The Retired Headmaster and the Schoolgirl

By rafael

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I was old enough to be her grandad

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/a-walk-by-the-river.aspx

This happened when my marriage was virtually at and end.

I used to go out for long walks to get away from the house. My route took me out of our middle class suburb through one or two rough areas of the city.

Near the footbridge across the river there is a path which leads through a council estate to the city so I thought I would go through and have a coffee at some nice place in the town.

My attention was suddenly diverted by a very slim young half-caste teenager. She seemed upset and I thought, though was probably mistaken, that she looked at me with some appeal for help in her eyes.

I evaluated her visually in a fraction of a second in a way that any straight male looking at a female would do. I was taken with her. She was half-caste - not more than five feet - nice shoulder length frizzy hair - and apart from that just legs, ass and tits. Her black stockings and short skirt made my cock start to go hard and her shirt was thin - allowing me to see her sexy lace bra holding two good sized breasts.

She was an exceptional specimen of femininity. And to think of it - me a fifty three year old balding retired headmaster and her so young and pretty coming from god knows what kind of home - she was out of my world. There was just no chance.

I stopped next to her and said.

"Can I help you?"

There were some dried tears on her face. She folded her arms and looked away.

"You look upset" I said, "if I can help you"

I learned from her that she had been sent out by her mother to buy some shopping. She had been given ten pounds and lent the money to her boyfriend who had to pay the money to someone else.

I said to her that I could find ten pounds and solve her problem. Her face looked at me in a kind of wonder and doubt. I said to her that if she would meet me in five minutes across the bridge we could get the ten pounds. I walked briskly away without giving her time to reply.

I waited at the other side of the bridge. Five minutes went and nothing. Then ten minutes and I thought, oh well, and was going to set off when she appeared. My heart lept with joy and my insides went all funny like I was young again. How strange. The body ages but the spirit remains young.

"I have ten pounds for you", I said, "I can give it to you but in return I would like to ask you a favour"

She stayed at a distance.

"A favour? From me? What can I do?" she asked.

I looked around. This part of the bank was too exposed. I need to take her somewhere private. I asked her to take a walk with me and I would explain. She followed and I slowed until she caught up. The bank was becoming more overgrown and the footpath much more private. Across the river were deserted fields. I found a comfortable patch of grass on the bank and sat down. She stopped and looked at me.

"Look here", I said. "I feel terribly bad about asking you this. But you're ever so pretty and I'm feeling a little lonely. If you'll just spend twenty minutes sitting here and chatting to me you can have this ten pounds." I felt a bit cheap putting it that way but anyway that is how it came out.

She looked uncertain. Her arms were folded.

"Don't be afraid", I said, "I just want you to be my friend for a little while. Sit just here and tell me about yourself. You're still at school right?"

The word school had an effect on her and she tutted and then came and sat next to me.

"Don't mention that word to me", she said and I felt the warmth of her pretty little self next to me. It did not surprise me too much that she sat next to me. I probably looked to her quite respectable - a kindly aging middle class man who was trustworthy in the company of a sexually ripe young schoolgirl.

She told me her name was Tayla. I introduced myself as Derek. I asked her what was wrong with school and she began to talk. She was on the point of being expelled for truancy. She did not want to be expelled but the headmistress had it in for her. I gradually drew her out. She was quite a chatterbox. I told her I would talk to "Mrs Ryder" and straighten things out. That impressed her. I told her that I used to be a headmaster and could sort it out for her. She seemed to warm to me and put her head against my shoulder. Then I told her it would make me very happy if she would sit on my knee. She laughed and said "don't be silly, I'm seeing someone". I coaxed her a little more and she eventually sat on my thigh.

She giggled with some embarrassment and I asked her if her boyfriend is a jealous type. I felt the heat of her ass on my thigh and it gave me a big erection.

Then she began to talk about her boyfriend. His name was Lloyd and from what I could gather he had already been expelled and spent most days at the snooker hall. She went on and on for a while - me listening sympathetically.

I kept the conversation going. Asking about her family. She had no dad. He disappeared when she was a baby. I said that I was sorry. I began to caress her thighs a little - loving the touch of dark stocking on my fingers. Her breathing seemed to deepen and I noticed her roll her eyes back a little.

"Look", she said. "You needn't give me the ten pounds. If you just felt lonely you should have said. I don't want to take your money."

It was so beautiful to sit there with her. I really felt young again.

"I wish there was something I could do to please you. You've been so nice." She said. My erection grew harder.

"Well", I said, coming close to her face with mine. "There is something". I looked down and through her thin shirt at her breasts which were hidden teasingly inside the cups of that sexy lace black bra. I rested the palm of one hand on one of her tits and she breathed deeply. I continued, "only I'm too ashamed to say it. You're such a sweet girl. I would hate to offend you." I was thinking of a sexual favour and wondered how to phrase my request.

I thought she was about to bolt so took my hand away from her firm breast. Then she took my hand and guided it right back onto her boob! That sent me mad with passion and I felt sex surge through my blood. I pressed my face to hers and held her tight around the waist and told her I loved her! It was all madness, totally insane. I was kissing her beautiful brown cheek and squeezing her breast tenderly. She turned her face to mine and I kissed her ripe lips. She opened her mouth and my

tongue went in. I knew what that meant! We went on. It was timeless. I spent some time on her neck - kissing the young skin - marveling at the shape and delicacy and filling my lungs with her delicious fragrance.

I know it sounds odd. But although I had a big hard on like never before. I wasn't thinking of fucking her. Every moment was a sheer joy.

I just kept kissing her and saying "I love you my god I love you". It was like a drug. My heart beat like never before.

Finally we stopped and I looked at her. She still sitting on my thigh. Her smile was miraculous - like the sun rising for the first time and astonishing the whole of creation. Her eyes beamed at me and I felt the power of her love.

The moment was too still and beautiful for sex. You will not understand this if you have never been in love. I just wanted to keep holding her all day.

Then she did something which brought me down a level. She unbuttoned her shirt and then undid her bra. She left the bra in position and looked at me and ever so slightly thrust her breasts forward. I reached in and pulled the bra down - revealing the most sexy breasts I have ever laid eyes on. No matter how good breasts are there is always some way to pick a fault - the size, the tone, the nipples or whatever. But these were perfect in every way. And the nipples looked like they were ready for a child to suckle on. Long and dark, pointing up slightly.

Before I could tell what was happening she had knelt before me and had unzipped my fly. I felt her little hand take my 8 incher out and her head went down and she took it in her mouth pulling back on the skin and I felt the heat and wetness of her mouth exciting me. I suddenly began to breath very deeply and feeling a mind-blowing climax about to come on and I cried out "oh my god!" She took my cock out of her mouth and let it fall on her sexy tits - pressing it onto one of her nipples. My eyes rolled up and everything went dark - a blinding flash - and I felt my whole body tense and then release as milky ejaculate shot out at her breasts. She milking my cock and guiding the direction of the spurts at one breast and then another so that each received an equal share - she pulled beautifully on my penis while squeezing my balls with her other little hand. I was carried away by this - barely conscious of my cries of "oh god, ohhhhhhh, ahhhhhh" and the orgasm produced such joy I actually mixed my moans with jubilant laughter. She finished me off by squeezing and pulling at the base and rubbing my satisfied cock all over her cum covered breasts.

Afterwards I helped clean her sticky melons with my pocket handkerchief (a present from my wife - I still have it - unwashed).

"You didn't have to do that", I said to her. She smiled back and then kissed me on he lips - forcing her tongue into my mouth.

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to be continued. if you want the next installment - please comment constructively!