Confessions of a high school whore

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Who knew homework could be such fun.

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This is my version of the story “Robert’s Story: Sex School.” I figured it’s a great place to start.

When my kids ask, “Mommy how did you meet Daddy?” I always say we met in high school. We were partnered-up in drama class and it was love at first site. That’s the version I tell my kids, some friends and most of all Robert’s mom. But the real story is a lot more interesting.

My name is Gail Storm, and in the fall of 1985 I was 16 and one of the most popular girls in our high school. I was also one of the hottest. I was 5’7. Weighed 110lbs. Beautiful 34C breasts. And at the time I had medium length, spiky blonde hair (what can I say except I was a new wave fashion victim).

There were many rumors that floated around our Detroit suburban high school about me. The most popular was that I was a slut. Honestly I never slept with any of the boys that went to our school. The girls, well that’s a different story. According to the rumors I lost my virginity to 5 different boys. The truth is I lost it to a friend of my mom’s.

I didn’t date boys that went to my high school. I dated men in college, and sometimes a little older. They weren’t like the boys that surrounded me every Monday – Friday. They knew how to please a woman.

It was a Friday in early October. I was very excited for the weekend. My friend Trisha and I were going to drive to Michigan State on Saturday and surprise Tim with a special present for his birthday. I couldn’t wait.

Sixth period was Drama. I only took it for the easy A. Class was dragging. People were finishing-up performing their monologues. It was torture. Fifteen minutes before class was over Mr. Eastman told us that we were being paired-up and that we had to be ready to perform our scenes on Monday. There went the weekend. And that wasn’t the worst part. The worst part is that I was being partnered with Robert Cohen.

If you looked up nerd in the dictionary you would have found a picture of Robert Cohen. I had known him since 4th grade and he hadn't changed. Same hairstyle. Same style of clothes. Same glasses. Same everything. Every day at lunch he sat at the same table, with the same nerds playing Dungeons and Dragons. You'd think at 16 he'd be a little more grown-up.

After class I stopped him and asked him if he wanted to rehearse. He said sure. Normally we would have done it at the school but for one reason or another we couldn't do it there. My house was out of the question. I really didn't want to go to his house on the account his 15-year-old sister Trina would bug me the entire time I was there. So I asked, "Can we practice at your house, my mom is having company."

"Sure," he said.

"Are your sisters going to be there?" I asked.

"No, every Friday they earn extra money by working for my parents," he said.

"Cool," I said with relief.

"Do you just want to walk to my bus?" He asked.

"I'll drive," I said.

The mile and a half drive was painful. All he did was talk about how his parents wouldn't let him get a license after crashing his friend's go-kart last spring. While he went on and on about that I just wondering why God was punishing me.

At his house he insisted on practicing in his room. He had a huge house with no one there. We could of rehearsed in any room. I guess he wanted to brag to all of his little friends that he had Gail Storm in his bedroom. I'm sure he was planning on joining all the guys at school who said they've fucked me.

His room was homage to Star Wars and X-Men. He had comics and toys all over the place. I turned and said, "You must like Star Wars."

"The Force is strong within me," he said laughing hysterically,

I didn't get his joke. I then turned to him and asked, "Can you get me something to drink?"

I told him I wanted a Coke and off he went. I started snooping around his room. I found his journal on

his desk. Flipped through it. I then heard the phone ring. I then heard him promptly answer it. Goody that gave me more time to snoop. I looked down on the floor and sticking out from his extra bed was a magazine. It wouldn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what kind of magazine a 16-year-old boy would hide under his bed. I picked it up and started flipping through an issue of Hustler. I flipped through it. My pussy was getting wet. I figured there had to be more down there. I got on the floor, lifted the bedspread and found a treasure of porno mags. I grabbed a pile. Laid on my side on the extra bed and started looking through them.

I started thinking about Robert differently. I started thinking about him reading these magazines on his bed and stroking his cock thinking about the women in these magazines. I then started wondering if stroked it thinking about me. I could see the way he looked at me in class. It really turned me to think that he masturbates thinking about me.

He walked back into the room and saw me reading his porn. He was in shock and dropped the can of coke. I looked up and said, "Nice collection."

"I'm holding them for a friend," he said with a nervous stutter.

"Sure you are," I said.

He picked-up the can of coke and sat down on his bed.

"Do you play with yourself when you look at these?" I asked.

His face turned a bright shade of red.

"Do you ever think of me when you play with yourself?" I asked.

He smiled as his face turned redder.

I really wanted to see him stroke his cock so I said, "If I posed like the girls in these magazines will you let me watch you play with it?

Before I could let him say no I slowly took my top off. Then I unhooked my bra and walked up to him and put his face between my breasts. I stepped away from him. Turned my back toward him. Stuck out my ass and dropped my jeans. I looked over and could see that he was rubbing the crotch area of his pants. I then dropped my panties and bent over to give Robert a spectacular view of my ass and pussy. I then walked over to the chair at his desk, sat down, spread my legs and started rubbing my wet pussy.

Robert was just staring at me. It was if he was memorizing every inch of my body. I started rubbing faster. I could see the bulge build up in his pants. It was obvious Robert was hiding something, and I desperately wanted to see it. “I showed you mine, now show me yours,” I said.

He took off his shirt first, I gulped, and the head of his cock was sticking out of his pants. Way out. He then slid off his pants and boxers. I gulped again. He had the longest and fattest cock I’d ever seen.

“Oh my god,” I cried. “That is huge.”

His face turned red.

“You might be bigger than the guys in your magazines.” I said.

I continued rubbing and he started stroking. I really wanted to touch it. I got off the chair and crawled on all fours toward him. When I got there I got on my knees, removed his hand from his cock. I couldn’t reach all the way around. I stroked it for a few seconds before leaning and put it in my mouth, I licked the pre-cum off before attempting to deep throat it.

“That feels so good,” he moaned. I looked up at and asked, “Do you want to fuck me?”

“Oh God yes,” he replied.

I had him lay on his back and then I climbed on top and let cock fill my pussy. His cock felt different than the others. It felt better. I only wish he lasted longer. Barely a minute after climbing on top he filled my pussy with his load.

I collapsed on top of him feeling unfulfilled.

He looked at me with sad puppy dog eyes and asked, “Did you like it?”

I smiled and nodded yes, He still looked so sad.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“I’ve never kissed a girl before,” he said as his face turned red. “And you’re the most beautiful girl in the world.”

I thought that was so sweet. I got off of him, lied down next to him and started kissing. For someone

who never kissed before he certainly was good at it. While we were making out his hands were exploring my body, while my hands were stroking his once again hard cock.

I stood-up and had him kiss my breasts.

I then had him stand on the floor. I got on my knees and once again put his hard cock in my mouth. He made this really cute face every time my tongue circled the head of his penis.

When I was done sucking I walked over to his desk. Put my hands on it. Stuck my ass out and told him to fuck me. I screamed loudly when he entered me. I was so happy that he lasted longer than a minute. For a few minutes he kept pounding away until he said, “My legs are feeling wobbly, can I sit down?”

He sat in the chair. I got on my knees and sucked his cock for a few seconds before climbing on top of his cock. My back faced him. He grabbed a hold of my ass, and following my instructions he lifted me up and down on his cock. I started bouncing faster and faster. Before I could cum he once again shot his load in me.

I got off of his cock, grabbed his hand and walked to his bed. We lied down and started kissing I was hoping this would get him excited enough to get him hard for a third round.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the time. He started panicking that his parents would be home soon. He had me gather my things and get out of there before they got home.

On the drive back to my house all I could think about was Robert.

When I got home Frank, my mom’s “friends” car was on the driveway. That meant I had to park on the street. I just wanted to go to my room, grab my toy and imagine Robert’s cock was in me.

I entered the house to find Frank naked on the couch and Jessica, my 32-year-old mom on her knees sucking his cock. I tried to go to my room but my mom saw me from the corner of my eye and asked, “Would you like to join us?”

I answered by taking off my clothes. I climbed on the couch. Stuck my ass in Frank’s face so he could eat my pussy. Once his tongue was in my pussy I bent over a little further and joined my mom in sucking his cock.

Frank had a good-sized unit; compared to Robert it looked smaller.

My mom climbed on top. I licked her clit while she rode him.

A few minutes later it was turn. We him laid on the couch. My mom sat on his face while I rode him. Compared to Robert he felt small. At least he lasted longer and I was actually able to cum.

It was moms turn next. She got on her back. I got on her face. And he got between her legs and started fucking her.

Finally I got on all fours on the couch. Frank got behind me, and my mom behind him. He started pushing him into me. Looking at my ass was his breaking point. After a few minutes he took his cock out and sprayed him cum all over my back, which my mom promptly licked-up.

After Frank left I was in my room rubbing my pussy, my mom walked in and noticed I was still horny. I told her everything about Robert and his huge cock. She took off her robe and spread my legs.

“Invite him over tomorrow,” she said before sticking her face into my pussy.