

# A-Grade Student

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*A desperate student wants to improve her grade, a dirty Professor is only too happy to oblige...*

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The snow fell slowly that afternoon, drifting in flurries over the fields and forests, and settling in large, powdery drifts against the venerable buildings of the university. From his window, looking out over the manicured gardens of St. Stephen's Quad, Professor Lucas Wainwright watched the flakes whirl and settle, and he smiled. This, truly, was his favourite time of year - partly because of the snow, partly because of the imminent arrival of the long Christmas break, and partly because of the nubile eighteen-year-old girl who, at that very moment, was on her knees in front of him, eagerly sucking his prodigious cock with the sort of breathless enthusiasm one only finds in the very sweetest, ripest variety of teenage slut. Lucas smiled contently. It was one of the perks of his job - one of the very few perks which remained in this benighted day and age - that, when the grades for the winter term were released the week before the Christmas break, a great variety of young ladies would find their way to his private office, begging him to increase their grade, or give them some much-needed tuition, or perhaps just some Professorial advice. He was only too happy to help, of course, and his price was undemanding. A blowjob, sometimes a quick, passionate fuck over his 18th-century walnut writing desk, and, as if by magic, Cs became Bs, failing students became successful, and hesitant virgins became hot-blooded nymphs. It was everything a single man in his late forties could wish for: an endless stream of young girls, willing and able, with no strings attached. The blonde girl who was currently paying his large cock so much loving attention was one of the new class. The girl - Lucas shook his head in wry amusement that he couldn't even remember her name, when she was whoring herself in the hope of getting a better grade - had come to his private office just after the morning's lecture, radiating sincerity and desperation in equal parts. His suggestion, couched in suitably euphemistic terms, had caused her eyes to widen, and a hesitant smile to spread across those tempting cherry-red lips. It had been a marvellous suggestion, at that - in all of his twenty years at the university, Lucas had never encountered such a talented tongue, such a natural, effortless combination of mouth and hands. "Twenty years - and so many girls," Lucas thought warmly, casting his mind back to the many nubile bodies who had shared his quiet office with him: the moaners, the groaners, the squealers and screamers; the biters, the scratchers, the squirters; the coy virgins who spread their legs shyly and looked at his cock as if it was some potent and magical symbol of fertility,

and the practised sluts who enthusiastically rode his tool for hours, grinding themselves to orgasm after orgasm; the big-titted asian student with the weak bladder who drenched herself with piss every time she came, and the quiet pig-tailed brunette who had moaned "Oh, daddy," over and over as he fucked her from behind; the mature student in her mid-thirties who had showed him pictures of her bikini-clad twin daughters as she bounced energetically on his penis, grunting every time his heavy balls slapped against the cheeks of her bottom; and now this girl, this beautiful blonde siren, this born cock-sucker. "So many girls," he thought with a smile, "and so many memorable fucks." The blonde girl chose that moment to interrupt his reverie. Swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, she leaned forward, sinking onto his thick erection until the tip touched the very back of her throat. Giving a particularly hard suck, she leaned back, licked her lips, and looked up at him. "Am I good, Professor?" she asked innocently. "Oh, yes," he replied, stroking his throbbing meat, gently rubbing the drooling tip around her cherry-red lips. "You're the best, my dear, the very best." "Does that mean you want to fuck me now?" she asked with a wicked grin. "Well, it would be ungentlemanly for me to refuse such a tempting offer, wouldn't it?" Lucas replied. "Yes, it would," she said, mock-sincerely, getting to her feet and straightening her clothing. "But there is one small thing." "And what would that be?" "I'm a virgin, Professor Wainwright, and I want to stay a virgin until I get married." Lucas chuckled. "Well, I quite understand, but marrying you is clearly out of the question, my dear." "Oh no," the girl laughed. "I just meant - well, would it be alright if you did me in the bum?" "In the bum?" Lucas repeated in surprise. "You mean, uh -" "Anal, Professor. Would you mind fucking my bum instead of my pussy? Will I still get the better grade?" "Well, of course, my dear, that would be quite acceptable." The girl smiled. "Oh, I'm glad. My boyfriend complains about it, he says that my bum isn't as nice, so I have to let him do it twice as often." "Clever boy," thought Lucas wryly, but simply nodded at the girl. "That would seem a fair compensation," he said thoughtfully. "Oh, thank you!" the girl said happily, clasping his arm. "Where do you want me?" "Over the desk, I think," Lucas said, unable to believe his good fortune. "I have some lubricant in the right-hand drawer, I believe. Why don't you get yourself ready for me, my dear?" "Of course, Professor Wainwright," the girl replied. Retrieving the tube of gel, she bent elegantly over the antique desk, lifting her dress until her beautiful, round bottom came into view. Slipping her fingers into the waistband of her tight cotton panties, she tugged them down until they hung around her knees in a most fetching way. The girl smiled over her shoulder at where Lucas stood, gripping his tumescent prick, and squeezed a generous blob of lubricant gel onto her fingertips. Pulling the cheeks of her bottom apart, she began massaging the lubricant around her tiny, puckered anus. Lucas crossed the room eagerly, and knelt down behind the teenage temptress, watching her fingertips caress the tight hole. "I'm ready, Professor Wainwright," the girl sighed. "You can fuck me now." "My pleasure," groaned Lucas, standing up straight and grasping the girl's hip with one muscular hand. With the other, he guided the tip of his throbbing penis to her hot little hole. He rubbed the tip in a circular motion, smearing some of the gel over the thick bulb, then, with a grin of satisfaction, pressed against the girl's tight sphincter. Surprisingly, the hole remained clenched and closed. Lucas pushed harder, but to no avail. He licked the end of his index finger and stroked it around the girl's anus, then, wiggling insistently, managed to slip it past her ring. She was as tight as

a virgin - tighter than most, in truth. And yet she claimed to be fucked anally on a regular basis...

"Does your boyfriend have a large penis, my dear?" asked Lucas casually. "Oh, yes!" the girl moaned. "It's not as big as yours, but it's at least three inches long." Lucas almost laughed aloud. "He's your first boyfriend, isn't he?" "Well, yes - how did you know?" "It doesn't matter, darling. Hand me the tube of lubricant, will you? I might need a little extra help." The girl handed the tube back wordlessly, and, with an appraising glance at the near-virgin hole, Lucas squeezed a large amount onto his fingers. Bending down, his face scant inches from her most intimate areas, Lucas pressed his index finger into her vice-like hole, up to the first knuckle. "Oh, that feels good," the girl moaned. "I love it when you fuck me, Professor." "You will," promised Lucas silently. "You'll never have felt anything like it." Grinning wickedly, he pushed the finger deeper into the girl's willing anus, up to the second knuckle. He swirled the tip around in the hot, moist confines of her lubricated ass, then withdrew slightly, and added the tip of a second finger. The girl's response was exactly what he expected. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you're stretching me, Professor Wainwright! What are you doing?" Lucas pulled his fingers free of her vice-like ass with an audible pop. "I'm just preparing you, my dear. Are you ready?" "I guess so," the girl said nervously, wiggling her bottom. "It might be a little uncomfortable at first," warned Lucas disingenuously, slapping his meaty prick against her rosebud hole, then touching the head against it, ready to thrust into her. He grasped her hips firmly, and, with a groan of pleasure, pulled her back onto him, the bulbous head of his prick popping past her unstretched ring. The blonde girl gasped in surprise and alarm, and tried to move, seeking a more comfortable position. All at once, her feet slipped on the hand-woven carpet, her stomach hit the edge of the desk, and her ass sank all the way onto Lucas' throbbing cock. "Oh my God!" the girl shrieked. "Get it out, get it out!" To his credit, Lucas tried to withdraw, but the girl's anus had clenched around his thick shaft, and, to his shock and amazement, he found he could not move. The girl's ass held him like a fist, strong contractions running up and down his cock as the girl's body tried to deal with the alien intruder. "Oh my God," she wailed again, slapping her hands against the age-worn wood of the desk. "You're too - oh, fuck!" She threw her head back and hissed in pain, her fingers clawing at the desk. Lucas could see hot tears running down her face. "Try and relax, my dear, I'll pull out," he said, shocked by the intensity of her reaction. "Too fu- oh, too fucking big," the girl whispered, giving no sign that she had even heard his words. "Too big, too deep, too fucking - oh, too fucking good!" Without warning, her ass tightened even further, causing Lucas to grit his teeth in pain. Her body began to tremble, her eyes tightly closed, her body pushing back against his as hard as she could, swallowing the last quarter-inch of his prodigious penis in her eager, vice-like ass. "Oh, God," the girl moaned. "Oh, fucking God." For a long moment she was perfectly still - then, with a piercing scream of pure pleasure, her body exploded into orgasm. She rocked backwards and forwards on his cock, moving only an inch or two in each direction, keeping the throbbing head of his cock buried deep within her, her head thrashing from side to side, her fingernails scratching deep into the veneer of the desk, her cherry-red lips twisted in an expression of pure, desperate lust. It was all Lucas could do to stop himself from crying out in pain, so vicious were the contractions that squeezed and kneaded his penis. The girl's orgasm seemed to go on and on, each backward thrust harder and more savage,

devouring more and more of Lucas' slick shaft. He was dimly aware of a deep burning in his heavy balls, and could dimly feel generous spurts of sticky jism flooding up inside her. He hissed in pleasure as the girl's amazing muscles milked every last salty drop from his heavy balls. She rode him harder for a few minutes more, enjoying the dying glow of her orgasm, then, finally and ecstatically, allowed his softening cock to slip from her, letting a torrent of his thick, sticky spunk run down the back of her thighs. Breathless and overwhelmed, Lucas allowed his legs to sag, and sat down hard on the carpet, panting with pleasure. The blonde girl lay flat on the desk, breathing hard, the last echoes of her titanic orgasm shuddering through her body, then slowly pushed herself backwards and half-fell, half-slid onto the carpeted floor, next to where Lucas lay panting. "Well, Professor," the girl said with a weak smile, pushing her hair away from her sweaty face. "Do I get the A?" "Any time you like, my dear," said Lucas sincerely, staring down at her perfect, wanton body and wrapping his arms around her protectively. "Any time you like."