

Experiments

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She wanted to try something we saw in a movie. Something intimate.

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She sat on my bed across from the game board, knees wide, ankles crossed and tucked under her thighs, concentrating on the chess pieces. It was her move and she was moving the pieces in her mind, planning my destruction. Over the last couple of years since I taught her to play Chess I had a winning record but this time I was on the defensive as she attacked relentlessly, pressing her queen into the fray against my king.

I studied her as she plotted my demise. She was rapidly approaching 17 years, the end of her transformation from awkward pubescence to an alluring young woman. She might have not even been done developing but in the past few months I'd been entertaining some very erotic but forbidden thoughts about her. Looking at her just then didn't do anything to quell my fantasies. She was wearing blue denim shorts that were loose enough around the leg that I could see the edges of her pale yellow panties at the junction of her legs. An abbreviated tank top covered her breasts but her midriff was bare from the bellybutton to the band of the shorts. The sharp form of nipples announced to my eyes that she was not hindered by a bra. She leaned forward, put her elbows on her knees and cradled her chin in her hands while she stared at the chess game. The new position allowed my eyes to roam down the loose neck of the top and take in the full view of the soft mounds rising from her chest.

I was quickly building a strong carnal desire for the sensuous young female sitting across from me. I felt my cock swelling in appreciation for the enchanting view. I was getting restless, waiting for her to move the game forward. I had nothing to do except take in the vista, I couldn't put my mind on the game. She jostled her butt on the bed which caused her breasts to bob slightly, my semi-hard grew even more. I'd lost all concentration on the board between us as my chest constricted with erotic tension.

She used to be cute but her facial features were altering subtly to pretty, by the time she was fully matured she would be devastating; by that I mean beautiful. Short black hair, cut to look naturally windswept offset her most startling feature, her sharp sapphire eyes. They were so deep I could have fallen into them and drown in the rich blue orbs. Long dark lashes flickered when she blinked. Her

nose swept long and slender to a slight flare over full, sultry lips that could turn into a blinding smile in an instant. As I took in the view of the girl I could only envy her future lovers.

She looked up from the board and gave me one of her bright smiles. "You're gonna die sucker." With that she moved a bishop four spaces diagonally "Check! You've got only two moves left." She grinned at me "You going to concede or do I have to kick your ass."

"The only ass kicking around here is when I boot your butt off my bed you little witch."

"Ha!" She looked at me sharply, merriment shining in her blue eyes. She bounced out of her sitting position and stood directly over the chess board, most of the pieces tipped over with a clatter and rolled onto the blanket. "You can't boot my butt, go ahead and try you slack assed wimp!"

I lunged for her legs and wrapped my arms around her knees and pulled her down. She collapsed sideways onto the bed laughing with delight as she struggled to break free of my hold. She thrashed her legs, raising one and put it against my stomach and pushed me away. Her hands on my shoulders and the knee in my gut forced me from her, breaking my hold on legs. As soon as she was loose she flung herself over me and tried to pin me down by straddling my chest and pinning my wrists to the bed beside my head. She sat on my chest breathing heavily, grinning largely. I could see the curve of her breasts under the halter, I felt her soft thighs caressing my chest. My cock was solidifying to granite in my Levis.

She moved her hands to the center of my chest and sat straight up. I took advantage of the freedom and ran my hands up her sides until I held her by the waist, her bare skin was smooth and warm. I dug my fingers into her ribs and tickled. She started squirming while she laughed, "Oh god, stop! I can't stand that!" As she protested she bounced backward until her ass was rocking against the bulge in my pants. I don't think she was aware of our position but I sure was. Every time she moved her hips she put more weight and pressure on my stiffness.

I stopped digging holes in her sides to let her catch her breath. She quit bouncing on me for a few moments while recovering from the laughing fit. When she finally opened her eyes she looked down to where she was sitting. The lump in my pants was evident and pressed against the junction of her legs. She looked into my eyes, embarrassment rising quickly up her cheeks. She scrambled off my body and the bed to flee but before she did, she paused for a moment and looked intently at my erection then moved her eyes to mine. I wasn't sure what the message in her eyes was but it wasn't disgust or revulsion.

She started avoiding me and quit coming to my room. We got on fine in all parts of the house and when family members were near but all of a sudden we were seldom alone and those few times were

always cut short by her excuse to be somewhere else. This became the norm as the months went by. I got used to the change in our relationship, after all she wasn't a little girl any more, something she realized that day in my room. We both knew our childhood was dwindling rapidly with the advancement of years and maturity.

It was one of those rare occasions that she and I were alone together. We were watching a rented movie on the Blu-ray about some college kid's adventures. There were some intimate scenes but nothing to start jacking off over, the intimacy was more inferred than real. One part of the movie had the hero at a frat party where the boys and girls were playing a game, trying to figure out who their party partner was just by feel. The couples were blindfolded then touched and felt the opposite member until their identities were guessed. Since it was an R rated film there was a lot of body contact. I mean the girls felt up the boys, the boys played with all the girl parts. For me it was the most erotic part of the film.

Three days later she knocked softly on my bedroom door. "It's open."

"Can I come in?" was the tentative question.

"First of all, you never have to knock, you never did before and you are always welcome in here, you don't have to ask."

"I just wanted to make sure I wouldn't catch you without clothes on or something."

I snorted my reply "It's 2:30 in the afternoon. If you want to catch me masturbating you'll have to come over when the lights are out."

She blossomed red and looked everywhere but my face. "I want to do something, something I don't think we should but I can't get it out of my mind."

Several questions formed but only one came out of my mouth "What's that?"

She was agitated, fidgety and the flush crept from her cheeks down her neck. "Remember that movie we watched the other night? The one where those guys had the party and felt each up to guess who they were with?"

"Yeah, what about it?"

She hesitated, nervous eyes settled on my face, "I want to do that. I want to feel up a boy like that without him wanting to take me to bed."

I was caught off guard, unsure of what to say as an image of her replaced the hot girl in the movie, running her hands across the hero's ass. "Any guy who gets close enough to you to touch you like that is going to want to have sex with you. I guarantee if you start playing those games with a boyfriend you'd better be ready to let him."

Blue eyes met mine, I saw determination replace hesitancy, "I don't have a boyfriend, not one I'd let fondle me, not yet anyway." She took a deep breath then the next set of words rushed out as a high pitched blur of sound, almost as if her lungs were being squeezed. "I want to do that with you, I brought these and since you aren't my boyfriend it should be ok because we won't have to go all the way." She pulled her left hand from behind her back had showed me two black satin blindfolds, the kind that women used for sleeping.

I looked at the blindfolds then her face. My eyes traveled from her eyes down her body then back. An involuntarily spasm of lust twisted through my loins and settled in my balls. "You want me to put those on then touch your body? Why do we need to put them on?"

"If I wear this, I will be able to imagine you are anybody I want you to be. I might think you're Brad and I can be Angela. If I do that, you won't be you and I won't be me and I will finally get to feel what it's like to be touched. You do know how to touch a girl don't you?" There was a slight challenge in the last question.

"Even with the blinders, you will know who I am." It was my last attempt to dissuade her even though I wanted to play her game.

"Doesn't matter, in my mind you will be somebody else, that's the only way I can do this."

I pulled an eye patch from her then put a hand on her shoulder and turned her so she was facing away. I slipped the blindfold over her hair and positioned it over her eyes then turned her around again. She fumbled with the second eye cover while blindly putting it on me. As soon as she touched my face to place it over my eyes my cock started perking up. Her feather light finger tips on my skin started a shiver that crawled down my neck to my chest. I couldn't see a damn thing. I reached for her hands and pulled them off me. I stretched her arms until they were straight and wide from her shoulders. "Stand still, hold your arms like that."

I started at her finger tips, caressing them with mine. Slowly I moved my hands along her arms over the cloth of her blouse, massaging and touching every inch of her arms until I reached her shoulders. I couldn't see her reaction but I could feel it. As my hands roamed over her they became hypersensitive, I explored each dimple, each small fold or crevasse in her skin under the cloth. She

was shaking ever so softly, I heard her breath grow uneven as I squeezed her shoulders. The next part of her to fall under my ministrations was her neck, I circled it with finger tips sliding them along her hairline then up behind her ears. I teased the ears and lobes before moving across her chin and running my fingers across her lips. She dropped her arms and sighed deeply, the hot air from her lungs wafting over my hands. Her skin was warming. I caressed her nose, her brow and the satin over her eyes.

I urged her to turn around again so I could work on her back. I massaged and touched her shoulders again then drew circles with the heels of my hands on her back. I moved slowly down to her waist then put my hands on her hips. I drew them back up her sides, trailing my thumbs one each side of her back bone. She shuddered and stepped her feet further apart. My cock was tearing the crotch of my pants.

I dropped to my knees and worked my hands down her sides, over her hips then along the outside of her legs. She was wearing jeans but I could still feel the soft smooth skin under them. From thigh to ankle I felt her then squeezed her ankles. I urged her to turn around again.

I started back up the inside of her legs. She fumbled for my arms, grabbed my wrists and halted my advance up her inner thighs. As we paused like that I could feel her legs trembling. She released her grip. I slipped my palms further up until I caressed the junction of her legs with the edge of both hands. She grabbed my shoulders as her knees went weak. Her crotch was smoldering with heat, damp with desire. I moved back from her and stood again. Hands went back to her hips, this time my thumbs were exploring her stomach. I felt her pulse hammering under her ribs when I eased up and over the rise of her breasts. I grazed the two nipples with finger tips then pulled away. I pulled my blindfold off and looked at her. She was flushed, arms akimbo, legs spread wide. I took a hand and led her to the door of my room and urged her into the hall then quickly closed the door between us.

She hadn't touched me but I knew that if I stayed that close to her for any longer I'd lose what little control I had.

I didn't see her again until the next day. I wasn't sure what to expect so I was a little anxious when she walked into the house from school. She flashed me an unencumbered smile, said "Hi" then went about her business as normal.

Nothing was said for days. Our relationship was as normal as it had been for years. That lasted 8 days. On the 9th afternoon I found some blindfolds on my bed with a note tucked under the elastic band. I unfolded the paper "Your turn, put these on then come to me." My prick expanded with just the thought of what 'Your turn' might entail.

The blackness over my eyes was complete so I felt my way from my room to hers. My cock had stiffened rapidly, the material of my pants was stretched tight so I knew it would be on display. If she had any feminine instincts at all she would know she caused it. I pressed down door handle and moved from the blacked out hall into her blacked out room. As soon I clicked the door shut she touched my arm, guiding me to where she wanted me to stand. She pressed a set of blindfolds into my right hand and I knew she wanted me to put them on her.

I didn't turn her around this time. I slipped the elastic band over her head then slipped the eye pads over her eyes then rested my hands on her shoulders. She took my arms by my wrists and moved them to my side. "Don't touch me this time."

She fumbled up my arms to my face and began to explore with her fingers. Trails of heat traced the path of her finger tips across my cheeks and down my neck. She left long soft tracks across my broad shoulders then down the outside of my arms. My fingers got individualized attention, she gripped and tickled each of them then moved to my chest.

I was suddenly glad that I have a good build. I've developed into a tall, well proportioned young man and now the palms of her hands were gliding across the toned muscles of my upper body. My skin rippled where she was leaving finger prints and I wished silently that I could take my shirt off. She felt the outlines and rises of my pecs then followed the contour of my body down my stomach. She paused to dig a fingertip in my bellybutton then kept heading south over my hips, outer thighs, and finally stopped her sightless examination at my knees. She had deftly avoided contact with my bulging hard-on.

I felt her move closer to me then her hands found the back of my knees. The trails of fire moved back up my upper legs until she held my ass in her hands where she paused. She flexed her grip, kneading my butt like bread dough then continued up my back. She had taken several minutes to examine me by touch and by the time she was resting her hands on my shoulders I was shaking with high levels of adrenaline and testosterone. I needed to get away from her and beat meat until I flooded the room.

Just about the time I thought the game was over she dropped her hands to my waist and held me from moving away. Her thumbs pressed into my stomach slightly then after a short pause, as if she were debating, she slipped her hands to touch the tent in my pants. She passed a hand over the lump of my cock which caused me to shiver with need. Since the first contact with my erection didn't burn her she started massaging it with all ten fingers. I bucked and sucked in a breath then let it out as a soft moan.

Encouraged by what she felt and heard she pressed on my erection with both hands, massaging me

though my pants. The pressure was building, my balls ballooning. She moved one hand up over my muscled stomach and rested it on my shoulder while keeping up the pressure on my hard-on with the other. She pulled me closer by the hand on my shoulder until her forehead was lying against my chest and continued to rub my cock. I couldn't hold back, my balls contracted, my prick convulsed and I started filling my shorts with hot shots of cum. I heard a small gasp escape her as I moaned into thin air.

She pulled her hands off me then led me to the door then quietly closed it behind me. In moments I was standing in the hall alone, my pants soaked through with the evidence of my discharge.

Two hours later she was sitting at the chess board when I came into the front room. She looked up at me with fathomless blue eyes, flashed a smile private smile and asked in a silken voice "You want to play with me?" I got dizzy from a surge of lust as the double entendre crashed into my ears. For the second time that day she created a storm of chaos in my loins. I had a hard time thinking about the game and she took full advantage. She kicked my ass all over the chess board then flounced out of the house surrounded by an air of satisfaction.

Again our relationship went back to what I considered normal. We had our own lives to live and crossed paths occasionally at home. It irked me a little because I had gotten a taste of something delicious and I wanted to sample another bite, metamorphically speaking.

About a month after she masturbated me we were again alone for the night. We were folding and putting up some laundry when she shook the wrinkles out of a pair of my boxer shorts. I said to her, "Those are the ones I was wearing."

She folded them neatly and laid them on a pile of t-shirts then delicately fingered the crotch of my underwear. "Are you ready to put on the blindfolds again?" Her question caught me momentarily off guard but I recovered quickly.

"Yeah, but let's touch each other at the same time, not just one of us."

"That's what I'm thinking too, put this stuff away, I'll get them."

We went to where this all started, my room. Again we put the blinders on each other but then I stepped back from her while holding her hands. We began our new experience at the hands and wrists, touching and caressing each others fingers. Slowly we worked up the others arms to the top half of our bodies. My cock had levitated in the laundry room and solidified to oak in the few minutes we fondled each others arms. I could feel her warming under my touch as I worked on her neck and face again.

This time I wasn't being as cautious or indiscreet as the first time we did this. When she rubbed me to an ejaculation it changed the dynamics of my thoughts. I wanted to turn her on, to make her feel the need between her legs. I knew she wouldn't ever screw me but I wanted to get her hot and panting for cock. I was sure one of her school mates was going to get lucky soon because of me.

I went to my knees in front of her while she massaged my head and torso. She was wearing a skirt this time so when I put my hands on her calves there were only thin smooth nylons between her skin and my touch. I played with her legs and ankles then moved my hands higher, under the skirt to her thighs. She was trembling as I massaged the firm flesh of her upper legs. I slid a hand between her legs close to the junction of her legs and I could feel the heat radiating from her body. I got bold enough to grip the panty hose on each side of her hips and tug on them. When she didn't protest I pulled them off her ass and down her legs. She kicked off her shoes and let me peel the hose off her feet, one at a time. My heart was hammering against my rib cage, my balls were starting to ache.

She shivered and gasped when I moved my hands back up under her skirt and discovered that the panty hose were the only thing she had worn under the skirt. My fingers brushed against her pubic curls, she made a soft noise in her throat then grabbed my hair and pulled me up to stand in front of her again.

She reached for my hands then lifted them to her chest. She moved my fingers until I held a blouse button then she put her hands on my shirt and began to open the buttons. I twisted the top button open then moved to the next while she pulled mine apart. The third button on her blouse was resting between the peaks of her tits so I took a little extra time and effort to tease her nipples with I undid it. The ends of her tits grew under my touch.

She had finished undoing my shirt then pulled the tails of it out of my waist band and in moments I was completely bare chested. I lifted her open blouse away from her bra then put my hands over the mounds. As I was feeling her tits she reached behind and unclasped the restrictive garment. It fell away with the blouse and I got to touch her bared breasts. She let me squeeze them for a couple of moments then pushed the shirt off my arms. She put her arms around my body, pulled me close and then mashed her hot soft tits against my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and embraced the tender body, pressing my erection against her stomach. We didn't move. She stood like a warm statue and held me while I melted from the heat we were generating. I bent my head and whispered in her ear "Should I take my pants off?"

She twisted slightly so her mouth was next to my neck, "I'll do it, you get my skirt " Since the skirt was the only thing she had on except the blinders, that would mean she would be nude with me. I didn't believe my cock could get any larger or harder but it did, and she felt it.

I fumbled at her side until I found the clasp for the skirt. Once loose it fell off her hips to the floor where it became part of the growing pile of discarded clothing. She moved back from me and with both hands unhooked my pants then tugged the zipper to its stop. She eased her fingers under the band of my shorts and pushed the last covering I had to my ankles. She lowered herself to her knees and held the pant legs still while I pulled my feet free. As she stood back up her hair brushed against my distended cock and I almost came at that instant. The target of her explorations became evident when she put both hands between us and tentatively fingered my erection. She ran two fingers along the length of it then got bolder and held it in one hand. When she discovered that it was longer than a single fist she put the second around my cock and gripped it hard. I put a hand between her legs and pressed on her hot swollen body slit.

She was wet with lust so my hand slid easily along her crack, she widened her stance which gave me more room to rub her. She was shaking and pumping my cock erratically as I brought her to higher levels of excitement. She began to make wordless sounds while I stroked her body, I bent my head to her chest and kissed a nipple. Encouraged by a squeak of pleasure I started suckling a nub while keeping up the pressure between her legs. She let go of my cock with one hand and moved it to cradle my swollen balls. I eased two finger tips to the top of her body slit and searched for her clit. Just as I found her fleshy hot spot she began to groan and quiver. I had found the combination to unlock an orgasm and she began to rock and flex as her body cramped with ecstasy.

Her hands cramped tight around my cock and balls which was the final act I needed to blow up. I started firing surges of cum on her stomach while she pumped my cock until my nut sack was empty.

She let go of me and collapsed to the floor, pulling me with her. Fingers lifted the blindfold from my eye and the first thing I saw was her deep blue eyes glittering with delight. I looked her nudity for the first time then at the rivulets of cum dripping down her stomach.

Even though she looked happy, not upset, I had to ask "Was this too much, did we go to far this time?"

She stood up which put her sex directly in front of my eyes, I could see the slit of her body under the thin cloud of black hair curving between her legs. She picked up her clothes then held out a hand, an invitation to stand. She looked me up and down carefully, her gaze lingered on my half stiff shaft "No," she said, "This was just exactly right." I watched my door close behind her and wondered how far we would take this experimentation.

I was a predator on the prowl and she was my elusive prey. She had initiated the three increasingly intimate sessions so I wanted to make a move, to show her I could be causally inventive too. In my

own mind I had determined that she was waiting for me to up the stakes. It was up to me to make the next suggestion.

My chance came one Friday about two weeks after we did our blind strip for each other. I got back early from a frustrating date, horny and restless. The house was empty, even she was out. As I went past her room I got an idea. I went in and found the satin eye covers and placed one on her pillow. Next was a set of matching lingerie, very brief panties and a bra that had very little material. I placed it all on her pillow then dug into my pocket and pulled out my unused protection and placed it strategically on the crotch of the panties.

I was sitting in my room, lights out, looking at the night sky through the window when I felt a small waft of air when my door opened. Padded footsteps approached slowly then hands placed a set of black satin blindfolds over my eyes. She caressed my cheeks then leaned over and whispered "What will I learn tonight?"

I stood facing her, I felt for her waist and discovered bare skin. A quick run of my hands down her back and over her butt revealed to my touch the brief panties I had selected. I explored her face, her eye cover was resting on her forehead so I pulled them into place. I had to put the brakes on my hands, I didn't want her to think she was there just so I could feel her up.

I felt for her hands and found the packaged condom in her left fist. She had come to me fully prepared for more adventure. I pulled her close to me and let her feel the effect she had on me. My cock was already swollen and hurting in my cramped jeans. "You should learn how to put one of those on an erection."

She pulled away from my arms, put the round tinfoil package in my right hand then started loosening my pants. In moments she was pushing them down. My boxers got hung up on my hard-on so she carefully hooked her fingers in the band and pulled them out and over, then eased them down where I kicked them off with the pants. She wasn't being timid or shy this time, she was going directly meat of the matter and that meat was pounding, throbbing and aching when she wrapped her fingers around it. The soothing caress of her hand on my cock almost set me off. I fought the urge to shoot my load as she started pulling up my t-shirt with her free hand.

Less than two minutes after she came to me I was naked and turned on like I hadn't been in a long time. Once my clothes were scattered on the floor she started running her hands, familiarizing herself with my body again. She fingered, caressed and massaged every part of me, lingering with a delicate touch on my testicles. Once her hands were satisfied she stepped back and held her arms wide, and invitation for me. I fumbled in the dark until I found brief breast cover and pulled it over her raised arms and head. As it fluttered to the floor I put my hands over her breasts, I could feel the racing

heart beat under the warm soft mounds. I moved my hands down her sides causing her to tremble, I heard a sharp intake of breath as I slipped my hands under the panties and over her ass. The lingerie slid easily down her legs. She and I were naked again.

I stepped away from the discarded clothing taking her by the hand. I stopped but she kept moving until our bodies meshed, arms entwined. We held each other, the head of my erection was trying to fuck her bellybutton, her hands were on my ass, holding me tight against her.

I pulled myself reluctantly away from her and pressed the condom back into her hand. "You have to learn how to put this on somebody."

Trembling fingers took it. "How does it work?"

"Tear open the pack. It is rolled up so you only have to put it over the end of me then unroll it along the shaft. It's a lubricated rubber so it will be a little slippery."

"Can't you put it on?"

"I can but it's a hell of a lot more fun for both partners if she does it."

I heard the tinfoil tear then felt her fingers on my prick again. She held me steady with one hand and tried to slip the rubber over the end of my cock. "You should use both hands to get it started" I hinted.

Fingers fumbled, the condom slid around the swollen head of my erection but it wasn't working the way it was designed. I took it from her hands "I'll do it, you can feel how it goes on." She put her hands over mine and let her finger tips follow the motion of mine as I unrolled the rubber cylinder down the shaft.

Once it was in place I said to her "Feel it, how it fits snugly except at the end of it."

She followed my directions "Why is it so loose at the tip?"

"If you keep playing with me like this you'll find out in a hurry."

I heard her smile "That's what you fill up instead of me."

My heart stuttered, "Not you, other girls."

She whispered sensually into my left ear "Let's see if it works" then started stroking my erection.

She was using one hand on me and running the other over my body. I reached for intimate parts of her and began to bring her to my level of want. I was sliding my fingers along the lips of her sex which were hot, wet and puffed. She was ready to receive a male injection. She was shaking, hot and having trouble breathing when I dipped my long finger tip into her crack and felt for the clit. When my finger contacted her button she moaned deep in her chest and dropped my cock.

I wrapped her up in my arms and lifted her off the floor then stepped backward to my bed where I fell across it with her lying over me. She was lying full length on me, paralyzed by the forwardness of my move. My hard was lodged between her thighs, I could feel the heat of her pussy through the condom.

She pushed up on her arms then pulled the blindfold off my eyes. Hers were hanging around her neck. I thought that this was the end of the night, taking off the eye covers was the signal to stop. "Not other girls. Me" she murmured then put her lips on mine.