

Mr R teaches me a lesson

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I wanted his attention, so he taught me a lesson...

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This is my first story so feel free to leave constructive criticism. I have always enjoyed older men, they seem to satisfy my urges better than any other could and, as of late, I found myself increasingly attracted to my lecturer. My lecturer was middle aged at late thirties and yet still held his youth in his well-proportioned body and broad shoulders. He had a dark tan which was always perfectly complemented by his formal shirts as if he were teasing us, daring us to undress him. He had an air of superiority and intelligence and, as such, he was a challenge to me. I am a young girl at barely eighteen with long, dark hair and large, innocent eyes and have often been complimented for my hourglass figure. With slim hips and firm 32C breasts, I had my fair share of interested men, yet he was the exception. He never seemed to notice my lustful glances and always answered with indifference when I posed a flirty question in his direction. I knew I would have to up my game. At 07:00 am, I woke with a start. Today would be the day that I would fuck the superiority right out of him. I took my time getting ready; I'm not one for dressing up but I wanted to show enough of my young body to make sure he couldn't resist. I carefully chose a button up blouse and a short, tight, black skirt with knee high socks and scandalously too-high-for-campus heels. The day before I had gone for a wax and my cleanly shaven pussy tingled with excitement for what I had planned. I arrived to the lecture hall early, knowing that he would be there getting ready. I casually strolled past him just close enough for him to smell my perfume and I sat right in front of his desk. He was trying, with difficulty, to maintain his composure as he hungrily eyed my wanton body. I tossed my hair from my face to carefully reveal more of my firm breasts and asked him if he would mind giving me some extra time after class. He mumbled an affirmative reply and with that the other students arrived. All through the lecture I teased him, uncrossing my legs so that he could catch a glimpse of my sheer lace thong and fiddling with the buttons on my shirt to bring his attention to my cleavage until finally the class was over and we were left alone. I pushed my chair up next to his and unbuttoned another button on my shirt so that the pale blue bra I was wearing was fully visible. I heard him groan and rub his quickly growing crotch. "Let me take care of that for you," I said as I unzipped his pants and let his cock free. He was easily eight inches and very thick. I hesitated only to feel a large strong hand on

the back of my head pushing me down on his cock. I have always been proud of my cock sucking skills and I got to work on his large tool. Licking the length of his member, I started to show him how I could swallow a cock, spurred on by his loud deep groans. My pussy was making me uncomfortable but I could not move with his hands forcing my head down. Licking the tip slowly, I used my hands to cup his balls and stimulate his prostate until I felt he was ready to explode. Before he came, he suddenly pulled his cock from my mouth and showered my face and exposed breasts with cum, commanding me to suck him clean. I greedily got to work, enjoying his forcefulness. With a hand on my head and the other kneading my ass, I started to grind my pussy on the chair to find some release. With that he spanked me hard twice. "Little sluts like you do not get to cum until I say so." I could feel him getting hard again and I started to choke on him but the pressure on my head was relentless. When he was satisfied that he was ready for more, he bent me over the desk and lifted my tight, black skirt, tearing off my little thong. "Put that in your mouth to keep you quiet!" he said, forcing the scrap of lace in my mouth. With that, he forced his large cock into my dripping pussy. "Fuck, you're tight; I might just have to keep you around." I moaned loudly through my thong while he slammed me again and again against the desk. I felt the pressure building and, with a loud scream, I came all over his cock, my juices dripping off his shaft and onto my legs. A second later I felt his cock contract for the second time, loading my pussy with his thick cum. Exhausted, he sat on his chair, milking the last bit of cum out his cock and looked at the mess that was my dripping pussy and wet thighs. "Come lick yourself off me." I turned to him incredulously and started to lick off my juices. With my mouth gagged by his cock he told me to call him Mr. F from now on. I was to report to his office every day after class until I learned that naughty sluts like me do not get to control him.