Cumming for teacher

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A young male student finds himself the subject of some extra curricula activity

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The hardest lessons are sometimes the best...

Jon was glad it was the weekend. Except all the other guys were going to parties or taking out their girlfriends. Jon had only had one girlfriend. That was nearly four months ago. He called her his girlfriend, though he only got a blow job - one blow job at the back of the cinema on their second date.

He didn’t see her after that because his date would have clashed with the Star Trek convention. Pammy wasn’t that hot anyway. He dreamed of having a trophy girlfriend that he could bring to a school dance and amaze the other guys. Except he knew that his geeky interests didn’t sit well with picking up hot girls. This was a shame because Jon had a huge cock. He was nearly eight inches and a good girth with it. Pammy hadn’t been much of a girlfriend anyway. She was a virgin like Jon when they met and they had talked about sex, but she was worried it would hurt. At least Jon had got sucked off and he smiled to himself as he took the bus home, recalling the moment. Yet he was still a bit frustrated. He would be eighteen in two weeks; he needed to bust his cherry.

Jon spent all weekend sticking together his Airfix kit. It was a Spitfire. The shop had the last one and it was his pride and joy. On the Sunday his Mum had to go out. She was chair of the Parish council meeting. That meant he could watch Top Gear and have a nice big wank over his porn movie before she got back. It was about two nurses who suck off some guy and who then let him fuck them. Jon played the bit where the guy came over the brunette’s face four times. She looked like Miss Spencer from college. She had big tits too and wore those lovely shiny tights and black skirts. Sometimes Jon would wank himself off just thinking about Miss Spencer. She was so hot. Only one other teacher came anywhere near her and that was Miss Dale. She had dark brown hair too, but normally had it in a long pony tail, instead of all long and lovely like Miss Spencer.

It wasn’t just that they were hot, it was because they were his English and Maths teachers. They were so out of bounds. He was really jealous of their boyfriends. He bet they didn’t have cocks as big as his. A week earlier Miss Dale had inadvertently seen Jon’s wanger during football training. She thought all the boys had gone and was just going to borrow some cricket and ping pong balls for a maths lesson. Jon came out of the shower and his towel slipped when he saw her. Miss Dale - she hadn’t expected him to have a truncheon like that. Jon chuckled when he thought about it. It was all very awkward at the time, although she didn’t seem to mind and hadn’t made much effort to look away. Not like him, he had gone as red as a beetroot. Unbeknownst to Jon, Miss Dale and Miss Spencer were very close friends out of college. They shared all their secrets.

On the Monday morning Nancy Spencer was at her desk. Jon’s group were due in a few minutes and she was preparing their grammar test. Jon came in quietly. He was always early and sat by the window. Nancy noticed he always chose that seat. Most people sat wherever, but not Jon. Always there. Then it clicked one day. She realised he could see straight up her skirt from that one spot. She got up and paced down to the bottom of the class and then back up the right hand side. Her heels made a click - click as she walked. Jon looked at her legs as she passed his desk. Those legs! She had really turned it one today. Her skirt was the shortest it had ever been and instead of her normal pantyhose she wore black hold ups. Also her hair was done in a loose bun. Jon's cock was getting hard.

“Hi Jon, you OK today?”

“Ummm… yes Miss Spencer.”

“Not training again today?”

“Training Miss?”

“Football.”

“Oh. No, why…”

“Lucy, I mean… Miss Dale, she was saying you look after your equipment.”

A smirk spread across Miss Spencer’s face as she spoke. Jon looked at her and gulped. She was playing with her top button in that way, that made him hard. He imagined being alone with her. Her tits were such a great shape. Her bra just emphasised how amazing her boobs were.

“The rest of the class will be here soon Jon. You’re always early aren’t you.”

“Am I Miss?”

Jon was getting more aroused. There was something about her today. It was like she was deliberately taunting him.

“You are Jon. You always sit there too.”

“I guess I do.”

“Do me a favour Jon. I need to finish marking these papers. Come and wipe this black board clean.”

Miss Spencer smiled and walked back to her desk. Jon’s cock was getting really hard now. He normally got away with it and hiding under the desk.

“Miss Spencer?”

“Come on Jon. The rest of the class will be here in a minute!”

Jon’s face was glowing. Miss Spencer turned her head and looked at Jon, picking up the board

eraser. Jon looked at her amazing pear-shaped bum, which was so good. It was like she had deliberately chosen *that*skirt, because it made her ass look so big.

Jon fidgeted in his chair, begging his cock to go down, but it was bursting in his trousers. The more he tried to fight it, the harder it was getting.

“Sorry Miss Spencer, I’ve got cramp.”

“Cramp. I see. I suppose I have to clean the board myself then. Whoops!”

Nancy accidentally on purpose dropped the eraser. She took her time picking it up, bending over, so Jon got a good, long look at her bum. She knew full well that he had an erection. She knew it was a good one too. She wasn’t going to make him pick it up, just to humiliate him. He would keep.

Jon got through the lesson and the rest of college that day with one thing on his mind - Miss Spencer. He so needed to get home and make some excuse to go to his room to jerk off. Then he got a call from his Mum to say she had been held up visiting a relative in Wales. She wouldn’t be back till late and he was to make himself something in the microwave. He began to walk to the bus stop as it started to rain. After a few yards the rain came down heavier just as a blue Ford car pulled along side. The electric window came down and the unmistakable Miss Spencer was in the driver’s seat.

“Get in Jon, I’ll give you a lift.”

Jon hesitated. Could he get in a car with her? What if he got hard?

“It’s OK Miss Spencer, I get the bus.”

“Don’t be Silly Jon, you’ll get soaked. Get in.”

Jon looked round, the rain was now beginning to pour and his jacket bore the spots of the big drops, which would wet him through in a minute without some shelter.

“Hmmm.. OK thanks.”

Jon got in the car and looked at Miss Spencer, his eyes involuntarily finding her legs. Her skirt was that much shorter, as she was sitting in her car.

“Oh I’ve just remembered I need to get a loaf of bread. You can wait in the car while I nip in the shop,” said Nancy.

Jon tried to face forward and concentrate on not saying anything dumb as his English teacher negotiated the traffic. A couple of times Nancy scratched her left leg, making her skirt go even higher. Jon stared, hoping beyond hope that he didn't get hard and cause himself to hide his erection. His was a lot to hide and it wasn't as if he could do it that surreptitiously. She would be bound to notice.

Nancy parked on the pedestrian forecourt of the local shops and nipped in the little bakery. Jon sighed a deep breath and was pleased with his self control. Nancy came out of the shop talking into her mobile phone and threw the loaf onto the back seat.

"OK… oh fuck! I've just remembered Jon, I just need to nip home to get something. Is that OK?"

Jon was surprised to hear his teacher swear. It made her sound even more hot than she already was.

"I might be a couple of minutes Jon, you can come in if you like."

Jon couldn't believe she was inviting him into her home. It was too good to be true. He was meant to be getting a lift home. Not that it could lead to anything obviously. He would be normal. If she offered him a coffee, he would accept politely and try not to focus on her amazing ass too much. He would ignore her gorgeous breasts, which jiggled as she walked.

'Oh fuck!' Thought Jon. 'What am I going to do!'

Jon waited in the kitchen as Nancy switched on the coffee machine and filled it with freshly filtered water.

"Did you have a good day at College?" Asked Nancy.

"Yes, thank you Miss."

"Oh you can call me Nancy when we're out of college!"

"I can?"

"Sure. And when Miss Dale gets here, you can call her Lucy."

"Miss Dale? Here?"

“Yes Jon. She’s on her way. She’ll be here in a minute.”

“Oh. You’re going out together I suppose.”

“No Jon. We’re staying in.”

“Oh. I thought you said…”

“I know what I said Jon.”

Nancy passed the a steaming cup of coffee to her student.

“Oh. Ummm.. But you’re taking me home, right?”

Nancy said nothing as she dispensed the next drink into her mug.

“Miss? I mean Nancy?”

“Hmmm?” Said Nancy, licking her lips.

“You’re giving me a lift home?”

“Yes. Later.”

Jon was shivering a little. Something didn’t feel right. Why had Miss Spencer brought him back if she hadn’t intended to take him home? Had he missed some part of the conversation in the car? As he contemplated what to say next, Nancy leant against her sink, looking at him over her cup. She looked down at his flies expectantly as her doorbell rang. Jon looked out at her neatly tended garden as Nancy went to let them in. She returned a few seconds later. Lucy Dale had let her hair down and was wearing a short red skirt and flesh coloured pantyhose or tights. Her boobs were nearly as big as Nancy’s and just as fine. Both women were tall, for girls anyway. Lucy and Nancy were five feet nine, an inch taller than Jon. He played sport though, he did loads of sit ups and press ups. He was lean and that made him look a little taller.

Nancy handed Lucy a coffee and the two women looked at Jon and smiled.

“Hello Jon,” said Lucy. “Fancy seeing you here.”

“I know, Miss… ummm Lucy… Miss Spencer, that is Nancy, she was taking me home,” said Jon,

tying himself in knots.

“Was she…”

“Yes.”

“Is the coffee good?” Asked Nancy.

“Yes, it’s good thank you.”

“Do you want to come through to my living room Jon, it’s more comfortable,” she said, in her most sultry voice.

Jon followed the two women. They both had such amazing peachy butts, which twitched tantalizingly as they walked. Jon still hadn’t got what was happening. Nancy and Lucy weren’t like this when they were at college. They were acting odd. It reminded him of the last lesson, with the board eraser. Nancy had been all weird then too.

“Sit down Jon,” said Nancy.

Jon sat on the sofa, which was a semi circular one fitting snugly in the corner of the room. He sat at the end, Lucy and Nancy sitting diagonally opposite. As they sat down Jon’s eyes looked at their knees and his gaze continued up their short skirts. The dark shadow between their legs was so inviting, yet such a beautiful mysterious unknown. Jon could only imagine what their pubes and their pussies were like. He did imagine and that caused the inevitable.

Lucy smiled at him.

“Why don’t you have a good look Jon,” said Lucy, putting her hand on Nancy’s skirt and parting her friend’s legs as she dragged the black fabric up her thighs.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck!!!” Exclaimed Jon.

“Nancy’s told me how you position yourself strategically in her lessons.”

Nancy lay back and opened her legs, pulling her skirt even further, until the hem was nearly up to her hips. Jon looked at the dark triangle of Nancy’s gusset, his cock growing rapidly. Lucy sat up and knelt on the sofa before hitching up her own skirt, showing Jon her shapely legs and bum.

“Who do you think has the best legs Jon?” Asked Lucy.

“The best… I… I don’t… I don’t know.”

Lucy stood up, her skirt falling back into place momentarily, before she hitched it up for a second time. Now she was close enough to Jon for him to touch.

“Put your hand up my skirt Jon. Feel the smoothness of my pantyhose.”

“What are you doing?” Asked Jon, stupidly.

“We’re making you cum Jon,” said Nancy, standing up herself. “I’m going to make you cum! With Lucy.”

“Oh fuck!”

“Do you masturbate a lot Jon?” said Lucy.

“What?”

“That’s not a polite way to answer a teacher!” Said Nancy, sternly.

“Sorry! I do… a fair bit!”

The two women laughed, enjoying the torment they were putting Jon through. Nancy and Lucy were living out their fantasy. Lucy had seen Jon’s dick when it was slack and knew he must have a memorable hard on. That one indiscreet moment in the changing room had sent her dirty mind working overtime and given her the idea of seducing Jon with Nancy. Now they were putting their plan into action and it was turning them on - making their tight pussies wet.

Lucy ran her hands through Jon’s hair and Nancy took his hand and guided it up her skirt. Lucy took his other hand and the girls purred as they rubbed his fingers into the gussets of their tights. Jon gasped as he felt the dampness, which was forming a moist barrier in the crotch of their pantyhose.

“Show us,” said Nancy. “Show us how you masturbate Jon.”

“I can’t!”

“You can Jon, show us!”

Jon’s cock was so hard, pressed painfully inside his trousers. He was desperate to release it, to feel it pumping and throbbing. The two women were giving him the chance and not only that but to stroke himself while they watched.

“Maybe we can help you,” said Nancy.

“Yes - maybe you need some encouragement,” added Lucy.

The girls released his hands and then they stood up and began to unbutton their shiny school blouses. They looked at Jon, who looked up transfixed, his heart beating hard, his cock getting harder. Soon if he didn’t give his dick the freedom it required he would be in real pain. Nancy and Lucy’s blouses were half undone. Their ample boobage was spilling over their bras, Nancy’s statuesque breasts quivering, as if they wanted to fall out of their bra. Lucy’s tits were awesome too, her cleavage was a beautiful deep cleft of white flesh. Jon wanted to bury his face in them.

Nancy’s eyes were like deep brown pools of sex, urging Jon to show her his cock. Her hands seemed to go in slow motion as she slipped off her blouse and then moved to the zip at the side of her skirt.

“It must be getting tight down there,” said Lucy, looking at the bulge in his trousers.

Jon stood up, unable to bear the strain and pulled down the zipper on his cords. His cock was bulging like a huge pistol in his boxers. Lucy stepped forwards and slid her fingers over the fabric. She could feel his superb hardness and it made him twitch. Jon looked at his two sexy teachers and rolled his boxers down. His manhood sprang up, drawing gasps of amazement from Lucy and Nancy. It met with their approval and some. Lucy had tried to scale up his erection, based on what she had seen in the changing rooms. But the sheer size and girth of his cock! Lucy looked at Nancy. She knew her friend’s pussy was aching for Jon’s cock, as was hers. He was a stud in the making and they were there to break him in. He was young and fit and with balls full of spunk. They would make him cum until they had taken their fill.

“Ooh Jon, yes Jon… show us how you stroke it,” said Nancy, pouting.

Lucy continued to undo Nancy’s skirt and then unzipped her own. Jon looked at them, his teeth gritted, his face pink and the blood pumping around his body, feeding his powerful man tool. Lucy and Nancy didn’t want to waste his first orgasm. The two women reached round simultaneously undoing their brassieres, before they rolled down their tights. Jon's eyes were wide, his mouth open, agog at the two stunning women who were about to take his virginity. Their breasts were mouth-watering, big

juicy nipples for his sucking pleasure. Their gorgeous plump, round butts for him to squeeze and to bite if he wanted. Their pussies shaved, lovely fleshy labia pink and moist. Nancy climbed onto the sofa, her pussy dripping with her juices. She needed him as much as Jon’s cock was ready for her. Lucy raked Jon’s hair back across his head and kissed him on the lips as Nancy found his pumping rod. The pre-cum was now oozing from the slit of his penis. He groaned as Nancy guided his length into her hot, wet snatch. She began to ride him as she pushed her breasts into his face, smothering him as she rode him. She wanted to take him to the very edge of pleasure.

Jon’s days of fantasizing over Miss Spencer were over. His dreams had become reality. His hard on was raging now, the pleasure a deep burning desire as he groaned in ecstasy. Jon could only just breath as Nancy's breasts squished around his face, her tender flesh closing his nostrils as his cock slipped in and out of her soaking wet cunt.

“Ooooah! Jon! Jon! Your cock is so fucking hard! Fuck me!”

Lucy fingered herself as she watched her friend fuck their student. She would wait her turn, enjoying the sight of fucking, delighting in Nancy’s moans. Jon’s cock was at least six inches into Nancy’s pussy, her milky girl cum was coating his shaft, glistening as he went in and out, fucking her deeply.

“Oooh yes Jon! Oh Jon fuck my pussy you fucker! Fuck me Jon! Fuck me!”

Nancy’s breasts were hovering around Jon’s face, her nipples brushing his lips, teasing him. Jon caught one of her cherry red nipples and suckled on her as his cock pumped harder and harder. His breathing was deeper and deeper, until he was groaning, growling even - his cock now close to bursting. He had fought hard not to cum. He had stayed hard for his teacher, but her pussy was so tight so wet.

"That's it Jon... hold on Jon! So hard... Ooooooooooooooooooh Ooooooow FUCK! FUCK! Aaaaaaaaaah!"

Jon could feel Nancy's orgasm. It wasn't like anything he had even imagined. her body was shaking. She was just so full of sexual energy.

“Aaaaaaaahhhh Miss Spencer! Nancy! I’m gonna cum!”

“Yes Jon! Yes cum, cum Jon CUM!!!”

Jon’s body quivered and shook. It was as if the whole sofa moved and he pressed his face into Nancy’s warm sexy neck as he ejaculated inside her.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah….. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahh….oooooh fuck!!! Miss Spencer!!!”

Jon’s cock exploded inside Nancy Spencer’s cunt. His body jolted over and over from the waist downwards as he emptied his balls.

“Ooooh yes Jon! I can feel it! Oooh Jon that’s lovely!”

Nancy and Lucy kissed Jon’s face. Nancy eased herself off Jon’s cock. He was still oozing spunk. Lucy leaned over him and licked up the extra. She swallowed the excess cum and then took his cock, sucking him softly, keeping him hard. Lucy held his cock and licked the shaft as Nancy sucked his smooth ball sack. Normally when he had cum, when he wanked he stopped and took five. Lucy kept him hard with her mouth.

Jon wasn’t going home any time soon.