

Hey, Professor!

(FM, MM, FF, bi, ws, voy)

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I am a college professor in my early thirties. I'm bisexual. I'm more than a little bent, too, I guess. Anyway, this is how the story goes....

Shyla burst into the classroom crying. Right behind her came Amber, Kaylee, and Chase. The two girls went to their friend and comforted her as best they could; Shyla sat hunched over in the front corner seat of the small auditorium-styled room, her shoulders heaved with her sobs, her face was buried in her hands. The only intelligible sounds she made were "fucker" and "asshole". The rest was just general moaning.

Chase remained in the doorway to the room for a while, then he finally sat in a back row seat, his face set in a small half-frown of impatience. It was clear that he had caused this particular problem, but it was also clear that he wasn't necessarily too sorry about it.

I stood just behind the half-open door in the wing of the low stage at the front of the class. Only a moment before, I'd stepped behind the partition holding the blackboards; I'd been in search of erasers. That dumb-fuck Dr. Hulbert left all his equations up there again, so once more I'd be wiping off chalk for ten minutes before I could get up any notes. Imagine my surprise when four of my students stormed in like that, nearly an hour before class started. My immediate impulse, of course, was to emerge from behind the stage and shoo them away. But I hesitated. No one can resist slowing down to look at a wreck, after all. And apparently this was a pretty big bang-up.

A big factor in my voyeurism also had to do with the fact that the three girls were gorgeous — typical 19 year-old college beauties, destined for business school and then law school somewhere. I'd been keeping a casual eye on them all semester when they'd come to class, and more than once I'd fervently cursed the fact that I was no longer 19 again myself, so I could even pretend to have a chance with delicious girls like that. They wore flip-flops, hip-huggers, spaghetti-

strapped shirts, a little eye liner, a little lip gloss, no bras, no panty lines, no blemishes anywhere. Even Kaylee, whose dark hair was bushily bunched up in dreadlocks, possessed the innate grace, clear skin, and refined features to make her a true beauty, really easy to stay hidden and watch.

Chase was remarkable in his own way. He was a smart, arrogant rich-boy with bleached blonde hair and a broken shell necklace, Hawaiian print shirts and ripped shorts, always the poseur surfer, always proud of it. Everyone knew a rich kid from Tampa wouldn't know dick about surfing; but that was never what was most important to this generation. In my day, the poseur got his ass kicked. These days, he is the ass-kicker. It's all about the image. Chase hung his leg over the seat in front of him. His own flip-flop was hanging tenuously to his toes. He rolled his head back and stared at the ceiling for a long time. I noticed his jaw was incredibly strong, his neck thicker than I'd ever really expected it to be.

Despite the sobs and the halting, whispering consolations from Amber, I managed to piece together the situation. Apparently, Shyla had just been told by Chase that they were "through". Chase confessed another lover, gave Shyla her apartment key back, etc. Shyla was mortified, mostly, because she'd just taken him the weekend before to meet her parents — they'd hated him, which she thought made him the perfect guy for her. Now she'd have to start over.

Eventually, Shyla just sat there hunched over and sighing, staring down at the floor between her feet, her forehead resting on her knees. Amber sat next to her, rubbing her back. Kaylee came up to sit with Chase, but they didn't talk. They did, however, hold hands. Her knee was pressed up against his knee as they slouched in their seats and waited.

"Oh, God, look! You did it again!" whispered Amber. She pointed at the seat, which was dripping something slowly onto the floor. Shyla sat up and looked down at the small pie slice of seat that was visible beyond the curve of her crotch. She wiped her eyes and chuckled softly.

"Didn't even know I did it... again," she whispered back. Then, disgusted, "That just makes this so much more fun."

Amber continued to rub her friend's back, and for the first time she glanced over her shoulder in a nervous twitch of the neck at the casually bored figures in the back. "It's OK, Shy. It's OK. It doesn't freak me out. You know. It's not like we haven't been friends forever and gotten through this kind of shit before."

Shyla laughed quietly, "Yeah, you're right. Fuck this. Fuck him and his stupid bad taste — whoever she fucking is. Fuck me and my fucking weak bladder. I don't give a shit about any of it anymore." She abruptly stood and began walking back up the aisle. Her tight jeans were soaked in the back, from ass to ankles, but she still stalked angrily right past her newly-minted ex and out into the common area

just beyond the building's concrete front steps. Amber jumped up to follow her, and Chase and Kaylee then went out right behind. However, just before I could get back onto the stage and finish erasing the board, Amber came back in. Her backpack was still under the front row seat.

Picking up her pack, she paused, reaching out. With two fingers, she stirred the shallow pool of urine that had collected in the curve of Shyla's seat. Then she put the fingers in her mouth. She stirred again. Tasted again. She did that for a minute, her eyes closing as she concentrated on the flavor. Finally, she stopped playing in the piss and looked all around; in an instant, like a flushed deer, she sprang into a run, racing back up the aisle and out the door into the searing Florida sun.

---2---

Needless to say, I went up to the door and taped a "Class Canceled" sign on it. Then I called the East Campus custodial office and told them they had a little cleanup to do in the Neils-Lofton Hall auditorium that afternoon. Really, it was just a chance to get myself somewhere a little more private, where I could work off the energy that was suddenly juicing me up so good. I had to work out, or fuck, or jack off. I didn't know which I'd get to do first, but I needed something and I needed it fast.

I left the back of the auditorium by the emergency exit and trundled down the fire escape with my briefcase. This was one of the only buildings on the Floridian campus that had a nicely finished basement, complete with classrooms and offices; and in this particular basement level was a notorious bathroom.

And, even though it was early — only 3:30 in the PM—I thought I'd give it a shot.

The dimly-lit men's room was empty when I entered. One strip of florescent light glowed weakly up in the center of the eight-foot ceiling. There were four stalls and six urinals. I entered the farthest stall, which is the custom for these sorts of things. It was quite dark once the door closed. Setting my briefcase down between the toilet and the wall, I pulled my shoes and pants off and set them carefully on top of the case. Then, for some time, I just sat pensively on the edge of the seat. My cock was half-hard, and a nice slippery ooze was all over the head, all over my thigh where it flopped. I scooped some up and sucked it off my fingers.

There were two holes in the stall partition. One was at almost exactly my cock's height when I stood. I only had to bend my knees a little bit to get it at just the right angle. The second hole was six inches lower, obviously made for men under six feet. The holes were both smoothed due to much use and, I always thought, sandpaper. There had to be

sandpaper for them at some point early on, right? The outlines of the holes were irregular, a reflection of how they were made, from an inexorable scraping and stabbing at the wood with pocket knives, ballpoint pens, and cafeteria silverware, all driven relentlessly on by the idea that comes to every man's mind when he sits in the last stall of a cozy, dark men's room.

The door opened. I made sure I coughed several times to indicate that I was in the stall. I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and hung it on the door hook — just in case — and stood to wait for what hopefully would soon be a tremendous blow job or ass-fucking. Then a girl giggled.

I froze. I thought about getting fired. I thought about fucking the girl. I was utterly hard.

"Oh, God, somebody's in here!" the girl whispered. Clear to my ears was the sounds of a struggle, the grasping and pulling of clothes, groans, kissing, a bump against the tiled wall near the men's room door.

"Shit, girl, don't bitch like that! Right?" More kissing, less struggle. "Let's just get in there and fuck." They moved into the stall next to mine. In the dimness I could see their feet. Flip-flops. Toe rings on the girl. Peach polish. He had a dolphin tattooed to his right ankle. She had an anklet made of dyed hemp.

I was sure I knew those feet, both pairs, just like I was sure I knew those voices. It was Chase and Kaylee.

"Dude," Chase said, his voice alarmingly close. I jumped back from the partition and stared at the top hole. I could see his mouth only dimly as he spoke. I knew from experience that, if he tried to see me, he'd barely be able to make out any features. The last stall was just too dark, too perfect. I fought the urge to offer him my cock, merely gripping it tightly instead, listening to him.

"Me and my bitch are ready to fuck, and I don't mind you listenin' or watchin', yo? But you take one poke through those holes and I'll rip it off. Open that door and I'll make you regret it. Got that, yo?" God, how absurd, the way he talked! He got his whole act from bad DJ's and MTV bullshit. He'd get killed if I was actually the kind of person he was trying to imitate. But what the hell, he was an asshole, I didn't care. I just gave him a gruff "Yeah", and waited for him to start up his show.

She giggled more, then I saw her pants fall to the floor, her stepping out of them, her panties next (a sweet purple thong), her flip-flops kicked away from her long, sexy feet. Muffled slurpy kisses came across to me. There was the easily-identifiable sound of hands rubbing on clothes, body moving against body. His pants and his boxers were next, and then he was going up on his toes. At that point, I had to bend down and look.

She was sitting on the toilet, sucking him off. I mostly saw his hip and ass, but he would occasionally sway as he stood, so I'd get a nice view

of her mouth wide around his fat cock. He looked to be thick and medium-length. Kaylee eagerly gobbled on it like it was her favorite after-school snack, and soon he was moaning, his hands in her hair. She was fondling his balls, then licking them, sucking one egg into her mouth at a time, gently rolling them around.

She got low and licked the base of his balls. Lower, and she licked his perineum. He flung his foot up on the toilet paper rack, and suddenly I had the best seat in the house. His anus was right there, and he was pulling his cheeks apart for her. Not even glancing in my direction, Kaylee got down under his ass, on her own ass on the cruddy bathroom floor, and she shoved her face into his crack.

I couldn't see anything but her cheek and his, of course, because anybody who truly rims a man's asshole usually has to do it while suffocating. However, the loud slurps and sucking noises were plain as day, and her head bobbed in and out of his crack with a ferocious zeal. Chase was stroking himself while she worked his rim, and I could see under the partition that she was busy in her own crotch, too.

"That's it, bitch, oh yeah!" He grunted. "Fuck! I love how you can eat ass, baby."

She came up soon after that. Her face was a sloppy, slobbery mess. Her brunette-white-girl's dreadlocks were going ninety different directions. The front of her shirt was soaked in drool. They kissed hard, deep, as he pinched her nipples and she stroked his dick.

Then the door opened. It was just before class was supposed to start, and naturally students were all around the building. However, everyone in the whole town knew that you didn't use this particular bathroom unless you wanted to fuck or get arrested trying to fuck. I wondered if I was about to get a show of my own.

Chase grunted, "Don't stop, baby. Don't you fuckin' dare stop." I glanced in the hole to see her once again sucking his cock, his hands twisting hard in her mangled mess of hair. But I was too distracted.

Bending, I looked out at the men's room floor. A pair of tennis shoes were walking my way. They stopped at my door, then I heard a faint tapping.

"Can we fuck?" came the whisper. I opened the door and let him in.

A freshman — so obviously a freshman, his zits had zits! — stood looking me right in the eyes. God, the idiot! Didn't he know how it worked. I quickly reached up and flicked him playfully on the nose.

"No eye contact," I whispered.

"Sorry," he whispered back, then bent to look in the hole. "Is that a, um, a girl in there?"

"Yeah, but listen, asshole," grunted Chase from across the partition. "You better shut yer ass up and be down with this shit here or I'll come

over there and kick yer dick down that drain.”

“Good lord, give it a rest,” I blurted. The professor in me just couldn’t contain it. I immediately stiffened in terror, afraid my voice would be recognized. Chase and Kaylee both were so far gone in their own passion, however, that all my words did was make him angrier and — apparently — hornier.

“I’m warning you fairies, goddammit!” he growled. I noticed one of Kaylee’s feet was now turned toward the toilet. The other was out of sight. I looked through the hole. Her foot was up on the steel pipe that came out of the top of the commode. Chase was in the process of shoving his meat all the way into her cunt. Mostly, of course, I saw just his ass. But as he drew back, I got really great looks at the clinging mouth of her pussy, the white cream smearing his dick as it moved, a dribble of it running down her thigh, her hand sneaking in to rub her clit.

Then the boy touched my cock. From then on I was all into the boy.

His mouth wrapped around me as he knelt there, his hands grasping my root, one finger already inching its way into my crack. I shifted to face him better and spread my feet out. His finger found my anus and rubbed. Taking his mouth off me momentarily, he slobbered and sucked on his fingers, then put his hand back on my crack. A good portion of his index finger slid up into my hole, and I moaned. In short order, his next finger was in me, too, and I was feeling nicely stretched.

His mouth on me was so warm, so tight. He sucked at exactly the right moment, then just let his lips and tongue pressure me at the exact right time. His blow job experience was clearly far more advanced than his youthful years could show. I’d never had better head than that in my life. I glanced down and saw the proof of his skill in the ropes of drool that were dripping down from my dick and his chin and throat, getting all over the floor and his shirt. It made me moan again, just to see the proof of his nasty work like that. Fingers thrust in even deeper, then began to wiggle. Diabolically twisting in my rectum, my colon twitching, my whole ass alive.

Beside us, Kaylee’s moans were loud and clear, possibly audible in the hallway outside. None of us cared. My own noises were gaining volume as well, and the boy’s slurping noises clattered sharply against the tile acoustics, as if depravity could amplify sound. Chase grunted rhythmically, cursing under his breath. I was sure they would last much longer.

The boy suddenly attempted a third finger, but I stopped him. I was ready.

“Look,” I whispered, pulling him up and unbuttoning his shorts. “Why don’t you just fuck me? I’d like it now, if you don’t mind.”

His cock sprang out, long and curved. It was white like ivory, so pale

compared to his other skin. I almost dropped to suck it, but those fingers in my asshole had felt too good. I wanted that rod up my ass.

Turning around, I imitated Kaylee. My foot went up on the pipe that protruded from the top of the toilet back. My hands went to my ass and spread my crack. Then his tongue was on my anus, his flicking wet hard tongue was on my wrinkled asshole licking me over and over. He made his tongue harder and fatter and thrust it into me as far as it would go. I pushed back against his face and relaxed my rectum, letting the muscle loosen, letting him in. It was nearly as good as the blowjob! My legs began to quake, and I seriously feared that I would fall and hurt us both.

Sensing that, I suppose, the boy abruptly stood up and poked the head of his cock at my starfish. It slowly pushed in, splitting me. I was opened up utterly, my ass was filled, my ass was so goddamn full of his meat! When got in all the way and I could feel his prickly trimmed pubic hairs against my cheeks, he reached around and grabbed both my nipples. I was gone.

My eyes were closed, my mind was off, my ears were on vacation. All I could do was feel. The twisting on my nipples made me shake spasmodically, and I continued to shove my ass back against his wonderful long cock. He thrust at a good steady pace, the kind that really builds up a fantastic pressure in the prostate. It's exactly like priming a pump. My cum-trigger swelled right up and got ready to burst.

My hands were on the wall to brace myself, my half-hard dick bounced back and forth every which-way as his fucking sped up. I gritted my teeth and managed to look down at my cock just at the moment he made me cum. It's an amazing sensation that way, with a penis rammed up my ass. There is no control. The cum pumps out with a force you can't get otherwise, and it's three times more cum to see and feel as it spurts forth from your helpless, barely erect dick.

And he came too. His cock swelled, then throbbed, as he drove it in as far as physics allowed. The twitching, jerking rhythm of a cumming cock is unmistakable, and he held it deep inside me, humping fiercely, as his cream blasted up my ass. My nipples were two searing hot wounds, killing me where he pinched them, but sending great currents of pleasure down to my dick at the same time. My cum exploded just as his did, and we both let out a loud series of "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" before we stopped.

Almost immediately, his hands fell away from my chest to rest on my hips. His cock remained hard, deep inside me, and he was still moving it a little. I let him fuck me gently that way for a few more minutes while I hung my head and caught my breath. The hands on my hips steadily got a tighter grip, finally digging in pretty good, and the boy got back to some long steady strokes. My colon began to spasm violently as the cum sloshed further and further up inside.

I finally noticed that I couldn't hear anything next to us anymore, and I glanced over my shoulder at the partition. No eye was at the hole. No dick was poking through. From my angle, I couldn't see any feet under the partition, either. It looked like my students were gone. An amazing moment ended, I supposed, to have been able to watch such a beautiful young couple go at it like that; but I was glad to have the chance, however short the time. And at least I still had a cock in my ass.

The boy began to grunt again, and I could feel from inside that his cock was about to pop once more. I knew what I wanted. I leaned away, my hands coming down to break his grip. His cock tried to follow me as I pulled off him, but I was quick. My ass made a rude gurgling noise as it lost its friend, and immediately I felt hot fluids leaking out my anus, running down the backs of my thighs. I knelt before the boy as he furiously reached down to pump himself. Before he could grab his own dick, however, I had it in my mouth.

Tasting myself on his dick was unreal. The idea that it was in such a dirty part of me, and now that part was in my mouth. Oh God! I had my own cock in my hand as I sucked him, and I was almost there. The drips of his cum tickled as they fell from my ass and thighs, made me squirm my butt in the cool restroom air. I felt a little enemized, like I'd need to sit on that toilet real soon; but for the moment I didn't really care if I made it in time or not. I was going to take this boy's cum in my mouth, his taste and mine together, and I wasn't going to stop until that happened.

He put his hands on my head and kept me deep on his dick. My throat was stretched and getting sore, but my nostrils were clear and my breathing was fine, so I knew I could get him off properly. At the moment when his "Ugh!" got just right, I backed him out of my throat so that the head was just in my mouth; my hand pumped him hard, and he came in great big squirts that I tried to hold inside my cheeks and on my tongue.

When he finished thrusting and I let go, I leaned back on my haunches and swished his cum around slowly in my mouth. It was more bitter than I preferred, but it was hot and fresh, so I was happy. I noticed the boy was leaned back against the partition, watching me. Gesturing, I made him lean down until our mouths locked. His tongue came in and slurped up his cum, and I could feel his face move a little as he swallowed again and again. I let him have a lot of it. It was a nice way to let him know I like the things he did.

His hands again went to my nipples as we continued to kiss, but I pushed them away. I wasn't 18 or 19 anymore. I wasn't even 30 anymore. I had to rest now! He broke off the kiss and looked down at my semi-hard cock, a little disappointed, a little contented. I chuckled and kissed his forehead and stood up.

We exchanged phone numbers but not names, of course, and he left

the stall first.

I stayed behind to shit.

Sitting there letting my colon rumble out all the air and cum and caca that it wanted, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye.

A thong. Purple.

It was sticking through the lower hole, just enough to cling without falling. I pulled it through and immediately brought it up to my nose. So nice!

Then I examined the panties, turning them over in my hands. The back, of course, was just an eighth-inch strip of fabric, but the front had a simple cotton weave with a little pink bow. And black permanent marker! I nearly jumped off the seat. There was writing on the front of Kaylee's panties.

Just five words, and they could barely fit on the skimpy piece of underwear: Hey professor — let's party later.

I now had a new reason to shit. A brick, that is.

My career flashed before my eyes, but then, so did Chase's ass, and Kaylee's, and her cream on his dick.... I was getting hard again as I sat there, and I couldn't help but stroke a little as I sniffed the panties again and again and remembered all that I'd seen and heard. I didn't know those students very intimately. They were just two out of over fifty who were taking my math class. Nevertheless, they obviously knew me well enough to want to "party" now. And the fact that they'd think I was young enough, or stud enough, to hang with them sexually — well, it boosted my ego, to say the least.

I thought I might take them up on it!

In the meantime, though, I decided that some reconnaissance might be in order. It was Thursday, a big drinking night among the college crowd (but aren't they all). I figured I could probably do a little look-see while they were out clubbing, and no one would be any wiser. It would probably serve me well to see what I might be getting myself into, after all.

---3---

I dressed and headed back to my office, just a few hundred yards across the commons in another building. It was nearly sunset by then, and that was good. My pants had fallen off my briefcase while I'd fucked, and there were now huge cum stains on them. I looked like I'd been in a food fight from the waist down.

In my office at the computer, it took me only moments to get Chase's and Kaylee's addresses. I printed them out and went home. I needed to rest and rejuvenate a little before I went back out.

A few hours later, after a nap, a light dinner, and some bourbon (not to mention some ointment), I set out.

To my surprise, Chase lived in a rather mediocre apartment complex in an average section of the college-dominated town. Perhaps he was even more style-over-substance than I'd first suspected. It was totally dark and just after 10 PM when I parked around the corner from his building and stood in the shadows to stare up at his second floor windows. They were all dark. His apartment shared the second floor with one other unit in that building, and they had an exterior staircase.

I went quickly up the stairs and to his front door. The bolt was thrown, so I moved to the one window that opened onto the landing. It was latched. However, I was an easy thing to slide a sturdy standard screwdriver into the narrow space between the top and bottom halves of the window. Just a little pressure, and the latch loosened, and then I could pop the window right open.

Once inside his apartment, I got out my flashlight and looked for any clues to whether or not this boy would be the type to set me up just to bring me down. It was clear that he lived with another guy. The place was completely wrecked. Even in the darkness, it was evident that clutter was all over. The smell of stale pizza, spilled beer, and pot lingered in the air.

The room in the back of the apartment, the larger of the two bedrooms, belonged to Chase. Inside the top drawer of his dresser were three butt plugs of increasing size, a large bottle of lube, half-full. Two dildos — one narrow and one quite thick and very black — were attached to strap-on harnesses. There was a baggie full of rolled joints right next to a baggie containing possibly poppers or something else. And a shoebox.

Inside the shoebox were pictures. Some were Polaroids of girls in lurid poses. Some were grainy printouts of cheap digital pictures taken in bad light. Some were studio pictures that looked like they were done for a school yearbook. Some were candid shots at what appeared to be just plain old family-style parties, like a small group of girls sitting together, smiling, in front of somebody's Christmas tree. But the naked pictures dominated the set. And it was not all female. A good portion were boys of Chase's own age, most of them displaying cock or pulling apart ass. It looked for all the world like a pictorial catalog of all the people Chase had either fucked or wanted to fuck. My heart began to quicken, and so did my dick.

Maybe he was for real after all. Maybe he really was a slutty guy like me.

I decided to put his window back together and go out his door like a normal person. I'd let him wonder how the bolt got unlocked. And I hoped he'd not bother to count up his joints anytime soon!

At Kaylee's address I found a large house. Nice big yard. No dog. The

neighbors' homes were all dark, as now it was past 11. This was not a student neighborhood, and it surprised me that she'd live out here. Maybe she was with her family? How odd that would be! It had never crossed my mind.

The lights in Kaylee's home were off as well, but now I was nervous about her dad and her mom and the whole weird "what the hell do I think I'm doing" kind of paranoia. The strangeness of my little investigation finally dawned on me. I mean, really, if I wanted to fuck them, why not just fuck them and not worry about all the "what-ifs"?

But something drove me on. It felt like I'd entered into a wild new chapter of my life, and this creeping around happened to be a completely normal part of that.

It was plain to me that there'd be an alarm system on the house, so I decided to simply circle it, try to look in some windows, then I'd head home. It was a home that had been built in the last five years, from the looks of the architecture and landscaping, and it was more obvious than ever, up close, that whoever owned the house had a whole lot of wealth.

In the back yard there was a large freestanding garage. On top of it, as a second floor, was an apartment. An open staircase on the side of the garage led up to a landing in front of the door, but there was a narrow porch or balcony with a rail that ran all the way around the entire apartment. I was sure it would be rigged with an alarm, too, but still I could climb up there and look into any window I wanted!

Once I got on the little wraparound porch, I saw that the lights were not completely off, as I had first suspected. There was in fact one dim lamp shining in the bedroom. I walked around to that window and pressed my face against the screen. The glass was pulled up, as it was a decent Florida night, and I began wondering seriously whether or not I should risk breaking in here, too.

Then I heard a moan.

"Oh, wow, Amber. God. Fucking do it to me again!" It was Shyla's voice, and it was right under me! I looked down from where I so clumsily leaned against the screen to see a bed right under the window, and the top of Shyla's head less than a foot away from the window sill. With a panicked stifling of breath, I inched back until I felt safe; but I kept on looking and listening. It was clear that Amber and Shyla lived in Kaylee's guest house, and it was even more clear that the two of them were lovers.

"Amber, oh Amber, I can't believe I even wanted anyone besides you. Oh God, don't stop. Oh shit, baby..." Shyla was incoherent for several more minutes, moaning, stroking and pinching her own breasts and Amber kept her mouth glued to Shyla's cunt. I could just barely see Amber's soft hair through the window, hovering above her roommate's wet muffin.

Slowly, Amber finally rose up and came to kiss Shyla. It was deep, loving, truly a passionate kiss between two hearts. Shyla reached up to cup Amber's face in her hands as their mouths remained locked wide open, feeding, for a long time. Amber eventually pulled back and gazed, smiling, down at her girlfriend. She slowly twisted a lock of Shyla's hair between her fingers.

"So... do you think you're ready?" Amber asked. Both girls giggled.

"After all that Smirnoff? I'd better be, biotch!" Shyla blurted, and they laughed again. "Get down there and drink it!"

Amber grinned and obediently went back down to Shyla's pussy, spreading it wide with her fingers and holding her mouth open about two inches away. Shyla, for her part, planted her feet flat on the bed, bent her knees and concentrated. Her eyes closed, and she tried to relax. My cock gave a mighty twitch, and I suppressed an urge to just jump right in there with them.

Finally, Shyla let out a long, slow breath, and as it finished she whispered, "Ohhhh, here it isssssss...."

In the dim light of the bedroom lamp, I could see a small trickle, then a spurt, then a stream of piss. It flowed freely from Shyla's pussy, not clinging to her labia but spraying straight out into Amber's thirsty mouth. Fully relaxed and fully releasing, Shyla truly blasted Amber with her piss. It hissed out of her cunt and covered every inch of Amber's face, throat, shoulders, hands, and hair with hot urine.

And Amber moaned and drank and smiled the whole time.

"That's it, bitch, drink my fucking piss!" Shyla shouted, seeming not to care that the window was open and that they did have neighbors with ears. Her cry startled me deeply, and I stepped back and looked around to see if any lights would come on.

And then I saw them.

Chase and Kaylee were standing less than ten feet away from me on the balcony, silently watching me break the law, little evil smiles on their faces.

I nearly fell over the rail.

"So... professor...." Kaylee said. Beside me, through the window, Shyla cried out in an orgasm. I glanced to see Amber's mouth once again clamped down on her cunt and a finger ramming her ass. Then I realized Chase was now standing immediately in front of me, almost right up against me, and he was pretty muscular for a poseur.

"Um, professor," Kaylee started again, then chuckled, "I guess you really did want to party after all."

And all I could do was manage a weak smile. I was trying to listen to Shyla and Amber as they both realized we were right there on the

other side of the window. I was trying to calculate how a lawyer could possibly save my perverted ass. I was trying to look into Chase's beautiful blue eyes without letting him know how incredibly horny all of this was making me, and how close I was getting to becoming the type of fuck-crazy person I never knew I could be. I was trying, simply, to just not fall over the goddamn rail.

Then Chase kissed me, and from then on I was just trying to kiss him back.

by bluepervina - © 2003, 2011

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