

Tutoring Christy

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Christy needs help passing English

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Last summer, Christy decided that she wanted to go back to school. Having only a high school education, she wanted a career, not just a job. Enrolling at the local university, she chose to educate herself in computer science. She lived in a small town, and with limited funds, Christy was only able to afford the community college. Her decision to return to school was made late in the summer, so only a few core classes were left to take, as the majority of the selection was already booked. Standing in the lines with the rest of the late comers, she perused her schedule, as she waited for the financial line to move. "Damn! Freshman English...I hate English," she thought to herself. The awkward feeling in the pit of her stomach increased, as she looked around at all the 18 years. Christy, a beautiful 36 year old redhead, felt out of place. These young women were perfect! With their flat bellies, slim hips, and firm asses, she was a bit intimidated. Christy's body was mature. Her breasts were full and perky, with only a hint of sag. Her waist, although not as tiny as the others, was small, and her hips flared out nicely. Having no car, she had to walk almost everywhere, so her ass was tight, only a bit wide. She had the look of a sultry, mature woman. Fair skinned and blue eyed, she was a beauty in her own right. While she compared herself to the young women, she did not notice the appreciative looks she was receiving from all the young men. More than one jaw dropped, as she walked across the campus. Determined to succeed in her endeavor, she studied hard, and the first week of school passed by quickly. Christy quickly excelled in all her classes, except for English. Try as she might, she just could not get the various rules correct. Professor Renfroe, her English teacher, was the typical hard ass. He expected his students to get it on first try and not ask questions. He made it hard to ask questions and was very unapproachable. Sitting in the back of the class, Christy stayed quiet and fell further behind. Sitting in the Quad one afternoon, she was staring down at the results of her first exam. With tears in her eyes, all she could do was stare at the bright, red "F" on her paper. She felt the despair beginning to overtake her. "An 'F'...fuck...What am I gonna do? I have to ace the rest of the tests, in order to come out with a 'B' for the semester," she whispered, tears rolling down her cheeks. A shadow fell over her paper. Looking up, she recognized Chad, a young man in her class. Tall for his age, he reached over 6'2". Still developing, he was lanky, but had the potential

to bulk up, as he grew older. He looked like the proverbial bookworm, with his wire rimmed glasses. Choosing to dress in plain jeans and a button down shirt, he was hard to distinguish, until you reached a pair of vivid, green eyes hidden behind those glasses. His short brown hair matched his nondescript appearance. He was hard to notice in a crowd, but easy to pick out in the class room. English came easy to him. In fact, all classes came easy to him. He would excel in the learning environment, but was doomed to fail in relationships. Painfully shy around women, he always had his nose in the book, but his eyes on the ladies. Chad could never gather enough courage to start or hold a conversation with one, which earned him the high school title of 'nerd'. Even though his stomach was in knots, he could never stand to see a woman cry, especially a pretty one like Christy. Wanting to talk to her since the first day of class, he never had the chance, until today. Seeing her cry over a test, he realized that he could help her, even though he thought she was way out of his league. "Christy? You ok?" he said, softly. Looking up at this half man, half boy, she stared for a moment, then nodded her head. As she did, tears streamed down her face, unchecked. Chad sat down and glanced at her test. Understanding what the problem was, he looked back at her. Speechless, he never noticed her red rimmed eyes and tear stained face. He thought she was even more beautiful up close. "I'm sorry! I have never been any good at English. Hated it in high school...still hate it, now! God, I look a mess," Christy said, in a rush. Self conscious, because he did nothing, but stare at her, Christy fidgeted in her seat. She was uncomfortable with the silence and tried to think of something to say to fill the void. "Um...You're Chad, right?" she asked. Having popped out of his stupor, he blushed, ducked his head, and mumbled his agreement. Christy smiled. She realized that this young man, who could ace every test given to him, was a virgin. Everything about him screamed virgin. She had to listen hard to hear him talk. His voice was soft, but masculine. She took a moment to study him. He was attractive and would be very handsome when he matured. With the right haircut and clothes, he could have any woman on this campus. Trying to figure out his allure, she almost missed his statement. "I can help you, if you want," he said. "Help me?" Christy answered, perplexed. "Yeah. You obviously need a tutor. I can help you," Chad answered. "I am horrible at this. You would have your work cut out for you," she laughed, "Besides, I can't pay you for your time." "No need. I'm sure I will need help with something in the future," he responded, with a smile. Christy thought about it for a moment. She did need the help, and maybe, she would help him, too. His smile lit up his face, causing those brilliant eyes to pop. Feeling lighter, like the world was lifted off her shoulders, she agreed. They set up a time. For the next month, Chad worked with Christy every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. He spent hours with her, falling more for her daily. She was a quick learner and through his hard work and patience was able to pass her next test, easily. When she got her exam results, the red 'B' plastered at the top of her paper thrilled her to the point that she ran up to him in the Quad and threw her arms around his neck. Planting a big kiss on his cheek, she hugged him over and over. Finally extracting himself free, he did everything he could to hide the erection she had caused. Chad covered his crotch with his notebook and quickly looked for a place to sit down. The smell of her perfume and the feel of her full breasts crushed against his chest made his dick swell and harden to the point of pain. It wasn't like he didn't fantasize about having sex. Chad was a

red blooded male, so thought of it constantly. Every night, he thought about it, as he stroked his shaft, sometimes slowly and sometimes fast and hard. He always thought of Christy and would envision her on her knees, on her back, riding him. It didn't matter how, but it always managed to make him shoot out several ropey jets of cum. Christy was not unaware of his attraction to her, just confused about it. He should be with someone his own age, not someone old enough to be his mother. She was just too happy about passing her test to contain her composure. It seemed like the more she hugged him, he got bigger and harder. A feeling in the pit of her stomach alerted her to her growing attraction to him. It had been a long time for her. In fact, several months had passed, since she broke up with her latest boyfriend and studying hard had put a damper on her sex life. Christy felt her pussy swell and her panties begin to get damp. There was a humming in her pubic area, and it felt good. "Let's celebrate tonight! My treat," she gushed, happily. "Uh...I don't know...," he stammered. Chad was unnerved. In the area of academics, he was suave and confident. He knew what he was doing, but this was entirely different. What would he talk about? How should he act? Worried, he was beginning to get sick to his stomach. "C'mon, Chad. I owe you big time. Please," she persisted. Using one of the oldest flirt techniques, she lowered her head, tilting it to the side, and looking up at him. Her big blue eyes pleaded with him. She softened the whole effect with a sweet, innocent smile. Entranced by her, he could do nothing but accept her invitation, and nodded his head in agreement. "Great! How about grilled cheeseburgers and a movie rental? Tonight? Say 8pm?" she asked. Another nod was his answer, and they went off to their separate classes. The day seemed to drag for Christy, as she finished class and went to do the grocery shopping. For Chad, it flew by. The closer it came to the time of the date, the more butterflies gathered in his stomach. By 8pm, he was a bundle of nerves, down to the sweaty palms and stuttering. Nevertheless, he knocked on her door, not too early and never late. He was still in his standard school clothes of jeans, buttoned down shirt, and Nikes, but she had changed. Christy was wearing a pair of white shorts and a red tank top. Her feet were bare, and her toes painted the same red of her shirt. Chad could not tear his eyes off her feet. For some reason, he had always had a thing for painted toenails. She had the prettiest feet he had ever seen. Following her inside, she showed him around her small house, then led him to the patio, where the cheeseburgers were almost done. He sat down at the table, and they ate. She made him feel at ease, and the more they talked, his sense of humor kicked in. He had her laughing at his jokes, and both made fun of the campy horror flick that Christy had picked out for them to watch. Even though he was underage, he had 2 beers with the meal. After the movie, Christy was adamant about him not driving back to the dorm. "No arguments, Chad! You are NOT driving home. I don't care, if it was one beer or seventy. You are staying here," Christy told him, heatedly. "but...," he tried to argue. "NO! Now, you can sleep on the couch or in a locked closet. It is your choice," she stood her ground, stubbornly. Finally agreeing to stay on the couch, he was secretly happy that she was allowing him to remain here instead of calling a cab. Her scent was everywhere. It would make it easy to rub one off. The alcohol helped loosen him up, as well as her. She undressed in her bathroom, wondering what he was doing. Her panties were uncomfortably wet, to the point of saturation. She pulled them off and dropped them to the floor. Christy sighed. Alcohol always made her hornier than hell. She lifted her

leg up and braced it on the toilet. She rubbed her hand over her lightly furred slit. Weeping slightly, her pink fleshed pussy glistened. She dropped her hand and mentally berated herself for lusting over such a young man. Slipping her nightgown over her head, she left her room to make sure that the house was secure for the night. Christy tried to be quiet, as to not disturb her guest. Turning the corner, she glanced into the living room and stopped dead in her tracks. The most erotic sight filled her eyes, as she watched the young man stroke his cock. Laying on his back, the dim light of the lamp spot lighted his rigid member, while casting shadows everywhere else in the room. She was mesmerized by his hand moving slowly up and down his shaft. His balls bounced in rhythm with his strokes, touching his thigh with each down stroke. Her gaze was locked on the blunt tip of his cock. With every up stroke, the excess skin, making up his foreskin, would bunch up at his ridge. Chad would make his foreskin rub over his head, before he would push his hips up or yank his hand back down. With each stroke, she could hear him grunt, and just hearing the involuntary noises he was making brought her hand back to her pussy. Christy rubbed her cunt through her nightgown. The sheer, silky material abrading her skin. She continued to watch Chad. Chad, unaware of being watched, pulled down on his sac with his other hand, as he increased his pace. He arched his back, about to cum. His whole body was stiff. Chad was close, and could feel the rush of sperm at the base of his cock. His head throbbed. As the first spurt left his cock, he cried out softly, "God! I want to cum inside you, Christy." He squeezed the base, milking each jet from his shaft. Pearly, white cum oozed from the slit at the tip of his cock, spilling over his hand only to drip onto his belly. He relaxed his body. At some point, Christy had slipped her hand into her gown and was squeezing her breast. Her nimble fingers worked her nipple furiously, pinching and pulling it. When Chad came, she could feel her womb contract in time with his spurts. Not able to take it anymore, she entered the room and knelt beside Chad, who still had his eyes closed. Wrapping her hand around his softening cock, she leaned down and licked the cream that seeped from the tip. The simple movement startled the man. Chad jumped. At the same time, Christy sucked his semi hard cock into her warm mouth. Her tongue circling and licking, as if trying to devour every last drop of his cum. His pole re-hardened so fast that it was almost painful. With his body rigid from pleasure and nerves, Chad's hands hovered at her head. He wanted to tangle his fingers into her silky hair, but held back. This had to be a dream, and if he made any movement, he would wake up, and she would be gone. Christy's hand gripped the base. Rotating her hand as she stroked upward, she worked her mouth down his shaft to meet in the middle. His previous load and her spit worked well together at making his shaft shiny and slick. Chad was in heaven, and when he felt his dick push past the hard part of her upper mouth and sink into her soft, wet, and warm throat, he groaned deeply and cupped her head. Involuntarily, he pumped his hips, fucking her face. Christy sucked his cock into her mouth, pushing her way down until her lips brushed his pubic hair. Right before she sucked back up, her tongue darted out to lick his sac, as the blunt tip of his cock was nestled in her throat. Pulling off his meat, she wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. With glazed eyes, she stared at his mouth. Chad, working on instinct, pulled her down to him. Claiming her mouth, his tongue wrestled with hers. He could taste himself on her tongue. Christy, in a frenzy, pulled open his shirt, sending buttons everywhere. She kissed down his jaw,

nipping at his neck. Standing up, she pulled her gown over her head, revealing her nakedness to him. All the air left Chad's lungs, as he gazed at her naked body. His dick was so very hard. He had never been this hard before. "Lift your hips," she ordered. Complying with her command, he lifted, and she yanked his pants and boxers down his legs and off his body. Then, he was as naked as she. She was entranced. Due to his leanness and height, his cock was huge. Swollen and red, she watched it bob and needed to feel it inside her. Christy straddled his waist. Balancing herself on her knees, she lifted slightly, in order to slip her hand between their bodies. Pulling his cock upward, she positioned it at the entrance of her sopping pussy. Sinking downward, she took his whole cock in one movement. Chad howled his pleasure. His hands clenched in a tight fist, as she rode his dick, expertly. She snapped her hips forward, causing his cock head to rub against her pubic bone. Christy moaned, as he rubbed against her G spot. Chad felt her pussy tighten and get wet enough to drip out of her and soak his hips. He grabbed her ass cheeks in his hands and pushed his hips up to meet her thrusts. Christy let him take over. He pulled her off his dick and pulled her into the floor with him. Pushing her onto her back, he lay between her thighs. Christy looked into his eyes and saw hesitation there. "Please," she whispered. "I want to please you, too. I don't...", he whispered back. "We have all night, Chad," she said, sincerely. Wrapping her legs around his waist, she maneuvered her hips enough that his cock slipped inside her wet canal. Encased in her warmth, Chad wanted to thrust, badly, but her legs held him captive. Christy contracted her muscles, making her pussy milk his shaft. He could feel her rippling around him and groaned. "Pound me...fuck me...Chad, I need to feel you, please!" she begged. He put her legs on his shoulders and braced his hands on the floor. Chad worked his hips in a pattern that he hoped pleased her. He wished to the stars that he would last to make her cum, too. Christy reached between them and began to rub her swollen clit. Wanting to cum, her fingers worked rapidly at pulling and pinching her button. She could feel the waves starting to crest. Her body stiffened, as she started to jerk. "I'm gonna cum...Oh GOD! Gonna cum," she moaned, loudly. Pinching down hard and then slapping her clit sharply, Christy arched sharply and screamed. Her pussy flooded. A red flush spread over her chest and face. "Oh...oh...God...oh God!" Chad grunted, with each thrust. His dick hardened. He felt the primal urge to fuck her deeper. He had to get deeper. His balls tightened, as another hot load rushed up his shaft. Christy felt several jets of cum full her pussy. His body jerked and twitched. Clutching Christy tightly, he spurted and relaxed, staying in her body. He didn't want to leave. Then the thought occurred to him, he was no longer a virgin. Chad smiled. One of his fantasies had come true. He lost his virginity to a hot, older woman. Not just a hot, older woman, the one that occupied his fantasy and stole his heart.