**Driving Lesson**

by[AnitaJordan](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5344182&page=submissions)©

I never thought I'd be one to spill my secrets over the internet, but here we are. My name is Anita, and I would say I was quite a shy girl growing up. Over the last couple of years that's changed somewhat and I've found that I have something I wasn't aware of... a naughty side. A certain fire that seems to become ignited by showing off in public. I admit it, I've discovered that I just love to flash.  
  
I was pretty flat-chested through my early teens, but something happened, and my breasts seemed to grow overnight. Okay, that might be an exaggeration, but by the time I was sixteen I had the biggest boobs in my classes at school. They're DD's, but on my petite frame, they seem much bigger. I have jet black hair, and chocolate brown eyes. I come from Asian descent on my mother's side, but even none of us have ever been to China, we've been told that we look Chinese at certain angles. I've discovered that some boys seem to like that. Some girls too!  
  
I've only had two real boyfriends, and whilst I do consider myself to be bi, I've never actually had sex with another girl. I've gotten close, but it's never quite happened. Also, when it comes to flashing, whilst I love to see other girls naked, I don't quite get the same thrill that I do when I show off my body to a guy. I've flashed a few times now, and I have a few stories to share, but I actually want to start with my most recent endeavour. As recent as today, in fact.  
  
I turned twenty back in October, and for Christmas my parents paid for driving lessons for me. I've never felt to urge to drive, but my Dad said it was a useful skill to have, so I agreed. At the time of writing, I've had twenty hours in the car with my instructor, Henry.  
  
Henry is an old man. I'd say in his late sixties. He's chubby and balding, with white hair (what he has left of it), and he wears glasses and brown cardigans. I should note straight away that I feel quite safe with him, and he'd never even hinted that he saw me as anything other than a learner driver, and he my instructor. He has a daughter older than me, he's a grandfather in fact, so I don't know how he views me really. That same, maybe?  
  
I started learning in January, so it's been pretty cold, and whilst I choose to not wear a coat whilst driving, I do tend to cover up. Baggy hoodies and the like.  
  
I really don't know what came over me recently. A stray thought here and there, I guess. An impulse, a sudden desire to get a reaction from my elderly driving sensei. When I first felt the urge to flash him it wasn't during a lesson but at home. The idea literally popped into my head, and I started to work out how to do it. In the past when I've flashed someone I've made out it was an accident. How would I manage that, with him? I wasn't sure what I wanted from it either. I didn't want to make things weird afterwards. Once struck with the notion, however, I just had to find out.  
  
I had two lessons last week. One for an hour, the second for two. The first of the lessons was on Wednesday, and I started to suss things out. It was pretty tame, I guess, but rather than a baggy sweater I wore a thin sky-blue cotton strappy top. Not that I need much help, I also wore a good bra that gave me a great cleavage. Whilst warm in the car, the weather was very cold and when I got in the car, my nipples were very hard.  
  
Henry commented on the top. Not in a pervy way, or in any way sexual, but in a parental way of "you'll catch your death in that."  
  
There really isn't anything much to report from that hour-long session. I never caught him looking, but this was my first time attempt at showing off my chest in any way around him and I found that quite thrilling, as silly as that may sound. It was my tester.  
  
It was the second on Friday afternoon that I took an actual risk. I wore a checked flannel shirt, a size too small, so it made my boobs bulge. Rather than buttons, it had popper studs and I chose not to wear a bra this time. I knew, with the tightness of the shirt, there'd be gaps between the studs allowing for my pink flesh to be seen.  
  
For the first hour of the lesson, I just got on with the driving. I still haven't found my peace with changing gears and whilst I don't stall half as much, I do jolt the car a bit when shifting the stick, and Henry tells me off for coming off the clutch too quickly. We had to stop and get petrol and whilst I was the one to fill the car up, Henry was the one that go in and pay. It was while he was in there that I decided to undo a couple of the studs of my shirt. The first didn't have much effect, but the second allowed my ample bosom to spill out. I did wonder if there was now too much on show. Should I have do one back up? It was too late, Henry has returned and has bought us both chocolate bars. We set off for the next task of the day.  
  
I was very aware of my bulging cleavage as we went around a roundabout and I was sure, this time, Henry must have paid some attention. I couldn't help but looked down at my own chest. My nipples weren't on show, not even close, but the gaping fabric of the shirt showed that I was clearly braless. I gave several glances over to Henry to see if he was taking in the show, but if he was look he was being very subtle, as I never caught him. This was no good, I wanted him to see!  
  
The lesson came to an end, and we ended up back outside my home, were Henry always picks me up and drops me off. My parents were out shopping and I pondered how I could get him to see me. We picked Monday morning for the next lesson and he wished me a lovely weekend. He was making some notes in his folder on his lap as I removed myself from the car. As normal I left the door open for him but as he wasn't moving, I realised this may be my chance. With my back to him, as I quickly popped open a stud on my shirt, and then another.  
  
I faced back to the car and bent down to tell him to also have a lovely weekend. He looked up from his paperwork and straight into my eyes... but then his eyes began to track downwards, straight to my chest. I gave a quick glance down to check what he was seeing. He was staring straight at my plump tits. My shirt had fallen inwards so my nipples still just covered although a hint areola was clearly visible. I quickly looked back at him.  
  
"Thanks Anita," he murmured, his gaze still firmly aimed at my gaping top. I could have been wrong, but I'm pretty sure Henry was salivating at the sight before him.  
  
I stood up and practically skipped to let myself into my home. I didn't look at him again, but once I was inside, I looked back down at my state of undress. My heart was pounding through my exposed chest and I couldn't help but cup my own breasts. He had received an eyeful, but he hadn't seen everything. Next time he would I promised myself.  
  
That next time had been today, this afternoon in fact. It's Monday, and my lesson was just after midday. I was so excited beforehand. I don't mind admitting that I'd had trouble sleeping the night before due to anticipation. I knew what I was going to do, I just wasn't sure how. I wondered if the last flash would be mentioned at all. Luckily it hadn't been and that was good. I'm sure had Henry brought it up I couldn't have gone through with my plan.  
  
As usual, he greeted me outside my home and told me where he wanted us to go for today's lesson. Today's lesson was all about manoeuvres. He made me do some parallel parking and got me to drive to a quiet part of town where he was going to get me to reverse into a side road. I realised, had I been wearing the shirt from the previous lesson, with me having to stretch to check behind so much, he probably would have gotten quite an eyeful.  
  
Today, however, I had chosen to wear something different. A white T-shirt. Doesn't sound that exciting, I know, but it was a little see-through. You could easily make out the red bra I was wearing. The cup was lacey at the top and you could see the hint of nipple. He was possibly disappointed (or relieved!) following the previous outfit, but he didn't know what I had in store.  
  
As we drove to a suitable sideroad I had made an effort to fidget with my attire. I kept fiddling with the front of the bra, and eventually I'd done so enough for him to ask if everything was okay.  
  
"The underwire in my bra is irritating me. It keeps digging in," I grimaced. In truth, the bra was perfectly fine.  
  
"Oh," was all he could muster at this point. So, I pressed...  
  
"Sorry, do you mind if I take the bra off? It's making it difficult to concentrate."  
  
I looked at him, apologetically. Looking straight ahead he gave a measured response:  
  
"You should do whatever makes you comfortable."  
  
Perfect. Now, I'm pretty sure he expected me to do that thing when girls stealthily remove their bra from underneath a top. A strap down here, straight out the sleeve -- voila! I'm perfectly capable of that too, I just had no intention of it... not on this occasion.  
  
"Oh!" he exclaimed with surprised as I whipped off my shirt.  
  
I hadn't bothered checking if anyone was around, I was too eager to expose myself to him. Another shocked rumble propelled from him as I quickly unclasped the hooks at the back of my bra effortless freeing my boobs. My bra slid off my arms and down onto my lap. Whilst Henry attempted to look away, directing his attention to the road ahead, he couldn't help but look back at my amazing tits. They are amazing too, I know it. I'm proud of them which must be why I like showing them off so much. I threw my bra onto the backseat and I proceeded to put my shirt back on, over my head. From underneath the thin layer of material I could make out his movement. His head was fixed in my direction, but his hand quickly grabbed at his crotch as he made some kind of adjustment.  
  
I sorted myself out, straightened my shirt, and was pleased to see how noticeable my nipples were, despite being covered. I was also pleased that Henry was now obviously rock hard. His trousers were bulging and there was no way of hiding it. I couldn't help but smile, a smile he noticed. Instinctively he tried to cover the bulge with his hands.  
  
"Sorry," he fretted.  
  
"Don't be silly," I laughed. "I'm very free and I don't worry about body parts. I hope I haven't made you uncomfortable?"  
  
"No, no." He spluttered; his face quite red now. "I just wasn't expecting it."  
  
"Okay, well, just a heads up," I nodded, "you'll be seeing them again in a bit."  
  
"Will I?"  
  
I couldn't tell if his voice from trembling out of excitement or fear.  
  
"Well, my parents are home, and I can't really leave for my driving lesson wearing a bra and then come home without it on. My father might have questions," I teased.  
  
"Oh, well, no. I guess not."  
  
"This shirt is quite see-through," I teased. Sure enough, his gaze returned to my breasts. Although covered, he was clearly mapping them with his eyes.  
  
We proceeded with the rest of the lesson, before he instructed me to drive us back. I announced to him that I was going to pull over to put my bra back on. He didn't reply, choosing to nod with a smile. Once we had pulled over, I unbuckled my seatbelt and took off my top. I was completely topless once again, and it was exhilarating. I glanced around and there was nobody on this street, but it wouldn't have mattered even if there had there been. I reached back to grab my bra from the back seat. It was just out of reach, so I lifted my ass up to allow me to stretch further and as I did so, I became aware that I was pushing by bare breasts towards Henry's flushed face. He had moved himself to the side so there was no collision, but he was transfixed.  
  
"Sorry," I said, with a smile. It was a naughty smile too. We all have that smile, that smirk when we're doing something we know we shouldn't be doing, but we're enjoying it nevertheless.  
  
I pushed myself up a bit more, stretched back and finally managed to hook my finger around the strap of the bra. I may have prolonged the endeavour to allow Henry more time with my breasts inched away from his face. It was at that moment I felt it, a warm chubby hand on my boob. I quickly looked back and saw Henry's left hand cupping my right tit. The fact I looked seemed to fluster him, as if I wouldn't have noticed had I not seen it with my own eyes. He let go and, of course, apologised. He was basically scolding himself for succumbing to his urge.  
  
I calmed him and said I didn't mind. He was surprised, but I pointed out that I had just thrust my boobs in his face, I couldn't be angry for him copping a feel. He nodded and smiled.  
  
"Would you like to again?" I asked, mischievously.  
  
He looked at me, bewildered, switching his gaze between my eyes and my boobs.  
  
"They're still out," I reasoned. "Have another feel before I have to put them away."  
  
I don't think he did it consciously, but he licked his lips as he cautiously placed his hands on me. This time, now with me sat sitting twisting towards him, he used both of his hands, one for each breast. He excitably thumbed my nipples, which were now oh-so-sensitive, and a shiver ran down my spine. I found his aging fingers were surprisingly soft as he attempted to wrap them around and squeeze my round boobs.  
  
I considered reaching down to grasp his erection. It was clearly throbbing with enthusiasm but I decided not to though, as that might be too much. I do admit I loved the feel of his hands on me and I was in no rush to get dressed.  
  
Time was pressing and I needed to get home, plus he had another student after me. He studied me as I did my bra up and covered my torso with the shirt. His gaze lingered on my chest, despite it being fully covered. I looked down at his bulging crotch, still tent poling for me, then back up at him happy face. I didn't fancy him. He was way too old, and I'm not sure he would even have been that attractive when he was younger, but there was something in me that wanted to see his cock. Not now though, not today.  
  
I drove us back and parking up outside my house I could see my Mum in the kitchen. We both sat for a moment, yet neither of us mentioned what had just happened. He got his paperwork out and we plotted when my next couple of lessons were going to be. We both got out of the car and I left the driver side open for to him to get in and drive away.  
  
"So, next lesson is Thursday," he beamed. I couldn't help but glance down. He was still hard, and maybe it was my time to lick my lips.  
  
"I'm looking forward to it. I'll be sure to wear a better bra next time."  
  
My comment seemed to confuse him and I could tell he wasn't sure how to react to it.  
  
"Or maybe I won't bother wearing one," I continued, making my intention clearer.  
  
He laughed and nodded as he settled himself down into the driver's seat, and I walked into my house. As I bounced up the stairs my mum called to see how the lesson was. I replied that it was a good one. Once in my bedroom, I immediately when to my window to see if Henry was still there and he was. I had wanted to see his cock, and there it was. He was out of the way so my mum wouldn't have been able to see him from the kitchen, but I was high up looking down and I could see everything clearly. He had released his cock from his flies and his hand was grasping around it, stroking it with intent.  
  
I couldn't help but watch as the old guy wanked off his pent-up sexual frustration. He'd just had a twenty-year old girl's boobs in his hands. I doubt he thought that would happen at his age. I considered going back out to him, to offer him a helping hand, after all I did feel responsible. Sadly I didn't have time and I admit I couldn't help but feel disappointment when he chose not to climax. He forced his member back into his trousers and took a moment to collect himself. As he drove off, I wondered what was racing through his mind and I realised my mission for my next driving lesson. Somehow I'm going to make Henry cum. Right now, I don't know I'm going to. Will I excite him enough that he strokes his member in front of me, or maybe he'll be lucky enough to have my hands stroke him to climax. Possibly, and I'm saying this will definitely be the case, but he might even be lucky enough to feel mouth on him as he releases.  
  
My mind is racing with possibilities and I can't wait to let you know how it goes!

**More Driving Lessons**

Hi! My name is Anita and I recently shared with you an exciting experience I had whilst taking driving lessons. I'm twenty, with a small petite frame which make my DD's look massive. I have jet black hair, chocolate brown eyes, and from certain angles I give away my Asian descent. My mother's family come from China, but we've never been, and I wouldn't say I look Chinese, but apparently sometimes I do - So there you are!  
  
I told you before how I had started driving lessons in early January, and that my penchant for flashing had led me to flash my elderly instructor, Henry. He's in his late sixties, chubby with white hair circling his balding dome. In the last lesson I told you about, I had engineered a way to become topless in front of him, and he had taken the opportunity to cop a feel of my boob. After the lesson I had watched him in the car, masturbating after the experience, but was disappointed that he chose not to finish.  
  
This is now my aim. My mission is to make Henry cum.  
  
I must apologise, it's been much long than expected to update you. Things got quite busy, but now the entire world seems to be in lockdown over the Covid-19 pandemic, I find myself with quite a bit of time to fill you in on what you've missed!  
  
After that, somewhat eventful, driving lesson I found it hard to think about anything else. I kept daydreaming about how it felt to have Henry's chubby fingers squeezing my boobs, and the image of him jacking off in his car was now etched in my mind.  
  
The next lesson was Thursday and it soon arrived. I found myself practically skipping from my front door to Henry's car. He'd already swapped over to the passenger side. He greeted me with a smile, and I set up for a couple of hours of driving.  
  
Now, I'm going to disappoint you here. I decided that I wouldn't do anything naughty during this lesson. Whilst my imagination clearly wanted me to tease him, I was definite that I needed to keep control and show restraint. Whilst flashing him was a lot of fun, and I meant to keep my goal of seeing the old man ejaculate, I didn't want him to think I'd be flashing him every lesson. Whilst I enjoyed distracting him, it was also distracting me, and I do actually want to learn to drive! So, this lesson I was fully covered.  
  
I don't know if Henry was disappointed, or relieved, because he acted perfectly normally. We went over parallel parking again, and he got me to do an emergency stop a few times. We'd already gone over these aspects, I guess he was just seeing if I'd retained the knowledge. I won't bore you further with this lesson, as there truly was nothing remarkable about it.  
  
At the end, the next lesson was scheduled for Monday, midday. Perfect, I knew my parents would both out all day. I thanked him and quickly let myself into my home. Once the front door was closed, I raced upstairs to look out of my bedroom window to see if I could catch him masturbating again. I was a little disappointed to find he wasn't, he was already driving away to his next appointment. I hadn't offered him anything to masturbate over, to be fair. Monday, however, that would change.  
  
Monday arrived quickly (don't they always seem to?) and I had already planned what I was to wear. I was going to ignore the fact it was pretty cold outside, if anything that was going to help my endeavour. I chose to wear my sky-blue denim shorts, revealing my legs. Now I wouldn't say my legs are particularly my feature, but they looked good. I'd waxed over the weekend and I must say they were looking kind of silky. I was impressed with myself. I'm not stupid though, I know what my true assets are, and the trick was finding a new way of exposing them... and I had just the thing!  
  
I had a pink cropped shirt. Quite a thick fabric, and not in anyway see-through, but with it being so cold today my nipples were noticeably poking through. I would normally wear a sports bra, or something underneath, but obviously I wasn't going to be today On a girl with smaller boobs, the top was cropped low enough that it wouldn't really show anything but midriff, but my big boobs were problematic. To be honest, my Dad had made it quite clear he didn't like me wearing it as it shows too much... and he was not wrong. With my arms down, everything was covered, but I tend to gesture with hands a lot when I talk, and my under-boob games was strong. I knew that whilst driving, my hands on the steering wheel, Henry would be afforded many views of my boobs, the bottom of them at least. If I lift my arms up - well, there they are. The edge of the top rises well above my nipples, fully exposing them to the world.  
  
I had found that out the hard way, in the lounge one evening. I'd stretched and my Dad accidentally looked directly at my exposed boobs. He got quite angry and forbid me to wear it again. My mum reasoned with him and explained that normally I'd be wearing a bra so that wouldn't happen in public. He would definitely not approve of today.  
  
Henry's car pulled up and I trotted out, locking the front door behind me. He immediately clocked my outfit, his eyes hovering over my top... I think he already knew what was going to happen. I could be wrong, but I think was trying his best to repress a smile.  
  
I got into the car and adjusted the seat, as I always need to, along with the mirrors. I wouldn't say that Henry was 'watching' me, but he was aware of what I was doing. He knew my order of things and knew what was next. I reached back, lifting my arms up to adjust the headrest. Instantly I felt the material of my top rise, and my erect nipples were now on show.  
  
I couldn't help but glance over to him, to see if he was taking in the view. He was and I smiled to assure him it was okay.  
  
"Very nice," he beamed. This took me by surprise a little and I let out a giggle. I took a bit longer than necessary to make the adjustment, and Henry took in every moment. I did wonder if he would reach out, like he did least time, but sadly he didn't. Notice I said sadly, I found myself wanting him to touch me.  
  
I started the engine and the lesson got underway. Throughout, I felt my top rising and lowering with my manoeuvres, and I was aware of Henry's gaze. He was spending more and more time checking me out than my driving. I love it, and I loved how excited he was becoming. He had to arrange himself a couple of times. Each time I was mentally willing him to just get his cock out but I knew he wouldn't. His bulging was very noticeable though. I found I was having to remind myself to keep my eyes on the road.  
  
The end of the lesson was fast approaching, and he noted that we needed petrol again. I pulled into the station to fill up. Normally I would do the filling up, he'd watch and then go pay, but he suggested that I did it all. He asked me to put in twenty and gave me the appropriate money. I got out and did as I was asked. I got the payment bang on twenty - I'm seriously a pro at that - and I was just about the head into the shop to pay, when Henry called me. I hadn't shut the petrol cap properly. I tutted at myself and went to deal with it, dropping the car keys in the process. Ever the gentleman, Henry got out the car immediately to help. It was then very clear why he had chosen to remain seated.  
  
Henry was rocking quite the erection. His trousers did nothing to hide how big he was. I hadn't realised, as had only seem it in a sitting position, but now he was standing... I was impressed. He noted me looking and for a moment attempted to cover. The keys were retrieved, and the cap closed. He asked, with something of a red face, if I was still happy to go and pay, which I was.  
  
He went to return to his seat, but I did something that surprised us both. My left hand went out and I found myself running across the length of his member. He looked at me with shock, and he leant back on the car. I wasn't rubbing him, nor was I squeezing, but I could feel him throbbing through the cloth of the fabric. In reality my hand couldn't have been there for long, maybe only a few seconds but in the moment, it felt like ages.  
  
I let go and went and paid, as Henry collected himself and got back in the car. Once I'd paid, the only thing left to do was to drive back to my home - which I did - and we the journey was pretty quiet. Had I overstepped? I mean he had touched me, so was it such a massive faux pas to have returned the favour? I pulled up near my house and the lesson was over. We arranged the next lesson for Friday, and I considered getting out the car but... was that really it?  
  
Henry was still hard. I could tell from his bulging crotch. I wondered if I raced in and upstairs if I could catch a glimpse of him wanking himself off again, but instead I decided to offer him once last morsel of inspiration. The seatbelt now unbuckled I decided to give a stretch. I didn't need to but I knew this would reveal my tits to him again and it would be more likely he'd want to 'sort himself out'.  
  
I faked a yawn and felt my breasts become visible to the world once again, and I looked at Henry. His gaze lifted from my boobs to my face and he went to say something but I pre-empted his thought.  
  
"You can if you want," I nodded, and sure enough his soft right hand was holding my left tit. His hand moved across to get a feel of my right, and I decided to share my secret. "I saw you," I whispered. "The other day, I watched you from my bedroom window."  
  
Henry jolted back and looked out from the windscreen up to my window and then back to me, with a look of horror on his face.  
  
"I'm so sorry, I don't know what to... "he trailed off, with a heavy swallow. His face had gone white.  
  
"I don't mind," I laughed, "I liked seeing it. Hope I get to see it again." I smiled and left the poor man dumbfounded in the passenger seat. Normally I'd leave the drivers door open, but I actually wanted him to stay where he was. I coolly walked to let myself into the house, and once in raced upstairs to my window. I knew he had to still be there this time.  
  
I looked down from my window to find Henry, still in place, looking back up at me. I realised he needed one last bit of encouragement so, without a hesitation, I whipped off my top, throwing it back onto bed and then looked back down to my audience. I was now completely topless. It was quite possible other people could see me, but I had my target.  
  
Henry smiled, and it looked like he took a breath. He seemed to mutter something to himself as he looked around before looking back up at me. I was surprised when he adjusted the seat, pushing the back down a bit, I realised that he was actually readying to give me the show I was hoping for. He positioned himself and once again returned his gaze up to me. From this point his eyes never left me. Almost involuntarily I began to feel my own boobs. Caressing them, squeezing them.  
  
Henry started touching himself at the sight of me playing. Over his trouser at first but, still with his eyes fixed on my body, he unbuckled his trousers, unzipped his flies and unleashed his yearning cock. This was another level. Before I had been a spectator, but now I was here topless watching this old man jerking himself off to my nudity. I was wet and I was anticipating his climax.  
  
Something stopped him though. He sat up and hid himself, looking off up the drive. I quickly grabbed the curtain to cover myself too, his reaction causing me to panic. He clearly had thought someone was turning in and would catch him. False alarm though. He relaxed and looked back up at me. He revealed his dick to me, still hard thankfully. I let the curtain drop away and he started to stroke again, but this time I was the one to stop it. I gestured for him to wait. He seemed confused but nodded.  
  
I had not planned this, this was by no means my intention, but as I grabbed my top, quickly putting it on as I navigated the stairs, I knew what I was about to do. It wasn't going to be enough seeing Henry cum from the window, I wanted to be there.  
  
I raced to the car, and got in the driver's seat, pulling the bottom handle to push it back to allow more leg room. Henry was still in the passenger seat but covering his modesty. I quickly checked around and removed my top.  
  
"Please continue," I said, with a happy chuckle. I knew he need encouragement to continue.  
  
His instinct to feel my bare breasts meant, for the first time, I could see his cock in all it's glory. It was much bigger than it appeared from my window, and I couldn't help noting the girth. It was thicker than my ex boyfriend's. As his hand explored my body (not just my boobs now, he was mapping my back, shoulder, waist), I couldn't help but touch him. With my left arm propping me up, my right hand reached over and he moaned appreciatively as my palm wrapped around his throbbing cock.  
  
Henry got braver and allowed himself to reach for my arse. I had to move myself close to allow it. I was still wearing my denim shorts, but his grip tightened over my cheek as I started to stroke his shaft. His eyes kept darting between my boobs and what I was doing. For a moment he closed his eyes, and his hand moved around as if he was trying to reach my pussy from behind. The angles were wrong for that, and soon his fingers found themselves up on my tits, playing with my nipples.  
  
Aware of what his hands were doing, I was aware of what effect mine were having. There was a trickle of pre-cum spilling from his penis, and I found myself using my thumb to use it to lubricate the rest of dick. I could feel it hardening in my hand as I stroked. As I ran some of the liquid over where the helmet meets the shaft, I could feel Henry's entire body start to tense. He was close.  
  
"Stop," he said hesitantly, catching his breath. "Please, I don't want to..."  
  
"You don't want to cum?" I questioned.  
  
"It's not that, it's just..." He looked down at himself. "I don't want to make a mess. I've got another lesson in a bit and- "  
  
"There won't be a mess," I intervened. Okay, I really, truly had not anticipated this. I guess I should have, really. I had created this situation; I should have realised this might be on the cards.  
  
Before Henry could reply I repositioned myself and, attempting to avoid the gear stick, lowered my face towards his cock. My palm still stroking his shaft, I allowed my tongue to flick over the tip and circle the head, before locking my lips around him. I quickened the pace of my hand as my tongue worked his cock inside my closed mouth.  
  
"Fuck!" Henry announced should as the experience become to much for him.  
  
His hand latched tightly onto my boob and I felt his body tensed, his cock hardened and... wow. An ocean of hot cum released into my mouth. There was so much. I swallowed, doing my best to keep my mouth on his spasming member. More cum flowed out and I found myself swallowing another load.  
  
Henry moaned with pleasure and I felt his hand loosen its grip from my boob. I continued to work his cock for a bit, making sure I got every drop. Once I was sure he was done, I used my tongue to clean him up and I sat back to put my top back on.  
  
"Thank you, Anita, "he gasped, trying to get his breath back. "Is there anything I can do for you?"  
  
"I wanted you to cum," I announced, matter of fact. "I just got what I wanted."  
  
Henry nodded, possibly a little bit confused by what had just happened. I looked down and saw his cock, still out but now flaccid. He became shy and started to put it away. I stopped him for a moment and decided to hold it my hand.  
  
"This is the oldest penis I've seen, let alone touched," I admitted.  
  
"Yes, I should imagine it is. How old are you?"  
  
"Twenty."  
  
"Do you have a thing for older men?" he quizzed.  
  
"I don't think so," I pondered. "I enjoy flashing, and teasing. I didn't intend for this to happen, but after I saw you from my window, I guess I wanted to follow this through."  
  
"Okay," he nodded, seeming to understand. "So now this has happened, does that mean you won't be showing off anymore?"  
  
"Do you want me to stop?"  
  
"I didn't say that."  
  
"You want me to keep on flashing you?"  
  
"I'm old enough to be your grandfather."  
  
"That wasn't an answer," I laughed.  
  
"Can I be completely honest with you?"  
  
"Of course," I nodded, interested to see where this honesty would go.  
  
"After your first lesson with me, I went home, and I masturbated for the first time in a long time." Henry took a moment before continuing. "You've been something of a fantasy for me, and then you started showing off your body to me. You have a beautiful body."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"Professionally, I need this not to happen again," he frowned. "Personally I want it to happen every week!"  
  
"Okay then," I smiled, hoping to reassure him. "What if, I do flash you every now and then? Not all the time, not every lesson. Just sometimes? How would you feel about that?"  
  
He took a moment to consider before laughing.  
  
"Anita, I couldn't get a twenty-year-old to suck my cock when I was twenty, I certainly didn't expect it now. I would love it if you were to show me your body every now and then. That would make me very happy."  
  
"Okay then, that's a deal."  
  
There was a moment's silence as we both contemplated. I could still taste his cum in my mouth.  
  
"May I touch you?" he asked, bravely.  
  
"Okay."  
  
He reached across and lifted my top, placing his palm on my boob.  
  
"They are magnificent," he enthused. "I've always loved big breasts, but my wife has quite small ones. They were very nice and pert, but yours are perfect."  
  
He finished playing and it was time for him to go and pick up his next student. He was already late. We both got out our respective sides, he shut his door and I left my open for him as normal. I started to head to my front door as he got into the car, but I sensed he was hovering.  
  
"Everything okay?" I asked.  
  
"May I," he began, cautiously, "possibly be allowed to see your pussy on one of these little teases?"  
  
I thought back to him trying to get to it via the back of my jeans earlier. I thought for a moment on whether I would let him go there.  
  
"Henry, I will make you a promise," I stated, "if you're a very good driving instructor, and if I manage to pass my test first time... you won't just be allowed to see my pussy, I'll let you cum inside it."  
  
With that mic-drop, I turned and let myself into the house.  
  
Since then, I've had a couple of flash-free lessons, but the world is in an interesting place now. I'm in self-isolation and I've not got any planned driving lessons until everything has blown over. I do have other stories to share though. Henry isn't the first person I've flashed, or teased, and I promise I won't take as long to share those experiences with you.