**Grade-A Affair**

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Making good grades was never a problem for me in high school. I was captain of the cheer leading squad and I dated the star quarterback so I easily maintained a 4.0 grade point average without ever cracking a book. I'm used to turning heads with my shoulder length blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes. I sunbathe a lot so I have a killer tan and I run three miles every morning so I have an awesome body to boot. I like to wear short skirts and tops that show off my ample cleavage just to watch the boys drool over me and I can see the way they mentally undress me with their eyes.

I was given an athletic scholarship to an out of state college and I was thrilled with the limitless possibilities. I could be or do anything I wanted- I felt invincible to say the least. Boy was I in for a wake-up call. I sailed through my first semester, hardly ever going to class due to games and practices, but then I broke my leg executing a series of back flips. I'd done that particular routine thousands of times before, and I still don't know exactly how I fell, but there it was, sometimes fate deals you a shitty hand and you're forced to deal with it.

I was dropped from the squad my second semester, even though my leg was completely healed and I felt great but the captain had already found a new recruit to replace me, it was a hard reality to realize I wasn't in high school anymore- this was a whole different situation entirely. I was stunned to say the least; no one had ever passed me up before. I didn't like being a little fish in a big pond.

By the time my sophomore year rolled around, I was studying around the clock and I still couldn't keep up. My advisors encouraged me to keep up the hard work, but I was afraid I just couldn't cut it. I even went as far as joining a study group in the college library, but even they couldn't help me catch up on all the things I should have known before I graduated high school. Now, more than ever, I wished I would have paid more attention in class.

My classes got harder and harder, and while I felt proud of myself for sticking with it, there wasn't a day that went by when I didn't consider dropping out and going back home. The only thing that stopped me, besides pride, was my bank account. If I dropped out-or flunked out for that matter- Mom and Dad would cut me off without a dime. They were angry enough when I was cut from the cheerleading squad, but those were circumstances completely beyond my control.

At the end of the semester, I held onto a C in every class but World Philosophy. For some reason I just couldn't wrap my head around all of the concepts Dr. Thacker outlined in the classroom. Try as I might, I couldn't keep up, even with my two hour study sessions with his tutor, and quite frankly I could plainly see I was starting to try the poor girl's patience.

I sat in the front row, thinking it would help me stay awake and pay attention and also show Dr. Thacker that I was serious about learning in his classroom. I was afraid to raise my hand and ask him questions; no man had ever intimidated me before. Once my dander was up I decided to talk to him about the possibility of extra credit. I was willing to do anything to pass his course.

All during class I practiced my speech in my head. I figured I should try my hand at flattery and maybe comment on the way his green shirt matched his sparkling green eyes. I glanced up from my text book and watched him walk back and forth behind the podium, passionately lecturing to us- although I was so nervous about and engrossed in what I was going to say to him after class that I couldn't recall exactly what he was lecturing about.

I had to admit that he was very handsome, even though he was about twenty years older than me, but he didn't look old at all. He looked worldly and sophisticated, and I had seen him jogging some mornings while I was on my way to the cafeteria so I knew he had a muscular body and ripped abs.

I crossed my legs under my desk as I leaned back in my chair, nibbling on the end of my pencil as I watched the way his muscular thighs rippled beneath his dress slacks. His sandy brown hair was a little longer than I would have preferred, but it suited him just fine. I couldn't help but sneak a quick peak at his left hand and I was relieved to see that he wasn't wearing a wedding band.

I was so busy watching him that I didn't realize he was also watching me. I made a show of uncrossing my legs, my short black skirt riding up a little and I could see his eyes flick down to the neckline of my blue, button-up blouse. He cleared his throat as his gaze traveled lower to my thighs and I couldn't help myself from parting them just enough for him to see my red lace panties.

He quickly looked away from me, his skin flushed with embarrassment with himself over looking over one of his students, but I knew he was definitely interested in me- or at least he was interested in looking at me. I may not know a lot about philosophy, but I do knew how to read men.

I couldn't help but giggle when he couldn't recover from his flustered state, unable to recall what he was even lecturing about. Exasperated, he decided we'd learned enough for the day and he let us go half an hour early.

While everyone else was gathering up their belongings and racing out of the classroom with cell phones and books in hand, I took my time. I stood from my seat and bent down to pick up my bag, sliding my things inside before slipping it over my shoulder. I kept an eye on Dr. Thacker while he started packing up his things as well, and when we were the only ones left in the room I approached him.

"Nice lecture today, very inspiring." I hoped he didn't ask me to irritate on my comment because if I couldn't come up with something convincing there would be no way he'd let me do extra credit.

He looked up from his stack of lecture notes and I could tell he was cautious with his expression. We both knew that he had looked and that I had enjoyed letting him do it. "Thank you Bridgett." He looked like he couldn't decide if he should settle in for a lengthy chat or blow me off and head back to his office or wherever he spent his spare time.

"Dr. Thacker, I am a little concerned with my grade in this class," I figured I'd skip the flattery and go right to the favor asking since I'd already let him look up my skirt and that should be flattering enough.

"You should be, you're the only one who failed the mid-term exam," he looked at me like I'd accomplished some amazing feat and I couldn't help but feel embarrassed. He probably thought I was simple minded.

I decided not to get huffy about it. We both knew I wasn't exactly the smartest person in the class. "I was hoping you could give me some extra credit?" I could tell by his guarded expression that he already knew what I was going to ask and he already knew how to answer it.

"I told everyone at the beginning of the year, I do not give extra credit. You should have come to me before now with any concerns about my course." My heart sank; he honestly wasn't going to throw me a lifeline.

"Even if I did give you extra credit, you would still need an A on the final exam to even pass. Bridget, I don't mean to be insulting but I just don't think you can pull it off. Maybe you should consider taking some more remedial courses?" We had started walking out of the classroom together, and if he didn't want me tagging along with him he didn't come right out and say it- he was too busy calling me stupid.

"I am doing my absolute best," I reached out and halted our progress with my hand on his arm in a gentle grip. "I see your tutor every week and she just doesn't know how to help me. I'm not stupid, I am hard working and I want to at least try. If I fail I'll just come back next semester and take this class all over again."

I could see he was considering everything I said, and he looked down at my hand on his arm and he sighed in defeat. "Alright, we can get together a few evenings a week and I'll do my best to help you. But I'm serious, no goofing around, you come prepared and on time. I don't like to waste my valuable time, understand?" He looked at my hand pointedly and I let go of him.

"Thank you so much, I'll be on my best behavior I swear it!" I threw myself into his arms before I could stop myself and I gave him a big hug. He politely reciprocated, but disengaged himself with a quick look around to make sure no one had seen our embrace who could misinterpret its meaning.

"We'll start on Monday, so use the weekend to read over your class notes and your textbook," he reached into his pocket and produced a little business card. He took a pen out of his shirt pocket and jotted down an address before handing it to me. "This is my home address; I'll expect you at seven o'clock."

He walked off before I could hug him again and I carefully tucked his card inside my bag where I wouldn't misplace it on my way back to my dorm room. My heart felt lighter than it had in days as I walked across campus. Not only was it Friday, but I didn't have anymore classes until Monday. I figured I could work in a quick nap and maybe some social networking time before I hit the books for the rest of the weekend.

True to my word I studied every single handout and chapter of my text book, it wasn't the most exciting way I'd spent a weekend but I did learn a lot and I felt like I could at least contribute to a conversation with Dr. Thacker.

I think I surprised him a little when I actually answered a couple of questions in class, and he was even more taken aback because they were perfectly correct answers. He smiled at me, happy to see that I had taken his advice and studied.

I didn't know how to dress for our study session. I didn't think I should wear a skirt but the weather was still warm enough to warrant my jean cut-off shorts and white t-shirt. On my way out, I grabbed my bag and slipped on my favorite pair of flip-flops.

I took his card out and studied his address again, I considered walking to the other side of campus to get my car, but I figured I could be at his house in the amount of time it was going to take me to hoof it to my car. So I started walking, waving or briefly talking to people I passed by that I knew. I felt a little nervous and I mentally reviewed everything I studied over the weekend. I didn't know exactly what kinds of questions he would ask or what he would cover, so I decided to have a few questions handy just incase he thought I really was wasting his precious time.

It took a little longer than I thought to reach his house once I crossed a few busy streets and moved out of the way for bicyclists in a big hurry to get to campus; maybe they were late for a night class I didn't know.

I hesitated on the sidewalk outside his house. It looked like he, or the previous owners, had remodeled it in the past few years, replacing the siding and repainting the window trimmings and shutters. I liked the concrete porch, although it could have used a porch swing, some patio furniture, or something like a flower bed out in the yard to distract from its plainness, at least the yard was neatly trimmed but then again maybe he didn't have time for extra fripperies, hell for all I knew he hired some neighborhood boy to cut his grass for him.

His house was similar in structure to the other houses on the street as far as I could tell, and they were probably faculty housing sponsored by the college itself. I could see lights on behind the big bay windows and I wondered if I was already late, I would have checked my watch or cell phone, but I didn't usually wear a watch and I had left my cell phone back in my room. I didn't want to have any distractions during our tutoring session. If he was generous enough to make time for me, I could be courteous enough not to bring a cell phone that would probably be ringing or vibrating off the hook all evening long.

I pushed through the little white gait, noting how the walkway was neatly swept. I stepped up onto the plain, empty porch and I wondered if maybe I should buy him some patio furniture in exchange for his private teaching lessons, but I didn't know how he would react to that. I didn't want him to get the wrong impression and think I was bribing him, or worse that I was some sort of crazed stalker lurking outside in his bushes- well at least if he had any that is.

I knocked on the door in lieu of ringing the door bell, just to give my hands something more strenuous to do than pushing a little button. I didn't hear any footsteps so I knocked again, and again nothing. I bit down on my lower lip as I stared at the door bell, and after a few more moments I pushed it. I expected to hear him call out or otherwise let me know he was home.

I turned to check the driveway but it was empty, he might not even drive a car since he lived so close to campus, I didn't know. I considered heading back to my dorm, a little miffed after his preparedness speech last week. I could leave him a note so he wouldn't think I hadn't shown up at all.

Determined to see this through, I tried the door knob and I felt utterly stupid to find the thing unlocked. I suppose it would have been rude to try it in the first place, but now I was a little worried if he was home. Maybe something had happened to him?

I let the door swing open and I leaned inside, checking to see if I could see any blood or a lifeless body from my vantage point, but all I could see was the living room. It was neat compared to my standards, but a little on the plain side. He did have a big screen television set and I could hear that it was on, but I couldn't tell from outside what was playing.

"Hello?" I didn't want to walk on in and find something embarrassing, but I'd already gone this far. Bravely I walked on in, letting the door click shut behind me. I kicked off my shoes because it was good etiquette, and it looked like the carpeting had been recently swept. I could hear movement upstairs and my eyes traveled from the ceiling to the staircase.

I dropped my bag at the foot of the stairs and I made my way up the stairs, my footfalls muffled by the carpeting as I steadied myself with one hand on the nicely polished wooden railing. At the top of the stairs, I was presented with three closed doors and I stood still for a moment, trying to figure out if I should run back outside and ring the bell again- hell I was already up here so what was the point?

I opened the door directly in front of me when I heard rustling behind it, "Hello?" My jaw dropped when I saw Dr. Thacker with only a towel draped loosely around his waist. As many times as I'd tried to imagine what he looked like nude, my wildest fantasies couldn't begin to compare to the real deal. I could see muscles rippling as he reached for his towel to make sure it was still in place.

I opened my mouth to say something, but the words just wouldn't come. He looked like he was chiseled from marble, the light dusting of hair on his chest wet from his recent shower. My eyes traveled down first before I could stop myself. His towel wasn't hiding much, I could make out the outline of his cock, watching it harden beneath my inspection and I gulped. I forced my gaze upwards and I could see tiny beads of water falling out of his thick, dark mane and I fought the urge to lick them away.

He eyed me with interest as if he couldn't decide between yelling at me and ordering me out of his home or laughing over the whole thing- or maybe he was having some of the same thoughts I was.

"I...I knocked and rang the bell...I umm...I didn't know if you are okay, but I can see that you're fine. You're okay I mean, oh god," I was usually rather confident when faced with a naked man, but this time it was different. He was so aloof to me and he had invited me over to help me, not so I could ogle at his hotness.

"It's okay. You're a little early. I just finished mowing the lawn and I didn't think you'd want to smell me," he looked confident as he always did in class, but now he looked approachable as well and that was a side of him I'd never seen before- and boy would I love to see what his backside looked like.

"Okay, well now that I see you're okay. You can go ahead and get dressed," he walked right past me and my mouth watered from the musky scent of his soap. I couldn't help but drop my gaze to his backside as he walked by; I didn't think I'd ever noticed what a nice ass he had.

He opened the door to what I presumed was his bedroom and he shut it in my face, so much for tagging along and trying to rip that towel off of him. I stood staring at the closed door until I gave myself a good mental shake. What was I doing? He was my professor and I was fairly certain there were rules against me screwing his brains out- or visa versa.

I turned and walked back downstairs, choosing to settle down on the couch and distract myself with some television. I halfway expected to see the Discover Channel or some other educational programming, but he was actually tuned into a football game and I watched with interest- although the hot, sweaty, muscular men running around in tight pants weren't exactly taking my mind off the man upstairs.

I wanted to unbutton my shorts and slide my hand down inside my panties and rub my little clit until I got off, and hopefully ease some of the sexual frustration before I started humping his well-defined thigh. I whimpered a little as I squeezed my legs together, thinking of how long and thick his towel-clad cock had looked upstairs.

Okay, so I probably had time enough for some brief alone time. I looked over my shoulder and glanced up the staircase, but I didn't see him and I was pretty sure I would hear him descending the stairs in more than enough time to button my shorts and otherwise put myself to rights again.

I ignored the television as I slid down the couch a little; spreading my legs and angling my hips just so as I hurriedly unbuttoned and unzipped my shorts. My blood raced through my veins and my heart pounded in my ears as I inched my hand beneath my panties and used my fingertips to rub my clit. I could tell I was already wet and I moaned very softly as I continued to play with myself.

I let my head lull back against the couch as I closed my eyes, surrendering myself to the mental images of his nearly nude form from moments before. I pictured myself kneeling down in front of him and parting the towel, running my hands up his thighs and cupping his warm, damp balls before taking the head of his cock into my mouth. I would do it slowly and make him beg me to deep throat him.

I moaned again, trying to keep quiet and also trying to listen for any movement on the stairs behind me. I dipped my hand lower and slid my index finger inside my wet pussy, imagining him laying me down on the tiled- or at least I thought it was tile, I had been far too engrossed in studying him- floor and pushing my legs back so he could shove his heavy, thick cock into me.

I whimpered my frustration as I moved my hips around, riding my finger before adding another. I cupped my breasts, thinking seriously about sliding my hand up and under my shirt and pinching my nipples.

My eyes squeezed shut as I slipped my fingers out of my throbbing, wet channel and rubbed my clit in little fast circles, my hips rocking against my hand s I bit down on my lip to keep from crying out as I came. I knew my panties would be wet for most of the evening now, but god it felt good to get off, not to mention the danger element in getting caught at any...

I abruptly pulled my hand out of my pants and turned my head, but I couldn't see the stairs. I followed the dark colored torso up to Dr. Thacker's face. He was fully dressed now and I didn't even want to think how long he had watched me pleasure myself. My face turned three different shades of red as I zipped and then buttoned my pants. I used the inside hem of my shorts to wipe my wet fingers off as I jumped to my feet and turned to face him.

He hadn't budged an inch and he was still watching me, his eyes dark with passion and on further examination I could make out the outline of his bulging erection through his jeans. I swallowed hard, having to force myself to tear my gaze away from him. On one hand I was mortified that he'd seen me pleasuring myself and I couldn't begin to imagine what he thought about me now, I was also curious about the way he kept looking me over like he was interested in me the same way I was him.

"I'm sorry Dr. Thacker," I couldn't meet his eyes again, my raging hormones giving way to embarrassment all over again. I stepped away from the couch and started for the door but his hand on my arm stopped me before I could get there.

"I think you can call me Richard now," his voice was hoarse and I could tell that he was trying to hold himself back, but was failing miserably. "I've wanted you for quite some time now Bridget," before I knew what he was about, he placed his hand at the nape of my neck and hauled me closer, his warm lips descending on mine in a passionate kiss.

I moaned against his mouth as I moved to balance myself on my tiptoes to make up for our height difference, even with him leaning down towards me, and I slipped my arms around his neck as I felt my breasts press tightly against his chest and I ached to feel my naked skin against his.

He slid his hands down my neck, shoulders, and back before grabbing my ass and hauling me up against him so I had to wrap my legs around his waist for support. Maybe this is why he was so hard on me the other day; he secretly had a crush on me me, too.

I placed my hands on his shoulders as I felt him moving, presumably towards the couch but we were going in the wrong direction. I felt my rear bump into something hard and I realized it was a table as he reached down and swept everything off of it. I heard the clattering of plates and maybe books I wasn't sure because at that point I didn't really care. All I cared about was his tongue teasing mine and the way he kept squeezing my ass.

He sat me down on the edge of the table, breaking our kiss; I reached up and trailed my palm along his jaw before he pulled my shirt up and over my head. While he worked on unclasping my bra, I removed his shirt; taking the time to slide my hands down his bare chest. I couldn't help myself from leaning in and trailing kisses down his throat and pecs.

"Bridget, lean back for me," his voice startled me at first, but I liked the gruff sound of it, like a beast waiting very impatiently to be unleashed. I did as he asked, supporting myself with my hands on the table as I leaned back, my legs still wrapped securely around his waist and I used them to tug him closer so I could rub my jean-clad pussy against his covered erection.

He ground himself against me as he cupped my breasts, pushing them together and watching them move as if he was thinking how good it would feel to slide his cock between them and thrust into my mouth at the same time. The mere mental image made me whimper in frustration as I tilted my head back to look up at him.

He leaned down and captured my nipple between his lips and sucked while bathing my skin with his warm, wet tongue and I could have jumped right out of my skin. We both moaned as he moved on to the other breast, teasing both of them with equal affection as he bit down ever so softly on my nipple causing my hips to buck against his.

He straightened again, pinching my nipples and rolling them between my fingers before moving his hands down my taut little stomach and to the buttons on my shorts. He made quick work of undoing them, even faster than I had when I pleasured myself on his couch before.

Following his lead, I unbuckled his belt and then undid his jeans before I cupped his rock hard erection in the palm of my hand. I squeezed him softly, weighing his heft before he pushed my hand away long enough to push down his pants and shorts before pulling my shorts and panties off as well.

We looked at each other's naked bodies appreciatively and I sincerely hoped I looked as good unclothed as he had been fantasizing. The way he licked his lips and pulled me close, I knew I lived up to his every expectation.

He kissed me feverishly again and I wrapped my legs around his waist once more, only this time when I rubbed my pussy against him, it was his naked cock instead of the outside of his pants.

I broke the kiss this time and I sat up on the table. At first he looked perplexed as I bent my head down, but his head fell back as I captured the head of his cock between my lips, and he moaned out loud as I circled it with my tongue before flicking my tongue back and forth. I used one hand to stroke the base of his cock and the other to cup and massage his balls, the light dusting of hair tickling my palms.

I felt his hand tangle in my hair as he rested it on the back of my head, gently urging my head down as I took more of him into my mouth. I could tell he enjoyed the way I was sucking him by the way he thrust his hips against my mouth, silently begging me to take him into my throat. Ever the people pleaser, I dropped the hand stroking his cock and bent lower, my mouth slowly sliding down until he was seated completely in my mouth. It took serious reflex control on my part to keep from gagging as he thrust himself in and out of my mouth; he had the biggest cock I'd ever seen.

"That's enough," his voice was strained, and I could tell by his tense muscles and the way his cock was twitching that he couldn't take much more. I lifted my head to look up at him, my lips moist with spit and he smiled down at me as he eased me back onto the table.

I spread my legs wider for him as he positioned his cock just outside of my wet pussy, and I couldn't wait to feel him buried completely inside me. I used my legs around his waist to nudge him forward, my heel digging into his backside as my eyes looked into his pleadingly. I could see that he couldn't hold on any longer than I could.

As he thrust into me, I cried out. I hadn't expected him to be so large that it actually hurt. He bent over me, halting his progress as he slid a hand beneath my head to keep my head from bumping against the hard surface of the table and I was grateful for his thoughtfulness.

He kissed me softly, our tongues tangling together as I angled my hips upwards to meet his measured thrusts. I was so far gone now that I didn't even realize when he thrust completely inside me. He moaned into my mouth, holding himself still as I adjusted to his girth and I shivered in anticipation. I moved my hips up and down as if I was riding him and he smiled down at me as he used his free hand beside my head as leverage.

I cupped his face in my palms as our eyes locked and our bodies moved in unison. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have him buried inside me, even if the table itself wasn't the most comfortable place in the world.

I was startled when he pulled out of me and my gaze flew to his face, thinking this was a hell of a time to change his mind, but I could instantly see that he hadn't. "Turn over," I was relieved he didn't want to stop, but I was frustrated because he wasn't busy pounding me, but I did what he asked.

It took me a minute to get situated on my hands and knees, and I felt him rest one leg on the edge of the table as he pulled me back onto his hard cock. I could feel him spread my ass cheeks apart and I could imagine him watching as my body accepted his huge erection back inside.

I closed my eyes, my nails digging into the grainy surface of the table as I arched my back and pushed my hips back against him until he was completely inside me again and I moaned, wriggling my ass a little for effect.

He slapped my backside just enough to make it sting before soothing it with the palm of his hand. He arched over me, his hand sliding up my back until he was gripping my shoulder and pulling me back harder against him. I couldn't help myself from looking over my shoulder at him, and his eyes were closed as he enjoyed fucking me.

I felt his free hand slide around my side and onto my stomach before snaking upward and pinching my nipple as my breasts bounced with the rhythm of our bodies slapping together and I pushed back against him that much harder. He squeezed my breast as he kept thrusting into me and I could tell that he couldn't hold out much longer.

His hand moved down from my breast to the juncture of my thighs, taking a moment to run his fingers over my neatly shaven mound before dipping his finger inside my lips to find my clit. My hips bucked instantly against his hand as he started rubbing me the way I had on his couch.

I threw back my head, panting and moaning as I tightened around him, my juices drenching him as I came all over his cock. As soon as I had finished, he pulled out of me and stood back as he stroked his cock. "Look at me," his sensual voice made me shiver and I tossed my head back so my hair wouldn't be in my eyes anymore as I looked at him over my shoulder. "That's it," he moaned loud as he thrust into his hand and he took a single step forward as I watched cum erupt from his cock, and I felt it land on my ass and I suddenly realized that he was definitely a huge fan of my rear end.

We were both panting and out of breath, and I sat still as he walked into the kitchen and came back with a warm paper towel. He wiped his cum off of me with one side and carefully folded it before wiping the insides of my thighs and gently patted my pussy, but the sensation made me moan again.

I wanted him to say something, anything, but he kept his thoughts to himself as we dressed. I made my way to the door and I slipped my flip-flops back on and stooped to retrieve my bag where I'd left it at the foot of his stairs.

"See you again Friday?" His request surprised me, but I smiled warmly as I stood on my tiptoes and kissed his cheek.

"Friday it is," I had the feeling that we wouldn't be studying then either. Before I could turn and leave he turned me around with a hand on my shoulder and he kissed me soundly on the lips.

"I can't wait," he whispered against my ear causing me to shiver. "And next time, wear the little skirt from class the other day." I smiled at him, feeling my heart race with the possibilities.

He held the door for me and watched as I crossed the street and started back toward my dorm, it was late and although normally I felt a little nervous walking through empty streets at night, but tonight I had a spring in my step and a song in my heart as I hurried across campus to my dorm.

Richard and I got together for our little study sessions at least twice a week for the rest of the semester. As hard as it was to do so, we maintained our student-professor relationship any other time, although I did notice our gazes straying towards one another in class or in the cafeteria at lunch. If anyone noted a change between us, they didn't ask or mention anything.

I kept up with my studying and I started understanding things a little better, and sometimes we actually did talk philosophy instead of pillow talk as we lie naked in his bed. I actually came away from the class with better self-esteem and understanding of the course work. Needless to say, I also came away with an A in his class. To this day, he still won't tell me if it was my test score or our little sex sessions that did the trick, but I don't really care either.

Richard and I are still together, although we had to keep our relationship under wraps until I officially graduated. Now we live together and we're talking about moving off campus and into a house of our own. Every now and then I slip into that short little skirt he likes and we do it on the table again.