

Correct Exposure (Teacher Petting)

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Graham never expected to see Miss Forbes at the gallery. He also never expected what happened next.

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Correct Exposure (Teacher Petting) I was always amazed at how someone from my past unfailingly seemed to turn up on opening nights of exhibitions. It didn't seem to matter which city I was in, some old school friend, long lost family member or an acquaintance from the photography fraternity seemed to find the ads for my openings in the small print and turn up to say hi. And, to be truthful, I didn't mind one bit. It wasn't like my exhibitions were the biggest draws in the art world, and most of the "passing public" were less than interesting so I was nearly always happy to see a friendly face who cared more about me than the technical aspects of the photographs on display. That night was my opening in the Farrington Gallery on Hilton Head, South Carolina. I was displaying a collection of American seascapes, which the gallery manager assured me would be popular with the affluent, retired and nautical clientele. It had been a long day of agreeing where the prints should be displayed and after at least fifty passing conversations with polo-shirted and deck-shoed potential customers, I was waning as the time clawed its way towards nine o'clock and the gallery's closing. I was counting the minutes between me and my bed at the Days Inn. Yes, I know, the glamorous life of a struggling photographer! The gallery was down to only a handful of customers when I spotted her. Blonde, lithe and wearing a striking white summer dress that was splashed with pastel colors, it was hard to miss her. I watched her for a moment or two, hoping that she'd turn and I could see her face, but she didn't and my attention was drawn away from her image by the gallery manager, anxious to tell me that there had been lots of interest in my work, but no sales yet that evening. I wasn't surprised. I was sure I would sell some prints here, but it was hardly ever in the first rush of an opening that my work sold. I figured this was her final check-in of the evening so I thanked her for her hospitality. "Mister Harwood?" I turned around to find the blonde in the summer dress smiling at me. I automatically extended my hand to her as the recognition part of my brain went into overdrive. She took my hand and I offered, "Graham", inviting her to use my first name as I tried to place the face I was sure I had

seen before. She smiled as she shook my hand, a soft smile that revealed her white teeth and several laugh lines around her mouth and eyes. Her hair was cut in a classic page boy, with a few strands pulled away from the front and gathered at the back with a white ribbon. She looked in her mid-thirties and the familiarity of her face was startling, but I had no name to put to her gorgeous face. “Graham.” She confirmed the use of my first name and offered hers. “Elena.” “Elena.” I confirmed dumbly as I continued to run her features through my brain’s recognition function. “Thank you for coming tonight.” Her features broke onto another smile, this one a little more sly and playful. “You don’t remember me, do you?” I wanted to say I did, because I knew I should, I knew her from somewhere... but I had nothing for her. “Elena Forbes.” She watched my face for recognition. I was nearly there, but not quite. “Miss Forbes, from Junior High. You were in my eighth grade art class?” Now I remembered, and wondered how I could ever forget. “Miss Forbes.” I instinctively took her hand again and shook it. “How cool. What a surprise. What are you doing here?” Elena gave a semi-shrug of her shoulders and looked around at my prints. “I recognized your name when I was here last month. I thought I’d come see if it was really you. I live here, well over in Bluffton. I don’t teach any more. I paint, and try to sell through a few of the local galleries. I know a lot of the art community around here.” I could think of nothing to say but. “I’m honored. Thank you for coming,” which probably came across as very insincere, but my mind was racing back eleven years, computing ages and recalling schooldays. Miss Forbes was the most gorgeous teacher at Mill End Junior High and at thirteen years old I was smitten by her looks just like every other boy at the school. Back then she must have been in her late twenties, had the perfect looks of a magazine model and whether she wore skirts or jeans, her womanly figure had every boy in the class paying attention to every move of her hand and hanging on to every word she spoke. I hadn’t been particularly close to Miss Forbes, but even back then art was my thing and she’d helped prepare several competition entries. By the time I’d moved to high school I was all about photography, but I was still a pencil and paint guy in eighth grade. I hadn’t seen Miss Forbes since I left Mill End, but I did hear at some point in high school that she had left the school, something about a minor scandal – posing nude for evening art classes when she was still student. I recall wishing I’d been in that class when I heard she was gone. “I love your work.” Elena said, turning away and walking to a wall of sunset seascapes. I allowed my eyes to drop and check her bottom as she moved gracefully away and I followed. She still had it. “This one is intriguing.” She pointed to a photo that looked straight out to an incoming tide as the sun fell in the sky. “How did you get the correct exposure here?” She pointed to the beach and the waves. “Surely the sun’s light makes the balance incredibly difficult?” I smiled, appreciating that she understood the technical challenge. “The camera can’t do it.” I explained. “It’s a computer trick, a little tone mapping and bringing out the detail from the under exposed area.” I was always a little wary of explaining things like that, especially to a “real” artist who might think using computers was “cheating”. “Well, that’s the advantage of oil and watercolor I guess,” Elena turned and smiled to me, “I can paint what my eye sees, a camera can only capture what it’s technically capable of. The computer makes up for that. Very cool.” I was impressed by her understanding. We were now the last two people in the gallery and I saw the manager looking over, hoping we’d finish and she could go

home. "So how have you been?" I asked as Elena inspected another print. "How did you end up here?" "I'm well," she answered. "Artists have a habit of living and working close to money. I like it down here and it's a good location to sell my work. I never married and don't see any reason to leave yet. Looks like we'd better go." She indicated the anxious manager. "Do you have time for coffee?" She held up an illustrated program. "I'd like to ask you more about your work if you have a little time." Tired as I was, I was not about to turn down the offer of conversation with a fellow artist... or a beautiful woman. We left my rental car in the gallery's lot and got into Elena's beat-up SUV. "I know a good place not far from here." She pulled out onto the road and gunned the engine. The coffee shop was on the end of a strip mall and didn't have a green sign. It was an independent shop with eclectic décor and the twin aromas of strong coffee and quality marijuana. In a far corner a couple of musicians were quietly working on a song with muted guitars and voices. This was a place that catered for the community, not the tourists. We ordered straight coffees and found a couple of seats in the window, a small table between us. I watched as Elena put away her keys and settled into the new surroundings. Her dress was low-cut but not excessive. I could see the pure skin of her breasts and followed the lines as her skin disappeared under her dress, covered but still shapely as her breasts gently bounced with her movements. Despite Elena being around forty years old there was no evidence of a bra, or the need for one. As she talked I looked into her eyes. They were a deep shade of greenish blue and lead her face's expression changes as our conversation wound around my photographs, her work and a few memories from junior high. There was no doubting that Elena was a decade older than I'd remembered Miss Forbes, but she was still captivating. As much as I was fantasizing about our chance meeting becoming a chance encounter of the sexual kind, she showed no signs that it was something in her mind. At first. "Why did you stop teaching?" I decided I might as well confirm the rumors. Elena didn't smile at the question. She sipped at her coffee and contemplated the answer before choosing her words. "There was a little something in my past that came out while I was at Mill End. It was nothing really, but some parents weren't pleased and I was asked to resign. I did, and rather than battle the same issue everywhere I went, I decided to drop teaching and start painting again. It felt like a waste of five years, but I came here and I've been working my way along the bottom ever since." She laughed at her description of her status. "I'm happy though. It can be a lonely, not very profitable life, but I get along and have to answer to no one." I let her answer lie between us for a few moments, then followed up. "Rumor was that you posed nude." Elena shrugged. "It was while I was in college. I needed some extra cash and it was easy money. Just so happened someone from that class was a parent at Mill End. Stupid really, a big to-do over nothing." I nodded in conciliation. "Seems like there's always someone making a fuss over nothing these days." "I didn't know it was public knowledge." She didn't seem too worried, after all it was at least a decade ago. "I'm surprised you knew. It was pretty hushed up by the school district." I looked over at her with a sheepish grin. "Where Miss Forbes was concerned, we paid attention to every rumor." I gave a short laugh. "At our age, we just wished we'd been in the class you posed for." "Ah... the simple amusements of the adolescent mind." Elena laughed, watching my eyes as we shared the moment. "Not that I'm disagreeing with you..." I smirked playfully, "They may be simple

amusements, but the evidence before me suggests we were right.” Elena seemed to blush a little and try to shrug off my comments. Her eyes came back to mine. I’m not sure what she was looking for, friendship, sincerity, it was impossible to tell. She reached across the table to take my hand in hers and said, “Thank you Graham. That’s very nice of you to say.” I held her fingers for a few moments then she withdrew them and took another drink from her coffee cup. “You’ve grown up to be quite the young man.” Elena offered as a subtle change of topic. “Photographer, well educated, if I say so myself, well mannered, looking good. You have a lot going for you.” “I make do.” I offered, not playing anything down. I was hardly making boatloads of money. “Looks like you do more than that.” Elena smiled at her former pupil and leaned back in her chair. “Not many photographers your age get exhibitions in commercial galleries. You’ve done well. Your parents and girlfriend must be proud.” As she said those last words I felt her foot rub against my calf. She was smiling as I tried to find some words to reply but her foot came up to run along my thigh and my reply was delayed a little more. “No girlfriend.” I finally managed. Elena nodded and the inside of her foot ran along the inside of my thigh again, this time firmly planting her sole against my groin. “I’m surprised. I thought you might have a girlfriend. That must leave you lonely occasionally, traveling around an all.” “Yes.” I managed as her toes pressed against the front of my pants and my growing erection. “Sometimes.” “I know how that feels.” Elena was having less trouble with words than I was. “A friend can be nice occasionally. An old friend... a new friend. It’s just nice sometimes.” “Very.” It was hard to be lucid as her foot massaged me. “Tell me,” Elena began, “what did you think of me when I was your teacher? Did you fantasize about me? What did you fantasize about?” I tried to relax and appear as mature as Elena had pegged me, but there was no doubt that my mind was reeling with a single thought – Miss Forbes is rubbing my cock. “I fantasized about you coming to my bedroom, taking my clothes off and... playing with me.” “Sounds like Teacher Petting to me.” Elena smirked wickedly. “Did you enjoy that fantasy?” “Always.” Elena smirked from her reclined position. “Really enjoy?” I nodded and felt her toes wrap around my bulge a little harder. “That’s a nice thought for me too.” Elena’s hand came up from where it had been under the table. I wondered exactly where it had been. “What do you say we head out of here, I’ll make you another coffee and we’ll see what we can do about those fantasies?” When I nodded and smiled Elena withdrew her foot and slipped it back into her shoe while she took the last slip from her coffee. Mine was only half-empty but I pushed my chair back and stood up to leave with her, trying not to make the excitement in my pants too obvious. Elena took on a matter-of-fact tone as we drove to her home, just as though we were headed for an innocent coffee together. She explained the route we were taking, pointed out interesting things along the way and made some general chit chat that I was glad of. I wasn’t sure I could go much further with the fantasy conversation without spontaneously coming in my pants. Elena pulled into a run-down community and drove down a few streets before pulling into a small house on a half-acre lot. The yard was better kept than most of her neighbors and lacked the obligatory dead car. We entered through a side door and Elena pushed on a harsh light that illuminated a small but clean kitchen. “Wine?” She asked, not waiting for an answer, pulling a bottle of white from the refrigerator and rescuing two glasses from a draining board next to the sink. I followed her through to the lounge where she switched on two small lamps. I was about to

sit on the two-seater sofa that faced the television set when Elena caught my arm and guided me towards a door on the opposite side of the room. "Come," was all she said. The dim light from the lounge told me I was in a bedroom, but I couldn't tell much about the color or decoration in the room. Elena guided me to the edge of the bed and I sat. She placed the wine and glasses on the bedside table then lit several candles around the room that provided a sensual glow. When she lit the final candle Elena flicked off the gas lighter she'd used and turned towards me, smiling. "Well, who'd've ever thought?" "Who indeed." I agreed. I expected her to pour the wine next, but she didn't. "Lie back, please," she urged, "be comfortable." I shuffled back and lay my head on her pillow. In the flickering half-light Elena looked to be twenty-nine again, and the Miss Forbes of my fantasies for years. "So, tell me what I would do when you thought of me, when you were alone and excited." She brushed her fingers along my calf, like she was a nurse soothing a patient. "Well," I took a breath, trying not to stumble over my innermost thoughts about her. "I'd be in bed like this... and you'd come into my room. Without a word you'd take off your clothes, then take mine off." "All of them?" She confirmed. I nodded and Elena simply smiled. She reached behind her head and undid the tied straps of her dress, bringing them forward in her hands and letting the front of her dress fall away to reveal her breasts. They were full and sensual in the light, sagging just a little but doing better than most her age. Her nipples were small against the round breasts and they stood out, excited. I reached a hand out to touch her, but Elena stayed out of my reach and shook her head. "All in good time. I'm not even naked yet. This is your fantasy, remember?" Next she slid the dress over her hips and let it fall to the floor. Her tummy looked flat and trim, her hips showing a little age as the waistband of her white thong creased her skin and created a half-inch valley. I watched in awe as she pushed her thumbs slowly down the sides of the thong and started to ease it down. Her eyes never left mine as she bent over and pushed her underwear all the way down to her ankles. When she stood up again I followed her eyes as long as I could before diverting my vision to between her legs. There was a candle behind her and while I couldn't get a clear view of Elena's pubic area, I could see the outline of her pussy lips against the light. When she shook her panties off her ankle she opened her legs a little and I saw the silhouette of her pussy lips part, then close. Heaven. "So, now that I'm naked... I take your clothes off. Right?" Elena bent over me and pulled away my shoes, then my socks. She let them fall carelessly to the floor then caught my eyes with hers as she proceeded. I tried to count the buttons on my shirt as she undid them but failed, my pounding heart and throbbing cock made it impossible to concentrate. When all of the buttons were undone she eased me up from the pillow and pulled the shirt over my head. Elena continued to lock eyes with me as she undid my belt, pulled down my zipper and loosened off my pants. I eased my hips off the bed and let her pull them away. Elena looked down at the obvious bulge in my underwear, smiling. "Looks like you have some strong memories of eighth grade." She laughed and watched as I twitched inside my cotton briefs. "Let's see what we can do about that." Elena pulled my waistband down a little, lifted the elastic over the tip of my cock and slid my briefs down my legs. A small purring noise came from Elena's throat as she looked down at my excited cock. "That's a lovely sight young man." She let her eyes stay on my cock now, watching it twitch under her gaze, hard and lying against my belly. "Did I do that?" "Always

have.” I admitted. “Well, that’s quite a compliment.” Elena sat on the edge of the bed, her thigh touching mine. “Tell me, would you stroke it while you thought of me?” I nodded and a wide smile came over Elena’s face. “Would you show me how?” I was slow to move at first. I’d never stroked my cock when with a woman before, but I wanted to do anything Elena asked. I was brought up to always be good for teacher. Carefully I lifted the shaft until it was vertical and stroked up and down slowly. Elena watched every move and I thought I saw just the smallest movement that indicated she may have licked her lips. “That looks wonderful.” Elena kept her eyes on my cock but moved her hand gently over to cup my balls and rub slowly as I stroked. “Does that feel good?” I nodded, and then swallowed in case I had to actually say something. I felt Elena’s hand move and looked down to see her fingers slide upwards and around my shaft, taking over the stroking from me. “You feel so good, so hard.” She whispered. “Feels like you need to cum. Will you cum for me?” Elena shuffled down the bed and brought her head closer to me as she stroked. At first she simply watched, close-up, as her hand excited and teased me, but then she leaned further over and took the head of my cock in her mouth. I closed my eyes and sighed as I felt her warm and soft mouth cover me. Was this really happening? Miss Forbes had my cock in her mouth. My most vivid youthful fantasy had come true, and I felt the building orgasm to prove it. Elena seemed to feel it too and she brought her other hand to rub my balls as her head bobbed up and down on my cock, slowly building my excitement. I saw her look up to my face, looking for evidence of how close I was, how slow she could go without the moment fading. All she seemed to care about was tending to my needs. She lifted her lips off me momentarily and urged, “Cum for me baby. Let me see you cum for me.” It only took a few more strokes and I felt the climax reach the point of no return. I grunted and saw Elena’s face break into a wide smile as she kept her mouth close to me and her hands working me. With one final flick of her tongue over the tip of my cock the dam burst. For a few seconds there was nothing in my world but the slow, white burn of intense orgasm, then the red flush of pleasure that ran down through my legs, forcing them to shake involuntarily. She seemed to feel the climax through my cock and first stroked quicker a couple of times, then she slowed down and watched me spurt cum straight up four times. Her hand squeezed and pushed the rest of my cum out of the tip of my cock. Elena continued to watch as she made my juice bubble, then she dipped her head and licked it off me. She looked up at me like that cat who just got all of the cream and then nodded slowly, approving my cum. I barely had feeling back in my body when Elena shuffled up the bed, sat next to me and reached for the wine. I panted and let the post-orgasm euphoria run around me for a few more minutes while she poured two glasses and handed me one. I sat up and was about to sip when she said, “Here’s to art... and correct exposure.” Our glasses clinked and we watched each other take a big drink of the cool wine. Elena took my glass back from me and placed it on the table with hers. Then she snuggled next to me and sighed. “Feeling better?” “Feeling incredible.” I confessed. “That was... just amazing.” “Good. I’m glad that all of those years of pent-up frustration didn’t ruin the fantasy. You have a lovely cock, and I love your face when you cum... like you’re about to explode.” I turned to face her and kissed Elena for the first time. Her mouth opened and our tongues entwined playfully. I wrapped my arm around her and her body pressed into mine. “Do you have any fantasies?” I pulled away to watch her

face and let my hand run over her soft, curvaceous bottom. "Not involving pupils." She laughed. "But maybe involving former pupils..." "And those fantasies would be..." "Oh, far too numerous to tell you all of them in one night... maybe you'll have to come back sometime." She watched my eyes and I didn't blink. I felt her hand reach for my cock. "Maybe tonight you could just get this hard again and not make me beg for you to get inside me?" Elena's face was all fun. I felt my cock start to elevate again as soon as her hand took me but I wanted more of her first. She kept hold of me while I sat up and rubbed her belly with my hand. Her eyes closed as I brought my hands to her breasts, feeling their firmness and searching out her nipples with my fingers. Elena's eyes stayed closed and she kept her hand around my cock. Squeezing one nipple hard, I bent over and took it in my mouth and let my other hand slide down between Elena's legs. I was just beginning to nibble on her bud when my finger slipped into her cleft, literally. She was soaking. Elena moaned as I sucked on her and slipped my finger up and down the front of her pussy. I felt the velvet folds of her pussy lips and the well-lubricated swelling of her clit. She broke the moan and gasped as I rubbed her clit. In the dim light I heard my breathing escape around her nipple and the wet sound of my finger, now slipping inside her with ease. All the time Elena kept hold of my cock, grasping like her life depended on it, not just my pleasure. I was hard again, hard and ready. I started to slip another finger inside her and brought my face up to kiss her but Elena just smiled, "I told you. Don't make me wait." Finally she let go of my cock and I kneeled between her legs, looking down at my naked ex-teacher, the most desirable woman from my youth, ready to enter her. My finger explored her pussy for a few more seconds, and then I leaned over her to position myself for entry. Elena opened her legs wider and reached down to guide me inside her. She pulled me between her pussy lips and I could feel the heat of her sex as the tip of me touched her wetness. I took more weight on my arms and slid forward, pushing with my hips and sliding slowly and deliciously into her. Once inside as far as I could go I paused and looked at Elena's face. Now flushed, she was still smiling. "God you feel good." she breathed. I started to thrust slowly, already knowing I was going to lose the battle to stay slow. With each thrust I ground into her as deep as I could and my rhythm built slowly and steadily. I felt Elena's hands on my butt, grasping hard as I pushed into her. She was whimpering slightly as I continued to push in and pull out, building, relentless. I'm sure she was saying something like, "feels good", over and over as she breathed. Her eyes were wide and her body alive as she encouraged me. In the candlelight it almost seemed like her eyes were on fire as her excitement built. "Faster." I heard her urge, and I upped the pace a little. I knew Elena was cumming when she grabbed my butt harder than ever and pulled at me as I sank into her. "Now baby," she breathed, "make me cum now." I thrust harder than ever a few times and looked down at her as her orgasm started. She didn't slack off her pulling me into her as she came, she just breathed harder and harder until the moment burst and every muscle in her froze. Elena's eyes opened wide in sheer animal pleasure as the waves of her orgasm pounded through her body. I kept thrusting, watching as she shook and feeling the spasms of her pussy around me. I only knew that her climax was finished when her eyes softened and she smiled up at me. "Good." Elena whispered, closed her eyes again and shook her head in mock disbelief. A few seconds later Elena's hands were back on my body, rubbing my back gently as I continued to thrust. I could feel the

beginnings of another orgasm and increased my speed a little. Elena sensed this and let her fingertips run a gossamer touch over my back, creating tingles all over my body and urging my climax closer. I was looking straight into Elena's eyes when I burst again. With one final thrust I came over the wall and felt the flush of orgasm overtake me for the second time in an hour. I tried to maintain my thrusting pace but resorted to pushing into her when I could, when my body allowed me control. When I started to spurt into her I saw Elena's smile widen, enjoying that her body had created this moment for me. I felt the flood of cum gush around her pussy and I slumped on top of her. I stayed on top of her as long as my cock was hard enough to stay there but eventually slipped out and I lay beside her. "Still feeling lonely?" Elena laughed, her voice maybe just a tone or two higher as the euphoria still ran through her. "No." I panted. I shook my head at the thought – I'd just made love to Miss Forbes. "Feeling amazing." "You were great." She took my hand and squeezed. "Who'd've thought, after all these years... tonight..." "Not me." I confessed. "I'd given up that fantasy years ago." "Just goes to show you," Elena propped herself up on an elbow, "you should never give up on fantasies." I nodded thoughtfully and looked at the face of my new lover. "No, you shouldn't." Her body had a wonderful after-sex sheen in the light and her curves looked perfect. "Wow, do you look stunning in this light. I should photograph you." Elena laughed. "No you shouldn't. I've had enough trouble with nude art." We both laughed, and then she bent over and kissed me deeply. "Besides, correct exposure would be an issue in this light." I kissed her back and pulled her back to the bed with my arm. "No problem for me. I know how to get the perfect exposure."