Working with Sanya Chapter 1

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Brian's attractive young co-worker wants to learn how to kiss, chapter 1 of a 3 part story.

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Chapter 1 Brian gives kissing lessons

Several years ago I had a job for a summer where I fed paper into various different kinds of printers at night. I worked with one other person. Her name was Sanya, she was 16, and very charming in her own special way. Normally because of her age she wouldn't have been able to work there, but the owner of the company was friends with her family. She had long brown hair. She was training to be a fireman. That's right, this young lady was going to be a fireman as soon as she became old enough. I wouldn't mind being the guy to show her how to hold a hose while it was ejaculating at high pressure. She had a slender but very healthy, toned body. She always wore tight jeans that did a great job of showing off the nicest looking ass I've ever seen. I think if I was rescued by her, I would probably forget that my house was burning down.

She had an innocent, younger woman type of personality, but it was contrasted by subtle things like those tight jeans that hinted otherwise. Hanging out with the firemen very likely enlightened her to some things. Sometimes I would walk in the room and she would be leaning over the cabinet reading a newspaper in a position that really made her ass look nice. I have a hunch that she was doing that on purpose. Finally one time I said, "Wow, that looks great!"

She looked back at me through her glasses with her young librarian smile, "What does?"

I pretended to be looking just in front of her and vaguely waved my hand at some boxes. "You know, all those boxes that we've already done."

The first time she wore glasses I said to her, "I didn't know you wore glasses Sanya."

"I only wear them sometimes," she replied.

"Well I think you should wear them all the time," I said. She had a hot, young librarian look with the glasses.

"I really only need them at school," she answered.

"Yeah but you look really good in them," I responded.

"Really?" she asked, with a flattered smile.

"Yes, some women look really good with the right pair of glasses, it's that sexy librarian look," I told her.

She started wearing her glasses often after that. I loved it. Occasionally I reminded her that she looked great in them to make sure she continued wearing them.

The machines tended to run themselves. All there really was to the job was every 10 or 15 minutes loading a new box of paper into a machine. So it got boring. And we got along very well with each other, which, because we had a significant age difference, was both a little awkward but also a little exciting. So it was probably inevitable that the conversation sometimes turned to stuff that wasn't "work safe." Of course no one else was there, so it didn't matter. But it started to feel like a game of dare about what things we talked about. We would sit next to each other and talk and flirt.

One night she asked me about kissing. "Brian, have you ever kissed a girl?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Are you good at it?" She asked.

"I'm very good at it." I told her.

She continued, "I've only done it a little bit. I don't think I know how to do it right. How does a man like to be kissed?"

I thought about it a bit, and finally said, "I'm not sure it's a good idea Sanya, you'll just give a guy the cooties."

"I'm serious Brian."

"Well have you had yourself tested?" I asked.

Finally I said, "Well, I guess there's not a right or wrong way to kiss per se... I'd say just be aware of

the mood and do what feels right at the time."

Her face seemed to indicate continued frustration with my answer. "Well, like how much tongue do you think I should use? ...I started dating this guy, and-"

I couldn't keep a straight face, and chuckled.

"What's so funny?" she asked, with a curious smile. Then she continued, apparently slightly offended, "Don't act surprised Brian. You're totally jealous. I was hoping you could give me a few pointers about kissing."

My cock seemed to be growing slightly. "No no, it's not that I'm surprised. Don't worry about it." I tried to get into the specifics a bit with her. "I just like to warm up to it, get cozy with my partner. Hugging and stuff. And then you give them a few pecks on the lips, and then you start sticking your tongue in there, and then before you know it you're making out like, well like high schoolers."

She just looked at me, apparently in thought about what I had just said. Talking about this with her was making my cock gradually grow, and now it was at about 85%.

"I want to practice,"She said.

“That's probably a good idea," I nodded to her.

“I mean I want to practice with you," she said.

I thought something like this might happen, but I was still not prepared for it.

"Uh, Sanya..." I put on a fake look of repulsion on my face.. She stood in front of me and leaned over, putting her hands on my chest and slowly moved them up to my neck.

"I just want you to help me practice kissing. Come on it'll be fun, it's not like anyone will know."

The only part of me that was keeping up with Sanya was my dick. "I'm sure you do Sanya. You'd love me to be your guinea pig. Kiss me, molest me, whatever, use me for your experiments and then just throw whatever remains in the trash when you're finished and want to move on. I know how you high school girls think."

I stared into her eyes with a very serious, stern look, and I did my best to make the subtle change into a "you naughty little girl stole a cookie out of the cookie jar, didn't you" look.

She appeared to think for a moment, I guess I slowed her down briefly. Then she nodded with a smile and said quietly, "Yes Brian, that's exactly right." She leaned in closer with a pucker face and planted her lips on top of mine. She gave me several silly pucker face kisses on my mouth, as she pushed herself between my legs, getting closer to me. I grabbed her head without warning and planted my mouth firmly against hers, finally giving in to something I had been itching to do since the first night with her. She opened her mouth tentatively against mine, and I stuck my tongue in licking whatever I could reach. Immediately she grabbed my head, opened her mouth and did the same thing back. It was a passionate tongue wrestling match. My dick was rock hard. This went on for a few minutes, until we stopped. I think she stopped first, so I guess I was the winner of that tongue wrestling match.

We smiled at each other and giggled while we caught our breaths. We moved our hands away from each others' shoulders and down to each others' hands.

Finally she asked, still laughing, "Um, is that how you're supposed to do it?"

I put on a contemplative look, like I was judging fine wine. "Yeah, I thought it was pretty good, if what you're looking for is something aggressive" I laughed and then continued, "Of course there are times when you'll probably want to kiss more tenderly."

I got up to load some paper into a printer that had run out. Then I walked up to her and we shyly put our arms around each other, then we kissed more like lovers, soft and leisurely. I felt her nicely developing chest heaving a bit as it pressed against mine. We spent almost all the rest of our time that night practicing kissing. Our hands slowly wandered all over each other, for the most part just innocent places. After some time I held her close and told her that she was a very nice kisser.