History With Miss Martin

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The story of a shy seventeen year old's first time with a woman

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Warning: This is a long story with a slow build-up.

1980 was a long time ago. A lot of history has happened since then, but there are parts of that year I remember like it was yesterday. I remember being a shy, seventeen-year-old kid, in my second-last year of high school, and I remember that I was not exactly Mister Popularity, either. I remember that feeling of not always fitting in, although I still had a few friends of my own, and I wasn't a total misfit, and I remember being a virgin, even though I had sexual thoughts on my mind a lot of the time. I also remember knowing that was a situation that was unlikely to change any time soon, but most of all, I remember the first time I saw Miss Martin.

First period on Tuesday mornings was modern history, and our teacher was Mrs Weston. She was tall, with wavy, dark hair, and probably aged around her late thirties, or maybe even early forties, for all I knew. She had pretty eyes, and high cheekbones, and she probably would have been quite good looking, except she had a receding chin that kind of spoiled everything. I guess Mr Weston didn't think so, after all, he married her, and he was also a teacher, in the mathematics department of the same high school. My dad was a friend of Mr Weston, and they would get together for a few beers now and then, and occasionally I would see him and his wife outside of school hours.

I remember we shuffled into class as usual that day, a room full of teenage kids, with the scraping sounds of chairs being moved around, books being placed on desks, and the murmur of conversation, along with occasional giggles from around the room, as we waited for Mrs Weston to come in and start the lesson. My desk was in the second row from the front, and I was turned around in my chair to talk to my friend, Donnie Selwyn, sitting behind me, and we were laughing about something stupid that one of our friends had done on the weekend.

Normally, as the teacher walked in, the murmur of conversation would tail off, as gradually everyone in the room became aware his or her presence. This time, all conversation stopped in an instant, and I looked up at the door, at the back of the classroom. Instead of Mrs Weston, conservatively dressed, middle aged, and by now comfortably familiar to us, I saw a real, live, actual goddess walking in.

I think my own mouth fell open, and in fact I would not be surprised if every male jaw in the room dropped with the precision and singularity of movement of a US Marine drill squad. This exquisite woman walked, with a sexy, swaying, *lilting* step, to the front of the classroom, and said, “Good morning, class. I’m Miss Martin.”

As soon as she spoke, emphasising the “r” in “morning,” and pronouncing “class” so it rhymed with “ass,” we knew she was from the United States, and at first I thought she was African-American, but she was later to tell us that she actually had Egyptian in her ancestry. She looked like was about five feet six, with a curvy figure, smooth, golden brown skin, wavy, dark brown hair that was halfway down her back, and pulled into a ponytail, big brown eyes, in an oval-shaped face, with a sexy mouth, and an incredible smile. Her breasts were round, beautifully-shaped, and perfectly in proportion to her frame. Moving down, her legs were shapely, and smooth-muscled, with that shiny, golden-brown skin just adding the final touch of perfection.

She was wearing a short-sleeved dress, made of a crepe-like material, in pale lilac, with a swirling pattern of pale blue and purple flowers all over it. It looked a whole lot better on her than it sounds, and it was short, coming to about five inches above her knees, so you could see her sexy legs, and it was shaped at the waist, with a belt made of matching material, so it hugged her figure, all the way. On her feet, she had open-toed leather sandals.

Miss Martin was a walking wet dream, and to say she oozed sex would be like saying “Star Wars” was a movie with some space ships in it. She turned to the blackboard, and wrote her name for us to see, and as she wrote, reaching over her head towards the top of the blackboard, her butt jiggled, and her crepe dress swished, and I felt a tingly feeling in my gut as watched her. I don’t think I was Robinson Crusoe in that room, either, and I’m sure every male student had his eyes riveted on that butt, as he mentally undressed our new teacher.

Miss Martin turned to face us again, with that big smile, and said, “I’m gonna be taking some of Mrs Weston’s classes for a few weeks, while I’m over here on an exchange program. I’ll be taking up where she left off, so some of you guys might have to help me out, and show me where you’re up to. Is that okay?”

In Australia in 1980, teachers never addressed their classes as, “you guys,” so, straight away, we knew history lessons would be different with Miss Martin.

“Just so you know,” she started, “My name is Katy Martin, and I’m from the United States. I come from little town called Branxton, in Northern California, but since I qualified as a teacher, I’ve been working in a city called Sacramento, which is our state capital. I’m twenty-six years old, and I’m gonna

be in Australia for three months." She finished with that smile again, and added, "And, by the way, I just love this place."

She moved across to the teacher's desk, and looked at some papers, and then looked back up at us, and said, "Now, I know you've probably got a million things you want to ask me, but first up, I have to collect your history assignments. Mrs Weston tells me they're due today, so I want you all to put them on your desks and I'll walk round and get them."

We all put our assignments on our desks, with a shuffling of papers, and Miss Martin started to walk around the room, picking them up one by one. I could see the other guys, and a few of the girls, exchanging meaningful glances at each other, as she walked past, and there was that murmur of voices again. I turned to face Donnie, and he said, "Look at that! She's incredible." I didn't answer, and just watched her swaying walk from behind, as she moved around the back of the room. I saw her pick up an assignment from the desk in front of David Buckley, the class clown, and as she walked to the next desk, he started making pelvic thrusts in his chair, behind her back, to the amusement of some of his tough-guy mates sitting nearby. Miss Martin was certainly making an impression, and I actually felt butterflies in my stomach when she walked past me, and bent down to pick up my assignment, as I smelt her sexy perfume smell, and got a close-up view of those smooth, sexy thighs.

After she had collected our assignments, Miss Martin stood at the front of the class again, and she said, "Now, I don't know the rules around here, so you guys might have to help me out with a few things," but she was interrupted by Buckley, the self-styled clown, who said, "Well, for a start, Miss, we're allowed to smoke in class, and in Australia, school finishes at midday." There was a ripple of laughter around the room, as she looked at him, and smiled sweetly, like she was talking to a six-year-old, and said, "Something tells me I might have to check that one out with the principal," and then she looked around, and added, "Now, any other special rules I should know about?"

There were no answers, so she began to tell us a little about how she came to be in Australia, and how the exchange program worked. She told us a few other things, like how she kept forgetting where she was, and driving onto the wrong side of the road, and how some of the people in her country don't even know we speak English in Australia, and the rest of our history lesson was a kind of question and answer session about her country, and our country. She also told us a little more about herself, and that was when he told us she was part Egyptian, but it went way back, so she regarded herself as an All-American girl from California.

Miss Martin told us she had been engaged back home, but her fiancé had broken it off, (*Why on earth would anyone do that to her?* I thought), so when the opportunity to go on the exchange program came up, she had jumped at it, thinking a change of scene might do her some good for a while. I was

mesmerised by her the whole time, and even though I've had a few women in my life since then, and I've been married to the love of my life for just over twenty years now, I can honestly say that no woman has ever made a first impression on me like Miss Martin did that day, all those years ago.

The lesson ended, and we moved to another class, but I'm sure there were a lot of schoolyard discussions that day, about this new American teacher, with the hot body.

Our next modern history period was on Thursday morning, and after we had all settled in, Miss Martin walked into the room, wearing a pair of snug-fitting stone wash jeans, and a black blouse. Those jeans followed every curve of her round, shapely bottom, and at the front, they followed the contour of her crotch, and the sexy shape of her thighs. Once again, I got a butterflies feeling in my gut, just looking at her, and after she had said, "Good morning," she placed our marked assignments in a pile on her desk.

After a moment or two of small talk, she invited the class to pick up our assignments from her desk. We got up in an excited gaggle, and as each student found his or her assignment on the desk, we would retreat to our own desks, to see how we went. The assignment had been to write an essay on the factors leading up to World War I, and I had gotten so interested in the topic, I had put way more work in than I would have done normally, and I was pleased to see Miss Martin had rewarded my efforts with an A+. At the and of the assignment, she had added a comment in red pen, that said, *Justin, you have offered some interesting perspectives and gone into further detail than the assignment required. I think I would enjoy discussing this topic with you. Very good effort!*

I wasn't really a bookworm, but I liked history and I was pretty pleased with the A+ and the comment, especially coming from this beautiful new teacher, and I thought to myself, *I'd like to talk to you, but not necessarily about history*.

"Now, today," Miss Martin said, "I'd like to have a class discussion about your assignments." She walked around the room, placing a piece of paper on each desk, and said, "I want each of you to write your name on the piece of paper I've given you, and fold it over so I can see it from the front, because I don't know any of your names yet. That way, I can call each person by name, and we can get to know each other a little better."

We all did that, and Miss Martin began her discussion with us. She walked around the room, asking questions about the topic of our assignment, and, calling students by name, she would get them to stand up and offer some opinions or ideas, and share them with the class. She walked past my desk, and looked down at my name on the paper, and with a smile, she said, "Oh, so you're Justin Payne."

"Yes," I answered, a little nervously, as often happened when a teacher singled me out in front of the

class. “Your assignment was very good, in fact I’d probably say, exceptional,” she said, looking around the room as she said it. That just made me more nervous, because not only was the whole class looking at me, but I was being singled out for attention by this absolute vision of loveliness, and I suddenly felt very uncomfortable. “Thank you,” I mumbled, hoping she wouldn’t ask me to share my ideas with the class. I saw her taking a breath, and I knew she was going to ask me a question, and that would mean I’d have to get up and say something in front of everybody, and I got those butterflies again, big time.

I saw Miss Martin giving me a funny look, as though she suddenly understood how nervous I was, and she tilted her head as though he was thinking. Quickly, she stepped out in front of the class again, and said, “Justin made some very good points in his assignment, but I won’t go into that now. All I’ll say was that he was one of the few people in the class who really explained the *politics* behind the First World War. I suggest you all get hold of his assignment and read it.” She flicked a glance at me, with a quick, almost imperceptible raising of her eyebrows, as if to say, “Okay?” and went back to our discussion.

The period ended, and the class shuffled out the door, while Miss Martin picked up some folders from her desk. I was the last person to leave the room, and she called out to me, as I was about to walk outside. “Justin,” she said, and I turned to face her, as she walked over with her folders. It was lunchtime, so I guess there was time for a talk. “That was a really good assignment,” she said, “But, you seemed very nervous during the discussion.”

“A bit,” I said, half-heartedly. I was both nervous and excited, speaking to her, with no-one else around, but my nerves were winning at that time. “Look,” she said, “You better go to lunch. I won’t hold you up, but just remember, there’s no need to be nervous here.” She smiled encouragingly, and added, “We’re all on your side.” I left the room, and went to find my friends and have lunch, feeling like a bit of a goofball.

We had one more history period that week, and then of course, three more the following week, and each time I saw Miss Martin, always dressed in clothes that showed off her awesome figure, I’d get that roller-coaster feeling. I wouldn’t mind betting a lot of guys at that school were going home and wanking themselves over the thought of her, but believe it or not, I wasn’t one of them. Not that I wasn’t as keen on wanking as any other seventeen-year old boy, but somehow I just couldn’t bring myself to sully the thought if this vision of sexual loveliness by masturbating over her. I know it sounds crazy, but I would masturbate to my heart’s content over dirty magazines my friends and I swapped around, or to the thought of some of the sexier girls at my school, but I would keep all thoughts of Miss Martin out of my mind while I was doing it. I didn’t say I was normal, did I?

Saturday rolled around, as it always does, and of course, there was no school for two days. Over

breakfast, my dad said, “Eric Weston’s invited us over to his place for lunch today. He’s having a barbeque.” I looked up over my muesli, and he added, “I want to get over there at midday, so can you fellows be ready?”

By “you fellows,” he meant my brother, Craig, and me, and we gave our half-hearted acknowledgement that we’d heard him. Mr and Mrs Weston lived just outside town, and they had bought the place when they first got married. There had been a little, old, two-bedroom house there when they bought it, and they lived there until they could afford to build their dream home on the block, but instead of demolishing the old place, they left it standing, as a kind of guest house. Mr Weston came from a family of eleven brothers and sisters, so he always had family staying over, and he kept the “back shack” for guests to stay in. It was old, but quite liveable, and the electricity and water were still connected, so it was a comfortable place to stay.

I knew that if we went to Mr Weston’s place, he and my dad would start drinking beer together, and we’d be there until about midnight, and that meant I would be in the company of his daughter, Suzy. She was two years younger than me, and was a conceited bitch, who hung out with that group of conceited bitches that every school year has, and at school she and all her friends would give me a hard time, over my shyness I guess, calling out things like, “I got a *Payne* in the arse!” and stuff like that, when I walked past. If Suzy came across me on her own at school, she might say something like, “God, you’re ugly,” but when I visited Mr Weston’s house, she just ignored me, which was fine by me. What I’m saying here is that visiting Mr Weston’s place was not on my list of favourite things to do on a weekend.

A little before midday, the four of us, my dad, my mother, Craig, and me, travelled in our car over to the Weston’s place, where Suzy met us at the front door. She greeted my parents, but ignored me as usual, and we headed inside. After a few minutes of small talk, my mother and Mrs Weston went out onto the back patio with a bottle of white wine, while Craig and the Weston’s son, David, disappeared into his bedroom, and Suzy went up to the stable to check on her horse, leaving me with my dad and Mr Weston in the lounge room. I could sense that this was going to be a boring afternoon for me, and as I contemplated that, Mr Weston asked me to go to the fridge in the kitchen, and get a couple of beers for him and my dad. “Grab one yourself, if you like,” he added, as I walked out the door.

I walked to the kitchen, and as I took three beers out, I heard a car coming down the Weston’s long driveway, and as it passed the window, I saw it was Mrs Weston’s silver Ford Escort. I wondered idly who was driving it, because Mrs Weston was sitting out on the patio with my mother, drinking white wine, and the car went into the carport and out of sight. I kind of guessed one of Mr Weston’s many family members might be staying over, and it occurred to me that another person might make things more interesting, at least.

Just then, the back door opened, and I was totally astonished to see Miss Martin walking in from the carport. Once again, I think my jaw dropped at the sight of her, this time because she was probably the last person I would have expected to meet at the Weston residence. “Well, fancy meeting you here,” she said, in her American accent, giving me that smile again.

I didn’t answer straight away, and she stepped forward, and gently placed her left hand under my chin, closing my mouth for me, and saying, “Come on, it’s not that big a shock.”

“Sorry,” I mumbled, as she stepped past me to place a shopping bag on the kitchen bench, and I added, “I was a bit surprised.” I felt like a complete idiot. Miss Martin was wearing a pair of cut-off denim shorts, and a white T-shirt with a picture of Devo on it, but at the time, I’d never heard of them, and I wondered briefly what it meant. However, the effect of seeing this living sexual fantasy of a woman when I least expected it was outweighing any need to ask what her T-shirt was all about. Those denim shorts were hugging her butt so tightly, they might have well have been painted on, and her shirt was moulding itself to her tits and upper body, and I couldn’t tear my eyes away.

Miss Martin turned from the bench, and saw me looking. She smiled, cocked her head slightly, and said, “Is it rude in this country to stare, or is that something else that’s different over here?” She glanced down at herself, and then back up at me, and I could tell she knew why I was looking. “You don’t say much, do you, Justin?” she said, as she stepped forward, and took one of the beers from me, and said, “Is one of those for me?” She took the twist-top off and took a sip, but I still didn’t say anything.

She looked at my chest for a moment, like she was looking for something, and then looked back at me, and said, “Is there a button on you somewhere that I’ve gotta push to get you to talk? Maybe, I’ve gotta put a coin in a slot or something.”

“Sorry,” I said again, “I, umm, just got a surprise.”

“Well, you didn’t sneak that past me,” she said, and she looked at the two beers in my hand and said, “I’m guessing one of those is for Eric, but who’s the other one for?”

“My dad,” I said, “He’s in the front room with Mr Weston.”

“So,” she answered, still with that smile, “you do talk.” She nodded towards the front of the house, and said, “Well, come on, you’ve got thirsty men out there, and you’ve got to introduce me to your dad.”

We walked down the short corridor to the lounge room, where we found my dad and Mr Weston

talking and laughing together, and as we walked in, I saw my father doing a cartoon double-take when he saw Miss Martin.

“This is Katy Martin,” I heard Mr Weston saying, to my dad, “She’s from the United States, on a teacher exchange program. She’ll be here for three months, and we had the back shack vacant, so she’s staying in there with us for the duration.” My dad shook hands with her, and as Miss Martin stepped back across the room, I saw my dad’s eyes go straight to her crotch, for moment. I couldn’t really blame him, but he was so obvious about it, I felt a little embarrassed.

The four of us stood there for few minutes, as Mr Weston explained to my dad about how Miss Martin came to be here, and how he was a co-ordinator on the program, and my dad asked her a few questions about her own country, and she told him how I was in her history class at school, and that’s why we knew each other. Then, she said, “Look, I think I’ll go out and get the barbeque going, and Justin here can help me.” She looked at me, and said, “We were having a very interesting conversation out in the kitchen, weren’t we?” She made eye contact, and smiled at me, and I mumbled, “Yeah, it was pretty interesting.” I couldn’t help smiling, though.

I followed Miss Martin back out to the patio, getting an eyeful of her bottom in those shorts, and we started to get the barbeque ready. My mother and Mrs Weston were already on their second bottle of white wine, and were having an earnest discussion at the outdoor dining table, and as we set up the barbeque and lit it, Miss Martin looked at me, and said, “I get the impression you would have been in for a pretty boring afternoon if I wasn’t here. Am I right?”

“Pretty much,” I said, watching as she lit the burners.

“Well, you’ll have me to talk to now,” she said, looking up from what she was doing. I felt a little swell of excitement to think that this gorgeous woman seemed interested in talking to me, and she added, “That essay you did, that was pretty darn good, but getting a word out of you is like pulling teeth. Are you always like this?”

“Umm, most of the time,” I answered, honestly, “Until I get to know people.”

She gave her head one shake, and said, “That day at school, when I was about to get you to stand up and talk to the class, I realised how nervous you were. Back home, we’d say you looked like a deer caught in the headlights. I don’t know what you say over here, but I had to let you off the hook.”

“Thanks for that, Miss Martin,” I said, handing her the metal spatula.

“Please,” she said, looking at me as she took it, “Call me Katy here. Miss Martin sounds so *formal.*”

“Okay,” I said, pausing and adding, “Katy.” It felt so strange to call her that. I helped her to cook the steaks on the barbeque, and to bring out the salads and other stuff, while my dad, along with my mother and Mr and Mrs Weston, continued drinking beer and white wine, and then we had our lunch.

There wasn’t enough room at the Weston’s outdoor dining table for all of us, including Suzy and the other two boys, so Katy and I sat on two garden chairs, away from everyone else, with our plates on our laps. We talked together about all sorts of things, while the others drank and ate, and Katy asked me a few things about growing up in Australia, and she told me a little about growing up in Small Town, U.S.A. We talked a little about politics, and she told me how it was exciting back home because it was an election year, and I told her a few things about Australian politics, or at least as much as I knew, as a seventeen-year old. It seemed like we discussed all sorts of things as we sat there, and we had a few laughs as well. I was really enjoying myself, talking to Katy like that, and my nerves were completely forgotten

After lunch, I helped Katy clean up, while my parents and the Weston’s continued with their drinking, and we went to the lounge room to watch some afternoon television and continue talking. Now and again, I’d sneak a look at her in those denim shorts and that white T-shirt, and I’d find it hard to imagine that I was actually here with this incredibly beautiful woman, or I’d look her way, and get a lump in my throat at the mere sight of her, dressed like that, so close to me.

Later in the evening, as we sat there discussing a new movie we had both seen recently, called “Xanadu,” Mr Weston came in the room, with my dad in tow. The beer was obviously getting the better of both of them by this time, and when Mr Weston had a few on board, he used to speak dramatically, and exaggerate everything. “Justin, my man,” he said, as my dad stood swaying behind him, “There has been a disaster!”

I saw a look of alarm on Katy’s face, but I knew it was just the way Mr Weston talked when he was tipsy, and he went on with, “We’ve run out of beer,” announcing it with the gravity of a man saying, “There’s been a terrible earthquake in Peru.” He took a set of car keys from a hook on the wall, and held them out to me, saying, “I request that you chauffer your dear old papa and me to the nearest intoxatorium, so we can continue with our bacchanalian revelry. You may drive us there in my Valiant. It’s time you got behind the wheel of an engineering thoroughbred for a change.” I took the keys, and looked at Katy, who smiled, and said, “I think I’ll come along for the ride.”

We walked out to the front of Mr Weston’s house, and I got in the driver’s seat of his beige Valiant, and Mr Weston opened the back door, and then said to my dad, “Malcolm, my old comrade, seeing this fruit of your loins is acting as our chauffer tonight, it is only fitting that we ride in the back of this limousine.” He stood back and said, “After you,” letting my dad in first. They both stumbled into the

back seat, and Katy climbed in the left hand front passenger seat, saying, “Looks like I get the shotgun seat.” I started the engine, and my mother and Mrs Weston came around the side of the house, walking fast, but taking small steps because they too were already intoxicated, and Mrs Weston called out, “Wait for us!”

They walked to the car and Mrs Weston opened the front passenger’s door, while my mother opened the back door, and they also climbed in. As Mrs Weston got in the left-hand front seat, Katy slid over to the middle of the seat, next to me, and she said, “This is cosy,” giving me her bright smile as she said it. I put the car into Drive, and headed out onto the road, acutely aware of Katy sitting next to me, squeezed into the front seat of Mr Weston’s Valiant.

The nearest hotel was about four miles down the road, and as I drove along with a car full of drunks, Katy giggled in my ear at the absurdity of it all. Her warm breath on the left side of my face alone was so exciting I could barely concentrate on my driving, and after I stopped outside the hotel, my parents and the Weston’s piled out. “Are you coming, Katy?” Mr Weston said, but she replied with, “No thanks, I think I’ll just go back and keep Justin company. You guys can ring us when you want to come home.” Mr Weston leant in the driver’s window, breathing his beery breath all over me, and he said, “I’ll leave you to be entertained by this vision of loveliness, young man.” He stepped back, slapped the roof of his car twice with the palm of his hand, and said, “I bid you adieu, adios and goodbye. We’ll ring you when the premises close, or we get kicked out, which ever comes first. Now, be gone, young man, until your services are again required.” I turned the car back towards his house, and off we went.

Katy had slid back over to the left hand front seat of the car, now that there were only two of us in it, but after only a few hundred yards, she giggled and said, “I feel really weird over here, like I should be driving.” I chuckled at her myself, and she said, “No, I mean it. It’s really strange, sitting here, where the driver normally sits in my country, but with no steering wheel to hang onto.” She slid back to the centre of the bench seat, and said, “I think I’ll sit here, instead.” As I drove, I could feel the warmth from her body on my left side, and that lump in the throat feeling returned.

We drove into Mr Weston’s driveway, and after we got out, Katy said, “Do you want to come up to the shack for a while? I’ve got some records you might like.” In those days, or course, there were no CD’s.

“Sounds good,” I said, and we walked up to the old house, and Katy took me inside. The back shack was furnished quite comfortably with some of the Weston’s’ old furniture, and Katy went to the fridge in the shack’s kitchen, and got two beers, handing one to me. “I had a little secret stash,” she said, as I took it. We sat around, listening to some of her records and talking for a long while, and later on, as we both sat on the floor, resting our backs against the front of the couch, Katy said, “You surprise

me.”

“Why’s that?” I asked.

“You seem to be able to talk about all kinds of things, but it’s so hard to get you started,” she said. She took a mouthful of her beer and went on with, “After this afternoon, I feel like I can talk to you about anything. You just need to work on your confidence.”

“I don’t know, I just get nervous sometimes,” I mumbled, “but once I get to know people, it’s different.” I felt awkward talking about it, but she said, “Don’t worry, we all get nervous sometimes.”

After a little more talk, Katy said, “I got a new record the other day. I think you’ll like this.” She got up and looked through her records, and found a new Dire Straits record, and put it on the turntable. “This is lovely,” she said, “Just listen to it,” and a song I’d never heard, called, “Tunnel Of Love,” started playing. We both sat there for a moment or two, listening to the sweet, longing music, and the lyrics, and Katy got up and said, “Do you want to dance with me, Justin?”

I had been feeling really at ease by then, but my nerves suddenly kicked in, and went off the scale. “I can’t dance,” I said, looking up at her.

“Come on,” Katy said, reaching down and smiling, “It’s easy, let me show you.” I was so nervous, I felt my stomach drop, but I got awkwardly to my feet, and Katy said, “What’s there to be nervous about, there’s no-one else here to see you.” I stood there, like an awkward lump, and Katy said, “I won’t bite, I promise.” She stepped closer, and took hold of me in the waltzing position. “Just move to the music,” she said, in a soft voice, “Just hold me like this, and step in time with the music.” She reached around with her left hand, and adjusted my right hand into the proper place on her back, and she said, “Move with me, Justin. Just move with the music.”

Katy must have known the effect she would have on a young teenage boy, dressed like that, slow-dancing around her room on our own. We danced like that for few minutes, as she patiently instructed me on how to step with the beat of the music, and another song from the same record came on. It was called “Romeo and Juliet,” and it was even sweeter than the first. As I held Katy’s beautiful body like that, I had a mixture of butterflies in my stomach, sheer sexual excitement, and a lump in my throat. “You’re doing great,” she said, softly, holding me close, swaying her body, and then she looked up at me and said, “Justin, have you ever had a girlfriend?”

“No,” I said, looking down to avoid her gaze, and shaking my head, ”Girls aren’t really interested in me.”

Katy swallowed, and said, “Don’t worry, it’ll happen. Trust me.” She gave me the sweetest smile, and then asked, “Have you ever kissed a girl?”

The only girl I’d ever kissed was my cousin, Rhonda, who asked me to do it one time when we were both twelve. We’d had a juvenile make out session that day, even though all we had done was kiss and hug each other, but I didn’t think that counted, so I answered, “No,” to Katy’s question.

“Don’t worry, that’ll happen too,” Katy said, as we swayed to the music in that little room in the back shack. Then, as hard as it was to believe that I was actually holding this beautiful sex goddess, alone like that, slow-dancing, swaying together with the music, she took my disbelief up another notch, and held me closer, resting her head on my chest as we danced.

I felt like I was dreaming, but it was true. I was holding a woman, and not just any woman, but a heart-stoppingly beautiful woman, and she was resting her head on me, as though she liked it as much as I did. I had to swallow, as I got that feeling you get as the roller-coaster drops, and you lose touch with gravity for a moment. Then, even more incredibly, Katy looked up and kissed me on the mouth. This was my first real kiss, forget all about Rhonda, this was the *first time* I had ever kissed a woman. I felt like I was about to explode.

We held the kiss for a brief, exciting moment, and then Katy seemed to come to her senses, and after the kiss, she stiffened, although we were still holding each other. “I’m sorry,” she said, loosening her hold on me, but not letting go, and adding, “I’m sorry, Justin.” Her voice was still soft, but more serious. She made eye contact, and continued with, “Right now, I’m an employee of the Department of Education in this state. I can’t do that.” She let go of me, and stepped back slightly, and said, “I feel terrible, like I’ve led you on, but,” and she paused, clearing her throat, “I could get into all kinds of trouble.” She shook her head, and said, “I’m *really* sorry.”

We both sat back down on the couch, and she said, “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” I said, “I’m okay. Don’t worry about it.” I smiled, but then I realised I was shaking.

Katy took a breath, sitting on the opposite end of the couch, and she said, “Justin, you are a *beautiful* young man. If I wasn’t your teacher, believe me, I’d take you into my room, and I’d *drag* you into bed with me.” She gestured towards her bedroom, and burst out laughing, shaking her head at the same time, and said, “I can’t *believe* what I was thinking just a few moments ago.”

“I can’t either,” I said, as the truth of what she was saying dawned on me, but I had a dry little laugh as well.

We sat there for a few minutes, just talking, and then the phone rang. There was an extension in the back shack, and Katy answered it. It was Mrs Weston, asking me to come and pick them up from the hotel, so Katy and I drove back in Mr Weston's car to get them again. After I dropped them back home, I took my parents and Craig back home to our place in our own car, and that night, I lay in my bed, running the events of the evening through my head, thinking, *The most beautiful girl I've ever seen almost took me to bed tonight.* I was a little disappointed we hadn't gone further, but just getting to hold her like that was enough to fuel my fantasies for the rest of the weekend. In fact, that's about all I thought about for the next couple of days.

Our next history period of course was Tuesday morning, and we had to hand in another assignment. That day, Miss Martin was wearing a short, pale blue skirt and a cream coloured blouse, and as always, she looked totally hot. She gave me a special smile as she entered the room, and a couple of times, she made eye contact and smiled again. I didn't tell my friends about Saturday night, partly because I didn't think they'd believe me, but also because I saw it as a special memory that was too precious to go sharing around with just anyone. However, there was still a lot of talk from guys around the school about what they would like to do with Miss Martin, and when I heard them talking big, I would think to myself that *I* had been privileged to hold that beautiful body, and *I* had kissed that pretty mouth.

On Thursday morning, we had yet another history period, and after we got our assignments back, Miss Martin held a class discussion about the topic. A few people got up to answer questions, and share ideas, and then she said to the class, "Justin had a few good ideas on this assignment," and as everyone looked my way, she asked me a question about the assignment, and got me to stand up and share the answer with the class. I won't say I wasn't nervous, but somehow after that night with her, I had come to see myself a little differently, and I felt as though I liked myself a little more than before. I stood up and shared a couple of my own perspectives with the class, and sat down, relieved, but a little pleased with myself as well.

Life went on, and after a few more weeks, Miss Martin announced to the class that she would soon be leaving us to go back to the United States. There was a kind of exaggerated groan from the class, and I felt a pang of sadness that she was leaving so soon. It occurred to me that no-one else in the class had as much reason to be disappointed as me, even if they would never know about it.

Then, a couple of weeks later, on another Saturday morning, my dad said once again, that we were having lunch at the Weston residence. This time, I was excited at the prospect, and as before, we arrived at midday, but I was disappointed to find Katy was not there. Mr Weston told us she was at a seminar for teachers on the exchange program, and was due back later in the day, so after lunch, I sat around watching my parents and Mr and Mrs Weston boozing, and avoiding Suzy for the rest of the afternoon.

Just before sundown, a small bus stopped outside, and Katy got off, along with a few other people, who I assumed were also on the exchange program. They stood around, shaking hands, hugging each other, and saying goodbyes, and then everyone except Katy got back on the bus, and it drove away. She walked to the door, and I let her in, and she smiled brightly when she saw me. “Hey, Justin,” she said, happily, “fancy meeting you here again.” She stepped inside, and greeted my parents, and the Weston’s.

Katy was wearing a knitted turtle-neck top and blue jeans, and they were hugging her curvy figure, so the sight of her made a ripple of excitement go through me, as we all stood around talking together. I saw my dad checking her out a few times, and he gave her marvellously constructed butt a good going over with his eyes, when she turned to speak to Mrs Weston.

We had dinner inside this time, and after we had all eaten, as Mr Weston opened yet another beer for my dad, and started to drink one himself, Katy said to me, “Do you want to come up to the shack for while. I’ve got some more records you might like to listen to.”

Katy and I walked up to the back shack, in the moonlight, and we went inside, to the little lounge room, where she showed me the newest additions to her record collection. She had a new album by The Police, and she put it on the turntable, and said, “I’m going to change out of these clothes. Make yourself some coffee if you like, or there’s some beer in the fridge.” She went into the bedroom, and as I looked in the fridge, it occurred to me that behind that bedroom door, an incredibly beautiful woman was changing her clothes, and was probably stripping to her underwear as I stood there. That thought alone made a cold wave of excitement pass through me.

I took a beer from the fridge, and opened it, taking a sip as I stood there, remembering that night a few weeks before, when Katy and I had slow-danced together in this little, old house. As I stood there, Katy emerged from her bedroom, now in a short denim skirt and a cream coloured tank top. Her hair was in a ponytail, and she had her sandals on, and she came over towards me, wafting the scent of freshly-applied perfume, and she said, “What do you think?” I was about to say how good she looked, thinking that was what she was asking, but she added, “Of the music, I mean,” and I realised I had nearly said something very stupid.

“They’re good,” I said, although I wasn’t a big fan of The Police. She saw the beer in my hand and said, “I’ve got some red wine here, I don’t feel like beer at the moment.” She poured herself a glass of red wine from a bottle on the kitchen bench, and took a sip.

Katy and I sat in her lounge room, listening to the music for a while, and there was a knock at the door. Katy answered, and it was Mr Weston, looking even more tipsy than he had over dinner. As

usual, drinking had made him verbose, and he said, “Katy, do you think I could borrow this strapping specimen of manhood from you for a short while, so he can drive his parents, along with me and my good wife, to the nearby tavern, so we can partake in an ale or two?”

He stepped inside, and looked at the beer in my hand, and said, “Hold that thought. The lad has been imbibing himself, so it’s time to execute Plan B.” He walked to the phone extension, and rang a taxi, and said to us, as he put down the receiver, “I have engaged a hackney for this perilous journey, on the basis that our erstwhile chauffer here has been drinking himself, and is thus rendered ineligible for the task of piloting Prince Valiant along the Queen’s highways.” He said goodbye, and walked back to the main house to wait for the taxi, singing, “I Get A Kick Out Of You,” in a booming voice, as he walked along the gravel path in the moonlight. He didn’t sound much like Frank Sinatra.

A few minutes later, I saw headlights in the driveway, and I looked out to see my parents and the Weston’s getting in a taxi, before it drove away. “Well,” Katy said, sitting on the other end of the couch, “I guess we won’t see them for a few hours.”

Katy and I sat around, listening to her music and talking for an hour or so, and she put her Dire Straits record back on. I have to say, I could hardly take my eyes off her, in that short skirt and sleeveless top, even though I tried not to stare. As “Tunnel Of Love” came back on, she turned to me, and said, “Do you think you’d like to dance with me again?”

I swallowed, at the thought of holding her once more, and I stood up. “No nerves this time?” Katy asked, smiling as I walked across the room to her.

“A bit,” I said, smiling back, “but not as much.” We took hold of each other, and we started to slow-dance to the music, as the excitement welled up inside me again. My dancing was still not very good, and I had to shuffle occasionally to keep in step with Katy, but just holding her felt amazing.

“It’s like deja-vue, isn’t it?” Katy said, softly, as we danced, and she added, “Just like the last time you were here, only this time you’re not nearly so nervous.”

“I don’t feel so nervous,” I said, as I danced with her.

“I must bring out the best in people,” Katy said, holding me just a little closer, and as I looked down, I could see her cleavage down the front of her sleeveless top. The sight of her beautiful breasts, with her golden brown skin, gave me another lump in my throat, and when I made eye contact, I saw that she knew I was looking.

Katy looked down at herself, and then back up at me, and although I expected her to say something

about me perving at her tits, she just pulled me in a little closer to herself, as she swayed in time with the music. After a short pause, she said, “There *is* one thing that’s different this time,” and she rested the left side of her face on my chest. She looked up, as though she was waiting for me to ask what was different.

“What’s that?” I asked, wondering where she was going with this.

“As of yesterday,” she said, “I’m no longer an employee of the Department of Education.” She made eye contact, but what she was saying didn’t sink in immediately. I thought she must have resigned, or maybe even got into some trouble.

“What happened?” I asked, feeling a little worried that something I had done might have got her into trouble.

“Nothing happened,” she answered, smiling because I was too thick to understand, “My contract was only for three months while I’m over here. I go back home in a week, so my employment with the department finished up yesterday.” I still didn’t get it.

“So what are you gonna do for the next week?” I asked, as we kept on dancing to the music.

“All depends,” she answered, “but that’s not quite what I was getting at,” she added, her smile now quite mischievous, but I was still too thick to understand.

“I still don’t know what you mean,” I said, totally puzzled.

Katy shook her head, gently, and said, “Justin, for such a smart guy, you’re not thinking this through.” She looked slightly amazed that I still hadn’t worked it out, and she said, “So, what I *mean* is, I’m no longer subject to the rules that say I’ve gotta keep my hands off handsome young guys in my history class.”

I swallowed, as that sank in, and the whole world shook around me. I remembered the incredible excitement I had felt when she kissed me a few weeks before, and I stammered, “Am I allowed to, umm, kiss you, then?”

“Well, only if you want to,” Katy said, “It’s not compulsory, but I’d be disappointed if we couldn’t take advantage of my new-found freedom,” and she moved in to kiss me gently on the mouth. I kissed back as best I knew how, but I was no expert, and after we broke the kiss, Katy smiled and whispered, “I can still be your teacher, Justin. Just let me be your teacher, and I’ll show you some amazing things.” I saw her swallow, too, and she moistened her own lips, and kissed me again.

I was already tingling from her kiss, and I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I stumbled over the words, saying, "Do you mean, umm, you, we can, umm, you…?" It was the most meaningless sentence I had ever uttered, but Katy just moved so her pelvis was gently resting against me, and said, "Justin, I'm asking you if you'd like to come to my room for a while, and make love with me? I know you've never done it before, but I can teach you everything you need to know." She paused, and took a deep breath, swaying with the music, her body in my arms, her pelvis moving against me as she swayed, and she added, "And the rest will just come naturally."

I kissed her again, the first time I had initiated a kiss, and I held it for a brief, achingly exciting moment, and then broke it. As our mouths parted, Katy said, "That was a very sexy little kiss, Justin." She smiled sweetly, and said, "See, you're learning already."

Katy moved her arms from the waltzing position, and just wrapped them around me, as we swayed to the music, so we were now just two people hugging each other, swaying with the music of Dire Straits, alone in that old house, and she said, "I'm not gonna rush you, so there's no pressure." Her voice was little more than a whisper, and she continued with, "But, if you come to my room, I can teach you some beautiful things, Justin."

I was both incredibly nervous and incredibly excited, and all I was able to say was, "Okay." I even had to swallow to moisten my throat to get that out, and Katy turned to her open bedroom door, and said, "Come on." She took her right arm from around me, and as we walked to her room, she rested her left hand on my right shoulder.

The main bedroom had the Weston's' old double bed, from when they had lived in the shack, and Katy went to the bedside table and switched on the lamp, so the room was lit with a soft, dim glow. I had stayed just inside the door, and she turned to look at me, smiled, and said, "What are you doing over there?"

I had a feeling that one mistake, or overstepping the mark just once, would spoil everything, so I was acutely conscious of not going too far, too fast, but Katy smiled at my awkwardness, and said, "This is something that people do *together*, so I need you over here." I moved across the room, with my heart pounding, and a feeling of pressure in my ears, and once again, Katy embraced me.

"Now, so far," she started, "you've shown me you're pretty good at kissing," and she glanced at her bed, and then back at me. "How about we just get on the bed, and we can hold each other close, and kinda *make out* for a bit."

"Making out" was an expression I'd only heard in American movies back then, but hearing her say it

like that made my stomach drop. Katy took both of my hands in hers, and turned so she had her back to the bed. As she sat down, still holding my hands, she said, “Come on, I know you want to do this.” She tugged at my hands, and I sat down on her right. Katy let go as I sat, and she turned to embrace me again, as we sat on the side of the bed. I kissed her mouth, and I allowed myself to open mine a little, running on instinct because I had never done this before, and Katy responded by opening hers a little as well.

I could taste Katy’s mouth, and her breath, and this new experience set off an aching desire that I had never known. Her body was soft and warm in my arms, and as I became just a little bolder, I moved my right hand up a little, to brush against her left breast. We broke our kiss, and Katy glanced down at her boobs, and whispered, “I was kinda waiting for you to get to that.” She took a breath, kissed me again, short but very sweet, and said, “Girls really like it when guys touch them there.” I moved my hand up, gently feeling her soft breast through her clothing, and she closed her eyes and took a breath. “Careful, Justin,” she said, with kind of lilt in her voice, “You’re playin’ with *fire*.”

Katy took her arms away from me, and she lay back on the bed, sideways with her legs over the edge, and looked up at me. I took her lead, and lay back next to her, turning to kiss her mouth again. I gently placed my right hand onto her breasts, feeling the warmth and the softness through her clothing again. She lifted the lower part of her sleeveless top with her right hand, and very gently used her left hand to lift my hand from her boobs, and placed it just inside the bottom of her shirt. “I thought you said I was playing with fire, touching you there,” I whispered.

“I said, ‘be careful,’ I didn’t say ‘stop,” she whispered back. I reached up inside Katy’s top, and touched her left breast, through her bra, and I felt the nipple harden slightly. I had never fondled a girl’s breast, but I touched her nipple though the material, taking it between my thumb and first finger, and stroked her there a couple of times. Katy flinched and took a sharp little breath.

“You get an A plus for that,” she said, and she looked up at the pillows, and said, “Let’s get a little more comfortable.” We both slid up the bed, lying in the middle, facing each other, with me on my left side. I had a million thoughts going through my head, or at least it seemed that way, and I had never done this before, so I didn’t know what to do next.

I looked at Katy lying next to me, with her beautiful, curvy body, in her short denim skirt, and her long, shapely legs, and I felt it was time to move ahead in some way, so I gently reached down, and caressed her right thigh, just below her skirt. She responded by turning herself slightly to her left, and parting her legs a little, and she moved over to kiss me, hot and hard, on the mouth. She put her left arm behind my head, and held me there, until she was ready to break the kiss. I felt my excitement mounting, and my nerves fading, as we kissed hungrily like that for several long moments, and for the first time, Katy’s tongue ventured into my own mouth.

I continued caressing Katy’s inner thigh, as we kissed, and I became conscious of the hardening of my cock for the first time since we began to kiss while we danced. I’m sure it had been hard long before I noticed, but I had been too distracted to realise. I began to move my hand a little further up Katy’s thigh, and this was not lost on her, as she gave me a smile of encouragement, and parted her lovely legs even further.

The skin on Katy’s inner thigh was beautifully soft and smooth, and I caressed her there very gently, feeling a wave of excitement washing through me. She reached down with her left hand, and pulled at the hem of her skirt, lifting it just a little. I took that to mean she was inviting me to touch her between her legs, but I was a guy with no sisters, who had never played doctor, and had never touched a girl’s pussy in my life. Taking that step, and touching Katy on the most private part of her body, seemed like a huge leap to me, and I looked at her face, seeking some signal that I wasn’t going too far. Katy gently undulated her pelvis a couple of times, keeping eye contact and smiling, so I took that as an invitation, and gently moved my hand further under her short skirt. Only a person as shy as I was, who had never known intimate contact with a girl, could understand the explosive mixture of excitement, and butterflies in the stomach that I felt, as my right hand gently brushed against the crotch of Katy’s panties.

I felt the cotton material, against the side of my right hand, and I gently caressed whatever part of her body my hand was touching inside her panties, feeling warmth and a little humidity through the material. As my hand caressed her, Katy closed her eyes, took a breath, and pulled my face to hers, kissing me again, hot and hard like before, holding the kiss, and using her tongue to explore my mouth.

I had taken a big step, and now, very gently, I worked my finger inside the crotch of Katy’s panties, feeling the soft hair and the slick wetness of her pussy for the first time. She broke our kiss, but our faces were still close, and she shuddered, took a breath through her mouth, and kissed me again. My finger was gently caressing her moist pussy, inside her panties, and Katy moved her left hand from behind my neck to my lower back, embracing me to her, and she whispered, “You’re doing just great, Justin. I know you’re still a little nervous, but you’re doing fine.” She kissed me once more, a quick but soft kiss, and added, “Pretty soon, you and I are going to make something beautiful happen.”

I smiled at her, but I was lost for words, so Katy went on with, “Feel how wet I am?”

I nodded, and Katy went on, “Girls aren’t alway like that, but we get that way when we get excited.” She smiled, and said, “And you do know what I mean by ‘excited,’ don’t you?” I nodded again, and Katy said, “When a girl wants to make love, she gets wet like that. You made me very wet, Justin. You made me want to make love with you.”

Katy turned a little to her right, as we lay there on the bed, and she reached around with her left hand, to unzip her skirt. She tugged at the back of her skirt, so it rode up a little, exposing more of her exquisite thighs to me. That lump-in the-throat-and-butterflies-in-the stomach feeling passed through me, and I realised I could now see that she was wearing burgundy coloured cotton bikini briefs under her skirt. My finger was inside the crotch of her panties, as I gently caressed her there, and as she relaxed back on the bed, I leaned down to kiss her soft mouth again.

“What are you gonna do next?” she asked, in that voice just above a whisper.

“I’m not really sure,” I answered, honestly. I had never been in this position before, in bed with a girl, kissing her and fondling her pussy at the same time. This was all new territory for me, and each step of the way was like a leap into the unknown.

“It’s your first time,” Katy said, “so I think you should be the one in control, and so far, you’re doing everything right.” She move her left hand up to caress the back of my head, and said, “If you want to undress me, go right ahead, but if you want to leave some of my clothes on, that’s fine, too.” She swallowed, and in a breathy whisper, she said, “I’m all yours, Justin. I want you, but I’m not gonna rush you.” She bit her lip, waiting a moment for me to continue, then kissed me softly again, and with a mischievous smile, she said, “But don’t make me wait *too* long.”

It’s hard to describe the feeling I had, as Katy invited me to undress her, in that bed, in that little old house, but I had never actually seen a naked woman in my life. I had seen pictures of naked women in magazines, but never in the flesh. Yet, here was a breathtakingly beautiful woman, asking me to take her clothes off, telling me she wanted to make love to me. I could barely believe it was true.

I gently took my finger from her panties, and I saw her looking at my hand as I withdrew it from her skirt. I don’t know what made me do it, but seeing she was looking at my hand so intently, and I could feel the moisture on it from her pussy, I put my finger in my mouth, tasting the juice. Katy’s sex fluids tasted and smelt sweetish,tangy, and musky,and I felt a sense of arousal pass through me in a way I had never felt before. Katy gave me a kind of smile that was a mixture of wonder and surprise, and she breathed, “I like your *style*.” She pulled my face down with her left hand, and kissed me hard on the mouth, breathing into mine, and I felt her body shudder as we kissed.

Katy took her hands away from me, and lifted her bottom on the bed, and she used both hands to slide her denim skirt down over her hips, exposing her panties. She looked at me, then flicked a glance down at her skirt. Without speaking, I moved down and slid her skirt along her legs, and placed it on the end of the bed. I looked back at her, lying there, now wearing just her sleeveless top and burgundy panties, and a feeling of awe seemed to go through me, but it was awe tinged with

rampant sexual desire.

“Come and hold me again,” Katy said, speaking softly, spreading her arms, “I really want you to hold me, Justin.” I moved back down next to Katy, on her right side again, and we intertwined our arms, embracing each other. I kissed her gently this time, holding the kiss, but keeping it gentle, with just a touch of tongue. As we broke our kiss, Katy whispered, “Justin, you are beautiful,” swallowing after she said it.

A warm, sweet, longing feeling passed through me, after I heard those words. It was Katy who was the beautiful one here, I thought, yet, she had just used that word to describe me. She must have seen something in my eyes, because she nodded gently, and said, “I mean that, Justin.” She reached down with her left hand, and took my right hand in it, and placed it back between her legs, and whispered, “Touch me again,” in my ear.

I got myself into a little more comfortable position, and with my right hand, I very gently fondled Katy’s pussy and her mound through her panties. After a moment or two, I went a little further, by sliding my hand down the front of them, feeling once again her pubic hair and her slick wetness. I worked my finger very gently into her slit, and although I had only the vaguest idea where to find her clitoris, I must have touched her there, because she flinched, and took a sharp little breath. Encouraged by that, I moved my hand against the same spot, and Katy made a little noise in her throat, and a gasping sound, and said, “You’re just getting better all the time, Justin.”

I continued to very gently caress and fondle Katy’s slick, slippery pussy, inside her panties, for a little longer, and we exchanged kisses a few times, but neither of us spoke, although Katy made a little gasping sound once or twice. I could feel her pussy getting wetter, and it seemed her mouth was feeling warmer with each kiss. As our mouths parted, Katy took a breath, and said, “I just love the way you’re touching me, Justin. It’s so gentle, it’s making me want you more and more all the time.” She paused, and kissed me softly on the mouth, and said, “You’re so good at making me want you, and I could lie here *all night* letting you touch me. and explore me, but I think I’d like you inside me. Right now.” She swallowed, took a breath, and holding my gaze, she said, “Are you ready for that? You just made me want you so much, Justin, I don’t think I can wait any longer.”

“I can’t keep a lady waiting, can I?” I said, kissing her forehead, as I withdrew my hand from her panties. I looked at them for a moment, wondering if I should take them off or leave it to Katy herself, and she smiled once more at my nervousness, and said, “One of us has to take them off. You’ve come this far, so it may as well be you.” I moved down the bed a little, and slipped my fingers into the waistband of Katy’s panties, and slid them down her shapely legs, and dropped them on top of her skirt.

This was the first time in my life that I had ever removed a girl's underwear, and up until that moment, I had never seen a real woman's pussy, either. In those days, the models in men's magazines rarely had their legs open, and in the pictures, their pussies were never primed and ready for action, so my first glimpse of Katy's pussy surprised me a little. Her pubic hair was natural, because hardly any girls shaved back then, so that was no surprise, but I did not expect her inner lips to be swollen and glistening with her juices, or her clitoral hood to be so prominent, nor did I expect the opening of her pussy to be pouting so invitingly, oozing fluid the way it was. Even so, the mere sight of Katy's naked pussy sent a surge of animal lust through me, and some primal instinct made me lean down to kiss her in the centre of her neat triangle of dark pubic hair, where I inhaled, and for the first time, I experienced a woman's intimate scent.

I lifted my head from Katy's pussy, and looked up at her, and she said, "Don't let me stop you." She was smiling, but I could tell she was a little surprised I had kissed her there. Naturally, I had heard about guys licking woman's pussies, and I wondered if I would be going too far if I licked, or at least kissed Katy there, myself. I looked at her pussy again, puffy and moist, and that animal lust feeling went through me. I just couldn't help myself, and I leaned down to kiss her gently, on the soft, smooth skin of her left inner thigh. I took in the scent of her pussy for a brief moment, and then I kissed her softly on her moist, swollen inner lips.

I heard Katy taking a deep breath, and sighing, and I looked back at her face. She was watching me intently, but not speaking. "Go on," she said, "taste me," and she swallowed, and added, "please."

Once again, I felt almost unbearably excited at the thought of being so intimate with her, and I kissed her again, in the same place, holding the kiss, breathing in that amazing scent, and then I used my tongue to actually taste Katy's pussy. I probed the tip of my tongue between her inner lips, tasting the fluid that was pooled there, and tasting the tangy sweetness of a woman for the first time. I turned my head to the right, gently sweeping my tongue down between Katy's inner labia, and she parted her legs a little, to allow me to move my head in further, to probe the opening of her pussy. Then, I ran my tongue back up, between her labia again, and finished with a final kiss, just at the fleshy part where they join her clitoris.

I had been lost in my own little world for those few brief moments, as I tasted and experienced a beautiful woman's pussy, but after kissing her there, I looked back at Katy's face. "Ohh, *Justin*," she breathed, "You took me by surprise with that." She sighed, and said, "Come back up here. There 's something you and I need to do together. I think you know what it is."

I moved back up the bed, to embrace Katy again, and she used her left hand to brush against my hard cock, through my jeans. "I think these need to come off," she said, in a soft, breathy voice, as she started to undo my belt. She unzipped my fly, and I finished by taking of my jeans and

underpants. My cock was rock hard, and Katy wasted no time in gently stroking it with her left hand a couple of times, and she said, “After what you just did, I probably should return the favour, but I just want you inside me, Justin. I just want you *so* badly right now.”

Katy lay back in the bed, and I moved over on top of her, taking the weight on my elbows. I realised my heart was now pounding, and I took hold of my hard tool, and moved it towards Katy’s pussy. I felt for her opening, but I fumbled a little, so she took my cock in her left hand, and guided it to the warm, wet, slippery opening of her pussy. “It’ll come with experience,” she said, smiling up at me from her pillow, looking me in the eyes, as I felt the head of my cock, just inside her. I hesitated a little, and Katy said, “Go for it, Justin. I think you can feel I’m ready.”

I gently pushed my cock in a little further, and after about three or four strokes, I was all the way inside. “You’re inside me, Justin!” Katy said, as she embraced me, holding me to herself, and I began to stroke my cock in her pussy. My cock had gone in so easily, that it seemed tighter than I expected, but the feeling as I moved inside her was incredible. I took a sharp breath through my pursed lips, barely aware I was doing it, as I got used to the sensation of my cock moving inside Katy, and I settled into a nice comfortable rhythm.

“What do you think?” Katy asked, breathlessly, and I realised she was gently moving her own pelvis to meet each of my thrusts.

“I can’t describe it,” I said, “It’s unbelievable. It feels so good.”

“It gets better,” Katy smiled, still meeting my thrusts, and she lifted her head to kiss me again, and added, “But don’t forget the kissing. It’s always better with kissing.”

I moved my head down to kiss Katy, as we fucked, kissing her hard, holding the kiss, and tasting her mouth, as my hard cock thrust into her pussy at the same time. I could feel myself getting closer to an orgasm, and I knew I couldn’t control it once it started, and I heard Katy say, “I think I’m gonna cum, Justin,” and she paused, took a deep breath, and added, “It usually takes longer, but you made me so excited,” pausing again, taking another quick breath, “You made me so horny, Justin, so excited, I can’t help it!”

Katy lifted her thighs, and bent her legs, and I felt myself going deeper into her snug, slippery pussy with each thrust, and with the change in position, I thought I could last a little longer, before I lost control entirely, and spurted inside her. Instead of just tilting her pelvis to meet me, she was now thrusting back, breathing hard, and she moved her hands behind my neck and pulled me down, kissing me hot and hard, holding the kiss, fuelling the incredible excitement I was already feeling. I felt her wrapping her legs around me, and she broke the kiss and said, “Justin! Fuck me harder! Make

me cum! I need to cum!”

I wasn’t far away from cumming, myself, but I began to thrust harder and deeper inside her pussy, pushing my cock as deep as I could go. I had never done this before, and I didn’t know how deep I could go before it hurt her, but spurred on by her requests, I fucked her harder and faster than ever.

“Ohhh, that’s *great* !” Katy cried out, with a note of urgency in her voice, “you’re doing great, Justin,” as she pulled me down for another kiss, and then, as I thrust hard into her sweet, snug pussy, she threw her head back, and cried out, “ *Justin!!* You’re making me *cum!* You’re making me *cum!!* Ohh, *please* don’t slow down!” She began to thrust back harder against me, driving my cock deeper into herself, but then her thrusting rhythm became ragged, as she closed her eyes, and her chest heaved three times. She squeezed me tighter with her arms, and called out, “That’s beautiful, Justin!!” Just *beautiful!!* ” and that was it for me. I felt my own orgasm bursting inside me, and waves of pure pleasure rippled through me, as I began to spurt inside Katy’s pussy.

For those few brief seconds, I was lost in my own world of crystalline ecstasy, as Katy’s beautiful body pussy milked my orgasm from my cock, and she writhed in orgasm underneath me, and then reality returned. I kept on thrusting for a few moments, as the last twinges of pleasure passed through me, and I looked down to see a look of rapture on Katy’s pretty face. She was breathing hard, and she lifted her face to kiss me quickly, between breaths, and dropped her head back on the pillow.

“You made me cum,” she said, breathing the words around her smile, and she pulled me down, hugging me to herself, holding me tight, as she got her breath back. She stroked my back with her right hand, as I lay on top of her, with my half-hard cock still nestled in her flooded pussy, and still a little breathless, Katy said, “Justin, that was fantastic!” She drew another breath, and said, “I knew you wouldn’t last long,” pausing for another breath, “But I didn’t think you’d make me come like that.”

I was totally blown away by what I had just experienced. I had just made love to a woman for the first time, and as if that wasn’t enough, I had made a woman cum for the first time, as well. “Lay down next to me,” Katy said, turning her body so I could roll onto the bed, on her right side again.

As we lay there, facing each other, holding each other close, Katy kissed my forehead, and then held my head to her chest, gently kissing the top of my head. My face was in between her soft, warm breasts, and I could smell her perfume, and the scent of her skin. I kissed the part of her left breast that was exposed to me, where her tank top was pulled to one side, and I could feel the film of sweat on her skin. As she held me close, she said, “After all that hot sex, you still want to kiss me. I think I want to keep you.”

We stayed like that for a few minutes, holding each other close, hardly speaking, lying on that double

bed in the old shack, basking in the afterglow of sweet sexual union, and then Katy said, “I never expected it to be that good.”

I looked at her face, and she added, “It’s always good, but for your first time, you surprised me, making me cum like that.”

“I guess I had a good teacher,” I said, with my face still between her breasts. I moved up, so my head was on the pillow, facing Katy, and she said, “Truth is, Justin, I only gave you a little guidance, and told you what I liked.” She embraced me again, holding me close, and added, “The rest of it was you. And you were good, for a beginner.”

Katy and I lay there for a little while longer, talking softly, holding each other, exchanging soft kisses, and savouring the moment. That was the night I made history with Miss Martin. It wasn’t world history, but it was part of the history of my life, the first time I experienced that amazing combination of feelings a man and a woman can bring about in each other when they make love.

Finally, as we lay there, shortly before the phone rang, summoning me to the tavern to pick up my parents and the Weston’s, Katy said, “I go back home in a week, Justin.”

I looked at her, feeling a pang of sadness at the thought of her leaving, and she said, “We both know this can’t last for ever, but we’ve still got that week, you know.” I nodded, and she said, “I’d like to see you tomorrow, Justin. Please tell me you’ll come and see me.”

“Nothing could keep me away,” I said, holding her closer, finding it hard to believe she’d think I wouldn’t want to see her again, “I’ll walk here if I have to.”

Then, after Mr Weston rang, I drove his car back to the tavern. Once again, Katy sat next to me in the middle seat, this time resting her hand on my knee and her head on my shoulder as I drove. After we arrived back at the Weston’s house, we waited until they had gone inside, and my parents were briefly out of sight, and then we kissed goodnight, holding the sweet, soft kiss as long as we dared, until my mother called out to me, asking what was taking so long.

That night, as I lay in my bed, running the events of the evening through my head again, scarcely believing it had been true, I contemplated what might happen, next time I saw Miss Martin, the beautiful lady from Northern California.