

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor
by Pan and BurroGirl18

Thanks to BurroGirl18 for letting me play with her masterpiece, Massaged by a Nerd
(<https://www.literotica.com/s/massaged-by-a-nerd>).

Chapter 1:

My name is Alison. I'm nineteen years old, and I live in Madison, Wisconsin.

Not really.

I mean, yes, I'm nineteen years old, but my name's not Alison and I don't live in Wisconsin. We went there once, as kids, but all I remember about it is that Dad made a whole bunch of jokes about cheese.

I've changed my name because...well, it'll pretty quickly become obvious why.

But other than the names, the rest of this story is true.

I'm blonde. Short - about five foot four. I've got a pretty face, especially when I smile. And I've always been popular with guys - partially because of the smile and the face, but mostly because of my breasts.

They're not, like, *huge* huge, but for my size? They're pretty big.

I lost my virginity...I'm not going to tell you *exactly* when, but it was quite a few years before any of this happened. He was a musician (well, a drummer - close enough) and he told me that he loved me.

I know, right? That old story.

When I realized that he was just using me for sex, I was pretty heart-broken. It sort of knocked the stars out of my eyes, I guess. For the next couple of years, I was suspicious of anyone who even looked at me sideways.

And then I met Keenan.

He was cute, funny, fit (he's on the football team) and hella smart. The complete package, I guess.

Even so, I was *super* suspicious when he started paying me some serious attention. You look like I do, you meet a lot of guys who will turn on the charm just to get into your pants.

There, uh, may have been another guy or three between the drummer and Keenan. Sometimes I need to learn the same lesson more than once.

But it wasn't a lesson I needed to learn any more times, so I didn't let *anything* happen until I knew Keenan was for real.

And you know what? He was.

We've been dating for just over two years now, and we're madly in love. He gets along with my family, he's a great listener, his parents *love* me, and the sex?

Oh. My. God.

I knew I liked sex even from the very first time, rotten though that experience was...but until Keenan, I just had no idea how good sex could be. We're just completely compatible. More so than just being a guy and a girl. He knows *exactly* how to touch me, he can turn me on with just a glance, and while I know that Keenan isn't *just* with me for my body, he really, really likes my body. Really.

We can only really mess around at his place, but my parents have no trouble letting me stay over there whenever I want, and his parents must know what we're doing. Right? They *must*.

The reason we don't do it at my place is a little embarrassing.

I... share a room with an exchange student.

I know, right? Nineteen years old, sharing a room with an awkward boy. I had the biggest

bedroom in the house because it's over our garage and the ceiling angle is a bit much in the corners. Also no one else wanted it. We moved into this place a few years ago and I imagined it would be easy to sneak boys in. I had a plan for high school and it involved a fire ladder from the side window. Then my parents told me we were going to host exchange students for the next years and since my room was twice the size of the master suite, I could share. When I pitched a fit, they said I could trade my siblings for one of the smaller rooms that share the hall with the master bedroom. But the first few exchange students were girls and we mostly hit it off. Then there was... Melvin.

I'm not actually sure where he's from but it's likely he wasn't popular there either. I was so hoping that we'd get someone really cool again, like the Danish girl we had last year, but all those hopes fell through when I saw Melvin for the first time. "I have to share my room with... him?!" Once again I was invited to trade with my brother and fell quiet.

. Trust me, it's no one's ideal situation. My family installed a barrier in the middle of the room but there's still an archway so he can get to the bathroom door on my side of the room (We have a little ensuite half bathroom that we use to change, or for when we don't want to go to the other side of the house to pee. And for other things.

We've mostly made it work.

I imagine that when I started spending nights at my boyfriends', it must have been the greatest day of Melvin's life. One endless study hour with classical music and a private bathroom. My parents even let him buy a mini fridge where he could keep the foods that reminded him of home. He offered to cook once a week but after the first week, we declined. And with the partition, he doesn't have to worry that I'll walk in on him looking at online porn or whatever he does at his computer all night.

I do NOT like to think about Melvin jacking off, but I figure he's gotta do it. He's a guy. Hell, I'm a girl, and I do it.

And now that I'm out of the house two or three nights a week, that must make things a whole lot easier.

Me and Melvin have started to grow close. He's a bit of nerd...well, to be honest, he's a *lot* of a nerd. But we've always been able to talk about everything. And he helps me with some of the trickier school subjects so I can get into a really good college while still having time to socialize. I'm not a bad student but I'm not the best. And honestly I want to have fun with Keenan and just be young and dumb sometimes. After I got a C on a test in my advanced chemistry class, Melvin held me, let me cry on him. He listened to me call myself a dumb slut for staying late with my boyfriend when I knew I needed to cram for a test. He told me I wasn't dumb, or a slut, and if it was so important to me, he could help out a bit. He told me I was pretty and smart, and it was so much easier for someone like him to devote all his time to studying.

It helped. It really did.

When I'm not crying on my tutor's shoulder, we watch a lot of TV together. I know that Netflix releases everything at once, but we like to watch stuff week to week anyway. Yeah, it's weird, but it's also kind of nice. We watch episodes of Marvel stuff on Thursdays, everything else on Tuesdays, and we'll sometimes watch a movie on the weekend.

It's a lot of time to spend with an accidental roommate, but like I said - we've gotten pretty close.

I guess that's why I never saw it coming.

###

The end credits of *Jessica Jones* were playing. My tutor and I were discussing the episode,

throwing around theories, when he noticed that I kept trying to crick my neck.

“Wanna massage?” he asked, and I batted my eyelids at him.

“Is any girl *ever* going to say no to that?”

He laughed, and moved behind me.

I guess since I described myself, I should describe Melvin as well.

I don’t say this to be cruel, but here’s the thing about Melvin: We are so different in terms of physical attractiveness that it’s like a mean-spirited joke.

Where I’m short, he’s tall. Where I’m curvy, he’s stick-thin. I’m a girl, he’s a boy, obv’s. I dress to impress, he wear button down shirts and slacks to school and ratty old sweats around the house.

And...look, I don’t want to sound cruel, but where I’m sort of cute, Melvin is *not*.

He’s not, like, Quasimodo or anything like that - he’s just not a looker. Melvin’s face is covered with acne, he has a big nose, sticky-out teeth, sticky-out *hair*, sticky-out...eyes, now that I think about it. He sort of looks like someone filled his head with acne and then gave his body a big squeeze.

He’s always joking and smiling and friendly and lovely, but god...with a face like his, you’d have to be, right?

Not that I really notice it any more. I mean, he’s just my roommate. What do I care what he looks like?

I probably spend more time with Melvin than anyone else in my life, including Keenan. So yeah, I don’t even notice, but...well, if he asked me to set him up with a friend or whatever, I’d struggle to think of anyone who’d even *consider* a date with him.

He’s ugly. He’s my friend and I care about him, but the face you imagined when you heard his name was “Melvin”? You’re imagining my him.

Because he’s so thin and sort of gawky, I wasn’t really expecting much. He’s always been sort of an awkward mover, so I thought he’d just clumsily poke at my back for a little.

But when his hands hit my neck...god, it was like *magic*.

Melvin started massaging me with a forcefulness I absolutely wasn’t expecting. His hands were confidently moving around my neck, my shoulders - I involuntarily moaned as his thin fingers started kneading and rubbing my shoulders. He was going hard - *much* harder than I expected - but it was absolutely working. Hitting those deep muscles, or whatever.

I think we were talking about something, but as soon as that massage started, I just stopped paying attention. Every now and again I’d nod, or murmur an “Uh huh”, but it was like my mind had just melted at his touch.

His hands were so deft, so smooth, the massage was so relaxing...the next thing I knew, I was waking up, alone on my bed.

I groggily got to my feet, and found my tutor in the kitchen, making a sandwich.

“Melvin?”

“Hey,” he said, shooting me a grin. Oh, that’s something I should have mentioned - Melvin has a really cute grin. I mean, it’s not enough to make up for the rest of his face, but it really...softens it, I guess.

If my boyfriend had a smile like that, I guarantee he’d be out of my league. I sometimes feel a little like he’s out of my league now, but that’s a whole other thing.

“Did I fall asleep?”

“Uh huh,” he said, screwing the lid back on the peanut butter. “Guess you were more tired than you thought.”

I nodded. I hadn't thought I was at *all* tired, so yeah - he was definitely right.

"That was amazing," I said, throwing him a grin of my own.

"Well, if you want another one, all you have to do is ask."

I was tempted to ask for another one right then and there, but I didn't want to push it. If I played this right, I could spend the rest of the year getting killer massages from a live-in masseur - I definitely didn't want to kill the golden goose on the first day.

"How about next time we watch TV?"

He took a bite of his snack. "Perfect," he said. "It's a date."

###

Technically I guess watching *Fury Road* on Blu-ray wasn't the next time we 'watched TV', but I couldn't help myself. As soon as the film started, I asked Melvin for a massage. Sure enough, he was more than happy to oblige.

I'd been thinking about his massage for *days*, and...wow. It still surprised me with how good it was.

I never would have thought that an awkward mover like Melvin would have had such skilled hands. Maybe all that typing he did was like, practice?

He alternated between fluttering his fingers over my skin (giving me an unexpectedly pleasant thrill) to that deep, heavy massage he did the other day. His fingers really dug in, but it never hurt or felt uncomfortable. It was like I was his typewriter, and he was expertly typing a love note on me - with every rub, I wanted to moan with pleasure.

It. Felt. Amazing.

"Sure," I murmured. I think Melvin had asked me a question, but I couldn't for the life of me tell you what it was. In response, he unzipped the back of my dress slightly - his fingers had been on the bare skin of my neck, but pushing against the cloth of my dress.

Slipping two fingers underneath the fabric, his fingers made contact directly with my skin, and the massage got impossibly *better*.

I swear, I could have died happy right then.

This time, I felt myself drifting off to sleep, Melvin's fingers on my skin, his voice in my ears. I had no clue what he was saying - or, for that matter, what the movie was about - and I absolutely didn't care. In that moment, all I cared about were my tutor's fingers, dancing their way across my skin.

I considered saying something, apologizing for being so sleepy, but I decided against it. Melvin was cool - he wouldn't care if I drifted off. Especially because his magic touch was what was knocking me out in the first place...

This time, when I woke up, the credits were rolling. I wasn't alone this time - I guess I fell asleep leaning against Melvin, and he hadn't wanted to move and wake me.

"Hey."

"Hey," he said, returning my smile.

"Sorry I missed the movie."

"I'll bet. It's really damn good."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

He shifted slightly, and I lifted myself off him. As I did, I realized my dress was still unzipped.

"Could you grab that for me?"

"Of course."

As he did, his finger brushed against my skin, and a shiver went up my spine. Just from the *memory* of his massage.

“*You’re* really damn good,” I said softly.

“Thanks. I put clothes on all the time.”

“Ha ha ha. Seriously though, you’re like a massage expert.”

“You want another one?”

I swear, I hadn’t even been fishing...but since he *offered*.

“Yes,” I replied immediately. “Yes, yes I do. Yes.”

Melvin laughed, and smoothed out the blanket.

“Lie down,” he said. “I’ll give you a proper massage.”

My eyes widened. What had he been giving me so far?

“I’ll need to unzip your dress,” he said, and I nodded without hesitation.

“Of course.”

Laying down on his bed, I let him unzip the dress all the way. It was one of those zippers that goes all the way down to, like, where you’d have a tramp stamp (I don’t).

“Mind if I sit on you?”

“Whatever you need,” I said, closing my eyes. I’d just woken up after a however-long snooze (I’d have to check the film’s run-time) so I knew I wasn’t likely to drift off again.

This massage, I’d be awake for.

I couldn’t wait.

“Let me know if there’s anything you don’t like,” he said, and I nodded. It seemed pretty unlikely.

Melvin climbed on top of me and sat on my thighs. It felt a little uncomfortable for a second - not because he’s heavy, just because...well, he’s my roommate. If anyone walked in, I knew how weird it would look.

As soon as he started, however, the awkwardness of the situation faded, and I buried my head in the pillow, enjoying the sensations.

Melvin’s hands on my bare back and shoulders was so relaxing - despite the mega-*nap* I’d just had, I could feel myself starting to drift off to sleep, my tutor’s whispers filling my head as I did. Right as I was about to drift off, my phone rang.

“Ignore it,” Melvin said softly.

The phone continued to buzz, and I recognized the pattern - Keenan had set my phone to vibrate with a specific pattern when he was calling (I told you he was smart).

“It’s Keenan,” I said sleepily.

“Ignore it,” Melvin said again, and I nodded.

“Okay...”

I was asleep before it even finished buzzing.

When I woke up, Melvin was no longer on top of me. Now *that’s* an odd sensation - falling asleep with someone on top of you, waking up alone. And I immediately missed his weight; also weird.

Rolling over and grabbing my phone, I found an irate message from Keenan. I’d totally forgotten we had a date that afternoon - he’d had to go see his cousin’s play alone.

I immediately felt as guilty as hell. I called him and apologized, again and again and again.

I didn’t mean to suggest we were like, a perfect couple or anything. We fight, like anyone else. But we always make things up, and this was no exception.

Zipping my dress back up, I raced over to Keenan’s house, and we had the best make-up

sex we've ever had.

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Chapter 2:

Melvin could tell something was wrong as soon as I walked in the door the next morning.

"It's my back," I told him. "I must have twisted it."

I didn't tell him *how* I twisted it, of course.

The previous night, after Keenan and I had fucked twice, I'd wanted to go again. Keenan was surprised - he knows I love sex, but it was a lot, even for me.

Not that he was complaining, of course.

I dunno why I was so insatiable. For some reason, I just wanted it, more than usual.

And so we'd started to get...experimental.

Sometimes we'll watch porn while we do it. With the volume turned off, of course (unless Keenan's parents aren't home). I really love it - there's something super hot about watching people going at it while we are as well.

That's another area we've fought about, once or twice. Keenan doesn't like the big dick porn I sometimes put on, and I don't really like watching lesbian stuff. So now we just search for "amateur couple" and watch whatever comes up.

I try not to show my excitement when the guy has a particularly large cock. Don't get wrong - Keenan is *more* than big enough for me. Like I said, I'm pretty petite - I think I'd struggle with anything larger than my boyfriend.

Similarly, I let it go when the amateur couple are both women. It doesn't happen often, so I'm okay with not making him skip it.

That night, during our third round of make-up sex, we'd put some porn on. In the video, they'd been trying a position that I'd never tried.

"Let's do that," I'd said, and Keenan had enthusiastically agreed.

I'd only realized how painful it was *after* I came, and by that point it was too late.

So yeah, as I limped through the door the next morning, Melvin noticed.

"Any chance of a massage?" I asked, and he laughed.

"Someone's keen."

"You're seriously good at it," I said, and he rolled his eyes.

"No," I insisted. "I mean it."

"You just want another freebie."

"Freebie?"

"Yeah," Melvin joked. "The first few hits are free."

I laughed, but there was a ring of truth to what he was saying. His massages were that damned good; I probably would have paid him for them, if he'd insisted.

"You going to help, or not?"

"Sure, sure," he said. "But you'll have to take off the sweater."

"Of course," I said, and obeyed immediately.

"The tank top, too."

I hesitated for a moment before realizing how ridiculous I was being. It was Melvin. My tutor. Who even cares if he saw me in a bra? It wasn't like my parents were home, or like he'd be checking me out. He was my roommate and a friend!

"Sure thing," I said, pulling my tank top over my head.

There was an awkward pause as my tutor stared at me. I guess even after all these months of

sharing a room, he *still* hadn't realized how big my boobs were.

We stood there in the kitchen for a few minutes, me in nothing but jeans and a bra, Melvin staring at my tits. Finally, he sort of snapped out of it.

"Okay," he said, a weird quaver in his voice. "Go lie down on the bed."

I practically ran to the bedroom and over to his side of the divider. Melvin wasn't far behind.

This time, it was different, more relaxing. He didn't push on my body with the force of his last few massages; instead, he just gently caressed my skin.

For the first time since he had started massaging me, I didn't fall asleep. I just lay there, enjoying his touch, feeling the pain of last night's escapades disappear.

When he was done, I was shocked to find that he'd been massaging me for more than an hour. It seriously flew by.

"Thanks," I said, smiling.

"No problem," Melvin replied. His voice was a little raspy, like he'd been talking a bunch. "Anytime."

"I'll hold you to that," I said, and I think we both knew that I wasn't really kidding.

###

I saw Keenan again that night. As we made out, I couldn't stop thinking about my Melvin's massages. He was so talented with his hands, so soft...yet firm.

By the end of them, I always felt so relaxed, so comfortable.

I pulled away.

"Hey," I said. "How about a massage?"

"Sure thing, babe," Keenan said, and started to turn around. "That'd be great."

"No," I said, more annoyed than I probably should have been. "I mean why don't *you* massage *me*."

"Oh! Yeah. Of course."

When I got home late that evening, Melvin was in our room, reading a comic.

Sorry, 'graphic novel'. I stepped around the divider to tell him I was back.

"Jesus," he said, his eyebrows raised. "What happened to *you*?"

I sighed. Was it that obvious?

Keenan had been enthusiastic, but...god. For someone so good with his hands (and trust me, my boyfriend is *very* good with his hands), he was surprisingly clumsy. After just a minute, I'd had to ask him to stop.

He'd been too rough. Not like my roommate, who somehow knew the *exact* right amount of pressure to apply. It was like Keenan had been given a map of my back, then gone at the most sensitive areas with a jackhammer.

"Keenan tried to give me a massage," I said. "It did not go well."

"Shit," my tutor said, then turned back to his comic. 'Graphic novel'. Whatever.

In that moment, I wanted nothing more than another massage. But Melvin had been so generous with them - I was worried about coming across as too needy.

I guess I was worried that I was *being* too needy.

I stood there for over a minute, shuffling my feet, trying to work out how to bring it up. Before I could come up with the right way to ask, my Melvin saved me the embarrassment.

"You know," he said, "I was thinking about what you said."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. Maybe I should consider doing massage professionally. I've heard it's a good job to

help pay your way through school with less debt, and after graduation I could still do it nights and weekends if I ever need the money.”

“Definitely,” I said, a huge smile on my face. “Oh my god, Melvin - you’d be great!”

“Of course, I’d need to practice.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

There was a pause, as he looked at me expectantly. I briefly wondered if he knew what I was going to ask, and was giving me a convenient window. *No*, I reasoned. *He’s probably just as worried about taking advantage of me as I am of him.*

“I’d be happy to help,” I said, sitting next to him on the bed. “Any way I can.”

“Great,” he said, giving me an enthusiastic hug. I winced - Keenan’s massage had really messed up my back. “How about tomorrow?”

How about NOW? I wanted to beg, but I just nodded.

“Perfect,” he said. As he turned back to his comic, I slapped my forehead.

“Oh, shit! I’m going to Keenan’s tomorrow. I’ve got to be there by five.”

“That’s fine,” Melvin said. “I can do half past three.”

“It’s a date,” I smiled.

I knew I’d be counting down the minutes.

###

The next day was a Thursday - normally I’d look forward to watching the latest episode of *Riverdale* with my tutor (one of the few actual week-to-week shows we watched) but I was too excited about the massage to even think about it.

I’d barely slept the previous night. Not (just) from excitement, but because of my back. It was impressive how much damage Keenan had managed to do in just a few minutes.

Fortunately, I knew Melvin would be able to fix it even faster.

At three-fifteen, I walked into the bedroom.

“Wow,” I said, looking around. “You’re really taking this seriously.”

“I have to,” Melvin said. “Y’know. If I want to do this for a living.”

“You’re already the best masseur I know,” I said, touching his face gently. We smiled at each other for a few seconds.

“Great,” he said, breaking the silence. “Take your clothes off and lay down on my bed.”

“Of course.”

I didn’t even think to go into the ensuite as I stripped down to my bra and panties. My tutor turned, and saw me in the black lacy set that I knew my boyfriend loved.

As soon as I got to Keenan’s place, I knew I was going to jump him. I’d just been so worked up lately.

There was another awkward pause as Melvin’s eyes scanned up and down my body, like he’d never seen anything like it. Hell, I know what I look like - my tutor *had* never seen anything like it. Not in real life, certainly.

With anyone else, maybe I would have felt strange about being so blatantly checked out, but this was Melvin. Good ol’ Mel. I mean, my *tutor*. Y’know?

“You’ll need to remove those, as well,” Melvin said.

I froze.

“Uh...”

Melvin tilted his acne-covered face.

“What’s wrong?”

“Well...I mean...isn't it a bit weird?”

“What?”

“Getting naked.”

My tutor gestured to his bedside counter. He'd laid out several towels, and a big bottle of coconut oil. His iPad was on, showing a peaceful beach scene, playing relaxing music.

“I told you, I've been taking this seriously. This is how they do it in Europe and Asia, at the finest spas. Only in the US do people ask for a massage and keep their clothes on.”

“Melvin...”

He shrugged.

“Whatever. Leave your bra and panties on, if it makes you feel better.”

“It does,” I said, relieved. But I was suddenly feeling a little weird about the whole situation, for reasons I didn't really understand.

My uncomfortableness dissolved the moment my tutor's hands met my skin. I shivered with pleasure as his fingertips began tracing patterns on my back, and then audibly groaned as he started digging in, giving my muscles that deep massage.

“Do you mind if I sit on you?” he asked gently, and I happily grunted my approval.

My tutor again sat on my thighs, his weight feeling completely natural after just a few moments.

“Okay,” he said softly. “Get ready for the oil.”

He'd never used oil before, and I couldn't wait. As soon as I felt it hit my skin, I trembled with pleasure.

“I don't want to get oil on your bra, okay? I'm going to undo it.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

It wasn't until after he'd unclipped my bra that I realized what I'd just agreed to, but he slowly spread the oil across my whole back, I didn't care.

I was in heaven, laying sort-of topless on his bed, his talented fingers working my back muscles.

“This is amazing,” I sighed. My tutor didn't reply; he just kept on expertly massaging and rubbing my back. He was alternating between gentle and hard moves, sending shockwaves down my spine, making me constantly want more.

I'd given up on subduing my groans. Every time Melvin's hands hit a sensitive spot, I let out a long, loud moan. He sometimes muttered soft responses to my cries of pleasure, but I wasn't paying nearly enough attention to understand them. I wasn't sure if he was grunting or speaking a language I didn't know.

Halfway through the massage, I suddenly became aware of what this would look like if anyone saw. My nerdy tutor, touching and grabbing his host family's daughter, his hands on my bare skin, my clothes on my bed, my bra undone.

It's just a massage, I reminded myself. Besides...it's Melvin.

This was almost certainly the most action my tutor had ever, ever gotten. With a face like his, no one who wasn't his roommate would let him *touch* them.

Of course, I would never have let myself get in this situation if it wasn't my tutor. A nerd like Melvin, moving his hands all over my body. Touching one of the hottest girls in the neighborhood as she writhed and groaned with pleasure beneath him.

And I really was writhing. My tutor's hands were so talented, so adventurous. They traveled up to my neck, down to the towel covering my panties, rubbing hard, softly. I was glad I'd let him undo my bra, although I was worried that some of the oil would drip down and ruin it.

Next time, I'd just take it off. I felt a little embarrassed that I'd even fought it. There was no point in being stupid about this; it was *Melvin*.

Finally, my alarm sounded. This time I'd predicted how lost I'd get in the massage.

"Ignore it," Melvin muttered. I wanted to - *god* I wanted to - but I knew that I couldn't. Not after last time.

"No," I panted, and sat up to get my phone.

It wasn't until I saw Melvin's reaction that I realized what I'd done. I'd totally forgotten that I'd let my tutor undo my bra, and he'd gotten an eyeful of my tits.

"Sorry," I blushed, dropping my phone in my haste to cover up.

"No problem," Melvin muttered, his face turning red.

Well. So much for not making it weird.

It wasn't until I was in the car, on the way to Keenan's place that I realized: I was wet.

No, not just wet. *Soaked*.

I felt weird about it at first. Like, as if accidentally flashing my roommate wasn't enough? Something, by the way, I'd managed to avoid in all the months we'd been sharing a room.

As I was pulling into the driveway, I realized - it was probably just my body's natural reaction to being touched. It wasn't like I was getting turned on by Melvin. He was my *tutor*. And a gigantic nerd I would never consider dating.

No, it was just...that's what happens when you're touched. It's a perfectly natural response.

Keenan's parents weren't home, so as soon as he opened the door, I pulled him to the bedroom. I mean, why wouldn't I? We hadn't gone any further the previous night (I was *never* letting him give me a massage again) and I was pretty turned on. And, y'know. He was my boyfriend.

There was no reason to feel weird about having sex with my boyfriend.

I did feel a bit guilty when I had to lie to him. He was surprised by how wet I was, and so I told a little white lie, and said it was because I'd been thinking of him.

I mean, what was I meant to say? The truth?

Keenan's not, like, a jealous guy, but even he would react badly to finding out that I was because I'd just spent an hour being touched by another man.

And god, I can't even imagine what he'd think of me if I'd told him that it was *my tutor*.

So yeah, I sort of omitted some of the facts. Lied, even.

But it was the best sex we'd ever had.

###

When I got home the next morning, my parents were out, but Melvin was in the living-room. Sort of like he was waiting?

That didn't make any sense, but for some reason that was the feeling I got.

"You look tired," he said, the moment I walked through the door.

He was probably right. Keenan and I, uh, hadn't slept much the night before.

It had been a good night.

"Want a foot rub?"

I didn't even hesitate. I mean, I was never going to pass up the chance of a massage from my tutor. Within a few seconds I was laying next to him on the couch, my shoe off, my foot in his lap.

It was exactly as good as I hoped it would be. I looked over at my tutor and smiled. His pimple-covered brow was creased, as he stared intently at my foot, his skilled hands at work. His mouth was moving, as though he was muttering something. I could have listened to the words, if

I'd wanted, but I just let them wash over me. I should ask him about it, but later. After the massage.

You know, if you ignored the acne, my tutor wasn't *that* ugly.

I mean, he was still pretty weird-looking. But sort of in a cute way, right? Like a gecko.

I lay back and let my tutor's mumblings drift over me, waves of pleasure starting at my foot and spreading to my whole body.

Before long I was fast asleep, lulled to unconsciousness by my tutor's massage.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 3:

I was awoken several hours later by my tutor, gently rocking my shoulder.

"Alison?"

"Mmm?"

I'd been having a pretty great dream. I was naked, begin massaged by a whole army of hot, muscled men. Navy SEALs, I think. They were just as good as my tutor, but there were five of them, so they could massage all sides of me at once...

"Alison, it's time for your massage."

"What?"

Opening my eyes, I was immediately met with my tutor's spotty face. He was smiling at me, a warm look in his eyes.

I couldn't help but smile back. I really did care about my tutor.

"You remember? I was going to give you a proper massage every day. For practice."

Honestly, I couldn't remember when we'd discussed that...but there was no part of me that objected to the idea.

"Of course," I said drowsily.

"Come into the bedroom when you're ready."

A few minutes later, when I was awake enough to stagger across the house, I made my way to our shared room.

Melvin had really gone all out. The music was on, the towels were sitting on a chair beside the door, and - for the first time since we'd been sharing a room - he'd actually *made his bed*.

"Wow," I said, rubbing my eyes.

"Thanks," Melvin said. "Yeah, I...I dunno. I really want this to work, y'know?"

"It will."

I shot him my most winning smile.

"Thanks."

He turned away. It took me a moment to realize what he was doing:

Time to strip.

"I'm ready," I said quietly. I was laying on the bed, completely topless. Face-down, of course. I mean, Melvin had accidentally gotten a peek last night; that wasn't something I planned on repeating.

All I was wearing was a pair of green panties. My ass was covered by one of the towels that Melvin had put out for me.

It still felt kind of weird, being almost naked in front of my tutor, but...god, his massages: one hundred percent worth it.

"Oh," he said casually, as he crossed the room. "Do you mind if I put a towel under you?"

"Under me?"

I twisted my body to look at him. He avoided making eye-contact with me.

“Why do I need a towel?”

“Last night,” he said, and his eyes flicked to the towel covering my panties. “There was, uh...a leak.”

“Oh *god*.”

My cheeks were burning. God. I hadn't been *that* wet, had I? I recalled the drive to my boyfriend's.

I had. I definitely had.

My fear had been *Keenan* finding out that I'd gotten wet from Melvin's massage. I hadn't even thought about Melvin noticing.

He must have thought I was an absolute pervert.

“It's not a problem,” he said soothingly. “I've been reading up about it. It's completely natural. It's totally fine.”

It's not, I told myself. *It's anything BUT fine*.

“Just relax,” he said, and I forced myself to take a deep breath. “Everything is going to be okay.”

I buried my face in the pillow. I wanted to die.

Before I could get up and leave, my tutor was sitting beside me on the bed.

What I should have done was ended the massage, explained that I couldn't do it. I mean, what I *wanted* to do was move to Australia and never see Melvin ever again.

But before I could say a thing, his hand reached out, and I melted.

He was whispering something comforting in his native tongue; I couldn't understand the words, but I could read his tone. He was telling me that everything was all right, that I should trust him. That I should calm down.

And so, against my better judgment, I did.

When my tutor told me to lift my butt slightly, I obeyed. The shame threatened to resurface as he slipped a towel between me and the bed, but the stream of soothing words never ceased. Before long his hands were on my back, gently kneading, and all was well with the world.

“Mmm-hmm,” I said after who knows how long, and my tutor repositioned me as I realized what I'd just agreed to.

Another foot massage.

My eyes fluttered as my tutor's hands began to work on the soles of my feet. He was like a musician and I was his instrument, and he was hitting all the right notes. It took like twenty seconds for me to return to that state of complete relaxation, and forget that I was lying half naked on his bed, my tits pressed against his bed sheet.

“How about a leg massage?” he offered, and I agreed before even processing the words.

I moaned as he hit an especially good spot in my calf-muscle.

“I can't reach the front,” he said softly. “Sit up for me.”

I obeyed without question, rolling over and sitting up, completely forgetting I was topless.

As soon as I realized, I opened my eyes in shock. Fortunately, he wasn't looking at my tits.

He's already seen them, I reasoned. *Besides...he's studying to be a professional. It's not like he's going to be checking out every client*.

As I looked closer, however, I realized that I may have been wrong about that.

Melvin was masterfully massaging my legs, but his eyes were elsewhere.

He was looking at my panties.

Again, his fingertips hit a particularly sensitive part of my leg, and I moaned with pleasure.

My tutor was staring at my soaking wet panties, as he massaged my leg.

I felt like I should say something. Shouldn't I?

But...no. He was just practicing, I was just helping out to thank him for all the tutoring.

And I was so sleepy. I must have been misreading the situation.

"Just tell me when you feel uncomfortable, I'll stop." he said.

He knew I couldn't. He was too good with his hands.

"Mmmm," I whispered.

Melvin's hands began moving up my legs, working his magic on my thighs.

I kept my eyes open. He never looked at my face, or my tits. That helped.

If my tutor was lusting after me, he'd be looking at my tits, right? He wouldn't be looking at...

No, he's just practicing his massage.

That's all that was happening. It was totally innocent.

My tutor's attention was now wholly on my inner thighs. It felt so *good*.

I was letting out small pants and moans as his fingertips moved closer and closer to my panties, which were soaked through once more.

A leak, I reminded myself. *Last night, I leaked.*

I probably left a whole puddle.

Knowing exactly *how* wet I'd been somehow made me more aroused. It occurred to me that he could probably see the outline of my pussy as the wet cloth stuck to my privates like latex.

My tutor could see my pussy.

He was staring straight at it.

The thought should have disgusted me, but I was in an almost dreamlike state. I couldn't stop staring at my tutor's acne-riddled face as he rubbed and stroked my inner thighs, making me moan, making me writhe with pleasure.

I wanted to tell him to stop. I wanted to tell him I felt uncomfortable, and that he should stop. It wasn't true, but I should say it.

But instead, my breaths got shorter and shorter as I pulled my head up from the pillow and started moaning loudly.

I realized I was nearing an orgasm.

Like he sensed it, Melvin suddenly pulled away from my thighs, leaving me on edge.

No! I wanted to scream. *Please!*

But he did the right thing.

He couldn't make me cum. My tutor couldn't make me cum. That would...no.

That couldn't ever happen.

"Thanks," I gasped, sitting up. If Keenan hadn't been at football practice, I would have raced to his house and fucked him into the floor.

Instead, I grabbed a towel, wrapped it around my tits, and ran into the half bath. Locking the door, I sat on the toilet and moved one hand between my legs.

As my orgasm hit, I caught myself thinking of Melvin, his face covered with acne as he stared at the outline of my pussy through my wet panties. Probably the first he'd ever seen in real life.

I never came harder touching myself then I did then, sitting by myself in the bathroom.

As I came down from my orgasm, it took me a little while to realize what I'd just done.

I'd just cum, thinking about my tutor.

No.

No, I hadn't been thinking *about* my awkward, nerdy roommate. Well, I had, but...it wasn't like that.

It wasn't like that.

I'd just been thinking about what it was like to be wanted, to be lusted after. I've always found the attention I get from men a turn-on; this was no different.

Well, I guess it was a little different.

The more I thought about it, the more embarrassed I got.

I'd gotten turned on by my tutor's massage, then gotten myself off thinking about him.

God, what had I done?

As I left the bedroom, my face was burning red. Melvin wasn't around, thank god. What must he think of me?

He'd cleaned his half of the bedroom, packed up all his equipment. It was as if it had never happened.

His roommate, the girl he had to explain chemistry to, the friend he watched Netflix with, begging him for massages, getting soaking wet, then running off to masturbate. Like it had never happened.

I didn't think I could get any more embarrassed.

In that moment, I decided that it had to stop. I obviously couldn't control myself - being touched, even by my tutor, apparently *did* things to me.

This had moved so quickly from innocent massages to...whatever had just happened.

Fuck. It had to stop.

###

When I saw Melvin later that night, he acted as though nothing had happened. Like he hadn't massaged my thighs, staring at my wet pussy. Like I hadn't moaned and shaken in front of him.

Like he hadn't almost made me cum without even touching my pussy.

A part of me wanted to bring it up, but I couldn't bring myself to say anything.

He was acting so *normal* - bringing it up would have made me feel like a freak.

Hell, maybe I *was* a freak. All he'd done was give his roommate a massage. I was the one who'd made a puddle, who'd gotten soaked and almost cum. No, I couldn't say anything.

But we could never do it again.

The next day, he asked if I wanted to watch a movie.

"Yes!" I said, grateful that things were back to normal.

"Great," he said with a huge grin. "I'll go set up."

By the time I followed him into the bedroom, he was all ready. He'd picked a film (*Stardust*), set up the laptop...and made his bed.

Oh, no.

"Melvin," I protested weakly. "Melvin, no. We...we can't."

"What do you mean?" he replied, a hurt look on his face.

I couldn't believe he was making me say it.

"Y'know," I mumbled. "After last time."

He tilted his head to the side.

"*You know.*"

"What are you talking about? Everything's set up..."

He gestured to his bed, and I noticed: he'd even set out a little hand-towel.

In case I leaked.

“Melvin,” I said, as insistently as I could. “I *really* don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Alison,” he replied, “this was *your* idea. You were the one who told me I could do this professionally. You were the one who offered to get a proper massage once a day. I mean...how am I meant to be a massage therapist without anyone to practice on?”

My protests died in my throat, and I sighed.

“Fine,” I said quietly. “But...”

“But what?”

Again, my tutor stared at me, an innocent look in his eyes.

I turned away. What an active imagination I must have.

“Nothing.”

My tutor didn’t say anything as I undressed. I didn’t even bother waiting for him to turn away this time, though I did keep my bra on.

“You sure about that?” Melvin said as I lay face-down on the bed. “The oil...”

“It’s fine,” I replied through gritted teeth.

“You sure? It looks expensive...”

“I’m sure,” I insisted.

With a shrug, Melvin sat on me, again resting his weight on my thighs.

I didn’t think I could have been *more* tense, but as soon as Melvin started work, all my worries drifted away. It was like he pulled out a plug; every single one of my anxieties just drained out of me, leaving nothing but comfort and relaxation.

“Let me take this bra off,” Melvin murmured after a few minutes, and I lifted myself up to help him. He folded it gently and put it at the end of the bed.

I thought I’d slept well the night before, but perhaps the stress of yesterday’s massage had gotten to me, because it wasn’t long before I drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

I have no idea how much time passed before I awoke, but I was immediately aware that Melvin was no longer resting on me.

The massage was still going, and I can promise you - I have never encountered a more pleasant way to wake up. My tutor was working on my feet, and when he noticed I was awake, started to move up to my calves.

“Do you want to sit up?” he asked softly. I did, but after what had happened yesterday, I knew that I couldn’t.

I couldn’t.

“No,” I replied gently, and to my great relief, Melvin didn’t push the topic.

I don’t know what I would have done if he had.

Drifting in and out of sleep, at one point I became aware that Melvin had removed the towel, revealing my turquoise panties.

It’s fine, I drowsily told myself. *He didn’t look at my tits yesterday; he’s not going to look at my ass today.*

Sure, he’d looked at my pussy. But I was so wet. That was probably to avoid another puddle.

I smiled as Melvin’s massage reached my thighs.

When his hands touched my butt, that woke me up.

“Melvin?” I said sleepily.

“Don’t worry,” he said in a soothing voice. “It’s a new type of massage. It’ll keep your butt firm and tight. For Keenan.”

“Oh,” I said quietly. For my boyfriend. That seemed like a good thing.

“Is that okay?”

I couldn't. I shouldn't. I wanted to tell him no.

But just as I was about to reject the offer, one of Melvin's hands brushed against my pussy - just for a moment - and I found myself agreeing.

“Yes,” I moaned, and without skipping a beat, Melvin began to massage my panty-clad ass.

It was in that moment that I realized just how turned on I was.

Melvin's massages always turned me on, of course...I mean, being touched turns anyone on. But my ass has always been an erogenous zone, and his hands were so skilled.

I was so wet.

Thank god there was a towel down.

Melvin stopped being gentle and just buried his hands deep into my skin. As he was making circles around my buttocks, every once in a while he would brush over my pussy with his thumbs.

It never lasted more than a second, and it was always light enough that I told myself it was accidental.

Of course it was accidental.

I realized I was moaning again, louder than ever before. Every time Melvin's hand brushed against my pussy, I'd twitch with pleasure, and a deep, guttural moan would leave my body.

I was nearing an orgasm. I wondered if he could hear it in my voice.

Melvin withdrew, and I turned to look at him, wanting to scream *You can't stop now!*

I didn't, of course. He was my tutor and I was his practice dummy. He just wanted to practice his massage. I could have been anyone, right? I just happened to be his roommate.

“Roll over,” he said, and I nodded.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 4:

I turned over, covering my breasts with my arm.

Not that Melvin would have looked at them, of course. I was his roommate.

He glanced at me curiously.

“Pass me a towel?” I said, and he threw me one. Draping it across my boobs, I lay back and let him continue his massage.

I was filled with a mixture of relief and disappointment when he abandoned my thighs, and began massaging my belly instead.

“What's this?” I gasped. Touching my stomach shouldn't have turned me on, but I felt like a coiled spring, ready to pop. Every inch of my body was throbbing with arousal, begging for release.

“Stomach massage,” he said. “Good for the...pecs.”

I nodded, and he continued.

As his fingers fluttered over my skin, I could feel my mind drifting, unable to focus.

“Mind if I sit on you?” he said. A grunt was my only reply.

His weight was again on my thighs. It felt different. Not bad, just different.

My eyes were open as I watched my tutor work. It was like I could feel my heartbeat in every one of my erogenous zones; I'd been so close to cumming, it was all I could think about.

There was something so damn *hot* about watching Melvin massage me. He had a look of such focus in his eyes, as he stared at his fingers, his weight pressing down on me.

He was such a *nerd*.

That absolutely shouldn't have turned me on, but somehow...it did. His acne-covered face was scrunched up with concentration, as his hands kneaded and prodded my sensitive sides. His mouth was moving, whispering words in his native tongue.

This, I suddenly realized, was the furthest my tutor had ever been with a woman.

Me.

Touching my stomach, massaging my butt - this was my tutor's first contact with the opposite sex.

I moaned aloud at the thought.

Like I said, my tutor's not a looker. And it might be immodest to say so, but I know I'm attractive. I've had so many friends tell me that they'd kill for my ass, my tits.

Surely my tutor had noticed.

However many months of sharing a room with his me; he must have noticed as I wore sports bras and tiny bike shorts to study when the heat was up too high. When I cried on his shoulder after Keenan was short with me, when I told him about other boys I'd fucked in the past and how much better sex could be with someone who loved you... Had I described how it felt to have the teenage boy cum inside me, his dick throbbing as he filled me with his seed?

I was sure that I hadn't, but Melvin had known I'd been fucked. He knew I was sexually active.

My tutor knew I was a sexual being.

We'd never gotten off in the same room...at least, not that I knew of.

Had he ever noticed the way I'd spend slightly too long in the ensuite? Had he suspected I was in there, rubbing myself to orgasm?

He was my tutor and my roommate. He absolutely shouldn't have been thinking these things. My parents would have died a thousand deaths from shame if they thought I was having sex, or even masturbating in the room I shared with our exchange student.

But *did* he?

I knew he jerked off. I'd never caught him, but...I knew.

He must have jerked off hundreds of times. Thousands. Imagining women who were as hot as me. Imagining the tits and ass of women with a similar build to me.

And now...he got to touch a set just like them.

He'd just spent several minutes touching my ass, brushing lightly against my pussy.

I was practically mewling at his touch, panting and groaning as he had free reign to run his hands all over my body.

My tutor knew how wet I was. *He'd had to put a towel down.* He knew what his touch was doing to me, how much it was turning me on.

Had he known that I'd fled the room to masturbate? Had he known that his massage got his practice dummy so worked up, she had to run into the bathroom to get off?

I couldn't help myself as I watched him, hard at work. These dark, sexual thoughts kept passing through my mind. The more I thought about it, the more aroused I grew, and the more aroused I grew, the more I thought about it.

My eyes widened as another realization struck me - was Melvin hard? Right now, as he touched my stomach - did he have a hard-on?

I shifted slightly, trying to see my tutor's shorts, but my damn tits were in the way.

Melvin's hands moved up my body, threatening to slip under the towel.

I wanted to tense up. I wanted to stop him. But I couldn't...I was too relaxed.

My tutor's goddamn magic fingers wouldn't let me.

My mind continued to race with wrong, perverted thoughts. I was so *wet*. I was so turned on. I just wanted to escape the room, call Keenan, have him fuck me into a puddle.

A puddle.

Like the one I'd left on the bed.

But I couldn't. I had to stay here. I had to help my tutor. I'd promised I would.

Melvin's mouth was moving quicker, his utterances were getting faster. What was he saying to me? He could be saying anything and I wouldn't understand. He could be admitting how much he wanted me. He could be telling me right now how beautiful my breasts were, how much he wanted to touch them. As he worked, his hands continued to stray. Every now and again one of his fingers would go under the towel and brush against the bottom of my breast.

I should have stopped him.

Instead, I moaned. Each and every time he touched my breast, I moaned.

As if spurred on by my flushed face, my panting, my groans of arousal, Melvin started to get bolder. I felt the towel moving up, revealing more of my flesh as the massage continued.

He was trying to uncover my breasts.

My tutor was trying to uncover my breasts, and I was letting him.

It's not like he hasn't seen them before, my lust-addled brain reminded me. You flashed him yesterday, and again the day before.

But that was an accident.

This was...

No.

My tutor wasn't trying to see my breasts. Not on purpose.

Was he?

I tried to sit up slightly, but I couldn't muster the energy. My brain was so foggy, filled with a lusty haze.

I just wanted to...I just wanted to see my tutor's dick.

No. Stop him. I wanted to *stop him* from revealing my tits.

Why not both?

I lay back and closed my eyes, trying to summon enough energy to sit up. Melvin's hands were so forceful, so gentle. Sometimes alternating, sometimes both at once.

It felt so damn *good*.

Finally, just as I was about to do it, his hands went under the towel.

Before my tutor's hands could make contact with my breasts, I opened my eyes. My hands moved fast, grabbing his.

Melvin froze, like a kid who was just caught with a hand in the cookie jar. For seconds, we just stared at each other, his hands on the bottom part of my boob, my hands clutching his.

I knew that if my grip loosened, his hands would just slide up, grabbing my whole breasts. I didn't want that, but I felt my body betraying me.

I was trembling with arousal.

My hands weakened and slowly let up, and he slid his palms upwards. He brushed over my nipples with his fingers, which sent a shockwave through my body. His touch grew gentle as he felt up my rack with each hand, taking his time, appreciating the surprising size of my big breasts compared to my tiny body. Each time he draw a circle, his fingers bumped into my nipples and I let out a moan.

We shouldn't be doing this. We couldn't.

And yet, we were.

Melvin pulled his hands from under the towel and tossed it aside, not wasting the time to fold it neatly. There I was, in nothing but a pair of panties, laying on his bed covered with oil. He caressed my breasts, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

This was too far. We had to stop.

We had to.

But with the towel gone, I could see Melvin's pants. There was a bulge within.

It was huge.

We have to stop, I wanted to say. *We can't be doing this. My parents would kill me. Keenan would dump me. You'd never get to practice on anyone like me again..*

"What does this massage do?" I asked instead, enthralled by the size of his bulge.

He snapped out of his trance, and immediately took on the role of a massage therapist. All professional. Not sexual at all.

"It helps with your chest muscles," he said. I swear, I saw his bulge pulse. My mouth was watering. "You have very big breasts for your size. You have to massage them to keep the muscles fit, so your breasts will stay nice and firm."

His fingers brushed over my nipples. I let out a moan. I couldn't stop staring at his pants.

He couldn't...it couldn't be.

It couldn't.

"Okay," I said, and with a smile, Melvin continued massaging my breasts.

"We should do this every day," he said, as my entire body trembled with arousal. I was huffing with desire, moaning every time his hands moved. If he just pinched my nipples, if he ran his fingers over them once more, I'd cum. I knew I would.

I knew I couldn't. Shouldn't.

But would.

"Okay," I moaned.

"Great," he said, and stood up. "That's all for today!"

No! I mentally screamed. *That can't be it!*

"You should have a shower," my tutor said, looking at my tits. "You're covered with oil."

"Okay," I said, staggering out of the room. Our ensuite didn't have a shower, so I had to stumble down the hall to the main bathroom. If my parents had been home, I don't know what they would have thought.

In that moment, I didn't care.

As soon as the water from the shower head touched my clit, it pushed me over the edge. I screamed with orgasm as I came, crudely grabbing my tits as I did.

###

I couldn't sleep that night. My tutor was just a few feet away, snoring loudly (I'd learned to sleep through the noise a long time ago).

He was my tutor. And yet, I'd let him do some distinctly unscholarly things. He'd massaged my ass. He'd touched my tits.

Was this...cheating?

No. No, it couldn't be.

I loved Keenan, for one. I had no interest in cheating on him.

Besides, it was just a *massage*. A massage isn't cheating. It can't be.

And on top of that, it was Melvin. Getting a massage from your nerdy tutor isn't cheating. Not when it was helping him learn the trade.

It couldn't be.

But cheating or no, I knew it was wrong. We had to stop. It didn't matter how good the massages were; they had to stop.

I just had no idea how I was going to tell Melvin that.

###

"Whoa," Keenan said, scrunching up his nose. "That's new."

Before I'd started dating Keenan, I'd always shaved. At first I guess it was peer pressure, or a fear of being gross or whatever, but...after a while, I kept doing it because *I* liked it, y'know? It felt clean.

And it made touching myself a *whole* different experience.

I really hope that I'm not giving the impression that I'm the kind of girl who just does whatever a guy wants. I mean, I consider myself a feminist. Not, like, 'kill all men' or whatever, but I'm not going to change my last name when I get married, and I want a career of my own. All that stuff.

But when Keenan told me how much he liked hair...down there, I stopped shaving.

And it felt sort of naughty, you know? Letting my bush grow out. Like I was breaking the rules or something. Sometimes I'd trim a little, but just as often I'd let it grow.

Plus, when your boyfriend *really* likes something, it's not like there's nothing in it for you. Keenan showed his appreciation often enough to make it totally worth it.

So yeah, I'm not surprised that Keenan was surprised.

As soon as I found out his parents weren't home, I'd dragged him straight to the bedroom. I don't think I'd ever gotten naked so fast, to be honest. I'd just been so damned worked up lately, and I wanted to make sure my boyfriend reaped the benefits.

It's not like there's anything *weird* about wanting to fuck my boyfriend.

But when I stripped and he saw that I was clean-shaven, he sort of put the brakes on a little.

"What's been up with you?" he asked. I'm pretty sure I managed to keep the fear out of my eyes, but my heart was racing. "You've been so turned on lately, and now...this?"

I wasn't sure what to tell him.

The massages had to stop. They *had* to. They'd gotten weird. My reaction had gotten weird. I wasn't sure what was happening, but I knew we couldn't keep on doing what we were doing.

But, y'know, if I *was* to get another massage...I didn't want my tutor to see my pubes, sticking out the sides of my panties. Right?

Like, it would fucked up if I *didn't* shave. No one wants to show off their pubic hair to their massuer.

Shaving made total sense. If I didn't shave, it would be like I was trying to show Melvin my pubes. *That* would be weird.

But I couldn't work out how to even begin to explain any of that to Keenan.

"What do you mean?" I said, trying to buy myself some time.

I'm really not a good liar.

"Is there something you're not telling me?" he asked, and I shook my head. "Promise?"

Keenan looked like he wasn't going to drop it.

"Well..." I said, and he stared into my eyes. "There is something."

"What is it?"

His voice was so full of concern. I felt awful.

"I changed medications," I said, barely believing what I was doing. It was like I was standing outside my body, watching another naked girl tell these lies. "The doctor said there might be some side-effects."

I've been on medication since I was a baby. It's nothing serious; some liver thing. I barely ever think about it.

"Oh!" Keenan said. He looked like he felt awful. *I* felt awful. "So why..."

He gestured between my legs.

"It was making me really itchy," I said, blushing as another lie fell out of my mouth. What was I *doing*?

I felt so guilty. But the guilt, for some fucked-up reason, was making me feel even *more* turned on.

"That sucks," Keenan said. "I'm so sorry."

"It's not so bad," I said, wrapping one arm around him.

Keenan looked like he was going to say something, but I took his hand and moved it between my legs to distract him. I was dripping.

"Mmm," he said. "Well, I guess I can learn to live with it. Especially if this *other* side-effect continues..."

It was only a few minutes before I was squealing with pleasure as my pussy pulsed around my boyfriend's cock.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 5:

I didn't even try to resist the message the next day.

I mean, why should I, right?

We weren't doing anything wrong, not really. Melvin was practicing a skill (not that he really needed that much practice) and I was just...getting massages from my tutor.

As long as I could control myself, there was nothing *wrong* with what we were doing.

That was the thought that kept me going. Nothing was wrong.

I mean, it wasn't like I was into him.

"I got us a new tool," Melvin said as I stripped down to my panties.

"Us?"

"Me," he corrected himself. "I got myself a new tool. A massaging wand."

I glanced over at the bedside table, where his iPad was showing a beach scene and playing some relaxing music.

"Uh..."

Melvin raised one eyebrow at my concerned look.

"What's wrong?"

"That's a vibrator."

His second eyebrow joined the first.

"What? What are you talking about? It's a massaging wand. Masseurs use it to help their clients achieve total relaxation."

My face reddened slightly. I was topless, holding my boobs in my hands, arguing with my tutor about a vibrator.

"Let me show you," he said, and leaned past me to reach into the trash can. His arm brushed against me as he did, and I swear I *felt* my pussy pulse, just at the memory of his touch.

I'm not a pervert, I reminded myself. *Melvin is just really damn good at massage.*

Melvin pulled out a box. Sure enough, it said 'Massaging Wand' on the front.

It just happened to *look* exactly like a vibrator.

"Okay," I said, a feeling of unease passing through me.

“Let’s start with the front,” Melvin said. Did he look excited?

No. Of course not. I was his practice dummy. This was nothing but a massage, an exercise for him to practice his skills.

The idea that he was *enjoying* touching my boobs was just something that my own perverted mind had brewed up. Melvin had never been anything but professional about all this.

He’d even laid out a hand-towel for my...leakage.

“I don’t want to do the front today,” I mumbled.

“Okay,” he said, not missing a beat. I blushed an even deeper red. God. He didn’t care - of course he didn’t care! I was the one making this whole damn experience weird.

He just wanted to get better at massage. I was the one turning it into some kind of...

Ugh. I didn’t even want to think about it.

“How about we start with the legs?” he said, and I nodded. The legs were fine. As long as he didn’t get anywhere near...

My leakage.

I lay on my back on the bed, continuing to cover my tits with my arms. Yes, he’d seen them. Hell, yesterday he’d actually touched them.

Massaged them, I reminded myself. To keep the muscles fit.

But I still felt weird about Melvin seeing my tits.

As always, my fears melted away the moment the massage started. Melvin’s hands fluttered over my thighs, my calves. I could feel my eyelids getting heavy as his fingers traversed every muscle in my leg, relieving tension where I hadn’t even known there was any.

His foreign murmurs washed over me, mixing with the relaxing music, and my brain switched off.

Why was I so worried about this? I drowsily asked myself. *It’s just Melvin. I’m safe. I’m totally safe.*

I blearily opened my eyes, as I realized that Melvin was asking me something. How long had I drifted off for? It felt like my tutor had been massaging my legs for years.

“Do you want me to do your arms next?” he said.

God, what a sweetheart. He must have realized that things had gotten weird yesterday, and wanted to check in with me every step of the way. Of course he could massage my arms - there was no *way* that could cross a line.

“Of course,” I slurred.

“Great,” he said, his spotted face breaking into a huge grin. “Come sit on my lap.”

As I sat up, I realized that I must have stopped covering my tits while I snoozed.

I knew there was nothing to worry about. I was totally safe with Melvin. He wasn’t even looking at them.

Well, he was occasionally glancing at them - staring, even - but it wasn’t like he was looking at *me*. He was probably just assessing my boobs for today’s massage, making sure that he’d be able to give them the appropriate manipulations.

Not, I reminded myself, that I would let him. Yesterday, hadn’t I decided that the breast massages were going too far?

Although, I *had* promised to let him practice every day...

As I moved onto my tutor’s lap, my concerns about the daily breast massage were replaced with another problem.

A much, much bigger problem.

Was...was he *hard*?

As I sank into his lap, it became obvious that...yup. Melvin had an erection.

And it was *huge*.

"Come on," he said, and pulled me down. My eyes widened - his huge cock was positioned perfectly between my ass-cheeks. He could probably feel every twitch, every quiver of my pleasure.

I let out a small moan.

Melvin began massaging my arms. I'd never had an arm massage before, but I wasn't surprised to learn that my tutor was *very* good at it. Just as he had with my legs, he managed to hunt down all my tension points and immediately relieve them.

I was so distracted, I momentarily forgot about the enormous rod I was sitting on.

As always, Melvin was wearing a pair of sweatpants. His pants and my panties were all that separated my bare skin from his erection.

I shivered at the thought.

For a moment, I wondered if I should be more upset about this, more weirded out. After all, this was Melvin. My roommate's cock. My tutor's huge, throbbing cock was nestled between my ass-cheeks. My tutor's dick was...

I shuddered with pleasure.

No, I suddenly decided. *This is wrong*.

I was almost entirely naked, sitting on my tutor's erection, while his magic hands traveled up and down my arms.

This had to stop.

"Pass me that towel," I muttered, and Melvin immediately complied.

My plan was to stand up and tell him that this had to end, that it was over. That he was just my roommate and tutor, that he couldn't touch me that way.

But when he leaned over to get my towel, his cock twitched. It sent a wave of pleasure throughout my entire body, switching my brain off in the process.

I couldn't think. I couldn't speak. I certainly couldn't object.

Instead, I just wrapped the towel around my torso, and let myself sink back into the massage, acutely aware of Melvin's cock pressing into my behind.

He's just giving me a massage, I reminded myself. *He's touching a woman - that's the only reason he's hard*.

It's nothing to do with me.

A part of me was furious that my body was betraying me. I knew that I must be leaking like a faucet, that Melvin would have to clean up another puddle when we were done.

But as Melvin continued to massage me, it was impossible to stay angry. His hands were so soft, yet firm...so relaxing...

As long as he doesn't pull out his cock, I told myself, *we're not doing anything wrong*.

We're not doing anything wrong.

If he pulls out his huge cock, I'll end it. I'll have to end it. But until then, I might as well just...enjoy the massage.

I could feel myself on the verge of drifting off once more. Melvin's was just so damn *good* at this. I felt lucky to be his roommate, to get these daily massages for free.

As my eyes began to close, Melvin pulled off the towel he'd just handed me.

"Don't forget," he said softly. "We need to massage these every day..."

"Mm-hmmm," I moaned reluctantly.

I couldn't believe what was happening. Melvin, my nerdy tutor...his hands were on my tits

again.

It's just a massage.

He was fondling my tits, and I'd just committed to letting him do it every day.

The thought made me so wet. It was like Niagara Falls down there.

After a few minutes of running his hands up and down the sides of my breast, he began focusing on my erect nipples, caressing them with his fingers. I was moaning uncontrollably now, my mouth wide open. He was pulling and tugging - my body felt so relaxed, like a limp doll, like a limp sex-doll for my tutor, except my nipples.

My nipples were alight. Electric.

I didn't even notice that I'd started to sink down - my ass was no longer resting on Melvin's huge cock. Instead, I was hunched over, bent almost in half. Melvin's cock was at my neck, but all I cared about were his hands on my nipples.

"Make yourself comfortable," my tutor commanded, and I obeyed immediately. With his hands on my thick nipples, I would have done anything he'd asked of me.

I would have done *anything*.

I repositioned myself so that I was no longer hunched - I was now laying on the bed, my head in Melvin's lap, his long, lanky arms reaching down and continuing to massage my nipples.

Without warning, Melvin grabbed my hair, and positioned my head so it faced his cock, sticking his bulge into my open mouth. He buried his fingers in my hair and forced my face against his throbbing penis, while his other hand continued to flick my left nipple.

I let out a muffled moan - his bulge was blocking my mouth.

I wanted to cum. I wanted to cum so bad.

"Now let's do your back," he said.

"Okay," I said hazily. He let go of my nipple, and it felt like I was an appliance that had just been unplugged. I wanted his hands back. I wanted his hands back, anywhere he'd put them.

I wanted his fingers on my nipples, his cock in my mouth.

I wanted him.

At Melvin's command, I rolled onto my front. He sat on my thighs and started massaging my back, gently. As he softly muttered his native tongue in my ears, I could feel the tension leaving my body. I hadn't realized how worked up his touch had gotten me.

I lay on my front, relaxing as he gently ran his long fingers up and down my back. I could smell my own wetness, but it didn't worry me. I knew Melvin could smell it too, but I didn't care.

It's perfectly natural, I reminded myself. *It's a natural reaction to being touched.*

When Melvin's hands moved onto my buttocks, I didn't even react. He was just massaging his roommate, practicing his trade. That's all this was.

There was nothing to worry about.

As my tutor massaged and fondled my butt, I could feel my arousal returning. Just as I was starting to writhe, he stopped.

"Now let's try my new tool," he said.

There was a buzzing sound, and soon I could feel a vibration on my spine, traveling up and down as he moved the vibr-... 'massaging wand' around my back.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"It's great."

"Better than my hands?"

"Different," I panted.

As he started massaging my neck with it, I got goosebumps all over my body. Melvin had to speak slightly louder, to overcome the volume of the ‘massaging wand’, but I was too distracted to care. To ask if he could speak in English so I could understand him. For all I know he was reciting the periodic table to concentrate on the massage and not his massive erection..

When he put the massager on my legs, that’s when I started to lose it. My thighs couldn’t handle the fast vibrations; it sent waves of pleasure towards my pussy. I could feel myself twitching with pleasure, with anticipation...with need. My hips were involuntarily thrusting upwards, trying to find an intruder that wasn’t there.

The wand moved to my ass, and I almost came on the spot. But almost as if he knew what he was doing, Melvin made sure that I never climaxed.

Of course, I thought, through my lust-addled brain. *He knows. He knows that if he makes me cum, it’s wrong. Oh, god...*

The wand travelled around my buttocks. I kept waiting for it to touch my pussy, but it never did. Melvin was very careful not to touch me there. He knew exactly what my body wanted, what his roommate’s sweating, heaving, treacherous body wanted, and he was making sure not to give it to me.

I could feel a pulse building up inside me, and I realized I was moving my butt around, trying to position my crotch so that the vibrating surface would touch my pussy. But every time it got close, he pulled away.

“Thank you,” I wanted to pant, but I’d lost control of my vocal cords a long time ago. Small squeaks and moans were emitting from my mouth, but I had no control of them.

My tutor had total control of my body. I was his. His to control.

The wand started inching towards my lady-parts, never staying in one place long enough to make me cum. Whenever I thought I was going to climax, he’d lift the wand up, denying me an orgasm.

Good, I thought. *Thank you. Can’t...go there...*

Time and time again, it brushed over the sides of my pussy, cautiously staying away from my clit.

I needed it. I needed it pressed against me. Vibrator, massaging wand, whatever you wanted to call it: I needed it.

But I couldn’t.

Yes.

No.

Please.

Can’t.

If it made me cum, then Melvin would have made me cum. And if Melvin made me cum, this wasn’t a massage. This was something more.

I could live with my tutor massaging me. I could live with my tutor’s hands touching me, touching every part of me. My neck, my thighs, my butt, my tits.

That was just massage.

That was only practice.

But if he made me cum, we could never go back. That was a line we could never cross.

The thought of cumming at Melvin’s touch, of looking at his acne-riddled face while I bucked and thrashed in orgasm...

My body wanted it. My body wanted *him*. My body had never wanted anything so much in my entire life.

But I couldn't.

I knew I couldn't.

Then, suddenly, the buzzing stopped, and I found my voice.

"Thanks," I wanted to say. "That was great."

I wanted to stand up, make my way into the ensuite, and touch myself. I wanted to cum, to cum, to cum again and again, thinking about my tutor's massage.

But to my horror, that's not what I said.

"Don't...stop..." I moaned.

"Sorry," Melvin responded, a playful look in his eyes. "Battery's out."

"That's fine," I wanted to reply. "Let's do this again tomorrow."

But that's not what I said.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 6:

"Do it with your hands," I muttered.

"Sorry?"

"*Do it with your hands*," I practically screamed.

I couldn't believe what I was saying. Had I gone mad?

Yes.

I was leaking uncontrollably; twitches of pleasure were moving through my body every few seconds.

My pussy was in control now.

"Do what?"

"Make me cum," I begged.

My eyes were shut. I couldn't look at him, couldn't look at him. What if he was disgusted? He was finally seeing what a pervert his roommate was. He'd always been such a good, supportive tutor.

And now he was realizing that I was nothing but a horny little slut.

"Please," I begged. "Please..."

I opened my eyes. Melvin had a look of lust on his face.

My poor tutor.

He'd never so much as kissed a girl, and now here I was - half-naked, writhing around his bed, screaming at him to make me cum. If I'd been anyone else, this would have been the greatest day of his life. I know what I look like - I may be short, but I'm a blonde *bombshell*.

There was no way he could resist me.

Melvin didn't *want* to touch his roommate, but I knew he couldn't help himself. I was sex on legs - he'd do whatever I said.

And here I was, taking advantage of that fact to make him get me off.

"Okay," he said, reaching between my legs.

As he started to pull my panties off, I grabbed his hand by reflex, trying to keep it in place.

"It's easier this way," he said.

I let him strip me, and he removed the small piece of cloth standing between him and my pussy.

Now he had full view of my vagina. Now he had seen every part of me.

God. Why did *that* turn me on?

Before I could spend too much time thinking about my naked form, completely exposed to

my tutor, his hand reached its target. I felt a finger delicately part my lips, quickly finding my engorged clit.

I gasped.

Yes.

This was his first time - this *must* have been his first time - which meant that he was...a natural. An immediate expert. His magic fingers were good for more than just massage.

He started tenderly rubbing my clit with his middle finger while the rest of his hands felt up my meat curtains, lubricated by my wetness. He took his time, enjoying the texture of my vulva before he started getting more aggressive with my clit, upping his pressure and tempo.

I couldn't hold it any longer.

Here was, lying on my nerdy tutor's bed, completely naked, seconds away from having an orgasm at his hands. He had complete control of my body, my arousal. The look on his face was one of fascination and lust as I writhed around. His attention was wholly on the wetness between my legs.

It'll be more than a puddle this time, I realized.

Every now and again, his eyes would flick up to my breasts, bouncing around as I thrashed with pleasure. My boyfriend was two miles away, at a football practice. Keenan had no clue that I was about to reach climax at my tutor's hands.

He could never know.

There was no way to justify this. This wasn't a massage. This was sex.

I was being fingered by my tutor.

I let out a screaming moan as I came. Thank god my parents weren't home.

Wave after wave of pleasure passed through my body. Every part of me felt *alive*. My nipples, my clit, my fingertips. If you'd handed me a lightbulb, I swear it would have glowed. Maybe even burst.

As I came down, I lay on the bed for several minutes, breathing heavily and twitching with the aftershocks. It was the most powerful orgasm I'd ever had. Melvin left the room without saying anything, perhaps realizing that I wouldn't want to talk.

When my legs stopped feeling like well-cooked spaghetti, I stood up. I couldn't find my panties anywhere, which struck me as odd, so I picked out another pair, and started getting dressed.

As I was closing the drawer, I accidentally knocked the massaging wand to the floor.

It immediately started buzzing.

###

I spent the entire next day at Keenan's.

I had to.

What I'd done, it was...

I didn't even want to think about it.

When I arrived, Keenan was in the living-room with his parents, watching TV. It was so *nice* to sink into the couch, into my boyfriend's warm embrace, and let my mind switch off for a few hours.

That night, his parents were going out to a show. The moment they left, I moved my mouth to Keenan's.

"Side-effects are still strong, I see," he said, but I didn't have the capacity to come up with a reply. I just kept on kissing him, eventually moving his hand between my legs.

I don't know what I was thinking. Maybe that like, his touch would wipe away my tutor's.

Maybe I just wanted to remember something other than Melvin's fingers pleasuring me.

Melvin's magic fingers.

By comparison, my boyfriend's efforts were amateurish. Clumsy. But it was still enough to make me cum, and that was all that mattered.

"I could get used to this," Keenan joked, licking his fingers clean.

Had my tutor licked his fingers clean?

Had my tutor tasted my juices?

I pushed Keenan down on the couch and rode him to another orgasm, just to get the questions out of my mind.

I fucked him three more times before his parents came home, trying desperately to think about *anything* other than my tutor's face as I came.

But I couldn't.

###

The next day was Tuesday.

TV day.

Melvin didn't even say anything about us missing the previous day's massage practice, which just made me feel worse.

When I'd seen that the massaging wand wasn't out of power, I'd immediately jumped to the worst of conclusions. That my tutor had lied to me, that he'd manipulated the situation so that I'd beg him for an orgasm.

But the more I thought about it, the more I wondered if I was just projecting my own guilt onto him.

He'd never asked to touch my pussy - that was all me. All he'd wanted to do was practice his massaging skills - I was the one who had made it sexual. I'd begged him to get me off. I'd been the one to leave puddles on his bed, to get all hot and bothered just because a man was touching me. Any man.

The massaging wand's battery had probably just been knocked out of alignment by my thrusting, and dropping it had fixed the issue.

It was all my fault.

But a day away had given me time to think. If it *was* my fault, that was even more of a reason that we shouldn't continue. That we *couldn't* continue. Clearly, my perversion was starting to get in the way of a normal, healthy, friendship.

It had to stop.

It *had* to.

And since my tutor was too kind to end things, it was up to me.

"Melvin," I said softly, and my tutor turned to me with a smile.

"Hey! I've been reading up on some new techniques, and..."

"I can't."

"Okay," he said, not missing a beat. "That's fine. Tomorrow, I'll..."

"No," I interrupted again. "Melvin, you don't get it."

"What?"

I took a moment, trying to collect my thought. Just being in the same room as my tutor was...doing things to me.

God. What was *wrong* with me?

He cracked his knuckles, and all I could think about was those long, talented fingers on my body.

In my body.

"I'm listening," he said patiently, and I realized that I'd been standing there silently for a long while, staring lustfully at his fingers.

"We can't do that again."

"Of course," Melvin said. "I understand. We can't do that again."

"We can't do any of it," I continued, aware of how pathetic I sounded. I was basically telling him that if he touched me, I couldn't control myself.

I was telling him that because it was true.

"No more massages?"

"Right," I said, breathing a sigh of relief. He got it. Of course he got it.

He was the normal one.

"Oh," he said, the disappointment obvious in his voice. "I just thought..."

"What?"

"I just thought you wanted to help me practice. I've been studying, and..."

"Melvin," I reasoned, "you're clearly skilled at massaging. You don't need more practice."

"Thanks," he said dolefully. "I guess."

"We just...we can't, okay? I can't."

"Of course," he said. "I understand."

I've never seen so much sadness in my tutor's eyes. I wanted to take pity on him, to help him out, to be a good Friend, but...I couldn't.

I just couldn't.

"We can still watch TV," I said, trying to throw him a bone. "You just...can't touch me."

Melvin looked like I'd slapped him. After a few seconds, he smiled back, but it didn't reach his eyes.

I was the worst roommate in the world..

The feeling didn't go away as the show started. I just couldn't stop thinking about my tutor. I'd broken his heart. All he wanted was someone to practice his massage on, but my uncontrollable sex drive had made it weird. All he wanted to do was give his friend a massage, and I'd made it perverted. I'd practically buried my face in his crotch on Sunday, and then I'd...

I'd begged him to touch me.

My pussy. I'd begged him to touch my pussy.

I'd begged him to make me cum.

I was lying on his bed, like I always did when we watched Netflix. I hadn't even registered it at the time, but he'd moved to his desk chair.

Because I'd told him he couldn't touch me.

Touch me.

Lying on his bed, my mind was still occupied by all the things we'd done in the bed. He'd played with my boobs...no, *massaged*. He'd massaged my boobs.

He'd shoved my face into his crotch...no, that had been me. I'd tried to get his cock in my mouth.

His cock in my mouth.

His finger had rubbed my clit, brought me to a screaming, moaning, gushing orgasm.

I couldn't concentrate on what was happening on the screen. All I could think about was being used by his soft, strong hands. I was reliving every moment of it, except for the pleasure part. I needed a distraction. Netflix wasn't good enough.

I needed something.

Something small, to keep the thoughts at bay.

“Could you massage my foot, please?” I asked him, the words spilling out of my mouth before I could fully process them. “I think I hurt it yesterday.”

I hadn’t. But I needed to be distracted, or I’d go mad. All I could think about was how I’d begged him, pleaded for him to touch me.

To make me cum.

“It’s hard to massage you, if I’m not allowed to touch you.”

“Touch me,” I wanted to scream.

I’d been reliving it for days.

“Alright,” I said instead. “You can touch me. Just not there.”

“Not where?”

“You know where.”

Melvin wrinkled his nose. He looked genuinely confused. He couldn’t be this dense, could he?

Innocent, I reminded myself. He’s not stupid, he’s just clueless. He didn’t want any of this. It was all me.

“You have to be specific,” he replied.

“My pussy,” I mumbled.

“What?”

“My pussy,” I said, slightly louder. “You can’t touch my pussy.”

My face was a bright red. I couldn’t believe what I was saying. As the words left my mouth, my mind began reliving it again. Melvin’s hands on my pussy. Rubbing, touching. Running his hand all over it until he made me cum.

“Okay,” he said. “I won’t go near it. Anyway, it was you who asked for it last time.”

My blush grew deeper. He was right. I’d given him permission. No, more than that - I’d begged. I’d begged him to touch me.

Touch me.

And when he had, I’d cum. His skilled hands had only needed a few minutes to make me cum, to make me buck my hips and cum loudly.

God it had been good.

I was wearing a white top, a grey sports-bra, and denim shorts. I normally wore skirts, but not today. I’d known he wouldn’t try anything, not without permission, but...I didn’t want to make the temptation any greater.

If I was wearing a skirt, it would be so much easier for him to touch me.

Touch me.

It would be so much more tempting to ask him. To beg him.

Beg him.

Please.

And so instead, I’d worn shorts.

I took my socks off, but kept the rest of my clothes on. I wanted protection in case his hands started to wander.

Once I was sock-free, I lay back on my stomach. He sat down behind me, took my feet into his lap, and started massaging them with oil.

Oh. My. God.

Twice, now, I’d received foot-rubs from my tutor, but somehow...somehow, I’d forgotten how magical they are. His fingers are truly gifts from God.

Wherever they're working their magic.

Almost immediately, I felt the stress draining out of me. My entire body began to relax. Melvin was so damn good at this.

And other things.

I let out a long sigh, allowing myself to focus on the pleasure of a massage while it was anything but sexual. Just an innocent foot-rub.

As Melvin massaged my foot, I endeavored not to think about where else his fingers had been. I tried not to think about the way he'd rubbed my breasts, or massaged my ass. His skilled fingers, working their magic on my nipples, sending pulses of arousal through my entire body.

I desperately wanted to avoid thinking about how great it had felt the previous day, when he'd been rubbing my clit, melting my mind, making my pussy clench with pleasure.

But as he continued to massage my foot, I couldn't help myself. I could feel my pussy growing wet, my nipples hardening.

From a *foot-rub*. What was wrong with me?

As his fingers kneaded the ball of my foot, I let out a long, soft moan.

My eyes widened, my cheeks again blushed red with shame, but my tutor didn't say anything. He just kept massaging.

To my horror, it happened again. And again.

I couldn't look at his face. I wanted to ask him to stop, to tell him we had to stop, but I couldn't. All I could do was lay on the bed, moaning and writhing with pleasure as my tutor massaged my foot.

And that was when I felt it.

It.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 7:

It.

My tutor's...y'know.

Erection.

I could feel it against my feet, getting hard as he massaged me. As I moaned.

I could feel his erection growing. And growing, and growing, and growing...

When I'd been sitting on it the other day, I'd realized it was thick, but I hadn't been able to feel the length of it. Now I could.

He was hung.

I was pretty sure he was bigger than Keenan. Or anyone else I'd ever been with, for that matter.

My pussy was already wet, just thinking about my tutor's hands on my skin, but the knowledge that he had the largest cock I'd ever touched...I could feel a new puddle beginning to form. I hoped my wetness wouldn't soak through my shorts, but I could feel it getting messier down there.

It took me a few moments to realize; in my efforts to scan his size with my feet, I'd started moving them around in his lap, stroking his large cock through his shorts.

I felt it throb, as a wave of blood rushed into his penis.

"Mmm," I moaned, as he hit a good spot on my sole with his fingers.

His *fingers*.

"Maybe you should change," he remarked casually.

Alarmed, I lifted my head and grabbed my crotch area, only to notice my shorts had finally given up the battle of absorbing my juices and just let everything through.

Before I could say anything, he stood up, opened my underwear drawer, and passed me a fresh set of panties.

I'd thought that I couldn't get any more embarrassed, but I swear - I could *feel* my head throbbing as the blood rushed to my cheeks.

All he'd done was *massage my feet*.

He'd given me an innocent foot-massage. In response, I'd started stroking his cock with my feet, and soaked my way through panties *and* a pair of shorts.

Without saying a word, I slipped into the ensuite bathroom, and stripped off my shorts. My panties, too.

I considered getting off before returning to the other room, just to calm myself down, but I'd already embarrassed myself enough for one day. I couldn't...

I couldn't.

With a sigh, I put the new pair of panties on, and returned to the bedroom. I'd planned on telling my tutor that we couldn't do this, that *I* couldn't do this, but when I returned, I noticed that he'd put down a towel.

For the leakage.

Before I could say anything, he tapped his iPad screen, and the massage music came on. He turned to me with a smile.

"Lie down," he said gently. "I'll massage your legs, too."

"No!" I wanted to scream. "No, no, no, no!"

But...I couldn't.

I mean, I didn't want to be rude.

Like a rabbit in the headlights, I stood, staring at my tutor.

"It's okay," he said in a whisper. "I won't touch you, uh...down there."

"Thanks," I croaked. Before I knew what was happening, I was laying down on his bed, my pussy resting on the towel he'd laid out for me, my tutor kneeling behind me on the bed.

For once, even his magic touch wasn't enough to relax me. His hands traveled up and down my bare legs, rubbing and kneading anywhere he found a knot. Every time he came close to my panties, I tensed up, but - true to his word - he never touched them.

Of course he didn't. *He* wasn't the one who had turned these innocent massages into taboo pleasures. *He* wasn't the one who had cum, and cum, and cum, thinking about his hands touching my skin.

Had he?

My eyes widened. *Had* my tutor gotten off, thinking about these massages? Not because I was his roommate, of course.

But...I mean, yesterday must have been the first time he'd seen a woman cum. The sight of my bouncing breasts, my screams as I climaxed...

It wouldn't be surprising if he had.

God, yes.

Had Melvin stroked his huge rod, imagining my body underneath him? Imagining my face as he got me off with his oh-so-talented hands?

Yes.

I shuddered with pleasure at the thought.

As Melvin massaged my legs, I couldn't help myself - I began writhing. I could see it so

clearly...Melvin's incredible hand, wrapped around his equally-incredible cock. His eyes tightly shut, picturing me - his *roommate* - as I came, shouting and moaning and calling his name.

As I was picturing him, getting off while picturing me getting off, Melvin started to focus more on my thighs.

Once we were done, maybe he'd get off thinking about *this*. The thought just turned me on more. He must have known how aroused I was - he'd picked out a pair of white panties for me, and already they were completely translucent. Maybe that was why he'd picked them, so he could see my arousal more clearly.

Not that he needed to, of course. Yesterday, he'd seen everything.

Melvin repositioned himself as he continued massaging my upper thighs. Every now and again I'd twitch, and my leg would brush against his bulge.

His enormous, magnificent bulge.

Just as he'd promised, Melvin never touched my pussy. A part of me wanted him to - if he touched my pussy, I'd be able to end it. I'd be able to blame *him* for what we were doing, instead of knowing that I was wholly responsible.

If he touched my pussy, I'd be able to get out. To get off.

Do it, I silently begged. *Touch me*.

Touch me.

But he didn't. He didn't even come close.

Instead, he lifted my legs up and pulled me closer to him. Our genitals were now within inches of each other. He pulled out his bottle, uncovered my belly, and started applying oil there.

As he began rubbing oil on my belly, my mind filled with images of him masturbating, urgently pulling at his thick rod while imagining my belly, my legs, my sopping wet pussy...

When I twitched, the tent in his pants collided with my crotch. His thin sweatpants and my soaking wet panties were the only thing stopping his cock from making direct contact with my pussy.

I bit my lip at the thought. Each time I twitched, I bit it again.

"You should take off your bra," he said. My mind was clouded with pleasure. "We talked about your regular massage."

I unwittingly nodded without paying attention to what he was saying. Within moments, he had a hand under my back, unhooking my bra. He lifted it together with my top, making my boobs pop out from their cover.

The moment they were free, he started caressing my tits with his hands. I wanted to protest, but as his oil-covered hands glided all over my boobs, brushing over my fully erect nipples, I could only let out more moans. To make things worse, feeling my breasts up put him into position to press his bulge into my crotch.

I could feel his throbbing penis against my vulva, a wave of pleasure coursing through my body with each throb.

My breaths got shorter, my moaning more frequent. As he started playing with my nipples, I was no longer imagining my tutor getting off thinking about this moment - I was thinking about the moment myself, and I was about to get off.

I realized I was now grinding my pussy up and down his shaft. I was about to cum; I only needed a few more grinds.

Suddenly, he pulled his dick away, and reached for my panties.

What was he doing? I shook my head as a sign of protest, while making no physical efforts to actually stop him. I even lifted my hips so he could take my panties off, and raised my legs in

the air so he could remove them completely.

“You said you wouldn’t,” I breathed desperately.

“I won’t use my hands,” He replied, and lowered his head into my crotch.

“Oh, *god...”

I let out a long moan as I felt his lips make contact with my labia. What was he *doing*? This wasn’t a massage. This was...this was...

My eyes rolled back in my head as my brain turned off. This was *heaven*.

At first he was just kissing my wet pussy like it was a mouth, but he soon brought his tongue out. It managed to quickly, skillfully locate my clitoris. He began pleasuring it with rapid motions. I grabbed his hair by instinct, but instead of pulling his head away, I pressed it against my pussy. His face was buried in my crotch, but I could still see traces of his acne.

I couldn’t believe how quickly things had gotten out of control. One second it was just an innocent foot massage, and now he was eating me out. Before I could make sense of what had happened, my body started trembling. I was having an orgasm.

A screaming moan signaled my climax.

I came, and with that, my mind was blank.

For several seconds I just lay there on my tutor’s bed, coming down from my cum. Meanwhile, Melvin stood up, wiped my juices off his face, and sat beside me on the bed.

“Neck-rub?”

In that moment, I didn’t know what I wanted. I didn’t know what had happened. I was confused. Scared.

But my body nodded yes, and so Melvin began to rub my neck, whispering gently in my ears as he did...

###

When I awoke, it was dark. I couldn’t remember exactly what time we’d started watching TV, but I knew it hadn’t been dark. Melvin was nowhere to be seen.

The TV was off, the bedroom door was closed, but Melvin’s iPad was still open, still playing that damn instrumental music. Reminding me of what we’d done.

What *had* we done?

I closed my eyes and remembered. It had started with a foot massage, and ended with...

Oh, *god*.

I remembered...grabbing my tutor’s hair and forcing his face into my crotch.

Shit.

I’d done this, hadn’t I?

Melvin had promised not to touch me, but I’d been so turned on, so out-of-control horny. I’d forced his mouth to my pussy, *made* him get me off.

Fuck.

I stayed there in the dark, the only light in the room coming from the gentle beach scene, and replayed the events of that afternoon. I’d insisted that Melvin not touch me, and he’d agreed. I’d asked for a foot massage, and he’d obliged.

I’d gotten so turned on from the foot massage, I’d started writhing, moaning, turning him on in the process.

It wasn’t his fault, of course. I know the effect my body has on men. That’s why I’d chosen such a revealing outfit - denim shorts, showing off my legs. A white top, easily removed. I may as well have been naked.

Naked.

Naked as I was now.

My tutor had become unwillingly turned on, his cock growing at the sight of me, the sound of my pleasures. He'd just been trying to massage my foot, but I'd turned it sexual.

I was out of control.

Out of control.

I'd turned an innocent foot massage into a sexual performance, moaning and panting and writhing all over my poor, innocent tutor. I'd started to stroke his cock with my feet, just wanting to feel how big it was, how long, how thick...

I shuddered with pleasure.

He'd put on the brakes, of course. He was a good guy.

But out of concern for me, he'd insisted I have my daily massage.

For me.

For my benefit.

For my pleasure.

As he'd massaged my legs, I'd wanted him to touch my pussy. I'd *wanted* him to.

But he hadn't. He'd known what a bad idea it was. He was strong where I was weak, and he hadn't touched me, not even when I'd silently begged him to.

He'd given me my daily breast massage, to keep my huge tits firm. As I remembered it, my hands drifted up to my chest, remembering how he'd touched me. Lightly caressing, grabbing my nipples, tweaking them...

"Yesss," I moaned.

No. Focus.

Where had all it gone so wrong?

His cock.

Oh, that's right. I'd been so close to cumming. My poor tutor - I couldn't help but get turned on by his innocent breast massage. I'd been twitching uncontrollably, mashing my pussy into his cock, wanting nothing more than to...than to...

I took a deep breath. One of my hands drifted between my legs at the memory.

I'd been so turned on, so hazy. The next thing I remembered was grabbing my tutor's hair, pulling his head to my crotch. His tongue on my clit.

"God, yesss..."

He hadn't touched me. He'd promised he wouldn't, and he hadn't.

Instead, I'd made him use his tongue on me.

I'd made my tutor get me off with his tongue.

I closed my eyes and imagined what that would have looked like if anyone had walked in. Me, completely naked, forcing my tutor's head between my legs. Writhing with orgasm as he tongued me - not for his pleasure, but for mine.

For my pleasure.

Melvin had done nothing wrong. He'd only gone along with what I'd forced him to. He'd only tongue-fucked me because I'd *made* him, because of how badly I'd needed it.

I rubbed my clit as I relived the memory. My nerdy tutor, getting his slut of a roommate off. Making me cum, watching my huge tits...my pink, clean-shaved pussy...

"Ahem."

I opened my eyes. Melvin was standing above me, a half-smile on his face.

Oh, god.

Oh, *god*.

I wanted to apologize. I wanted to explain that this wasn't what it looked like. But I was so close...so turned on...

"Melvin..." I gasped, as an orgasm overtook me. My hips bucked, again and again, as I came on my tutor's bed while he watched. I couldn't stop staring at him, knowing he was watching me get off, wondering if he knew that he'd done this to me. He hadn't even done anything, but...he'd done this to me.

When I came down from my orgasm, Melvin offered me a hand. I sheepishly took it, and he helped me get up off the bed.

"Thanks," he said casually. "It's just...it's getting late, and I wanted to sleep."

"Of course," I mumbled. "Good night."

"Good night. I'll see you tomorrow."

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 8:

I barely slept that night. I just kept tossing and turning, wondering what Melvin must think of me.

He mustn't have been that bothered, I suppose, because he drifted off almost immediately. His snores filled the room - they felt almost comforting.

He doesn't think you're a pervert, I tried to tell myself...but I didn't really believe it.

Yesterday, I'd basically raped him. I'd held his head to my crotch and forced him to lick me out.

By comparison, finding me masturbating felt like nothing. I mean, We share a bedroom. It was inevitable that one of us would catch the other jacking off *eventually*.

I guess I'd just always thought I'd catch him.

I felt myself getting a little warm at the thought of catching Melvin stroking his cock, and forced myself to think of something else.

The massages. They had to stop.

Even when I tried to keep my clothes on, even when I made Melvin promise not to touch me...I just couldn't control myself.

Out of control.

No, the massages had to stop. Completely. No more foot-rubs, no more neck-rubs, *nothing*. Never again.

###

When I awoke the next morning, Melvin was standing over me, a smile on his face.

"Good morning," he said cheerily.

"Morning," I mumbled, still more than a little asleep.

"We need to talk."

"What's up?"

"About last night..."

My heart sank.

Oh, god.

"Yeah?"

"I just wanted you to know..."

I think you're a pervert, and I'm telling everyone, I mentally finished his sentence. No, worse - *You're so fucked up, you've fucked ME up*.

"...it's okay."

I blinked twice, and looked him in the eyes.

“What?”

“Yeah, it’s okay. I mean, everyone does it, right?”

Not in front of their tutor.

“Yeah,” I said quietly. “I guess.”

Melvin sat down next to me on the bed.

“Alison, I’m serious. It’s perfectly natural.”

It’s perfectly natural.

“Everyone masturbates,” he said, holding my hand. “And...look, I know we don’t have a lot of privacy. If you want to get off, get off. Even if I’m here. I don’t care.”

My face must have revealed my reaction, because Melvin’s eyebrows furrowed.

“Seriously,” he continued insistently. “I don’t care. I mean...it’s not like I haven’t seen it already.”

I could feel my face going beet-red.

“It’s no big deal.”

It’s no big deal.

“Okay,” I said reluctantly.

“Seriously?” he said, his smile slowly returning.

“Seriously.”

“You promise you’re not embarrassed?”

I was embarrassed as hell, but I nodded anyway.

“Promise?”

“I promise,” I said.

“Okay, great,” he said, standing up. “You’re sure?”

“Yes!” I snapped. I didn’t want this conversation to go any longer than it had to. “Of course I’m sure. What do I have to do, prove it to you?”

“Okay,” Melvin replied immediately, a solemn look on his face.

There was a short pause as I parsed what he’d just said.

“...what? Really?”

“Yeah,” he replied. “I mean, if you’re serious, prove it.”

My heart was racing. Was...was my tutor asking me to masturbate in front of him?

No. He wasn’t...

Well, yes, he kind of was.

“You want to see...”

“I don’t *want* to,” he said quickly. Thank god. “I just...y’know, want to know that you’re being honest. It’s important to be honest.”

He was right, of course. It *was* important to be honest. And I *had* said that I was cool with it.

More than said, in fact. I’d *promised*.

“Okay,” I said slowly. “Uh...”

Melvin sat back down on the end of the bed.

“Go on,” he said. “Like I’m not even here.”

We sat in silence for a few minutes, staring at each other. I could feel the heat radiating off my face. He couldn’t expect me to...he didn’t...

I mean, I’d *promised*.

Eventually, I reached under my pajama pants, under the pink pair of panties I’d been

sleeping in, and - staring at my tutor all the while - began to touch myself.

“It’s *okay*,” he said soothingly, and suddenly I realized what he was doing.

Yesterday, I’d all but forced him to go down on me. *My own tutor*. He must have been wanting to avoid that happening again, the only way he knew how: by making sure I was getting off regularly.

Suddenly, I was twice as embarrassed. My tutor must have thought that I was *such* a pervert, if he didn’t watch me get off, he thought I was going to assault him again.

I mean, wish I could have told him he was wrong.

“It’s *okay*,” he repeated. “I saw you yesterday. I know you like to do it naked.”

Honestly, not really. Sharing a room means that you lose certain luxuries, like ‘naked masturbation’. Ninety percent of the times I’ve gotten myself off, it’s been while at least wearing panties.

But what was I to do? Explain to my tutor that yesterday was different, that I was getting myself off while thinking about our massage?

No thanks.

And so without even hesitating, I shucked my clothes, and lay on the bed in front of my tutor, completely naked.

As I touched myself, Melvin’s eyes started exploring my body. Poor guy - he probably didn’t even realize he was doing it. I mean, he was clearly a virgin - what did you expect him to do, when presented with a naked, masturbating hottie like myself?

No, his reaction was completely reasonable.

Mine? A little less so.

The more my tutor’s eyes roamed over my body, the more turned on I got. I mean, he was just such a *geek*. Mine was probably the hottest body he’d ever see outside of porn...and there was something so *hot* about that idea.

To him, I was a sexual goddess.

A sex toy.

When I’d started, it had been for Melvin’s benefit, to ensure that he didn’t think I was the kind of person who would break a promise. As he continued to check me out, I found myself getting more and more turned on.

It was like his eyes were leaving a little fire trail - everywhere my tutor looked got warm. When he looked at my tits, I felt like my nipples were alight. When his gaze settled between my legs, I felt like my pussy was on fire.

When he looked into my eyes, I just stared back, fiercely gazing at him while I rubbed my clit.

I could feel my orgasm approaching when the thought struck me: was he hard?

Oh god, he probably was.

I wanted to look between his legs, but I didn’t want to be too obvious. I mean, it was bad enough that he felt like he had to supervise my orgasm - what would he think if I came while staring at his cock?

His cock.

Melvin was probably more than hard. He was probably right on the verge of cumming, just watching his sexy roommate get herself off. He was probably throbbing.

Throbbing.

That was the thought that tipped me over the edge. I began to uncontrollably pant and moan at the thought of Melvin’s huge, throbbing cock. Before I could get too loud, Melvin leapt

forward and covered my mouth with his hand.

“Your Mom and Dad,” he whispered, and I nodded gratefully as I came, my screams muffled by his incredible, talented hands.

I’d been gagged before. It always turned me on.

“Thank you,” I said shakily as my tutor moved his hand away. “That was...”

I trailed off, hyper-aware of the wet spot I was leaving on the bed.

“Any time,” he said. I nodded in response, but he looked me in the eyes and repeated it gently. “Seriously. *Any time.*”

“Yes,” I whispered back.

Yes.

###

I didn’t want Melvin to think that I was, like, getting off just because he was watching me, so I stayed naked. And when he came into the bedroom an hour or two later, I made sure to get off again.

This time, I closed my eyes, and tried to imagine Keenan. My boyfriend has brought me to so many orgasms over the years; it should have been easy to cum while picturing some of our times together.

But just like the other day, I couldn’t get off without thinking about Melvin.

Annoying.

Hot.

Fortunately, I don’t think he suspected anything. I made sure not to, like, scream his name while I came.

When I was done, I opened my eyes to find my tutor standing over me: massage oil in one hand, a towel in the other.

Oh, no.

“It’s massage time!”

“Melvin...”

Both my orgasms had been *powerful*, and my energy reserve was low. Before I could come up with a diplomatic way to refuse the massage, he’d already turned the iPad on. The gentle, relaxing music began to fill the room.

“No...” I moaned, but to no avail. Melvin had already set down a towel for me, and I reluctantly got up and made my way to his bed.

“You’ve never started out a massage naked,” he said lightly. “This’ll save some time.”

Before I could really work out what he meant by that, his hands were on my back.

As always, it felt *amazing*. But like yesterday, as amazing as it was, I still remained tense.

That’s right. Two orgasms and a massage from my tutor, and I was *still* tense.

He was kneeling on top of me on the bed, and every time I felt the rod in his pants, I bit my lip. I was *not* getting turned on by this. Not today.

As he did my neck, his erection practically nestled its way between my ass-cheeks. I ended up biting my lip so hard I drew blood.

“Turn over,” he said. Before I could refuse, his strong hands made me, manipulating my body, treating me like a doll.

Sex doll.

I was coated in sweat from the morning’s escapades. It mixed with the massage oil as he firmly grabbed my breasts, and began kneading the flesh of my huge tits.

I bit my lip, but it wasn’t enough. Soon, I was letting out long, loud moans of pleasure.

Even after cumming twice, my tutor's touch was enough to send me into a sexual stupor.

As he began flicking and pulling on my nipples, Melvin repositioned himself. He was wearing a thin pair of gym shorts, and they did even less to mask his cock than his usual sweatpants.

I couldn't stop staring at it. I watched, transfixed, as the tentpole made by his erection bumped up against my bare pussy, again and again.

"Oh!" I moaned, biting my lip each time our genitals made contact. "Oh, oh, oh, oh!"

It was almost like he was fucking me.

Fuck toy.

Each time he rolled one of my nipples between two fingers, he'd thrust forward.

"Oh!"

It was almost like he was fucking me.

Fuck toy.

I could feel my third orgasm of the morning getting closer and closer as Melvin groped me, pressing his erection up against me. I was right on the edge of cumming...when he stopped.

"No! No!"

"What's this?" he said, a concerned look in his eyes.

"No," I panted. "Please!"

Please!

"Oh, it looks like you bit your pretty lips too hard," he said. "We should do something about them too, don't you think?"

My head was clouded with pleasure. As I tried to make sense of his words, I just nodded.

Kneeling next to my head, he started sliding down his gym shorts. It took a second before I spotted his trimmed pubes, followed by the base of his penis. I expected to see the head pop out any time soon, but his shaft was so long, it took way more time for his shorts to reveal his entire penis.

When the head of his cock finally wriggled out of his shorts, the whole penis - facing downwards until that moment - shot up in the air and stood proud like a flagpole.

Jesus he was huge.

I'd never measured a man's size with my eyes, but that thing must have been around ten inches. For several seconds, I just looked at it in awe.

He took his shorts off and brought his penis over to my lips.

"This is good for lips," he said softly.

What?

That couldn't be right.

No.

No.

No.

My tutor couldn't...he couldn't be expecting me to...

As I opened my mouth to object, he quickly filled the hole with the head of his cock.

What?

I tried to slow the penis entering my mouth by pushing it out with my tongue. Turns out, tongues are not strong enough to withstand an erect cock being rammed into their home. Instead of pushing it out, it gently caressed and lubricated it so it could move around with less friction. It just made it easier for the intruder.

It also made me taste his pre-cum.

My small mouth could barely take more than the head of his giant penis, but he wasn't being forceful in any way, which made me quickly fall into a rhythm. I suddenly realized that I had unwittingly started moving my lips up and down on the intruder.

I was not being forcefully mouthfucked; I was sucking on his cock.

He grabbed my hand and moved it to the base of his shaft. Like the good girl that I am, I automatically started jerking it. It was no longer a forceful entry; I was now an active participant.

Slut.

His words became less coherent and the throbs in my mouth got faster, so I upped the tempo. A few seconds later, my tutor erupted into my mouth without of warning, filling it with his hot semen. It tasted unusually sweet, like he prepared for this with a diet intended to flavor his load. It certainly couldn't be his normal diet of fermented foods and canned fish in oil. It was also a lot - you could tell he hadn't masturbated in a while.

As it kept coming, I had to swallow to make place for more. After a few beautiful throbs, he removed his penis from my mouth. I took a final gulp to down the rest of his cum, then sat back, breathing heavily.

"Oh my god," I muttered, not knowing what to say.

He just smiled back at me and wiped my lips with his fingers, cleaning up the rest of the cum that got outside.

"Feel better?"

I didn't say anything.

"Maybe tomorrow we can find another way to make use of this new massaging rod," he said, giving his dick a waggle.

I didn't say anything.

As the massage continued, it slowly dawned on me: I just gave a blowjob to my tutor. I just swallowed his semen. It would be a part of my body forever. Hours before a date with my *boyfriend*, who I *loved*, I sucked off my *tutor*. I was officially the biggest slut in the world.

Slut.

Ten minutes later, the massage was done. He didn't go near my pussy, which felt more desperate for attention than I could remember. And even though he didn't put his gym shorts back on, he was careful not to let his cock touch me again.

"And remember," he said, getting dressed. God, my tutor's dick was enormous even when half-erect. I hadn't stopped staring at it since he'd cum in my mouth. "If you want to get off, don't mind me."

"Okay," I said softly, knowing that I was *never* going to get off in front of Melvin again.

Fifteen minutes later, he smiled at me as I came around my fingers.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 9:

Whenever my boyfriend and I are alone, the first thing he does is grab me by the hips, pull me closer, and kiss me.

No, more than just kiss me. Keenan basically forces his tongue down my throat, explores my mouth with it, really shows off the fact that he owns me.

I love it.

I couldn't stop thinking about it as I drove to his house. He was going to pull me close, he was going to kiss me.

He was going to taste my mouth.

Would he be able to taste...it?

I'd brushed my teeth more than a dozen times since my massage, but I couldn't stop thinking about it.

He was going to kiss me. He was going to kiss the mouth that had just been...

The lips I was greeting with him had just been wrapped around my tutor's dick.

I wanted to puke.

Seriously, my boyfriend and I were in love. We really were. And I'd never, ever, EVER wanted to cheat on him.

All I'd wanted to do was to help my tutor out with his massage.

And now...

I shuddered at the memory.

We'd gone too far. We'd crossed a line. Melvin had crossed a line - he'd forced his dick into my mouth, made me blow him.

We could never, ever, ever, ever, ever, ever do anything like that again.

Of that, I was sure.

"Hey Keenan," I said, but before I could fend him off, he'd grabbed my hips and pulled me in for a kiss.

I normally liked the rough way that Keenan treated me. Now, all it did was remind me of how my tutor had rolled me over with those strong, skilled hands of his.

Fuck toy.

"Hey babe," he said, kissing me again. "My parents are back in twenty minutes. You think we..."

I'd already cum four times that day, but I needed to feel normal again. After my tutor had...

No.

"Yeah," I said, but I think he could tell my heart wasn't in it.

"You okay?"

"Yeah," I repeated, giving him a watery smile.

My tutor.

No.

"Okay," he said, taking me at my word. Sweet, trusting Keenan. He'd never suspected anything.

My eyes widened. What if Keenan suspected something?

No.

He couldn't.

"It's just...it's that time of the month," I lied smoothly. God. I'd never lied to my boyfriend before, and here I was, twice in one week.

"Oh!" he said, shifting uncomfortably on his feet.

"Of course," I said, in my sultriest tone. "That doesn't mean I can't..."

"*Oh!*" he smiled, as I dropped to my knees in front of him.

I can fit Keenan's entire dick in my mouth, with room to spare.

I'd never thought of that as a bad thing before, but now...

It wasn't more than a few minutes before Keenan unloaded into my throat, grunting as he did. My tutor had taken about twice as...

No.

God, no.

"Thanks, hon," he said, as I swallowed his seed down. My tutor's seed had tasted...*no*. And

there'd been so much more...

No!

I leaned in for a kiss, suddenly in need of affection. Keenan turned his face away in disgust.

"No thanks. Not after...y'know."

"Right," I said. "Of course."

###

I wasn't really feeling up to being around other people, so I left shortly after Keenan's parents came home. Melvin was in our room, reading a magazine.

"Hey," he said, not looking over at me when I peeked around the partition.

"Hey," I replied. I'd sort of been hoping to have some time alone, to process what had happened, but I couldn't exactly kick my tutor out of his own room.

I sat down on my bed, and he cleared his throat before coming around the divider to look at me.

"What?"

"It's cool," he said, glancing at the outfit I'd worn over to Keenan's. "It's just us. You don't need to..."

"Oh."

I quickly stripped off, not really wanting to get into it with my tutor. As I lay down on my bed, he smiled at me.

"Seriously," he said. "It's cool."

Getting off was the *last* thing on my mind, but again...I wasn't really in the mood to get into a debate. A few minutes later, I was climaxing around my hand, avoiding eye-contact with him.

Finally satisfied, my tutor left the room. I lay naked on my bed, and thought.

I'd blown Melvin.

I had.

I'd given my tutor a blowjob.

I'd wrapped my lips around his cock, and jerked him off until he came.

My tutor - nerdy, probably virginal tutor, Melvin - had cum into my mouth, thrusting his huge cock as far down my throat as it would go.

I'd sucked him cock until he came into my mouth.

It was true.

I felt absolutely stunned. Why the hell had I done it?

Why the hell had *he* done it?

Up until now, I knew - I *knew* - that I'd been the one leading our sexual escapades. I was the one who'd leaked on his bed, who'd insisted he finger me, who held his head against my groin until he'd tongued me to orgasm. He hadn't even raised a fuss when he'd caught me masturbating naked on his bed.

Melvin had just been trying to help. That's why he'd been massaging my breasts, my butt. To *help*. That's why he'd assured me it was okay to hang around the bedroom naked, to get off in front of him. For all I knew, that was totally normal in his culture. He'd tried to reassure me when I was embarrassed. He'd been so accommodating for me.

For *me*.

So why the hell had he brought his cock out like that? Why had he tried to tell me it was 'for my lips'?

How was he okay with this?

Maybe his body betrayed him, I tried to tell myself. Like mine. Maybe after seeing me naked, watching me get off so many times...maybe he just lost control.

Try as I might, I just couldn't believe it. Melvin hadn't been out of control.

Melvin had been entirely *in* control, and I didn't like it.

###

The next morning, Melvin woke me up with a smile.

"Hey Alison," he said casually. I blinked twice. As the room came into focus, I realized that familiar music was playing.

The massage music.

The iPad was playing it gently, and Melvin's bed was made.

No.

We couldn't. We *couldn't*. We'd gone too far.

"Melvin," I said weakly.

"Alison," he replied, throwing me that cute grin of his.

"No massage," I said.

My mind was still waking up, but I knew what I wanted. I *knew*.

I wanted everything to go back to normal. I wanted a regular, normal -friendship with Melvin. I wanted a normal relationship with Keenan. I didn't want to feel like a slut. Like my tutor's slut.

Like my tutor's dripping wet cock-slut.

I wanted to undo the last week, to resume the familial TV-watching relationship we'd always had.

I didn't want to know about my tutor's enormous cock. I didn't want to lounge around the bedroom naked, getting off as he watched me.

None of it had happened. That was what I wanted - that none of it had happened, and we could just go back to *normal*.

That was impossible, of course, but that was the dream. And so I was going to do whatever I could to turn that dream into reality.

"No massage," I said again, a note of confidence in my voice.

"Of course," Melvin said.

We sat there in silence for a moment - I was waiting for him to tell me that hey, even if I didn't want a massage today, there was still tomorrow. I wanted him to remind me how important it was for him to practice.

I wanted him to argue with me so that I could tell him to go to hell, that he was never massaging me again - that he was never *touching* me again.

But...he didn't.

He just sat there and smiled at me, with that cute grin of his.

Eventually, I couldn't help myself. I broke the silence, repeating myself for a third time:

"No massage."

"That's fine," he said softly. "No massage."

For a moment, self-doubt flooded my brain. Had I totally misjudged my tutor? Maybe my first instincts had been right - maybe it was my own perverse sexual desires that were responsible for...whatever it was that had been happening between us.

He'd just been giving me massages. I was the one who'd cum at his hands, who'd stripped off and masturbated in front of him. I was the one who'd pushed his head between my legs and demanded he eat me out. I had led things, every step of the way.

And then Melvin said something that confirmed, completely and utterly, that I was wrong. That he was just as perverted as I was.

“No massage,” he said again. “But do you wanna give me some head?”

I swear, my face must have gone completely white. It took me a second to even process that he’d said it - my nerdy tutor, who could barely order from a hot waitress without stammering.

Had he just asked me to...

No.

He couldn’t have.

And yet, he had.

Like I said, it took me a little while to comprehend the words he was saying. And he must have taken that pause as an indication I was thinking about it, as tacit approval.

Because while I was trying to work out the best response combining “No,” “Fuck off,” and “Fuck you”, he pulled down his slacks and brought his enormous cock into view.

God.

I mentioned before, I’ve always thought big cocks were hot. I honestly couldn’t tell you why - maybe it’s a primal thing. Like how female birds go for the males who can sing the best, or have the best plumage - I see a huge cock, and something inside me melts.

A month ago, I would have told you that the dick being attached to my *nerdy tutor* would have been a deal-breaker. But as Melvin revealed his throbbing erection, I swear my mouth started watering.

I wanted to tell him to go to hell, that I was his roommate*, and that what he was doing was totally, totally inappropriate.

Instead, I whimpered.

It looked like it was rock hard. I could see a drop of pre-cum forming at the head. His pubic hair was bushy - he had more of it than Keenan did.

He had more of everything than Keenan did.

That fucking grin of his never leaving his mouth, he grabbed my hand and guided it to his erection. I felt like I was watching a movie - instead of slapping it out of my hand, my fingers curled around his shaft and started slowly stroking up and down.

After getting off in front of Melvin the previous night, I’d put on pajamas. Just to prove to myself that I *could*, y’know? It was just a pair of shorts and a thin cotton shirt, but I’d donned them like a suit of armor. It was my body - I got to choose when my tutor saw it. I didn’t have to get off in front of him if I didn’t want to.

But as I lay in bed, jerking off my tutor, I found myself wishing that I was naked. I’d gone from asleep to dripping wet so quickly - holding that monster dick, feeling it twitch as my small hand ran up and down his shaft - my mind felt like it was running in overdrive.

A part of me wanted to be naked for him. For his cock. I wanted to show off my body for his feasting eyes, to jerk him off while nude, just to show him how much power he had over me.

I fucking wish he didn’t have this power over me, but as I moved my mouth to the head of his penis, it was undeniable. I hadn’t even been naked - I hadn’t even been turned on!

But as soon as Melvin whipped out that huge dick of his, there was nothing I could do.

I was going to blow him. Of course I was going to blow him. I *needed* to blow him, for reasons I couldn’t even explain to myself.

My mouth should have belonged solely to Keenan, but as soon as I’d first given head to my tutor, I guess I’d known it was going to happen again. His cock deserved it. His cock deserved me.

His cock owned me.

I slipped out from under the covers, and knelt in front of him. Looking up at him, I guided his cock in between my lips. My mouth covered the head of his dick, and started bobbing up and down.

Melvin's hands were by his side. I don't know if it was deliberate, but the message seemed clear. Unlike yesterday, he wasn't *making* me do anything. This was all me. All he'd done was ask, all he'd done was pull out his dick and present it to me.

I'd done the rest.

I gagged slightly as my tutor's dick hit the back of my throat. It already felt like he was several inches past where Keenan's cock ended, but my entire hand was still wrapped around his base.

His cock was just so damn *big*.

Melvin moaned as I reached down and began playing with his balls. A flush passed over my entire body, knowing that I was making him moan. Knowing that I was probably the first woman to ever do this for him.

How many times had he played with this enormous cock, imagining a girl on her knees in front of him?

How many times had he played with himself imagining *me* on my knees in front of him?

My eyes rolled back in my head with pleasure at the thought, and I forced myself to overcome my gag reflex. My tongue was swirling around his shaft - all I wanted to do was pleasure him.

Every inch of me was tingling.

Yesterday, my tutor had fucked my face. Today, I did the work for him - after taking as much of his cock into my mouth as I could, I repeatedly slammed my head back and forth, fucking my mouth against his erection. He moaned again as I jacked off the length of his shaft that wouldn't fit down my throat.

The hand playing with his balls moved between my legs. Even through the pajama shorts, even through the panties I'd put on, I could feel my own heat. I rubbed myself through the two layers of fabric - the sensation was rough, clumsy...but it was all that I needed.

As Melvin reached down and grabbed my hair with both hands - those magical hands of his! - I felt my orgasm approaching.

"Cum on me," I moaned, pulling my head back and ripping off my shirt. Buttons flew everywhere as my huge tits were exposed to Melvin's hungry gaze. "Cum on me..."

I watched, transfixed, as Melvin's cock pulsed in my hand. I aimed it at my chest as he spurted his glorious seed - one, two, three shots of semen were fired, landing on my exposed boobs.

As soon as I felt his warm semen hit my chest, I came. I moaned - louder than I probably should have - and fell against my bed as my pelvis thrust uncontrollably against my own hand.

There was a long silence as I sat there, panting, Melvin looking down at me.

"Thanks," he finally said, pulling up his slacks.

"No worries," I murmured in response.

As Melvin casually strolled out of the room, I could feel his semen slowly sliding down my chest.

What the hell had I become?

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 10:

I avoided Melvin for the rest of the day, crawling into bed after I could hear his snoring from the hallway.

He wasn't home when I woke up the next morning. I lay around in bed for a while, wondering if he was home, before eventually getting off and getting up.

I was nervous. I was nervous that the next time we hung out, he was going to try to get me to blow him again.

No, more than that. I was worried that the next time we were together, I was *going* to blow him again.

Or more.

What had he said the other day? "Another way to use this massaging rod."

Maybe he didn't want to stop at blowjobs. Maybe...

Maybe my tutor wanted to fuck me.

The moan that escaped my lips at the thought took me by surprise.

I didn't *want* to be fucked by my tutor, did I?

I had to admit - the thought was perversely hot. His cock was so *big*, so *beautiful*...

But...I had a boyfriend. I loved Keenan so why was I fantasizing about fucking Melvin?

I shivered at the thought. Why was I so wet?

That night, I stayed in the living-room - safe territory - until my parents got home.

After all, Melvin couldn't do anything while my parents were home. If they walked in on us while I was naked, or his cock was down my throat (or...elsewhere. *God.*), not even Melvin could talk himself out of that one.

It was the perfect plan.

"Ready for our massage?" Melvin said, as soon as I came into the bedroom. He was wearing jeans and a shirt, just like me.

I wanted to say no. I wanted to say that we couldn't, that what we were doing was wrong.

But the last time I'd refused a massage, I'd blown him until he came onto my chest instead.

I couldn't believe I'd done that. I'd crossed a line that I'd never thought I'd cross. That I'd never *wanted* to cross.

I knew that we couldn't do it again, and we could never go any further.

My tutor couldn't fuck me. He *couldn't*.

"Of course," I replied. "Hang on, let me just order a pizza."

"You hungry?"

"No," I wanted to say. "But when the pizza guy comes, my Mom will have to come up to let us know about it."

"Yeah," I lied, instead. "Ravenous."

"Sure thing," he said, and began setting up.

By the time I'd submitted the order, the iPad was filling the room with its familiar melody, and the puddle-towel was on the bed.

"You're still dressed," he said, as though the idea was weird. As though his roommate being naked in front of him was normal.

I guess it had been, lately.

"Yeah," I said. "For when the pizza guy gets here."

"I'm sure your Mom can get it."

"Sure," I said. "But...I mean...I don't..."

"It's fine," he interrupted, a relaxed smile on his face. He wasn't even touching me, but I

could already feel the tension leaving my body.

I was starting to wonder if I'd somehow misread the entire situation. Melvin didn't want to fuck me - he was my roommate, I was part of his exchange family! What kind of pervert wants to fuck their unofficial family?

Me.

But there was no other explanation for what had happened yesterday. Melvin had asked me for a blowjob, like it was no big deal.

And worse...I'd obliged.

Fuck toy.

"I might sit on the chair this time," I said. It felt safer, somehow. Like, you can't fuck someone on a chair.

My mind immediately filled with ways that Melvin could fuck me on the chair.

It was safer. It was better than sprawling out over his bed. It was harder to remove clothes while sitting on a chair.

I tried not to think about the fact that it put my head on the same level as his penis.

"Of course," he said. Again, he didn't even question it, not for a moment. "That's fine - it'll let me practice some different kinds of massages."

I'd been so nervous, I'd even forgotten why we were doing this. So that my tutor could practice his skills.

That was all it was, I tried to tell myself. Totally innocent.

I just wanted to help him.

I just wanted to help him without letting him fuck me.

I wanted to help my Melvin without fucking him.

He pulled up a chair beside me and began massaging my back, starting with my shoulders.

Everything was fine. I had my clothes on and I was sitting on a chair. No way my pussy was going to get involved.

Or his cock.

I decided I was just going to enjoy this back massage. I felt like I'd earned it.

Melvin was hitting all the right spots. I let out some soft moans, making sure my voice didn't venture outside the room. My Mom and Dad were downstairs, but still. I didn't want them wondering what we were doing.

Why I was groaning with pleasure.

"We should turn the chair around so the backrest isn't in the way," Melvin said. I obeyed, and sat on the chair the other way around, hugging the backrest.

He pulled his chair closer, and began massaging my lower back. As his hands wandered lower and lower, he soon reached my waistline, and with that the bottom of my t-shirt.

His hands traveled under my shirt, making contact with my bare skin. I wasn't worried. Any second now, our mother's footsteps on the stairway were going to break up this massage before it went too far.

But my Mom didn't come, and Melvin, reaching under my shirt, now had his hands on my hips. Soon, he was touching my belly. I let go of the backrest, and began resting against his underdeveloped chest as he massaged my tummy with his hands wrapped around me.

I'd definitely ordered a pizza, right?

Melvin's hands were everything I remembered them being. The exact right combination of firm, soft, fast, slow...it was difficult to mentally associate them with my nerdy tutor. He'd always been so clumsy, so timid.

These hands felt like they belonged to someone else entirely. As did his cock.

I tried not to think about his cock.

Melvin's mouth was right at my ear as the massage continued. I was too embarrassed to ask what he was saying. Yes, I was safely on a chair, but...things always happened so fast with Melvin. Who knew where this massage would lead?

As if reading my mind, my tutor suddenly moved his left hand, unhooked my bra, and slid both of his hands under the now-loose lingerie, grabbing my tits gently but forcibly. It was all so quick; I didn't even have time to protest. Instead, I bit down on my bottom lip, trying to conceal my moans.

"You shouldn't wear a bra," he said while massaging my breasts. "It relieves your muscles so they don't stay fit, and they won't be able to hold up these beautiful tits."

I flushed. Had he just called my tits beautiful?

His massage was magical. I could feel myself getting slowly turned on as he pinched my nipples, just hard enough to excite me, not hard enough to hurt. My tits have always been sensitive, and Melvin seemed to know how to play that sensitivity like a pro.

"Have to wear a bra," I said, groggily. I felt dazed. Hazy.

"Not while you're around me, you don't. Not while you're safe at home."

I nodded as I bit down on my lips even harder, desperately trying to keep my moans from becoming too loud. I was growing increasingly wet as he played with my boobs.

He finally released them and stood up.

"Oil time," he said, picking up the bottle. "You'll have to take off your shirt."

"Can't," I panted. "My Mom could come in at any second."

"It's okay," he said calmly. "We're masseur and client, remember? There's nothing weird going on."

He was right. Right? I mentioned Melvin wanting to learn massage at dinner, I think? We were just roommate practicing massage.

Of course, I didn't know any other friendly roommates who got each other off. Who casually asked for a blowjob.

Who performed one when asked.

We'd crossed the tutor and roommate line long ago...but he seemed so confident, I reluctantly held up my arms to help him lift off my shirt along with my bra.

I was sitting in the bedroom, topless, my tutor rubbing oil on my bare breasts.

Just a few seconds ago, I wanted my Mom to come in and save me. Now I was wishing she wouldn't. Not because I didn't want this to stop, but if my Mom saw my breasts being fondled by Melvin...god, I didn't even know what she'd think.

What *could* she think? There was no explanation that she'd accept.

There was no explanation that made sense.

But for some reason, I couldn't resist. I just sat there, moaning, as Melvin's hands continued to expertly titillate my tits. As he groped and tugged and pinched and fondled.

As I grew wetter and wetter and wetter.

After several minutes of massage - and still no pizza - Melvin stood up. His hands still on my boobs, he positioned his crotch right behind my head.

"Here," he said, tilting my head back so it rested against his jeans at the crotch area. "Use me as a headrest, so your neck doesn't start to hurt."

I could feel his thick cock through the denim. He was already rock hard. This was getting out of control.

While one of his hands was playing with my nipple, I suddenly heard a zip and the sound of his jeans hitting the ground. My head was now pressed against a much smoother surface. Cotton. My tutor was down to his boxers.

He tilted my head sideways, so my right cheek was resting against his penis. With his right hand still occupied with my boobs, he started stroking the back of my head with the left.

“Are you enjoying the massage?” he asked, so casually that I didn’t even see where he was going with it.

I nodded.

“A blowjob would be a nice way of saying thanks, wouldn’t it?”

He said it in such a matter-of-fact tone, I didn’t even think to object.

The first few hits are free.

I nodded, like a good girl. He didn’t waste a second.

Even after the events of the last few days, I still couldn’t believe how huge his dick was. He pressed his bare cock against my head, and I caught myself rubbing my cheeks on it, like a cat rubbing her head against her owner’s legs. He then put it in front of my mouth, sideways, and gently pushed my head towards it.

To my surprise, I started kissing his shaft from its base to its head. I couldn’t believe what I was doing. I was cock drunk. It had felt so good, pleasuring it the day before. I’d ruined my favorite set of pajamas just to let him cum on my chest.

I hadn’t washed his seed off for several hours, enjoying the perverse feeling of my tutor’s spunk drying on my skin.

As the massage continued, I stuck my tongue out and started licking his cock all over. I completely forgot about my surroundings, the fact that my Mom was going to come in at any moment, that it was Melvin’s dick. I just wanted to please it. I just wanted to be a good girl.

My tutor’s good girl.

My tutor’s good little fuck toy.

No. I couldn’t cheat on Keenan. *I couldn’t.*

But a blowjob...

Look, there’s something super hot about blowing someone. But it’s not *sex*, right? It’s not like I was fucking him.

I could never fuck him.

But blowing him? We’d already done it. Twice. And while obviously I’d never intended to blow my tutor, it had already happened. It wasn’t sex, and we’d already done it.

Twice.

I had to stop fighting myself, I had to make a decision. And so, in that moment, I decided I was okay with it. As long as it never went any further, I was okay with giving my tutor some occasional head.

Look, it wasn’t ideal. It wasn’t something that I *wanted* to do...well, okay, it was something that I really wanted to do.

But it wasn’t like I was fucking him. What’s a little head between friends?

Melvin suddenly stepped in front of me, his penis pointing at me like a large sword. The signal was clear. I took his penis inside my mouth and started sucking on it. It didn’t take long before my right hand found its way to his shaft, and I again began jerking him off as my lips moved up and down his cock’s head.

My Mom was going to come up at any moment. I knew I’d be able to hear her on the stairs, so I still had time.

I still had time...

I doubled my efforts, blowing my tutor with everything I had. He gave me such pleasure with his hands - this felt like an appropriate way to repay him.

Besides...once he came, he'd be soft, so there was no way he'd be able to fuck me.

Fuck me.

"Shhhh," he said, in response to my sudden moan.

If he was soft, we wouldn't be able to go any further. I'd be safe.

So I relentlessly moved my lips up and down his cock, licking it with my tongue as I did.

All I wanted to do was to get him off. All I wanted to do was to get my tutor off.

As quickly as possible.

I pulled back, looking up at him, smiling at my nerdy tutor.

"I'll do this any time you want," I said, looking up at him wantonly. "Any time you want, Melvin."

He groaned at my words, and I continued to run my hand up and down his cock.

"I'll suck your cock for you," I whispered. "I'll suck your huge cock, any time, anywhere."

I meant it, too. Melvin's cock...god, it just *did* something to me.

He was turning red, and I knew my words were working.

"I'll be your little slut," I hissed. "I'll be your little fellatio princess. My mouth is yours, Melvin. Any time you want to fuck it, my mouth belongs to you."

With a triumphant smile, I moved my mouth back over his erection. He was close, I could tell.

Closer, I hoped, than the pizza I'd ordered.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 11:

"Anytime," Melvin muttered. "Anytime, anywhere."

I nodded, and continued vigorously blowing him.

I'd never had anyone's dick so deep down my throat before. It was starting to get uncomfortable, but I wanted to please him so bad. I wanted to get him off before my Mom came upstairs.

I wanted to swallow my tutor's cum again.

"Easy there," Melvin said, noticing my distress. He removed his cock from my mouth.

"Easy, Alison. You'll choke."

A tear rolled down my cheek as a result of my painful efforts. I shook my head, wanting a second shot at trying to deep throat his cock, but he wasn't going to give it to me.

"Go to the bed," he said in a kind voice.

"No," I wanted to say. The words didn't make their way out of my mouth, but I held my ground. I stayed glued to the chair.

I wasn't going to fuck him. I wasn't going to fuck my tutor.

"Go to the bed," he repeated. "Be a good girl."

Shit.

I don't know why, but 'good girl' did something to me. I found myself getting up, making my way to the bed. I wanted to be a good girl for my tutor. I wanted to do as he said. I was his obedient little kitten.

As I stood up, I spotted the puddle I'd somehow managed to make on the chair, even through my jeans.

“You should take those dirty clothes off,” he said.

Dirty.

I nodded. He was right. Clothes were dirty. Should take them off.

I felt like I was high. My mouth was throbbing. I could still feel the bruises from forcing his cock so deep into my throat.

Throbbing.

“Good girl,” Melvin muttered, and I melted.

My tutor unbuttoned my jeans and slid them down, along with my panties. I stepped out of them once they were on the ground. I was now completely naked. Melvin only had a shirt on, which he quickly removed.

His chest was anything but hot. It was completely flat, with his ribs sticking out. I’d seen it before, but I’d never...I dunno, *looked* at it. Before, he was my tutor.

Now, he was...

I shuddered with arousal. I didn’t want to think about what he was.

If I’d noticed his body, or thought about it in a sexual light, it would have grossed me out. Somehow, in this situation, it had a reverse effect on me. It felt so *dirty* to be with someone who I wasn’t attracted to.

It felt so *dirty* to be with Melvin.

“Shhh,” he said again. Another long, loud moan had escaped my mouth.

“Sorry,” I whimpered.

Melvin pointed at his bed, silently ordering me to lie down.

I obeyed.

He quickly climbed on top of me and began kissing my body. I could feel his acne against my skin as he kissed my boobs, my thighs. He left my pussy untouched.

I was no longer able to hold in the sounds of my pleasure, so he reached up with one hand and covered my mouth again.

I almost came on the spot.

My hands were clenching the sheets as I writhed with pleasure. I wanted him.

I wanted my tutor.

My brain was no longer in control - my pussy had the wheel. I needed his cock. I needed it inside me. Now.

I wanted my tutor. I wanted Melvin. I wanted his acne-covered face, his weird sticky-out ribs. I wanted his enormous cock.

I didn’t even care if my Mom caught us. I *wanted* my Mom to catch us. I wanted her to know what a slut her daughter was. I wanted the world to know.

I wanted to be *fucked*.

Melvin’s lips continued to travel up and down my body, inching closer to my pussy each time. As he did, I felt his rock-hard dick brushing up against my body in different spots. It was all I could do to stop myself from grabbing it, from forcing it back down my throat, from forcing it into my pussy.

No.

Yes.

I couldn’t.

I could.

I didn’t want to.

I’d never wanted anything more.

I was a good girl.

I was my tutor's good girl.

Instead of finally finding my pussy, Melvin's mouth made its way up my body. For the first time, I felt my tutor's mouth on my neck, while his cock brushed up against my labia.

I was losing it.

Every inch of my skin was an erogenous zone. As I writhed and flailed on the bed, my tongue was trying to escape my mouth. Melvin's hand was still pressed up against my lips. I could taste it. I could taste my tutor's hand, his wonderful, magical hand.

I wanted it in ways that didn't even make sense.

Without warning, Melvin bit down on my neck.

"Ahhh!" I screamed, the sound muffled by his hand. I was so aroused at that point, I'd forgotten about my parents, about the pizza. I couldn't have told you which city we were in.

All I wanted to do was cum.

Melvin got up and knelt between my legs. As his hand left my mouth, he knocked over his iPad, stopping the music. For a moment, I felt my sanity coming back.

What was I *doing*?

My tutor grabbed his enormous rod and started rubbing my clit with the head of his cock. My body was shaking with arousal, threatening to be overwhelmed by the bursts of pleasure coming from my pussy.

I openly moaned as I writhed beneath his touch. If my Mom was coming up the stairs, I wouldn't have been able to hear her...but she would have heard me.

This is so *wrong*.

"I'm gonna put it inside now," he whispered.

No.

"Don't," I moaned weakly. "Please..."

Please!

No!

Yes.

No!

Please, yes!

Fully lubricated by my juices, he started moving his cock up and down my pussy, rubbing it over the opening of my vagina without pushing it in.

"Don't worry," he whispered. "I'll be gentle."

I shook my head while moaning with desire. My mind was saying no, reminding me that I didn't even like Melvin that way, while my body was saying yes.

Each time he moved the head of his penis up and down along my vulva, he inserted a tiny bit more of the tip into my opening. I felt his thick cock stretch the entrance more with every brush.

"Just the tip," he whispered, a grin on his face. We'd watched through *Archer* together. If I hadn't been so turned on, so out of control, I might have laughed. "Relax..."

I shook my head while thrusting my pussy in his direction.

"Come on," he said softly. "Who's my good girl?"

The way he said it, I was suddenly overtaken by an unexplainable calmness and I nodded. Receiving the green light, he pushed the entire head in.

"Ahhhh-" I moaned loudly. "Oh, *god*."

His hand reached out and covered my mouth.

“Good girl,” he said gently. “Good girl...”

He started moving the head in and out, and I felt like I could get off with just those few inches. But with each thrust, he went deeper.

“Tell me if it hurts,” he whispered.

I could feel his thick cock stretching my tight vagina. I was so wet, it was gliding in and out effortlessly, without causing any pain. He was so thick, so hard. He kept fucking me with more and more of his cock - soon, I was taking in half his length. Keenan was about seven inches, so I knew I could take at least that, but Melvin was bigger. He soon had most of his cock buried inside me, when I eventually bit his hand in pain and he stopped going deeper.

Now that he knew my limit, he started increasing his tempo.

As I'm sure my tutor had worked out, I could cum very easily when my clit was being pleasured, but I'd never had a vaginal orgasm before. When Keenan and I had sex, I'd finger myself while he fucked me, or we'd choose a position where I could grind my clit on his body.

This time, as I was being fucked by Melvin deeper than ever, I felt something new, something I'd never experienced. Even though neither of us had gone near my clit, I felt an orgasm building up.

I couldn't stop staring at him. His face, covered in acne. His eyes, staring into mine. His underdeveloped chest, his pale skin.

My nerdy tutor.

I was his fucktoy.

I came harder than I'd ever cum before. As my vagina tightened around my tutor's cock, I could feel his penis twitching as he came inside me.

And that's when I heard it.

“Alison? Pizza's here!”

I tried to reply, but Melvin's hand was still on my mouth. He was staring at me, awed, as though looking at me for the first time.

He'd just lost his virginity.

I'd just taken my tutor's virginity.

My tutor's first time was with the sexiest woman he knew: me. His roommate.

I tried to glare him out of his trance - when that didn't work, I bit him. Hard.

“Ow!”

I could hear my Mom's footsteps on the staircase.

“Just a minute!” I cried out.

“It's okay,” she replied. “I'm bringing it up!”

I wanted to tell her that she couldn't, but my mind was still foggy from the best fuck I'd ever had.

“Wait!” I said.

“What is it?”

As I went to stand up, I got tangled in my tutor's stupid lanky legs, and both of us feel crashing to the ground.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes!” I cried, grabbing a shirt and throwing it on as quickly as I could. I didn't have a bra on, but that was okay. I was around family.

I barely made it to the door as it was opening, and managed to stop it with my foot. Peering around the door, I smiled at my Mom, hoping that my sex hair wasn't too obvious.

Hoping that it wasn't obvious that I'd just fucked my tutor.

“What’s wrong?” she said, a puzzled look on her face. My face must have been red. Flushed. I wouldn’t have been surprised if little hearts had been floating out of my eyes, popping above my head.

I’d never cum so hard in my life.

“I just knocked over Melvin’s lego collection,” I panted. “It’s a disaster in here. Don’t come in.”

Mom smiled, and rolled her eyes.

“Don’t get pizza on it,” she said, handing me the box. I opened the door, praying that she couldn’t see my bare legs, or - worse - my naked tutor.

She didn’t seem to notice anything. The smell of sex.

That my tutor had just cum inside me.

As I heard my Mom going downstairs, I collapsed in the doorway, next to the puddle. This time, it wasn’t just my puddle - it was my juice, combined with Melvin’s seed.

“Mind if I have some pizza?” Melvin said with a grin, and I nodded.

###

We didn’t finish the massage. Truth be told, I was starting to wonder if the massages were just an excuse. A way of getting me naked. Horny.

Pliable.

Instead, we watched TV and ate pizza. Melvin didn’t even bother putting clothes back on - he just lay back, occasionally dripping pizza sauce onto his pigeon-chest.

My attention was pretty evenly split between the show and my tutor’s cock.

I’d never seen it flaccid before. . Not that there was a whole lot of difference...I guess my tutor was a ‘grower’; when he wasn’t erect, Melvin’s dick was exactly what you’d expect. It looked like it was the size of his thumb, and that was being generous.

But I knew what that little penis grew into. I knew what it became, given the right... stimulus.

And when he noticed that I was staring at his cock, it began to plump up.

Before long, his tiny prick had grown into the enormous erection I knew it as.

“You wanna?” he asked, giving it a waggle.

I rolled my eyes and shook my head.

A few minutes later, he was cumming down my throat as I desperately rubbed my clit.

That night, I lay in bed, thinking.

How did it come to this?

I was thinking about Melvin’s cum, still slowly dripping out of my pussy. I was thinking about being able to taste my own juices on his thick cock.

But mostly, I was thinking about Keenan.

What did he do to deserve this? He was never rude to me. He never cheated on me, even though I knew he had *plenty* of opportunity. He had the looks, he was dynamite in bed...even his future looked great. He’d likely turn into a star athlete and earn millions.

And he was smart, too. He’d probably make a decent living even after he retired from sports.

He was the best boyfriend one could possibly wish for.

But still I cheated on him. With my tutor; an ugly nerd with a face full of pimples, and a skinny body that just screamed weakness. Keenan could kill him with just one punch.

Literally.

Melvin was the last person in the world I should ever, ever want to sleep with. Cheating

aside, he was so far from my type, it was ridiculous.

Well, except for between the legs, I guess.

Still. If you'd told me at the start of all this I'd let my tutor fuck me, then lick his cock clean and let him cum down my throat straight after...it's not just that I wouldn't have believed you. I would have bet everything in the world that you were wrong.

But here I was. I would have never imagined that my tutor would even have the guts to grope me, to run his hands all over my body, take advantage of my horniness, and fuck me in his bed.

Maybe that was why I kept letting it happen - because it was just so unbelievable. You can't stop what you don't believe is happening, y'know?

I didn't want to believe that it had happened. It *should* have been impossible.

But...it had. It had happened, and I was responsible.

I had to come to terms with it - I'd slept with him. I'd slept with my tutor, and sucked his cock. Not once, not twice, but *three times*. I wished that it wasn't real, but it had happened.

As I lay there, my tutor's snoring filling the room, I started making up theories, trying to justify it. I argued to myself that it was a one-time slip-up. I could still save my relationship with Keenan. I made a mistake, but as long as it remained an isolated incident, it could be forgiven.

Especially if Keenan didn't learn about it.

A couple of massages had gone too far, I'd seen my tutor's huge dick, and I had to know what it felt like to have it inside of me. That was it. An experiment. Nothing more, right?

Now that I knew what it felt like, I could go back to my boyfriend and enjoy his (smaller, but still great) penis.

Yeah. Yeah, that sounded right.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 12:

I didn't fuck my tutor again for the rest of the week. I didn't let him massage me, I didn't let things get out of control.

It was one of the hardest things I'd ever done, but I knew that I couldn't be trusted. That *he* couldn't be trusted. I knew that if I let his hands start roaming all over my body, it wouldn't be long until I was on my back, begging him to fuck me.

Letting him fuck me had been a one-time thing. An experiment. It couldn't be repeated.

It could never be repeated.

I tried desperately not to think about it. But every time Keenan came inside me, I mentally compared him to Melvin. I didn't want to, but I couldn't help it.

I couldn't help it.

Maybe that was the moment I should have realized there was no going back. I couldn't even fuck my boyfriend without thinking of my tutor.

Each and every time.

That whole week, I was so proud of myself; I didn't fuck my tutor once.

But I *did* spend a lot of the week sucking his dick.

"Anytime, anywhere," I'd said, and...well, I stayed true to my word.

Our bedroom had become a bit of a nude zone. As soon as I got home, I'd strip off, get off in front of my tutor, and then spend the rest of the night naked. I could always hear when my parents were coming up the stairs, and had a housecoat ready.

And after our last massage, Melvin stopped wearing clothes around the room as well.

At first I found it a little weird, but it wasn't long before...well, I started enjoying the view. Look, Melvin isn't my type. Even if he wasn't my tutor, there was nothing about his body that I found appealing. He had these weird knobby knees, basically zero muscle definition. His ass was so small it was practically concave, and his acne was *not* limited to his face.

Defying biology and gravity both, however, his cock was almost always hard, pointed straight at my face.

I like to think I had something to do with. How often I'd play with myself while watching it, or maybe just the sight of my tits and bare pussy, always accessible to my tutor's gaze.

But maybe it was just life as a teenager. I hear a breeze is enough to turn most guys of his age on; clearly, my tutor was no exception to the rule.

Whatever the reason, it was a helluva watch.

His cock really was a thing of beauty. Ten rock-hard inches, standing proudly the majority of the time. His head was this angry reddish purple color, and if I stared at it for long enough, it'd pulse, emitting a little bit of pre-cum.

My hands always itched at the sight of that glassy liquid. I wanted to dip my fingertips in it, spread it around his entire cock. I was overcome with this urge to taste it...

And if I asked, Melvin would almost always let me.

Like I said - a *lot* of that week was spent kneeling in front of Melvin, one hand between my legs, my mouth wrapped around his cock. I honestly lost count of how many times I swallowed his seed down. Anytime he'd let me, anytime he asked, I wouldn't hesitate.

It was better than letting him fuck me, right?

We've always been able to communicate without many words, which helped with the initial language barrier, and our connection quickly transferred to our new way of spending time together. Melvin wouldn't even have to vocalize the thought - he'd just shoot me a glance, and my mouth would start to water. On the rare occasion I was wearing clothing, I'd quickly strip it off, make my way across the room, and fall to my knees in front of him.

God it was hot.

That's a little off, right? It shouldn't have been hot, I know. I was just...I dunno, paying him back. His massages were so incredible, it was the least I could do. That, and his cock being in my mouth meant that my pussy was safe.

But the more I blew him, the better we got at it, the more I found the whole situation a weird turn-on.

Not just worshiping his giant cock with my mouth - that part had *always* been a turn-on. I like giving head, I like giant cocks.

No, I mean...the situation itself. Sharing a room, naked, with my tutor. My mouth, constantly being available to him. Swallowing down load after load of his strangely-sweet cum.

Before long, I felt like I was just constantly aroused. Constantly throbbing.

My new role in life was to service my tutor with my mouth. It was so *wrong*.

I loved it.

Truthfully, I feel like I could have lived happily like this for the rest of my life. God, that's so sick, isn't it? But, like...who was I hurting? I was no longer cheating on Keenan (I was turned on so much of the time, it had impossibly *increased* the amount of time we spent fucking), I was no longer feeling perpetually guilty, and obviously I knew that Melvin was enjoying himself.

And then, of course, my tutor had to go and ruin it.

###

"Hey," Melvin said.

My immediate instinct, of course, was to strip off my outfit and drop to my knees in front of him...but something about his demeanor made me hold back.

“Hey,” I said in response.

“We need to talk.”

I realized that one of my hands was between my legs, my fingers unconsciously playing with the folds of my labia. I moved my hands behind me.

“What’s up?”

“Last time I gave you a massage...”

My face suddenly burned red, and I turned away.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“C’mon, Ally. We should talk about it.”

“No,” I muttered.

God. Things were going so well. Why did he have to dwell on the past?

“I know you had a good time.”

“I did.” I hated that he made me admit it. “But it was wrong. You know it was wrong.”

“So what? I’m just never allowed to...massage you again?”

This was it. This was the moment of truth.

“No,” I said, steeling my courage and staring my tutor in his pimple-covered face. “No, you’re never allowed to ‘massage’ me again.”

There was a long pause, as he matched my gaze.

To my surprise, he nodded.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Yeah,” he said. “It makes sense. You weren’t comfortable with what you did...”

“What *we* did,” I hissed.

“You weren’t comfortable with it,” he repeated, “and so you don’t want to do it again. Is that right?”

“Yeah,” I replied, after thinking about it. I felt like he was...I dunno, trying to trick me?
“Yeah. Is that okay?”

Why was I asking him for permission? It wasn’t up to him. My body, my choice. Right?

“It’s fine,” he said. “Makes total sense.”

There was a long pause, but I broke it with a smile.

“Thanks,” I said, and he gestured to his bed.

Oh, god.

How had I not noticed that it was made? The...puddle-towel was even down.

My heart sank.

“Sit down,” he said. “I just want to show you something.”

“No,” my mind was telling me. “No no no no no...”

But I bit my lip, and sat down. My tutor had said it was fine. And I trusted him, didn’t I?

Why did I trust him?

I sat on his bed, beside the towel. The puddle-towel. Just seeing it brought back so many memories. Those first few massages, my tutor’s touch making me...leak.

A shudder passed through my body. I was suddenly filled with adrenaline, but I didn’t know why.

“Check it out,” Melvin said. Like me, he was still dressed - he was wearing a short-sleeved button-up shirt, and a pair of black pants. Unusually formal for my tutor.

What was he up to?

“What?”

I followed Melvin’s pointing finger; he’d set up a camcorder. It was sitting on a tripod, angled downwards, pointing at the bed. The red glowing light told me that it was recording.

It was the sketchiest thing I’d ever seen.

I began to stand up, but Melvin moved his hand onto my shoulder, and my shock faded. He hadn’t massaged me in six days, and...god. Just the feeling of his hand on my shoulder reminded me of how fucking magical he was at it.

“Your body is still developing,” he said, looking down at me. My head was right next to his cock.

I wanted to taste it.

Focus, Alison.

“You’re putting way too much stress on it; you really should continue the massage therapy.”

“No,” I said softly, blinking back tears. He was just trying to trick me. My tutor just wanted to fuck me again - he wanted to slide his huge cock inside me, thrust until we were both screaming with orgasm.

Why wouldn’t he just let me suck his cock?

“Just listen to me,” he continued. “It’s okay. I get it. You don’t want more massages from me. That’s why I thought we should make a tape, so you could show your boyfriend how to massage you properly.”

I cringed at the memory of Keenan’s hands, clumsily traveling across my back.

The camera’s red light was still pointing at me. If it hadn’t been recording, I would have undone my tutor’s belt, lowered his pants. Distracted him with some head.

I wanted to blow him again so badly. He hadn’t gotten off in my mouth since that morning.
Hours ago.

“I know what you’re thinking,” he said gently. “But there will be none of that stuff. Just a normal massage. With clothes on and everything. I brought a nice camcorder, and set it up so I could show him everything.”

Show him everything.

“No way,” I objected quietly.

He sat down on the bed beside me and put a hand on my back.

“Alison, I just want what’s best for you. Would you love it if Keenan could do what I can do for you?”

Keenan can never do what you do for me, a treacherous thought reminded me.

Shut up, brain.

“I don’t...”

Melvin started moving his hand up and down, gently stroking my back. I closed my eyes and shuddered with pleasure. It took me a few moments to collect myself.

“...I don’t feel comfortable with this,” I said, gesturing towards the camcorder.

“I’ll tell you what,” my tutor said with a gentle smile, “we’ll make the tape. You can look at it. And if you don’t like it, you can just delete it.”

I was very uncomfortable about the situation, but Melvin was so convincing. And the way he was stroking my back...god. I’d been so distracted, getting him off with my mouth...I’d forgotten how much I missed his magic touch.

If I could teach Keenan to massage me like my tutor did...

“Fine,” I said quietly.

“Hmm?”

“Fine,” I repeated. “Just a *regular massage*. And...it’s the last one.”

“That’s right,” he nodded, climbing onto the bed and directing me where to sit. “It’s the last one.”

And since it’s the last one, I told myself silently, *...I might as well enjoy it.*

“We’ll start with a neck massage,” Melvin said, speaking mostly to the camera. “Alison has a terrible habit of slouching - this massage will really help relieve her neck from the pain.”

I wanted to object to his comment about my posture, but his fingers went to work, and all my energy went towards stifling my moan. If Keenan was going to watch this, I didn’t want him to see me moaning with pleasure at my tutor’s touch.

“Keenan, you should do this as often as you can.”

“Yes please,” I said, immediately closing my eyes with embarrassment. God...I’d sounded practically orgasmic.

I had no idea where my tutor had gotten his massage skills. He must have watched hundreds of videos to learn - maybe that was why he was so confident this would work. Of course, it didn’t explain why he couldn’t just send my boyfriend the videos *he’d* learned from...

“Alison has a very sensitive neck,” he continued. I flushed, remembering the night before - he’d grabbed my neck and used it to control my blowjob.

I’d cum twice before letting him unload on my chest.

“...the trick is to work with the sensitivity, not fight against it. Use your fingertips to see where she’s most sensitive; visit those spots the most.”

I wanted to melt into my tutor’s hands. It felt *amazing*. God, how had I gone six days without a massage?

How was I going to cope with never getting one again?

Keenan will massage me, I reminded myself. *My boyfriend will be able to do this. After he watches the video.*

The camera pointed straight at us gave me such a sense of safety. I knew that Melvin wasn’t stupid - if he tried anything, Keenan would come after him as soon as he watched the video.

As long as we were being recorded, I was safe. My tutor wasn’t going to pull his cock out, or try to strip me. There was no chance he’d fuck me, not while the camera was rolling.

I relaxed into the bed, hoping I’d positioned myself on the bed correctly. I was wearing a slim dress. It was Keenan’s favorite, actually; he said it showed off my perfect figure. It was a tight dress that showed off my round butt and big tits.

To my alarm, I heard a zip.

“I’m just unzipping Alison’s dress a little,” Melvin explained. “You don’t want it to get creased during the back massage. If you really want to be safe when you’re massaging her, Alison should be naked.”

Alison should be naked.

“She should be naked,” he repeated. My cheeks began to flush. What the hell was he doing? “Isn’t that right, Alison?”

“Yes,” I grunted. I just wanted him to move the fuck on.

“Say it,” he prompted gently.

“Alison should be naked,” I muttered.

“What?”

“I should be naked,” I said. As I spoke, he pinched my neck, harder than he had so far

during the massage. It felt amazing, of course, and to my horror, the words came out louder than I'd expected.

Louder, and...lustier.

"Once more," he said teasingly. I didn't want to fight with him, not while we were being recorded.

"Your roommate should be - oh!"

Halfway through the sentence, he shifted his bodyweight. Suddenly, his cock was nestled between the cheeks of my ass.

"...Naked," I finished, burying my face into the pillow.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 13:

I was laying on my tutor's bed, his hands on my neck, his cock nestled between the cheeks of my ass, while a video camera recorded everything.

We were making an educational video. For my boyfriend, Keenan; so he could learn how to massage me.

Like my tutor does.

"Good girl," he whispered. Ugh.

For reasons that didn't even make sense to me, something just flipped in my brain when Melvin called me his 'good girl'. As a feminist, I knew I should hate it. But maybe that's why it turned me on so much - if you looked at the two of us, you'd guess that I had all the power. Sure, I was a woman - but I was gorgeous, confident, and...did I mention gorgeous?

In contrast, Melvin is awkward, shy, and spends the majority of his time gangling.

I could have the world at my feet. Melvin was so freakishly tall, he could barely see his feet.

And yet, somehow, between the two of us...Melvin was always the one in control. His hands were freaking magic; when they were touching me, I couldn't resist.

And when he called me a good girl, my panties would immediately flood.

If I was even wearing panties.

When Keenan watched this tape, I hoped he wouldn't think that it was okay to call me a 'good girl'. He'd tried it once, and I'd slapped him. He hadn't tried again.

"I'm just going to lower your dress," my tutor said. "So I can reach your back."

He started massaging my bare shoulders before I could say anything. He was always so smooth when it came to undressing me; he was never too aggressive, just enough that I let him proceed step by step.

"This is a great dress," he said casually. "You should wear stuff like this more often."

Alison should be naked.

"Mm-hmm," I nodded.

My tutor has never before cared what I wear. A week of being naked around him, and now he suddenly thinks he's a fashion expert.

I mean, he wasn't wrong. It *was* a great dress. But I wasn't going to wear it for him.

I wasn't going to wear *anything* for him.

I should be naked.

"It's nice and tight, which will help you pay more attention to your posture."

It was nice that he cared about that kind of stuff. Of course, maybe he just cared about how hot I looked in it.

Not that it mattered. He could see me naked any time he pleased.

After all, he was my tutor. What did it matter if he saw my naked body?

“Just gonna unzip it a little more,” he said.

If the camera hadn't been rolling, I would have just taken it off entirely. It felt so weird, not being naked around my tutor. Wrong.

But I couldn't let the camera capture my tutor massaging me naked. When Keenan saw it, that would be the start of a line of questioning I did *not* want to go down.

Besides, I didn't want to be naked while my tutor massaged me. Last time, that had...

I shuddered, and tried not to think about it.

Melvin freed my shoulders and my upper back. The dress now barely covered my breasts at the front - I had to hold it in place to make sure it didn't slide off. I was starting to feel weird about the whole situation, when my tutor's hands returned to my shoulders, and suddenly my discomfort completely dissipated.

His soft hands managed to generate so much pressure that my whole back felt completely rejuvenated.

I couldn't wait until Keenan was able to do this as well.

“This is a simple massage,” Melvin said to the camera. “As you can see, I'm just applying pressure to Ally's shoulder blades, alternating between pressing with the tips of my fingers and the heel of my hand. How does it feel?”

“Incredible,” I muttered into the mattress. I felt like I was floating on a cloud in heaven.

“I'm going to undo Alison's bra,” Melvin said, so matter-of-factly that I didn't even register that anything was wrong. All of a sudden, I could feel his magic hands undoing the clasp, and my entire back was exposed.

“Melvin...”

“This allows me to properly massage her spine,” he explained. “Making sure that her back is healthy is important, so that it can support her big breasts.”

I could feel my face flushing red. I really, really didn't want my tutor talking about my breasts to the camera. My boyfriend didn't need to know about my tutor's relationship with my breasts.

Melvin's cock was still nestled in between my ass-cheeks, and it throbbed slightly when he said ‘big breasts’.

The last week had definitely confirmed how much Melvin liked my tits. He liked looking at them, he liked touching them, he liked cumming on them...I hadn't let him fuck them with his cock yet, but I knew I would if he asked.

I mean, as long as it wasn't sex...it was hard for me to refuse Melvin's cock anything.

I hoped that my blush wouldn't appear on camera.

For the next few minutes, Melvin continued explaining massage techniques to the camera. It was surprisingly soothing - I guess a part of me had built Melvin's hands up to be these mythological things, bestowing some kind of magic unique to him.

As he spoke, as he explained exactly how he used them to make me feel so good, it made the whole thing more...normal, I guess. I mean, as normal as having your tutor's hard cock pressing up against your ass can be.

The more he talked about it, the more comfortable I felt. He was doing such a good job of breaking the whole process down; I was confident that my boyfriend would be able to pick it up.

If Keenan could give me massages like Melvin did...god. That would be so good. Not just for me, but for us as a couple. If Keenan could make me feel as good as my tutor had been, it would change everything. Maybe it would even break this weird spell that his cock had over me.

Maybe I could finally get back to my normal life again - get back to thinking about my boyfriend when he fucked me.

Well, I didn't want *everything* to get back to normal. Giving blowjobs to my roommate's enormous cock was basically the highlight of each day. Even if Keenan's hands were capable of Melvin's magic, I still wouldn't want to stop going down on him.

I could feel myself getting wet as I imagined sucking my tutor's cock once more. God, when was this video going to end? I wanted to feel him pulsing in my mouth so bad...

"And that's the upper back," Melvin concluded proudly. I heard another zip. "I'm going to take Alison's dress off entirely. Lie down on your stomach."

"Uh..."

My tutor pulled the zipper down until my whole back was uncovered. I reached up and held onto my black lace bra. My hands were the only thing stopping it from falling off completely.

"Why?"

"Everything will be more visible on the video that way."

I didn't want everything to be more visible. I didn't want my boyfriend to see a tape of me laying on my tutor's bed, mostly naked.

Although...if he didn't, he'd never be able to massage me like Melvin did.

"Fine," I said, trying to get comfortable.

Without warning, Melvin grabbed my bra straps, pulled them down my shoulders, and straightened my arms so he could take my bra off entirely.

"This is just going to get in the way," he said.

It was so unexpected that I didn't even realize I'd assisted him, my arms moving at his touch. I sat up in shock - it took me a few moments to realize that my breasts were totally visible, facing the camera.

My mouth fell open in shock, and I quickly covered them with my hands, my face burning.

The little red light reminded me - my tits had now been captured on film. No matter how many times Keenan had asked for sexy selfies, I'd never obliged; I knew that once your pics are online, they float around the internet forever.

Now, thanks to my stupid tutor, an image of my tits had been recorded. What's more, my face was in it.

Even worse...so was my tutor.

Melvin placed his hand on my back and gently pushed me back down. I was so ashamed at the thought of being half-naked on tape, I obeyed, burying my head in the pillow.

My tutor began to massage my lower back, explaining exactly what he was doing as he did it. My head was spinning. When Keenan saw this, what was he going to think? It was obvious that it was an accident, right? I'd let my tutor take my bra off...no, not just *let*. I'd helped him.

Maybe it wasn't going to be so bad. I mean, sure, I'd been naked in front of my tutor...but it wasn't like we'd recorded ourselves doing anything sexual. It wasn't like the camera captured my thoughts. Keenan wouldn't watch this and think 'oh, yeah, she was definitely fantasizing about sucking her tutor's cock right before he stripped her.'

Besides, Melvin had said it a million times - we were just roommates. It wasn't weird to be naked around your own home. Hell, I rarely even wore a bra around my parents any more.

Keenan would understand.

Plus, I'd flashed the *camera*, not my tutor. He'd been standing behind me. I bet it would look like he hadn't even seen anything.

And hey - my boyfriend had spent months asking me for a picture of my tits. This would be

the next best thing, right? He'd have to crop Melvin out of the picture, but there they were - the girls. My tits, on full display, in a tape being made for Keenan.

I'd managed to talk myself out of my panic. With a smile, I managed to relax into the massage.

Might as well enjoy it, I reminded myself. Until Keenan got up to speed on the techniques, it was going to be my last.

"Okay," Melvin said. "Next...is the ass massage."

My eyes widened at that. Surely Melvin didn't...surely my tutor wasn't planning on recording an ass-massage. He must have known that Keenan would find that weird.

"Massaging Alison's butt is really important," he said. "If you want it to stay nice and round, you should do this regularly."

Although, if Keenan really was going to take over as my massage therapist, he was going to need to know how to do *everything*.

And, as Melvin had told me countless times, massaging my ass was a vital part to keeping it firm and healthy.

I suppose my masseur knew what he was doing.

"Let's just get this out of the way..."

I worked out what he was doing *slightly* too late. If I'd been thinking, I could have stopped him. I would have stopped him.

But I was so distracted by the feeling of my tutor's magical hands, I just lay there as he pulled my dress all the way down, revealing my bare ass to the camera.

Now, to be fair, I *had* been wearing a thong earlier that day. But I'd spent most of the morning thinking about getting home and blowing my tutor, and the damn thing had gotten so wet to be practically useless.

So...I'd taken it off.

And, knowing I was going to come home and strip down for my tutor...I hadn't bothered putting anything else on. Why bother?

My cheeks again burned a deep red as I realized my tits weren't my only intimate area that was now captured on film. Keenan was going to be getting a great shot of his girlfriend's round, plump ass.

I sighed. Hopefully he'd enjoy it, at least.

"Oil is vital for the ass massage," my tutor instructed, and I squealed as he poured the cold liquid down my back. It was massaging oil, and Melvin's gliding hands soon spread it out to cover my whole backside.

My squealing quickly turned into moaning as his warm hands eliminated the coldness of the lubricant, and then silence as I realized that I really didn't want footage of myself moaning at my tutor's touch.

I managed to suppress my moans, but I couldn't help but writhe as he continued massaging, explaining exactly what he was doing.

"Again, follow the sensitivity. Alison is particularly sensitive under each buttock, and in the middle of the crack, so that's where she needs the most attention."

Despite my best efforts, I groaned loudly at the feeling of Melvin's attention.

Trying to distract myself, I glanced at the camera. It had seen my ass and my tits, but I was going to make sure not to expose my pussy to the lens. Once something like that is out there, it's impossible to get rid of them. There was a girl from my school who was filmed giving a guy a blowjob at a party while drunk. Her social life was practically ruined and she had to move away,

but they found the video at her new school, too, on an amateur porn site.

The thought of everyone from my school seeing this video, jerking off to the sight of my tits, my bare ass...it made me uncomfortable, but it turned me on more than I expected.

I closed my eyes, and for the next few minutes I lost myself in Melvin's magical massage. Lubricated by the oil, his slippery fingers felt so good as they expertly rubbed and caressed my ass - it felt so good, it was hard to believe it was good for me.

All of a sudden he stopped. I opened my eyes to see my tutor pulling the tripod closer.

"I want to make sure the camera can see what I'm doing," he explained. "So that Keenan can see exactly how to massage you."

I started to protest, but quickly cut myself off. If the camera caught my tutor and I arguing, Keenan was going to get protective, and I didn't want to find out where that would lead.

Instead, I took a deep breath, and let myself close my eyes and enjoy the massage.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 14:

My tutor's incredible fingers were running over my naked ass, covered in oil, as a camera sat less than two feet away, its red light letting me know that it was recording everything.

Everything.

I didn't want my bare ass to be recorded for the world - no, for Keenan. Just for Keenan - but Melvin had left me no choice.

If I fought back, my boyfriend might suspect that something was up. Instead, I just had to let Melvin demonstrate how to best massage me.

How to best massage my ass.

"Without a proper massage, Alison will never be satisfied," he said. My tutor's voice sounded slightly strained, but I knew it was just because he was concentrating. He was a professional - well, an aspiring professional. I knew that he was just focusing on the feeling of my full, round ass against his hands. His roommate's ass, one that he'd massaged so many times before. One that he'd probably imagined for months as he jerked off, never thinking he'd get a chance to touch it, to become so intimate with it.

I stifled a groan, desperately wishing these perverse thoughts didn't turn me on so. He was just doing me a favor.

Why did I find this so hot?

"All done!" he said, giving my butt a light slap. I wanted to roll my eyes, but I knew that I couldn't react. If Keenan saw anything weird...

"Turn over," he instructed, and I was on my back before I realized what I'd done.

My eyes widened, and I stared at the camera with fear. It couldn't see my reaction - it was pointed straight at my crotch.

At my naked pussy.

My wet, naked pussy was now recorded for posterity. Keenan would see my pink lips, engorged with arousal, wet as only my tutor's massages could make me.

As my face turned a bright red, I gave Melvin the 'kill' sign - *Turn it off*, I tried to gesture. *This is not okay!*

He glanced over and grinned.

"Let's show Keenan how to make you happy, all right?"

Before I could answer, my tutor slipped one of his digits between my parted pussy lips. It slid into my lubricated vagina effortlessly, while another of his magical fingers located my clit.

“Ahhh!”

A high-pitched scream left my mouth. What the *fuck* was Melvin doing?

Melvin started simultaneously finger-fucking me and rubbing my clit. It caught me completely off-guard. He'd told me that this was a video for my boyfriend, to teach Keenan how to massage me. I hadn't expected him to...I'd never thought he would...

My eyes rolled back in my head. I could already feel an orgasm approaching; his massage had turned me on so much. And - loathe though I was to admit it - exposing myself to the camera had been a surprising turn-on as well. The idea of someone - anyone - *everyone* seeing my naked body, my bare ass, the thought of everyone I knew jerking off to the sight of my body.

A tremor passed through my body, and I let out a long moan.

Instead of stopping my tutor, I lifted my hips, giving Melvin easier access to my vulva. My body was whoring itself out.

Whore.

“Now,” Melvin said, talking to the camera. “I can't show you where it is, but this is how Alison looks when you locate her G spot.”

Oh, god. He was still giving Keenan instructions. He was showing the hottest guy in school how to please his bombshell girlfriend.

I felt the finger that was buried inside me hit a spot that instantly started my body twitching and trembling as I screamed from the pleasure. I was about to have an orgasm, being fingered by my tutor, while the whole thing was documented by a camera.

I was so aroused by the wrongness of the situation that I couldn't hold it for long. Screaming from the pleasure, I quivered as I came.

As I rolled around in orgasm, Melvin's magic fingers released me. Soon I was collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily. My tutor stood up, wiped his hands, paused the recording, and removed the SD card.

The aftershocks of my pleasure were still jolting through me, and I could only watch as he opened a drawer, threw the card in and took out a new one, putting it inside the camera.

“You said I could watch it first...” I was finally able to say.

“Of course,” he nodded. “I'll give them to you when we're finished. I just needed to change the card because it was full.”

Melvin pushed the record button. The red light lit up, staring at me mockingly. I hated that little red light - it reminded me that I wasn't in control of the situation, of my body.

It reminded me that I was being taped, that these images were going to last forever.

And it turned me on more than I wanted to admit.

“Next,” he said, addressing the camera once more, “is the chest massage. It's important that Alison gets one of these every day, so that her breasts continue to remain healthy.”

I nodded. It was important that I got massaged every day. And since I wouldn't let my tutor do it, it would have to be Keenan.

Without the video, how would he ever learn?

No. No, this wasn't right.

If this was a video to show my boyfriend how to massage me, why had Melvin touched me? Why had Melvin made me cum on camera?

“Melvin...” I started, but before I could get my objection out, his hands were on my tits, groping and playing with my slippery skin, with my bare nipples.

Unable to hold it back, I moaned loudly.

God that felt good.

“Melvin...” I said again, sounding more sexual than I would have liked. His fingers would occasionally pinch my nipples, sending a jolt of electricity throughout my entire body.

Despite just having cum a few seconds ago, I was already starting to get turned on again.

“Melvin...” I moaned, forgetting what I was trying to object to.

It was important for my tits to be massaged every day. And since I wouldn't let my tutor do it, Keenan would have to.

He needed the video to learn.

I needed my tits to be massaged.

I needed to be touched.

I needed my tutor to touch me...

Forgetting that the camera was recording, forgetting everything except the feeling of Melvin's skilled hands, I threw my head back. The smell of my arousal filled the room. I could feel my own wetness mixing with the massage oil, slowly trickling down my skin.

My tutor's hands felt amazing. I wanted to spend the rest of my life under them, being massaged, caressed to orgasm, again and again and again.

“Oh god...”

As he touched me, my tutor continued to narrate what he was doing. I hoped Keenan wouldn't find it weird, that my friend tutor was the one teaching him how to massage. I hoped that he'd be able to pick up on Melvin's techniques, that he'd be able to learn from the video.

I could picture it now, my boyfriend watching the video again and again, taking notes, making sure he understood the technique thoroughly. He'd wanted me to send nudes for so long - I could imagine him getting hard as he watched Melvin pinching and tugging at my erect nipples, cupping my breasts, enjoying the feeling of my wet skin under his hands.

Maybe my tutor would watch it back as well. Just like Keenan had to watch footage of his own football games, Melvin would learn from his own technique by watching the video back. He'd see my bare breasts, covered in oil, his thin hands giving me such pleasure.

His hands would move to his cock, and he'd slowly stroke himself at the sight of me.

“Oh!!”

My eyes shot open. I'd almost cum, just from the feeling of Melvin's hands on my tits, and the thought of him touching himself. I'd almost cum, thinking about him watching the video of what we were doing right now.

No.

No.

This wasn't right.

Yes.

I had to...I had to...

“Stop...”

“Hmm?”

A half-smile rested easily on my tutor's acne-ridden face.

“Stop the video...” I panted. I couldn't cum on-camera again. I couldn't.

“Why?”

My eyes widened, and I glanced at the camera, panicked.

“We...I...”

There was a pause as Melvin watched me struggle to put words together, his expression never changing. I was laying naked on the bed, having just cum by my tutor's hands, on the verge of cumming again. The damned red light was staring at me, reminding me that this was all

being recorded. When I was an old woman, this footage of my young, naked body would still exist.

Why did that excite me so?

My tutor picked up the camera and slowly panned up my body. I could see the shot so clearly in my head. My wet pussy; my bare stomach, glistening with oil; my big tits, nipples standing to attention; my flushed face, looking at the camera with lust and fear.

As he filmed me, my tutor unzipped his pants.

Oh, god.

I could see it.

Like me, Melvin hadn't been wearing underpants. He freed the beast. His erect cock stood inches from my face. It was not only thick, but beautiful - Keenan's penis had a rather small head and was slightly bent to the side at the base. Melvin's was straight and proportional.

I couldn't stop looking at that gift of nature.

Fortunately, the camera was pointing at me, so Keenan would never know that my tutor's cock was out. If he knew what my tutor and I had done, what we were doing...I don't know what he'd do. He'd kill Melvin. He'd dump me.

I'd be heartbroken. I could never, ever let it happen. I should have made Melvin turn the camera off, or put his cock away.

Instead, I just stared at it. I wanted it in my mouth so bad.

Melvin moved his hand to the back of my head. My eyes widened - he couldn't be...

He *couldn't* be.

No, I silently indicated, but before I could react, his cock was against my cheek.

The camera in his hand was filming his cock, resting against my cheek.

It felt so warm, so hard.

So hard.

"Give it a little kiss," he commanded.

What the fuck was he doing? This wasn't a film showing my boyfriend how to massage - this was pornography.

"No..." I moaned. "Not on camera."

Fuck. When Keenan saw this, he'd hear me agree to blow my tutor, as long as it wasn't 'on camera'.

"Now," Melvin ordered, pressing his cock against my lips.

My mind was racing, spinning. There was no way that Keenan would hear that and not know what was going on. I needed to make sure that my boyfriend never saw the tape. I needed to make sure that Melvin destroyed it as soon as we were done.

And if Keenan wasn't going to see it anyway...

With that thought in mind, I opened my tiny little mouth and let his giant cock in.

Using my tongue to lubricate his shaft, I started moving my lips up and down the length of it. Every now and again I'd glance up at the camera.

I was making porn.

I was being recorded as I gave head.

I was being recorded as I gave my *tutor* head.

Being recorded giving Melvin head was a bad idea. I knew that.

But there was something irresistibly wicked about it. The idea that this tape existed, showing what a true slut I was. The knowledge that if this got out, it wouldn't just ruin my relationship with Keenan - it would ruin my life.

And I just couldn't stop myself, even when my entire future was on the line.

I moaned with arousal.

I was a hot, cock-sucking slut. I was a dick-sucking whore. I was letting my geeky, acne-ridden tutor record me suck his enormous cock.

And I was dripping with arousal.

The red light captured my head bobbing up and down on his shaft like a good girl, jerking the base of his cock.

"Now let's show Keenan how much your pretty little mouth can take in, okay?"

I couldn't help but beam at that. Not at the idea of Keenan watching - that couldn't happen. Ever.

But I'd been sucking my tutor's dick so much over the past few weeks...I'd gotten really good at it.

I couldn't wait to show off my skills for the camera.

For my tutor.

For Keenan.

I nodded, and started taking more and more of his erect penis in, pushing myself to the limit. I was driven by arousal, by obedience, by the utter perversion of the situation I was in. It turned me on more than I'd ever expected.

Maybe I'd start sending Keenan nudes.

Maybe I'd let him film us having sex, or shoot video of me going down on him.

I knew that Melvin would never let this video go anywhere - he had as much to lose as I did, after all. But if Keenan and I ever broke up, he might sell it to one of those ex-girlfriend sites. He might show the world how good I am at giving head, what a great lay I am.

Strangers, internet perverts around the world would watch me giving head, would watch my young body fuck. Would watch me cum, again and again.

My lips made it all the way to Melvin's pubic hair. I'd taken his entire monster cock down my throat. I could feel it filling me up.

But my tutor wanted more.

"Good girl," he said while stroking my hair. "Now let's see how well your pussy can handle it, shall we?"

No. No! We'd agreed that was a mistake. We'd agreed that was a one-time event, something we could never repeat.

By giving my tutor head whenever he wanted it, I thought I'd kept him sated. I thought that was enough for both of us.

Maybe it was the camera, spurring him on. Maybe it was the knowledge that I'd let him do whatever he wanted - film me giving head, make me cum with his hands.

Or maybe it was just the massage - getting to touch every part of my body - that made him want more.

But my tutor wasn't going to stop at a blowjob. He wanted to ram my tight little pussy with his monster.

And I wanted it too.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 15:

My tutor had just filmed himself giving me a massage, which had turned into a blowjob. My tutor had just filmed me, sucking his cock.

And now he wanted to fuck me.

The worst thing was that I wanted it too. I didn't want to admit it, but my pussy had been aching for that big stiff cock ever since he'd last been inside of me. I thought about it when I was blowing him, I thought about it when I was fucking my boyfriend...hell, I thought about it when I was going grocery shopping.

I needed him inside me.

Melvin returned the camera to the tripod and sat down next to me. "Sit on it," he said.

I shook my head while biting my lip. I wanted to ride his cock so bad, but I knew that I shouldn't. I couldn't. Giving him head was one thing, but letting him fuck me - that was cheating.

I couldn't.

I especially couldn't do it while the red light was on, the camera pointing straight at us. We couldn't have *evidence* of what we'd done. What we were going to do.

No. No, I wasn't going to do it.

"Please," I begged. "Let me keep sucking your cock."

"No," he said softly. "I want to fuck you."

"I'll blow you whenever you want...please..."

I couldn't believe the camera was recording me, pleading with my tutor to let me suck his cock. Still, it was better than a video of the two of us fucking.

My pussy twitched at the thought.

A video of me fucking my tutor.

A video of my tutor fucking me.

No. I couldn't.

"I know you will," he smirked. "But right now, I want to cum inside that pussy of yours."

I wanted it too. On some level, I wanted nothing more than to let Melvin blow his load inside me, use me as his slut.

Slut.

Use me.

Cum inside me.

I shook my head.

"Please, Melvin..."

He grabbed me by the hips and pulled my body to him. Holding me tight with one hand, he grabbed my breast with the other...and kissed me on the lips.

My eyes went wide. This was new.

Melvin had eaten me out, I'd sucked his cock, and we'd fucked...but our lips had never touched. Sex, you could say, was an animal instinct. We were just using each other's bodies to get off - it was nothing more than that.

He was enjoying my curves, my huge tits, my talented mouth. In turn, I was enjoying his monster cock, his magical fingers.

That was all it was.

But kissing was more than that. Kissing was romantic. Kissing meant...love.

Now, don't get me wrong - I cared about Melvin. I mean, he was my friend.

But I wasn't *in* love with him. I was in love with Keenan. My tutor was just...he was Melvin, y'know?

Once I'd discovered he had magical hands and the biggest cock I'd ever seen, I'd...I mean, we'd...

But it was just sex.

No, not sex. It was just fooling around. It was just two friends, helping each other out.

It wasn't anything more than that.

So I should have pulled away, explained that it wasn't like that. Explained that we shouldn't kiss.

But I didn't. When we locked lips...I kissed back.

It started out soft. He pressed his smooth, silky mouth softly against my puffy lips and I pressed back harder. How long had Melvin been thinking about kissing me? When I blew him, was this what he was imagining - his lips against mine, kissing me?

Our saliva began to mix as we transitioned into more aggressive kissing. For a moment, I was reminded of Keenan - his kisses that told me that he owned me, that I belonged to him.

Was Melvin telling me the same? Was my tutor reminding me that I was his, that my body belonged to him?

No.

No.

I belonged to Keenan. I belonged to myself. But no matter what, I definitely didn't belong to Melvin.

So why wasn't I stopping him?

After just a few seconds of our lips meeting, Melvin's tongue rolled out. I let it slip into my mouth, where it met mine, and our tongues began twisting and turning around each other.

This is my tutor's first kiss, I suddenly realized. I was my tutor's first kiss.

Melvin's first kiss was with his roommate...on camera.

I let out a small moan at the thought.

Melvin's lack of experience meant he shouldn't have been a good kisser, but he was. While we were making out, his acne-covered face brushed up against my smooth skin as our tongues wrestled passionately. We kissed for a long minute while he felt up my tits, stimulating my erect nipples with his fingers.

My tutor lifted up my right leg and threw it across his body. I was now kneeling over his lap with his cock brushing up against the entrance of my vagina.

"Not on camera," I wanted to say. "Please. I'll fuck you, just...not on camera."

I didn't say anything.

He lowered me as we continued kissing and I felt his penis enter me. As I was slowly impaled on my tutor's cock, I pulled my mouth away. I glanced at the camera, its unblinking lens capturing this act of cheating. The red light was steady, like the eye of Sauron, penetrating me.

No, that was my tutor.

My tutor was penetrating me, and the eye of Sauron was watching as he did.

And I loved it.

As soon as I felt his cock slide fully in, I started moving my hips, gliding up and down on his shaft. I had no idea how my petite little body could take his monstrous cock, but my hungry pussy gobbled up every inch of his manhood.

The pleasure was so great that I forgot about everything. I no longer cared that I had a boyfriend or that I was being recorded. I no longer cared that it was my nerdy tutor deep inside me, bringing me such pleasure. I only cared about riding Melvin's fat cock to an orgasm as he stretched my tight pussy from the inside.

Overcome with passion, I removed his T-shirt to uncover his underdeveloped chest, then hugged him tight. My boobs pressed up against his bony upper body as I rode his cock.

“Yesss!” I moaned.

My tutor turned to the camera.

“Alison needs this several times a day,” Melvin said, his professional tone undermined by how out of breath he was. “She has an unusually high sex drive, and this is the only way she can be kept satisfied. Isn’t that right, Ally?”

“Yesss,” I nodded, not really listening. Whatever he said, he was right. Whatever he wanted, he could have. As long as he kept fucking me. As long as he kept driving his long, hard cock into me - he could have anything in the world.

I half-expected Melvin to keep talking, but he instead began kissing my neck, circling his tongue on my skin. I could feel my orgasm getting closer.

My tutor pulled back. He let go of my breast and grabbed my face, turning me to face the camera.

It was hard for me to focus - the red dot became a bouncing red line, as I continued to lift myself up and down on my tutor’s cock.

“Look at the camera,” he ordered. “Tell your boyfriend what a good time you’re having.”

“This is incredible,” I gasped. “I’m getting fucked so hard.”

“Tell him that this is better than when he fucks you.”

“It’s so much better. Oh, god...Keenan. It’s so much better. I think about this every time we make love. I think about Melvin being inside me every time you touch me.”

“Tell him how much you want it.”

“Melvin...”

“Say it.”

“Oh god, Melvin...I want it so bad. Keenan, I want to be fucked by my tutor. I want it every day, for the rest of my life. Please, Melvin...fuck me. I’ll fuck you any time. I’ll fuck you any time. Just say the word...”

“God...”

I could tell that my tutor’s orgasm was approaching as well.

“Alison,” he grunted. “You...little...slut...”

Slut. Slut. Slut. Slut. I am a slut. I am a slut for my tutor’s cock.

I pulled him closer, and with my breasts pushed against his chest I rode his cock until I orgasmed. With my pussy tightening around his cock, Melvin came too, filling my vagina with his hot semen. We collapsed to the bed while still hugging.

As we lay there with our bodies pressed together, panting from the orgasm, he looked at me with lust in his eyes. I couldn’t see myself (though I suppose I would when I watched back the tape) but I knew that I had the same expression on my face.

My tutor softly kissed me on the lips.

“You’re a goddess,” he whispered.

Before I knew it, we were making out again. We did that for a minute or two before reality started to creep back on.

Oh, god.

I’d done it again. I’d cheated on Keenan again.

I’d cheated on Keenan with my tutor.

I’d let my tutor fuck me again.

I’d let my tutor fuck me, and recorded the whole thing.

Fuck.

And the things I’d said...the things he’d recorded me saying...

I had no idea why I was enjoying it so much. I understood enjoying his massage, enjoying giving him head. I could understand why my body couldn't say no to his big cock, but why the hell was I making out with him? I pulled away.

"Ummm..."

"What's up?"

My tutor had the smuggest look I'd ever seen on his face. And I mean, why wouldn't he? He'd just fucked me - again - and recorded me telling my boyfriend how much I enjoyed it.

"...Keenan probably shouldn't see that tape," I said lamely.

Melvin thought for a moment, then nodded.

"Yeah. He should probably focus on his sports at this point. We shouldn't let him get distracted by having to learn massage techniques and whatnot."

"Yes," I said, nodding fervently. "We definitely shouldn't bother him with this stuff."

"It'd be better if I remained your therapist instead," he continued. "Since I already know your body and your needs."

The smug look was back as he said 'needs'.

"No," I should have said. "No, we are never doing that again. I'll give you head, but that's where it ends. You're my tutor, and letting you fuck me is wrong. It doesn't matter how much we both enjoy it, it's wrong. We need to stop."

"Of course," I responded instead. My skin was already starting to crave Melvin's touch. If he'd been able to teach Keenan his magical massage technique, that'd be one thing...but going cold turkey?

I wasn't strong enough.

"We should do what we just did every day," he said. "I think it'd be really good for you."

Something about him trying to sound professional when all he was doing was trying to fuck his roommate regularly...it turned me on. I was still drenched down there, mostly because of his semen, but I felt my nipples get hard again.

For reasons I couldn't explain, I started playing his game.

"You think so?" I asked naïvely.

"Yeah," he said. "We have to do everything we can to keep your body fit. I'm thinking a set of intimate exercises once a day, to start with, then we'll evaluate your progress to see if you need more."

My tutor was talking about fucking me. He was talking about fucking me once a day, and then seeing if that was enough.

Based on the head I'd been giving him, I suspected it wouldn't be.

But I didn't argue.

"What kind of intimate exercises?" I asked.

"Just the usual stuff," he replied, a spark in his eyes. "Some tongue exercises, chest massage, a little bit of inner stretching. Those kinds of things."

I nodded, biting my lip as I did.

I shouldn't. We shouldn't.

But I couldn't wait.

I glanced over to the camera. It was still recording. There was now a permanent record of the conversation in which I'd agreed to let my tutor fuck me. There was a tape in which I nodded along as my tutor proposed fucking me once a day.

"Keenan can't see the tape," I reiterated.

Why wasn't I asking him to stop it?

“Of course not,” he nodded. “That’s just for my personal records.”

God...what did *that* mean?

“I think we should destroy it.”

A bemused look crossed my tutor’s face.

“Why?”

“Because...if anyone sees...”

“No one will see,” he assured me. “It’s not like I’m about to upload it to the internet.”

I closed my eyes, and my mind filled with the images of a million men jerking it, watching me get fucked by my tutor.

No.

I counted to ten. The men were still there.

“Okay,” I said, opening my eyes. “Are you sure it’s going to be safe?”

“Of course,” he assured me. “No one will watch it but me.”

The million men were replaced by one: Melvin, his hand wrapped around his enormous penis, getting himself off to video of his own roommate.

Video of me, taking his huge cock inside me.

I managed to stop myself from moaning, but it was close.

“Thank you,” I said, my voice trembling with exhaustion and arousal.

“Anything for you, Alison.”

Melvin stood up, pulled me closer, and kissed me. I was still uncomfortable with that - he wasn’t my boyfriend. I know we’d crossed a few lines...well, more than a few...but kissing definitely felt like it was too far.

Sure, I’d agreed to keep having sex with him, but the kissing part was weird. It was too much.

As our naked bodies pressed together, I could feel his half-erect penis getting hard again. The red light was still staring at me. At us. At the two naked teens; a sexual goddess and a tall, thin, gawky nerd.

I pulled back.

“I think I should go now,” I said. “Keenan is expecting me.”

He nodded, and let me go.

Massaged By My Nerdy Tutor

by Pan and BurroGirl18

Chapter 16:

I took a quick shower, got dressed (putting on underwear this time) and made my way to Keenan’s place. He was very eager to see me - he greeted me with a passionate kiss, as always.

His kisses normally excited me more than anything, but today’s just felt...hollow.

How could his kiss make me feel like he owned me when I’d just given my body to my tutor?

I tried to shrug off the thought, but it wouldn’t leave me.

After a few minutes of making out, he sat me on the couch (his parents were away), lowered his head to my crotch, and removed my thong.

Oh, god.

He was going to eat me out.

I knew I couldn’t let that happen. Melvin had just cum inside me half an hour ago - his cum was still leaking from my pussy.

I needed to distract Keenan without making him suspicious. I wanted to push him away, but

I never turned down oral sex - he'd definitely know something was up. I wanted to shout something - anything - to make him stop.

But instead, I hesitated.

I hesitated...and he did not.

Keenan began softly kissing my vulva. A lot. I found myself pretty quickly squirming. Partially with arousal, partially with fear.

I didn't have an excuse ready. What excuse could there possibly be?

My boyfriend's tongue slipped between my pussy-lips, and he looked up at me and wagged his eyebrows.

"You're even wetter than usual," he said, pulling back for a moment.

"Yeah," I squeaked. "Just...excited to see you."

Oh, thank the lord. He'd mistaken Melvin's cum for my own juices. I guess Keenan had no reason to know what cum tasted like.

From the way he started eating me out, he seemed to like it.

Not that I could blame him. Melvin had the best-tasting cum I'd ever encountered.

As Keenan buried his face between my legs and proceeded to eat every inch of my pussy, I couldn't stop thinking about what I'd just done.

I'd just cheated on my boyfriend. Not like when I'd given my tutor head, or let him massage my pussy - *really* cheated. I'd let Melvin fuck me, and I'd loved every moment of it.

I'd loved every moment of it, and agreed to do it again. And again and again and again.

Every day.

I moaned, which Keenan (not unreasonably) took as a sign he was doing well. As he continued to eat me out, I kept imagining my tutor's cock in-between my legs, pistoning in and out.

I'd agreed to let him fuck me every day.

Every single day, I was going to take my tutor's cock deep inside me. Each and every day, I was going to be fucked, to be used for my tutor's pleasure.

To use my tutor's cock for my own pleasure.

I felt terrible about it, obviously. Keenan was a generous lover, a kind and dutiful boyfriend. Sure, his cock wasn't as big as my tutor's. So what? It had kept me happy - *very* happy - for literally years.

So why was I doing it?

Slut.

That was it. It wasn't Keenan. It wasn't even Melvin. It was me.

I was a slut.

You're a slut.

I was a slut, and even though I had a loving boyfriend who was great in bed, I just wasn't satisfied. I needed more, and I'd turned to my tutor to satiate my sick desires.

More.

Taking my tutor's huge cock, each and every day...I wanted to pretend it was going to be enough, but I knew that it wasn't. I'd still let my boyfriend fuck me. I'd still let him eat me out. I'd still give my tutor head whenever I had the opportunity.

You're a slut for your tutor's cock.

As Keenan's tongue lapped up Melvin's seed, I writhed around with pleasure, finally admitting some things about myself, finally realizing who I truly was.

You're a horny slut for your tutor's cock, and you'll never be satisfied.

Surprising myself, I grabbed Keenan's head and pushed it between my legs.

My tutor was so much better. Whenever I made love to Keenan, I was going to think about my tutor. Whenever I saw Keenan's cock, I was going to remember that it was inferior to Melvin's.

"Eat it," I moaned. Keenan nodded.

I closed my eyes and let myself really enjoy what was happening. My boyfriend was unknowingly eating another guy's cum, swallowing every remaining lick of his semen as it came out of me.

It was the complete humiliation. Not only had I started having an affair with a considerably less attractive guy - my tutor - my boyfriend was gobbling up the rest of his cum from my used pussy.

If Keenan ever found out, he would've been shattered, broken forever. I was literally the most horrible girlfriend ever. I'd cheated on my boyfriend with my tutor, and now he was sucking the cheatingcum out of me.

Whore.

I was so turned on by how shitty I was, it didn't take long for me to cum. My legs wrapped around my boyfriend's head as I pictured Melvin, pounding into me, while Keenan sat to the side and watched; cuckolded by a superior cock.

As I came down from my orgasm, my face turned red.

What was *happening* to me? It was as though every time I came, my thoughts got darker and darker. The guilt of cheating on Keenan was no longer holding me back - if anything, it was turning me on. The horrible things I was doing to him...instead of making me feel bad, they were fueling my sick desires.

Keenan wiped his mouth.

"You tasted different than usual," he said, his tongue poking out to taste the mixture of his saliva, my juices...and my tutor's cum.

My face grew even redder.

"What do you mean?"

"Just different," he said thoughtfully. "Don't get me wrong - I liked it. Must just be that new medication."

"Yeah," I nodded.

I knew that the idea of me cheating had never even occurred to Keenan - would never even occur to him. He was so confident about himself it never crossed his mind that anyone could cheat on him, let alone me, the nicest person he knew.

"Yeah, that must be it."

Even though I'd just cum, a pulse of arousal ran through my body.

God I was awful. Now, just lying to my boyfriend was enough to turn me on.

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I ended up giving Keenan a blowjob and staying for another round of sex. It wasn't as good as fucking my tutor, but I just felt like I couldn't get enough.

You're an insatiable slut.

The entire time I was riding my boyfriend's cock, I was thinking about Melvin. We weren't really going to fuck every day, were we?

I had cum just at the idea of it.

When I got home that night, my tutor was nowhere to be found. Nor were the tapes, which I didn't even admit to myself I was looking for until I couldn't find them.

I was torn between the desire to destroy them and the urge to watch them. Since neither was an option, I masturbated naked on my bed, using the mixture of Melvin and Keenan's seed as lube.

The next morning, I was delighted to be awoken by the sound of my tutor's snoring.

For the first time, I approached his bed, knowing we were going to have sex.

Every other time had been a surprise, but today...I knew we were going to do it.

Every day.

I'd tossed and turned the previous night, getting off more times than I could count before drifting off to sleep. My clit had actually started to hurt from all the stimulation.

I just couldn't stop thinking about my ugly tutor and his huge penis.

Melvin had thrown himself into bed wearing nothing but a pair of boxers. His cock was half-erect in his sleep.

Even when it was only halfway hard, it was as large as Keenan's.

I made my way across the room and slipped into my tutor's bed. He stirred slightly as I pressed my naked body against his, but not enough to wake up.

I was really going to do this. I was going to fuck my tutor again.

Slut.

I couldn't wait.

Reaching down, I pulled Melvin's cock from his boxers. As I began to stroke it, it plumped up in my hand, soon growing to its full, glorious size.

A part of me wanted to blow him - I so loved the feeling of my tutor's cock in my mouth - but I knew what I was here to do. What I was born to do.

I'd promised Melvin I would fuck him every day. And while a part of me wished that I hadn't agreed to it, my body was screaming to get on with it. I was aching to be fucked by my tutor, to feel his enormous wang inside me.

As Melvin slept on the bed he'd massaged me on so many times, I positioned myself above his slumbering body.

This time, there were no excuses. My tutor wasn't coercing me into it, I wasn't worked up from his massages. He was unconscious - I was doing this entirely of my own accord.

I took a deep breath, and slowly lowered myself onto Melvin's cock.

"Oh goddddd..."

My shuddering sigh was so loud, I wouldn't have been surprised if my parents had come rushing in. God, I could imagine their reactions - the look of shock at seeing their daughter fuck her sleeping tutor.

The look on their faces as they realized their precious little girl was a whore.

Whore.

My pussy was spasming with pleasure at the idea of getting caught. At the imagined expression on my mother's face. At the idea of my father, seeing me as the little slut I am.

submissive-slut.

As I began raising and lowering myself on my tutor's dick, I glanced down. He was awake, a soft smile on his face.

"Good morning," he slurred.

"Hi," I said, feeling my face turn pink.

I hadn't even asked permission. At the first possible opportunity, I'd taken advantage of my tutor's cock.

"Hi," he echoed back.

It was difficult to think when he was inside me. I'd never felt quite so full, so...satisfied. It felt like this was why I'd been given this body; this was why I existed.

To pleasure my tutor's enormous cock.

This is what I was born to do.

"Hi," I moaned.

"Hi," he responded, reaching out and grabbing my hips.

I'd thought it felt good when I was moving my body up and down on Melvin's enormous rod, but...ungh. When he grabbed me and started sliding me up and down, controlling my body, using me like a sex toy...

Sex toy.

I could already feel my orgasm approaching.

"Not yet," Melvin ordered.

So could he, apparently.

"What?"

My voice came out in a short gasp. My tutor had never stopped me from cumming before. In fact, he'd been responsible for it happening quite a few times.

"New rule," he panted. "You aren't allowed to cum until I do."

I suppose I should have been angry. He didn't own me - he didn't own my orgasm. The idea of him telling me when I could and couldn't cum should have been offensive. I should have argued back.

Instead, I nodded.

"Yes," I responded. "Whatever you say."

Slut.

Little slut.

Submissive little slut.

I was my tutor's submissive little slut. If he told me not to cum...I wouldn't cum.

A shiver of excitement passed through my whole body at the thought.

I'd always liked being held down, kissed like someone owned me, that sort of thing...but Keenan and I never really played with submission. Obedience. That sort of thing.

Slave.

Melvin was my tutor. He should never have seen me naked. We shouldn't be fucking.

And he definitely shouldn't have this kind of power over me.

I think that was what made it so exciting.

Sex slave.

"Let me know when you're going to cum," I gasped.

"When I'm ready," Melvin said, a proud smile on his face. Maybe he hadn't been expecting me to go along with it so willingly.

Willing, submissive roommate slave.

Without warning, Melvin sat up. I fell backwards on his bed, his cock still inside me. My tutor put one hand around my throat, stared into my eyes, and started fucking me.

Like, *really* fucking me.

The past two times I'd had sex with my tutor, I'd been the one on top. I'd been riding him, sliding myself up and down his enormous cock.

I'd been in control.

For the first time, Melvin was showing me what it really felt like to be *fucked*.

I mean, don't get me wrong - Keenan and I have done this on plenty of occasions. I've

always loved it - there's something so hot about being blatantly *used*.

Sex toy.

Whore.

Cumhole.

But when Melvin did it, it was...it was something else.

Maybe because he was so weak. Keenan is a big guy - muscular, not fat. If he wanted to, he could pick me up and throw me around the room. He's fucked me in positions that Melvin would be physically incapable of.

So when Melvin 'holds me down', I know I can get up at any point. If Melvin and I were to wrestle, I doubt he'd be able to even restrain me.

Yet when he was fucking me, I was just as helpless. He had a power over me that I couldn't describe.

Your tutor owns you.

When he held me down, I couldn't resist.

Your tutor owns your body.

When he told me I couldn't cum until he did...*I couldn't.*

Your tutor's cock owns you.

I was completely under his thrall.

You will do whatever I tell you.

"Cum for me," I begged. "Cum into your slut's pussy."

He grunted and sped up.

"Please. Please, Melvin...fuck me."

"Almost..."

"You own me," I said, the words spilling naturally from my brain. "You own my body. You own my pussy. You own your twisted little sex slave. Please, Melvin...fill me with your cum."

My tutor scrunched up his acne-covered forehead, and I could feel his cock beginning to pulse. As he pumped his seed deep inside me, my own orgasm overcame me. My pussy pulsed around his shaft, milking the cum out of him, twitching again and again and again as I orgasmed.

Melvin collapsed onto the bed beside me, breathing heavily, a huge smile on his face. My heart filled with pride, just from knowing...I did that. I made my tutor cum. I made my tutor happy.

And I was going to do it every day for the rest of my life.

My tutor owned me.