Team Teaching

By WayneGibbous

Published on Lush Stories on 19 Jun 2012

I really needed a better grade in my Law class but what I got was more in line with sex-ed.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/team-teaching.aspx

Chapter 1

If I was honest, I'd tell you that I'm basically an average student. Probably B's and C's. But, I want to go to law school and become an attorney, so I knew I need good grades to get into a decent law school. So, I was working extra hard my junior year to stay on the honor roll.

Then, right before the end of the term, we were told what grades we should expect. I had all A's and B's except for, damn, my law class, it was going to be a C-plus.Shit, there goes the honor roll and, of all things, it's in the subject that I plan on doing the rest of my life. It was my last class of the day so I waited after class to talk to Mrs. O'Keefe about it.

"Yes, Russell, you want to see me?"

"Yes, Mrs. O'Keefe, I wanted to know how I got such a low grade in law class. And if I can make anything up before the term ends."Now, Mrs. O'Keefe was a pretty good teacher but her principal assets were her boobs, her big boobs. She was probably about forty, nice looking, but her boobs were standouts.

"Well, Russell, you didn't do too well on your tests, it brought your grade down."

"Is there anything I can do, like make-up work, to bring my grade up to a B-minus so I can at least make the honor roll?"

"Well, that's good that you want to, but, no, there isn't," and she turned toward her desk and began putting things away. Shit, I thought, and started walking out of the room.

"Uhm, Russell, come back for a minute. I do have an assignment that I had my other classes do earlier in the year. I could have you do it and pass it in by Friday."

"Oh, sure, sure, that would be great. Just great."

"Well, do you have a car, it's at home, perhaps you could come by later, around four, and get a copy."

"Oh, yeah, great," I said and she wrote down her address.

At four, I pulled into her driveway, there were two cars there, I supposed her husband was home as well.She answered the door and invited me inside.

"Come into the living room and have a seat, I'll get it, it's in my bedroom."I turned to go in the living room and there was my ninth grade history teacher, Ms. Lynch, sitting on the sofa.

"Hi, Ms. Lynch, remember me, Russell Bryan?"

"Of course, Russell, how have you been?"

"Oh, good, I just need to do some make-up work for Mrs. O'Keefe, that's all. Still on the honor roll."

"Good, we're just going over some assignments for our classes. Sit down," and she patted the spot next to her.

Ms. Lynch was pretty, very pretty. I had a crush on her when I was in her class and, to tell the truth, I always kept an eye out for her around school. She was that pretty. Soft, brown hair, nice figure, boobs just the right size.

I heard Mrs. O'Keefe coming down the stairs so I started to stand up when Ms. Lynch took my arm and said, "Sit down, Russell, just relax."

Then, my teacher walked into the room. Oh, wow. She had changed into shorts and a very low cut top. The tops of her breasts were exposed almost down to her nipples.

"Here's the assignment, Russell," as she leaned over to hand me the paper. "Is there something you like down there?" she said as she looked down at her cleavage.

"Um, uh, no," I said averting my eyes.

"Then, just why do you have an erection, Russell?" asked Ms. Lynch.As I turned to answer my former teacher, Mrs. O'Keefe stepped right in front of me and leaned over and crouched, her breasts

threatening to spill out of her top.

"You like these, don't you, Russell?"What am I going to say, 'No?'

"Yes," I said quietly.

"Well, Russell, my husband is away this week and Ms. Lynch doesn't have a boyfriend at the moment so we might just like a little sex from a nice young man like you. If you do that, then I think we can get you a B-plus without doing the assignment. Sound fair?"

"Oh, lots better than fair. Great. Sure."

Both of them, I'm gonna fuck both of them, I thought.

"Good, Russell, let's go upstairs, shall we?" and I followed Mrs. O'Keefe and Ms. Lynch up the stairs and into her bedroom.

"I'll go first, Russell," said Mrs. O'Keefe and she started taking my pants off as I stood there next to her bed. Then, she tugged down my briefs and bent over and rubbed my dick along the top of her breasts.

She then stood up and pulled off her top. There wasn't a bra on under and her large boobs were exposed to my eyes for the first time. I had dreamed of seeing them many times as I had sat in her classes, now, here they were right in front of me.

"Take your shirt off, Russell. Do you like my breasts?"

As I pulled off my shirt, I said, "Oh, they're even bigger than I'd imagined. They're huge and really pretty."

"They just love to be sucked, Russell," she said softly as she moved toward me, a hand up under each one, like offerings. I took one puffy, pink nipple in my mouth and put my hand on the other. As I sucked her, I felt a hand slip around my dick and begin to rub me back and forth. It was Ms. Lynch jacking my cock.

"Feel good, Russell?" she asked. "I'll give you a lot more than this when I get you."

Oh, wow, for a guy whose total sexual experience was with his right hand and one girl's boobs, I think I'm in for a crash course.

"Now, Russell, please get up on my bed," Mrs. O'Keefe asked as she pulled down her pants along with her panties revealing a nicely trimmed bush of curly black hair. She got up over me and lowered her breasts to my face and smothered me in them, rubbing them all around. Then she straddled me, took my cock and pushed down over it, driving it up into her.

Then she started going up and down. Oh, this is what it''s all about. No wonder everyone I know talks about sex all the time. Wonderful, this is wonderful. As she fucked me up and down, she seemed to be enjoying it more and more.

"Ohh, yes, everything I hoped for. Oh, Russell, I just love your hard cock," she gasped as she began bouncing up and down on me almost out of control. Her boobs were bouncing all over the place, almost a blur.

"Oh, oh, oh, yes, so hard, mmm."

"Leave some for me, Mandy, I want him next," said Ms. Lynch. Me, I was in heaven.

"How's this?" she panted, rocking up and down faster and faster, "Like this, Russell? You've wanted this, haven't you. My big tits and me fucking you."

"I think every boy in the class wants you like this. It's just awesome."

"Maybe every boy does, but you, Russell, it's your dick in me. I've wanted this. You just never knew. So has Delia Lynch, ever since you were in her class. We've talked about you for a long time. Then you came to me and I knew I would have you in my bed. I called Ms. Lynch to share the fun. We both want your cum in us, Russell, both of us."

"I think you're gonna have it pretty soon," I panted.She slowed down some, making her up and down movements more deliberate, more purposed.

"Mmm, yes, mmm, slower, oooh, that's good, oooh, this'll get me off real soon. Push your cock up into me, Russell, oooh, yes, just like that, yes, just…UUH, UUH, ooh, ooh, aah, so good, yes, oh, nice and hard and so good," she said and she slowly dropped forward on me, her hips still moving, still fucking me, then, mine happened.

My whole body jerked tight and froze, my back arched, I drove my dick up into her, I shook with my cock spurting into her, "OOH, OOH, oh, oh, uuh, uuh, mmm, mmm, oh, that feels so good, oh, I never thought it would feel this good, oh, wow,"

She kissed me for a few minutes weaving her tongue in and out of my mouth, then, with her head next to mine, she whispered, "I wanted to fuck you so much, Russell, you are everything I was hoping for. We can do this any time you want. I hope you want me again. All you want. Okay?"

Then, she began to get up off me, my whole middle was wet, the mattress under me was wet, there was some of my cum dribbling out of her, it running down her inner thigh.

"You really filled me full, Russell. Good thing I'm on the pill, we don't need any little Russells running around, do we?"

I lay there, my dick still pretty hard, I am seventeen, after all, as Ms. Lynch asked me to get up and come over to her.

She still had her clothes on, of course; I was naked. As I got to her, she put her arms around me and kissed me like I've never been kissed before. Her tongue was going in and out of my mouth, just like a dick going in and out of a pussy. Her hands were running all over me, feeling all up and down my body. It was so sexy. Her touch on my cock seemed electric. I was hard and ready for more.

"Lay down on the bed, Russell," she said, as she began unbuttoning her blouse, standing there in front of me. As her blouse came off, I saw her lavender satin bra, lace at the top, full of her breasts which I had lusted over for more than two years now. She then bent over and slipped off her shoes, socks and pants, then stood there in matching panties and bra. She was the prettiest teacher I had ever had and, now, right now, she's stripping her clothes off for me.

She then reached back and I saw her bra loosen a bit, then slide right off her arms onto the floor revealing two beautiful breasts, each tipped with pretty, dark red nipples and surrounded by lighter pink. She reached up and gently pinched her nipples as she stood there.

"Like my breasts, Russell? I know how boys just love women's breasts."

"They're really perfect. Perfect."

Then, she pulled her panties down and kicked them aside.Oh, wow. She could be a model in Playboy. Her pussy was bare, there was no hair around it like with Mrs. O'Keefe. It was perfectly split in half, nice, rounded, it looked ripe like a peach.She stood there for me to see.

"Here I come, Russell," she said as she crawled up on the bed and lay down beside me.

"Touch me, Russell, touch me all over. Feel me everywhere. I want your hands all over me."

Her skin was like silk, so soft, warm; I ran my hands all over her, over her breasts, so firm, but with a softness underneath, nipples hard like little pebbles, down her stomach, up over her mound, then my hand cupping down between her legs as she opened them for me. There was moisture along the slit which I spread with my fingers.

"Put your finger inside me, Russell, inside my pussy," and I slid a finger up in between her pussy lips into her warm insides and rubbed all around.

"Mmm, that's nice, Russell, would you like your cock up inside me, in my pussy?"

"Oh, yes, more than anything."

"Well, I want you to do two things first."

"Oh, anything, yes, what?"

"Suck my nipples, and then I want you to kiss my pussy and lick me there with your tongue."

I was immediately at her breasts with a nipple in my mouth. It was different that sucking Mrs. O'Keefe, Ms. Lynch's breasts felt more solid inside my mouth. Her nipple was hard, like the end of my dick which, need I say, was harder than it had ever been.

"Mmm, that's nice, Russell, just suck, it feels good," she said as she played with my dick. Then, she opened her legs and took my hand and led it to her and I began rubbing her. She was wet, my fingers slid all around her pussy.

"Put your finger in, Russell. Finger-fuck me."

I did just that. Inside her was smooth and slippery, I could just imagine what my cock would feel like inside there.

"Oh, Russell, oh, I want you to eat me now, get down and lick me and put your tongue up inside me, go ahead," and I got down between her legs and began licking her on her slit.

"Oh, yes, good, yes, that's good. Mmm, here," she moaned and she reached down and pulled her lips apart. "Up in there, get up inside me. Oooh, yes, oooh, oh, that's really good, Russell, you make me feel so good, yes, right in there, oh, do it harder, oh, don't stop."

She was moaning and pushing herself against me as I twirled my tongue up inside as she held herself open. Then, she grabbed my head on each side and pulled my face into her wet crotch and bucked against me.

"UUH, UUH, OH, OOOH, OOOH, uuh, uuh, oh, lick me, lick me, oh, yes, oh, so good, yes. Mmm."

She pulled me up to her and hugged me with her legs up around my back.

"Oh, Russell, you have a wonderful tongue. You make me feel so good with it," and she kissed my face, wet with her pussy.

"Here, Russell, get up here, uh, yes, right between my legs, um, yes, put it right in me, ohhh, mmm, yes, like that. Oh, you know what to do, Russell, fuck me real good."

I had my dick inside her going in and out. It felt incredible. Now I knew what all the guys talked about when they said how tight a girl's pussy was. Mrs. O'Keefe's was looser, I slipped in and out of her as she fucked me. But Ms. Lynch, her's was smaller, tighter; it kept a grip around me and, oh, did it feel good.

"Mmm. You're doing nice, Russell, really nice. Am I good? Do you like my pussy?"

"Oh, you are wonderful, this feels so good, you are really beautiful, too. I mean all of you. And, yes, I just love your, um, your, uh, vagina."

"You can say, 'pussy,' Russell. It is my pussy. Well, I'll tell you, my pussy just loves you. It wants your nice cum inside making me all nice and happy. Would you like to do this more. Not just today, but more in the future?"

"Oh, would I, I'd love it. This is great, I never dreamed I'd get to do this with you."

"Mmm, well, then we'll just have to do this more often, Russell. Now, dear, would you push as hard as you can up into me. Then just hold still. Okay?"I pressed into her as firmly as I could and she began moving her hips around in a circle.

"Oh, wow, that feels so good. Oh, man, that's gonna make me cum."

"Mmm, I'm close, too, Russell, just go ahead, don't wait, cum whenever you want."I kept pushing into her as she moved around me, grinding my cock into her.

"OOOH, OOOH, Oh, Russell, oh, yes, yes, oooh, oooh, mmm, feels so good, mmm."As soon as she started cumming, that was it for me.

"UUH, UUH, UUH, ooh, ooh," I groaned as my cum spurted into my former teacher's pussy, her legs now wrapped tightly around my back pulling me tightly against her.

She held me there for a few minutes, then said, "I'd love it, Russell, if you'd put your tongue in me again, it was so lovely when you did it the first time. I hope you want to do it again. You don't mind tasting your own cum, do you. It's got my love juices mixed all in with it."

I got down between her legs, again, as she pulled her pussy's lips apart for me to tongue up into."Oh, Russell, perfect, oooh, right in there. Oh, go round and round. Oooh, yes. Mmm."

Again, she started humping against my face, rubbing herself all over me, my tongue trying to stay up in her slit. Then, she let out a loud moan, "UUHN, UUHN, oh, oh, oh, Russell, don't stop, darling boy, don't stop. Mmm."

My face was drenched; she was really wet. It was like it came out all at once. She pulled me up to her and covered me with kisses. We laid there for several minutes as we explored each others bodies with our hands.

"Do your parents both work, Russell?"

"Well, I live with my Mom and she works, yeah."

"Why don't you come home with me on Thursday to my apartment? We can do this some more, then I'll drive you home. Would you like to do this again?"

"Oh, yes, I've wanted to do this ever since I was first in your class."

"Why you dirty little boy, shame on you, wanting to fuck your poor teacher. Well, I'll just have to keep you after school at my apartment and make you fuck me over and over. How would you like that?" she asked, laughing.

"I guess I'd just have to do it. Darn, huh?"

She kissed me and then we went in to the bathroom where we both showered together. Did I love soaping her breasts. When we were through, Mrs. O'Keefe came in, still naked and got in the shower

with me as Ms. Lynch dried off.I not only got my dick as clean as its ever been, she sucked me off, too. What a day.

I ended up getting an A-minus in the law class, evidently Mrs. O'Keefe was very satisfied with the work I did making it up to her and I have been going home with Ms. Lynch every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon for special instructions in human sexuality, as she calls it. I call it wonderful.