

Young Lust

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A young man fantasises about his teachers and girls at school

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YOUNG LUST - a first attempt at erotic fiction. I have always been a horny guy. I knew from the start, during my first prepubescent sexual awakenings that sex was going to be a major part of my life, and I grabbed the opportunity (and my cock) with both hands, and gleefully entered the wonderful world of experimentation, self gratification, and exploration. My nightly teenage manipulations, combined with a vivid fantasy imagination, had me seducing and fucking all my teachers one-by-one. I had Miss Naude, the blonde Afrikaans teacher with the great bum and lovely full breasts, on her desk thrashing in pleasure as I pounded away at her, my little teenaged body looking far more manly in the fantasy than in real-life. Mrs. Chandler, the mousy science teacher was next. We fucked in the science supplies room. Her mousy hair became long elegant curly locks and her eyes flashed appreciation at me through those oh-so-sexy teachers spectacles. She had a gorgeous mouth and all she wanted to do was suck me dry. She was so sexually frustrated by Mr. Chandlers inept sexual prowess that she climaxed almost as soon as I entered her, and we orgasmed together over and over again over the course of several weeks. Miss Lawrence was a challenge. Long, gorgeous legs. Imposing bosom. A shock of wild curly honey blonde hair, and lips that glowed in flashes of inviting reds and browns. She seduced me, and we fucked in every imaginable position and every possible location. I'd fantasize about her at the dinner table and suddenly make my excuses and rush off to my room to fuck her. I fucked her on the bus one afternoon after swimming practice. The top deck was empty and I sat in the back row. I remember the cool feeling of my cock as I took it out of my pants. The clean, astringent smell of chlorine covered my body. I had so much pre-cum that my speedo was soaked. I took it off and wrapped the silky, slippery lycra around my cock and I fucked Miss Lawrence until she screamed for mercy and climaxed with such force that her marvelous pussy was drenched with her juices. She lay there afterwards breathing heavily and looking at me with a mixture of adoration and admiration. I tired of teachers around Standard 7 when my fellow students started to look really hot. Megan Hollis tried to hide her budding breasts and her curvaceous legs, but I could see below the school jerkin. That awkward piece of clothing specifically designed to cause all girls to look like sexless sacks of potatoes couldn't stop my imagination. My horniness gave me x-ray vision, and I saw Megan's firm breasts and hard little nipples in their full beauty. I could see her taut little stomach, the breath-takingly erotic shape of her shoulders, the smooth mound of her pubis, and below that, the

warm, welcoming pussy that begged and pleaded for fingers and tongues and most of all, my cock. She sat two rows away from me in English class, and I would fuck her mercilessly almost every period. I would start by kissing her gently on the neck, slowly working my way over her entire body. Her back would arch up, and she would push her moist and virginal pussy up to my mouth, and achingly, firmly, yet tenderly, pull my head down towards her. I never entered Megan. Her pussy was too special for that. Bronwyn Moore had long auburn hair which you only ever saw tied up in a pony tail. I used to have PT classes at the same time as her, and I would often see her swimming. She was tall and lithe, with a swimmers physique, and penetrating blue eyes. The girls at school wore one-piece speedos that showed every line, every curve, and every glorious nuance of the female form. As she wrapped her long legs around my waist in the swimming pool and pressed my swollen cock into her warm pussy I would explode with excitement. I loved fucking her on the grass around the swimming pool, in the sun. My favourite fantasy about Bronwyn was to see her down at the motorbike shed. She rode the same 50cc that I did, and the sight of her taking off her helmet used to drive me to the edge of an orgasmic precipice. She would have her hair loose under the helmet, and when she took it off she would shake it, and run her fingers through it before she put it in the pony tail. One morning I pulled up alongside her as she was taking off the helmet, and I caught the fragrance of newly washed hair and shampoo. She was like a fresh breeze, and tranquil stream, an angel. In my fantasy we would fuck on the bike. She'd be in front of me, bent forwards over the tank, and I would enter her from behind. Then she would turn around and lie backwards while I fucked her and gently caressed her body and breasts, all the while her hair hung languidly around her shoulders and back. So, it was with these sexual experiences that I finally entered the world of actual sex... with actual women... for real. I still have my rich fantasy imagination, and I'm still a horny guy.