All the Teachers PT5

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22 year old has sex with 18 year old at friends house

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“What the heck,” he said, “It’s what she wants. I know that at least.” With that, Spencer stood up and straightened himself out. It was only going on 5:30 but already Becki had stood up, and walked away from the couch.

He’d seen her from the front. He’d seen her from the backside too. He knew he liked what he’d seen with her big looking tits and one heck of a set of hips as well. She held all that up with a nice looking ass and slender looking legs. He had already taken all that into consideration as he watched her walk away while carrying her top in her hand.

She was initially in the kitchen. What she was doing was anyone’s guess he told himself but whatever it was he didn’t care. He was there to “keep an eye” on her and do nothing else but that. He assured Angela she’d be okay. She had faith in him he’d be good about it all. However, he knew she had her doubts.

There she was, with her top back on, and for whatever reason she put it back on and headed back upstairs. He watched her. He watched intently as she headed upstairs. He looked at the time on his cell phone. 5:33 it read. Hmmm, why’s she going upstairs he asked himself.

He didn’t know. He sat back down and waited. She didn’t come back downstairs. He looked at his cell phone again. It read 5:43. What’s she doing he wondered? He didn’t know what to do exactly. Then he decided to call up to her.

“Becki ohhh Becki,” he said from the bottom of the stairs. “What are you doing?” She didn’t say a word. She didn’t say anything. So he headed up, slowly, to find out what she was doing. “Becki,” he said again. “What are you doing?”

“Nothing” she replied.

He headed down the hallway. Her door was halfway closed. Should I open the door, he asked

himself. He knocked twice. “Are you uhhh decent?” he said.

“Umm yes,” she said. “I’m decent.”

He opened the door. She was kind of decent. It was a matter of how you perceived it. She was wearing a pajama top. Okay, that’s cool he told himself but other then that all she had on were her panties, and she was not under her blankets whatsoever.

He stared at her. She smiled back. Her teeth showed as she smiled their brilliance. She sure looked cute in his opinion. Damn, she sure did look adorable in that pajama top which did highlight her buxom boobs.

“Do you like me in this,” she said “Because you are staring.”

“Oh uh yeah uhhh you do look uhhh nice, I guess” he told her.

‘Then why don’t you come and join me. I won’t mind. You know I’d like that” she said.

“Nooooo, I shouldn’t. I can’t. I uhhh promised uhhh,” but all he did was shake his head and close his eyes. “I can’t, Becki. That’ isn’t to say you don’t look pretty. I mean that too. I do” he assured her.

She smiled, ear to ear, and from that she extended her hand inviting him again.

“Ohhhhhhh please, Spencer. I won’t tell if you don’t tell her. It’ll be just our little secret. I mean it too” she guaranteed him.

She undid one more button so that he’d see her cleavage a little better. He noticed it. He burned a little as he watched her undress herself just a little. He did love her tits. He had to admit that to himself. God, okay, so she wasn’t Angela, and she wasn’t even Karen but she sure had that really nice set of tits and for that matter she did have that set of hips and that ass as well which drew him to her.

“Listen, I don’t uhhh want to uhhh rain on your parade. I really don’t to be honest with you but I promised Angela I’d be a good boy. She knows I can get myself in trouble, sort of. She does to be honest” he went on to tell her.

“So you do think I’m uh sexy, kind of?” she said with a half smile.

“Sure, what guy wouldn’t?” he replied.

“Let me ask you then,” she said. “What do you think is sexy about me?”

He knew he had to be the mature one here. He knew he should be at least. But his courage to be that was quickly failing as his eyes meandered over her breasts more times then he wished them too. God, here he was again. Looking at them, around them, and wishing he could do it all with her as he made her feel loved and respected. But at that moment it was not happening.

“Awwww come on,” she fake pouted. “Tell me what’s soooo sexy about me, please?”

She stared at him directly in the eyes as she laid on her bed, her pajama top partially open with some of her cleavage showing, and all of her lower body showing lots of her appeal for him at that moment.

He broke down, a moment later, and with that he said “If I do will you stop bothering me about it?”

She said yes with giddiness in her tone of voice. She nearly jumped out of the bed, hopped to the mirror, and allowed him to show her what he thought was sexy about her.

Her boobs seemed to be magnified in her pajama top. He watched them by way of the mirror they were standing in front of and at least he knew he enjoyed the situation he was in that day.

He wasn’t exactly sure what to do.

Sure he knew what he wanted to do but in truth what was he going to say about her body he asked himself. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked, enjoyably, into the slight gap of that pajama top.

Mmmmmm, ohhhhhh yeah, that softness he told himself as his face, hands, and even his loins felt like he was burning for it all. God, I wanna hold them. I wanna hold them and take them into my hands and all I wanna do is squeeze her tits so she’ll enjoy it all he told himself as he felt the surging of more hormones parading down in between his thighs.

“Okay, first off Becki,” he said. “You are a very pretty young woman, alright?” She smiled at his comment and due to it she felt a little more relaxed. “I like your hair. It’s soft and, I don’t know, uhhhhhh its silky.” Due to that, he ran his fingers down over her hair. She liked that too. “I also like your eyes. You have pretty eyes. I think so at least.”

Smiling, she asked “Do I have a pretty smile too?”

“Oh yeah, I like it. I like it a lot,” he told her. “I bet you’re a good kisser, right?”

“I think so. Guys have told me I am” she replied. Then all went silent for a moment before she said “Care to find out? Wanna kiss me?”

He did not answer which led her to believe he did as she smiled and looked right back at him via the image in the mirror. She smiled some more and due to it, he felt an “energy” he could not seem to define. He wasn’t sure but he felt as if she was about to take hold of him somehow and once she did, she’d kiss his lips, and if she did all would be fully lost.

However, what was worse then that was that he was on his worst step seeing as her prized gems were next in line. They “stood” there awaiting his words. She knew it, he did too, and all that remained were his wonderful, delightful words.

“And of course Becki, you do have nice bosoms” he said.

He was trying to behave maturely but was losing his “race.” He knew he wanted to feel them. He knew she most likely wanted him to feel them too. So what was he going to do about his situation? She smiled, brilliantly once he told her.

He broke down. He cupped his hands. She watched as he did. God, he told himself, you have some really nice tits, and I mean fucking really nice tits Becki as he looked down over her boobs.

He raised his hands. Cupped, his hands formed around her boobs. She watched as she smiled some more. She loved how and what he’d said to her, that she has “some nice bosoms.”

“You mean that, really?” she said.

“Oh uh sure I do. Sure I do,” he said as he watched his hands, cupped around them, but did not touch them at all. “I think your tits are marvelous.”

She loved hearing what he’d said and due to it she felt like falling back against him. She didn’t. Not at first she didn’t at least. She wanted him to reach in, take hold of them, and pet them and do stuff to her tits. However, he didn’t, and so she “fell” backwards into his body. She let him know she wanted to fool around. She let him know she wanted to do stuff he did not plan to do with her.

He took hold of her body and “pushed” her forward, lightly. “I can’t, Becki. I just can’t do that with you,” he initially said. “It isn’t like I don’t think you’re not pretty. You are. You really are but I promised Angela I’d be good. I can’t do this with you. That doesn’t mean I don’t want to. I do.”

“Awwww,” she said and with that she pulled off her top and turned around so that he could see all of her round and big tits. Right off the bat she knew he liked them. She could see how he stared without any distraction at them. “You do like them don’t you?”

He simply stared at her boobs. He did not move a muscle as he stared at her tits. For 18 years old, the girl had one hell of a nice set of round and juicy tits.

He didn’t do a thing. Nope, he only stared at her sweet succulent tits. She took his hand, gently, and slowly and placed it on her breasts. He didn’t stop her either. He did close his eyes once she did it and felt the softness and her breasts thick tenderness as she seemed to move it about her boob.

“Does that feel nice?” she asked, softly. He nodded his head. “It does to me too. I sure wish we could lay down and well you know do this.”

“Ohhh god no,” he said. “No, ohhhhhh no,” he went on to say as he shook his head but still pressed down on the soft lusciousness of her young boob. “I can’t, I shouldn’t, but lord ohhh lord your boobs are soooo nice Becki.”

Out of nowhere, he felt her lips on his, and due to that, he opened his eyes. She had taken off her pajama top and was standing there, smiling, but flashing an adorable smile he could not refuse.

He ogled them as he shook his head. He closed his eyes but opened them up right away. Of course, they were still there, looking right back at him, and so he asked himself what was he going to do.

He reached out and felt her tits, again.

But he did it in his own way which only made Becki love that he did it. She “pushed” into him once he did it and he knew, due to her doing it, that she wanted it all, and she wanted soooo much more then he was prepared to do with her.

She “helped” the situation by sitting down on the bed and stretched out her hand to invite him to sit down with her. Spencer gave in and he sat down beside her. Right away, he looked deep into her eyes, and once he did he ran his hands through her soft hair. He did it again and then again, but once he did he felt inclined to lean in and kiss her on her lips.

He laid her back and as he kissed her he started feeling her boobs, intimately, and she loved how he did it to her. God, he was terrific she told herself as he caressed her tits as he kissed her ardently throughout it all.

Nobody had ever kissed her like that before. His lips moved like torpedoes over hers. His tongue moved in, out, and when inside it moved crazily around her mouth. Holy mother of god, she told herself. No guy has ever kissed me like he does she thought. Nobody but nobody has ever kissed me like you, Spencer.

Her body, her breasts, and even her loins grew hotter and hotter with desire as his body smothered hers while they kissed. Her legs, then her arms, wrapped around him as the two kissed more and more and even more.

All of a sudden, she felt his fingers traversing down, past her tits, and heading over her flat skinny tummy towards her panties. “Oh ohhhhhh my god,” she blurted out as she felt his fingers inside her panties. “Oh yeah, ohhhhhh my god, yes oh yes.”

They were inside her panties and he was feeling her pussy for the very first time. It was hot. Her body tightened up as he felt around and soon enough inside her tight, warm cunt. It had been “ages” since anyone had ever felt her up but she also knew only one guy had fucked her before. Was this guy going to go that route, she asked herself.

God he was soooo good she told herself as they kissed and he felt her pussy up.

He went back to feeling her tits. She loved that too. He’d feel her flat tummy but then he went to feeling her pussy again. It aroused her twofold. Her body wrapped itself around his and she’d squeeze his body once she was around while the two kissed and while he kept on fingering her pussy.

Finally, she did it. She reached down and she started undoing his shorts. They were undone and her hand was inside his underwear. Feeling his soft limber cock aroused her even more as she took hold of it and he took off the shorts for her.

She mounted him. She went down on him and Becki began licking his cock and she even went as far as licking his balls too. He loved it. Becki knew what to do, he thought as in addition to licking his balls she made sure she licked his shaft before she took the hard shaft into her mouth.

He loved it. She seemed to love doing it too. She got it hard and she swallowed it all the way down her throat. This was fucking good, he told himself as he was horny as hell, and she was doing one fucking good job of it all.

“I want you,” she cried out. “I soooo wanna be fucked by you, please? Please fuck me!”

He looked at her. He knew the house like the back of his hand and due to that he did he reached over, opened the night stand, and he pulled out a condom and put it on. She watched and smiled as he did.

Spencer took hold of his cock and slowly mounted her, placing his cock on her pussy before he went inside it. She was tighter then tight. He went inside her slowly. Becki was already screaming as a result of it but Spencer did not stop fucking her cunt.

She pushed into him as to entertain the notion she wanted and needed him more.

“Fuck oh ohhh yes don’t stop fucking me, Spencer. Ohhhhhhh god ohhh yes oh yes fuck yes,” she cried out as she began holding onto his body. He fucked her more but he fucked her slowly. “Oh that’s it. Keep fucking me. Oh baby yes, yes ohhhhhh fuck yes.”

He went at her more and more and as he did, he went at her faster and faster. She orgasmed again too and as she did, she kept holding onto his body as they fucked. He finally pulled out and ripped off the condom.

He stroked it a moment and then, finally, he exploded for her all over her nice round tits.

“Wow, you’re terrific,” she told him as she smiled. “Do you know that? You are honestly terrific. Man, I would do this with you a million times over. You kiss, you make love, and you just know how to treat a woman all over” she went on to say.

She pulled him down and held his body close top hers and as she did she made a point of kissing him a number of times.

“Now remember, you can not say a word to Angela,” he said. “You promise?”

She promised but she “needed” to have sex with him at least once more, she told herself.