

The New One

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A work of fiction, meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

I held her close, breathing deeply through my nose, filling myself with her scent. She held me, her hand going to the back of my head, cradling me gently the way we both love. I sighed and kissed the side of one breast as my head rested on the other, filling me with the sound of her beating heart.

She held me, sighed, and kissed my head.

After a few minutes drifting in bed together in afterglow, waking from our nap, she chuckled, jiggling me in her embrace. She kissed my head again. "What got into you this afternoon?" She growled, "Whatever it was, you should do it more..."

I held her, and kissed her breast. "I had another one show up at office hours," I confessed. I'd been so hungry for her when I got home -- taking her upstairs to bed, needing her so much.

"Tell me more?" she asked.

I snuggled in. "After class this morning -- my History of Science class. They have a draft due in a week, with a short statement and a brief outline. I've got samples on my website; you know. I've been getting questions, and a few have stopped by for help. Well this morning, I'd been in my office a few minutes, and she knocked on the door..." I thought back on her, standing there...

"Wearing a zip-up sweatshirt, bulging with succulence, a strip of skin showing deliciously between the sweatshirt and her tight low-riding denim pants... That turned-up nose, pouting lips, the dyed-blond hair with the dark roots... She came in, put her hands on the back of the guest chair, her arms pressing those succulent charms of hers to even greater prominence, and she actually said it -- she said, "Oh, Professor Lear, isn't there *something* I can do for extra credit?"

My pillow laughed, holding me deliciously. "And you took her on your work table..."

I chuckled and nuzzled her. "Would I do such a thing?"

"Oh darling... You'd sit with her and help her do her outline, right?"

"Looking down her top, and she caught me, gave me quite the smile, and pulled her zipper down an inch or two. My God, so round and firm, and those nipples! And she smelled so fresh!"

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“How did they taste?” she asked.

I kissed hers, taking one for a moment. “Oh so young and probably so inexperienced -- could she hold me and suckle me for hours? I don’t think so.”

“Ah, but getting her broken in...” she whispered, kissing the top of my head.

“She deserves someone her own age,” I replied.

“She deserves someone gentle, passionate, and caring, but you’re mine.”

“Mmm, and I know it,” I agreed.

“How about her bottom?” she asked.

“She had one,” I admitted.

More chuckling, jiggling me. “Small? Large?”

“Just right -- I knocked a stack of post-its off the table at one point and bent down to pick them up. That gap between the bottom of her sweatshirt top and her pants -- a nice waist, a cute navel that wanted a tongue in it, and her bottom flaring out on the wooden seat.”

“Holding her waist as she bounces on top of you?” she suggested.

I moved a little, taking a nipple fully, pulling her more on top of me.

She held my head with one hand, the other hand wandering down to hold my other head. “She certainly seems to have piqued your interest,” she growled, holding me and teasing me. “I can see you, putting her on her back on your work table, kissing that cute navel, sliding down her pants and panties, kissing your way down, making her gasp as you taste her sweetness. Oh I love it when you go down on me, darling, and I know how hot and hard it makes you... Would you just take her to the edge, or give her a good one, and then take her to the edge again before dropping your pants and sliding into her? Turn her to her stomach first?”

She pushed me to my back and slid us together again. I held her waist.

“Would she know how to tease you with those young breasts and firm nipples? Oh I like it so much, letting you go down on me, your magic tongue, then having you slide into me, just laying on my back feeling you... But it’s so nice to get you on your back, darling, and ride you and tease you...”

She slid her breasts back and forth over me, not letting me have a nipple for very long, or teasing me and smothering me between her breasts. Something she did, holding me, squeezing me.

“Oh, I can feel what that does to you, darling, making you harder inside me, all the better to ride you with... Oh yes, darling, hold me... Oh I know how much you want my nipples, and we’re almost

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there, darling -- I know how much you need them. And when you latch on, that can be enough to get me over the edge... Imagine her head back, moaning as you reach for one of those sweet young nipples.. Oh yes, darling..."

I was getting there, and from the way she felt, so was she... Then she grabbed me and held me to a nipple, swirling her hips and moaning... I felt her quiver around me as she came, and I let go and let it happen, coming inside her, filling her again.

"Oh, that's nice," she cooed, holding me, coaxing out the last drop as she rolled her hips. "Could she get three from you in an afternoon? Hmmm? Can I still? After dinner should I put on my velvet top and some perfume? My stretch velvet leggings with the crotch opened up? You could go down on me on the couch, and then take me over the arm of the couch if you want... Remember that time in your office, you got me on your work table, I pulled down my pants and panties, but when you went down on me I pulled them back up behind your head, trapping you? Oh I came so hard and so fast! And you rolled me over and slid into me..."

I slid my arms up her back, holding her shoulders. She moved a bit so I was filled with one breast and trapped by the other, the music of her heart serenading me.

"I've got you, sweetie," she whispered. "Pull up the..."

I pulled the sheet up over her shoulders to keep her warm.

"Thank you," she responded, holding me so well. "We've got time for another short nap... I love to wake up in your arms... All I have to do is move a little and you start sucking again... I don't care how cute she is, you're stuck with the old model, Professor..."

I sighed and gave her a squeeze to let her know I agreed.

FIN
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