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## Homework Help

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# Homework Help

## **Abstract**

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"School had been over for more than an hour, but Annabelle Stevens did not want to go home. The fact was she had a crush on her AP English teacher, and she wanted to give him a lesson of his own. His butt looked so cute in those new Dockers khakis he wore that day, and she was wondering if it was just as cute out of the khakis. She knew he wanted her too; he was always staring at her chest during class."

## **Cover Page Footnote**

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# CHRISTOPHER OUIMET

## HOMework HELP

School had been over for more than an hour, but Annabelle Stevens did not want to go home. The fact was she had a crush on her AP English teacher, and she wanted to give him a lesson of his own. His butt looked so cute in those new Dockers khakis he wore that day, and she was wondering if it was just as cute out of the khakis. She knew he wanted her too; he was always staring at her chest during class.

Annabelle went downstairs to the English office, and pushed open the door without knocking. She was just in time; it looked like he was packing up to leave.

"Hey John, where ya going?" she asked.

"Annabelle, I told you. Please call me Mr. Gates. What are you doing here?" he said.

"What do you think I'm doing, hehe," she said. She locked the door behind her, and threw her books on the floor. "I need help with my homework."

"What do you mean—oh..." he said.

Annabelle climbed up on his desk on all fours, then tore off her jacket, mistakenly ripping a button. My grades haven't been so good, John, and I need some after school help."

"It's Mr. Gates!" he said. "And you can't use that pouty face forever to get your way!"

"Oh yes I can. I'm going to have my way right now." She always gets her way. Between her chest, her blonde hair, and that pouty face, how can she not get her way?"

"My wife wouldn't approve, you know--"

"—Shut up, I know you're not married, John. Don't worry, honey. I'm almost 18, and some of my friends say I look 21."

"Please...call me...Mr...Gates," he said. She could tell he was staring at her black lace bra underneath her sexy low-cut shirt. She picked it out just for him. It was so obvious that he wanted her. The look on her face was just the same as all the others. Who needs college when you can use sex to get what you want?

"No," he said. "You need to leave right now. Before something bad happens."

"What's that supposed to mean, Johnnie?" she said as she unbuttoned the last button on her see-through white shirt. Now she was kneeling, topless, on his desk. "I'm not a bad girl, am I?"

"That's not a way to achieve grades in my class, young lady! You have to earn them, like everyone else! I am a good teacher, and I will not fall for your games!"

Oh yes he will, she thought. She saw the bulge in his pants.

"You need to leave," he said as he handed her her clothes and collected her books from the floor.

"But Mr. Gates!" she said, pouty face and all.

"Leave!" he said.

She stormed out, slamming the door, and sat alone in the hallway with her back against the wall. She wondered why he acted the way he did. None of her mother's boyfriends ever turned her down.

She'll get her way, she thought. She always gets her way.