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The Deputy Head's Reward

(Mf cons oral)

by

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The Deputy Head's Reward

By

Satyr

(Mf cons oral)

[The new Deputy Headteacher of Match End School catches a schoolgirl taking her revenge on the caretaker's cat. Her mother buys his silence, in a fairly novel way.]

It had not been a good day and, by lunchtime, I was more than ready for a break. I'd arrived at Match End School as its new Deputy Headmaster just weeks before, and was still trying to come to terms with the discovery while the boys were monsters (as they all are in every school I'd ever taught in), the girls (normally fairly amenable) were, in this school, quite capable of teaching the belles of St Trinian's a thing or two. My geography class just before lunch had almost descended into farce when ... well, I'll spare you the details. They're just too horrible to recount – and I'm a teacher of 20 years experience too. I'd recovered the situation but still ... At the lunchtime bell I'd dropped my briefcase in my study, eaten my sandwiches, and headed out into the school grounds intending to get some fresh air.

Match End is a large English Comprehensive school which, unusually, still has its own playing field. The school backs onto farmland and we've got a small area of rough land that was never landscaped adjacent to the sports pitches. The kids don't go there out of choice or at least, not that I know of. In the winter months, the school sports staff send them running down the school Cross Country course, which runs through it. In winter, it's dark, gloomy and wet. I suppose the kids think it's like that year around, so avoid it. On the other hand, for a teacher wanting solitude, it's an ideal place.

As I left the main building, I was stopped in my tracks by a loud call. I turned to find Noddy, the caretaker, standing behind me. I don't know his real name, he's just Noddy to all of the staff (and children). He was a ruddy-faced, heavy-set man of uncertain years who still wore his fair hair loose to the shoulders. He'd been caretaker at Match End for years, nobody quite knew how long. The reasons for the nickname are lost in the mists of time, but one school of thought suggests that he once bore a startling resemblance to Noddy Holder, the singer with Slade, the 1970s band. He was a nice enough chap who kept himself to himself. All anyone really knew about him was his fondness for his cats.

'Arr, sorry to be botherin' you Mr Cadman, zur, but 'av you seen Tom?. Nobody's zeen 'im.'

I shook my head and tried to look sorry. Tom was Noddy's favourite cat, a big, fat, ginger tomcat, of foul temper and bad habits. It was an ill-favoured looking creature, with one ear torn due, it was said, to a run-in with a local rottweiler dog. The story was that the cat stood its ground and it was the rottiie that had eventually fled home, its clawed nose bleeding so badly that it needed a vet's attention. The animal's only saving grace was it was an excellent mouser, for which reason it had the run of

the school; other than that, it had nothing to commend it. Virtually every teacher in the school had had a bad experience with it. The animal's favourite spot in the entire school appeared to be on the broad backs of a row of easy chairs in the staff room. It was warm and sunny there and, on a winter's day, it was very close to a radiator. The cat always lay quietly on the chair back and, if you failed to see it in time, you were liable to get your hair parted by its claws. The first time that had happened to me, I'd slopped hot tea over my hand. Taylor, the head of the PE department, had sniggered while Tina Martin, one of the female PE teachers who was sitting with him, offered a sympathetic smile and a napkin. Taylor promptly went into my bad books. My second run-in with the animal was only a few days later when the brute had jumped onto a coffee table and challenged me for my biscuit, which I'd unwisely left on the saucer.

I shook my head again, 'Sorry Mr ... er, Mr ... I paused, aghast that I couldn't remember his name. Noddy didn't seem to hear and turned away from me.

'Arr, thankee!' he said, 'zure he'll turn up.'

As I continued on my way, I could see Noddy peering under the parked cars in the staff car park, still looking for the wretched animal. Personally, I didn't care if I never saw Tom ever again, and I think I speak for most of the school community here!

By 12:45, my head was clear again and I headed back for the main building. As I approached the passageway between the main building and Science Block, I heard a scrabbling and something small and purple shot towards me at ankle level. I only caught a glimpse of it, so busy was I leaping out of its path. By the time I'd picked myself up – I'd crashed over a loose flagstone – and hobbled to the edge of the building, whatever it was had long gone. As I stood, shaking my head in dazed bemusement, I noticed a purple spot on the paving stones. Then another, then another. I turned slowly and, looking back along the path towards the Science Block, saw an irregular trail of purple spots leading away in the direction from which the purple 'thing' had come. I followed them and slowly, they became more distinct. Then a faint larger blob appeared, which swiftly developed into the purple impression of a footprint – one large pad in the centre, and four toes, somewhat asymmetric, with the third digit most prominent. The prints were small, only about an inch-and-a-quarter across. I've seen that footprint before, of course. Most of us have: *Felis catus* - the domestic cat.

The trail led around the corner of the Science Block, which was large and 'L' shaped. The angle of the 'L' houses the school bicycle sheds and, as I approached, a girl came into view in their lee. Where she stood was shielded from the view of passers-by by the bulk of the shed. Behind her, a ground floor window was open and a small hair-drier lay on the sill, its power cord disappearing into the building. The girl, a tall slender lass with long brown hair pulled back into a pony tail, was kneeling by a drain and was so engrossed in whatever she was doing that my approach went unnoticed 'til a stone rattled underfoot. The girl leapt to her feet, spinning to face me. As she turned, the bucket she held crashed against the wall and flew from her grip. Behind her, on the ground, I saw a large purple patch of earth, and the hands that flew up to her face to cover her surprise were stained purple.

She was a well-built girl, a little over the average height for her age. She had a delicate, heart-shaped face, and soft brown eyes – quite a pretty girl, really. Not a beauty in the catwalk model sense, but attractive enough and one who made the best of what she'd got.

I paused for a moment to allow her to regain her composure. ‘Good afternoon,’ I said. The girl remained silent, her eyes like saucers. ‘I am Mr Cadman, I am the new Deputy Headmaster,’ I said. ‘And you are?’

‘Tamara,’ she whispered. She coughed. ‘Sorry, Tamara Carr,’ she said, somewhat louder.

‘And what,’ I said, taking the bull by the horns, ‘would Tamara Carr like to tell me about the purple thing that’s just shot past me. I suspect you know something...’ I raised my eyebrow questioningly.

The girl looked embarrassed. ‘Well Sir, it’s like this ...’ She stopped, biting her lip and beginning to shift her weight from one foot to another. ‘Err ... um ...’ She stopped, her head on one side.

‘Well Tamara, quiet obviously you know something. Your hands are covered in something purple. What is it?’

‘Hair dye, Sir.’

‘Hair dye. Why are your hands covered in purple hair dye? No ...’ I stopped myself. Past bitter experience with teenaged girls indicated that the best way of handling them was not to give any scope for evasion or prevarication: so I cut to the chase. ‘What have you been dyeing?’

‘The cat, Sir.’

‘The cat,’ I said slowly, a horrid thought forming. ‘Pray tell, which cat – not the ginger tomcat known as Tom? The caretaker’s ginger tomcat?’

It all came out then, it seems that it’s not only the staff room that had suffered at the hands of that wretched animal; so had many of the pupils. For Tamara, the final straw was when the creature had ‘marked its territory,’ right down the side of her schoolbag, and right in front of a particular youth (and his friends) on whom she was sweet. The callow youth’s bellow of laughter at Tamara’s misfortune had mortified her, and led her to plot her revenge on the author of it.

I shook my head in pretended sorrow. I can’t say that I was particularly sad about the cat’s fate: I’m sure the dye’ll come out – eventually. However, no matter how provoked, we can’t really go around dyeing cats purple, can we? I cleared my throat. ‘This is serious,’ I said. ‘You can’t just go around dyeing cats purple, no matter if they’ve pi...’ I stopped, cleared my throat, and resumed, ‘no matter what they’ve done. This will cause mister, er ... mister, er ..., er Noddy, grave offence.’ (Oh bugger, I thought to myself, why hadn’t I taken the time and trouble to learn the non-teaching staff’s surnames?) I cleared my throat again, ‘Right, this is sufficiently serious that the Head will have to be told. Expect to be summoned to explain yourself. Now, get this mess and yourself cleaned up. You’ve got ten minutes ‘til the bell.’

I turned to go, but before I’d taken two paces her voice stopped me.

‘Sir?’

I turned back.

‘Sir, will this mean de-merits?’

I pursed my lips. ‘I’ll be very surprised if it doesn’t at the very least. Expulsion is a possibility too.’

The Head’s latest scheme to persuade our pupils to learn is one from my own schooldays – House Points, but with a twist. The school’s pupils are divided into four houses, each named after a distinguished local person. Each House competes against the others for a trophy, awarded at the end of the Summer Term, and based on the number of house points received (for good academic work) during the year, and on the House’s sporting achievements against the other houses. A bit of competition seems to work wonders, don’t you know? The twist was a series of de-merits

‘awarded’ for misbehaviour. They didn’t affect the house score, they were simply used to tackle the unruly child – earn sufficient points and you disbarred yourself from those little ‘extra’s’ of school life – the skiing trip, theatre outings, participation in sports teams’, the school play; selection as House Captain, Prefect, you know, the little ‘extra’s’ of school life.

I headed back towards my study, taking a short-cut through the back of the building and past the gym. That wretch, Taylor, popped out of Tina Martin’s room as I passed, giving me a cheery wave when he saw me: Tina, accompanied by the tall, redheaded girl who is the captain of the netball team: Annie or Ellie or whatever her name is, cannoned into him as he stopped. I nodded curtly to him and smiled benignly at his companions, both of whom looked slightly flushed and unreasonably perturbed at seeing me. At least, I thought to myself, he’s got the good sense to ensure that the girl was properly chaperoned. I’d heard some strange tale about him and the netball and hockey team girls, and the rugby squad last winter. I shook my head and hurried on.

At the last clamour of the bell marking the end of lunch, I poked my head into the School Secretary’s office. ‘Is he in?’ I asked, inclining my head towards the Head’s door, ‘something I must mention quickly.’

The secretary shook her head, ‘If you’re quick and it’s urgent, you’ll catch him in the car park. He’s off to a meeting at the Education Authority. Budgets or something.’

It is whispered that the Head is Up To No Good with a certain somebody, in fact, the rather attractive, nicely dressed and fragrant Mrs Ellis, the secretary of the Education Authority Budgets Committee. In fact, staff room gossip suggests that the Head has been *Ploughing Mrs Ellis’ Trough* and er, *Sowing His Seed there*: if you see what I mean. He certainly seems to spend an inordinate amount of school time in meetings with the Education Authority... You won’t be surprised to hear that it was a rather anxious-to-be-away Head that I tried to catch in the car park.

‘AhyesDennisgoodtoseeyouHow’sitgoing?MustdashmeetingattheEducationAuth-
ority.Notmuchtime-late.Willitwait?Good:seeyoutomorrow!’

With that, and without giving me the chance to say a word, the Head’s car shot back across the car park, narrowly missing my toes. He crashed the gears and sped out of the gate, leaving a trail of burnt rubber and a thin blue haze of exhaust smoke.

‘It’ll have to wait,’ I said quietly to myself, answering the Head’s question as his engine note receded into in the distance. I shook my head again and made my way towards my study and my free period of lesson preparation.

About an hour later, my telephone jangled.

‘Hello? Hello? Mr Cadman? Hello? Ah! Mr Cadman, yes, I’ve got Mrs Carr on the line. Can you speak to her?’

With that, the telephone clicked as the School Secretary switched the caller through to me.

‘Ah, good afternoon,’ I said, somewhat surprised, ‘Mrs Carr? I’m glad you called. I was going to have to call to you this afternoon – a little matter that’s come up...’

‘Yes,’ said the very cultured female voice at the other end, ‘that’s just what I’m calling about. Tamara called me on her mobile to say that I’d probably get a call. As I’m between meetings now and you hadn’t rung, I thought I’d take pre-emptive action and call you. Tell me, have you had the chance to speak to the Head yet?’

This conversation wasn't taking the usual course of such conversations at all. 'Er, well, no,' I replied, 'He's had to go off to a meeting, but when he gets back, I'll see him then and we'll decide how to resolve this matter.'

There was a moment's silence at the other end, then: 'Mr Cadman, I'd ... We'd be *very* grateful if you'll hold off speaking to the Head until I've had the chance to speak to you further - in person - about this. Now ...,' there was a rustling at the other end, as if diary pages were being turned, 'shall we say 3.45pm today? I'll come along to the school and I'm sure we can resolve this?'

'I won't have had ... er, the Head ...' I began.

'3.45pm, Mr Cadman, at your office. Sorry I can't make it earlier, I'm just about to go into a meeting. I'll see you then, and I trust I can *rely* on your discretion 'til then?'

What can a gentleman say to such an appeal, other than yes?'

As the last of the heavily-laden school buses pulled out of the school gates at a little past 3.30, I turned and strolled back into the now deserted school towards my study to await my meeting with Mrs Carr. The staff car park was emptying fast, with only my car and that of Mr Ffrench, the rather effete young man who taught music, still left. The rest of our highly motivated staff had decamped with unsurprising speed once the final bell rang. Even my *bête noire*, that odious man Taylor, had gone; strolling out of the gate with Tina Martin, that netball captain girl and a couple of his rugby players.

At just short of 4pm, I nearly jumped from my skin with surprise when an elegant arm came through my door - through my open door, that is - and beat a heavy tattoo upon it. The arm was followed by an elegantly dressed, willowy blonde lady. Her dark-blond tresses were worn dressed up, above the collar of her (no doubt) expensive silk blouse, which she wore sufficiently open to display a generous amount of cleavage. About her throat was a double-string of pearls, and the ensemble was completed by an expensively cut pair of black trousers and highly polished strappy high heels. The family resemblance to Tamara Carr, who followed her into my study, left me in no doubt that this was her mother.

'Ah, Mr Cadman,' she said from within a cloud of expensive, yet discreet, perfume, 'Sorry to have kept you - meeting overran. Thank you for seeing me.'

She settled herself into my visitor's chair, crossing one leg elegantly over the other. Her daughter stood quietly by the door, which she'd closed behind her mother.

'Now, Mr Cadman, I wonder if we can come to some suitable arrangement about this sorry affair? Can I take it that you've not made any mention of this to the Head?'

I shook my head.

'Good,' she continued, 'so it's only us,' her gesture encompassed the three of us, 'who know about Tamara and that wretched cat?'

'Yes,' I replied. 'I've not had cause to mention it elsewhere and, as you'd asked to see me, it didn't seem appropriate to do so.'

'Ah, good. Now, Mr Cadman. I fully appreciate what I think your position will be. It's one thing to take your revenge on the cat, but, as the animal belongs to a key member of staff, you presumably have to view this particular transgression particularly seriously. Am I right?'

I nodded.

‘As you know,’ she continued, ‘the Head has a demerit system. I realise you’ve not been here long but take it that you know of it and how works? No skiing trip, school plays ...? Good, good,’ she said, nodding. She dropped her voice conspiratorially, making me lean forwards to hear her. As she leant forward in turn, her cleavage swam into my view. For such a slender woman, I thought, she’s got big titties. I blinked and dragged my attention back to what the owner of the objects of my attention was saying. ‘Now, Tamara’s a bit of a handful. And she’s managed to get a few demerits.’ She paused for a moment.

Mmmm, they were big, and round, and brown ...

Her voice jerked my attention back. ‘Now, I wouldn’t want Tamara to miss out, and I’m sure that my husband wouldn’t be too keen ... shall we say, we have *domestic arrangements* that would be severely ... ah ... *affected* if Tamara couldn’t go on the trips. So, I wonder, can we ...’ She paused and turned to her daughter. ‘Just step outside, honey, and wait for me – as we agreed.’

As the door closed behind the girl, Mrs Carr turned back and leant towards me. If anything, her cleavage was even more on display than before. I swear that I could see the lacy tops of her bra cups where they crossed the round, brown, swells of her boobs. I shivered involuntarily, and dragged my gaze back to her face. She looked smug: I’m sure she’d seen where I was looking, but she continued talking as if she was totally unaware of the effect she was having.

‘Now,’ she said, ‘I hope we can come to some arrangement ...’ She uncrossed her legs and stood up, stepping over to the window where she stood silhouetted. My God! I thought, those titties. Against the light, the blouse had gone semi-transparent giving me an excellent view. I licked my lips, feeling light-headed. My erection swelling rapidly.

Suddenly, she was perched on the edge of my desk, leaning over me. It was hard to keep my eyes from the chasm between her breasts. ‘Now,’ she said softly, ‘could we come to some arrangement, do you think, that would help Tamara with her problem, *our family problem* with Tamara’s demerit situation ... school trips, and your problem with that erection?’

I almost jolted upright. I couldn’t believe what I thought she’d just said ...

‘Would a blow job do, I wonder?’ she paused. ‘Yes? Yes, I think from your expression ...’

‘Yes,’ I agreed. Mentally, I cursed the quiver in my voice.

‘Good boy,’ she said huskily, then, raising her voice slightly: ‘Tamara!’ she called. Almost immediately, the study door opened and the girl came back in. Only this time, apart from her school shoes and long white socks, she was completely naked.

My eyes nearly popped from my head. My heart thudded in my chest. I looked aghast at the woman perched on the end of my desk. From afar I heard Mrs Carr say, ‘I’m sure you didn’t think I’d be doing the BJ myself. I’ve just had my hair done and don’t want it messed up before tonight. Besides, the silly girl’s got herself, and us, into this scrape and she can jolly well get herself out of it. Anyway, she’s quite a skilled cocksucker, and she’ll be doing this one under supervision – my supervision – so it’ll be the best one you’ve ever had.’

As her mother spoke, Tamara strolled unhurriedly around the desk to stand before me. Her unsupported breasts jiggled and swayed slightly as she walked. Like her mother, she was tall and slender. Her long brown hair was loose now, cascading down past her shoulder, the ends almost brushing the pale coral nipples which crowned her dainty, tip-tilted, breasts. Below; her narrow waist spread into well-proportioned hips

and long, smooth, brown legs. At their juncture nestled a small brown, neatly trimmed, patch of curls. My mouth went dry. Totally dry. There wasn't a trace of puppy-fat left on her. I licked my lips.

'She's fifteen,' I heard her mother say in a matter-of-fact way. 'She's been sucking cocks for a year or so now. For *trusted* and *selected* gentlemen only, you understand? She's quite good at it, or so I'm told.' Then, 'Turn 'round dear, I'm sure Mr Cadman would like to see your arse.'

Without trace of shame, the girl pivoted in place. The back was easily as good as the front. Her long, smooth, back blended well into a heart-shaped bottom, and then into trim thighs and shapely legs. The whole package was well-tanned, with no hint of tan-lines or any white at all – no bathing suit at all when sunbathing, I surmised. I licked my lips again.

'By all means, feel free to touch her,' came Mrs Carr's voice again.

I didn't need a second invitation, and reached forward, running my hand over the girl's smooth flank before cupping her ass cheeks. My other hand stroked the side of her thigh then down to a well-muscled calf.

'She dances,' observed Mrs Carr, 'hence the well-turned calves. She also rides, so they're strong: she's quite used to a big, throbbing, animal between her legs.' She paused. Our eyes met, the twinkle in them told me that the *double entendre* wasn't unintended. 'I suppose,' she continued, 'as you're about to get very well acquainted with my daughter, you may as well call me Antonia.'

'Thank you ... Antonia,' I mumbled, my right hand now sliding across the girl's firm buttocks towards her inner thigh. Palm up, I slid my hand between them, feeling the moist heat of her pussy.

'I'm Dennis,' I offered hoarsely, as my index finger slid between a pair of well-greased cuntlips. The girl twitched and gasped as my probing finger found the hot, hard, nubbins of her already swollen clittie.

'You may as well have a proper look, and feel. Turn 'round Tamara, ... Dennis may as well get the full benefit of the front too.'

The girl pivoted to face me and stood square on, her feet planted well-apart. Below the tangled triangle of pussy-fur, I could clearly see the engorged pink of her cuntlips. The girl shivered as I ran a finger tip along them. Above me, the pink-coral of her nipples had changed to a darker hue: now the nipples stood out, puffy and darkly swollen with excitement. I reached up and cupped one – it fitted comfortably into the palm of my hand, the hot point of the nipple seeming to burn into my palm.

'Give him a taste Tamara,' encouraged Antonia, 'he seems to appreciate them.'

Obediently, the girl leant forwards, balancing herself on my chair arms. Slowly, sensuously, she touched her engorged nipple to my forehead and trailed it down to my mouth. As it touched my lips, I swept it in, my lips forming a seal about the aureole. I sucked the hot teat into my mouth and, at the same time, used my tongue to press against the sensitive bud. The nipple stiffened yet further, and I could feel the real wetness of her pussy on my probing fingers. The girl stiffened and threw her head back. She moaned in the back of her throat and began to pant quite gently.

'Good, is it?' Antonia questioned rhetorically. 'Hmmm, there may be more to Dennis than meets the eye.'

I brought my hands up, resting them on the girl's hips to steady her, as I transferred my attention to the other nipple. 'Time, I think, for the main event,' said Antonia after a pause. 'Time to get his cock out, Tamara, and to give him the best BJ of his life.'

Tamara straightened up, disengaging her nipple from my mouth in the process. With a deft movement, she tugged my zipper all the way down. My hands wrestled feverishly with my belt buckle as the girl leant forwards, her lips brushing against mine as she made time for me to complete the unbuckling process. That first gentle touch turned into a long, lascivious kiss, her tongue probing mine, her sharp little teeth dancing along my lip. Suddenly, I felt cold air as my trousers fell open. I eased my buttocks off the chair and, with Tamara's aid, I pushed my garments down. My cock sprang free. Already, you won't be surprised to hear, I was massively erect, a dribble of pre-cum showing at the tip.

'What do you want to say Tamara?'

The girl spoke for the first time. 'I'm sorry about the cat, Sir. I've no excuses. I'd like to help you forget about it.'

I nodded dumbly.

'Now, Tamara, remember what I've taught you about giving a good blow job. The secrets are good preparation, and plenty of eye-contact with the recipient. Men like that, don't they Dennis?'

I grunted affirmatively.

Antonia continued as if she hadn't heard me. 'Now, Tamara, let's get him properly hard.'

Tamara knelt between my parted thighs; I could feel the hot, hard, points of her titties grazing them. Almost shyly now, she glanced up under her eyelashes and through the curtain of her hair. Tamara gently grasped my swollen organ, sliding her hand over the tip, spreading my pre-cum over my foreskin and her hand. Slowly and gently, she began to stroke downwards, slowly stoking the foreskin back and exposing the engorged, purple head of my dick. Every so often, she stroked her palm across the tip, which soon glistened with pre-cum. Ever so gently, she leant forward and blew on me. The sensation was divine! I trembled in anticipation as she wet her lips and gently teased the head with it. I could see the saliva trail glistening over the head, and feel it starting to run down my shaft. With her free hand, she gently ran a finger over my tight sac. With gentle butterfly kisses, she began at the base of my glans, working her way slowly down the full length of my dick to my balls. Then up one side, and down the other; her hand keeping up a gentle stroking motion throughout. I lost track of time, it seemed to go on and on and on, raising me to higher and higher plateaux of feeling. I felt her tongue run around the rim of my glans then over the top. Gently, her tongue probed at my urethra, sending a new wave of sensation through me. I glanced down quickly to see her dip her tongue into my pre-cum.

I can't really say when she finally took the full head in her mouth, but suddenly it was in. I looked down to see the little minx with the head – just the head, mind you – inside her mouth. Our eyes met. I could feel myself going light-headed. Gently but firmly, Tamara pressed down on the base of my cock; the feeling abating with the pressure. Slowly, she began to bob up-and-down, taking more of me in on each bob. She was very, very, gentle, keeping just enough pressure on my engorged stalk to prevent me cumming there and then.

I could feel the sensation building. Far away, I could hear a scratching. 'Fucking mice,' I thought to myself, before I realised that it was my own fingernails scraping on the arms of my chair. All of a sudden, I was all of the way in. Tamara held position for a moment, looking deep into my eyes, her lips forming a large 'O' around the base of my cock. God! I must be part way down her throat! It was that thought that did it. I felt myself loose it. I gurgled and tried to thrust my hips. With Tamara's weight against me and my legs thrust well out, I didn't have the leverage - I barely moved.

‘He’s about to finish Tamara, use your throat muscles, just like I taught you. Drink it all down.’

I felt her throat contract against my glans. I spasmed. Then spasmed again and again and again. I could feel the hot jism spurting from my cock, my balls emptying into the girl’s throat. My head rolled back, breaking my eye contact with her. I moaned deep in my own throat.

From far away, I heard Antonia say, ‘That’s good Tamara. Keep your throat open and his dick in the back, that way, you’ll take all his cum down. It’ll just shoot down without you having to swallow.’

It seemed to take an age for me to stop spurting but, in reality, it could only have been five or ten seconds. Almost immediately, my dick started to deflate.

‘Gently, said Antonia, ‘gently keep going. Clean him off.’

I could feel a hot little tongue sweeping around my glans and shaft then, suddenly, Tamara appeared in front of me, her face strangely flushed and a small dribble of cum running from the side of her mouth. With an angelic expression, she kissed me again, full on: tongues ‘n all. I could taste my own cum on her tongue. Then it was over. Gently, she broke the kiss, stepping away from me.

‘Thank you, Sir,’ she said sweetly.

Antonia inclined her head towards the door and, as Tamara stepped outside to dress, she smiled down at me. ‘That good?’ she asked.

I nodded, still unable to speak.

‘Good. I’m glad you enjoyed it. Now, I hope that *all* that’s happened here today can be a secret between us?’

I nodded again.

‘Good. Now, it would be unfair not to give you the final treat. You’ve been ogling them enough.’ With that, Antonia opened the front of her blouse – she must have unbuttoned while Tamara was blowing me, and unclipped the catch of her front-fastening bra. Released from restraint, her magnificent titties sprang out. Like her daughter’s, Antonia’s were fully tanned with no trace of white. They were big for her slender frame, and showed no sign of sagging. Her nipples were dark brown and swollen, the teats jutting a full quarter-of-an-inch forward. Antonia stepped forwards and dropped her weight onto my wrists, pinning my hands to the chair arms.

‘I don’t want my hair messing,’ she said, as she slowly traced an arabesque along the length of my cock with her nipple. I began to stiffen again.

‘Naughty, naughty,’ she cooed.

As her nipple reached the glans, she pushed up and kissed me as fully as her daughter had done, her tongue probing my mouth.

Suddenly, she was upright, her bra clipped and her hands busy with her blouse buttons as she strolled casually towards the door.

‘Thank you for your co-operation and understanding today. We’ll let ourselves out and ...’ she paused for a moment, ‘I’ve got your name and number. I may be in touch – if you know what I mean. I might need some help at one of my little socials. You’ve got some ... er, stamina. I didn’t really expect you to last that long, not with Tamara working on you ...’

She stood in the doorway and smiled, then was gone, leaving only a faint aroma of expensive perfume, cum, and hot pussy.

It took half-an-hour for me to recover enough to gather my things and head for home. As I walked down the now dark corridor towards the main entrance and my car, I heard the scrape of claws on the parquet.

I saw a shadow move along the floor and, into a patch of moonlight on the floor, stepped a cat. A large ginger cat, with a torn ear, the legacy of a fight with a rottie ... Now, I mused, if Tamara hadn't dyed Tom, the act which had provided me with a superb BJ, which cat had she dyed ...

The End

*[Author's note: I did some research for this story, honest! I know you don't usually expect writers of erotic fiction to do, or need to do, any research: but I did, if for no better reason than I don't give BJs myself and, while I've had a few good ones over the years, I don't really know how the girl managed to do it. They felt superb, but something large was in the way, so I've never seen what's been going on too well ... (OK, you're right. I've heard the joke in which a chap is asked to describe the worst BJ they've ever had, and the questioner supplying the answer – Fantastic! – before his foil does. Ladies, it's true. I don't think I've ever had a BJ that wasn't **fantastic!** – it's just that some have been more fantastic! than others.) However, the idea in this story is for Tamara to give Dennis the best BJ of his life so I had to do some research on how others think a really good BJ is given ... For those of you who are interested (or might like to have your lady improve on her technique – your call as to how you broach that one!), here's a small selection of sites which supplied useful information for this story:*

- <http://www.skullsite.co.uk/prints/Cat/cat.htm>
- <http://www.dontspitswallow.com/>
- http://dva.gbrit.com/~dougadams/blowjob_training.php
- <http://tdte.porkyhost.com/instruction.htm>
- http://www.asstr.org/files/FAQs_and_Information/How_to_Suck_a_Cock.txt
- http://www.asstr.org/files/FAQs_and_Information/Depththroating_guide-summary.txt

The web addresses were correct at 01:00 hours GMT on 31 December 2007.]

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The author does not condone child abuse or underage sex. This story is meant as an erotic fantasy not real life. Anyone acting out such scenarios in reality can look forward to many unproductive years getting it up the ass from a fellow prisoner in their local prison.

It's okay to READ stories about unprotected sex with others outside a monogamous relationship. But it isn't okay to HAVE unprotected sex with people other than a trusted partner. There are a number of very unpleasant diseases, some incurable, some fatal, some both incurable and fatal, which can be contracted that way. Genital herpes is still a fact of life! HIV/AIDS is still a real threat.

You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it!

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