

Schoolgirl Fantasies

Mordena is © her player.

Mordena leaned back in her chair in class, the blue-furred snow leopard's shirt straining a bit as she stretched. Math was always boring, but for some reason it was particularly boring today. Leaning forward into a yawn, letting her cleavage press down and sink into the desk, it was all she could do to keep awake. She knew she needed to pay attention, and she knew she needed to pass this class, but the professor was so uninteresting and the subject matter so hard that she was beginning to think that it just wasn't happening. She leaned back again, her massive chest straining against the top of her schoolgirl uniform, her eyes drifting towards the front of the room where her tutor Sam was diligently taking notes. Good old Sam. She could count on him to get her a C in this class, and to explain it all to her later in the least boring manner possible. He wasn't that bad looking either. Very much the sexy-nerd sort. If he'd just ditch the glasses and the button-up shirt, he'd be pretty good looking. As she continued to check him out from behind, Mordena started to wonder about what he was like under that nerdy exterior. She'd like to think that he had a deep, perverted side, maybe into bondage, and hopefully well-endowed. She licked her lips, watching him adjust his glasses and continue to frantically scribble down something algebraic. There was a tutoring session tonight, maybe she could bring that up...

"Mordena, you're not paying attention!" Sam was irritated, and his thick glasses were sliding down the front of his raccoon muzzle. His big bushy tail was swishing behind him, fuzzy in frustration and Mordena was loving every minute of it.

"Sure I am. You're telling me something about some dead Greek guy's law." Mordena was smiling as sweetly as possible and leaning far, far forward. She knew that even a dedicated nerd like Sam was vulnerable to a heavy dosage of cleavage, and Mordena had more than an ample helping of that. She smiled, slowly leaning far more forward and looking deep into Sam's eyes. He was hiding something. Clearly, he was trying to take her so seriously because he was trying to not let on that she was getting to him. She leaned in and kissed his nose, making him both shut up and blush.

"You have a boner."

"Awh geesh!" Sam began to fumble and fall back, trying to hide himself from Mordena. He had the look of complete embarrassment normally reserved for persons who farted while on jury duty. Mordena just smiled. She knew she had him. She had him good.

"Hey, it's OK. It just means you find me attractive. Don't you want me to know how attractive I look to you?" She was crawling over the table now, the big cat surprisingly graceful despite her weight.

Her tail swished and flicked above her round, ample rump, her short schoolgirl skirt beginning to ride up and expose her pink panties.

"Yyy...Yeah...You're...You're very attractive." Sam had obviously not had a lot of experience with girls. He might even still be a virgin. Mordena licked his lips. Time to fix that.

"And we are in my house, all by ourselves...How about we take a break, and you can get a chance to really appreciate my beauty?" Sam nodded so fast and so hard he looked like he might give himself whiplash. Mordena just grinned, her tail flicking back and forth behind her in the most predatory manner she could manage. Poor Sam didn't know what all he was in for.

Mordena had gotten rid of her schoolgirl uniform and was now sitting on the bed in her matching top and panties, the silk and lace barely containing her luscious curves. Sam was watching by the door, drooling hard and fumbling with his pants. He was so cute in his awkward eagerness, and Mordena loved that fresh-meat smell he seemed to have. If he wasn't a virgin, he might as well have been. The way he was fumbling with the zipper, it was like he didn't even know how to masturbate.

"Here, let me help you with that..." Mordena slunk off the bed, crawling catlike on all fours, making sure her ass was doing that distinct shake-and-jiggle that could make any weak-willed ass-man cream his pants. Sam wasn't that, but from the looks of it, he was close. Somebody liked a girl with curves. Maybe that's why he had agreed to tutor her for free. Spending a couple hours explaining algebra to her was the sexiest thing he got each week.

Mordena gently gripped the zipper of Sam's pants in her teeth, tugging it down with a slight, constant pressure. Once it was down, she gently reached into his boxers and began groping around. When she reached what she was hunting for, she almost blushed herself. Sam had the sort of endowment you just weren't supposed to find on nerds. It was so thick she could barely wrap her fingers around it, and it seemed to go on forever. How the hell had he been hiding this monster from her for so long? If she'd known what he was packing, she would have busted out the collars and cuffs a lot sooner.

Gently freeing his massive shaft from its Fruit Of The Loom prison, she gave his head a tentative lick. She hadn't done this in much too long. The scent and flavor of sweet, salty pre was intoxicating. She needed to keep her head. Sam was, after all, pretty inexperienced, and it would be no fun for either of them if she didn't keep her wits about her. She began to gently lick and slurp and prod at his length, still amazed and pleased to have come across it. It really filled up her mouth good, and the poor thing had been so ignored and neglected that even the lightest of her touches sent it twitching. She should watch out, a dick like this probably had a hair trigger and a real backup behind it.

Her hands began to squeeze and rub his balls and shaft, gently working whatever wasn't in her mouth. She slid his orbs in between her lips for a quick tickle, then began to focus on going up and down the shaft. His dick was getting slick and slimy with her saliva, and she knew she'd need to give him a break unless she wanted to be content with a few globs of mess on her face and chest. Waiting until he wouldn't expect it, when he was tottering on the edge and about to leap off into orgasm, she pulled back and slowly moved up onto the bed, reaching back to unsnap her bra and let her massive breasts bounce free.

"Well then Sam...How about I teach you how I like to play, and then we can see that you get some much-needed release?"

Sam had shown himself to be surprisingly good with knots and ropes. Maybe he had been a Boy Scout for awhile. Maybe he had just been practicing in hopes of getting a fantasy like this. In any event, he had no difficulty tightening the cuffs around Mordena's wrists, or locking the cuffs together with some good inter-binding, or tying her wrists to the bed, or installing the spreader bar, or any of that. He even knew what to do with a ball gag, which pleased to Mordena to no end. It's not exactly like she could tell him what to do with it while she was wearing it.

Sam was clumsy and inexperienced, but VERY eager. Mordena panted into her ball gag as he pushed his massive shaft in and out and back and forth in her sex, her massive breasts bouncing around wildly as Sam's hands searched and caressed the curves. He knew what he wanted, and luckily for Mordena, it was mostly what she wanted to. The trembling, eager hand that was gently sliding up and down the outside of her thigh would suddenly swing down and slap her hard on the ass, turning the skin bright red beneath the fur. As he continued to move, he began to drop down low, his face beginning to bury itself in her chest, his tongue lashing out to lick and slurp at the soft, tender flesh of her nipples. Mordena was convinced that he was NOT a virgin, but this was definitely the first time he got it like he wanted it. And it was so, so good.

Mordena tugged against her restraints and whimpered into her gag, her face turning red as she felt the leather pulling tight against her ankles and wrists. She could feel that Sam was getting close, and she did her best to work and move and arouse herself forward, hoping to end up swimming in her orgasm before Sam did. No reason to embarrass the boy by having him cum in last.

Mordena failed at trying to push herself faster than he could, but not by much. Just as Mordena was about to feel herself trembling with satisfaction, Sam pulled out and began to rub himself wildly, his giant shaft shooting out glob after glob onto her chest and face. It had a surprising amount of force behind it, and it was certainly quite copious. It was pretty damned obvious that Sam had never had an

orgasm anything like what he was having now, but still he managed to keep enough wits about him not to forget who he was with. His fingers bent down and began to quickly dance and tap and explore around in Mordena's sex. So those hands were good for more than just pounding away on a keyboard. He could really put those agile little phalanges to work, and after a little coaxing and a few well-placed whines to let him know when he was getting it right, Mordena felt herself blushing with orgasm. It was deep and satisfying, and the fact that she'd managed to get it this good from someone who was obviously so inexperienced made it all the sweeter.

Sam laid down on top of Mordena, panting, his head between her tits. He had a big smile on his face, and she knew that when he caught his breath, he was going to be the happiest man alive. Mordena just lay back against her restraints and did the best she could to try and calm down and relax. Her bondage wasn't exactly comfortable, but at least it was somewhat comforting. She took in a big gulp of air through her nose, and then let it slide out nice and slow, the puff of air making her contentment known better than any words could hope to.

When Sam finally stopped panting, he weakly moved himself towards Mordena's black ears, gently kissing her spotted cheeks before speaking. "Again?" he whispered. Mordena blushed. No need to take off the gag to answer this one. It was going to be a long and wonderful night.