

Claire's Awakening 7: Field Trip - Part 1

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After a week of burning anticipation, it's finally time for the field trip..

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The bell rang. Quickly I jumped to my feet and hurried towards the door. It was finally time for lesson 3! The week had been long and hard, I'd been aroused for days. As an attempt to enhance my anticipation, I'd banned myself from masturbating since Sunday afternoon. Now I was on fire, my clit practically begging to be touched. Scott was waiting outside the classroom with a devilish grin on his face. "Let's get out of here." His fingers gripped mine and we began making our way back to his house. We hadn't spoken all week. The only contact we'd had was a few secret smiles across the corridor. I'd decided that any romance I felt after lesson 2 had been my imagination. Our 'relationship' was purely sexual. After what felt like forever, we stopped walking. We were stood outside a little house in one of the rougher parts of town. Thousands of butterflies started flapping around inside my stomach. All my questions from the week before started to take over my mind. Why are we at his house? What's he got planned for me? Will we have sex? I'd been wondering whether he would take my virginity all week, but I still wasn't completely sure I was ready. Maybe it wouldn't happen... But why else would I be here? Scott's grip on my hand tightened as we walked into his home. It certainly looked better from the inside! The hallway was bright and airy, a lot like inside my house. He led me into the living room and motioned for me to sit down. "I'm just getting us a drink. Will only be a minute." He smiled. "Make yourself at home!" I leaned back against the soft brown couch and admired the decor. The room was brown and beige with a hint of gold – simple but stunning. I slipped off my little black cardigan and my black kitten heels just as Scott came back through the door. "Stripping already?" He laughed. My cheeks went red with embarrassment, "Just making myself at home!" I giggled. He laughed and put two glasses of what looked like wine on the table. "Voila, sparkling grape juice is served. Sorry we're all out of wine. And besides, I want you to remember this." He sat down next to me and loosely placed an arm around my shoulders. I snuggled up to him and he gently kissed my forehead. "This is nice." I whispered. Scott slowly tilted my face up towards his and gave me a slow, sweet kiss. I felt myself melting into him. "Claire, can I ask you a question?" He said. I nodded obediently. "I've been thinking, and I've decided I don't want you to be like the other girls. I like you Claire. I really like you. The last thing I want to do is use and abuse you! So, erm...

Would you be my girlfriend?" I almost felt my heart stop beating. "Yes!" I gasped. I was amazed – I hadn't imagined the buzz between us! I grabbed his face and kissed him. My boyfriend. He leaned on me, pushing me down into the sofa until he was lay on top of my body. His erection was pushing against my stomach. I undid the buttons of his shirt and gently ran my hands along his chest. Scott moaned softly, pulling me closer. My pussy was throbbing with desire. He pulled off his shirt and yanked mine over my head. I heard him gasp when he saw my bra. A simple black push up. "Very nice." He murmured. "I wonder whether there are any matching panties up here..?" He teased, running one hand up my thigh and under my skirt. I moaned as he stroked me through the damp fabric. "Excited are we?" He laughed. "Oh god yes!" I giggled. Scott slipped my skirt off within a matter of seconds. He groaned as my g-string came into sight. "You little slut!" he shouted. "Stand up and give me a twirl so I can admire you properly." I stood up slowly, trying to cover myself with my arms. "How did I land myself such a babe for a girlfriend?" he cooed. "Come on hunny, I like what I see!" A tingle ran through my body – he thought I was a babe! Timidly I turned on the spot with my hands on my hips. "How's that?" I asked. Scott didn't need to respond. He was gently rubbing his bulge through his trousers with a look of delight across his face. "Will you suck me Claire?" He beamed. I kneeled down in front of him and undid his trousers. He pushed them down to the floor along with his boxers. There he was- all 6/7 inches of him erect. I took hold of him with one timid hand. Scott gasped with delight. I looked up at him. Lay back against the sofa with his gaze on my head hovering over his penis. I licked my lips and winked at him, then gently flicked the tip with my tongue. It was sweet and salty at the same time. I licked his cock from top to bottom in one long swoop, giggling at his moaning. "Want me to suck your dick..?" I ventured. Scott's hand grabbed my head, put his penis to my lips and thrust it into my mouth. "Oh baby, suck me!" he moaned. His throbbing cock was choking me, it was just so big! I slid my lips back up his shaft and sucked the tip. Scott's hand thrust my head back down onto him. "Mmm, that's it.." He moaned. I started thrusting my head onto him faster, my hand gently squeezing his balls. His fingers were running through my hair, gently holding my head as he thrust himself deeper into my mouth. With my free hand I started to stroke his shaft hard, leaving me free to focus on the swollen tip. Scott moaned louder. I swirled my tongue around the very tip of his dick, sucking the end harder. My hand started pumping even faster, the other hand still caressing his sack. Scott's grip got tighter on my head, his breathing quickening. "Oh God, Claire!!" He screamed. His cock tensed up, then a load of hot sticky cum flooded into my mouth. It tasted salty, but not as bad as I'd anticipated. I looked up at Scott, lay back against the sofa with his eyes closed, a dopey grin on his face. "How was that?" I asked. He opened his eyes and reached down to stroke my cheek. "Claire, you're a fucking natural!" He smiled. He pulled me onto his lap and cuddled me, kissing me softly on the neck. That devilish grin I was getting so used to flashed onto his face. "So, what can I do for you babe?"