

Teacher's Love

By romeoindian

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Scout Master gets together with a former pupil

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I was a young rebel in my days, when I was a lad of 22. I was always horny, and being an aggressive and accomplished fighter pilot in the Indian Air Force with a medal for being the best fighter pilot in the IAF added to my stud appeal. During the days leading up to my joining the Air Force, I was a Boy Scout and later became a Scout Master at the age of 18. Yes, I was pretty young to be in charge of a bunch of adolescent teenagers, being one myself, but I was quite responsible and therefore could pass through all the tests and interviews required. Though being a Scout Master required me to lead only the boys, I occasionally had to fill in for the lady who was teaching the Girl Guides as she was sometimes inconvenienced. During these times, I would combine the girls and the boys for my convenience, though this is a strict no-no in the Scouting world. However, I was quite good at leading the younger ones as I loved teaching basic woodman skills to young boys and girls. My little wards rewarded my love of my responsibility by excelling at every competition and achieving high standards. It was very satisfying to see some of my wards reach the highest awards in Scouting in India. One of the girls who was a Girl Guide was a girl called Lakshmi. She was a very pretty little girl who had a soft spot for me in the sense that she was always impressed by my skills and my teaching methods. I was quite strict though, and sometimes she was on the receiving end of my punishments. Well, life went on, I realised that Lakshmi was a special girl, and I looked forward to the day when we could be friends, from being teacher and pupil. She was 6 years younger to me, and was very much a child. I moved on from my Scout Master responsibilities to join the Air Force and all the achievements that came with being a skilled fighter pilot. Whenever I was home on leave, I made it a point to call Lakshmi and stay in touch. We'd meet at home occasionally during my short periods of leave, and I'd go back to my flying. Lakshmi was a very beautiful teenager now, and most of the guys around town had "noticed" her, but she kept aloof. When I became a Squadron Leader at 24, I'd already had a couple of girlfriends, who were good in bed and out of it too. I'd lost my virginity on a train returning from one of my training courses (see my earlier submission, Night of Passion). I was quite satisfied with my achievements. Lakshmi was eighteen and was all set to get into a prestigious engineering college, and we kept in touch through letters and phone calls (e-mails weren't yet available in India during those days). She had mentioned a boyfriend, and I was always on hand to help her through tough spots in her life. I then undertook a top-secret course which meant that I would be out of touch

for a year at least, one that entailed intensive combat training and flying the finest fighter planes that the Indian Air Force had at its command. I went in with a zeal to be among the best, since I already had a reputation as a very skilled flier. Life during the course was something like that shown in the American movie Top Gun, and I finally graduated top of the class. I took a month's well-earned leave, and got back home. As usual, Lakshmi was there at home, waiting for me with my sister and mother. Mom had told her about my arrival, and she came over to greet me at home. I was dropped off in a jeep, and dragged my gear home. I hugged mom, sis and Lakshmi in turn, and was really pleased to see the beautiful woman that she had grown into. She was confident, mature and very intelligent. She became a more or less permanent fixture at home over the next couple of weeks, arriving early in the morning and staying through till late at night, when I'd drop her back to her parents' house. It was during one of these escort trips to drop her back home that I felt the urge to hold her hand while driving her home. It seemed natural, since very soon I'd be going back and I knew I'd miss this girl who had become very close to me. I thought she'd object, given the conservative upbringing that Indian girls have. She'd met my girlfriends during my trips earlier, so I thought she'd be confused by my holding her hand, but she wasn't. When I dropped her off that night, she came around and hugged me before she went in to her house. Though physical intimacy between us was platonic so far, I felt myself hardening on this occasion, and tried to hide it from her during our hug. The next day, Mom and sis had to visit one of our relatives, so I wasn't sure if I'd stay at home. Lakshmi came home as usual, and I asked her if she was game for a trip into the woods around our town. She was enthusiastic, and we packed some lunch into the jeep and left. We drove through some of the picturesque hills that are part of my hometown, with coffee plantations on either side. We camped near a little stream on a little-used forest path, and had our lunch there. I asked her if she was game for a swim, but she hadn't brought any swimwear so she said she'd sit on the banks of the stream and wet her feet. I swam out to the middle of the stream and swam back. It felt good to be alive and outdoors on a pleasant day, and I walked out of the stream to sit next to her. She held my hand again, and I felt myself hardening in spite of myself. I tried to hide my erection but it was difficult given that I was wearing only a pair of swimshorts. She did notice the bulge, and I apologised, telling her that I was a man and couldn't help it when a pretty girl like her held me close. She looked into my eyes, and I saw desire there - she said she was glad that I finally realised she was a girl. I was in dangerous territory now - this was after all a former student, though she was a consenting adult now and our teacher-pupil relationship was a thing of the past - but I couldn't help kissing her on her mouth. She opened her lips, and allowed my tongue into her. It had been quite a while since I'd been with my girlfriend, who had decided to get married to someone else. But I will never forget the taste of that sweet mouth as long as I live. We kissed for a while, sitting on the ground next to each other. I cupped her face during our kiss, and when we broke and came up for air, we both were panting. She pulled me back in to continue our kiss, and I pulled her down to lie down next to me without breaking our kiss. She was on my left and we were facing each other. My hands were roaming over her sides, and I tentatively brought my right hand up to cup her left breast through her t-shirt. There was no resistance from her, so I let it remain there while she put her arms around me and pulled me closer.

We stayed like that for a long time, fondling each other. She had her hands on my chest, playing with the hair there, and teasing my nipples. I pulled up her tee wanting to get my hand underneath it, but she rose and allowed me to take it off. She was wearing a scarlet bra, which looked very sexy on her fair skin. I went back to her breasts. I loved the feel of those firm globes. She wasn't too small, nor was she big - she was a size B those days - and I was really getting hard now. I moved my hand down to her bottom, and pulled her towards me so that our crotches met though my swimshorts and her jeans. She started nibbling my earlobes, and whispered that the snap was in front. I unsnapped her bra, and her firm, proud breasts were mine. I bent down to lick both her breasts in turn, while she turned onto her back to allow me greater access. She told me she'd waited for me to do this to her for a long time, and I realised that deep down I too had felt desires for this nubile young girl but had put those desires away due to our teacher-pupil relationship. I also realised that I wanted this girl in my hands badly, and I asked her to stop me when she felt we'd gone far enough. She looked into my eyes, and said she would never stop me, since we belonged to each other. I asked her about her boyfriend, and she said that she never had any, she had only told me that to see if brought out any feelings of jealousy. I moved my hands onto her jean-clad legs and caressed them. Lakshmi opened her legs and allowed me access to her crotch. I cupped her pussy through her jeans but I could feel the dampness and heat even through that thick material. I brought her hand to my erection and she fondled it through the shorts before slipping her hand inside the waistband to grip my manhood. I was harder than steel by then, and she tugged at it. I unsnapped her jeans and pulled them off along with her white cotton panties. Her pussy was there in all its glory, covered by a light sprinkling of curly black pubic hair. The hair was very short, she must have cut it to keep it that way. I moved my hand back in between her legs to cup her pussy again, but without anything between my fingers and her skin. My middle finger pressed into the slit of this girl-woman, and she was wet. I parted her lips and ran my finger down to her vaginal opening and brought it back up to her hooded clit. Lakshmi opened her legs, allowing me greater access to her treasure, and I parted it wide enough to see the clit. I lowered my mouth to her clit, and tickled it with the tip of my tongue. She gasped, and said "Don't do that, it's dirty." How could the taste, the smell and feel of a woman be dirty? I told her to relax and let me have her. She relaxed and laid back again, though I could feel her reluctance. I parted her lips again and uncovered her clit. My mouth was wet, and I wet her clit with my saliva. The taste of a clit is usually enough to send me into orbit, and it was no different this time. I used my tongue to circle the sensitive clit, and used a little pressure now and then. She was breathing irregularly now, and her lips were opened in a soundless cry. I sucked on her clit, enjoying her feel and taste. I lowered my tongue down her slit to find her vaginal opening, but she immediately put her hands around my head and pulled me back to her clit. I introduced a finger, touching her clit while still using my tongue, tapping a steady rhythm on her clit. Soon her body arched and she fell into the throes of a very prolonged orgasm, and I immediately withdrew to watch her cum. Her legs were spread wide open, her pussy was wet with her juices and my saliva, and I watched as her cunt spasmed visibly in irregular contractions. She pushed me away when I returned back to her pussy with my tongue, saying she was too sensitive down there now. I came up to her breasts, and licked her pink nipples that were

erect and the size of pencil erasers. Her pink areolae were puckered, and I had my fill of her breasts as she came back down from her orgasm. I licked the crease where the lower part of her breast joined her body, and then tried to take her entire breast into my mouth. I couldn't do it, but I did try my very best. While I was sucking and licking her right breast, I played with her other breast, caressing it. I transferred my oral attentions to her left breast, and I told her I liked her left breast more than her right. "Why?", she asked, and I told her that her heart was closer to her left breast, and therefore I preferred it to her right one. She laughed at that. I suckled her breast, and she ran her hands through my hair, pulling me into her breast. As her sensitivity died down, I caressed her pussy again, not wanting to leave it. I went back down on her, and licked her again to a wonderful orgasm. It took a little longer this time, but when she was about to come, she tried to push me away - "Please, I think I am going to pee, I can't hold it back." I asked her to relax and let it happen. I went back to pleasuring her, and this time she did let go and squirted a small squirt of her juice into my waiting mouth. Her orgasm lasted for a little more than a minute this time, and as she came she was shivering all over and bucking her hips and closing her thighs. I went back to lying next to her and held her in my arms. I felt an overwhelming love for this girl who I'd known since before she stepped into her teens and puberty. I hugged her close to my naked chest while she seemed to be in a trance in post orgasmic bliss. I ran my fingers through her hair as she hugged me back. "It was wonderful, darling. Why is something so wonderful considered so sinful? I can't think of any other time in my life when I've felt more wanted and loved than now," she said. Her right hand threaded through the hair on my chest, playfully tugging it. "Ouch, that hurts", I said. Her hand found my left nipple and she tweaked it into hardness. I have very sensitive nipples, and I cannot help it when someone touches them. She closed her mouth around the nipple, sucking it gently. I pressed her into my chest, full of love and affection for Lakshmi. After some time, she moved her hand back to my groin, and undid the string that held my swimshorts. She pushed her hand into my shorts and held me again, sending exquisite feeling through my shaft with her warm and soft hands. She was hesitant, not knowing what to do. She squeezed the shaft gently and asked me if this is how it is done. I covered her hand with mine, and moved it back and forth. I am not circumcised, and her hand pulled the foreskin back and forth over the shaft. I moved her fingers to the head of my penis and made her pull the foreskin back. She pulled out her hand and hooked her fingers in the waistband of my shorts, tugging it down. I raised myself to help her remove my only article of clothing, and she looked at her first penis. It was about 7 inches long, and thicker than two fingers. It throbbed slightly from the blood engorging it. She again held it and squeezed it gently, and then pulled the foreskin back to expose the pink head. It was wet with pre-cum, and she touched the wetness there. "It's so big, how will it fit inside me?", she said, saying the words that makes any man feel proud and a stud. I smiled and kissed her. There it was again, the taste of her fresh, sweet mouth. She kissed me back this time, moving her tongue into my mouth. I sucked her tongue and then played erotic games with it using my own tongue. She could smell her juices on my mouth, and she also tasted some of her juices in my mouth. I moved my hand between her legs and slowly inserted one finger into her cunt. Her cunt was tight, a young cunt that was wet with her juices. I moved it in and out, using only the length of my finger till the first joint while

using my thumb to gently press her clit. All this while, she kept jacking my shaft, teasing the head and the hole on it. She broke our kiss to look at me once again, and hesitantly put her mouth on my penis. She stuck out her tongue and used it to hesitantly flick the head while she pulled the foreskin down. She moved back to look at my penis, and explored it with her hand, taking a good look at it. "It feels so soft, yet so hard", she said. She climbed over me, straddling me, and put her pussy over my cock. I held it while she lowered her cunt to me and tried to take me in. She was tight, and though she held her lips open she couldn't take me in. She looked at me in confusion. I rolled her over, bringing her below me while I positioned myself above her. I moved my penis up and down along her wet slit, coating it with her juices. I settled the head at the opening of her cunt, and bent down to kiss her again. I kept kissing her while I pushed myself into her tight cunt, till I had the head inside her. She said I was too big, and that she wasn't sure she could take me all the way in. I held myself there, to let her cunt get used to the stretching. I moved myself gently inside, slowly pushing myself in further on each stroke, till I felt the obstruction of her virginal barrier. I looked into her eyes, and told her this could hurt. She looked back at me with frightened eyes, but she nodded and said that she had to go through this. She wanted me in her, to consummate our passion and love. I kissed her again while I pressed myself insistently against her barrier. I slowly broke through, and finally buried myself to the hilt in her warm, wet and tight cunt. I raised myself from our kiss to look at her, the girl who was now mine. She said she felt pain, but it wasn't too much. She held my face in her hands and pulled me back to kiss me. She sucked my nose while I lay buried in her, making our bodies one and consummating our love. I used one hand to brush her hair away from her face, and fell back on her, kissing her eyes and using my tongue on her eyelashes. I nibbled her ears, and bit on the lobes gently. She shrugged out of my bite and asked me not to do that again as she felt very sensitive there. We laughed, and that took away the tenseness in her body. I started moving in her again, small strokes at first, and increased them till just the tip remained inside her and plunged back to reach her deeply inside. We made love by the side of the stream, both of us enjoying the feel of our bodies pressed against each other. We weren't fucking, and I realised the meaning of the term "making love" - lust had no place in this union of love, and I felt an ocean of love for Lakshmi, who had surrendered herself and her body to me. She put her finger into my mouth, and I used my tongue to circle her finger like a sheath. I moved it in and out of the sheath, and she said she liked it. "I think I know how you feel inside me", she said, "and I like it. Do you like being in me?" "I can't think of any place I'd rather be", I said. I stroked myself in her loving body, till I felt the pressure in my balls, the tightening that comes before the release. I asked her if she had taken her precautions, but she shook her head. She still wanted me to cum inside her, she wanted to feel it inside her. I looked at her worried. "Isn't it a bit too early for you to risk a pregnancy?" I asked her. She said she wouldn't have it any other way, she wanted my semen inside her. I was too far gone to think clearly, and as I rode her, I broke, sending stream after stream of white love into her body. I kept hard even after cumming, and after a few more strokes I felt her vagina contracting around my shaft, while her insides became wetter with her juices. I collapsed onto her, still inside her and hard. I was still throbbing and I could feel tiny jerks as my penis had a life of its own inside the walls of her cunt. We lay there in a stupor for some time,

till I rolled off her and broke the connection. She came over on top of me and hugged me. I had never felt the tenderness that I felt for her then. I realised that this was the girl I loved, and all the others before her were just playmates while she was the one I wanted to spend my life with. She sat back to look down at her pussy - it was flushed red, and a mixture of our mixed juices and some blood oozed out of her vagina. She said she felt it when I had cummed inside her, and that she felt protected and sheltered at that moment. We went into the water naked, to wash ourselves. We came out of the water and got into our clothes. She sat down and I sat next to her, putting my arms around her shoulders. She leaned back against me, and we spoke of our mutual attraction. I told her about my special feeling for her ever since I saw her. She told me that she always felt a tinge in between her legs whenever she saw me, and she had this feeling of emptiness in her heart as it beat faster. We were in love, I guess, and it was the best thing that happened to me. I had never felt the tenderness of love before, having only felt lust and passion. This love felt pure, and sacred. We sat talking for some time, and felt hungry soon. We brought out the food and ate, sometimes feeding one another and sucking off the finger of the person who did the feeding. We sat beside each other after washing off in the stream, talking about our past, the present, and our future. She told me that she had spoken to my sister about her feelings for me, and my sister had told her to speak to me. We sat chatting together till late afternoon, and I rose, pulling her to her feet as it gets dark soon in our hills. The evening mist shrouded the hills as we drove back home. I dropped her home, and was invited in for tea. Her father was a considerate host, and I listened with attention to his tales of his own youth. I left her house well after dark, and I felt I was soaring in the clouds as I drove back home.