

# Madeline's Introduction

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*Shy new student is eager to learn*

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Her hair was dark, not quite black, and would have extend halfway down her back had it not been held up by a thick ponytail. But her eyes were the first thing I noticed, similar colour to her hair, deep and mysterious. I'm probably just over thinking things again, she seems like a perfectly normal girl, wouldn't stand out in a crowd of other high-school girls her age. I had a call from her parents a few weeks ago asking if I could tutor their daughter Madeline, or Maddi as her friends and family called her. I needed the money so I obliged and I came around on Monday afternoon after she'd finished school. I stood in the front doorway, having a brief chat with her mother about times, payment and other small details, and as we chatted Madeline wandered into the foyer-thing, an atrium if you will, and stood awkwardly next to her mother looking at both of us as we talked. "So Maddi, this is Alex, he's going to help you out with your English, if everything goes well that is" she added with a smile looking in my direction. I couldn't quite work out her tone but I guess she was making sure not to commit to anything in case Madeline didn't like me or something. "Maddi, do you want to go and grab all your books from your room? Or would you two prefer to work there? Alex, what do you find normally works best?" her mother questioned as she led us towards the dining/kitchen area. "Well its up to Madeline I guess. Do you have a clean-ish desk in your room you normally work at?" I asked looking towards the shy school girl, still in her school uniform and yet to say a word. "Umm...Yeah I suppose" she replied awkwardly. I also noticed she kept glancing at me out of the corner of her eye, never looking directly at me. Kind of like the way you might try to check someone out without them noticing, but if that's what she was doing she wasn't very good at it. We decided to go upstairs to her room to see if that would be a good space to get to work, and in the meantime her mum brought us some snacks and juice. Her desk was big enough, so as she cleaned it up a bit I grabbed a second chair and we got settled. Conversation was awkward at first but I kept being friendly and relaxed and eventually she began to relax too. I started to notice how good looking she was too, her cardigan slightly too small and clung to her well developed body, outlining her physique. She got out of her seat to get her text from her bag and as her tartan skirt slid up her legs I was treated to a fantastic view of her thighs, she must play sport to have legs like that. I shook my head attempting to shake the thoughts from my mind. My job would not last very long if I tried to hit on my students. Not that it would have mattered normally, me being probably only three or four years older than her, but I took

myself and my work seriously and it wasn't worth jeopardising over a stupid fantasy. We got to work quickly, and once she started flicking through her school text looking for good quotes, we found ourselves in silence again. She seemed to work quite well and I started to wonder why I was even here. Sometimes parents just hire tutors just because their kids won't do any work by themselves, not that I minded - it made for easy money. It was quite warm in her room, receiving a brilliant afternoon sun that streamed through her room-wide windows. I took off my jumper and started regretting wearing track-pants instead of jeans. Once I had though she started giving me looks again, occasionally even catching my eye. "Everything alright?" I asked "Yes," she replied with a smirk, "its just a little distracting when you keep looking at me." I was a little annoyed with her reply, seeing as I was just watching what she was writing and she was the one looking at me. "OK, sorry," I retorted, also with a smile, "just let me know if you get stuck or anything though, I'm here to help you know." It was important to be friendly, but with new students it could sometimes take a while to get the tone right. Plus she seemed like she would be an easy kid to tutor so I didn't really want to mess this one up. She had already found quite a few good quotes that fitted with the point I'd given her. I quickly ran her through the basics of essay and paragraph structure just to make sure we were on the same page. She seemed fine with it all so I got her to start structuring whole paragraphs around the quotes she'd found. Before she started though she let out a sigh, took a drink of water, then started to take off her cardigan. My earlier thoughts returned as the fabric dragged her plain white school shirt up with it, but catching just under her bra so the whole shirt didn't come off. She pulled her top down with one hand as the other pulled the cardigan totally off, but I'd had enough of a look at her body to have it imprinted in my memory and she was beautiful, well worth remembering. She had an athletic figure, and was slim but not thin. Her skin was an even texture all over, like she had been photo-shopped, and free of any blemishes. She had slight, gentle curves that gave her an air of absolute perfection. I had to quickly adjust my growing erection in my trakkies so she didn't notice and looked back to her work to pretend I hadn't been watching. But she caught my eye and gave me a sly smile to let me know. "I think you'll have to help me Alex, I don't think I can do this bit myself" she said, looking me straight in my eyes. Her confidence had come out of nowhere and I wondered if she'd just been putting the shyness on as a front. I leaned over to look at her page, and the last thing written was "NOT THIS". I was confused for all of half a second when I suddenly felt a hand on the inside of my thigh. I turned suddenly towards her, our faces now less than a foot from each other. I looked into her deep, dark eyes and became entranced again, and in that moment she leaned forwards and placed her lips on mine. Nothing more, she held them there for a few seconds, then pulled away slightly. My thoughts raced but my hormones won. I put my hand on her neck and pulled her in for a longer kiss, our lips beginning to part and our tongues began to clash. My heart began to beat incredibly fast, the adrenaline running through my bloodstream at the thought of getting caught. The door was slightly ajar and her mum could come in and check on us at any time. We continued to make out for another minute or so but I began to get nervous so I pulled away and glanced towards the door. "Don't worry, mum won't come up here, she's in her office doing work and she won't come out till its time for you to go." Madeline assured me. "Uhh, if you're sure. Wait no, we shouldn't be doing this, your parents

want me to tutor you, not do...this" I explained, still somewhat flustered from the sudden change of events. She threw me a wicked smile and grabbed my throbbing cock, still looking me in the eye. "You know I've had my eye on you and you want this too. Don't be such a pussy" She teased as she began stroking me through my pants. I was still at a loss for what to do, I mean if we got caught I assumed I'd be thrown straight out not forgetting the bad name that would spread about me. But at the same time the temptation was strong and she was incredibly seductive once she started trying. Without waiting for me to object any further she dropped to her knees, pulling my waistband down and pulling my cock free. Shooting me one last smile, her mouth descended onto my ever-growing erection, still maintaining eye contact with me, which was an even greater turn-on. I half stood up and allowed her to pull my pants down a bit further. I didn't want to take them completely off in case her mum did decide to come upstairs and I could at least try and cover it up. She continued to suck up and down, her moist mouth and tongue gently massaging me, starting my load on its journey to the back of her throat. "Fuck Madeline, that's good, lick the tip a bit too and play with my balls a bit" I prompted her, noticing she was sort of doing the same thing over and over. She took up the suggestion immediately and my orgasm began to build. With a slurp she pulled my cock out of her mouth and started jerking me off. "Will you do something for me now then?" She asked, looking ever so cute on her knees in front of me. "What is it you want me to do?" I asked, hoping it was something we could do both discretely and quietly. "Can you get me off? I've never had an orgasm before, even though I've tried quite a few times." She continued jacking me off slowly, but I pulled her back up on to her chair so we were face to face again. "Of course I can" I replied, enchanted by her innocence. I leaned in and kissed her again and began to run my hands up inside her shirt, but not taking it off. I kissed up and down her neck, from her ears to her collarbone, while one hand fondled her mature breasts and the other started stroking her thighs. She let out soft moans, which became louder and more frequent as my hands worked their magic on her and I sucked lightly on her neck, biting it playfully. "Shh, you don't want your mum coming up do you?" I instructed, desperately hoping she would obey. She shut her mouth to muffle her moans and I brought my hand all the way up to her crotch, stroking her pussy through her already soaked panties. She grabbed me and kissed me hard, continuing to moan into my mouth, as I picked up the pace of my rubbing, my other hand pulling her bra aside under her shirt. She started getting me off faster now and I hoped I would last long enough to bring her to orgasm, not wanting to ruin the moment for her. I started to play with her nipples and shuddered at my touch. As my hand finally reached inside the waist of her panties and began rubbing her clit she immediately started gyrating in response. I dipped my middle finger down to her hole, which was oozing with sweet juices. With my fingers now well lubricated I continued rubbing her clit hard and fast. She was now shuddering violently and I had to remain locked in a kiss with her so her moans weren't audible from outside the room. Her pace increased with mine and I felt my orgasm building too. If her mum came in now it would be all over, there was no way I could cover this up. Finally I twisted her nipples slightly and rammed my two fingers inside her pussy, holding them in as deep as they would go. She exploded with pleasure and rocked against my hand, her hands abandoning me and grabbing me for support. She held on to me firmly as her first ever orgasm

subsided slowly and her breathing began to return to normal. "Are you OK?" I asked cautiously, ensuring I hadn't hurt her at all. She didn't say anything but just looked deep into my eyes again and kissed me one last time. The last kiss felt weird, to say the least, but once my unrelieved boner died down we pulled ourselves together and got back to work. I wasn't exactly sure what had just happened but the lesson continued without her mentioning it and she seemed to return to her shy self. That's all for now. Comments and feedback are greatly appreciated :)