” Hina moaned deliriously as Hayata pulled back on her horns. The alley way filled with her cries as she drooled slovenly from his cock slamming into her. Her nails scarping the steel wall as she dangled off the ground. Her skirt pushed up with her white shirt is still on but her aroused nipples scraping against it as the wall scuffed the fabric with each rough slam into her petite frame. Hayata is holding on to her hips with one hand with his virile cock pinning her against the wall. The vicious shaft and the thundering of his hips against her tiny pert rear that jiggled harshly with every deep collision are drowned out by her cries of pleasure.

The young girl's pussy clamped down hard on the older man's hefty cock booming inside her. Slamming into her womb brutally with little remorse. Leaving her a drooling mess, and far from her cute doll like face. Her violet eyes twisted upwards in maddening lust while her tongue hung out her mouth like a bitch in heat as she slobbered against the wall.

Titling her head up as he moved his hand from her hips to gripping her neck, his large fingers around her mouth, her teacher captured her lips in a fierce kiss just before his shaft let out a thunderous roar of semen inside her. Pinning her body flat along the wall. The force of his orgasm brought her own as her legs stiffed out, her toes curled, and her pussy sent a gush of her lust over the wall. While her messy little fuck hole is filled with the man's viscous, honey thick deluge of cum. Her pussy, too filled with cum, spasmed and squirted out the heavy seed onto the ground as she moaned in her teacher's grip. His cock still pulsating hard inside her even as the last few shots of his seed deposited in her packed slit.

"Anh..." Hina sighed, her tongue licking at his finger only getting the young man to start slamming into her again. Her moans echoing down the walls of the alley way.

-OOO-

"Good work everyone." Hayata twirled his blade as he sheathed it behind him.

The city is once more a mess of bullets and unconscious bodies as the teacher and his students that were going on a simple walk were interrupted by a gang of thugs trying to rob them. And the results ended as anyone expected with Hina, Neru, Hayata himself, and Shiroko around.

However, it did not easily go by with the local police. Considering Hayata is a new face in the city, he has bad luck being questioned at every turn. The number of times he's been stopped for just walking around are too many to count.

'Although that one time was Emi's fault...' The young man thought with a blush as tried to push back the memory of a young girl begging her teacher to pick out very risky underwear for her.

"Ah Hina." The young man said as the head perfect finished talking with Neru. The small red headed leader of the cleaning and cleaning club, dressed in a cute maid outfit over her normal dragon print jacket, also did not look worse for wear. Considering she is her school's deadliest student, along with Hina in her own, it's a wonder why some of the thugs actually dropped their guns and just started running. Not that it would save them.

"Sorry to bother you, but I am going to need your help explaining all this." Hayata sighed with a frustrated stached of the back of his head.

Hina sighed, "My word does carry more weight. Let's go."

"Sensei and Hina sure have it rough." Shiroko sighed as she adjusted her gun as the two of them started walking towards the officers.

"I say Hina has it rougher..." Neru muttered under her breath as she tried to hide her red face. "Men really are beast no matter what. Yessh..."

-OOO-

With a sharp grip on her horns, and his normal stoic face twisted in feral lust, Hayata thrust into Hina's mouth with his cock making her choke and gag horrendously. Drool staining her shirt as her near painful gagging echoed out through the public bathroom. Her face roughly and reputedly buried in her teacher's curly pubic hair as her neck bulged out obscenely from the sheer grith of the cock crashing into her tonsils.

"Mmmph!" Tears burned in her eyes as her teacher grunted above her. The tightness of her throat, choking his cock in a viper lick grip. Her tongue sliding along his length, tickling the throbbing vein along it, while his hips worked into a blur. Slamming forward with his hands on her horns, pulling her into his waist while his pumped his hips forward.

Public bathroom is empty save for them, but Hina's moaning, and choking could be heard even outside the walls of the stall they are in. Her eyes rolling up in lust as she suffocated from the more than just the shaft clogging her mouth. Just coming from a recent battle Hayata did not have time to do any self-cleaning so the musk of his dick is impressively strong. Dulling her senses as her body shook and shivered. Her pussy dripping between her legs and pooling around her feet as even though it has not been touching herself for the past two hours they have been in here.

"Ragh!!" With a sharp bark, Hayata pulled his shaft out her mouth just before a blast of his cum showering her face in white. Long thick white blasts of spunk landing on her panting face with heavy wet slaps. Coating her eyes and even landing in her gasping mouth while her body locked up as her orgasm rocked through her as well.

Hayata's cock, ridged as steel, loomed over Hina's cum glazed visage. Her mouth filled with the semen that landed on her tongue as she took in deep breaths of stagnate, musk filled air. The tip dripped with lingering cum that slap onto her white painted face as her teacher, his hands still holding tightly to her horns, shivered and grunted to regain his standing.

When the fat cock head slapped the top of her forehead all she could do is open her mouth

-OOO-

"Sensei."

Hayata did not have to look up from his paperwork to know that it is Hina that has called him. She stood before him with her cool violet eyes gazing at him in front of his desk in the SCHALE main office.

"Eep!?" Aru, helping her teacher staple papers, jumped in shock at the head perfect standing right in front of her and her team. The rest of problem solver having come and help Hayata with the mountains of paperwork he normally handles. Aru sitting at his desk with him organizing the papers he has signed. Kayoko and Haruka in the back filling papers and folders in cabinet.

Mutsuki is meant to be sweeping the floor. But she kept trying to sneak into Hayata's secret stash. Though she was hoping for something more than sweets, but she will take it.

"I see." Hayata sighs as he understood the silent words of his student. "I am pretty much done here anyway. Sorry girls but I am going to have to leave the clean up to you. I'll be back in a few hours."

The young man stood up and looked at Aru, the leader of the group, for a moment. Thinking on his words before sighing and turning to Kayoko.

"...Kyoko please make sure they don't blow up the place while I am gone."

“Wha-What was that look for Sensei!? Sensei!?” Aru protested but both of them were already out the door. Leaving the leader pouting in her seat.

“Phew...I nearly felt my heart stop...” Haruka said as she relaxed from having the head perfect in the same room as her.

“Sensei and Hina must be close.” Kayoko said while placing the folders she has in her hands in a filing cabinet.

“M-Maybe they are going on a secret mission...” Haruka stammered nervously.

“Mission? Oh oh~.” Aru smiled with a sharp gleam in her eyes. Thinking of aa the dark dastardly things Hayata and Hina are doing under the cover of night like true crime lords.

Or what she thinks crime lords do anyway. “But of course, such a devilish man like sensei must be taking Hina to take out the heads of the criminal underworld. Fu~Fu. I knew I was right to make him part of our crew!”

Mutsuki gave a devilish smirk. Her impish smile singing as she said, “But sensei and Hina. Alone together. By themselves.”

“W-what are you implying?” Aru stammered as her imagination got the better of her.

“Oh nothing.” The teasing student sung as she spun on her toes. “Just wondering what spicy things could be happening on that mission~..”

“S-Spicy!? L-L-like a d-d-d-date!?” Aur’s face went red with embarrassment

“Maybe~.” Mitsuki has her own ideas. But she decided to keep them to herself. It’s more fun that way.

-OOO-

“H-Harder~♥! Se-Sensei~♥!!” Hina panted as her hands cling to Hayata’s shirt. Her slender legs are the only thing that can be seen from behind her teacher as he pinned her to the table of her desk. Her back on the cool metal of her workstation, legs up in the air as her teacher large body covering her while his girthy prick slammed into her tiny pussy once more. She drooled and bit at the young man’s shoulder. Her fingers digging into his back wither legs locked around him. keeping his large body close to her slim frame and his cock as deep into her as possible. The large member making a hefty lump in her belly as it bulged from the girthy appendage as it slammed into her with reckless fever.

Her skit barely clinging to her feet before it flew off onto her desk from the rigorous slamming. Her shirt is open showing off her small breast jiggling from her lust crazed body. Her nipples pushed against her teacher growling and grunting above her as she felt his cock thunder inside her.

“Hi-Hina-!” Hayata grunted as he felt his orgasm come rushing forward but Hina’s legs locked him in place and her lips slammed against his. Her tongue warped around his own and coax his release just as the tip of his cock head entered her womb. The heavy blast of semen gushed and flooded the tiny perfect’s cunt.

“We...we should really get back to work.” Hayata panted as he tried to re-gain his composure. the weight of him furcating with his own student hitting him like a bullet once more as the lust finally stopped clouding his judgement.

It's like this every time him and Hina would meet. He would call out to her to genuinely work on something and the next minute she would have him bending her over and ravaging her like wild animal. The young perfect was not like this before as their first time was nothing more than a mistake in heated passion; they were alone, tending to each other's wounds and a curious young girl alone in a room with a fit young man made it very easy for a mistake to happen.

Hina back then was so mousy and shy, he was afraid to break her if he moved too hard. Now she is begging him to bend her over any and everything. Hold her down on his dick until her face turns blue. Forcing him to cum in her almost nonstop. The young perfect's lust is pure, in more ways than one.

Hayata, being a teacher, and nearly eight years her senior, wanted to take things slow. Their feelings are mutual sure, but a teacher taking advantage of his student is as immoral as it gets.

And yet....

"Hayata..." That sweet voice, pure but shaking with lust called out to him.

With her small fingers she spread her leaking, cum filled muff open. Her legs open and quivering on her desk. His seed dripping, drooling out of small, her spasming pussy. Contrasting with bright pink of o her folds while her lips, lightly red from kissing his body, curled into an innocent, pure plea.

"Please..."

With nothing but a few words, she can play with him like a puppet on a string as Hayata's resolve broke. His lips flying towards her as he pinned her to her desk with his cock piercing her cum filled pussy. Their rigorous love making rocking all of the diligent student's desk. Knocking off all of her paper off her desk as the young man's ravenous thrusting

Hina squeal happily as she locked her legs around him once more. Dragging him further and further into her den of lust. Her feelings for her teacher are one of true love and admiration. It was never one of sexual desire. However, Hina will not deny she is being utterly selfish. Seeing every other student swarm and adore him was just while she, always busy with infernal paperwork and duties, could only see him for mere flashing moments in a single day. It infuriated her to the point of getting drastic.

"Mo-More!" Hayata always pushes back against her advances. Kindly trying to speak sense into her with their differences in ages but she will always use her charm against him. Knowing how much he cares for her, she used she seduced him whenever she had the chance. Not once would he advance to her first. After a battle, before one, lying about 'paperwork' just to have his cock down her throat. Pulling him in an alley way, showing how wet she has gotten with a left of her skirt. Marking him with her scent and her lips to show anyone that he already belongs to someone.

"Hayata!!" With loud moaned that shook her office, Hina climaxed once more around her teacher as his cock fired another dizzying load inside her. This one bigger than the last, and yet her greedy slit happily took every single thick blast of semen inside her.

Hayata, his eyes foggy with desire, panted above Hina as she hugged him close. her legs locked around him in a caring, but tight embrace as she shivered under him. Her hands tangled in his hair while her lips tickled his neck in sweet kisses.

"C-Can we stay like this...for a little longer..." Hina hummed in her lover's ear. And growing a smile fit for a demon, when she felt his cock twitch inside her.

-OOO-

“Hayata-sensei.”

Hayata looked up from his conversation with Karin as he heard Hina call out to him. Though he recognized her from the click of her boots done the dusty hallway of the seemingly abandoned high school. The Abydos school is still a mess of sand and forgotten rooms. But With Hayata’s help, the help of the other schools like Millennium, it has slowly been gaining back its former glory. The halls are at least clean thanks to the cleaning and cleaning club.

The head perfect regarded her teacher with a cool gaze, and a seemingly icier one to the students before turning back to Hayata. “There are some documents I need you to go over.”

“Alright.” Hayata said. “Let’s get to it. Excuse me.”

“... I think she was glaring at me.” The dark-skinned sniper said with a sigh as she felt a sudden weight come off her shoulders.

“I think that’s just how Hina is....” Ayane chuckled. The simple, glasses wearing girl, starched her cheek in worry of the powerful head perfect.

Asuna tilted her head curiously, “But when you were talking to sensei there was a shadow over her eye-“

“Ok gang let’s go already!” Neru said as she pushed the rest of the group away. Hoping to stay out of ear shot of Hayata and Hina. While the rest of the group did not notice it, Neru took notice of the small gesture that Hina gave to their teacher.

Neru, seeing the gesture easily put two and two together, ‘Can’t those two keep it in their pants!?’

It was small and only for the briefest of moments, but it was nothing more than a light tug on Hayata’s shirt. Two of Hina’s small fingers giving it a small light tug. The action made the young man turn aflame with a blush. A simple single that they would not be doing much paperwork in her office.