**Swimming Lessons**

by[boknude](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=988791&page=submissions)©

A few years after I graduated from high school, I took PE swimming classes at the local university. There were only six of us girls in the class, and we would walk over to the university pool in the afternoon and swim with the frosh class and, more or less, blended in with everybody else. Our swim instructor was very pregnant and, after six months, we were transferred to a male instructor, who held classes in the boys' pool.  
  
I remember well our first day with Mr. Atkinson because he wore a new type of suit called a speedo, and this was a new experience for us girls. I was sitting on the bench by the pool waiting for our new instructor. The door opened, and out walked Mr. Atkinson sporting a suit that pretty much showed in vivid outline his private parts. I think that all our mouths dropped. None of us had had much experience with boys, and it was the first time we had seen an unmistakable display of a very real penis. The thin shield of stretchy cloth seemed almost sheer and, in any case, did little to conceal anything.  
  
As we sat on the bench, Mr. Atkinson walked back and forth in front of us instructing us on the mechanic of the Australian crawl. While he demonstrated the arm movements, we focused on the bulge in his swimsuit. I supposed that the most amazing thing for me was how clearly the outlines of his penis were etched in the cloth of his suit. My eye was especially drawn to the rim that defined the head of his penis. Since my knowledge of such matter was limited to statues and painting, all I have ever seen were uncircumcised penises. A new thought came into my consciousness: circumcision leaves a man even more exposed, puts him even more on display, and I found this thought very erotic.  
  
The second most vivid impression I had was of how long Mr. Atkinson's penis was. I don't know what I was expecting, but his penis was not a minor part of his anatomy. I know now, but didn't know then, that Mr. Atkinson had a whopper! My concept of what a naked man must look like was, more or less, the way I thought he would look like if you just removed the pants he had on. But I was now seeing something that was completely different. It was clear that males sported their sexual equipment front and center, and this made it impossible for him not to have his penis on display. I was beginning to discover something that I would not fully comprehend until much later in my life: the penis is something that you cannot pretend not to notice! The male anatomy won't let you. There is no way to miss it. It is always on display in a fashion that precludes subtly.   
  
I was also surprised to see that Mr. Atkinson was completely unfazed by the show that he must have known he was putting on. Fifty years later and after many life drawing art classes, I can easily imagine a nude man standing nonchalant before an audience of women, but then I could imagine a man showing off his "goods" to a group of females in the completely indifferent manner of Mr. Atkinson. We all understood that Mr. Atkinson wasn't technically naked, but it pretty much seemed to us that he was. Indeed, what good did that flimsy suit do if it didn't conceal anything? What his suit did instead was not only revealed everything, but enhance his features as well.   
  
Every day for two weeks, Mr. Atkinson wore the same suit and, every day, our eyes were riveted on his manhood. There wasn't a day that all of us didn't meet after class and compare notes on what we had seen. One girl insisted that she had seen him become erect but, even though none of us were sure what an erection actually looked like, we were all fairly sure that it stood out and we hadn't seen anything that looked like that.  
  
The big surprise came at the end of the first two weeks. Mr. Atkinson told us that the university had been on spring break and that next week the boys would be back. We would join them for the final weeks of our instruction. We thought that this was fine. What he didn't tell us was that the boy class was held in the NUDE!  
  
I will never forget walking through the pool door on the first day and unexpectedly coming face to face with forty completely naked boys. After the initial shock wore off, I surveyed the spectacle before me. The anatomy lesson of that day was that penises come in all sizes and shapes but that the larger ones were more interesting. I knew some of the boys from around town, and my curiosity got the better of me concerning them. As I found them, I checked each one out in great detail. Still, none of them seemed to notice us at all. I later learned that they had had a woman instructor last quarter and so appearing naked before us girls was not a big deal for them.  
  
I don't remember much of what happened until we divided into teams for a relay race. Each of us girls was placed with a team in order make the race fair (even though some of us were faster swimmers than the boys we were paired with). There was one boy who had a very large penis, and it was impossible not to notice how it flopped around as he walked around the pool. I was placed right next to him in my team. I couldn't keep my eyes off him; however, standing right next to him didn't afford me the much of a view and certainly not the view I wanted. I would pretend to cheer for my team and walk to the front of our team and look back at him. Eventually, he began to notice that I was eyeing him and also where I was casting my gaze.   
  
Not long into the race, I noticed that his penis had lengthened a bit and that the foreskin had peeled back exposing him more fully. I was surprised when I realized that his penis was growing even longer and looked like it was rising. I am sure that my mouth dropped when I saw it standing out like a flagpole perpendicular to a building. I couldn't believe how large it was and how hard it seemed. I knew what this meant, but I didn't know what repercussions might occur because he had reached this state. I mean can you walk with that thing sticking out like that; could you swim with a rudder that big?  
  
I quickly realized that this wasn't my own private show. You can't really keep something like that a secret. It is really out there for everyone to see. I now know that it takes some courage for a male to sport an erection in public. It shows more than what most want to show, and there is no way to hide it. All the boys on the team began teasing him, and his face turned about six shades of red. I am afraid mine did too. Still, there was nothing we could do, and so the race went on. When he emerged from the pool after his leg in the race, his erection had subsided. Nevertheless, I had not forgotten what I had seen.   
  
About a week later, we were asked to pair up to do some exercise that I now forget. I was paired with my friend with the big penis. We were in water up to our shoulders, but it was clear to me that he was aroused again. This time I did what I only wanted to do last time. I reached down and took hold of his enormous erection, which he willingly let me do. I knew the mechanics of male masturbation, but I had no practical experience. I am sure that I was clumsy, but it didn't take much to send him into orgasm. I felt the spasms as he shot forth his cum into the water, and I saw on his face the release that I experience when I masturbate. Still, I didn't quite know what was happening down there, at least not in any visual detail.  
  
I asked if I could meet him after class. He was waiting for me outside the women's locker room. We walked to a secluded part of campus, and I asked if I could perform my services on him again. He responded that he had a new trick in mind. He lowered his pants. His enormous flaccid penis invited my touch. He gently put pressure on my shoulders to lower me to my knees and place his penis in my mouth. By this time, it was rock hard, and all he had to do was move his hips to slide his erection in and out of my mouth. Again, it didn't take long. I noticed a slightly salty, seaweed taste and then a full eruption of a warm fluid that filled my mouth and dripped from the corners of my mouth. Instinctively, I swallowed and continued to milk his penis until it went soft in my mouth.  
  
He raised me to my feet and asked if he could perform a return service. I hesitated because I didn't know where this was going. He said perhaps next time, and he walked me home.  
  
Well, next time was the next day, and we met after class and went through our sexual ritual, only this time I wanted to see what his orgasm physically looked like. He lowered his pants and I took hold of his penis. Moving my hand back and forth along the shaft and then gently over the engorged rim that defined the head of his penis, I brought him to orgasm very quickly. His cum covered my hand and I continued to stroke him. I loved the way he felt as he went soft in my hand.   
  
He asked again if he might return favor and this time I took him up his offer. I remember how lovely his hand felt has he parted the lips of my sex and how my excitement rose as his fingers caressed my clitoris. My body shook as wave upon wave of ecstasy cashed over me.  
  
This went on for about a week before I gained enough courage to go further. I don't recommend losing one's virginity to a boy of his size unless it is the right boy at the right time. And it definitely was for me. It took me some time to get him all in, and he stretched me to what I thought was the limit. (I was sore for about a week afterwards.) Still, it was a lovely experience. I will never forget how his hard body rocked into mine until both of us were spent.  
  
We would meet regular from then on. Mostly, I took him in my mouth; I didn't want to get pregnant and birth control was an issue. I also allowed him to go down on me, and I learned how wonderfully pleasing a tongue can be. Every now and then, I would take his large member into my body and experience the pleasure of him filling me completely. I suppose that, when our relationship began, I just assumed that one day it would end. But days became weeks, and weeks became months, and months became years. He is now my husband of forty years.  
  
Not as often but frequent enough, that monster penis of his stirs and rises to impressive size. I take him in my mouth if I am reasonably sure that I can get him up again for a roll in the hay in the traditional fashion. Feeling him fill me completely is still something I treasure. There is nothing better.  
  
At least once a year, I take Tony to the pool at the Y. I make sure that he wears a speedo – one that showed everything – and I make sure that he gives all the young girls a good look. I want them to see what I saw way back then. The suit I like best is sort of translucent, and you can see the real thing in more than outline form. You don't need to imagine as much as just look! We then jump in the water, my hand goes into his suit, and I stroke him until he explodes. His face looks the same as it did fifty years ago. I then quickly get him out of the pool so that his erection is apparent to all. We lie on towels, face up, until his erection subsides and all that is left is an impressive penis covered by a thin piece of cloth that conceals nothing. We count on memories like this to keep our romance alive.