

College Teacher Chapter Two

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First time teacher falls in love with another teacher.

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College Teacher. Chapter Two. I woke up with a start as I felt my cock being taken hold of and I hadn't even got my eyes open when I felt the head of it being enclosed in a great warmth. I looked down my body to see Kit kneeling above my thighs, his head slowly moving up and down and felt his tongue running over the head of my erection that was firmly between his lips. 'What a lovely way to be woken up,' I groaned and saw him twist his head a little so that I could see his smiling eyes as he sucked on me. It was now daylight so I could see what he was doing but enjoyed the feel and so closed my eyes and laid my head back down to savour the pleasure he was giving me. I didn't have to tell him that I was coming for he could tell from the tensing of my body and the small bucking movements of my hips. I came and he took it all in and still held onto me till I'd finished. Then to my surprise, he swallowed it and then bent back down to lick and suck out the residue that he squeezed out of my prick. He licked his own lips when he finally released me, a grin on his face as he lay back down beside me. 'That's to reciprocate for what you did for me last night, though the art of giving a blow job is to swallow the semen, not spit it out,' he said with a smile. 'Would you like to try it again?' I looked down and saw that he also had a morning erection and it looked as hard as an iron bar and felt like one when I took it into my hand. 'I'll try,' I said, 'for that was the first time I've ever done anything like that.' He laid back and I looked at his cock that I held in my hand, my first sight of it being fully erect as my other times it had been at night. The head half exposed from the foreskin was a dark red, almost purple from the blood that engorged it, but it felt the same. A hard piece of flesh encased in its smooth skin that when I moved my hand down, stretched the foreskin tight down from the head. Also, the eye of his cock opened at this point and by moving my hand quickly made it give the impression that it was winking at me. 'Don't leave it too long Colin,' Kit said softly. My eyes flicked across to see that he was smiling and I took another look at that engorged prick and gave my lips a lick and bent my head and took him into my mouth. I'm sure my face was red at having him watch me do this for it had been much better in the darkness where he couldn't see me. It's silly I know, but I felt more embarrassed at him actually seeing me take his cock into my mouth to suck and have him come inside it. But these qualms passed as I relished having his tool there and I ran my tongue over the head and felt the pulse beat of his heart as it pumped the blood round it. I also sucked and bobbed my head up and down in time to my hand movements. Then I changed hands and took hold

of him with my left hand and with my right, felt down and cupped his heavy balls and moved my fingers to make them move and roll inside their sac. I heard him give out a groan and I gently gave them a squeeze as I felt them move about and marvelled at the power I had whilst doing this for he was completely at my mercy in this position. His soft eggs in my hand that could be crushed, his prick in my mouth which could be chewed. I did neither for I liked having his cock there and I sucked and tongued him till he gave out another groan and I felt his hips start to move and I knew he was about to come. I compressed my lips even tighter under the head of his cock and I swear I felt it expand even more as the first surge came up and hit the roof of my mouth. My mind went blank as I helped him pump out his follow up surges by squeezing his cock in my upward motion, aiding the jets that followed to add to what I already had in my mouth. Now came my moment of truth in respect of oral sex and as I held his sperm in my mouth, I remembered something that had happened to me once at a fancy dinner. I'd been suffering from a heavy chest cold and right there at the dinner table I had a coughing fit and a big lump of phlegm came up from my throat. I couldn't fumble out my handkerchief nor could I spit it out into my napkin, and so I swallowed it. Think of that my mind said and so I lifted my head and swallowed. I then realised that it wasn't much different from eating oysters though you don't really eat them; you just tip the shell up and let the thing slide into your mouth and you swallow it. I felt quite pleased with myself that I did this and bent my head back down onto his cock and sucked and tongued the residue out of him before finally releasing him and laying back down beside him. 'For a tyro, that was bloody good,' Kit said as he leaned up on his elbow and looked down at me. I felt inordinately pleased at his words and didn't object when he leaned further over and gave me a kiss on the lips. It was only a brief touching of the lips and I was somewhat disappointed for I expected a bit more passion there, for, brief as it was, it had kindled a small fire deep in my belly and now it was just smouldering and my mind went into a turmoil at this feeling I was getting. Was I turning into a homosexual by giving him a blow job? My heart was beating fast and I had really wanted him to kiss me more as my stomach churned and I felt an incredible ache deep down inside of me. Was he a homosexual and in the process of seducing me? It was a question I couldn't answer though if he wasn't, my body was saying that I wanted him to do just that. I wanted to ask myself more questions but he got up as he spoke. 'Come. Let's have a quick swim before breakfast,' and he went out of the tent. I put these questions to the back of my mind to analyse them later as I got up and followed him out of the tent. I looked hard at the cheeks of his bum as he went towards the pool and wondered if I really wanted to put my cock in between them. I knew that if I did, he would most certainly would want to put his in between mine. Again my body tried to tell me something for I began to get another erection and so I quickly began to run and dived into the cold water to cool down. We only stayed in the pool for fifteen minutes before getting out and drying ourselves before dressing to return to the college for breakfast. After which, I went to our sitting room to finish my notes while he began to take some stores, non perishables, down to the tent. I joined him and the two boys after lunch where a new hole was being dug for the latrine. It took the three of them the rest of the afternoon to do this to Kit's satisfaction. The earth piled up behind it for sprinkling back into the hole every time it was used. It was time for supper and as we followed the boys back to the college, I had

the urge to hold Kit's hand but refrained because of the two boys in front of us. 'The tent tonight?' he asked as we walked. 'Yes,' I said and got this sudden fire in my belly again and my mouth went dry at the thought of what else we might do that night whilst there. I think I drank most of our wine that evening at supper. Our clothes were soon off and we were swimming in the pool and he remarked that in just those last few days, the water level had dropped and so he went and removed the top boards from both ends to let the river flow through to not only fill it again but clean it at the same time. I was laying out in the last of the sun when he flopped down beside me to dry off himself. 'I think,' he began, propping himself up on an elbow to look down at me, 'that because of the last couple of days out here, we are I think, becoming lovers. Do you object to this?' I opened my eyes and looked up at him to see that he was looking serious. 'No,' I replied. 'I've rather enjoyed what we've done so far.' My heart was up in my mouth as I said this. The ball was in his court now and I waited for the return volley. 'Would you let me kiss you again? Properly this time I mean?' 'Yes Kit,' I said, smiling up at him and I opened my arms for him to then lean over into them and our lips met in this kiss. His body half lay across mine and I could feel that he had an erection the same as I had got at his request. Our lips met and this time it was a more serious kiss, his mouth partly open as he covered mine and I felt the tip of his tongue touch my lips and so opened my mouth and accepted his tongue for me to suck on. Our tongues vied with each other at getting sucked and the kiss lasted a long time. He squirmed about and finished up laying fully on top of me, his erection digging into my stomach as mine got squashed between us. The kiss was finally broken and he leaned up on his elbows to look me in the eye. 'I think I'm falling in love with you Colin,' he said. 'So much that I would like you to fuck me tonight.' There! He'd said it! Now I knew that if I fucked him, he would want to fuck me in return and somehow it was just what I wanted. I'd had his cock in my mouth and swallowed his sperm, now I wanted to know what it would feel like to have him really up inside me. 'Yes,' I breathed out. 'If you'll fuck me afterwards.' 'Well it's what lovers would do,' he said with a smile and my heart went thumping away at what was going to happen shortly and I pulled him down to kiss me again. I really had to restrain myself from moving under him for I didn't want to come between our squashed stomachs and quickly broke off the kiss and pushed him off. 'Let's go to bed,' I said, my voice sounding a little hoarse. We got up and went into the tent where he fumbled in one of the packages and turned round with two condoms in his hand. 'We'll have to use these,' he said as he tore one of the wrappers and pulled out the rolled condom. I was lying on my back now and he quickly bent over me and gave my cock a suck before rolling the rubber down over the head. 'Now make love to me,' he said as he moved off a little and went onto his hands and knees. I got up, my cock swaying about with the condom sheath on and moved behind and in between his legs. The cheeks of his bum, now a nice light brown from the sun, were there before me and I gently stroked both before I used my thumbs to part them slightly to see the brown puckered ring that I was just about to stick my cock into. With my right hand I guided the head of it to the centre and with it just touching him there, put both hands onto his hips and then leaned my body forward. There was resistance at first and then he relaxed and the head of my cock suddenly disappeared up his bum and the rest of it followed until my thighs were up against his cheeks. It was incredible at how tight his ring piece held my cock and I could feel his inner

body heat through the rubber. 'Christ!' he gasped. 'It feels bigger than it looks,' he said. There was no answer to this so I just began to move my hips back and forth as I began to fuck him. Kit. My lover, or soon to be when it was his turn to see to me. For the moment, I just gave myself up to the pleasure of fucking this tight hole that was much tighter than the last vagina it had been in. With it being my first time of fucking another man, I knew that my inner excitement would trigger me off very quickly, so I fucked him as best I could and it wasn't long before I was straining up tight against him, pulling his hips back as I rammed forward and came inside him. Even in those few minutes of fucking him I had broken out in a sweat and gasping for breath as I leaned over his back as I finished coming except for the few jerks that seem to be an involuntary spasm to rid oneself of the last few remaining drops. He gave a gasp as I pulled out and I quickly pulled a handful of tissues out of the box beside us and covered the condom with these and pulled it off. 'That was marvellous,' Kit said as he swivelled round and took my still erect cock into his mouth to give me a few sucks before letting me go. 'I hope you'll enjoy it as much as I did,' he said as he passed me the other condom. Now was coming my other moment of truth and my hand trembled as my fingers fumbled the wrapping open. Butterflies were going berserk inside my stomach as I bent down and gave the head of his cock a suck as he had done to mine. I tried to control my nervousness as I fitted the rubber over the head of his erection and rolled it down that hard piece of flesh that I'd liked in my hand and in my mouth and wondered how I would feel after having it up my backside. I couldn't raise my eyes up to his as I turned round and assumed the same position on my hands and knees. My mouth had gone dry and I couldn't stop my body from trembling as he got between my legs behind me and felt his hand touch my hip. 'The art of this is to relax,' Kit said. 'Don't fight it or it will hurt, believe me.' I flinched as I felt his cock touch my bum and he told me to relax once again and I could feel it now pressing against my hole as his other hand came onto the other hip. 'Relax. Relax,' he said once again as I felt the pressure of his erection pushing against my entrance. It took some willpower to relax and suddenly the head of his cock widened the entrance to a little pain and he was inside me. That initial pain was soon forgotten as I felt him slide fully inside me and this thighs came up against my bum cheeks. God it felt hot and I could feel it throbbing inside and my mouth was no longer dry for I started to drool as he began to move in his fucking of me. It was incredible at having that hard lump of flesh ream and excite me at the same time. So much so that I felt myself getting another erection less than ten minutes from after fucking him. He had said that he was falling in love with me but I in that short space of time fell in love with him. If this was what being a homosexual was all about, I was all for it. I loved this man behind me, pushing his throbbing cock in and out of me to the point where I wanted to scream out with joy at the pleasurable sensations he was giving me. But like me, with it being his first time of fucking me, came too soon for I would have liked him to have lasted a lot longer as I was enjoying it. His hands held my hips tight in his grasp as he pulled me back onto him as he thrust forward and I gurgled in delight at his ramming into me, the smacking sounds of our flesh as they came together and I felt him begin to shudder as he came. I swear his cock grew in size as he did so, its throbbing seemed to increase too as I felt the head swell as his seed flew out into the rubber and he too fell onto my back when he'd finished. My arms and legs had all gone to jelly at this and I couldn't help but collapse onto

the blankets with him still hard and fast inside me and I took his full weight on my back as he gasped for breath. 'Don't move yet,' I begged him as I flexed my inner muscles to squeeze his cock as hard as I could, savouring every minute of him being where he was. He didn't reply but kept on breathing heavily as I held my sphincter muscle as tight as I could around that lovely piece of hard flesh of his. Now this is what I call love, I said to myself as I gloried in having him where he was, his cock still beating a tattoo to my insides even though he'd already come. He gave out another groan and started to move off me and I whimpered as I felt him start to pull out. I know I cried out at his withdrawal and felt the cold air waft round my backside and such was the power in my muscle there that I'd stripped him of the condom and still had it stuck up my bum when he was out. He had to pull it out himself and I didn't have the strength to turn round and suck on him as he had done to me. I remembered this moment a few months later when I intercepted a joke being passed round my class of first years. It was of one boy asking another that if he ever woke up to find a condom sticking out from his backside, would he ever tell anybody about it? No, I'd be too embarrassed was the reply, and so the other boy then asked him if he would like to go camping the next weekend. Boom, boom! But this night of fucking and being fucked by another man was the turning point in my own life. If this was homosexual love then I was all for it for even though he'd only just pulled out of me, I wanted him back there again. I wanted to be fucked, and fucked, and fucked again, such was my feeling for this type of sex. I woke up next morning full of the joys of spring, even though it was midsummer. It was broad daylight but still early and I turned my head to see Kit still asleep next to me. I raised myself and turned to him, leaning on my elbow and bent over and kissed him on the lips. He subconsciously responded before he opened his eyes and then smiled when I broke off the kiss. 'Good morning,' I said to him as I rubbed my hand up and down on his chest. 'And a good morning to you too,' he replied. I moved down a bit so that I could lay my head on his chest and his arm came up round my shoulder as I lay there, listening to his heart beat, my hand now wandering further down his body. It encountered his morning erection, up hard and lying on his stomach. I grasped it and began to slowly rub it. This is what I loved as well as the man that it belonged to. Then it hit me. Love? I hardly knew the man! Carnally yes, but other than that I didn't know a thing about him. I'd only been at the college a week and here I was, stroking another man's prick and telling myself that I was in love with him. I must be mad, I thought. I've only known two women in my life so far and then in the space of a week, I have sex with a man, a stranger really and fall in love with him. And with what you've got in your hand a small voice in my head said. True, I said. I love the soft silky skin that I'm moving on the hard piece of flesh beneath. I love the power and strength that's in that muscle never having equated that my own must be the same. It was nice to hold, to suck and to have it up inside me. I could feel its heat and the throbbing and I gave out a groan for I really did want it and I loved the man that had it and I moved my head down from his chest and onto his stomach and took the head of his cock into my mouth. I wanted to suck, bite and chew him till he came in my mouth and at the same time, do it to me. I wiggled about so that my body was now upside down to his and knew that my own throbbing organ was only inches away from his mouth, for I wanted the release that I wanted him to have. His body moved and my heart gave a jump as he laid on his side and took me into his mouth and took me

to heaven. I came and so did he and now, it wasn't sperm in my mouth but ambrosia, the nectar of the Gods and I rolled it round in my mouth, savouring the bitter sweet taste of him before swallowing it. I kept on sucking at the fiery head, squeezing his shaft to get the last drops out as I licked him clean at the same time. A few minutes later, I let go of him and moved back round to face him and leaned over and kissed him again. 'I love you Kit Carson,' I said between kisses. 'I love you too Colin. I also love your doctor's bedside manner. You're a real tonic for me.' He was half laughing and I had to laugh with him as he gave me a big hug. 'Now let's go for our swim before breakfast,' he said. We went out of the tent and ran and jumped straight into the pool and got a shock, for it was bloody cold. The river had been running through it all night and it felt really icy. It was very refreshing but too cold to stay in too long and so we were soon out and towelling ourselves down to get warm before getting dressed. When we were ready, I had to wait for him to replace the boards of the weir at both ends of the pool to stop the river flowing through. 'I hope it warms up by the afternoon,' he said when he rejoined me. 'It made my cock shrivel up and we can't have that happening can we?' he asked as he took my arm through his for us to walk back through the woods to the college. 'I can always warm it up for you,' I replied as I opened my mouth wide to emphasis just how. He laughed and hugged my arm, though he let go when we came out of the woods for it wouldn't look right to be seen walking across the playing fields arm in arm. We went up to our rooms first to brush our teeth and use the toilet before going down to the hall for breakfast and I was surprised to see the Dean there. Good mornings were said and he asked me to visit his study after the meal with my notes for the forthcoming year's tuition. I duly presented myself to his study and after his enquiries as to how was I settling in etc, we got down to my programme, basing it on what Professor Hughes had reached in respect of the various years of the students. I'd had to prepare a seven year program to cater to boys from eleven years old up till they would be seventeen. I was pleased to be told that my published book was on the students list for them to be supplied with for this coming year, and for the years to follow for those who hadn't reached their seventh year. This meant that that was another three hundred odd books that I would be receiving my royalties from with an additional thirty two every year unless they were passed on to a new incoming student. The programs I had set out were based on the politics and effects that led up to the most important aspects of our British history. For the first years, it was from William the Conqueror up to Richard the Lionheart and the Crusades. Second year was from Edward the First and his troubles with Scotland up on to the Peasants Revolt in 1381. Third year was Henry the Eighth and the machinations against the Roman Catholics, through Elizabeth and on to Charles the First leading up to the Civil War. Fourth year concentrated on what led up to the War of American Independence and also the French Revolution. Fifth years were to be taught about the Battle of Trafalgar and on to Napoleon with the climax of the Battle of Waterloo. For the sixth years, it was on the industrial revolution during the reign of Queen Victoria and on through to the First World War. The final year for those who would be going onto university after leaving us, I concentrated on the Second World War and up until the present day. It may seem that all I was interested in was wars and battles but this was really only the result of the political shenanigans that preceded them that I was dealing with. Overall, the Dean was impressed and wished me luck for the

coming year. I then asked his permission to assist Carson in his efforts to help the boys with field craft at the weekends. This he granted as it would mean that ten boys could attend if they so wished, which led him onto saying that he would visit the camp site that afternoon. It was now lunch time and we went down to the hall where I sat with Kit as usual and told him of the expected visit of the Dean. 'I don't think it wise to let him see the boys naked, swimming in the pool,' I said to him. 'He might get the wrong idea.' 'Good thinking Batman,' he said through a mouthful of food. 'I'll make sure that the boys bring some trunks down.' This Kit did after the meal and I hung around the cloisters to escort the Dean down to the pool. It looked good with the two boys swinging out on the rope over the pool under Kit's supervision and the Dean was delighted at what Kit had done in this respect and gave his whole hearted approval of the project when Kit explained all that we would be teaching the boys whilst they camped out over the weekend. The boys would be excused the usual Sunday morning church service but they would have to be back to attend the evening service before supper. Kit was happy that the Dean agreed to my helping out and said that we should celebrate by going out into the town for a drink after supper. This would be my first look at the town and so I looked forward to it, but all we did was go into the first pub and down several pints of beer each. He told me that only the seventh year students were allowed out into town after supper but still had to be back in college before lights out. The other years were allowed out over the weekend but not after supper. Of course, all were forbidden to enter any pubs but what with supermarkets selling beer and spirits, this rule seemed superfluous. Three pints was enough for me and Kit saw that I was struggling to finish my last one when he suggested we went back to the college. This I agreed to and put my unfinished pint down gratefully and got up and went with him out into the fresh air. This revived me somewhat and went along willing with him knowing, well, hoping really, that we would have sex again together. 'It's dark already,' he said as we walked the short distance to Gresham Lane and the college's entrance. 'It's too dark to go to the woods tonight, so I guess it'll have to be our rooms.' Rooms, he said my mind shouted at me. Plural! I didn't know what to say as we went into our house and along the corridor to our rooms. He opened the door to the sitting room and went straight over to the windows and opened them. 'Phew. It's hot in here. Have you got any condoms in your room?' He asked out of the blue. 'N...no,' I stuttered, thankful that he'd asked the question. 'Never mind. I've got some in my room. Shall we?' he asked me with a smile and held out his hand. 'Oh yes,' I breathed out, giving him a smile back and took his hand and let him lead me into his room where he closed the door behind us and opened the window. 'God it's hot in here too,' he said. 'Let's get these bloody clothes off and get comfortable.' He began to get undressed and I quickly followed suit till we were both naked. I'm sure we both had thoughts of sex on our minds for we were both sporting big erections that stood up proud as peacocks, the emphasis being on the last part of the word. 'I think we both want the same thing,' he said with a smile as he opened his arms and I moved straight in between them for him to put them around my upper torso as I then held him round the waist as our bodies came together. Our cocks clashed and became glued between us as we kissed. Tongues vying with each other as we sought to catch the other to suck as our open mouths met. Oh God, I want this cock I can feel, I said to myself as I moved my hips against him causing our two erections to move between us. 'I love you Kit,' I said

with an air of breathlessness as we paused in our kissing. 'Make love to me now, please.' I was begging and didn't feel the slightest of shame by asking to be fucked by this man. 'You took the words right out of my mouth, but I'll see to you first then,' he said as he broke away and went to the bedside cabinet drawer and got out two condoms, giving one to me. I quickly tore the wrapper off and knelt down in front of him and took the head of his cock into my mouth first for a few sucks and would have liked to continue, but I wanted it up inside me and so I let him go and quickly rolled the rubber down over his hard length of flesh. I got onto his bed and stayed kneeling, giving him room to get on as well behind me. I felt the corner of the bed sag a little as he got on and felt his hand come onto my hip. I was already drooling at what was about to happen for the second time and said a quick prayer, for what we are about to receive etc. Then I felt his cock nuzzle my back passage and I forced myself to relax and then came that bit of pain as he stretched my ring to accommodate the head of his cock and then he was in and I felt it all slide in and his thighs touched my bum as his other hand came onto my hip. I now felt complete with his cock up my bum and was now to be taken back to heaven as he started to move his hips and feel his penis begin to ream my insides. I could feel every grainy vein that ran down under that skin as he slid back and forth, almost pulling out at times, stretching me that little bit which I loved. Both of his hands were on my hips as he rode me and I was loving every minute of him doing so. His balls smacking against my bum made their own noise while mine swung silently to his movement. Both lots of sperm being agitated though his were having the greater stimulus and soon made known their willingness to be released and so he gripped my hips tighter and began to pull me back onto him as he moved faster. The film of Ben Hur came to my mind of the war galley being forced through the water to the beat of the drum, driving the men to put their backs into the heaving of the oars. Ramming speed was called for and that's what Kit was now doing, ramming himself into me as he came to the point of no return and he held me tight as just his hips moved and I felt the head of his cock swell that bit more as his seed erupted into the condom up my backside. He gave out a groan as he pumped into me and I felt him sag over my back and felt droplets of sweat fall onto it. 'God, I love doing this to you Colin,' he said, still hard up inside me though not moving now, but his cock was still twitching away as the last of his coming was pushed out. 'And I love you doing it,' I gasped, 'though I wish it would last longer.' I felt him begin to move and I cried out. 'Not yet! Stay there a bit longer,' I begged as I eased myself down onto the bed, squeezing my muscle to hold him there until I was flat on the bed with him on top of me. 'This is nice,' I got out, my voice slightly muffled from the pillow. 'It sure is,' he replied, giving me a kiss on the neck. 'God, I didn't know what I was missing till I met you,' he breathed into my ear. 'Well I didn't know that sex like this could be so good,' I said and then gave out a groan as he pulled out of me, enlarging my hole again as the head of his cock left me. My own cock was now throbbing like mad as I heard him go off to the wash basin to dispose of the condom. I rolled over onto my back with an inordinate feeling of pleasure at just being fucked by him and gave him a smile as he came back into view and held up my arms for him to come into for a kiss of gratitude that I felt he deserved. 'Your turn now,' he said after that kiss, getting onto the bed with another condom ready in his hand. This he rolled onto my erection and then moved away and went up onto his knees. I wondered if I still had the strength to see to him as I already felt

quite exhausted at his fucking of me, but I managed. I got up behind him and looked at those lovely cheeks of his that I was going to get in between and didn't take long in doing so. He grunted as I pushed myself into his tight orifice and took my turn as he said, of fucking him, and loved every minute of doing so. I cried out as I came inside him, holding him tight up to my thighs as I bucked inside him, coming in great gouts of semen, and it was my turn to let the sweat drop down onto his bare back. 'I don't think I could ever appreciate a woman now after having you Kit,' I said in gasps as I bent over his back. 'A woman can't do this, that's for sure,' he said in the same way, taking in great gulps of air. I pulled out of him and he gave out a little cry at the sudden vacancy of his backside, and I struggled off the bed and with wobbly legs, went to the wash basin and used some tissues to pull off the condom and drop it into the bin that he had used for his. 'Come here lover,' he said with his arms open as I walked back to the bed. I did, and went into them and got a multitude of kisses as he rolled me over so that I was on my back as he gave me some very deep, passionate kisses. 'God, I don't know how many times I've said this to myself, but I love you and I want to fuck you every night and have you do the same to me.' 'The feeling's mutual,' I replied, accepting his kisses and loved the weight of him lying half across my body, and that's how we slept that night in his bed. Arms and legs entwined, sweaty and breathless but happy and contented in each other's arms. We were woken up by the banging of both bedroom doors to a shout that tea was up and we looked at each other and grinned at my bedroom door being knocked upon too. 'What would the good doctor prescribe for this?' he asked as he pulled my hand down to his hard morning erection. 'The same that mine requires,' I said, pulling his hand down to mine. 'A good bit of mouth resuscitation.' He gave me a grin and quickly turned himself round on the bed and presented me with his rampant cock inches from my nose. It was big and hard and I could see it throb quite clearly as I licked my lips before opening them and taking the head of his cock into my mouth. I felt him do the same to me and so we sucked, tongued and jerked each other off until we came at almost the same time, flooding each other's mouth with our sperm, to savour before swallowing and then licking the other cock head clean. 'That's as good as breakfast,' he said when we'd finished, and I moved off the bed and gave him a kiss and went off to my own bedroom to get my robe, grabbing a cup of tea on my way through the sitting room. I felt as happy as a lark, singing in the shower down the hall, thinking at how lucky I was to come to this college and share a sitting room with Kit. Don't forget his bed too a little voice in my head said. That too I said to myself with a nodding of my head and shook the head of my dick saying that he liked Kit as well. You like him as well, I said to my backside as I washed it. You like his cock stuck up inside and moving about as he fucks you. I began to get another erection at the very thought of him being up inside me again and so I leaned back against the wall and masturbated to come all up the wall and watched it slowly get washed away from the shower spray. You even like it when he kisses you, I said to the mirror as I dried myself, especially when he's lying half on top you, to which I agreed as I smiled to myself at the thought. I still had that smile when I went back to my bedroom and then out into our sitting room, dressed ready to go to breakfast. 'You look happy,' Kit said as I entered. 'I am,' I said as I went over and kissed him. 'I'm in love.' 'Then so am I,' he replied, returning my kiss, 'for I'm in love with you.' With that, we went off to eat. When we went to sit down I gave out a

groan and he looked at me in alarm. 'What's the matter?' he asked anxiously. 'That,' I said pointing to a big parcel by my seat along with my papers and delivered letters. 'My manuscript.' I explained that about a month earlier I had sent it off to my agent for correcting as it was my new book, *The Political History of France*. I had intended whilst at the college to start my research for a book on the United States of America, but with now having Kit for a lover, he came first. Apart from the manuscript to check, I still had *The Times*, the American magazine *Time* and my copies of *Hansard* to read, to keep me up with the world's political events. So what was left of the holidays before the term started, I spent all day reading and only going with Kit after supper to swim and then make love in the tent, for we would have to stay in our rooms when the students were at the school. For he told me that the housemaster wakes them up in the mornings but we had to take it in turns to do a check of the rooms to make sure that they obeyed the lights out rule. The new year term was due to start on the Monday and on the preceding Friday and Saturday, the other teachers started to drift in and I was introduced to them in turn in the common room. Also on the Saturday, some of the students began to appear in the hall and we began to have some of the boys for our house start to settle in. Sunday was the main day for them all to arrive, so for supper it would be the whole school finally dining together. The hall soon filled up except for the first years intake who were brought in after everyone else had settled down at the four long tables. The lower ends nearest our crosswise table were left empty for these newcomers. They always sat at the front and each year they moved further along so that the seventh year students sat at the far end. At that end sat the two prefects of each house who were supposed to control the behaviour of the others at that end while we looked after the end closest to us. The new group, thirty two of them, were brought in and their names were read out and they were allocated to one of the houses and were told at which table to sit. The choice of house had already been decided and the rule was that if a brother or father and so on had previously been to the college, the new student was given over to the same house with the balance filling up the other places. When they were all seated, the Dean gave these new boys and old alike, a welcome to a new year of study and went on with a few rules and then mentioned that Mr Carson had added a new feature to the camp in the woods, giving Kit a smile as he said this but didn't say what it was. Kit had already put up a sheet of paper on the notice board for those who wished to attend to put down their names, class and house. We had noted, just before going into the hall that there were already eight names down. The grace was said and we all were served with our supper, after which, we returned to our rooms amid the noise and bustle of the students getting themselves sorted out. 'Well how do you feel now that you've seen the horde all assembled in the one place?' Kit asked me as we got back to our sitting room. 'Terrified,' I truly replied. 'I just hope I'm up to it.' 'You'll be alright,' he said giving me a hug. 'Just tell them a joke first just to break the ice.' I was already trembling at the thought and felt grateful for having his arms round me. 'I think I'd better do lights out round this week until they get to know you.' To this I heartily agreed and so spent the rest of the time till then, studying up on what would be my first ever teaching class the next morning. The bell sounded and Kit put down his book and got up and stretched. 'I'll give them fifteen minutes to settle down before doing the rounds,' he said as he went off to his room for whatever. He picked up a torch from the mantel piece on his return and went

off to check the seven rooms to see if they'd all obeyed the lights out rule. 'All's well in the house,' he said when he returned. 'Old Phelps must have given them his little speech.' David Phelps was our house master who was also in charge of us as well as the students. 'Let's make tonight a memorable one being we've now got all the kids here,' he said as he came over and ran his hand through my hair. I grinned up at him and closed my books and got up and followed him into his bedroom after putting out our own sitting room light. I was slower at getting undressed for I liked to watch him doing this and wasn't surprised to see that he already had an erection in anticipation of what was to come. So by the time I was naked, I had as big a hard on as he sported, and we went into each other's arms and kissed as we held on tight. Our cocks had clashed and were now jammed up hard between us, both of them really throbbing. We'd already compared lengths by standing opposite each other till a cock touched the others stomach. Relaxed that is without the pulling in of the muscles. His was about a quarter of an inch longer than mine, which made his about seven inches. I think they were both of about the same circumference wise, but what's a quarter of an inch between friends. With it still being late summer, it was hot and humid in the room and we were soon sweating and sliding about on each other as we kissed, stroked and rolled one another over on the bed. With it having been a long day we decided to give each other mutual satisfaction at the same time and so he turned round on the bed and presented me with his throbbing organ an inch or two away from my face. I stared at it for a moment or two, loving to see it twitch before me and slowly took it in my hand to gently rub the outer skin up and down on the hard shaft. The blood engorged head glistened with both sweat and love juice that had oozed out of the eye. This nectar I slowly licked off with my tongue before taking the whole head into my mouth to feel his pulse rate that kept it so big. I closed my eyes to the pleasure I was getting from sucking on this and also to the sensations he was giving me by doing the same. I continued my hand movement as I sucked and ran my tongue round it, bobbing my head occasionally for it to touch the back of my throat. I could have lain there all night just sucking on his erection such was the joy I was getting, but passion has its price and I knew I wasn't far off coming and so knew that he would be near the same. I gave out a groan as I felt my own sap start to make the move from my balls and began to really suck hard on his cock and I felt him give a tremor and then he came. Great gobs of sperm hit the roof of my mouth in successive bursts and filled me as I kept my lips clamped tight over him so as not to lose any of his coming. The head of his cock was awash with his seed as I moved it around before sucking really hard to take it into my throat to swallow. The same was happening to me at the other end and with us both gasping for air after taking it down, began to suck and lick off any residue that was still coated over the head. It was hot to the tongue and still throbbed as I worked my tongue round and forced it under the foreskin for any last drops. We were both panting hard as he released me and pulled himself from my mouth and turned round in the bed. His face was red and running with sweat and I pulled him down onto me and licked the salty sweat off his upper lip before kissing him. I don't know how long we stayed holding each other as we kissed and caressed and finally fell asleep. It had cooled down during the night and so we were awake early and feeling his morning erection hard up against my back made me want him before he went to the toilet, therefore losing that unique hardness. I quickly got a condom out of his bedside drawer and

rolled it down over it and presented myself to him. I bowed my back so that with my face and shoulders down on the bed, my bum was high up and waiting for him as he got between my legs and pushed himself inside. What a glorious feeling to have that hard flesh move and fill my backside. I drooled as I panted for him to fuck me hard and got my wish as he began to ram himself back and forth into me. I felt that I was becoming a male nymphomaniac for I couldn't get enough of having him have me in this way. I loved the way all my nerves tingled as his cock rubbed against the sides of my canal. I loved his hands holding my hips firm and to feel his thighs slap up against the cheeks of my bum and have his balls smack me at the same time. I swear his cock also got bigger just as he would come, swelling me at the same time and to feel it throb as he jerked as his sperm poured out into that rubber sheath. As much as I loved the entry of him and the fucking, the part I hated was when he pulled out. The feeling of loss is incredible and it always makes me want to cry like a child whose toy has been taken away. Though it was my turn to fuck him, and enjoyed doing it, I still preferred to being the one who was getting fucked. We both stopped moving at the sudden banging of the door and the shout of up and at 'em, tea's up. I couldn't help but shake with silent laughter as I was already up and at him and I could hear Kit suppressing a laugh at the same time. Even though it was coitus interruptus, I still went on and finished the job to our mutual satisfaction. We showered and got dressed and went down for breakfast and seeing all those students again sent butterflies through my stomach and couldn't eat my meal properly. Back in our sitting room, Kit gave me a slap on the back. 'Once more into the breach my friends,' he quoted as the time arrived for my first class and he pushed me out of the room. I had my books and notes under my arm and made my way to my classroom and thought of what I was going to say to break the ice. I opened the door and went in to see thirty two fourteen year olds sitting at their desks waiting to see the new teacher. 'They'll be no foolish wand waving or incantations in this class. We're not at Hogwarts,' I quoted, giving a silent apology to J.K.Rowling for not asking permission to quote her, but, what the hell, it's a plug for her books and it's no good her suing me for I haven't any money. At least the joke brought forth laughter from the class as they realised that I was up on their type of literature. I had by now reached my desk and put my books down. 'Okay. Settle down. My name is Doctor Colin Smith and you may address me as Sir. Now let me have your names starting from the front row here,' and so I started my first class which began with the politics that led up to the Boston Tea Party and the War of Independence. The year would end with the French Revolution. Because of the nature of my studies, I had my class for three hours instead of half that time, so brought it to an end just on twelve which gave them, and me, a half hour break before lunch. I had been very nervous at first but when the lesson ended I felt quite good and now full of confidence and looked forward to the afternoon class which would be the fifteen year olds and I would be starting off with the reasons leading up to the Battle of Trafalgar. Their year end would be the Battle of Waterloo. I couldn't stop telling Kit during lunch at how well it had gone that morning, much to his amusement. The afternoon went off as good as the morning and I was quite happy with my first day as a college teacher. Back in our rooms after supper, I took him into my arms and kissed him and told him that to round off such a perfect day, he was to fuck me before lights out and then do it again afterwards. He did and I went to sleep a very happy bunny.