# Claire's Awakening 4: Lesson 2

## By PrincessC3

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jun 2008

**Don't steal my stories.. Write your own! You can't steal memories like these ;) xXx**

*Lesson 2 is finally here and Claire gets to see her first penis!*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/claires-awakening-4-lesson-2.aspx

The day started strangely, I woke up naked on my bed. The sun was just starting to come through the light fabric of my curtains. My body was illuminated in all its glory by the sunrise. My skin had a wonderful glow and made me feel beautiful. My mind began to wonder back to last night. I must have fallen asleep straight after masturbating... Gosh that orgasm, it was the most amazing feeling I have ever felt. I stood up to grab my white satin robe and pulled it around myself, tying it loosely at the waist. I crept into the bathroom and turned the shower on. I dropped my gown and stepped into the cool stream of water. The water made me gasp - I enjoy the feeling of a cold shower in the morning. It makes my skin look and feel rejuvenated and gives my hair a lovely shine. As the water cascaded down my curves I began to wonder what Scott had in mind for me. I'd have to remember to tell dad I'll catch the bus home. Another interruption is the last thing I want.

After a few minutes I turned the shower off, picked up my thick pink towel and made my way to my bedroom. I couldn't think straight, everything was just so fragmented. I was noticing the smallest little thing and smiling about how beautiful it was. I could hear birds singing in the silence. A quick look at the clock told me it was 7 o' clock. I was early! Carefully I began to dry my body off, gently patting the fluffy towel against my skin until it was dry. Next I started to rub body lotion into each inch of my skin, paying extra attention to my breasts, thighs and bottom. I decided I like this new lotion - its silky smooth, with a hint of sparkle. It makes my skin glimmer in the sunlight and leaves a subtle scent of summer floating around me all day. I wondered whether Scott would nuzzle his face into my neck and breathe in my scent...

Then it was time for clothes, I spent ages deciding which underwear to pick. Eventually I decided on white boxer briefs with little pink hearts all over, with the matching push up bra. I stood in front of the mirror and admired the effect –virginal yet sexy. It suits me quite well. I opened the curtains, flooding the room with pure sunlight. I opened the window too so I could breathe in the crisp spring air. It danced wonderfully across my face. From my wardrobe I pulled out a fresh white shirt and chose to wear my short pleated skirt. It's grey and flatters my derrière nicely. I dressed and then sat at my dressing table. I brushed my hair back into a loose high pony tail. A few wispy curls framed my face. I chose subtle make up, with a lick of mascara and a dot of lip-gloss. My skin looked pure, my eyes big

and innocent and my lips plump and kissable. Finally I put on my green and gold striped tie. I wear it low down, with two shirt buttons open – a fat knot with just the tip poking out the bottom. I studied myself in the mirror. The tie brings out the green of my eyes. I think I've mastered the art of making school uniform look good. Amazing, but true.

I spray a light mist of perfume around myself and float over to the window to close it. Mr Williams is in his kitchen window watching me again. I really should remember that people can see me wondering around my room in my underwear... Quickly I shook the idea of him pleasuring himself over me out of my mind, grabbed my bag and went downstairs. Like every other morning my parents were sat at the kitchen table. I grabbed a piece of toast and a swig of orange juice while my mum asks how I slept. "Great thanks. Now I've got to go." I rush, "I've got a class after school so I'll bus it home. Love you!" I slipped on my black dolly shoes on and ran out the front door.

I wander down the street towards my school in a daze. I think about Scott. Is his penis large? Will he let me see it today? Will he touch me again? I hope so. As my imagination runs wild, the day goes by. It's all a blur; I barely remember even arriving at school. All of a sudden I was sat in Mr Thomas's lesson again; he's talking about recycling today. Yawn! I can see Scott watching me; my pen is in my mouth again. I'm waiting for the bell to ring... Time seemed to be going slower than usual. The anticipation is killing me! Gently I squeeze my thighs together, rubbing against my soft panties. They're damp. Again I look over to Scott, who winks and gestures towards the door. Finally the bell rings. The world is animated again.

I rushed to my feet and started walking towards the door. A hand grabbed my arm. "Claire, can I have a word?" My head flicked around into the face of disappointment. It was Mr Thomas. "Sorry sir, I've got to get to the doctors." I stuttered. It seemed to do the trick, his grip left my arm. The second I left the door someone grabbed my hand and started leading me down the corridor. I looked up and smiled at Scott. The butterflies started to flap in my stomach once more.

"My locker's in the other direction..." I said. Scott stopped walking and turned to face me, a look of mischief on his face. "No time to waste Claire. Lesson 2 is about to begin." It was like music to my ears. He carried on leading me outside, but this week we were on the opposite side of the school. Scott led me up past the main building and towards the science block. The butterflies started to flap harder and I started to worry about what I was doing again. A moment later he pulled me behind the science block. It's completely secluded with a wall on one side with a thick bush on the other. I looked up into Scott's eyes. "Welcome to lesson 2." He beamed.

Finally we were alone together. Something snapped inside of me and I pushed him against the wall and kissed him passionately. My insides melted like butter as his tongue met mine. He tilted his head to one side and I took it as a sign to kiss his neck. As my lips met his flesh he let out a soft moan. Tentatively I took a little nibble, and then licked round towards the other side. Obediently his head flopped across, so I took my second nibble of him. He tasted sweet as candy.

My hands started to slowly roam across his body, much to Scott's excitement. He grabbed hold of my hand and put it up his shirt. I was amazed; the class clown has a six pack! I ran my fingers across his

smooth abs. I was in heaven. My hand dropped lower; I looked to his eyes for permission to continue. He gave the smallest of nods and my hand reached his trousers. I could see he was aroused; he'd got his bulge again. Gently I began to stroke it through the strained material. He moaned louder and leant back against the wall. After a few more minutes of soft fondling, his hands signalled for me to stop. Slowly his hands reached down to his buckle; he was undoing his trousers. I was shocked, my eyes wide and wild. His zip slid down, his trousers slipped off his hips and onto the floor.

I stared at his white boxers, they had a picture of Tweety Pie and a little speech bubble with his famous saying, "I tawt I taw a puddy tat!" I giggled. His bulge was more defined. I cleared my throat and asked my question, "Could I see it...?" Scott tipped his head back and let out a little laugh. "I was hoping you'd ask that." He teased. He put his hands to the waist band and pulled them to the floor. I gasped, completely mesmerised. It was long – six or seven inches, and thick. It stood up, leaning to the left a little. The end was thicker with a kind of rim about an inch down. I could see a scattering of purple veins across it. Above was a sprinkling of brown curly hair and below hung a small hairy sack, his testicals. I never knew a penis was so beautiful!

Cautiously I reached out and touched it with my fingertips. It was warm and smoother than I'd expected. Scott grabbed my hand and wrapped it around his shaft, squeezing it gently. Then he began to slowly move my hand up and down. Getting the hang of it I shook his hand away and began to jerk him off myself. He started to moan, deep and low. I picked up the courage to tighten my grip and speed up a little. "Ooh Claire, oh my God. You learn fast!" Scott moaned into my ear. I leaned over and kissed him roughly, speeding up my hand again. His bulging cock began to quiver in my hand. His hands cupped my face and pulled my bobble out of my hair, sending the waves cascading around my shoulders. I kissed him again, again tightening my grip around his throbbing penis. Scott's hands ran through my hair frantically. His breathing quickened. His eyes closed. His member twitched in my hand one final time and he exploded. A loud grunt exploded from his mouth as a hot sticky liquid exploded from his dick. I gasped and stopped moving, utterly amazed. It was dripping down my hand and down his leg. I looked up to him full of questions. Was that his orgasm? Does that sperm always come out? Was I any good?

He answered my last question by kissing me softly. "You're a natural Claire." I blushed under his wonderful gaze. I looked at my watch, it was almost 4.30. "Scott, I've got to go. I need to be home by 5..." He smiled down at me - I could almost detect a hint of sadness in his eyes. "OK, just wait a moment and I'll walk you to the stop." He grabbed a tissue out of his pocket and quickly wiped up the mess, then passed another to me for my hands. He then pulled up his boxers and trousers and did them up. Then he threw my bag over his shoulder, grabbed my hand and led me out from behind the science block and we started walking towards the bus stop. Hand in hand. The silence was beautiful.

We reached the stop and he turned to me and smiled. "So, see you next week?" I suggested. He got that cheeky look on his face again, "Sure, you need your third lesson. Field trip though, you're coming to my house." I nearly fainted. My mind was swimming with possibilities. "Are you serious?" I squeaked. He looked at me again with those eyes and I felt like I was drowning. "See you then." He smirked, kissing me on the cheek. Then the bus came and he was gone.

All the way home I was in a daze. Scott’s house? I couldn’t believe it... I couldn’t wait! The only problem was; how was I going to get through another week of excruciating anticipation..?