

Vitaly Mushkin



NINA-VAGINA

Kiss on the lips

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Nina-vagina. Kiss on the lips

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A student likes a classmate. And a rapprochement begins between them. But the teacher, a mature, confident woman interferes in the matter. She prefers to be kissed on the lips. But not in those lips that are on the face.

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We're going to Moscow! Hooray! The best commission was selected by a special commission. And my essay was among the best. In total, 10 works were taken from the course and we, their authors, students, are going to Moscow, to the Olympiad, to represent our city, Peter and our University. In addition to me, the guy, only the girls got into the laureates, however, most of them are also on the course. Lena Petrova, my classmate, a girl who likes me more than others, is coming with us.

Lenochka is an excellent student. She studies diligently. Performs all homework. And she writes well. There are places that I really like. How Lena treats me, I do not know. Communicate with us somehow does not work. We say hello, we can jump over a couple of phrases, but we can not do more. I want to say a lot to her, but as it gets to the point, all the words go away somewhere and an awkward silence sometimes comes.

– Hi! How do you like Vasilyev's seminar?

– Liked. There is something special about it.

“Would you like to argue with him?” With something to disagree?

– Yes, it is possible.

– Well, come on, I ran, I must drop into the library.

– Till!

In class, I always tried to sit down just behind Lena, so that you could throw her unobtrusive glances at her. On her proud head planting, tender neck, silky hair.

And now with Lena we will go on the same train, we will be together for several days in a row, to live in the same hotel. I somehow hoped that our acquaintance would grow into something more.

The eleventh participant of our student delegation was the teacher Nina Sergeevna. This short, graceful woman possessed a stern gaze of clever, penetrating eyes. She dressed with taste, always with dignity, spoke clearly, intelligibly and competently. In the classroom, Nina Sergeyevna sometimes liked to joke, “pin up” some negligent student. Her tall breasts were, in my opinion, often excessively open, the length of the skirt somewhat overstated. I always liked her lessons.

We arrived in Moscow by day train. The organizers of the meeting settled us in a hostel more like a hotel. I, as the only male representative, got a small single room. The girls were settled in double rooms. And Nina Sergeevna got a three-room suite with two bedrooms. To her room, neighbor, she took Lenochka Petrov.

Over dinner, Lena and I were at the same table.

– Well, how do you like Moscow?

– I was here a long time, still small. They say that in recent years Moscow has changed, has become prettier. It will be necessary to see the city, take a walk, if the time comes.

“Would you like to go now, after supper?”

– Let's go to.

I was beside myself with joy. Lena and I go for a walk, it's almost like a date.

And so we go with Lena Petrova in the evening city. We go near, almost touching the sleeves of a coat. Autumn stands, yellow leaves fall right under our feet.

– Good weather for walks.

– Yes.

– In the autumn Pushkin always remembers.

– Yes. Autumn and my favorite season. Early autumn, when the day is still warm, and at night it is already slightly frosty.

– Air is somehow particularly transparent and easy, well thought of. How do you write, Lena, tell me.

“Yes, I’m writing.” She was embarrassed. – I’m still very far from the real master. You’re much better at it. How do you write?

– I? – it was my turn to be embarrassed. – Everything is written somehow by itself. I just sit down and write.

We walked and talked for a long time. It really was like a date. In the air, there was a kind of mutual rapprochement. I was already thinking of taking Lenchka’s hand.

But we came to the door of the hostel. I did not want to part. Invite her to her? Uncomfortable, think that I want to sleep with her.

– Lena, you said that you took Alekseev’s book with you. Will you let me read it for the night?

“Let’s go, of course I will.”

We went to Lena’s room. There was one large common room, a living room, from which led the doors to two bedrooms. The door to Nina Sergeevna’s room was closed. Probably already asleep.

“Sasha, would you like some tea?”

– Yes, thank you, I will not refuse.

– Sit down in the armchair, now I will organize.

I sat down in the armchair, looking around the room. Furnished nice, deluxe. We already drank tea with Lena when Nina Sergeevna looked out of her room.

– Chaovnichaete? Oh well.

Nina Sergeevna was still awake. Because she was dressed somehow not at home. Going back to her room, the woman left the door ajar. And I was just sitting facing that door. “The door did not close to control us,” I thought.

Lenchka was friendly and is located to me, we had a nice conversation. But the slightly open door prevented further rapprochement.

At times I saw Nina Sergeevna. She walked in her room in one direction, then another.

– Well, Sasha, have some more tea?

– Oh no, I think that’s enough.

It was time to stop. And at that moment Nina Sergeevna sat down on the bed. Right in my review sector. And she began to undress. My breath caught. Did she know that I saw everything? So she took off her blouse, left in the bra. Then a skirt, left in panties. Nina Sergeevna was sitting to me sideways. I began to look greedily at her figure. My heart began to beat even more when the teacher took off her bra. Large white breasts with embossed nipples were out of the blue. The spectacle shocked me, but I could not show my interest in the undressed female body before Lena. I had to continue the conversation with the girl, casting sidelong glances at the almost naked woman. Nina Sergeevna rose and began to pull off her panties. This was the culmination. I started an erection. Did my mound see Lena? Looks like no. But our conversation, like tea, dried up. It was time to leave. I stood up carefully so that Lena did not notice my swollen cock and threw a farewell glance at Nina Sergeevna’s room.

She stood sideways to me, completely naked and looked in the mirror. And I looked at her. What a breast, what a waist, what a priest! Good-bye, Lena.

Lying in my own bed, I saw Nina Sergeyevna's beautiful body. It was imprinted in my brain like a picture in an album. The dream did not go at all. Erotic fantasies began to overwhelm me. The hand under the blanket involuntarily descended to the groin. I felt the strong muscles of my gun. It was ready for battle and very much craved for it. To relieve tension, I had to make a blank shot. But until the morning I was not able to almost fall asleep.

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