

Anyone for Tennis?

Jonathan liked playing sports, he really did. But he had one problem. He had an overwhelming desire for Keds sneakers. This was no ordinary fashion craving either; it was full on fetish behaviour. Whenever he saw a pair he got a raging stiffy and thought of nothing much else.

As anyone could appreciate, this fetish didn't help matters when it came to sports. High school was a constant problem for Jonathan, and he was always complaining to his mother about various ailments in order to get out of it. It wasn't easy playing sports with girls in sneakers! As much as he loved Keds, he really wished that they would ban them in high school.



This is why tennis seemed to stick with him more than any other sport. At least this way there was only one other player, or at the most three, although Jonathan avoided doubles at all costs. One person across the court didn't bother him too much because his eyesight wasn't that great anyway, and the net was a welcome obstruction also.

Now, because Jonathan threw himself in the sport, as his last bastion of safety from his Keds sneaker fetish, his mother had an idea that he was the next Pete Sampras. She really thought he would be the next legend in the game.

“You're always playing Jonathan. If you keep this up you'll be great one day son! I just know it,” she said.

“Yes mom,” said Jonathan resignedly. If only she knew that he couldn't possibly take up tennis professionally; although the thought of this gave him plenty of lovely fantasies. He often took himself off to his room and played with his cock whilst imagining a whole host of lovely female tennis players, all of them wearing sneakers – in particular Keds!

“Well, do you know what I've done?” asked his mother in her strange game-show voice, the one she always used when there was a surprise. Jonathan didn't speak or move. He was still imagining his P. E tutor, Miss Spencer, wearing nothing but a tennis skirt and blue Keds. “Well I've got you a tennis coach!”

Jonathan's cock twitched in his trousers and strained against the zipper.

“What? A proper coach? Are you kidding me?” he asked incredulously.

“Hell yes. Although I got her quite cheap actually,” she laughed. A she, thought Jonathan, this had to be good, maybe she'll wear some sneakers? “Yes, and you know her,” continued his mother, “it's that lovely Miss Spencer from your school!” She opened her arms for a

huge hug, and Jonathan was about to get up from the kitchen table before he realised that he may actually prod her in the stomach with his raging stiffy. Instead he gave her his best smile,

“That’s awesome mom, really. When do I start?” he asked

“Well,” she replied, dropping her arms a little disappointed, “tonight my boy, tonight! I’m going to drive you over to the school after dinner.”

“School?” he asked

“Yes, they let her use it for private lessons. You’re not the only one getting a little extra-curricular activity Jonathan.”

Jonathan rushed upstairs the moment his mother’s back was turned and he wrenched out his cock and rubbed it frantically. He had an excellent imagination, and he pictured Miss Spencer in a tiny tennis skirt and those blue Keds he was thinking about. They would be brand new, bought especially for his lesson, and when it was...

“Jonathan, for goodness sake let’s go. Get your racket!” interrupted his mother. His cock went limp instantly.

“Coming mom!”

Jonathan was dropped off at the school gate in his shorts, shirts and training shoes. He left his own sneakers at home. He figured it would be a little too much for him. The school tennis court was eerily quiet at this time in the evening, it was approaching sunset and he thought to himself that this must be her last coaching session of the evening because her students wouldn’t be able to see pretty soon!

Then his dream materialised before his very eyes. There she was, Miss Spencer, looking almost exactly as he had imagined her so many time. He had wanked himself of so many times to the image that now jogged across the court towards him.

“Jonathan!” she shouted as she jogged, “I knew you’d come to me eventually.” He watched her jog, and looked her up and down. Before he could think of anything else her saw them. Some of the newest, loveliest Keds he had seen; made all the more beautiful because Miss Spencer was wearing them. They were black, with rubber soles just like he imagined them to be. The laces were bright white and tied so uniformly that it was simply perfection to see. Jonathan certainly had an eye for these things; he saw all this from across the court.

Miss Spencer was tall with long brownish hair. He guessed that she was in her mid-thirties, maybe even forty. Hell, who knew these days, he thought, she could be in her sixties for all he knew. She had an excellent body. It was straight out of a porno magazine, and in her tennis outfit it looked even better.

Miss Spencer, slowed down as she approached Jonathan, a little out of breath. He watched her big tits heave underneath the tiny little top she was wearing. She exposed her slim, naked midriff. She had a perfect womanly figure, and long legs to go with it. Her tennis skirt was a tiny little check design that wafted around when she moved. Jonathan was dying to see under it.

She beckoned him over to a seating area at the side of the court.

“So, you’re here at last,” she said putting her foot up on the arm of one of the benches quite casually. Jonathan couldn’t only take his eyes from the Keds momentarily, in order to explore up Miss Spencer’s leg to wear the skirt was beginning to make a tent shape with her wide open legs.

“Yeah, here I am,” said Jonathan nervously, tapping his racket in the palm of his hand.

“You obviously know all the rules,” she smiled at him and pushed her sunglasses off her eyes, onto her forehead. Her eyes were a dark shade of blue, knowing and experienced looking, with slight laughter lines beginning to develop around them. “You just want a good challenge do you Jonathan?” she asked, giggling to herself.

“Well, yes,” said Jonathan taking his eyes from her legs and sneakers to meet hers for a moment. It was clear she knew he was checking her out due to her smile. “My mom thinks I’m going to be some kind of tennis star or something!”

“Don’t they all, don’t they all!” she laughed, “let’s see what you got then,” she said, glancing down at his shorts.

Jonathan was mortified for a moment. It was clear by his shorts that he wasn’t thinking about playing tennis, and certainly not thinking about showing her anything other than his rock hard cock. He watched her eyes move from his cock back up to his face. He flushed with embarrassment.

“You know Jonathan, actually I think it might be a bad idea to start your lessons tonight,” she said seriously for a moment, putting her leg back on the ground and turning from him. “Maybe we should postpone it until next week, I’m a little tired. You don’t mind do you?”

“No,” he said, sitting down, absolutely mortified by the whole experience. He sat on the chair and watched the floor. He caught sight of her Keds again, and imagined grabbing hold of them while he was fucking her.

“Do you like my new sneakers Jonathan,” she said innocently holding them up for him to see. He nodded and looked away. “Hey listen Jonathan. I’m not bothered about you looking



It

at me,” she said, “in fact I quite like it.” Jonathan didn’t look at her, he just froze, unable to believe his ears. “I like you boys watching me. Why do you think I wear this little outfit? It certainly isn’t for comfort. Although these shoes are of course, I wear them all the time,” she giggled.

“I love them!” said Jonathan passionately, “they’re so perfect. They suit you very much Miss Spencer.” He surprised himself and stopped talking quickly.



“Please, call me Bianca, Jonathan. It can’t hurt can it?” With that she looked him in the eye, lifted the front of her tennis skirt and looked down at her panties. They were yellow and semi-translucent, exposing a glorious glimpse of her pussy. “I know you wanted to look up there Jonathan, so there you go. Consider it an apology for not getting a lesson.” She laughed and waved the skirt like a can-can dancer from Paris or the Old West.

“Miss Spencer... You shouldn’t be...,” stuttered Jonathan before he was quickly interrupted.

“Bianca for Christ sake, I already told you. Do you want to fuck me Jonathan?” asked Bianca. She approached his and grabbed his hand. He dropped his racket on the concrete floor and reached out to touch her naked thighs. Her skin was so soft. She quivered beneath his fingers, and Jonathan stood up before her with his cock pushing at his shorts.

Without further warning Bianca pulled Jonathan’s shorts down to his ankles with both her hands. She lowered herself down with them and got a smack in the face from his hard cock as it sprang out of its confinement. She grabbed it and wanked it slowly. Jonathans moaned and looked down on a spectacle he thought he would never see. Miss Spencer, Bianca, his tutor, wanking him off.

She did this for a short time before getting off her knees and walking back over to the seat. “Do you know how to please a woman Jonathan?” she asked, as she pulled off her vest top, revealing some of the most fantastic tits Jonathan had ever seen. He was no virgin, but the girls he’d had sex with were just kids compared with Bianca. She was the real deal and Jonathan’s cock was aching to get inside her lovely pussy.

She sat down and pulled her panties to one side. She looked at him and smiled, “come on over here Jonathan. Grab my legs and let’s see how hard you can fuck me. Consider it fitness training,” she laughed and flicked her clit a few times before Jonathan approached, like a night with huge lance poking out in front of him.

Jonathan leaned over her and pushed his cock against her opening. He rubbed it up and down her clit. Bianca tilted her head back in pleasure and Jonathan grabbed one of her lovely tits in his hand and reached down to her sneakers with the other one. He brought her leg up high, and to prevent her slipping off the seat, he thrust his cock into her firmly. She let out a little gasp and Jonathan started to pump her hard.



He left her tits well alone and grabbed a leg in each hand. He fucked her hard, as though she were a sex doll, able to be manipulated wherever he wanted her. Now he had it, his ultimate fantasy. He had her Keds in either hand, fucking her like crazy. He leaned towards one of her sneakers and smelled it. It was new and smelled fantastic, just like the inside of shoes shops. He felt the pure white stitching and the soft laces as he continued to bang his tutor.

Bianca was close to orgasm, he could feel it. She was moving against him like she had an itch she was unable to reach. And then, as he slowed down a little Bianca pushed forward, forcing him to let go of her sneakers, and climaxed, half on and half off the chair.



Jonathan stood in front of her, marvelling at the sight of his tutor sprawled out like this, and he played with his wet cock. She looked up at him and watched him for a moment. “You wanna shoot that all over me Jonathan?” she asked.

“Bend over the chair,” he commanded, surprising himself.

“Yes sir,” she laughed, doing as he asked.

Jonathan felt enormously powerful as he entered Bianca from behind. He had an enormous sense of satisfaction knowing that he was going to shoot his

hot cum all over her back at any second. He glanced down and to his side and watched her get on the tip toes of her Keds in order to get just the right position. Then before he could control himself any more he was forced to yank out his wet cock and shoot his hot load all over Bianca's back.

“Was that what you needed honey?” she said, out of breath and standing up straight.

“Hell yes, I think that these lessons are going to teach me a lot Miss Spencer,” replied Jonathan.

“I told you once,” she said, wiping her back with a nearby towel, “Bianca. It's Bianca, Jonathan. Same time next week I think.”

End

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