Lesson of Lust

By : AlexandraVanilla

A girl starts working in a cafÃ© after graduating from highschool. She is still fresh like a flower and as innocent as one can be in that age. An older man stats developing an interest for the rosebud. After watching her for weeks the older man decides to introduce the not-so-adventurous teenage girl to real pleasure and gives her the real definition of what 'good sex' is really like.

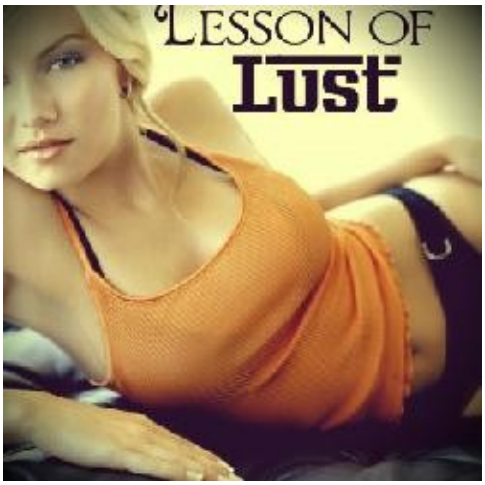

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Table of Contents

Lesson of Lust Chapter 1

Lesson of Flirting

Lesson of Stripping

Lesson of Virginity

Lesson of Lust : Chapter 1

"One black coffee? Would you like anything else to go with it, Sir?" She scribbled down his order in shorthand. The order was always the same each and every day, though. A cup of coffee, preferably blacker than black, with half a sugar lump carefully mixed into it.

"I don't think so. Everything from your menu fails to intrigue me," the man answered coolly and raised his gaze from the tabletop's shiny surface. His pair of dark eyes were drilled into the waitress' light blue ones and he lingered his gaze on her face for the longest couple of seconds in human history.

Her cheeks were round and flushed pink from running back and forth from one table to the other and her lips were plump and painted with a dusty rose-colored lipstick.

"Sorry to hear that, Sir. Would you like to discuss the matter with my boss?"

He shook his head slowly, not letting his eyes off of the young woman for even a split second. "If he cared about customers he would've listened to my complaints the first and second time. I would rather choose not to waste my time arguing with a donkey."

She choked back the river of pearl-like laughter which emerged from the depths of her being. "You could always go to another cafÃ© if this one doesn't meet your standards."

"I wouldn't do that. See, I'm strangely attracted to this place." He smirked and the devil danced in the abysses of his eyes.

A new customer entered the gloomy place and she knew she had to round off the conversation. She would always get more opportunities to speak with the mysterious customer since he came to CafÃ© Miranda around noon every day of the week except Sunday. She didn't know his name, but she could pick him out in a crowd with her eyes closed. He had dark hair with mottled gray temples, dark eyes and a stubbly beard. It was a tall man - well-built, but in no way athletic. He looked more like a construction worker with a pair of strong arms resting underneath the sleeves of his plaid shirt.

"I'll be right back with your coffee, Sir," she said and turned around to give the barista the man's order and then continue over to the new table.

He watched her walking away with his eyes firmly set on her womanly body. The black jeans clung to her thighs and hips and accented her round buttocks and her simple white T-shirt was just transparent enough to allow him a glimpse of a dark bra underneath the fabric. He guessed that her breasts were average sized and perky, but he couldn't know for sure - yet. Her strawberry blonde hair bobbled up and down as she moved and danced like waves over her shoulders.

He had had his eyes on her for weeks now, always playing a cat and mouse game to get under her skin. The innocent halo sucked him into her bubbly presence and though he was much older than her; he knew that it was a matter of time before she would start responding in a satisfying manner.

He waited patiently for her to come back and then greeted her with a sly smile. "You don't get tipped for the amount of minutes I get to spend here," he mocked, implying that she wasn't quick enough.

Her cheeks were even more flushed and small beads of glistening sweat laid on her forehead. "Sorry Sir, but the coffee-machine decided to pick a fight with us."

She bent down to place the cup of coffee on the table and got so close to the man that she could sense the musky smell of his cologne. A shudder raced through her body and she quickly straightened her back again.

The young girl was inexperienced with men and knew close to nothing about them. She had never had a boyfriend due to shyness and the closest thing to physical intimacy had been kissing a boy in a thicket after prom. Boys scared her, but the fact that she was the only nineteen-year-old virgin left in town also left her feeling embarrassed.

"There's something you could do to make up for the delay," the man said thoughtfully and scratched his chin.

The girl raised her eyebrows. "What would that be, Sir?"

"Tell me your name."

She gulped. The staff wasn't supposed to give personal information to costumers since it was considered unprofessional, but a name isn't too personal - is it?

"Hannah... My name is Hannah."

Chapter 2: Lesson of Flirting

The man came back to CafÃ© Miranda the following day and sat by his usual table. Hannah scurried towards his table, almost knocking over a tray with cups in her effort to please the customer. That way he couldn't complain about her being slow.

"Hello there! Are you ready to order?" she asked and gave him the sweetest smile her face could create.

His eyes roamed Hannah's body from top to toe, taking in the sight of her newly purchased pair of skintight blue jeans and the pair of high heels on her petite feet. Her shirt seemed to fit a bit tighter to her body than before and showed off her teenage waist and the bulging breasts. '*I need her to wince underneath me*,' the man thought and licked his cracked and dry lips.

"I'll have the usual black coffee with..."

"... some sugar. I got it, Sir." She smiled and turned on her heel to go and personally make his cup of coffee. Even the tiniest of delays was unacceptable after yesterday's blunder. Hannah refused to be seen as a sloppy waitress; especially from the number one patron. His dark brown eyes sent tingles to parts she hadn't discovered yet and she knew that there sometimes was a tension in the air between the two of them.

When the coffee was ready, Hannah hurried over to the man's table and was very content with herself. Luckily, no other customers had arrived and she had no other tables to serve.She placed the cup on the table carefully and intentionally brushed the man's arm as she straightened herself again. He didn't seem to acknowledge her sneaky move and it made her feel disappointed.

Hannah usually wasn't the girl who would dare to touch a man, but she had in the heat of the moment decided to do it anyway.

"Thanks Hannah," the man said sternly and hadn't a single trace of a smile on his masculine face.

Hannah hung her head low and ran off behind the counter like an ashamed dog. She thought she had embarrassed herself while 'accidentally' touching a customer like that.
The man thought quite differently, though. The touch had confirmed what he had been waiting for a long time. She was ready for the next step.

He drank his coffee and then waved the girl over to the table again. "I have some issues with the engine of my car... Would you mind following me outside and push the pedal while I try connecting some cables?"

She shook her head and happily followed the much older man outside like a tail. They walked to a car park and soon reached the man's truck. The car park smelled of gasoline and oil. The place was secluded and not a single soul was inside the place other than the two of them.

"Get in the car, put the key in and wait until I tell you to push the pedal."

She obeyed him, jumping into the driver's seat and inserting the key. The screen of his stereo lit up and the tune of an aggressive rock song came on. He was at the same time pretending to be working with the engine, and then gave Hannah a thumbs up. She carefully laid a foot on the pedal and pressed it a little. The engine coughed and then started to purr like a kitten.

"It's working fine!" Hannah said loudly. She then got out of the vehicle and stood on solid ground once again.

The man slammed the hood of the car shut and staggered towards the young female. Her strawberry blonde hair seemed darker in the dim light and he suddenly reached out to rake his fingers through her soft locks. She was so shocked that she only stood there with her mouth hanging slightly open.

"You are a beautiful girl, Hannah. Beautiful, but ignorant," the man said and smirked.

"W-what?"

"Can't you see that I want you?" he asked, stepping a bit closer to trap Hannah between his body and the car.

"You're a customer... This is unprofessional! I couldn't..." Hannah rambled and her eyes widened.

"Are you saying that the tension I've felt is merely a result of my old imagination?" he asked, leaning closer to the female and brushing the skin of her neck with his lips.

She felt her heart thumping and panic struck her entire being. A man had never touched her like that before and the sensation rushing through her body frightened her. A lady shouldn't succumb to impulses, and certainly not ones as dirty as those Hannah experienced. She closed her eyes and released a small whimper.

The man pulled away. "If you want more, I'll be waiting right here at seven."

Chapter 3: Lesson of Stripping

"I didn't think you'd come." He couldn't hide the surprise in his voice when he saw the small woman hesitantly walking towards him. It was five minutes until the clock would strike seven, but the older man had been on the verge of giving up already.

Hannah was just as surprised as the man was. She had thought the decision through carefully and had had a thousand arguments with herself. The pros overweighed the cons, and the least she could do was to show up.

Her strawberry hair was curled and shaped with styling products and her face was painted with makeup. She wore an airy dress which was short enough to show her trembling knees. The girl was very good-looking and in a way almost angelic. The dress was neither short nor showed a lot of cleavage, but it still turned the man on immensely.

"Me neither," she said whilst nervously swirling a lock of hair between her slender fingers.

Hannah knew that the innocence she had worked so hard on keeping would disappear in a matter of minutes, and it worried her. All of her friends had had many sexual partners and could say if they were good or bad. Hannah didn't want to make herself, or the other person involved, disappointed. She wanted to be good at sex, but the fear of not being good enough was what was keeping her from trying it out.

The man took a step forward from his truck, capturing the girl's blue eyes with his own dark ones. They were calm and resembled something peaceful and Hannah decided to trust the man's judgment. He was the older and more experienced one and would hopefully be a bit patient with her.

He stretched his arm out and brushed away the strawberry colored hair from Hannah's shoulder. "Come here."

She obeyed him and let herself be trapped in the older man's arms. He swiftly moved her towards the concrete wall of the car park and pressed her against it. A whimper escaped Hannah's lips as the surface scraped the hot skin of her back. "I'm a bit nervous," she admitted while the man's hands were roaming her fabric-covered hips.

He stopped stroking her body for a while and stepped away, tilting her chin up with his hand. His thumb caressed the skin of her face as he drilled his gaze into her eyes and spoke. "Why? I bet you've done this a thousand times before."

"I'm a v-v-virgin," she blurted out.

The man had suspected this, but had not dared to hope for it. The cleaner she was - the better. Starting off with a clean slate would give him an opportunity to mold her into the kind of sexual partner he had always longed for.

"I wouldn't hurt you, Hannah. Relax," the man said, "Or don't you trust me?"

"I don't know... I don't know you," she answered. But she wanted to know him. She wanted to know more about those deep and dark eyes. She wanted to know what it felt like to succumb to another person.

"I'm not going to wait all night for you to make a decision." He started to turn around, walking away from the trembling teenage girl.

She had to make up her mind - quickly.

"Wait!" Hannah said loudly, "Come back... I'm ready."

The man didn't need any other words to be convinced. He walked right back and slammed the girl up against the wall once again.

He smashed his lips against the girl's and forcefully pushed his tongue inside her mouth. There was no fight for dominance since it was clear from the start who the one in charge was. The car park was empty, but someone could have easily walked in and discovered the two of them - and it drove the man insane. The rush made him feel more turned than he had ever been in his entire life.

He ordered the young female to strip down to her underwear, and she obeyed. At first she was a bit hesitant, but when the older man's gaze didn't hold any signs of a joke - she pulled the dress down and let it fall to the ground.

If the man had been horny as hell before, the new vision turned him into an animal. Her white and creamy skin stood in contrast to the sinful lace of her black thong. The breasts were hidden by a black bra, but he could already tell that they were medium-sized and perky.

That was when a signal sounded.

The man groaned and hauled a mobile phone out of his pocket. As he watched the number on the display; he knew he had to take the call.

"Fuck," he said, "I have to go. Tomorrow you'll meet me here. Same time. Same place."

Then he took off.

Chapter 4: Lesson of Virginity

Hannah's heels waltzed over the car park's concrete floor.

Click. Click. Click.

"Sir, I'm here!" she called.

The man was leaning against his truck with his arms crossed over his chest. Since the car park was located in a fishy part of town and the time was way past working hours - the place was completely empty; much to the man's delight. The location was perfect for sinful activities. He had never been with a younger woman though and he felt like he was doing something criminal.

"It's nice to see you again, Hannah."

The teenage girl was clad in the same airy dress that she had been wearing yesterday and a pair of pumps. Her strawberry blonde hair was tied up in a bun and her face was sparsely painted. Her body was trembling with both worry and anticipation. She felt the lace material of her underwear rubbing against her skin as she moved towards the older man by the truck. A part of her wanted to run the other direction, but the winning part of her wanted to finally feel the sensation of having sex.

The man smiled as the female came closer. The distance allowed him to see her heaving ribcage as she breathed and he couldn't help but to notice how perky her breasts looked as she inhaled.

"Have you come to say that you've changed your mind?" he asked the girl.

She shook her head and a pink shade appeared on her cheeks. "No... I've been thinking about this all day."

"What a naughty virgin you are," the man said whilst smirking. He opened the door of his truck and sat down in the driver's seat, then he pulled the girl closer and placed her in his lap. Hannah was stiffly sitting on him, facing the big window. The man's hands were roaming her chest and his lips nibbled her neck. Hannah didn't allow herself to relax and her body was tense. Sure, his lips and hands felt good, but she had a nagging feeling that she was making a bad decision. The man could as well be a perverted kidnapper, or worse... She knew nothing about the man she found herself sitting on top of.

"Turn around and take my shirt off," the older man commanded. Hannah obeyed; quickly turning around and letting her shaking hands fidget with the buttons.

"There..." she said when she was finished and the plaid fabric of his shirt was removed. The man had broad shoulders and a dark line of hair which started by his bellybutton and continued down the depths of his pants. The girl placed a hand on the man's warm chest and hesitantly looked into his deep dark brown eyes.

"Now take that dress off," the man said and a smile danced on his thin lips.

Hannah was now straddling the man whilst facing him and saw the hunger in his eyes. She slid the dress over her head and tried her best to look comfortable in her position. Showing off skin wasn't something she was used to doing. Only a black bra and a lace thong covered her milky skin.

The older man swiftly removed the bra and tossed it to the side. He was facing a pair of bouncy teenage breasts with erect pink nipples. The man groaned and squeezed, caressed and sucked on the two love-bags.

He had to fuck the girl. Immediately.

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