My first mature man

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Published on Lush Stories on 13 Nov 2012

I thought he was straight but he wasn't

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I didn't breeze through school, but I got good grades and started a college course. That was it, the work load went up a gear. The whole lecture thing was so different, you went to lectures if you wanted, if you had a problem you saw the tutor.

Well I had a problem with some work to be marked and went to see my tutor after a lecture; it was last lecture of the day so he suggested I walk with him to his office.

David, as he liked to be known, was a muscular guy in his mid thirties, strong face and a sort of aura of command that made you respect him, or in my case start to harden. When he gave his lectures everybody just sat listening and taking notes, he was awesome.

We entered his office and he closed the door behind us. He sat at his desk and asked what I was struggling with; to my dismay I saw a photo of his wife, a stunning blond woman holding a baby. Damn, he was straight; I bent over his desk as I went through the examples in the textbook.

David pushed his chair back on its wheels with the same nonchalant ease he did every thing with and laid back.

I suddenly noticed his reflection in the window; he was checking my butt out. My tight hipster jeans just covered my buttocks, my tee shirt had ridden up my back and since I never wear underwear he had a clear view of the deep valley between my cheeks.

I watched him lick his lips, god it made me hard. The bulge in my jeans was more than noticeable, I turned and smiled at him, he looked guilty.

I stood up and let him see his effect on me. He told me that there were two problems here and he would deal with the hard one first. I nodded.

David's fingers worked swiftly on the buttons of my hipsters. My cock sprang free, open lips and a

warm mouth greeted it. He bobbed greedily on my shaft; hands slipped from my waist onto the top of my jeans then slid them down off my hips.

These warm soft hands cradled my buttocks, fingers searching the cleft between them. A digit stopped on my anus gently probing to see if I was a virgin of not. I wasn't and he pushed up into my muscular tube.

This man was a maestro, playing a tune on my penis and then he started to massage my prostrate. I could stand it no longer. Groaning, my cum pumped into his mouth. Sucking gently he relieved me of all I could dispense, swallowing as he needed to.

My knees had turned to jelly when David turned me to face his desk and gently pushed me forward. I knew what he wanted and bent over to give him access to me. From his desk he produced a tube of lubricant and a condom; I could hear the sound of his rip opening his trousers, falling around his ankles. The cool oil felt good against my sphincter and his finger ran in and out carrying more into my passage. Then I felt the familiar nudge of a penis against my hole.

I squeezed my muscles to make the entry easier and he took the cue and pushed into me. Oh the joy of David's cock working my butt hole, letting him sate has animal passion on my soft young body.

I heard him groan and felt him grip my hips, then the familiar feeling of a cock pulsing in side me. I was disappointed not to feel the warm surge of semen into my rectum, but that was okay.

David slumped down for a moment against my back, then withdrew and fell back into his chair. I stood, pulled up my jeans, then kneeled before him. Gently I rolled the condom from his softening dick and lovingly cleaned it with my mouth, drawing out the last few drops and swallowing them.

I left David's office with a crib sheet that would make life so much easier and a warm glow in my loins. David also told me to bring any similar problems to him when ever I wanted.

After the following week David introduced me to Tom, a slightly feminine looking student, and suggested we became study buddies as we had so much in common. I noticed that as we were shepherded out to the lecture room David had a hand on Tom's bottom as well as one on mine. By the next morning Tom and I had completely drained each other of cum, but that is another story.