

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

By Elliot Silvestri

Green Book
Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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Author's Note

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

Chapter One

It seemed like such a good idea at the time. I was close to failing science and Mrs. Tavorski was such a good teacher that when she offered to tutor me after school, I had to say yes. At first, everything was fine, it was boring high school science review and Mrs. Tavorski was a good teacher, my problem was mostly paying attention to the material (I still think it was boring) and she kept me focused.

Eventually we had to stop using the school facilities for tutoring. Budget cuts and all that demanded no non-essential after school activities. I guess football and cheerleading practice were essential but tutoring students wasn't. No matter. I soon found myself sitting at her kitchen table. And that's where my troubles began.

I was going over the latest lessons on the periodic table of elements when suddenly her hand landed in my lap. This wasn't just a casual brushing by of her hand on my thigh that happens when two people sit next to each other. It wasn't a simple mistake of forgetting where she was. Her hand reached between my legs and grabbed my cock. At first I was surprised, then like any high school boy, I was suddenly rock-hard.

"I thought as much," she said to me.

"What are you doing?" I asked, shocked. I didn't know what else to do. I mean, whose teacher suddenly just grabs their package in the middle of a study session.

"Feeling your cock," she replied with a smile. I was still hard and even through several layers of clothing I was enjoying her massaging my cock. "It's nice," she complimented me."

"You shouldn't be doing that," I told her. Stupid, I know.

"I know," she agreed but didn't stop.

It wasn't that Mrs. Tavorski was ugly, far from it. That wasn't it at all. At the

beginning of the school year she announced she had just turned thirty-five, it was an odd announcement from a teacher, but it was her birthday. That made her slightly less than twice my age; I had turned eighteen over the summer. None of the guys in school ever said she was ugly, maybe she wasn't a teenaged cheerleader, but she was in good shape, had a perfectly shaped face and blond hair that fell straight to her shoulders. Nothing to complain about at all.

She didn't stop moving her hand and I spent the next minute trying not to cum in my pants. "Why don't you tell me to stop?" she asked.

"Because I don't want you to," I choked out.

Her smile grew big and bright. "I thought so." And then she got down on her knees on the kitchen linoleum, unzipped my pants, took out my cock and put it in her mouth.

I'd gotten head only three times before in my life, all from the same girl I worked with at a kids' summer camp. Melanie was nice enough—and I shouldn't complain about anyone who deigned to give me both blowjobs and handjobs—but her skills were nothing compared to Mrs. Tavorski. I wasn't in her mouth for more than a minute of her sucking and rubbing her hand up and down my shaft before I exploded.

Sometimes nothing feels as good as cumming, sometimes it's painful; this time it was both and wonderful.

She also did something Melanie wasn't able or willing to do. She swallowed my load. That was what made it so good, not the actual organism, but the sensations afterwards when she was still suck and swallowing.

A bit of my white semen had escaped her lips and she wiped this off her chin with her fingers. Mrs. Tavorski then licked her fingers clean.

"I'm always amazed how quickly teenaged boys can cum," she said, resting her head on my thigh.

"Sorry," I apologized. I didn't know what else to say. What do you say when your pants are around your ankles and your science teacher's head is resting on your lap?

“No need to apologize. That was just the warm-up anyway.” She stood up and grabbed my hand. “Come to the bedroom and we’ll fuck.”

I sat rooted in the kitchen chair. “What?”

She gave me a withering stare. The same stare she gave to students giving a lame excuse for not doing their homework or failing an easy quiz. “I’m not some little high school girl,” she explained carefully to me. “I want to fuck you now. I’m not content to just give a blowjob and be done with it. Now move.”

There was no consideration for what I wanted. In retrospect what I want to do was fuck Mrs. Tavorski, but I didn’t know how to go about doing that. She told me what to do and I went along willingly because I wanted to.

I followed her to the bedroom, holding up my pants with one hand and holding her hand with the other. When we go to the bedroom she dropped my hand and pulled off her shirt. She was wearing a white, practically transparent bra that did nothing to hide her dark, hard nipples. I froze, once again not knowing what to do.

“Take of your clothes,” she ordered.

I followed the command mechanically, not taking my eyes off her still-hidden breasts. Except for Melanie I’d never been naked in front of a woman before. It didn’t matter to my cock. Already it was almost fully erect again.

“That’s why I like young men,” she said, staring at my crotch.

She pulled down her pants and flipped the covers off the bed. For an older woman she was in surprisingly good shape. I could tell this because in her bra and panties there was precious little to hide from me. Smooth, almost flawless skin, no heavy tan lines or obnoxious tattoos, just the perfect body of what I had until minutes before thought was an otherwise innocent high school teacher.

Patting the bed next to her she invited me on board. “C’mon, time for your reward, you’ve been working very hard in your science class.”

I couldn’t move so she grabbed my cock and dragged me onto the bed. It was then I remembered Mrs. Tavorski was married. But this was out of my control. Mrs. Tavorski was in charge and I had to do what she told me.

“Are you a virgin, Jimmy?” she asked me asked as we lay next to each other on the bed. I was frozen with fear and excitement.

“Y-Y-Y-Yes,” I stammered out.

“Good, you’ll love this then.” She smiled. “Take off my panties.”

I nodded and did what she told me. She was on her back and when I put my hands on her hips to slip the plain white material down her legs, she arched up her hips so I would strip her all the easier. I couldn’t look at her pussy at first, it seemed wrong. But she was the one who brought me here.

Like any teenager with an internet connection I had perused my fair share of porn on the web. What Mrs. Tavorski had wasn’t anything I hadn’t seen before. Except it was live in from of me and it was beautiful.

She didn’t have a big, unshaven bush like some example of scary porn from the seventies. Mrs. Tavorski had carefully sculpted her pubes into a perfectly vertical line that just covered the puffy lips of her pussy and extended along her slit coming to a point that aimed directly at her navel.

I gasped when she opened her legs and showed me her cunt; it was beautiful.

“I’m glad you approve,” Mrs. Tavorski said, smiling down at me. Her labia were wet and spread open like some alien flower. A moment after she opened herself to me, her scent wafted up to me and my cock became even harder. “Let’s see what you can do with that tongue,” she said, reaching up for me, wrapping her fingers around the back of my neck and pulled me down to her womanhood.

I’d never gone down on a woman before. I didn’t know exactly what to do, but I think I did okay judging by the moans Mrs. Tavorski let out as I worked my way around her labia and clit. I rubbed my cock into the sheets, keeping it hard, but not too hard, I didn’t want to cum on her sheets; I wanted to cum in her.

Not knowing what I was doing, I had no idea if I was any good at going down on a woman. Apparently I was good enough; Mrs. Tavorski moaned and wiggled around quite a bit until she finally pushed me away from her pussy.

“That’s enough,” she panted. “Lay down.”

What could I do? She was my teacher, so I had to do as she ordered. It was an easy order to follow.

Once I was on my back, she straddled my hips between her thighs and grabbed my cock. "Are you ready?" she asked, a big smile on her lips, my cock poised to enter her pussy.

I could only nod, my voice had left me.

"You didn't think you'd be fucking your teacher when you woke up this morning, did you?" she asked me.

I shook my head no.

She smiled. The whole situation was odd, her above me, wearing her bra still, but her nipples clearly visible through the sheer material, her hand on my cock about to guide it into her body.

"Then you're living every teenage boy's dream, aren't you?" she asked as she lowered herself onto me.

I couldn't answer her. My cock slipped easily into her cunt. It was hot and slick and tight and wonderful.

I must have moaned or made some motion of distress. She leaned forward and kissed me lightly on the lips. "Don't cum too fast," she said. "I want to enjoy this."

And she did. Her hips went up and down, back and forth, occasionally reaching between us to better position my cock inside her body or to play with her clit. I know I wasn't very good, mostly a just laid there, once in a while lifting my hips up to meet her thrusts, but I was practically paralyzed by the situation. I didn't last very long, but when I did cum it was hard and fierce. I cried out because the pain was beautiful. It seemed like each wave of organism was an electric shock to my body: painful when experienced, wonderful when it ended, but leaving me wanting it to happen again.

Mrs. Tavorski collapsed against me, shaking slightly. I suppose she must have cum too, but I was too involved with myself to be really sure. "That was wonderful," she said with a kiss to my neck.

“Thank you,” I whispered to her.

“Oh, you’re more than welcome,” she said, rolling off me. My cock was covered with my cum, more of which was still leaking out of her pussy. “Wow, you sure shoot a lot, don’t you,” she complimented me.

Then she did the most amazing thing. She put her hand between her legs, wiped up the leaking cum, and licked it off her fingers. I expected her to do that when she gave me head, but to taste and eat my cum mixed with her pussy juice was amazing. Apparently I had a lot to learn about human sexual behavior.

“It’s a good thing we finished all your homework already,” she told me, “because I don’t have the energy to do anything for the rest of the night.” She glanced down to my crotch; my cock was still semi-rigid, but was fading. “And it’s a good thing that you seem to be done for the moment.”

We lay there next to each other a few minutes, I didn’t know what to do and Mrs. Tavorski seemed to be drifting off to sleep. To keep her awake I started talking.

“What do we do now?” I asked her.

Her eyes were mostly closed when she answered. “You go home. I go to sleep. In school we act the same.” She smiled, her eyes still closed. “And you don’t tell my husband you fucked me.”

This started my heart pumping and I jumped out of the bed. “Herman! You’re married. I’m so dead!” I started grabbing my clothes and getting dressed as quickly as I could.

She laughed, her eyes were still closed. “Only if we get caught,” she said, half singing in her semi-drowsy state.

The sticky remains of our fucking clung to my cock and pubic hairs. I wanted to wipe it off; instead I just pulled on my underwear and decided to get the hell out of there. “You’re crazy,” I said to her, only half meaning it, but wanting to make clear that we wouldn’t be doing this again. “What if we get caught? What’ll happen?”

This question seemed to wake her up. She opened her eyes and raised her head slightly to look at me as I finished buttoning my shirt. “What will happen?” she

asked and laughed lightly. “What if we get caught? To you, nothing. You’re of age, you have nothing to lose, you can fuck and suck anyone you want. Me on the other hand...” she trailed off and rested her head back down on the pillow. Her eyes closed again. “I could wind up divorced. I could get arrested, probably for corrupting the morals of a minor, even though you don’t really qualify as that anymore. I could lose my job—the school frowns on teachers having sex with their students, you know.”

“I know,” I mumbled. Actually, I didn’t really know, but it only made sense. And it seemed that just the idea of fucking someone who could cause her this much misery was what made her happy. She was a twisted unit. I finished dressing in silence and started to leave.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” she called to me. “Wear those tight jeans, they make you look good.”

Her voice rang in my ears as I grabbed my books and left through the kitchen door.

Chapter Two

The next day in class Mrs. Tavorski handed me a page of homework. “You left this at tutoring last night,” she said to me, just loud enough for the rest of the students to hear. They tittered in amusement. My face flushed red and I silently took the folded paper from her. I was too embarrassed to even open it for the next few minutes.

Jack, the class joker who sat next to me, passed me a note when Mrs. T’s back was turned. “Check out her ass,” it read. “No lines. I’m betting g-string or thong. No commando for her. HOOOOOOT!”

I read it, glanced over at him, grinned and rolled my eyes. He gave me a thumbs up and kept staring at her ass while she wrote on the board. I had to admire it as well; there was much to admire. And there were no panty lines either.

Halfway through the class when we had to pull out our homework, I had forgotten she had given me the piece of loose leaf at the beginning of class. On the bottom of the page she had written “Guess what kind of panties I’m wearing today?” My heart started thumping again and I blushed again. The next line she wrote, “You have to give me an answer for a passing grade today.” No signature, no other note. I looked up and tried to catch her eyes, but she was already busy asking questions of the other students. She was very good at this. She didn’t give anything away.

At the end of class as we were all filing out the door, she called out to me. “Jimmy, I’ll see you after school in tutoring, yes?” The other students didn’t even notice her looking at me.

Mrs. Tavorski sighed as she checked over my homework. “I thought you were doing better than this,” she said, pointing out my mistakes and making me correct them.

“Sorry,” I mumbled as I hurriedly erased the errors and made the corrections.

“You seem distracted,” she said moving closer to me, casually releasing a single button at the top of her blouse.

I looked at her, trying to keep my tone neutral. “You’re not helping.”

That only made her smile more.

I finished the last few corrections and passed the page back to her. She didn’t even glance at it; instead she kept her eyes on me and undid another button. I could now see the edge of her white bra. “You didn’t answer the question I gave you in class today,” she said.

The question was enough to make my already stiffening cock almost rock-hard. “Thong,” I said. “You had to be wearing a thong.”

“What color?”

“Uh, black? Same as your pants?”

“And what kind of material?”

“Lace,” I said, more confident in my answer. It was a game she was playing and I had to go along with it.

She stood up and motioned to her waist. “Check,” she ordered me. I reached for her waistband, but the pants she was wearing were too tight. She sighed in frustration. “Not like that, unbutton and pull them down.”

I nodded and struggled for a minute figuring out how to manipulate the clasps and buttons before I was able to free her zipper and ease her slacks down over her hips.

They were white and cotton. I was wrong. Mrs. Tavorski stepped out of her pants, turned on her toe and started walking out of the kitchen. “Care to join me in the bedroom?” she asked on her way out, flashing me her ass.

It was a thong.

I got up and followed her like an eager puppy. “I was right about the thong,” I said to her, watching her swaying ass.

She looked at me over her shoulder. “Only sluts wear thongs,” she said, her eyes flashing with anger and amusement.

In the bedroom she turned around to face me again, her shoes had been kicked into the corner and she stood with one hand on a cocked hip.

“But you’re wearing a thong,” I pointed out.

Mrs. Tavorski arched an eyebrow at me. “And I am a slut,” she pointed out to me. “What other kind of woman is married and fucks her students?”

For this I had no answer. It didn’t matter. Mrs. Tavorski knew what she wanted. “Strip,” she ordered.

I obeyed. As much as I was confused on why Mrs. Tavorski had chosen me and why she was doing this, I was eager to participate. In seconds I was naked and my cock was pointing up to the ceiling. My teacher smiled at my eagerness.

“I do love a young, virile cock,” she said before dropping to her knees and engulfing me in her mouth. I had little perspective on how to judge how good a cocksucker she was, but I enjoyed every moment of her sucking on me.

I was able to hold back for a few minutes which caused her to let go of me with a smack of her lips. “What’s taking so long? You should have cum already.” She looked up at me and licked the underside of my shaft while I answered.

“I beat off before I came to tutoring. I wanted to last longer today.”

She sighed and rolled her eyes just like a teenager. “That’s not what I wanted. Why do you think I like very young men? Fast and furious. And as many times as they can.” She repositioned herself on her knees, took right hand off the base of my shaft and moved her left from my hip to gently, but very firmly grab my balls. “I guess I’ll have to teach you a lesson for that.”

The tip of my cock went back into her mouth. This I liked. Then her right hand slipped around my thigh and started playing with my ass. At first I thought she was just trying to get into a more comfortable position; her knee was pushing my foot into a wider stance. I resisted moving the way she wanted me to; I didn’t know what was going on.

Once again my cock was released from the warm confines of her mouth. Move your foot,” she ordered me. What could I do? She literally had me by the balls. I moved my feet further apart; she put my cock back in her mouth and pressed her right index finger against my bunghole.

I was in high school and completely inexperienced. While I knew that having a woman’s finger up my ass wouldn’t make me gay, it sure as hell scared me into thinking something was wrong, especially when all she did was wiggle her digit just a tiny bit and the next thing I knew I was erupting into her mouth.

Again, it was a mixture of pleasure and pain. So strong was my organism this time that I nearly collapsed to the ground. Only by locking my knees was I able to remain upright. That and Mrs. Tavorski’s firm grip on my balls. I was completely certain she would twist them off if I didn’t remain on my feet.

I watched as my cock pumped my seed into her mouth and she very visibly swallowed my entire load. When I was done and she finally released me—both ass and balls—I staggered backward to the bed as she wiped the fine remains of my leavings from her lips and chin.

“That was good,” she said. “Perhaps I should have told you yesterday, but you aren’t to beat off unless I give you permission. I need all the cum I can get.” She grinned at me and stood up, shedding her shirt so that I could admire her body clad only in bra and thong. She posed for me, unselfconscious in her near-nudity. I had just had the most powerful organism of my life: I should have been completely spent. My cock didn’t stir as she posed for me. This apparently was upsetting to my teacher. “Not ready to go again yet?” she asked, watching my flaccid member.

“No.”

A smile was her easy response, and then she slid her hand down her belly and into her tiny panties. Her eyes closed as I realized her fingers had slipped inside her cunt. She moved her hips back and forth; as I watched her mister my cock got hard again.

After only a minute her eyes popped open and she pulled her fingers out of her panties. “I can make you ready without even touching you. I love teen boys!”

She practically jumped on the bed, crawled up to my face and threw her legs on

either side of my shoulders. The thin cotton material of her thong was moist with her juices. "Taste this," she ordered, placing her fingertips that had just been inside her pussy on my lips. I opened my mouth and took the flavor off her fingers. "Good boy. Now eat me."

I placed my hands on her bare ass and scooted her forward so that my lips and tongue met her wet panties. Her scent was strong in my nostrils and she rocked her hips back and forth on my face. I couldn't penetrate her labia for it was still hidden by her thong. This problem was solved after a minute when she reached down and moved the material aside, exposing her cunt to me.

Her moans of enjoyment told me I was doing something right. After a few minutes of her lightly resting her weight on my chest, I must have brought her to climax: her thighs suddenly squeezed together and her full weight came down on my chest. The pressure on my chest and her lack of control meant it was impossible for me to breathe. This problem was compounded by the fact that her cunt suddenly started releasing juices like a river. It wasn't snake; the flavor was all wrong. In order to keep from drowning I swallowed as much of her juices as possible until her climax passed and I was able to breathe again.

"You're getting better," she complimented me looking down at my face between her thighs. She was holding part of her weight on one arm pressed into the mattress.

"You almost killed me," I said. I wasn't sure if it was a complaint or not, but she was unconcerned.

"If there's a good way to die, that's got to be it. Don't worry; you're young and virile. It's the older partner who's supposed to die during sex." She laughed lightly and rolled off me and onto her back. I watched as she wiggled out of her thong and spread her legs. "Time to fuck," she told me.

"You're insatiable," I told her.

"No, you're insatiable," she said grabbing my cock and pulling me toward her. I didn't resist. "I'm just servicing the needs of a teenage boy."

Who was I to resist her commands? I easily entered her pussy and started pumping away. It occurred to me that this was the first time I was actually physically in control of our relationship. We were fucking missionary style and

she, for once, no longer seemed completely in control of me. Instead of trying to assert my masculinity, I instead asked a stupid question.

“Why don’t you ever take off your bra?”

She laughed and wrapped her long legs around my waist. “Because I have to save something for my husband.”

That statement made me nervous. I increased my pace and came inside her again.

“Good boy,” she whispered in my ear as my body shuddered in climax.

After I managed to stop spasming I asked her, “Why do you do that?”

“Do what?”

“Remind me that you’re married.”

She laughed at me. “Should I pretend I’m not? Should I pretend I’m your girlfriend and not your older, married teacher?” she asked sarcastically.

“No,” I said, angrier than I wanted to.

“I do it,” she said, kissing me on the shoulder, “because it makes you cum and it makes me feel like a slut.”

Her statements made me nervous. Could you blame me? I was only in high school and making it with my teacher didn’t seem to be the best or smartest decision I’d ever made.

“I need to get going,” I told her, rolling out of the bed.

“Why?” she asked watching me as I gathered my clothes and started dressing. “Don’t you want to fuck some more before you go back to mom and dad?”

I hesitated a moment. Yeah, I wanted to, but it didn’t seem the best idea. “I...I should go. Isn’t your husband going to be home soon? What about him?”

She rolled over and groaned or laughed, I wasn’t sure which. Maybe both. “He’s not going to be home for hours. Let’s fuck again!” She looked up at me,

hopefully, but I shook my head at her.

“I’ve already been here too long. People will start wondering.”

A wave of her hand dismissed my complaint. “I’m not charging your parents or the school for the time we spend in bed.”

“That’s good,” I agreed. “But I still have to leave.” And I did so. Every time I walked away from Mrs. Tavorski’s naked and willing body was an act of supreme sacrifice.

Chapter Three

After those two initial days of fucking, my introduction to the world of sex, we settled into a comfortable routine. Three days a week I'd go over to her house for my normal science and math tutoring and then.... Either I was motivated or I was getting smarted for the tutoring seemed to take less and less time and we had more and more time to fuck. She'd tutor me for an hour at most, then we'd be in her bed or on the floor or wherever banging out brains out.

She seemed to know her husband's schedule pretty well. I never saw him the entire time I was at her place. There were plenty of pictures of him about and always her wedding rings, and lots of other evidence of him (clothes, shoes, other very obvious evidence he did exist). Mrs. Tavorski was insatiable as far as I could tell. She said she liked having young lovers because they were the only ones who could keep up with her. We could fuck three times an afternoon and she still wanted more.

More than once I was completely spent from cumming three or more times and she was still ready for another go. I watched her mister herself to orgasm more times than I could remember. It was fascinating to watch. Her fingers would busily tease her lips and mons and finally her clit before her whole body shook with her climax. Sometimes she even squirted a bit of her juices on the bed, that's what fascinated me the most: how a woman could squirt almost like a man.

Once when I was too tired to go again and she wanted more, she rolled over to the side of the bed and opened up a drawer on her nightstand. Out she pulled the first vibrator I'd ever seen that wasn't in a porn movie. "Time for you to learn how to use this," she told me, handing over the royal purple silicon shaft.

"I don't know how to use this," I stupidly said.

"Which is why you need to learn how now," she said, leaning back on the pillows and spreading her legs.

She showed me how to turn it on and move it around her cunt, teasing her clit

and then thrusting it in and out of her pussy until she was satisfied.

Give a boy a new toy to play with and he'll be endlessly fascinated until something new comes along. I started asserting myself, sometimes using the vibe at the start of sex instead of at the end, just to see the difference in a pussy that had already been fucked. I made her get on her hands and knees while I used it on her from behind, just to see if she could stay up while she climaxed. She could.

Sometimes she got out a smaller vibe and she used that in addition to the big eight incher that I drove around her groin. We would play games, seeing who could find just the right spot or speed of thrusts that would make her cum the fastest or hardest. She didn't just cum from playing with her clit; she could cum if I could find her g-spot or any one of a number of intriguing ways.

One time I had her on her hands and knees, ass in the air, the purple vibe working in and out of her tunnel, when she told me, "Put it in my ass."

"What?"

"Put it in my ass!" she looked over her shoulder at me and then noticed I had the big vibe. "No, wait a second." She scrambled across the bed and yanked open her drawer of toys. Out came the little vibe and a bottle of lube. "Put the lube on my ass first and then put in the vibe."

She was panting and obviously ready to cum, but I could tell she didn't want to just yet. More than anything—cumming hard, cumming more times than she could count, balancing sex with me and her husband—she loved to see how long she could keep herself from cumming.

By now I had learned to play along. I squirted a good dose of lube on her tiny pale brown bunghole, then used the small, hard vibe to spread it around a bit, pushing it in her just enough to make it easy for her to take.

"Quit fooling around, put it in me!" I obeyed her command and slipped the small shaft into her anus. She groaned as it went in. "Turn it on and fuck me," she then ordered when it was all the way in. I learned later on that the small vibe was specially designed for assplay; it had a flared base so it wouldn't go all the way in, but would fit snugly inside her rectum, held in place by her sphincter. I rotated the small dial on the vibe's base and set her ass to shaking slightly from

the pleasure. “Get your cock in me!” she begged.

I obliged. The vibrations from the toy in her ass reached my shaft as I was inside her. It took me no time at all to cum. I don’t know if she wanted to last much longer, but me splashing inside her cunt was all she needed to finish

“Oh,” she moaned when I collapsed on top of her. “That was wonderful, but you need to turn it off now.”

“Right,” I agreed, rolling off to the side and found the small dial on the base of the vibrator. I twisted it to off, but left it in her ass.

She sighed and stretched out. “You’re a tease,” she told me. “My husband always pulls it out right away. Sometimes it’s nice to just have it stay there for a while.”

This made my body stiffen and I moved slightly away from her. She laughed lightly. “You don’t like it when I talk about having sex with my husband, do you?” she asked, reaching out and gently fondling my cock. Sometimes she did that just to prove she had control over me, sometimes it was to harden me so we could fuck again. I was never sure which.

“No, it makes me nervous.”

“Don’t worry; you’re at least as good a lover as he is, maybe even a little better, besides, variety is what I crave.”

This was the first hint that I had that perhaps I wasn’t the only other person she was having sex with beyond her husband. When she found the time between school, me, her husband and everything else was beyond me.

“How can you do this to him?” I asked her. “Don’t you feel like it’s wrong?”

She scoffed at me. “I’m not doing anything to him. We are,” she said, stressing our dual involvement. “Besides, I’m sure when he’s off on his business trips he’s out balling every young thing he can talk into his hotel room.”

This gave me pause. It never occurred to me that her husband might be sleeping around on her. Maybe that’s why she did it to him.

After laying next to each other in silence for a few minutes, she reached around to her ass and slipped the small vibe out of her body. “We’ll have to get one of these for you,” she said, carefully wiping it off with a towel she kept at the side of the bed. She was always prepared for the two of us. I knew that after I left she cleaned up everything: clothes, sheets, toys, everything. She must have done a lot of laundry every evening after my tutoring.

“Uh-uh. No way. You’re not sticking anything up my ass!”

She looked back at me, a slightly angry look on her face, then held up her finger. “This has been up your ass more than once, and I seem to remember you enjoying it quite a bit. Don’t tell me what we are and aren’t doing!”

It was amazing how she could so easily slip into angry teacher mode and how I so easily kowtowed to it.

“If that’s what you want...” I started to apologize obsequiously.

“No! That’s not what I want! That’s what my husband wants, he loves to be pegged.” She grinned at me. “Not that I mind doing it to him. It’s something every married couple should enjoy, but I want to do other things with you.”

She never really said what other things, but I was on a ride that I couldn’t get off. Not yet.

The one thing that really bothered me about sex with Mrs. Tavorski—besides the fact she was twice my age, my teacher and married—was that she always wore a bra or t-shirt or top of some other kind to keep her breasts hidden. It was strange to say the least. Sometimes the material was so thin or sheer I could plainly see her nipples and areola. She wouldn’t mind if I casually touched her breasts during sex, but if I ever tried to remove her bra and expose her to me fully nude, she would immediately stop whatever we were doing. It was infuriation.

“Why can’t I see your tits?” I asked her one time when she was straddling me again, moving slowly back and forth, enjoying my cock in her cunt. I had run my hands up her side and had attempted to pull down the cups of the corset that was hugging her body before she slapped my hands away.

“Because they are for my husband,” she told me. “I have to save something for him.”

“I’ve had your ass and your pussy, I should be able to have it all,” I complained, but not too much as I was too busy thrusting my hips upward to meet her carefully groomed cunt.

“Maybe you will, but not today.”

And so her tops always stayed on, but she continued to give me access to everything below the waist.

Mrs. Tavorski was very cool in school. She never let on, not even a hint, that we were fucking, which was probably a good thing because she would have lost her job at the very least. I probably spent too much time ogling her in class and when I happened to see in the halls, but then I started noticing that a lot of the other boys in class stared at her as well.

It didn’t take me very long to find out that, probably like almost every other high school in America, there was a list of “Most Admired” teachers. This wasn’t a listing sponsored by the student council to give away an award at graduation, this was a list of the teachers posted on one those social networking websites. It was mostly a tasteful and wasn’t overly sexual, so the school administrators chose to ignore it, but there was Mrs. Tavorski on top, as usual. The standings were updated on a weekly basis, so she wasn’t always first, but always in the top three. I did my best to keep her on top with my weekly votes. (And to be fair there was a list of male teachers as well, but I didn’t bother keeping up with that score.)

So with Mrs. Tavorski on the top of hot teachers it was easy to sideways discuss with other guys her various attributes and our speculations as to how she would be in bed. I always played very coy, never even hinting that she and I were fucking like wild rabbits in heat. Their speculations were all completely wrong. Most of them imagined her as completely submissive allowing them to do whatever they wanted to her, mostly their fantasies were endless blowjobs ending with facials and pearl necklaces.

They were completely wrong. She liked to give blowjobs, but she much preferred to swallow, or to have her lover cum in her cunt. I asked, so a couple of times she allowed me to cum on her body, but never her face. Visually, it was exciting, but the sensations of cumming inside of her were much better than any childish fantasy.

If I had a real girlfriend I would have received presents. That would have been nice. I once tried to give her a very nice camisole set of lingerie, but she refused. Said she couldn't have lingerie lying about the house that her husband hadn't given her. I was so disappointed. Completely crushed. After I spent an hour begging, she finally relented and modeled the lingerie for me, even wore the top when we fucked that night, but she made me bring it home with me. I kept it in the bottom of my dresser drawer the rest of the year.

I did get presents, of a sort. But not the kind you would get from your typical high school girlfriend.

She was waiting for me in bed one night. It was close to Christmas and I was getting worried about if I should buy her a present or not (this led to the disastrous camisole episode). By this time we had given up even pretending that I was being tutored in anything other than sex. Oh, we did my homework and made sure I knew the class material, but if I was all caught up on work, she would bring me right to bed. "I have a present for you," she announced that night.

My cock immediately stiffened. That's all she needed to do to make me ready. I was that easy. "What?" I asked eagerly.

She tilted her head to the side and looked at me expectantly. "You know what you have to do. Take off your clothes first."

I did so and she slipped a blindfold over my eyes. She was wearing the tiniest g-string that barely covered her carefully shaved pubes matched with a perfect sheer bra. I assume she left these on while I was blindfolded, but who's to know the truth. Her grabbing my cock wasn't unexpected, but the suddenly squeezing around the base of my shaft and my balls was. I yanked off the blindfold to see what she had done to me.

"What's that?" I practically screamed. A bright red band was wrapped around my cock and other was circling my tentacles. They were linked together and the outside edges sported a series of nubs and ridges unlike the sides that pressed into my skin which was completely smooth. It wasn't exactly painful but it was surprising.

"It's a cock ring. It'll keep you harder and longer. I like that in a man."

“It hurts,” I complained, reaching for the rings. I tried to pull them off, but only managed to snap the one around my shaft like a rubber band. That really hurt. I couldn’t imagine what that would have felt like if I had tried removing the one around my tentacles first. I let out a shout of pain. She laughed at my unintentional antics.

“Fuck me first, and then we can take them off.” She slipped off her tiny, unnecessary panties and pulled me by the cock to her bed. She was right. I was hard and it did keep me from cumming as quickly as usual. She said that the nubs and ridges felt good rubbing into her clit.

Cumming with the rings on was like cumming again for the first time. The rings were fairly wide and I thought that was just for the little projections for her pleasure. I discovered that it was to keep my balls away from my cock when I actually came. That made my organism that much more powerful. It also made it that much more painful. I was nearly crying by the time I was done pumping my cum into her. She held me in her arms, rocking me slightly until my cock relaxed enough to where she could stretch it out and take it off.

“Wasn’t that good?” she asked me, a wise and knowing look in her eye.

I looked up into her eyes. “It hurt,” I whined to her, wiping away the tears that had formed at the corners of my eyes

“But you still came,” she pointed out to me. “It was probably the best one you’ve ever had.”

I had to admit that was true. It might have been painful, but it was the best I ever had. “Okay, it was good, great even, but you should have warned me it was going to hurt that much.”

She kissed me lightly on the lips. “That would have spoiled the surprise.”

I started to get up off her warm body. “I need to get it off now,” I announced to her.

“No, stay!” she insisted, wrapping her legs around mine and circling my back with her arms. “I want you to stay inside of me.” Even though she was almost twice my age and a woman, she was surprisingly strong. I wasn’t able to easily escape her grasp.

“I’m not going to stay hard very long,” I told her.

“That’s what you think,” she chuckled in my ear. Then she began chewing and kissing my earlobe. That always drove me crazy, it still does. It wasn’t long that I was at least semi-hard again. She rolled us over and supported herself on her knees as she started rolling her hips back and forth. It felt good, especially when she ground her pelvis down. I didn’t realize it at the time, but that wasn’t for my benefit; she was rubbing her clit against the nubs on the rings. I liked how she felt, already full of my cum, while I was fucking her again. She was almost too wet, but what did I know and care?

Watching her cum again her hold body shaking above me as I watched was just enough to make me follow suit with her. This time it wasn’t as painful, but it was just as powerful.

“See,” she panted when she was done. “I knew you had more in you. You always do.” Her body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat which mixed well with the juices of our lovemaking. For all her passion and age, I always forgot how Mrs. Tavorski was almost a tiny slip of a woman. I was easily fifty pounds heavier than her and at least six inches taller.

With a groan of effort and some discomfort, she lifted her body off mine and staggered to the bathroom. I lay on the bed, exhausted by my double quick organisms, watching as my cock slowly lost its stiffness, but never completely abated.

Mrs. Tavorski sauntered back into the bedroom, refreshed from her time cleaning up. She had removed her top and had replaced it with a sheer, short robe that hid nothing but made it seemed like it was doing something. It didn’t notice the towel and small bucket she was carrying until she set them down on the floor next to the bed.

“Now lie still,” she told me, reaching for my cock. “If you move around while I’m doing this, it’ll really hurt.”

I nodded and leaned back. With deft fingers she spread open the stretchy material and slipped it off my cock, then from around my balls. There were a couple of sharp pulls as a few pubic hairs got caught in the rings, but it was otherwise perfect. “Thanks,” I said. The resulting flow of blood back to my genitals was a relief; there hadn’t been any pain while I was resting, but the

pressure was gone. I started to get up, but she hadn't released me yet.

"Don't move," she told me. "I'm not done yet." She laid the warm, wet towel across my goodies and started cleaning up our leavings.

"You're good at that," I commented to her. The towel and cleaning were something that had never occurred to me to do before. I suppose only women thought about cleaning up after sex. I closed my eyes and relaxed until I heard the foaming spritz of the shaving cream can. "What are you doing?" I demanded, trying to get away from her, but she still had my manhood well in hand. I practically screamed this.

There was a mass of shaving cream now covering me and I was nervous about the razor she was wielding in her free hand.

"Shaving you," she told me. "You're going to be wearing those rings a lot more in the future and they're easier to get on and off without all this hair," she explained.

"Maybe I don't want you to shave me!"

Her glare was right out of the classroom. "You don't have a choice," she told me. "Now you can either fight me and risk losing more than just a little bit of hair or you can let me be in charge and realize that I'm right." She squeezed her hand a little tighter; she was right, I didn't have any choice. I was already subservient to her—something I admitted to myself that I enjoyed—so this was just another step in our complex relationship.

"Okay," I finally relented and stopped pulling away. Not that I was pulling all that hard.

I couldn't bear to watch as she proceeded to move all my pubic hair. Or almost all of it. She started with the base of the shaft. That was easy and painless. Then she moved on to my sack and was surprisingly delicate. I had to hold my entire body rigid during the work but this turned out to be a good thing. So great was my fear that my goodies shriveled up almost to nothing which apparently made it easier for Mrs. Tavorski to maneuver the razor around. This was good. I started to enjoy the sensations the shaving was sending to my cock and I started to get hard again.

“Don’t get too excited,” she told me. “I’m not nearly done yet.” She then proceeded to dump a good amount of shaving cream on my pubic hair right above my cock.

“What are you doing?” I demanded.

“We already went over this,” she said absently as she set to work. I didn’t want to be bald like a baby or like a porn star even, but I had little say in the matter. After she was done I steeled myself and looked down. Most of my pubes had been removed, but she had left a nice triangle pointing upwards right above my cock. It wasn’t nearly as radical as I supposed, but it was something that I did enjoy later on.

“You’ll need to keep it shaved on a daily basis,” she informed me when she was done and cleaning off the last of the cream with the towel. “Otherwise it’ll start to itch. And I’ll know if you haven’t been doing a good job.”

She was right on all accounts. Getting the cock rings on and off was much simpler without all that hair; there wasn’t any pulling or pinching. She did do her almost daily inspections and made sure I was shaving myself. I was. I did it every morning in the shower, no matter how much my mother complained that I was taking too long in the shower. Even if I did shave every day and use all sorts of skin conditioner, it was still occasionally itchy. I suppose we all suffer for the preference of our partners.

Chapter Four

It's amazing how things start to fall apart. You aren't aware of the problems until it's already too late. I should have known something was wrong the day in the spring when Mrs. Tavorski was on top of me, bouncing up and down, when she suddenly reached up and pulled off her thin t-shirt exposing her bare tits to me. I was shocked. So long had we been fucking with her always keeping her top on that I stopped in the middle of our rhythm and just stared at her naked nipples.

I was sure they were the most beautiful breasts I had ever seen in my life. Truly, my experience with naked breasts up to that point was one girl a year before and a huge amount of porn found on the internet. But I was certain Mrs. Tavorski's were the most beautiful in the world. They weren't huge or small, just perfectly sized and capped with bright pink nipples. I'm positive I must have gasped when she removed her top, I had become so used to seeing and fucking her while she was still partially clothed that just the gesture was enough to completely captivate me.

"You like?" she asked coyly, twisting her frame slightly, showing off for me as I looked up at her.

"Yes," I managed to choke out. "Why?"

She giggled like a teenager and worked her hips up and down a few more times before answering. "It was time to show you."

Just the sight of her completely nude body was enough to make me thrust harder and faster into her. I wasn't wearing the cock rings so I was certain to cum almost immediately.

"Stop!" she ordered me. She used her teacher tone. I had to obey even though it was pure torture.

"Why?" I asked her again, reaching up for her tits and fondling them. She leaned forward so they were easily within my reach. I didn't know what I was doing with them, but she enjoyed my fingers playing with her nipples. Or maybe it was

my cock up her pussy, either way. “I thought you said your tits were just for your husband.”

“They were,” she answered, her eyes half closed, enjoying both my hands and cock.

“What changed?” I asked.

She opened her eyes and looked down at me, her head slightly tilted to one side. Then she brought her hands up to her breasts, pushed my hands aside and slid her fingers down her body until they rested on her belly. Even though she labeled herself as a slut—for she had admitted affairs with more men than I cared to remember—she didn’t adorn herself with any of the accoutrements of the typical slut. No tattoos. No body piercing, especially not a belly ring. She never wore an anklet or other jewelry that would give her alternative lifestyle away. She was always very reserved. I liked that. It made her different from the vast majority of girls in my school. She spread her fingers out, framing her navel with the fingers pointing down at her carefully shaved pussy.

“I’m pregnant,” she announced.

I nearly fainted dead away. It wasn’t from her pelvis grinding down on me.

“Uh-uh-uh,” was all I could manage to say.

She laughed at me as she continued to work her way up and down my cock. “Don’t worry, it’s not yours.”

“How do you know that?! How can you be certain?!” I was gasping for breath and not because of her attentions to my cock.

I was young and foolish. The entire time I had been fucking Mrs. Tavorski not once had I used a condom or any other contraception. I figured—in the back of my head—she was an older woman who either couldn’t get pregnant or she knew what she was doing and would only fuck when it was safe. What did I know? I was young and stupid and horny. She was in charge.

“Don’t be silly, dear,” she said, never stopping the motion of her hips while she talked to me. She was amazing. “I like to fuck skin to skin. But I was always careful to put my diaphragm in before you ever got your cock anywhere near my

pussy. The only one who ever got me completely unprotected was my husband.” She leaned back with a self-satisfied smile. “You don’t have anything to worry about.”

“But the number of times we had together and everything else. Nothing is completely sure!”

“I am. You don’t have to worry.” She stopped talking and moved her hand off the bed and down between our joined bodies. I could feel her busy fingers playing with her clit. It didn’t take her long to bring herself to climax. As always she was beautiful to watch while orgasming. It was the first time I actually saw her do it while nude, so that was something new for me too. I couldn’t help myself. I came easily inside of her. There was no danger, was there?

When she was done she rolled off me and collapsed on the bed. “That was wonderful,” she complimented me. Or maybe herself. I was experiencing panic and anger at the same time, so maybe it could be forgiven what I did next.

Her legs were still slightly spread so it was easy to slip my fingers into her pussy, she was still lubed from her juice and my cum. Her cunt was relaxed and open. Getting my hand almost all the way in was easy to do.

She grunted as I rudely entered her. “What are you doing?” she asked, more than a little surprised at what I was doing to her.

“Checking,” was all I would say.

“Checking for what?” she moaned. It wasn’t a moan of complete pleasure, but she wasn’t complaining either.

“Your diaphragm.”

“I’m not wearing it now,” she said in that tone every teenager hears as one from a mature adult who is less than impressed with incorrect knowledge.

“Why not!” I demanded as my panic increased.

“I’m already pregnant,” she informed me. “You can’t get any more pregnant once you are in such a state.”

She was right. I withdrew my hand from her cunt. “Sorry,” I apologized.

“You didn’t have to stop,” she told me. “It felt kind of nice.”

“I’m not in the mood anymore.”

Sensing my depression, she leaned up and kissed me on the cheek. “You should take it while you can get it, a few more months and I won’t be able to fuck anymore.”

“You’re sure I’m not the father?” I asked as my head was spinning.

“Not a chance. Which is good because you don’t want to be known as the high school student who knocked up his teacher and pretty much screwed up his life from then forward.”

We rested a while. My stomach was tight with anxiety. When I got up to get dressed Mrs. Tavorski reached for me again and wanted to fuck, but for perhaps the first time since we had started fucking, I was soft. “Don’t you want to?” she asked.

“I can’t.”

In response she took me into her mouth and tried sucking and teasing me in every way but I couldn’t get hard. It was the first time I was only able to fuck her only once since we had fallen in to bed.

“I spooked you, huh?”

“I would say so,” I said as I continued to get dressed.

There was little else to say after I left that night.

Mrs. Tavorski, cool as always, said little to me over the next few weeks. It was painful for me, mostly in the physical sense. I went from having intense, passionate and sometimes kinky sex with an attractive woman almost every day for months to nothing, by my own choice. I more than made up for it in masturbating, but that wasn’t nearly good enough for me. I wanted more.

To be fair, Mrs. Tavorski treated me the same as every other student in class—the ones she wasn't fucking. She didn't start failing me on tests or sabotaging my homework. I suppose that was because she didn't want to lose her job, but I took it as a good sign that I wasn't going to have to repeat senior science in summer school so I could go off to college. I was short-sighted.

The day she announced to our class that she was pregnant was also the day she gave me a note that she wanted to see me for tutoring again. Maybe it was stupidity, maybe it was my perceived need to have sex with her one more time—after all, she was safe and hardly showing yet, and she was easily a hundred times better looking than the majority of girls in my class—but I decided to visit her home one last time for maybe one last fuck.

And so I went to her house, let myself into the kitchen via the back door and was immediately confronted by her husband. I recognized him from the photos around their house. It was the first time I had seen him in the flesh. I was certain I had been lured to her house so that I could be murdered. Why this flash of panic I don't know, but I was obviously wrong.

“So you're Jimmy,” her husband said, holding out his hand. “My name's Pete. Glad to meet you.”

Mechanically I took his hand and shook it. My knees were weak and my stomach wanted to close in on itself. I was certain I was dead. It was the same feeling every time I got every time my parents caught me in a lie. I'm not certain if I said anything or not but he kept talking.

“My wife's been telling me all about you,” he said with a friendly smile.

“It's all lies,” I blurted out in a panic.

He looked askance at me then burst out laughing. “What lies?” he asked.

His tone brought me back to reality. “Whatever she told you,” I said, trying to wiggle out from the inquisition.

“About how you two would fuck every night after she was done tutoring you?” he asked?

I'm sure my face gave everything away. My voice didn't help either. “Yeah.

That. It's a lie."

His grin didn't go away. "So all those videos I have of you two rutting like wild pigs is all just a figment of my imagination?"

"You have videos?" I asked with a sinking feeling in my stomach again.

"Yeah, I probably should have told the wife before I planted the cameras in the bedroom, but she was okay with it once I confessed. We've enjoyed watching them together."

Now I was completely confused. "What?"

He shook his head. "Did she make it seem like she was keeping you a secret?" He laughed again. "She likes to do that. Pretend she's keeping something from me. I think she likes the idea of cheating. Truth is we have an open marriage."

"Open marriage?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes, we can fuck anyone we want as long as we let the other one know what's going on. It's not for everyone but it's worked out well for us."

"Oh." I sounded stupid, but my mind wasn't working correctly in the face of all this surprising information.

"Anyway, she was awful disappointed the way things ended between you two. I told her she shouldn't have been surprised, you're pretty inexperienced and popping her pregnancy on you was probably a bit of a shock."

"Yeah," I agreed. "It was." My brain started working again. "Why am I here?" I asked, trying to get my bearings.

"The wife wanted to give you a going away present. And so did I. You are going off to college in the fall, aren't you?"

I nodded yes.

"So you'll miss the birth. That's probably a good thing. You know it is mine, don't you?"

I nodded yes again.

“Don’t worry about that. She was very careful that I could be the only one to knock her up. And she’s been busy over the past year. You weren’t the only guy fucking her, did you know that?”

“Besides you?” I asked.

“At least three other guys besides me. But that doesn’t matter now. Don’t you want to see what she got you for your going away present? It’s in the bedroom.” He stepped forward and put his hand on my shoulder to steer me into the room where I had enjoyed Mrs. Tavorski’s pleasures more times than I could count.

“No,” I protested, freezing in place. “I can’t fuck your wife while you’re in the house!”

He laughed again. He was a big guy. Apparently Mrs. Tavorski liked to bed large men. He was bigger and stronger than me so he pushed me along like I was barely there.

“Don’t worry. You won’t. I’m not that open minded. At least not with teenaged boys. I’ve got something better for you.”

And so, escorted by his heavy hand on my shoulder I was ushered into the bedroom. Mrs. Tavorski was waiting on the bed with of all things another woman.

“Hi, Jimmy,” she said. She was wearing one of her sheer tops, hiding nothing, but making her look all the more alluring. I could just detect the slightly swelling of her pregnant belly. On the bed next to her was another woman, probably more of a girl, she didn’t look much older than me, her long red hair was spread out on the pillow holding up her head. Mrs. Tavorski had her hand between the redhead’s legs and was working a vibrator in and out of her cunt. “Do you like the present we got for you?”

The redhead’s eyes were squeezed tightly shut and she was clutching the sheets with her hands, keeping her body rigid as she submitted herself to Mrs. Tavorski’s ministrations. She was beautiful. Breasts bigger than Mrs. T’s; they shook each time she took in a deep breath when Mrs. T found just the right spot in her pussy. She apparently wasn’t nearly as aggressive as Mrs. Tavorski in her

grooming. She sported a full bush of bright red hair covering her labia and mons.

“Her name is Tiffany,” Mr. Tavorski told me. “She works in my office.”

“I was pretty sure he was banging his secretary,” Mrs. T said, “but it turns out he was saving her for a special occasion.”

“Get undressed, Jimmy,” he said to me. “She’s waiting for you.’

When she heard her name Tiffany opened her eyes and looked at me. “You’re right,” she half-gasped, half-spoke. “He is cute.”

“And he’s got a cock like you wouldn’t believe.”

Slowly I undressed as Mrs. Tavorski kept working the vibe on Tiffany’s pussy and the girl carefully watched me. When I was naked I realized I was already hard. Tiffany pushed herself up onto her elbows at the sight of my erect cock.

“It is nice looking. And he won’t need any prep work either,” she laughed.

“Go fuck her,” Mr. Tavorski said, pushing me slightly on the back.

It was strange having three people watch me mount the bed and crawl towards Tiffany. While the two women were already naked, or nearly so, Mr. Tavorski was completely clothed. I felt I was the main attraction in some sex show.

Tiffany eagerly pushed away Mrs. Tavorski’s hand and wiggled over to me, taking my cock in hand and started to guide it into her body. “Wait,” I said. “I need a condom.”

This elicited much laughter from the married couple and a few giggles from Tiffany. “I’m on the pill,” she told he, urging me forward.

“How do I know that?” I said, half-resisting, half wanting to plunge forward.

“You don’t,” Tiffany giggled at me. “But isn’t that half the fun?”

I couldn’t agree with her, but her grip on my cock was too firm. She pulled forward and slipped the head just inside her labia. That was all I needed to forget my worries. In no time at all I was well in her depths, thrusting as fast and hard

as I could. Tiffany, much to her credit, was a wonderful fuck. She moaned and groaned underneath me, almost like she was putting on a show, as if she were performing for a porn movie. Her body twisted and writhed like she was insatiable, going so far as to throw her legs around my waist and lock her ankles together.

It didn't take me long to cum inside her tight cunt. My orgasm was so powerful it was like my entire body had been taken control by Tiffany's pussy. She milked me hard and I was near tears of glory when we were done.

"That was wonderful," cried out Mrs. Tavorski, delighted with our performance. She clapped her hands lightly together as she watched us from the opposite side of the king bed. It was only now that I noticed her husband had disrobed and was kneeling at edge of the bed; his head was between her legs.

I had enjoyed feasting the flavors from Mrs. Tavorski's pussy myself, but her husband truly lost himself when performing cunnilingus on her. I could see her juices and his saliva all over his face and smeared across her upper thighs and mons.

She saw me staring at them in the midst of their oral copulation. I thought it was odd she had been busier watching me and Tiffany than concentrating on what her husband was doing to her. With the heel of her hand she nudged his face away from her cunt and pointed at us. "It's time to switch," she told him.

Apparently his enthusiasm for eating snatch had completely distracted him from the other nude woman on his bed, but seeing Tiffany naked and with her hand covering her bright red muff was enough to bring him back to reality. "Right!" he agreed enthusiastically and pushed me out of the way.

I was too tired to resist, but not so tired I didn't watch. I fully expected Mr. Tavorski to get between Tiffany's lightly freckled legs and start pounding away at her. I was wrong. Though his cock was erect he didn't get it anywhere near her cunt. Instead he lay down and put his face into her pussy.

"Just like you promised, Mr. T," she sighed, wrapping her thighs around his head and running her fingers through his hair.

"My husband enjoys a good cream pie," Mrs. Tavorski told me, gently pulling me by cock and hand to her side of the bed. "You've supplied him with a variety

the past year, but I've served each time. Now someone else is serving him."

I nodded dumbly, like I knew what was going on. Just watching Mr. Tavorski eating out Tiffany was enough to get me hard. She took me in her mouth, sucking off Tiffany's pussy juices and my cum as she sucked me.

"Tasty," she said backing off and wiping her chin with the back of her hand. "One last fuck for old time's sake?" she asked hopefully, her eyes gleaming with desire. Without waiting for an answer she got on her hands and knees, putting her ass in the air. Her pussy was wet and exposed and I couldn't resist.

She was easy to enter, as always, looking just at her ass and the spread of her hips, it was easy to imagine fucking her as we used to, without her pregnant. I glanced over at Tiffany; she was breathing heavily as Mr. Tavorski sucked my leavings out of her cunt. Mrs. Tavorski reached under her legs, found my balls and gave them a gentle, insistent squeezing tug. I came in her, overfilling her cunt.

That was the last time I ever fucked my teacher in high school; the last time I ever fucked her at all. I thought that would have been the end of our relationship. I was slightly wrong. I wished I had heard from Tiffany again; I remembered after I left the Tavorski's home that she had been two years ahead of me in high school. Still, it would have been awkward to say the least to try and track her down. It was too bad I didn't have more courage. She was a willing and slutty girl.

Right before I left for college a video disc arrived in the mail for me. It was an edited version of some of the times Mrs. Tavorski and I had fucked. Her husband had done an excellent job editing the material. I'm sure he must have hidden at least three cameras in the bedroom, judging by the angles he used. The final chapter on the disc was our group fuck with Tiffany. It was a great going to college gift. I used it too many times to count during my freshman year when not one girl would even look at me. I shouldn't have gone to an engineering college.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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