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Subject: A Term at Mollie's 6

Here are the usual warnings. This fictional story contains sexual reference to sex between consulting adults. The author relies on the reader's discretion as to whether he|she is legally old enough to read further, and whether he|she will be offended by the subjects described. If you are not sure, don't read it. Although my characters don't, always practice safe sex, especially with casual partners. 'Nuff said.

A Term at Mollie's

Chapter Six.

It was sometimes necessary to give my pupils studying ancient or modern languages extra tuition so that they could stay in touch with the progress of others in the class. Even the brightest of students sometime had difficulties with various aspects of a particular language, be it Latin (spoken or written) or Russian, German, Japanese, whatever. So it was not unusual for me to announce that so-and-so would have to arrange a convenient time for a 'catch-up', as they were called.

Richards, a particularly talented student, had been seemingly having trouble with his Latin pronunciation for a couple of lessons and so we arranged a 'catch-up' when the both of us next had a free period, and we were to meet in my classroom. The rooms were quite basic, with an electronic white board and projector, and blackouts for the windows. I had a long table and upholstered chair at the front, and the boys each had a square table and padded chair, well spaced, so they had an undisturbed view of the front. There were bookcases and cupboards and the usual teaching paraphernalia.

Richards appeared on time and we sat together in the main body of the room with me leading the lesson. For about five minutes I attempted to encourage his pronunciation of simple words, but to no success. I stood in front of him with a text book, whilst he sat.

"What is the matter with you Richards? I really don't think you are trying. We are going to have to exercise those grey cells."

"I don't think it is my grey cells that need exercising, Sir. I just need you to help to improve my oral." And with that he looked up into my face for a couple of seconds, licked his lips, and then he reached forwards and rubbed my inside left leg. As he rubbed his hand rose higher to my balls, which he cupped, still licking his lips, as if to moisten them. I realised that I had been 'had'. Richards did not want some extra curriculum tuition in something dead, but with something of mine that was very alive.

"I had heard that you go to great lengths in these matters," he said with a disarming smile. I smiled back and told him, "I think your work has shown me that you would rise to my challenge, but we must show some care." I crossed to the door and turned the key to lock it. Locked doors were not strange in the School, but I left the key in so that another key could not open it. Then I put the lights on and crossed to the blackouts, pulling them down until no daylight could be seen. It was only then that I returned to Richards, and again stood in front of him, knowing that we should not be disturbed for at least 30 minutes.

He again reached forward but this time stroked the thickening tube in my trousers. He ran his fingers either side to outline it in the fabric, as it pointed up and to the right. He pulled my zipper down and I loosened my belt. My trousers dropped to the floor. I was only wearing sandals and I quickly removed everything, unbuttoned my shirt, and put it together with my trousers over my chair. Again I returned to Richards, who had stripped off by this time. He sat in his chair, and his head was the same height as my groin. He leaned over the desk and into me, his nose inhaling the scent of my talc dusted underpants. I felt as he gently took hold of my cock between his teeth, bringing slight pressure to bear. I could feel the warmth of his breath. His hands gripped my thighs and drew me closer. His mouth now moved to my mushroom cock head. I felt the wet of his saliva as he licked the outside of my pants.

I realised now how badly I needed him to take me in his mouth. I started bucking my hips, trying to slip my head between his teeth, but my pants stopped it. I tried to pull my pants down but he stopped me, however the small amount I had managed to move them allowed a bigger pocket of fabric and my stiff cock gained entry. He put his right hand round my cock and my pants became a long, cloth condom. He licked the head again, but the white cotton seemingly muffled the sensation. He put the whole thing into his mouth and started to move his head so the cloth wanked up and down across the edge of my glans whilst he held the stalk. Now his hand started to wank the base of my cock. I began having gratification for the sensation I had been seeking. I put my hands on his head and began pushing myself into his oh-so-warm receptacle. After about six thrusts, Richards moved his head back and moved away, letting go of all contact. He pushed his seat back so there was a gap between him and the desk, which I quickly positioned myself into. I pulled my pants down to my knees and leaned back on the desk edge as he took them down to the floor. Stepping out of them I put my cheeks on the edge of the desk and held the side edges, leaning back slightly so my erection stood straight up waiting for his ministrations.

He slowly licked up my left leg from my knees. I felt the rising tension as he approached my low hanging balls, but his tongue swerved round them and onto the base of my cock. It was twitching about every 2 seconds with my excitement, and felt about to burst. His travelling tongue eventually found the back of the purple head, where it lingered on a clear dew drop, its rough/soft surface gently abraiding the hard flesh under it as he cow-licked me. I almost came there and then.

I flung my head back onto my shoulders and closed my eyes. His soft, hot, velvety mouth closed over my glans, flooding it in a salve of saliva, his tongue swirling round the tip, flicking along the valley of the piss slit. Then his lips slid down my shaft, allowing the underside of my cock access to more of his tongue. He drew closer and, again holding my stiffness, pushed his head lower down my 10 inches. I could now feel my prick head move from the cavern of his mouth to the constriction of the tunnel of his throat. He raised up and then down on me, forcing my girth to plug his airway. Then he was drawing off me so as to breath again before plunging again back onto my instrument of torture, all of which he did willingly for my pleasures. Again I almost came, feeling the boiling lava rising in my volcano.

His timing was immaculate and excruciating. Still holding my cock in his right hand he withdrew his head, and, looking up at me, asked, "Well has the earth moved for you?" I looked down into his eyes, which were dancing with lust and amusement. "I never thought I could feel soooo excited," I said. "Oh! There's more, believe me!" he promised, "Just turn over and lay on the desk."

He positioned me so that I was laying on my chest, my hands gripping the sides of the table, my feet apart, my arse presented, open to him, as he sat between my legs. I felt his hot breath on the back of my balls. His hands took hold of my cheeks and pulled them apart and he pushed his nose onto my brown ring, so that he could lick along the hard ridge made by my erection, between my balls and my sphincter. My cock jumped and dribbled pre-cum, a continuous ribbon dripping to

puddle on the floor. Then he moved slightly and his tongue now licked the crenelated edge to my ring, before actually forcing its way into me, his tongue like a dart. As it continued to probe deeper and deeper, his right hand found my cock and he began a slow wank, using my pre-cum as a lubricant, his hand sliding the length from bulbous tip to hairless root. Again I was just on the edge of cumming.

Richards drew an adjacent pupil's table over to make a longer platform. "Roll over onto your back," he commanded me. I now lay fully open to his ministrations on my back, with my cock pointing towards my chin, so hard it hurt. Richards stood up, to stand to my right. He bent and took my prick in his wet mouth again. I could not help but reach round and run my right hand up between his cheeks, feeling for his ring. Without taking me out of his mouth he used both hands to open himself and I inserted my middle finger into him. He then took hold of my shaft and balls and, holding them firmly, started to bob his head up and down. For my part I began to thrust lustfully into his mouth and finger fuck his bottom simultaneously. He pushed back onto my finger for deeper anal penetration, and encouraged my full length into his mouth. We continued our mutual pleasures for over two minutes, before he straightened up, and took a step back.

He looked at me with a smile and gave his own erection a few quick strokes, then he climbed up onto the desks and straddled my hips, facing me. Slowly, he positioned himself, with one hand steering my cock to his ass. "The secret is relaxing enough to allow it entry, but not so you shit over your friend," he said, almost laughing. "It happened to one of the lads last term. Bit off-putting I would think!" His body sank down, my prong slipping easily into his practised canal. With his hands either side of my chest he pumped his bum up and down, my cock sliding easily both ways in his anus. He bent his arms and kissed me, his tongue in my mouth, the taste of me and my fluids assailing me. I told him I was going to cum. He sat up on my cock so he took the whole length of me within him and moved himself up and down with practised deftness, clenching his muscles to give me the highest yield of friction from my movement within his love-tunnel. I took hold of his dick and began wanking him fast. He began to bounce on me with some speed as well, and together we came, me pumping my white, sticky seed almost a foot inside him, my cock suddenly slipping that much easier as he moved, which triggered him to squirt his all over my chest, the first rope just making it to my chin and mouth. His motion continued on my cock, milking me of every delicious drop, and I kept hold of his stiffness allowing it to slip through the tunnel of my clenched hand, until we were both at our end.

"Shall I make another 'catch-up' period for next week so you can test whether my 'oral' has improved, Sir," he impudently asked. I was already pencilling him into my mental diary.

Any comments welcomed to alex.carbinc@sky.com