

# My Teacher, Part 1

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*Learning from an older man; the lessons start*

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My grandmother owned a few rental properties when I was younger. By the time I was 16, I was responsible for the lawn maintenance, flower beds, etc, at her properties. She paid me, and it got me away from my mom, which Grandma knew was a good thing. She just didn't know how good it became ... I was very active then. At 5'7", I carried 150 lbs on my frame, and it was mostly muscle. Well, muscle and boobs. Even then, I was a solid 36 D. Long blonde hair, a good tan from working outside all summer, big blue eyes, and a great smile. I wasn't a virgin; but my past 2 experiences hadn't exactly been great. I didn't cum either time. The first just wanted to use me for his own pleasure, and the second didn't know anything more about sex than I did. I had discovered the pleasure of masturbation, but so far my experiences with men hadn't lived up to my fantasies. One of my Grandma's houses was rented by a man who was most likely in his mid 30's at the time. He had a decent body, strawberry blonde curly hair, and he listened to me when I talked ... quite an ego boost for a small town teen. We used to talk about lots of things after I finished the work at his house, and we got in the habit of sharing a cold pop after I was done. One Saturday afternoon, he started asking more probing questions about my dating life, and more particularly, my sex life. I admitted, with a deep blush, that my limited experiences had left me hoping there was a lot more to sex; I also admitted that I was terrified I was "doing it wrong" - I have always been the type that needs to do anything I do well. He was silent for a moment, and then looked at me pointedly, stood up, and invited me inside his home. I stared back for a moment, took a deep breath, and stood up with him. He opened the door, motioned me through, and followed. We sat down again on his sofa, and he looked me in the eye, and said "Sex is a wonderful thing that happens between people, and you deserve to experience everything that it can be. I would be willing to help you learn about sex, if you would like me to." He sat very still and waited for me to reply. My brain was spinning with the opportunity, the taboo; I knew it was "wrong", based on the morality my parents had taught me; but at the same time I wanted to know. I took a deep breath, looked him in the eyes, and whispered "Yes, Please. Teach me." He visibly relaxed, and smiled at me, a true smile that reached all the way to his eyes. He reached out and pulled me to him, just resting my head on his shoulder; his head on top of mine for a moment. Slowly, his hands started to caress my arms and my back. His hands drifted to my chest, caressing my breasts ever so gently through my clothes. My nipples reacted immediately; hardening,

growing, and becoming more sensitive. He began kissing my neck, lightly biting, and sucking just a bit. My breathing was becoming faster, harder, and I could feel every nerve alive. My head was spinning, with the feelings coursing through me, and the thought of what was about to happen. He momentarily broke away from me. He pulled the tank top off me, and then the sports bra I was wearing, releasing my breasts to the air. He pushed me back on the sofa. Looking into my eyes, he then lowered his head to my breasts, sucking one nipple into his mouth, playing it with his teeth, while caressing and pinching my other breast with his hand. This was all new to me; the other guys had not bothered to do this. My head was spinning, and I just lay there and let him do what he was doing. He moved his mouth over to my other breast becoming more aggressive. One of my hands came up, without any conscious thought from me, and grabbed the back of his head, wrapping in his soft curls, and pulled his head tighter to my breast. He responded by becoming more aggressive, suckling harder, using his teeth more. The feeling was exquisite. Involuntarily, I started to moan, and to grind my hips against him. He did not give in right away, but eventually one of his hands moved down. He slid inside the waist band of my shorts, and down over my panties. "My God" he rasped out as he felt my pussy for the first time, through my panties, "you are so incredibly wet already." He then returned his mouth to my breasts, biting and sucking one and then the other. He simply held his hand still while I ground my needy pussy against it. Then he slowly slid his hand up, sat up away from me. He removed my shorts and panties, leaving me lying bare on his sofa before him, my young 16 year old body completely at his mercy, and begging for anything he was willing to give me. He leaned over and once more returned his attention to my breasts, while his hand slid down between my pussy lips. He coated his fingers with the moisture flowing out of me, and then slid up to find my clit. I gasped and jumped as he pressed against the sensitive little bud, then started to circle and massage it. No one had done this to me before, and the feeling of a stranger's hand, of not knowing what was coming next, combined with my lack of experience making everything so new, drove me quickly over the edge, and I came, much stronger than I ever had when I played with myself; screaming and moaning. He stopped for a moment and let me recover, leaning back and watching my face. While I tried to regain control of my breathing, he stood and started to remove his clothes. He knew what he was doing, half a striptease, slowly revealing his body to my hungry, but naive, eyes. He looked like a God ... to my newly pleased mind, still clouded by a post-orgasmic haze. He walked toward me, lightly stoking his hard cock with one hand, until he was near my head. "Sit up", he commanded, and I obeyed. "Now, you will learn to suck cock like a pro. Trust me, master this, and you will be able to have men do what you want". He stroked my hair gently with his free hand, and coaxed me towards him. I opened my mouth wide, but he stopped me. "Use your hands first – feel my cock, and my balls; play with them, enjoy the texture and the feel, and watch how I react. Learn what makes me react.... good girl .... now use your tongue, just lick around the head there ... mmm, that's right, that part is sensitive" I may not have had much practical experience, but I had discovered my dad's stash of porn novels, and I had a few things I wanted to try. I turned my tongue up and flicked the little flap of skin on the underside just over the end of his penis, while using my hand to gently squeeze and pull the skin of his sac between his balls, then sliding back up to press against the skin just behind his balls. I

was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath from him. He placed one of his hands over my hand that was still holding his cock to my mouth, and started to milk my hand up and down on his cock. I closed my mouth around the head of his cock, and started to pump up and down with my mouth, just on the head, and twisting my mouth a bit, sucking lightly. He was leaking pre-cum, and I discovered I was fond of the taste. I wanted more. Soon he was using his hands to pull me farther on to his beautiful cock. His thrusts were hitting the back of my throat, which caused me to gag. He did it a few times, and then relented, whispering to me that he would teach me in time to control that, and learn to deep throat a cock. He said I was being a good girl, and I was doing fine. I glanced up at his face, proud of myself for doing a good job, and eager for his praise. I took as much of his cock into my mouth as I could, wanting nothing other than to please him. He tangled his hands in my hair, and continued to fuck my face, showing me what he wanted, pacing me. I continued to pump his cock with one hand, and fondle his balls and ass with the other. I heard his breathing speed up, becoming ragged, hissing through his teeth. I felt his balls tighten away from my hand. Soon enough, he was shooting his load in my mouth; not knowing anything else, I swallowed everything he offered, which seemed to please him. As he finished, he relaxed his fists and stroked my hair again, telling me what a good girl I was. Such a good girl, and such a promising student. I was still sucking on his now limp cock, rolling it around in my mouth, enjoying the texture, and finally he pulled away from me and sat beside me on the sofa. He pulled me against him again, much the way we had started, and told me that he looked forward to teaching me much more; I should always make sure I come to his house last on my Saturday schedule; and reminding me not to tell anyone about our "lessons". I had thoroughly enjoyed my first lesson, and I was eager for many more. The landscaping on that particular house was going to be receiving a lot of extra attention this summer ...