Getting paid

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Published on Lush Stories on 10 Jan 2013

my coursemate decides to pay me in kind for helping her with her academics

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My name Is Steve and I am a college student studying accounting. I'm 5 ft. 11 inches and well toned body {I gym a lot} but what I really had going on for me is that a 4.00 student. I never really thought much of it until a course mate came to me for help. Thus starts the beginning of a most incredible year in school. This is the story. I hope you like it.

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Linda is not just your average pretty girl. She's stunning. Always with a smile on her face, a charming personality and a determination to succeed. She's 5 ft 8, jet black hair and the bluest set of eyes I've ever seen on anyone. She has 36DD breasts a gawd awesome fanny with long tapering legs that seems to go on forever. She's also an avid swimmer giving her a well toned body. The package was simply irresistible.

I've never really spoken to her more than once or twice. I never really gave myself much chance in landing such a classic lady. Did I mention that her parents are stinkingly rich?

Anyway she slipped me a note saying she'd like to see me after lectures that day and would I please wait for her?

I saw her coming a little after 1600. I've been waiting for less than ten minutes when she approached. The moment I saw her, my eyes went to her racks. They were simply captivating.

"Hi, Steve."

"Hi, Linda, you said you wanted to see me."

"Yea, I really need your help with something."

"What's that?" I asked.

I can’t really think of anything she might need my help on.

“Its group accounting," she said with a frown. “I’ve been having problem with it all along but I can’t seem to be doing so well again.”

Now group accounting is simple if you have the flair for it or you could get someone who really understands it to break it down for you. But it seems the flair is not that common and people are often too egocentric to ask for help.

“So, what do you want me to do?” I asked dumbly.

“Well, I was hoping you’d be able to make time to tutor me, y’know, before the exams in three weeks. I really need to pass the course really well if I’m to graduate with a good grade. Pleeeaase?”

The way she asked, there was only one answer I could give and I nodded my assent. We decided on two hours every three days at her apartment as she lives alone. She gave me her address and I told her I’d see her the following day.

I was at her house the following day as promised and the tutorial session was going well except I kept distracted by her boobs. They were almost spilling out of the halter top she wore. I just couldn’t keep my eyes off them. She must have caught me more than once staring.

“You could have them, y’know," her voice jolted me out of my daydream.

“What?”

“My boobs, you’ve been at ‘em all day.”

“Sorry," I quipped, “it's just that they are really hard to ignore.”

She laughed and said, “I know they are hard to miss, and the halter top doesn't make it easier, does it?”

“It most definitely doesn’t.”

She stared at me a while then said, “Let’s make a deal."

“A deal?” I repeated. “What kind of deal?”

“You help me through the year and you can have me anytime you want. I might even throw in some of my friends."

I couldn’t believe this.

“Are you serious?”

“Yea sure, you know what, if I get a B in group accounting, I’ll be your girl for the year. Are you game?”

“You bet I am. Shake on it?”

“I have a better idea,” and she scramble on my lap and kissed me hard. I was dumbfounded for like two seconds before instinct kicked in and I deepened the kiss. My tongue slid into her mouth and blood rushed to my loins. I tried cupping her breasts but she jumped off.

“Not until I see that B, Steve.”

I was so hard and frustrated. But I had no choice.

“Sure," I said, “same time Thursday night?”

She nodded and tried patting her disheveled hair into place with her hands.

“Ok then, I’ll see myself out."

I left her place and started planning on how best to ensure she had A, can’t blame me for adding a factor of safety. I came up with a comprehensive plan that I think may work and threw myself into it. It helped that she was also eager to learn.

The exam came and went.

She called me 2 days after the results were released and told me to that she’d be expecting me by 7pm.

I got to her place promptly at 7 and she opened the door for me. She was wearing a well worn jeans and a shirt that was tied around her midriff. And she was frowning.

I followed her into her living room and sat down. She sat down opposite me.

“How was your result?” she asked me.

“It's okay.”

“Straight As as usual” she asked rhetorically

I looked at her and said nothing.

She stared at me for a few more seconds and said, “I thought you promised that I’ll have a B in group accounting?”

“Yes. I did,” I was feeling so apprehensive now.

“Well, I didn’t,” she was staring at me steadily.

I looked down and said I’m sorry to hear that.

“Hope you didn’t fail it though?”

She broke into a throaty laughter and jumped on my lap.

“Quite the contrary Steve, I had A.”

She lowered her mouth to mine and promptly slid her tongue into my mouth.

We kissed for almost three minutes while my hand slowly but steadily made its way to her breast. I cupped her and gently kneaded her breast. It was incredibly soft and the nipple was already hard.

By the time I started sucking her through her shirt, she was already panting.

“Let’s take this into the bedroom,” she said, really aroused by the kiss. “We’ll see what grade you get in bedmatics. I might even tutor you."

The moment we entered her bedroom, we hurriedly undressed each other until we both stood naked with my nine inches already standing straight.

She pulled me down on the bed and gulped down on my dick. I almost fainted with pleasure.

To be continued…