



Heather and Her Professor

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Heather needs a passing grade in microbiology and must put out for her professor to get it.

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“Come in and have a seat, Ms. Rutland.”

“Thank you. And it's Heather, please.”

“Okay, Heather. I understand you need help in my class?”

“Yes, sir. I need it to graduate in May and I'm totally lost.”

“I see. Are you willing to work hard to get a passing grade?”

“Yes, sir.”

I stand and move around the desk and stand in front of you.

“What are you willing to do to get that passing grade?”

“I'll do anything, Professor Bishop.” You look up at me with the most beautiful brown eyes I've ever seen.

You quickly glance down at the bulge in my pants and back at me, hoping I didn't notice your glance.

But I did, so I reach out and take your hand and place it on my bulge and hold it there.

You look up at me and bite your lip, “Is that what you want?”

“Of course.”

You hesitate briefly, then slide off the chair and onto your knees in front of me. You squeeze my bulge gently and look up at me again, hesitation on your face.

“Have you not done this before, Heather?”

“Yes, but only a few times.”

“Then you know what to do.”

You unzip my pants, reach your hand inside, and pull my cock out. It is not fully hard, but begins to grow as you slowly stoke it.

Then you lean forward and lick it from the bottom to the top, stopping to circle the head repeatedly.

I unbuckle my pants and let them fall to the floor.

You look up at me as you suck the head of my cock expertly, stroke it slowly and lightly, and take my balls in your other hand, fondling them carefully.

I reach out and take your head in my hands. Your hair feels soft and silky between my fingers. I begin to fuck your mouth slowly, making you moan softly.

I could cum within seconds, but stop and release your head.

“Why don’t you stand up and move over to the sofa?”

I step out of my pants and follow you.

“Take off your clothes, please. I want to see your body.”

You do as I ask and remove your tank top, bra and skirt, showing me that you’re not wearing panties.

“Ooh, Heather! You are lovely! Sit down.”

You sit on the sofa. I get on my knees in front of you and pull you forward.

You open your legs slightly for me.

I lift your legs and kiss the inside of your thighs. You moan softly and lean back against the sofa. I kiss my way slowly up to your shaved pussy - the first I have ever seen.

“You are incredible, Heather.”

I lick around your swollen pussy lips, then plunge my tongue inside.

I explore every inch and every fold of your wet pussy.

“You taste good, Heather.”

You smile down at me.

My tongue finds your clit and circles it slowly. I feel your body quiver and you moan softly again.

As I continue to circle your clit, your hips begin to thrust involuntarily.

“Oh, Professor Bishop!” you whisper as you run your hand through your hair.

“Just relax, my dear, and enjoy this.”

I take your clit with my lips and nibble it gently. A moan comes from deep in your chest, “Mmm. God!”

I start to suck on your clit as it grows. I then insert two fingers into your pussy and rub the area inside just beneath your clit, searching for your G-spot.

“Oh! Right there! Don’t stop!”

I continue to rub your G-spot slowly and suck your clit; your juices are flowing freely now as I lap them up.

“Oh my God, Professor Bishop! Don’t stop. I’m gonna cum!”

My cock is so hard that I want to stop and fuck you, but I want you to have an orgasm first.

As I finger you and suck your clit, a soft moan emanates from your chest and grows into a loud groan.

“Oh FUCK! I’m cumming! I’m cumming!”

As your hips thrust against my tongue and fingers, your body trembles then goes stiff as you are enveloped by a devastating orgasm.

“Mmm! Mmm!” You moan with each breath. “That was so good, Professor Bishop!”

As your breathing returns to normal, I move up to your gorgeous breasts and suck the nipples and massage each one. Then we kiss passionately.

You say, “Let me suck you again.”

I stand up and you drop to your knees again in front of me. You start to suck the head of my cock as you stroke it slowly with one hand and fondle my balls with the other.

I take your head in my hands and slowly push my cock deep into your mouth. You moan and pull away.

“No. I can’t,” you protest, looking up at me.

“Try again, Heather.”

You open your mouth reluctantly and I push my cock deep into your mouth again, but you gag when it hits the back of your throat.

“Agg! I’m sorry. I can’t do that.”

“Yes you can.” I force my cock into your throat again and hold it there until I’m almost ready to cum. You struggle, but I won’t let go.

Then I quickly pull out and say, “Stick out your tongue.”

You eagerly lay my cock on your tongue and stroke it as my cum spurts into your mouth. You continue to pump as my cock fills your mouth with my warm cum.

When I’m finally finished, you look up at me and smile as you swallow everything.

“Mmm. You taste good, too, Professor Bishop.”

As we dress, you ask, “Do I get an 'A' for that?”

“No, my dear. That gives you a 'C'. If you want an 'A', you’ll have to come back two more times.

“What?” You look at me in astonishment.

“Yes. There is more sex to be had. I want to fuck you on my desk. Say... tomorrow at five o’clock again?”

“I don’t know about this.”

I don’t look up as I begin to arrange the papers on my desk.

“I don’t think it’s fair that I have sex with you and you only give me a 'C'.”

“Heather, you will get a 'C' in my class without doing any homework or having to pass a single exam. I think that’s a good deal for you.”

“But having sex with me is a great deal for you as well,” you argue.

“And you enjoyed our sex together as much as I did. Is that not true?”

Reluctantly you say, “Well, yes.”

“Then seeing as how you also enjoyed it, a 'C' is a gift from me to you.”

You purse your lips and say, “I still don’t think you’re being fair. Giving my virginity to you like I did is no small thing!”

“Heather, I’ve done this before and all of the students were happy with the 'A's they earned. I don’t have to give you the 'C' if you don’t return.”

Reluctantly you say, “Alright. I’ll be back tomorrow.”

* * * * * (*The next day*) * * * * *

“Come in, Heather. I’m glad to see that you’re wearing shorts. You look scrumptious. Don’t bother to sit down.”

I stand and come around the desk and move behind you. I put my arms around your tiny waist and pull your body to mine. As I kiss your shoulders and neck, I run my hands over your body, discovering that you’re wearing no bra under your top. I linger on your plump breasts and nipples, which are standing erect.

You push your ass against the bulge in my pants as I slid one hand down into your shorts and one up under your top. You moan when you feel my hands on your flesh and lay your head back on my shoulder.

I push a finger into your pussy where it is beginning to get wet. I find your clit and rub it softly, making you thrust your hips and moan.

“Oh, Professor Bishop! You know exactly what I like.”

I continue to kiss your neck and shoulder and rub your clit until you are wet and your breathing is

labored.

I unzip your shorts and push them to the floor. You're wearing no panties.

"Move over to the desk and bend over."

You step out of your shorts and move to the desk. I position myself behind you and drag my hard cock up and down the crack of your round ass several times, poke briefly at your rectum, then slowly run it up and down your wet pussy.

You look back at me and down at my cock. "Professor Bishop. I'm a virgin."

"You won't be in a few seconds."

"But I don't... "

Before you can finish your sentence, I thrust my cock into you, popping your hymen.

You gasp in pain and pleasure, not knowing which to react to and surprised by my forcefulness.

I push deeper until my cock hits your cervix, making you moan loudly.

"Oh my God! Professor Bishop!" You bite your lip and close your eyes as the pain subsides and the pleasure of having your pussy filled with a cock for the first time sends chills up your spine.

I hold your hips and slowly thrust into you repeatedly, giving you every inch of my cock. I push hard as your ass is flattened against my stomach. I hold my cock against your cervix and gyrate my hips to stimulate it.

"Mmm! Fuck me," you whisper as you push your ass back, wanting me to thrust again.

I move my hands to your shoulders and start to slowly thrust into you again. Over and over I slap my stomach against your ass as I penetrate your body fully.

As we both approach our climaxes, I put one hand over your mouth and pull your head back against my neck, "You're a good fuck, Heather. This will earn you a 'B'."

"Mmm," you moan and try to say something under my hand.

I continue to thrust up into you as your orgasm overtakes your body. A muffled scream escapes your lips as your body seems to go into a spasm, then goes stiff as your orgasm peaks.

The feeling of your tight virgin pussy around my cock and the thrill of feeling your body in orgasm sends me over the top and I begin to shoot hard spurts of cum into the depths of your body. I seem to cum for minutes on end as I experience the best climax of my life, caused by a gorgeous young virgin bent over my desk.

As we both slowly recover from our orgasms, I release you and you lay down on my desk to catch your breath.

I continue to slowly thrust into you as long as my cock is hard. You moan at the sweet feeling of my slowly softening member.

When I finally pull out of you, my cum gushes out of your pussy and drips on the floor, forming a small puddle. I catch some with my finger and let you suck it off.

“Mmm. Our mixed juices taste good, Professor Bishop.”

“Why don’t you turn around here and clean my cock with your mouth?”

You obediently turn around and kneel down and suck my cock quickly into your mouth, cleaning it of all our love juices.

I pull you to your feet and we kiss deeply, our tongues dancing hungrily.

“Tomorrow you’ll earn your 'A'. Don’t be late.”

“Okay.”

* * * * * (*The next day*) * * * * *

“Good afternoon, Heather. Come sit down.”

“Thank you.”

“Again, I like what you’re wearing.”

“Thanks. I think I know now what you like.”

You look toward the sofa and see that I have converted it into a double bed. “Nice bed! I think I know what you want today.” You can’t hide the twinkle in your eyes.

“Yes. Today you earn your 'A'.”

Although I think you would never admit it, I believe you are enjoying our sex together as much as I am.

We both stand up and as the day before, I move behind you, pulling you against my body and kissing your neck and shoulder. The way your hair is pulled back and thrown over one shoulder is a turn-on for me. I run my tongue up the back of your neck and into the hair behind your ear, taking some into my mouth. It tastes like a fragrant shampoo or perfume.

My cock is stiff already as I push it against your ass. You push back and moan.

“I’m beginning to like the way you handle me, Professor Bishop.”

“Really? I’m enjoying you quite a lot.”

I continue to lick your hair and bite your neck, sending shivers up your arms that I can feel as your skin reacts with goose bumps.

“Why don’t we undress and move to the bed.”

“Okay.”

As you lay down, I move quickly between your legs; my desire for you is over-powering. I go straight to your pussy and lick around your labia until it is swollen and wet.

“Mmm! Professor Bishop, you do that so well!” Your hips begin to thrust against my tongue and you run your fingers through my hair, pulling my face to your pussy.

I continue to eat your pussy until you are almost ready to climax, then I crawl up your body, licking and kissing my way until I reach your lovely lips. We kiss hungrily as you wrap your arms around my neck and your legs around my waist.

“Are you ready for me to fuck you, Heather?”

“Oh, yes,” you whisper.

“Say it.”

“Please fuck me, Professor Bishop!” Your eyes reveal how desperately you want me.

As we kiss again, you slowly reach down and guide my cock to your swollen pussy and pull with your legs, taking it inside you.

I put my arms under your knees and bring them up toward your head as I push my cock slowly and deeply into you. A long moan escapes your lips.

“Fuck me slowly,” you whisper in my ear. “Your cock feels so good inside me!”

As I slowly thrust in and out of you, your moans become louder. I slide my hand under your ass to help lift your hips when you thrust up to meet me.

Our breathing becomes heavier and our thrusting more vigorous as our passions grow. Your pussy is so tight and warm around me. Just yesterday you were a virgin and today you begged me to fuck you. I have once again taught a sweet young thing to enjoy sex. Once again my instructions and my direct approach have paid off with a great lay of a female student.

“Oh, Professor Bishop! I’m cumming! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!”

I thrust harder and faster until you have an earth-shattering orgasm.

“Oh God! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

I drive my cock deep into you and hold it there against your cervix as my cock begins to spew my cum inside you.

“Ooh! I feel you cumming! I can feel it!” You can barely speak as your chest is heaving, still in the throes of your orgasm.

I quickly pull out and let the last spurts of my cum fall on your stomach, where they slowly run down your side.

As I roll off and lay down beside you, you scoop up my cum from your stomach and suck it from your fingers.

“Mmm. So tasty! I want more.”

You lean over and suck my cock into your mouth and manage to pull a few more drops of cum from me.

You look into my eyes and smile, “Professor Bishop. Can I come back sometime for more?”

“Of course, Heather. Just call and make an appointment.”